

@poetics

The UB Poetics Discussion Group

Archive of Electronic Correspondence

March 2005

878 messages · Tue 1 Mar 2005 – Thu 31 Mar 2005

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

March 2005 went about its ordinary business — theory, celebrity, a bitter departure — until the last morning of the month, when the news came from Odessa, Texas, that Robert Creeley had died, and the whole of it reorganized around the loss. Eight hundred and seventy-nine messages moved through the list, and the ones that mattered were the last ones: for the room that carries Buffalo's name, Creeley was not a distant master but nearly a household god, the university's own for decades and the last strong link to the generation that had invented the tradition the list descends from.

Before the news, the usual churn. Lori Emerson wrote in stuck on a book review, having read Walter Benn Michaels on Susan Howe and confessing "*I can't quite get at how to refute him*"; Ashbery turned up in the Times Book Review; a light thread traded brushes with fame. It was the list in its standard weather, half serious inquiry and half gossip, the fine machinery of the profession grinding along with no idea what the month's end held — the theory ground finer than ever over the materiality of Dickinson's manuscripts, as if the deepest question available were where a poem is printed rather than whether its maker is still alive.

And then a fracture that would look, in hindsight, like an omen. Timothy Yu posted Why I Am Leaving the Poetics List, quitting in disgust after a straight-faced discussion of whether a well-known racial slur was acceptable in polite company — the whole exchange carrying, he wrote, "*outright racism that I have come to expect*" whenever such subjects surfaced there. A commons that a founding generation had built to hold the art was coarsened enough, by 2005, to drive out exactly the voices it could least afford to lose.

Against that small desertion, the size of what was leaving. Robert Creeley had taught at Buffalo for the better part of forty years; he was the last of the Black Mountain founders, Olson and Duncan long gone before him, and he had carried their credo — that form is never more than an extension of content — into a poetry of almost unbearable economy, all breath and pause and the pressure of the line-break. He had given the New American Poetry much of its nerve, and this list, more than any other, its lineage.

Charles Bernstein brought the word. He reported the death simply, Creeley gone that morning "*as the sun rose over Odessa, Texas*", his wife and children beside him, and then turned the poet's own habitual sign-off into the truest elegy the

month produced: *“Onward!; but I, for one, falter”*. I have set March down exactly as the archive delivered it — the theory it could not refute, the member it drove away, and the root it lost on the final morning — because it was the month the Poetics list was orphaned of the man who had been half its reason, and could manage, in its grief, only his word and its own faltering: onward.

— K. M. F.

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- 397. Robert Corbett — Re: Let's All Turn Ourselves Into Campus Watch!
- 398. Charlie Rossiter — posting--I'm new, hope this is the way to do it
- 399. Gerald Schwartz — Re: posting--I'm new, hope this is the way to do it
- 400. Stephen Vincent — Harvard Faculty Speaks

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- 401. Steve Dalachinsky — Fw: (VENUE CHANGE) - Sat, 3/19 7:30pm - ALERT: Last Word Series moved ...
- 402. Steve Dalachinsky — Re: rewater: rewetting american haibun
- 403. Harry Nudel — winter....
- 404. David Baratier — Re: BRUSHES WITH F*A*M*E
- 405. alexander saliby — brushes with fame
- 406. Jesse Glass — Brushes with fame
- 407. Alan Sondheim — i am that i am
- 408. Dan Waber — [poem] This World We Can't Pronounce
- 409. Wanda O'Connor — Re: winter....
- 410. Craig Allen Conrad — POETRY EVENT: Eleni Sikelianos and CAConrad April 6th at Kelly Writer...
- 411. Frank Sherlock — Re: POETRY EVENT: Eleni Sikelianos and CAConrad April 6th at Kelly Writers...
- 412. Frank Sherlock — Re: POETRY EVENT: Eleni Sikelianos and CAConrad April 6th at Kelly Writers...
- 413. Thomas savage — Re: A survey
- 414. Michael Basinski — FUNGINII
- 415. Richard Jeffrey Newman — Selections from Saadi's Gulistan: Link fixed
- 416. Alan Sondheim — for my mother, who died five years ago today
- 417. Barrett Watten — K. Silem Mohammad and Catherine Daly at Wayne State
- 418. Robert Corbett — Re: Walter Benn Michaels on Susan Howe??
- 419. Catherine Daly — more interviews with that Daly woman
- 420. Gloria Frym — brushes with fame
- 421. George Bowering — Re: Brushes with fame
- 422. Aldon Nielsen — source for quote?
- 423. Mary Jo Malo — hello, can you hear me?
- 424. Stephen Vincent — Re: Brushes with fame/ Bowering
- 425. kari edwards — Kulture Vulture
- 426. Martha L Deed — Re: brushes with fame
- 427. Gwyn McVay — Re: brushes with fame
- 428. Aldon Nielsen — Statistically Improbable Phrases
- 429. Harry Nudel — Rashid Ali's Sticks Fame...
- 430. Barrett Watten — Mark(s) online release 5.04
- 431. amy king — Re: Kulture Vulture
- 432. Stephanie Young — ACT ART tomorrow: Gaye Chan & Nandita Sharma
- 433. Jonathan Penton — they get to be famous, I get to be rich
- 434. Murat Nemet-Nejat — Re: Brushes with fame
- 435. Henry A. Lazer — Discount Offer - Middleton's Distant Reading

17 MAR 2005

- 436. Alan Sondheim — teart "i wanted to enter this before but the site was down. i got in by
- 437. noemata — 6
- 438. Catherine Daly — FW: poetry news & Th. 3-17: Daly & Rummel
- 439. Alan Sondheim — Aphoristic Essay on Analog and Digital Orders
- 440. Harry Nudel — winter....
- 441. Harry Nudel — winter...
- 442. Dan Waber — [poem] Astir In Bloom
- 443. Herb Levy — Re: Brushes with fame
- 444. Charlie Rossiter — Right Wingers Threaten Poets
- 445. Pierre Joris — Re: Brushes with fame
- 446. Hoerman, Michael A — Mass. Poets Read for National Poetry Month
- 447. Lori Emerson — Re: Walter Benn Michaels on Susan Howe??
- 448. Steve Dalachinsky — Re: more Brushes with fame
- 449. Kazim Ali — Re: Walter Benn Michaels on Susan Howe??
- 450. Steve Dalachinsky — Fw: Fw: Fw: Re: fame well ap corso
- 451. Marcus Bales — Re: source for quote?

- 452. Gary Sullivan — How about ... BLUSHES with fame?
- 453. Alan Sondheim — Aphoristic Essay - additional text
- 454. Stephen Vincent — Mars 17
- 455. Roger Day — Re: Walter Benn Michaels on Susan Howe??
- 456. furniture_press — Bhangra in Baghdad
- 457. furniture_press — Ambit 3 and Ambit 4
- 458. laura oliver — A Few Free Poetry Books in SF Bay Area
- 459. Gerald Schwartz — Re: Mars 17
- 460. Stephen Vincent — Re: Walter Benn Michaels on Susan Howe??
- 461. John Platt — brushes with fame
- 462. Jeremy Hawkins — Re: Mars 17
- 463. konrad — Re: Walter Benn Michaels on Susan Howe??
- 464. George Bowering — Re: Brushes with fame
- 465. Minky Starshine — Re: Mars 17
- 466. George Bowering — Re: Brushes with fame
- 467. Skip Fox — Re: A Few Free Poetry Books in SF Bay Area
- 468. laura oliver — Re: A Few Free Poetry Books in SF Bay Area
- 469. Lori Emerson — Re: Walter Benn Michaels on Susan Howe??
- 470. ALDON L NIELSEN — Re: Walter Benn Michaels on Susan Howe??
- 471. Skip Fox — Re: A Few Free Poetry Books in SF Bay Area
- 472. tyrone williams — Re: Walter Benn Michaels on Susan Howe??
- 473. Mark Weiss — Re: Walter Benn Michaels on Susan Howe??
- 474. Catherine Daly — Re: A Few Books Avail. for trade in LA
- 475. Joseph Thomas — Re: Walter Benn Michaels on Susan Howe??
- 476. Minky Starshine — Re: POETRY EVENT: Eleni Sikelianos and CAConrad April 6th at Kelly Write...
- 477. Rob McLennan — [REDACTED]: A Little Note]
- 478. Halvard Johnson — Re: Brushes with fame
- 479. konrad — Re: Walter Benn Michaels on Susan Howe??
- 480. Brigitte Byrd — Noah Eli Gordon?
- 481. Joe Brennan — Wolfowitz Gets Bump Up To Capo! 3rd World Cringes...
- 482. K Zervos — virtual[australian audio poetry archive]
- 483. Tim Peterson — The Analogous Series: Lyn Hejinian and Emilie Clark
- 484. charles alexander — Re: The Analogous Series: Lyn Hejinian and Emilie Clark

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- 485. Alan Sondheim — Two classes of expressions of the antique.
- 486. Harry Nudel — winter...
- 487. Harry Nudel — Mark Scroggins..
- 488. August — Biospheres and Sacred Grooves
- 489. Dan Waber — [poem] Liquid On Asphalt
- 490. Anny Ballardini — Rebecca Seiferle
- 491. Maria Damon — CFW: Wild Nature and Digital Life
- 492. Alan Sondheim — AN ONLY KID!
- 493. Stephen Vincent — NYT/ Feeding Tube Drama
- 494. Vernon Frazer — Re: NYT/ Feeding Tube Drama
- 495. Al Filreis — E. L. Doctorow by webcast next Tuesday
- 496. Catherine Daly — CA p-laureate
- 497. Maria Damon — Re: NYT/ Feeding Tube Drama
- 498. Thomas savage — Re: BRUSHES WITH F*A*M*E
- 499. Alan Sondheim — Re: NYT/ Feeding Tube Drama
- 500. mIEKAL aND — Re: CA p-laureate
- 501. Stephen Vincent — Re: NYT/ Feeding Tube Drama
- 502. Kevin Hehir — Armand Schwerner
- 503. mIEKAL aND — Re: BRUSHES WITH F*A*M*E
- 504. Mark Weiss — Re: Armand Schwerner

- 505. Halvard Johnson — Re: CA p-laureate
- 506. Mark Weiss — Re: CA p-laureate
- 507. Skip Fox — Re: Armand Schwerner
- 508. Ward Tietz — Black Archipelago: A Literary Festival & Symposium
- 509. Steve Dalachinsky — Re: Fw: Fw: Fw: Re: fame well ap corso
- 510. Chris Pusateri — Re: Schwerner
- 511. Harrison Jeff — Demise of The Dragon in Nature
- 512. Harrison Jeff — Portrait of Virginia as Pre-Metamorphosed Rhodanthe
- 513. Aldon Nielsen — Re: Black Archipelago: A Literary Festival & Symposium
- 514. George Bowering — Re: CA p-laureate
- 515. charles alexander — Re: CA p-laureate
- 516. Minky Starshine — Re: CA p-laureate
- 517. George Bowering — Fwd: Rejected posting to
- 518. Gregory Betts — Re: CA p-laureate
- 519. Lawrence Upton — Re: CA p-laureate
- 520. Steve Dalachinsky — Re: BRUSHES WITH F*A*M*E
- 521. patrick dunagan — Jarrell
- 522. Richard Flynn — Re: Jarrell
- 523. patrick dunagan — Re: Jarrell
- 524. Ishaq — New Audio CD from Subcomandante Marcos
- 525. Wanda O'Connor — Re: BRUSHES WITH F*A*M*E
- 526. Peter Cudmore — Re: BRUSHES WITH F*A*M*E
- 527. August — Re: Biospheres and Sacred Grooves

19 MAR 2005

- 528. Alan Sondheim — The confused continuous action of daily life
- 529. laura oliver — San Francisco Poetry Workshop Group Seeks New Members
- 530. Elizabeth Block — opportunity for poetry translators
- 531. Harry Nudel — winter...
- 532. Steve Dalachinsky — Re: The confused continuous action of daily life- you said a pageful
- 533. Steve Dalachinsky — Re: A survey
- 534. August — Biospheres and Sacred Grooves
- 535. August — Biospheres and Sacred Grooves
- 536. Dan Waber — [poem] What Music
- 537. Burt Kimmelman — Schwerner's Inferno and The Tablets
- 538. Kevin Hehir — Re: Schwerner's Inferno and The Tablets
- 539. Skip Fox — Re: Armand Schwerner
- 540. Minky Starshine — Re: Ashbery in the NYTBR
- 541. Mark Weiss — Re: Schwerner's Inferno and The Tablets
- 542. Kevin Hehir — Re: Schwerner's Inferno and The Tablets
- 543. Ishaq — [Taliyah] 8th Safar - Martyrdom of Hazrat Sakina bintal Hussain(a.s.)
- 544. Ishaq — Lunada: Friday, March 25 features Youth Speaks & Teatro L.O.C.O.S.
- 545. alexander saliby — FYI Michael Ryan
- 546. Alan Sondheim — my gmail sex
- 547. Robin Hamilton — Who +did+ kill Cock Robin? -- WAS: Re: my gmail sex
- 548. David Baratier — Re: CA p-laureate
- 549. Alan Sondheim — Re: Who +did+ kill Cock Robin? -- WAS: Re: my gmail sex
- 550. George Bowering — Fwd: begging

20 MAR 2005

- 551. Harry Nudel — winter....
- 552. Alan Sondheim — why they love George
- 553. Alan Sondheim — perfect image beauty
- 554. August — Spam-Mapping - (From my Spam Box)
- 555. August — Spam-Mapping - From the Spam I get
- 556. Tenney Nathanson — della primavera transportata al morale
- 557. Dan Waber — [poem] Float Into Fire

- 558. Joe Brennan — Bush Says Saddam's Ouster Inspiring Despots Everywhere
- 559. Erica Kaufman — BELLADONNA* this Thursday w/ Hassen, Monica de la Torre, Mercedes Roffe
- 560. Halvard Johnson — Immodest announcement
- 561. Stephen Vincent — My feeding tube
- 562. Ishaq — A Prison without Bars: A Ranch where Hope Grows

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- 563. Alan Sonndheim — THE RIGHTEOUS KEEP THE BRAINDEAD ALIVE
- 564. Harry Nudel — spring...summer...autumn...winter...
- 565. Tim Peterson — The Analogous Series: Mark Weiss, Forrest Gander, and Kent Johnson
- 566. Gabriel Gudding — Report: March 19 Chicago Protest -- BNCPJ
- 567. Alan Sonndheim — strangulation
- 568. Pierre Joris — Picasso: The Burial of the Count of Orgaz & Other Poems
- 569. ALDON L NIELSEN — Re: My feeding tube
- 570. Joel Lewis — Re: Brushes with F*A*M*E*
- 571. Ron Silliman — Silliman's Blog
- 572. Dan Waber — [poem] Embossed Into The Horizon
- 573. Gary Sullivan — This Week's Question: "most surprising work read in translation"
- 574. poetics — Please review | List Guidelines
- 575. Wanda O'Connor — The Factory Reading Series, April 8, OTTAWA CANADA
- 576. Nick Piombino — Brushes With F*A*M*E
- 577. Nick Piombino — Nick Piombino's ::fait accompli::
- 578. Ward Tietz — A Lyric Sensibility: Ann Lauterbach and Jennifer Moxley @ Georgetown U
- 579. furniture_press — My Poems are Free!
- 580. Alan Sonndheim — Re: This Week's Question: "most surprising work read in translation"
- 581. Andrea Strudensky — Fred Wah and Jennifer Moxley
- 582. Halvard Johnson — FW: Lynda Schor's The Body Parts Shop
- 583. Steve Dalachinsky — Re: My Poems are Free!
- 584. Steve Dalachinsky — Re: This Week's Question: "most surprising work read in translation"
- 585. Harrison Jeff — Dirt Kelpie, Plato's Your Simon Magus
- 586. Murray, Christine — New Stuffing at Chris Murray's Texfiles
- 587. Haas Bianchi — Iranian Poets Iranian Poetry HELP!
- 588. Stephen Vincent — Crossing the Millennium / blog news
- 589. mIEKAL aND — Vispo at Durban Segnini Gallery
- 590. August — from biospheres
- 591. August — more from "Biospheres & Sacred Grooves"
- 592. amy king — Clayton Eshleman in New York on Friday, April 1st
- 593. Hoerman, Michael A — Index of Pornfeld -- Thanks
- 594. Mary Jo Malo — Dan Waber
- 595. Minky Starshine — post for steve dalachinsky
- 596. Dan Waber — Re: Dan Waber
- 597. Charlie Rossiter — Kooser, Baca, and more full length readings in audio on www.poetrypoetry...
- 598. Murray, Christine — To "The" American Thinker

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- 599. Alan Sonndheim — mountain first
- 600. Alison Croggon — Re: Iranian Poets Iranian Poetry HELP!
- 601. Daniel Zimmerman — Re: Iranian Poets Iranian Poetry HELP!
- 602. K Zervos — Re: Iranian Poets Iranian Poetry HELP!
- 603. Richard Jeffrey Newman — Re: Iranian Poets Iranian Poetry HELP!
- 604. Steve Dalachinsky — Re: Dan Waber
- 605. Dan Waber — [poem] Monster Sun
- 606. Joe Brennan — 'Natural Born Killer' To Head World Bank
- 607. kevin thurston — Re: post for steve dalachinsky

- 608. Ken Rumble — Desert City: Johnson & Herron This Saturday, March 26th, 8pm - Chapel Hill, NC
- 609. Trevor Speller — Saloon Conversation Series in Buffalo
- 610. Vernon Frazer — AVENUE NOIR and xPressed.org
- 611. Mary Jo Malo — Vernon !
- 612. Editors, Tarpaulin Sky — Tarpaulin Sky V3n1 March / April 2005
- 613. Stephen Vincent — FSG - Submission Query Response
- 614. Vernon Frazer — Re: AVENUE NOIR --- THE CORRECT LINK
- 615. Alison Croggon — Re: Iranian Poets Iranian Poetry HELP!
- 616. Renee Ashley — Re: FSG - Submission Query Response
- 617. Mike Kelleher — JUST BUFFALO E-NEWSLETTER 3-21-05
- 618. Haas Bianchi — Re: Iranian Poets Iranian Poetry HELP!
- 619. Haas Bianchi — Chicagopostmodern poetry new profiles of Anselm Berrigan, Corey Mead, Dave P...

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- 620. Alan Sondheim — ^Enganglement upcoming summer projects
- 621. mIEKAL aND — What rhymes with Camilla? Godzilla.
- 622. Vernon Frazer — AVENUE NOIR --THE CORRECT(ED) VERSION) AT LAST (I HOPE)
- 623. Gerald Schwartz — Re: What rhymes with Camilla? Godzilla.
- 624. Dan Waber — [poem] For You The Sky Is Arranged
- 625. Eileen Elliot — Re: What rhymes with Camilla? Godzilla.
- 626. Robin Hamilton — Re: What rhymes with Camilla? Godzilla.
- 627. Roger Day — Re: What rhymes with Camilla? Godzilla.
- 628. kevin thurston — Narrowhouse Announces Double-Wide::Interview with David Baptiste-Chirot
- 629. Haas Bianchi — Killer Poet Found
- 630. Mary Jo Malo — David Baptiste-Chirot
- 631. Adam Good — Your Black Eye #1 is Now Online
- 632. Gwyn McVay — One of those tiresome calls for info: Sylvester Pollet?
- 633. Thomas savage — Poetry Workshop at Tribes
- 634. Alan Sondheim — guard
- 635. Martha L Deed — Re: AVENUE NOIR --THE CORRECT(ED) VERSION) AT LAST (I HOPE)
- 636. Steve Dalachinsky — Re: post for steve dalachinsky
- 637. Poetry Project — Events at the Poetry Project 3/28-3/30
- 638. Christopher Leland Winks — Re: Iranian Poets Iranian Poetry HELP!
- 639. Tenney Nathanson — POG: poet Charles Bernstein Saturday April 2, 7pm (and: at Arizona Quart...
- 640. Rob McLennan — email interruptions
- 641. Jerome Rothenberg — spring 2005 reading trip
- 642. Haas Bianchi — Eleni Sikelianos
- 643. Rob McLennan — smthg by Max Middle
- 644. Dustin Williamson — Re: Narrowhouse Announces Double-Wide::Interview with David Baptiste-Ch...
- 645. Murat Nemet-Nejat — Re: Brushes With F*A*M*E
- 646. Wanda O'Connor — Re: Brushes With F*A*M*E
- 647. Wanda O'Connor — Re: Brushes With F*A*M*E
- 648. Vernon Frazer — Re: AVENUE NOIR --THE CORRECT(ED) VERSION) AT LAST (I HOPE)
- 649. Murat Nemet-Nejat — Re: This Week's Question: "most surprising work read in translation"
- 650. Stephen Vincent — Re: This Week's Question: "most surprising work read in translation"
- 651. David A. Kirschenbaum — Roommate sought, Chelsea, NYC
- 652. Stephen Vincent — Re: FSG Poetry, Submission Guidelines
- 653. derekrogerson — [job] Assistant/Associate Professor in Spanish American Literature
- 654. Joe Brennan — The Checks And Balances Of The System

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- 655. Alan Sondheim — some sum across text

- 656. Camille Martin — Re: This Week's Question: "most surprising work read in translation"
- 657. Stephen Vincent — Re: This Week's Question: "most surprising work read in translation"
- 658. Ram Devineni — Komunyakaa at Carter Center/ WSF Report / Rattapallax 12
- 659. mIEKAL aND — Collage as Cultural Practice conference
- 660. Dan Waber — [poem] I Will Dot The Paper
- 661. David Baratier — Re: What rhymes with Camilla? Godzilla
- 662. mIEKAL aND — Re: What rhymes with Camilla? Godzilla
- 663. Libbie Rifkin — unsubscribe
- 664. David Baratier — Re: CA p-laureate
- 665. Kevin Hehir — Re: Brushes With F*A*M*E
- 666. Minky Starshine — Re: on the way to san diego (was post for steve dalachinsky)
- 667. Alan Sondheim — The Outline of the New Talk
- 668. James DenBoer — Camilla rhyme
- 669. Thomas savage — Re: This Week's Question: "most surprising work read in translation"
- 670. Alan Sondheim — Re: This Week's Question: "most surprising work read in translation" (fwd)
- 671. Gary Sullivan — Translation question
- 672. furniture_press — Furniture Press Website Images finally!
- 673. I Poop Rainbows — Megumi's Crickets
- 674. Rob McLennan — brushes with fame
- 675. Alison Croggon — Re: brushes with fame
- 676. Murat Nemet-Nejat — Re: The confused continuous action of daily life
- 677. Stephen Vincent — A Rose for Emily & the Schindler Family

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- 678. Alan Sondheim — Two Bibliographies: Books I like! And Analog-Digital Semiotics:
- 679. Stephen Vincent — FW: Scary stuff in Florida besides Schiavo
- 680. elen — Your Black Eye: Literary, Non-literary, Reviews, and Artistic Submissions on "Confl...
- 681. UbuWeb — __ U B U W E B __ :: Spring 2005
- 682. David Baratier — Re: CA p-laureate
- 683. Lawrence Upton — Re: What rhymes with Camilla? Godzilla.
- 684. Dan Waber — [poem] For A Moment They Are Weightless
- 685. Dan Wilcox — A Reading of Our Own: Caffè Lena: April 9
- 686. Joe Brennan — Riggs Bank Sex Mules: When Its For Love AND Money
- 687. Joanna Sondheim — Re: Two Bibliographies: Books I like! And Analog-Digital Semiotics:
- 688. furniture_press — Christophe Casamassima & Kevin Thurston, Ithaca, 3/26/05
- 689. Hoerman, Michael A — April in Lowell, Mass.---Nine poetry events
- 690. Vernon Frazer — Re: Scary stuff in Florida besides Schiavo
- 691. Kevin Hehir — culture of life
- 692. Anny Ballardini — the Poets' Corner
- 693. Murat Nemet-Nejat — Re: The confused continuous action of daily life
- 694. Alan Sondheim — dank
- 695. Steve Dalachinsky — Fw: This Saturday: Gunter Hampel & Kali Fasteau @ VISION CLUB
- 696. Alan Sondheim — Re: The confused continuous action of daily life
- 697. Harrison Jeff — My Fascinations Retire -- That's Them Sleeping, Customer
- 698. Vireo Nefer — Re: culture of life
- 699. alexander saliby — America in Ruin
- 700. blacksox — Trepidation (poem)
- 701. David Baratier — AWP: invite to party you weren't invited to

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- 702. Alan Sondheim — Wrestling with Angels (fwd)
- 703. Alan Sondheim — () void Home searchploom.mov
- 704. Alan Sondheim — awe
- 705. Steve Dalachinsky — Fw: Vision Festival X at Clemente Soto Velez June 12 through June 19, 2...

- 706. alexander saliby — Re: Trepidation (poem)
- 707. Harry Nudel — P.O.I...
- 708. Dan Waber — [poem] Let Myself Melt
- 709. Haas Bianchi — Re: invite to party you weren't invited to
- 710. Stephen Vincent — Camille Paglia comes to the rescue!
- 711. Ishaq — Chess Legend Bobby Fischer: U.S. Is Evil
- 712. blacksox — Re: Trepidation (poem)
- 713. Susan Briante — Poetry and Urban Ruins
- 714. Heidi Lynn Staples — Peppermint — annmnt: LEDERER and STAPLES reading
- 715. Peter Cudmore — Re: Chess Legend Bobby Fischer: U.S. Is Evil
- 716. Jerrold Shiroma [duration press] — Re: Poetry and Urban Ruins
- 717. Ishaq — Re: Chess Legend Bobby Fischer: U.S. Is Evil

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- 718. Alan Sondheim — theum weblogum disaster
- 719. Alan Sondheim — flower
- 720. David Baratier — Re: Chess Legend Bobby Fischer: U.S. Is Evil
- 721. Gloria Frym — Fw: Campus Watch. CHILL OUT.
- 722. Jesse Glass — From Orlando--Ahadada Books
- 723. Dan Waber — [poem] A Controlled Music
- 724. Alan Sondheim — moshi moshi, jennifer.
- 725. D. Ross Priddle — keep an eye on this
- 726. Anny Ballardini — the Poets' Corner - Henry Gould
- 727. Jesse Taylor — Jason Notte on SpiralBridge.org
- 728. Steve Dalachinsky — Re: sea of uncertainty uch inTrepid day thin
- 729. Steve Dalachinsky — Fw: Re: Trepidation (poem)
- 730. Irving Weiss — And How!
- 731. Murray, Christine — Campus Watch and Chilling Out & My Re-introduction to both these lists
- 732. Joe Brennan — Cheney Defends Appointments He Told Rove To Order Bush To Make
- 733. Gabriel Gudding — rhode island notebook 6.17.03 - 6.20.03
- 734. George Bowering — Re: Chess Legend Bobby Fischer: U.S. Is Evil

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- 735. Alan Sondheim — Hi - replies -
- 736. Kiria Pepe — Re: Campus Watch and Chilling Out & My Re-introduction to both these lists
- 737. Murray, Christine — Re: Campus Watch & Chilling Out & My Re-Introduction to both these lis...
- 738. Craig Allen Conrad — studying the anger for Oprah Winfrey's love of Anna Karenina
- 739. Chris Stroffolino — Re: studying the anger for Oprah Winfrey's love of Anna Karenina
- 740. Ron Silliman — Silliman's Blog
- 741. Kiria Pepe — a bit of a loss
- 742. Dan Wilcox — Albany Word Fest, April 21 - 25
- 743. Dan Waber — [poem] Bed Stand
- 744. Harry Nudel — Pound-Fisher..
- 745. Davey Volner — Reading April 3rd, Gramercy Park
- 746. Richard Jeffrey Newman — Re: Pound-Fisher..
- 747. alexander saliby — America in Ruin - Arkansas
- 748. Maria Damon — Re: What rhymes with Camilla? Godzilla.
- 749. Betsy Andrews — regio cabico's email?
- 750. Adeena Karasick — Re: regio cabico's email?
- 751. Alan Sondheim — unlinked.scratched
- 752. Alan Sondheim — tsunami warning (fwd)
- 753. Small Press Traffic — Fitterman at SPT this Fri 4/1
- 754. alexander saliby — Fisher-Pound
- 755. Mike Kelleher — JUST BUFFALO E-NEWSLETTER 3-28-05
- 756. George Bowering — Re: a bit of a loss

- 757. George Bowering — Re: Pound-Fisher..
- 758. Stephen Baraban — Re: Fisher-Pound
- 759. Rob McLennan — orlando
- 760. Catherine Daly — Hindi-Urdu Workshop @ Columbia U., 4/23/05
- 761. Brett Fletcher Lauer — CIRCUMFERENCE LAUNCH EVENT
- 762. Steve Dalachinsky — RI?
- 763. Steve Dalachinsky — Re: unbuckled.scratched sacred and scared
- 764. Ron Silliman — Yet more reactionary blather about poetry & murder
- 765. Harry Nudel — Rappers...Killers...Tsunames...Campus Watch...
- 766. Ishaq — REVIEW: documentary--beyond beats and rhymes: masculinity in hip hop
- 767. Ishaq — Tragedy At Red Lake: A History of Self-Hate Among Indian Youths

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- 768. Alan Sondheim — on WVU Wiki: collection VideoFilmDigitalAnalogEssays
- 769. David Baratier — Re: a bit of a loss
- 770. Steve Dalachinsky — Re: a bit of a loss
- 771. Alan Sondheim — BAD|DAY
- 772. David Buuck — looking for Lisa Robertson
- 773. Ron Silliman — Kris Hemensley wins award
- 774. Dan Waber — [poem] Day Of Rest
- 775. waldreid — Reading in North Adams, MA, April 1
- 776. Editors, Tarpaulin Sky — Pom2 Tonight - Prevallet, Peet, Brennan, Mikkalo, Randall, Cardina...
- 777. Gary Sullivan — "Mughal-e-Azam" Week at Elsewhere
- 778. Dustin Williamson — My letter in defense of Chicago Poetry
- 779. Skip Fox — Re: Fisher-Pound
- 780. Betsy Andrews — email for Shelley Marlowe?
- 781. alexander saliby — Re: Fisher-Pound
- 782. Jeremy Hawkins — Re: My letter in defense of Chicago Poetry
- 783. Ishaq — Seventh Native American Generation (SNAG)
- 784. Ishaq — Hip Hop Double Talk
- 785. Joel Weislaus — What's Going On?
- 786. furniture_press — 12 step program leads to a kiss
- 787. Tenney Nathanson — this Th-S: annual Arizona Quarterly Symposium
- 788. Michael Rothenberg — Blue Poets in Wyoming???
- 789. Dubravka Djuric — robert creeley
- 790. furniture_press — Chat with customer service?
- 791. noemata — 1000 < 7264Subject: lmnoprstuv
- 792. Thomas savage — Re: Translation question
- 793. Dustin Williamson — Fwd: Re: American Daily column feedback
- 794. Vireo Nefer — Re: American Daily column feedback
- 795. Harry Nudel — Creeley...
- 796. poetics — NEW LISTSERV POLICIES | please review carefully
- 797. Catherine Daly — Poetry & Film at AWP Vancouver
- 798. Mairead Byrne — Re: Creeley...
- 799. Joe Brennan — Little Known Quasi-Government Agency Getting High Marks
- 800. Haas Bianchi — Chicago's Poet Murderer

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- 801. Alan Sondheim — furious endurance and faith
- 802. Alan Sondheim — FU
- 803. Corey Frost — All-Canadian night at the Bowery Poetry Club
- 804. Cheryl Pallant — Re: Creeley...
- 805. Al Filreis — hiring at Writers House
- 806. Al Filreis — hiring at Kelly Writers House
- 807. Mary Jo Malo — spontaneous self-pity
- 808. Cheryl Pallant — Fw: Creeley...

- 809. Barrett Watten — Paradigital Literature: A Symposium
- 810. ALDON L NIELSEN — Re: Creeley...
- 811. Charles Bernstein — Robert Creeley (1926-2005)
- 812. Diane Christian — Re: Fw: Creeley...
- 813. Raymond Bianchi — Re: Robert Creeley (1926-2005)
- 814. Mairead Byrne — Re: Robert Creeley (1926-2005)
- 815. Mary Jo Malo — Robert Creeley
- 816. Harry Nudel — Creeley..BE WELL...
- 817. Barrett Watten — Interruption/Bob Creeley
- 818. Charlotte Mandel — Creeley poem
- 819. Gerald Schwartz — Robert Creeley (1926-2005)
- 820. furniture_press — Creeley needed
- 821. Tenney Nathanson — CORRECTED Arizona Quarterly Symposium
- 822. Geoffrey Gatza — Re: Robert Creeley (1926-2005)
- 823. Dustin Williamson — Creeley
- 824. Gerald Schwartz — Re: Creeley needed
- 825. UbuWeb — Creeley and UbuWeb
- 826. George Bowering — Re: Creeley...
- 827. Sylvester Pollet — Fw: it is my sad duty to inform you
- 828. Pierre Joris — A CELEBRATION OF FRENCH POETRY
- 829. Lawrence Upton — Re: Creeley
- 830. Maria Damon — Re: Creeley
- 831. furniture_press — One more for Creeley, usurping the airwaves.
- 832. Peter Quartermain — Re: Robert Creeley (1926-2005)
- 833. austinwja — Re: Robert Creeley (1926-2005)
- 834. Aldon Nielsen — Creeley
- 835. Brian Stefans [arras.net] — On Creeley
- 836. Ishaq — Discrimination & Isolation Turned into Artistic Survival & Expression!
- 837. Rob McLennan — mccarthy
- 838. Alan Sondheim — Creeley
- 839. Brenda Coultas — Creeley
- 840. John F. Roche — Creeley
- 841. Harrison Jeff — This is another face of the art in earth
- 842. Harrison Jeff — Darker sleeps this dusky heaven heaps
- 843. Murat Nemet-Nejat — Re: Robert Creeley (1926-2005)
- 844. Murray, Christine — Re: Creeley
- 845. mIEKAL aND — All Things Considered on Creeley
- 846. Stephen Baraban — Re: Creeley
- 847. Stephen Baraban — Re: All Things Considered on Creeley
- 848. Lawrence Sawyer — Re: Creeley
- 849. Chris Stroffolino — Re: On Creeley
- 850. Ishaq — NOI: Harold Cruse dies, new edition of his book released

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- 851. Mairead Byrne — Re: Robert Creeley
- 852. Alan Sondheim — tt
- 853. Alan Sondheim — sex and death
- 854. Joel Lewis — R. Creeley
- 855. Alex Jorgensen — On R.C.
- 856. robert lane — Issue 5/April of Malleable Jangle is now online
- 857. tyrone williams — Re: NOI: Harold Cruse dies, new edition of his book released
- 858. Haas Bianchi — bei Dao email
- 859. Joe Brennan — Wolfowitz Gets European Blessing for Murderous Policy
- 860. Mark Salerno — Creeley Tribute in Los Angeles
- 861. Mairead Byrne — Kenneth Goldsmith Reading at RISD 4.5.05
- 862. Tim Peterson — The Analogous Series: William Corbett on James Schuyler

- 863. Henry A. Lazer — Robert Creeley (1926-2005)
- 864. Nico Vassilakis — sEATTLE sUBTEXT - Lance & Andi Olsen / Vanessa DeWolf
- 865. Lori Emerson — Fwd: A poem for Bob (from Susan Porter)
- 866. Ishaq — REVIEW: books by and about amiri baraka
- 867. charles alexander — my reading at pima northwest
- 868. Michael Magee — some thoughts on Creeley
- 869. T_Martin — Sketches for a Paranoid Picture Book on Memory by Christopher Luna now available
- 870. Stephen Vincent — Creeley
- 871. Skip Fox — Re: Creeley
- 872. Poetry Project — Events at the Poetry Project 4/4-4/8
- 873. Robert Corbett — Creeley
- 874. Alan Sondheim — marienbad
- 875. Harry Nudel — 1972?
- 876. Tom Beckett — Creeley
- 877. Steve Dalachinsky — for creeley
- 878. Daniel Zimmerman — Creeley

1. **Nathaniel Siegel**

alphabet poem

Tue 1 Mar 2005

an anxiety attack again
boy breathes badly
clutch carefully
dreaded dry doubts
eat every
facetious fraction
going greatly grind
heart hold hole
i imagine it
jokingly juxtaposed
kicked kin
last lost lust
my magic mind
north near nod
only one
please press pure
quick queer quip
rest real
stay sure
top test
under urge up
vexed vein
wow who would
xxx
your
zest

poem in alphabet form written spontaneously on clear paper transposed
9/7/1997 NYC

Nathaniel A. Siegel

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2. **Catherine Daly**

FW: [norcallitlist] Literary SF Map

Tue 1 Mar 2005

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

From: Ryan Tranquilla [mailto:████████]

Sent: Monday, February 28, 2005 1:20 PM

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: [norcallitlist] Literary SF Map

Pasted below you'll find a draft of the text for 826 Valencia's Literary San Francisco Map. The prototype looks fabulous, and Ninive, Jennifer, and everyone at 826 Valencia should be commended for taking on such a challenging project.

If you have any changes, additions, or suggestions on the text below, please email Jennifer Traig at [REDACTED] before March 4.

Best,

Ryan Tranquilla

Introduction

The first thing that visitors notice about San Francisco is that nobody seems to have a job. And it's true that we're in cafés, yes, all day long. But that doesn't mean we're not working. Likely as not, the fellow dribbling mocha down his front is a poet. Drinking coffee while staring dreamily into space is his job. The young lady at the laptop next to him is, no doubt, a novelist, hard at work on a first draft and a bagel sandwich. So give them a hand, won't you, for a job well done.

We're not quite sure why there are so many writers here, but we're inclined to blame the weather. This is the one crop for which the San Francisco climate is ideal. Alternately gorgeous and foggy, usually in the same day, it forces you out, then back in, with nothing better to do than record your recent adventures. (By the way, that business about a summer in San Francisco being the coldest winter Mark Twain ever spent is pure urban legend. Never said it. He did, however, write, "I have always been rather better treated in San Francisco than I actually deserved.")

We imagine there's a story behind that. The city certainly provides lots of material. There's always so much to see, hear, process, read, write. This map will be your guide to the latter two. It will not point out the best spots for bargain-hunters, nor tell you where to eat lunch. It will not help you sail to Alcatraz, and if you set out on your bicycle, expecting it to lead you to scenic vistas and low-grade hills, you will be disappointed and sore. But if you want to see where Robert Louis Stevenson goofed off, or visit Dashiell Hammett's haunts, or learn where you can get help with your opus, then you, my friend, are in luck. At 826 Valencia we know a thing or two about treasure maps, and we're delighted to mark these spots. Literary landmarks? Check. Poetry readings? Check. Bookstores? Check. Writing workshops? Check, check, check.

Today, maybe, it's sunny. The next draft of your masterpiece can wait until the fog rolls in at 4:00. So go out, see something inspiring, then come home and

start on chapter two. San Francisco literary history is a work in progress. We hope this map will help you add to it.

Art director: Dave Eggers

Executive director: Nínive C. Calegari

Illustration and design: Paul Madonna

Design and layout: Alvaro Villanueva

Text: Jenny Traig

Thanks to: Joey Sweet, Nedjo Spaich, Alexandra Quinn, Oscar Villalon, Charles Fracchi, Ryan Tranquilla, Jewelle Gomez, Jack Boulware, Jane Ganahl, and the incredibly helpful members of Poets & Writers.

San Francisco Literary History Timeline

1840s-50s: Thanks to the discovery of shiny river-droppings nearby, San Francisco went from a town of 800 to a metropolis of 25,000 in the space of just two years. TV hadn't been invented yet and people needed something to do. San Francisco literary life was born. In 1849, San Francisco published its first book: *California As It Is, and As It May Be; or A Guide to the Gold Region*. It complained of the city's lack of womenfolk. For that reason, perhaps, the city began to enjoy a book boom. Bookstores and libraries opened. Miners formed reading clubs. Think of them at your next book club meeting.

1855: San Francisco saw the creation of the first African-American newspaper, *The Mirror of the Times*.

1850s-60s: Once the necessary infrastructure was in place (saloons, fan base, attractive diversions), the writers started coming. Bret Harte showed up in 1854; Mark Twain, in 1864; and Ambrose Bierce, in 1866. Together they headed the local literati (calling themselves the Bohemians, which later evolved into the Bohemian Grove, club of the present-day political elite). The trio wrote for publications like the *Golden Era*, the *Californian*, the *Argonaut*, the *San Francisco Examiner*, and the *San Francisco Morning Call*, from which Twain was fired. Go figure.

1870s: Robert Frost, Jack London, and Alice B. Toklas were all born in San Francisco. They went on to do some interesting things you might have heard about.

1880s: Not a proud time in California history, as anti-Chinese exclusion laws were passed. On Angel Island, Chinese immigrants held in prison-like conditions wrote despairing poetry on their cell walls as they waited for permission to enter San Francisco. Oakland, meanwhile, began to rise as the Bay Area literary hot spot. The talented librarian/writer Ina Coolbrith mentored Oakland youths like Jack London, while Joaquin Miller roared, slept in parks, and startled people with his poetry. Ambrose Bierce, still the dominant local literary

figure, started spending more time on the east side of the bay himself (he preferred the drier climate. It is pretty nice, isn't it?)

1890s: The rise of Gertrude Atherton. What? You haven't heard of her? Oh, she was something. After her husband died (and was shipped home to her in a keg of rum), she became a prominent and prolific novelist. Her thinly-veiled accounts of dipsomaniac society folk drew scandal, and her later novels about sexual rejuvenation therapy – a glandular business – sold like hotcakes.

1903: Jack London's *Call of the Wild* was published and went on to become a staple of eighth-grade English classes everywhere. Could he have imagined how many book reports it would inspire?

1906: was a mess.

1920s: Things started to get interesting again. Laid low by ill health (he was plagued with tuberculosis and a taste for the bottle), Dashiell Hammett left the Pinkerton Detective Agency and started writing instead. Hardboiled mystery fiction was born. This proved much more popular than scrambled mystery fiction or mystery fiction over easy. Many landmarks mentioned in Hammett's novels still exist, like John's Grill and Julius Castle.

1920s-1930s: North Beach emerged as the center of the San Francisco literary world. The epicenter was the Black Cat Café, where John Steinbeck, William Saroyan, Truman Capote and some writers with drinking problems spent more time than was perhaps always good for them. As Capote observed: "We're drinkers with writing problems."

1940s: Bay Area literature, which had become more and more concerned with labor and other social issues in the 1930s, became openly political now, with the premiere of *Circle* magazine and the start of the Berkeley Renaissance.

1950s: Beat was born. In 1953 Lawrence Ferlinghetti and Peter Martin opened City Lights Bookstore, the first all-paperback bookstore in the country. 1955 witnessed the seminal Beat event "Six Poets at Six Gallery." Kenneth Rexroth hosted and Jack Kerouac collected money at the door. Allen Ginsberg read *Howl* for the very first time. And that just about changed everything, didn't it?

1957: City Lights publisher Lawrence Ferlinghetti was prosecuted on obscenity charges for printing *Howl*, resulting in a landmark First Amendment court case. The San Francisco Chronicle declared: "It is not the poet but what he observes which is revealed to be obscene."

1960s-1970s: Poetry continued to dominate local literature, and why wouldn't it, with such talented folks as Diane DiPrima, Amiri Baraka, Ishmael Reed, and Thom Gunn writing in the Bay Area?

1980s: were a great era for Danielle Steel, whose career continued like gangbusters. Her former student at University High, Ethan Canin, also published a very nice little book, *Emperor of the Air*.

1990s: The dotcom boom was not great for local literature, what with the skyrocketing writer-unfriendly rents and the distraction of a launch party every night. But still, books got written and published and read and loved, most notably by lesbian Mission writers like Michelle Tea, whose *Valencia* is an excellent record of the time and place.

2000 – on: We'll just have to see, won't we? But things already look pretty interesting, if you ask us.

Annual Literary Events

1. Books by the Bay. Held every July at Yerba Buena Gardens in July.
www.nciba.com
2. California International Antiquarian Book Fair. Held annually in February; alternates between San Francisco and Los Angeles. www.sfbookfair.com
3. Litquake. Held every October, this weeklong fiesta of all things literary defies brief description. There are lots of events and you will enjoy them all. Go. www.litquake.org <<http://www.litquake.org/>>
4. San Francisco/Bay Area Anarchist Book Fair. Held annually in March.
www.boundtogether.org
5. San Francisco Jewish Book Fair. Held annually in November. www.jccsf.org

Ongoing Poetry Readings & Open Mics

- Bird & Beckett Books open mic poetry readings, first and third Monday monthly, 7:30-9:00 PM, 2788 Diamond St., [REDACTED].
- Café International Open Mic Fridays, 7:30 PM sign-up, 8:00 reading, 508 Haight, [REDACTED].
- Canvas Café and Gallery Wednesday weekly open mike/talent showcase, 7:00 PM sign up, 7:30- midnight show, 1200 9th Ave., [REDACTED],
- Canvas Café and Gallery third Monday monthly slam, 7:30 PM sign-up, 8:00 PM show, 1200 9th Ave., [REDACTED].
- Final Fridays, under twenty-one open mike, final Friday monthly, 7:00 PM, Youth Speaks, 2169 Folsom St., [REDACTED].
- Femina Potens GenderEnders, open mic for queer/transgendered/intersexed performers, 465 South Van Ness at 16th St., feminapotens.com.

- Gallery Café, All Poets Welcome Reading open mic, first Mondays monthly, 7:00-8:30 PM, 1200 Mason, [REDACTED].
- Locus Open Mike, for Asian American artists, Galeria de la Raza, 2857 24th St. Information: www.locusarts.org.
- Mechanix Poets, second Tuesdays, 6:00-7:30 PM, Mechanics' Institute Library, Rm. 405, 57 Post, SF, [REDACTED]x192; topics posted on www.milibrary.org <<http://www.milibrary.org/>> .
- Morning Brew Last Thursday Poetry Reading, featured poet followed by an open mike, last Thursdays monthly, 7:00-9:00 PM, 713 Linden Ave., Ste. A, South San Francisco, www.morningbrewcoffee.com <<http://www.morningbrewcoffee.com/>> .
- Park Branch Library, second Tuesday monthly, 7:00-9:00 PM, 1831 Page St., [REDACTED].
- Poetry at the 3300 Club featured reading and open mike, last Tuesdays monthly, 6:30 sign-up 7:00 reading, 3300 Mission, [REDACTED], www.3300club.com <<http://www.3300club.com/>> .
- Porch Light storytelling series, [REDACTED], www.porchlightsf.com <<http://www.porchlightsf.com/>>
- RADAR Reading Series hosted by Michelle Tea, monthly, 6:00 PM, San Francisco
Public Library Lower Level, Latino/Hispanic Community Meeting Room,
www.sfpl.org/news/events.htm.
- Queer Open Mic, second and fourth Friday monthly 8:00-10:00 PM, Three Dollar Bill Cafe, SF LGBT Community Center, 1800 Market St.
- Sacred Grounds Café featured readers and open mic, Wednesdays, 7:30-10:00 PM, 2095 Hayes, [REDACTED].
- Second Sundays: San Francisco Poetry Slam presents featured readers/performers and an open slam, twenty-one and up, second Sunday monthly 8:00 PM, benefit for Youth Speaks workshops for teens, Studio Z (Transmission Theater), 308 11th St., [REDACTED], www.youthspeaks.org.
- Smack Dab, open mic in the Castro, third Wednesday monthly, 7:30 PM sign-up, 8:00 PM reading, Magnet, 4122 18th St., [REDACTED], www.magnetsf.org.
- Spoken City open mike, third Thursday monthly, 7:00 PM, Cafe Malvina, 1600 Stockton St., www.youthspeaks.org <<http://www.youthspeaks.org/>> .

- Translate, trans youth open mic, third Friday monthly, 7:00 PM, Three Dollar Bill Cafe, SF LGBT Community Center, 1800 Market St., [REDACTED].
- Velvet Revolution Student Showcase and Open Mic, Tuesdays 5:00 PM, The Poetry Center, Humanities 512, San Francisco State University, 1600 Holloway, [REDACTED].

East Bay Landmarks & Organizations

1. Allen Ginsberg's cottage, 1624 Milvia St., Berkeley. The Allen Ginsberg Poetry Garden is across the street.
2. Berkeley Poetry Walk, Addison St. between Shattuck and Milvia.
3. Jack London Square
4. Joaquin Miller Park, 3300 Joaquin Miller Road, Oakland.
5. Mills College, home to a creative writing MFA program and the literary journal 580 Split, 5000 Macarthur Blvd., Oakland.
6. Small Press Distribution, 1341 Seventh St., Berkeley
7. Small Press Traffic Literary Arts Center, California College of the Arts, 5212 Broadway, Oakland.
8. Telegraph Ave., home to Cody's Books, Moe's Books, and Shakespeare & Co.
9. UC Berkeley, home to the magnificent Bancroft Library as well as the Lunch Poems Reading Series in the Morrison Library.

Neighborhoods

1. North Beach

Is it any coincidence that the neighborhood that has the best espresso also has the richest literary history? Bohemian types have always flocked to this corner of the city, where, fueled by caffeine and other substances, they've produced masterpieces, started movements, and generally turned things upside down. A short list of landmarks: City Lights Bookstore, Jack Kerouac Alley, Ina Coolbrith Park, The Purple Onion, The Cellar, Specs Twelve Adler Museum Cafe, hungry i (now a strip club) and Caffè Trieste. At Vesuvio Café they pour a more potent brew much appreciated by the likes of Jack London, Allen Ginsberg, Gregory Corso (who once got thrown out), Kerouac (ditto), and Dylan Thomas (who once inadvertently spent the night in a booth). Ruth Weiss and Diane Di Prima made better use of their time, writing and reading.

2. The Mission

In the '50s Mission Street was touted as the Mission Miracle Mile and was purported to have the best shopping in the city. Here are some things you can find in the Mission today: quinceañera dresses, organic sushi, glass eyes, brain

tacos, destitute poets, lottery luck candles, and murals. It is a one-stop shop for good eating, radical politics, avant garde art, Latino culture of all stripes, and plenty of history. For instance: "Los Veteranos," poets Roberto Vargas, Alejandro Murguia, Nina Serrano and Juan Felipe Herrera, who wrote in both Spanish and English, shaping the cultural sensibilities of the neighborhood for years to come. In Jewelle Gomez's *The Gilda Stories*, Gilda comes of age right in the Mission Dolores graveyard. Now writers like Erika Lopez, Trina Robbins, Michelle Tea, Chaim Bertman, Lynn Breedlove, Stephen Elliott, Peter Plate, and Daphne Gottlieb can be found in the neighborhood. That might be one of them behind you in line at Pancho Villa.

3. The Haight

The Haight has not always encouraged diligent work habits, especially in the '60s. But not everyone who tuned in dropped out. A few people got stuff done. Joan Didion, for instance, wrote a searing spot-on depiction of the time and place in *Slouching Towards Bethlehem*. Anarchist collective The Diggers (whose members included Di Prima and Peter Coyote) did their guerilla St. theater thing. S. Clay Wilson and R. Crumb invented psychedelic comics. Other writers have lived here too, like Hunter S. Thompson, William Saroyan, Kay Boyle and Kathleen Norris. Did you know that in the '20s, she was America's favorite writer? And did you know that writers including Daniel Handler, Lisa Brown, Ryan Harty and Julie Orringer live here as we speak? Well. Now you do.

4. Chinatown

There was a lot of writing going on here even before the Beats started prowling its avenues, and most of it was in Chinese. By the 1860s there were several Chinese newspapers serving this neighborhood, once the largest Chinese community outside of Asia. The Chinese constitution was written in a hotel room here in 1911 by exiled Dr. Sun Yat-Sen. Later, the neighborhood served as the setting for and birthplace of many important works of Asian-American fiction, including books by Jade Snow Wong, Amy Tan, Frank Chin, Maxine Hong Kingston and Faye Myenne Ng. Go, take a look around. Thirsty literary tourists may want to check out the Li Po bar. A favorite of the Beats, it's named after a famous ancient Chinese poet whose work celebrated, among other things, the sauce.

5. The Fillmore

Home to words spoken and sung, the Fillmore is San Francisco's musical center, its middle C. It is Harlem West, generating beats and Beats. Maya Angelou, Allen Ginsberg, Isaac Stern, Yehudi Menuhin and the Black Panthers were all residents, as was the *Sun Reporter*, an influential black newspaper. Ella Fitzgerald, Duke Ellington, Billie Holliday, Charlie Parker, Charles Mingus, Gerry Mulligan, Chet Baker, John Handy and John Coltrane played its clubs.

Alice Walker lived in a painted lady Victorian on Steiner Street. They've moved on but bricks on the sidewalk mark their shadows. Spend an afternoon looking down as you walk. When you come to Fillmore and Geary, look up to see Quincy Troupe's poetry etched into blue glass, each word as big as your hand.

6. The Castro

With so much to do in the Castro—see movies in splendor, eat burgers at 4 AM, celebrate Halloween (every day, in fact), buy tiaras and boas at Cliff's Variety, have a drink at a Twin Peaks, get blessed by a Sister of Perpetual Indulgence, pay homage to Harvey Milk, and watch seven-foot drag queens walk by—who has time to read? Well, a few people. America's most famous gay neighborhood also hosts one of its best-known gay bookstores, a Different Light. There you can peruse *Out in the Castro*, a chronicle of the neighborhood written by some of its most talented residents, or pick up a book by locals Armistead Maupin and Kirk Read. And if you're inclined to read your own work, you can join Kirk at the open mic he hosts, Smack Dab. Bring your boa.

Landmarks

1. Alice B. Toklas St.

The little alley that bears Toklas's name is one block away from her birthplace at 922

O'Farrell. Toklas on her hometown: "San Francisco is a good town for haircuts."

2. Beatitude Magazine's birthplace, Greenwich and Grant

The quirky, quietly important magazine endured for twenty years, "produced on a kick or miss basis" by "neo-existentialists, beggars, winos, freuds, wordmen, brushmen, axemen & other habitués & gawkers of the North Beach scene."

3. Black Cat Café, 710 Montgomery St.

A favorite watering hole of boho writers of the '20s and '30s, including Steinbeck and Saroyan. In the '50s it hosted a pioneering gay drag revue that eventually helped get it shut down by cops who didn't care for operatic parodies sung by a man in a dress.

4. Former home of the Co-existence Bagel Shop, 1398 Grant Ave.

Where the beats hung out and got hassled by the fuzz.

5. Dashiell Hammett St.

We don't know that this landmark appears in any films based on Hammett's books, but it does show up in Barbra Streisand's *What's Up Doc*.

7. Edinburgh Castle, 950 Geary

Birthplace of Litquake and home to many literary events, as well as fine a fish and chips.

8. Former home of The Golden Era, 732 Montgomery St.

Mark Twain and Bret Harte both wrote for this weekly.

9. Herb Caen Way. . .

The much-loved columnist who coined the names “Beatnik” and “Baghdad by the Bay” lends his own name to this fine-looking stretch of pavement. Caen’s trademark three dots are an official part of the address.

10. Hunter S. Thompson’s former apartment, 318 Parnassus St.

Thompson lived here while writing *Hell’s Angels* and was often visited by his subjects, who annoyed the neighbors by parking their motorcycles on the sidewalk.

11. Jack London St.

Right near London’s birthplace on Third St. at Brannan.

12. John’s Grill, 63 Ellis St.

A landmark that serves food, this favorite of Dashiell Hammett sometimes appeared in his work.

13. Kay Boyle’s former home, 419 Frederick St.

Here, the lovely and talented modernist entertained radicals and protested the Vietnam War. When the house was stormed by commune members (among them, her son-in-law) she deeded the house for one dollar to her neighbor, who promptly evicted the hooligans.

14. 44 Macondray Lane

Real-life counterpart of *Tales of the City*’s fictional Barbary Lane.

15. Montgomery Block (Mongomery and Washington)

In the late 19th century this block-sized building known as the “monkey block” housed thousands of artists including Mark Twain and Ambrose Bierce. Now home to the Transamerica pyramid, where rents are a bit higher, but the view is good.

16. Neal and Carolyn Cassady’s house, 29 Russell St.

Jack Kerouac lived in the attic.

17. Robert Frost Plaza, California at Market St.

The quintessential Yankee poet was actually a native San Franciscan, who recalled his hometown's air quality in verse: "Dust always blowing about the town / Except when sea-fog laid it down."

18. Robert Louis Stevenson monument, Portsmouth Square

A penniless Stevenson spent the better part of 1879 in this park writing and mooning over Fanny Osborne, who, pleased by either the writing or the mooning, divorced her husband and married Stevenson instead.

19. Rolling Stone's birthplace, 746 Brannan St.

Gathering no moss, they later moved to 645 Third St.

20. Six Gallery, 3119 Fillmore St.

Allen Ginsberg began the Beat movement here reading "Howl" one famous night in 1955.

Organizations

California College of the Arts, San Francisco Campus, 1111 Eighth St.

Offers an MFA in writing and publishes "Eleven Eleven," a literary journal.

California Poets in the Schools, 1333 Balboa St. #3

Provides students with a multicultural community of trained, published poets who bring their experience and love for their craft into the classroom.

Campaign for the International Poetry Museum, 934 Brannan St.

The goal of the IPM Campaign is to create a facility in which to illuminate the universality and diversity of world poetry. Currently hosts weekly and annual poetry film events.

CELLspace, 2050 Bryant St.

CELLspace provides a safe and supportive public environment for the exploration of art, education, performance and community building

Center for Art in Translation, 35 Stillman St., # 201

A non-profit organization promoting international literature and translation through the arts, education, and community outreach.

City Arts & Lectures, Herbst Theater, 401 Van Ness

Presents lectures and events by leading figures in the world of art and ideas.

The Grotto, 26 Fell St.

Literary think tank and work space.

Intersection for the Arts, 446 Valencia St.

San Francisco's oldest alternative art space presents work in the fields of literature, theater, music and the visual arts and nurtures the local cultural community through service, technical support and mentorship programs.

Litquake, www.litquake.org <<http://www.litquake.org/>>

Presents San Francisco's rocking, rolling annual literary festival.

Mechanics' Institute Library, 57 Post St.

Houses the oldest library on the West Coast and one of the oldest chess clubs in the United States.

Mission Cultural Center, 2868 Mission St.

Promotes, preserves and develops the Latino cultural arts that reflect the living tradition and experiences of Chicano, Central and South American, and Caribbean people.

National Poetry Association, 934 Brannan St.

For almost 30 years The National Poetry Association has promoted poetry and spoken word in print, in performance both live and on video as well as expressed through many other artistic disciplines. Home to the Campaign for the International Poetry Museum, Cin(E) Poetry digital works, and the Future for Word multimedia exhibit.

New College of California, 777 Valencia St.

Offers an MA/MFA in Poetics and an MA/MFA in Writing & Consciousness.

The Poetry Center & American Poetry Archives, SFSU, 1600 Holloway Ave.

Founded in 1954 by Ruth Witt-Diamant with the financial backing of W.H. Auden, the center is one of the oldest and most respected literary organizations in the country.

Red Room Writers' Salon, www.red-room.com <<http://www.red-room.com/>>

Studios, consultations, and workshops for writers.

Ripe Fruit School of Creative Writing, www.ripefruitwriting.com

Classes and retreats for writers.

San Francisco Arts Commission, 25 Van Ness St.

A city agency that champions the arts in San Francisco.

San Francisco Center for the Book, 300 Deharo St.

Promotes both knowledge of traditional book arts and exploration of experimental book forms through workshops, exhibitions and public events.

San Francisco Literary Tours, www.sfliterarytours.com

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

You'll walk, you'll see, you'll learn.

San Francisco Main Library, 100 Larkin St.

Home to the sculptural Wall of Literary Lights.

San Francisco Writers Corps, 25 Van Ness St.

Recruits local writers to work in schools, youth centers, public housing and other venues serving at-risk youth; part of the San Francisco Arts Commission.

SomArts Cultural Center, 934 Brannan St.

Provides low-cost rental space and equipment to communities and arts groups, as well as classes and fiscal sponsorship.

Streetside Stories, 1360 Mission St.

Through the power of storytelling, Streetside values and cultivates young people's voices, fostering educational equity and building community, literacy and arts skills.

University of San Francisco, 2130 Fulton St.

Offers an MFA in Writing, a reading series, and an online literary journal, Switchback.

The Writing Salon, 673 Moultrie St.

Offers creative writing workshops.

Youth Speaks, 2169 Folsom St., S-100

Youth Speaks is the premier youth poetry, spoken word, and creative writing program in the country, hosting free afterschool workshops, poetry slams, and a writer-in-residency.

826 Valencia, 826 Valencia St.

Helps students 8-18 improve their writing skills with free drop-in tutoring, field trips, in-school visits and workshops.

Publishers

Aunt Lute, 2180 Bryant St., # 207

Children's Book Press, 2211 Mission St.

Chronicle Books, 85 Second St.

Cleis Press, 557 Waller St.
First Word Press, 2169 Folsom St., S-100
Heyday Books, PO Box 9145, Berkeley 94709
Lonely Planet Publications, 150 Linden St., Oakland
MacAdam Cage, 155 Sansome St., # 550
McSweeney's, 826 Valencia St.
North Atlantic Books, 1435A Fourth St., Berkeley
RE/Search Publications, 20 Romolo, Ste. B
Stanford University Press, 1450 Page Mill Rd., Palo Alto
Ten Speed Press, PO Box 7123, Berkeley 94707
University of California Press, 2120 Berkeley Way, Berkeley
Journals and Magazines
The Believer, 826 Valencia
Bitch, 1611 Telegraph Ave., # 515, Oakland
Cool Beans! 3181 Mission St., # 113
Curve, 1550 Bryant, # 510
Dwell, 99 Osgood Place
Girlfriends Magazine, 3415 Cesar Chavez, # 101
Haight Ashbury Literary Journal, 558 Joost Ave.
Hyphen Magazine, PO Box 192002, San Francisco 94119-2002
Kitchen Sink, 5245 College Ave., # 301, Oakland
Instant City, www.instantcity.org
Mother Jones, 222 Sutter, 6th Flr.
other magazine, 584 Castro St., # 674
Poetry Flash, 1450 4th St., # 4, Berkeley
ReadyMade, 2706 Eighth St., Berkeley
San Francisco Bay Guardian, 135 Mississippi St.
San Francisco Magazine, 243 Vallejo St.
San Francisco Reader, 350 Upham St., Petaluma
The Skinny, 3515 23rd St.

SF Weekly, 185 Berry, Lobby 4, # 3800
SOMA, 888 O'Farrell St., # 103
Threepenny Review, PO Box 9131, Berkeley 94709
Tikkun, 2342 Shattuck Ave., # 1200, Berkeley
Tiny Lights, PO Box 928, Petaluma 94953
To-Do List, PO Box 40128, San Francisco 94140
Two Lines Journal, 35 Stillman, # 201
Watchword, PO Box 5755, Berkeley
Wired, 520 Third St., 3rd Floor
XLR8R, 1388 Haight St., # 105
YO! Youth Outlook, 275 Ninth St.
Zoetrope All-Story, 916 Kearny St.
ZYZZYVA, PO BOX 590069, San Francisco 94159-0069
7 x 7, 59 Grant Ave., 4th Flr.
Bookstores (Independent, Used and Rare)
Aardvark Books, 227 Church St.
Abandoned Planet Bookstore, 518 Valencia St.
Acorn Books, 1436 Polk St.
Adobe Book Shop, 3166 16th St.
Alexander Book Co., 50 Second St.
Al's Comics, 491 Guerrero St.
Argonaut Bookshop, 786 Sutter St.
Around the World Books, 1346 Polk St.
Bird & Beckett Books & Records, 2788 Diamond St.
Black Oak Books, 630 Irving St.
Bolerium Books, 2141 Mission St.
Books Inc. 3515 California; 2251 Chestnut; 2275 Market St.; 160 Folsom St.
Booksmith, 1644 Haight St.
The Bookstall, 570 Sutter St. (by appt.)
Borderlands Books, 866 Valencia St.

Bound Together Book Collective, 1369 Haight St.
Brick Row Books, 49 Geary St., # 235
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Carroll's, 633 Vallejo
Chelsea Bookshop, 673 Irving St.
Christopher's Books, 1400 18th St.
Chronicle Bookstore, Metreon, 101 4th St.
City Lights, 261 Columbus Ave.
A Clean Well Lighted Place for Books, 601 Van Ness
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Forever After Books, 1475 Haight St.
Get Lost Travel Books, 1825 Market St.
The Great Overland Book Company, 2848 Webster
Green Apple Books, 506 Clement St.
Harrington Emmett Fine Books, 251 Post
Henry Hollander, Bookseller, 55 New Montgomery St., # 317
Jeffery Thomas Fine and Rare Books, 49 Geary St., # 230
Kayo Books, 814 Post St.
Kinokuniya, 1581 Webster St.
La Casa Del Libro, 973 Valencia St.
La Latina, 2548 Mission St.
La Moderna Poesia, 2122 Mission St.

Lifetime Books, 1346 Polk St.
Limelight Film & Theatre Bookstore, 1803 Market St.
The Magazine, 920 Larkin St.
Marcus Books, 1712 Fillmore St.
McDonald's Bookstore, 48 Turk St.
Meyer Boswell Books, 2141 Mission St.
Modern Times, 888 Valencia St.
Phoenix Books, 3850 24th St.
Red Hill Books, 401 Cortland Ave.
Richard Hilkert, Bookseller, 333 Hayes St.
Robert Dagg Rare Books, 49 Geary St.
Russian Hill Bookstore, 2234 Polk St.
San Francisco Mystery Books, 4175 24th St.
Stacey's Bookstore, 581 Market St.
Tall Stories, 2141 Mission St. #301
Thomas A. Goldwasser Rare Books, 486 Geary St.
Tillman Place Bookshop, 8 Tillman Pl.
Valencia St. Books, 569 Valencia St.
West Portal Books, 111 West Portal Ave.
John Windle, Antiquarian Bookseller, 49 Geary St.

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Consultant

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<http://us.adserver.yahoo.com/l?M=298184.6018725.7038619.3001176/
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3. **Lewis LaCook**

blogslitter---do you know where your blog is?

Tue 1 Mar 2005

http://www.lewislacook.com/
blogslitter/

--just a little texttoy i'm playing with for a larger
work....

reads several blogs hardcoded in....cuts 'em up and
throws 'em together...

bliss

l

=====

Lewis LaCook -->Poet-Programmer|||<http://www.lewislacook.com/>|||

Web Programmer|||<http://www.corporatepa.com/>|||

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http://info.mail.yahoo.com/mail_250

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4. **Julie Kizershot**

Re: alphabet poem

Tue 1 Mar 2005

Damaged Type

She kept (a) small
secret cloisonné box in which
she kept the pieces she had
in her hands which

she herself had b/roken (spoken)
of/f

to say here there is only here now or save here, sav-
ior, savor the edges of the alphabet are always in flight
away

failing light
falling
was a tree

azure boy in the middle coaxing
ooh ah

tree/night sky/her back
alone a lunar landscape e-s-cape
sashay sway sweetness swirl swish swollen surge her
(hushed) tongue
³shhhh² she says ³hear²

a loon, raven flocked ravenous beauty strange bird call
in(g) white
this silent equivalent

white
stars against black sky

again the cry
to

you

Valentine

velocity of heart¹'s ventricles torn a part torn
open to expect

a shun

all ready for the sea

to end (this all, this alpha and omega)

with a harsher sound

silent ³e²
motion
said

[↑ Contents](#)

5. **Lewis LaCook**

blogslitter...okay, maybe your blog is HERE...

Tue 1 Mar 2005

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

never know how your email parses html....

bliss

l

=====

Lewis LaCook -->Poet-Programmer|||<http://www.lewislacook.com/>|||

Web Programmer|||<http://www.corporatepa.com/>|||

XanaxPop:Mobile Poem Blog-> <http://www.lewislacook.com/xanaxpop/>

Collective Writing Projects--> The Wiki--> <http://www.lewislacook.com/wiki/> Appendix M -><http://www.lewislacook.com/AppendixM/>

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6. **Alan Sondheim**

uh buoy quiets free-dark matter girl-hands enquiring jacked jet-stream

Tue 1 Mar 2005

uh buoy quiets free-dark matter girl-hands enquiring jacked jetstream cata-
mountic limbed martian's awe and pancaked rust-duted killed, really cynical-ity;
you've ouided exits' jungenstijl's seize.

desiccation

<http://www.asondheim.org/ter.tif>

<http://www.asondheim.org/terr.gif>

http://www.asondheim.org/trrrr.gif
http://www.asondheim.org/exemplum.jpg
mars-life forecast discussion
exemplum <===> basin
let it go at that
===

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7. **Harry Nudel**

winter...

Tue 1 Mar 2005

n\other n/easter
how many vowels
are missing from
the language of sleep....
#:00..ing...&..drn...

[↑ Contents](#)

8. **Steve Dalachinsky**

Re: demoted english

Tue 1 Mar 2005

torn fragments - ungained
g-d is coming to a theatre near you
trailers:
take 2 tablets &
blur linearity
structuralist rollin heavies
maul

am i writing thru myself
or thru this repetitive technique?
technique of repetitiveness
take 2 tablets and....
how do repetition & variation
play a role in your writing?
i took 2 tablets &

two ways of looking at the same thing
are question answer logic hinder outcome

kate ate two tables away from where i sat
i put the tablecloth over my head in hopes that she would
think i was a table schematic blurred linearity curve (uni/verse mod
ified - pain pleasure subordinate clauses
if i'd of known i might have stayed home
take dos tableaux & go home - nerve gas art oh
psychotic melancholia
fish with an apple in it's mouth - object
fish scales on a watermelon if eyes could speak
cognitive discourse noc mirf proto-object = tale
imaginary acy seenario - coming to a threat too near you
i.e. baby w/scales unbalanced aimed @ object travelled
eagle downed express ing local proton-fantasy
sensorial metaphors memory smeared hallucinatory dreams
trap of experience (trans-substantiation) troops
PLOT - g-d is coming to non-recoverables complete mys
teries unnoticed missed stories she doesn't see me i race a
way in someone else's shoes .
dalachinsky nyc reconstruction 3/1/05

[↑ Contents](#)

9. **Steve Dalachinsky**

Re: found pome

Tue 1 Mar 2005

Frog

Fat green frog

sids on the log

dig frog green frog

brown frog

yellow frog

leopard frog

ribit ribit ribit

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10. **Craig, Ray**

alphabet poem

Tue 1 Mar 2005

answer: beverage

contestant decides explicit film

ghost hospital interrupts juveniles kissing
lesbian mercenary: nipples once photographed
question: reasonable swimsuits
their unanimous vampire weekend: x-rated
yes, Zatoichi infects skin
Ray Craig

[↑ Contents](#)

11. **Geoffrey Gatza** **Welcome Back note**

Tue 1 Mar 2005

MY FELLOW POETS
WE CANNOT ESCAPE OUR COMPUTERS .

Hello!

It's good to be able to talk to you again :) I have been away for so long to I find myself somewhat embarrassed to be back again .. Anyway, if this is the first you are hearing of me, or if you never missed my absence then please, only know this: BlazeVOX2k5 will be up and running in only a few short weeks . so tuned in for more updates . and if I owe you an email or you are waiting to hear about a submission, please thank you for your enduring patients and I'll be sure to return your message. However, if you would like to send a fresh email or just want to say hi - please do :)

BlazeVOX [books] NEWS

We are always looking for submissions !!! So please look over the current issue and if you think you fit here, please send an email to [REDACTED] and of course we will only consider your finest writings .

Our first poetry prize is still going accepting submissions and is really quite a strong showing. Out of the 100 entrants so far entered we will need to have at least 150 to fully operate and pay the prize. So get your manuscripts ready, our judge is Kent Johnson and is sure to be a hoot. The hopes of this is to gather up funds to help promote our small press and make a larger splash in the poetry world. So if you would like to help a small press get larger, please join in for the fun. All monies will either pay the prize fee, publish the books and buy advertising space in poetry journals. So if you like BlazeVOX [books] and you just don't feel like being part of the contest, we are able to accept tax-deductible donations now! And if you don't like that just buy anyone of our titles. Our authors are among the best voices writing today.

Our in print titles are growing Antidotes for an Alibi by Amy King, is a finalist in the Lambda Literary Foundations 17th annual award for Lesbian Poetry. She's up against Adrienne Rich and Carol Guess, so good luck to her. For more information <http://www.lambdalit.org/Lammy/finalists.html>

Other Titles

- ==> VEL by Alan Sondheim
- ==> Quinn's Passage by Kazim Ali
- ==> Bhang by Ted Pelton
- ==> To Be Sung by Michael Kelleher
- ==> The American Godwar Complex by Patrick Herron

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DELICATE LIBATIONS ON BECOMING INCOMMUNICADO

incommunicado (in-kuh-myoo-ni-KA-do) adjective, adverb

Out of contact, either voluntarily or deprived of the right to communicate with anyone; in solitary confinement.

[From Spanish incomunicado, past participle of incomunicar (to deprive of communication), from in- (not) + comunicar (to communicate), from Latin communicare, from communis (common). Ultimately from Indo-European root mei- (to change or move) that has given us other words such as commute, mutual, migrate, common, mistake, and immune.]

I have been without a computer in the house for 3 and a half months. This, being the longest period away from the internet I have experienced in 7 years, has been an uncomfortable winter. So many things just happened that it is hard to begin describing, in a logical fashion how I came to be offline and endlessly tied to a stove.

The Dell broke down from a memory virus that killed our memory card. We saved all of our files and I began to feel unsafe on that machine. I felt empty. I could create nothing, or do anything. It was a mental paralysis of sorts. So the answer to that was a new machine. I work as sous chef (second in command) for a small luxury hotel in Buffalo, NY. The chef slipped down the stairs and re-injured his already hurt back. He was out for over 3 months and now just returning on light duty. So if you have any restaurant experience, you know that

that means that I became the head chef and second all in one person. My days began at 4:30 to get to work at 6 and prepare a buffet breakfast then move onto ordering and preparing for a party that night. My day ended around 9 or 10 PM and then off to bed. This drained me, emotionally and physically. So finding a computer and getting online was just too much for me. I am sorry that this had to happen. I really came to miss the conversations on these lists and poetry in my life in general. It's very difficult to navigate poetry offline.

I did enjoy my time being the head chef. It was a coming of age, put me in coach I can win this one for the team, type of experience. I became burned out on restaurants a long time ago and went to college to get an accounting degree. I attended the Culinary Institute of America after leaving the Marine Corps, at that point, my life's dream. I loved that time in Hyde Park, NY. At one point I had it in my will that my ashes were to be scattered on colleges grounds. This was only one of the signs of my PTSD coming out, another was my personal motto of "Cook or Die!" A skull and crossbones generally accompanied the scrawl. But the point is that I burned out of a vocation that I loved since childhood. My mother tells a story of me when I was a baby crying if she changed the television channel away from Julia Child. I got to tell her that story too. I was in the first gulf war in January 1991 and in July I was in college. It was an easy transition as kitchens are militaristic and dictatorial so I felt comfortable. I never really had to deal with the things I did and saw while in the USMC. My method of dealing with stresses was varied sarcasms and general off-putting behavior to keep people away. I disappointed many people and I'm not always proud of who I was, and still can be. I graduated in 93 and went to the kitchens of NYC and then eventually found my way back home to Buffalo. Although I was a chef in some nice places I felt hampered by many factors that influence cooking as a business and not an art. From this dead feeling I strove towards poetry to fill that emptiness that cooking creates. One can only admire the art of well prepared food for minutes. Yes, there is larger window of time to be spent with food than with live music, but a recording can allow for the enjoyment of that particular moment to be relived again and again.

Now I am in a place where I can be as creative as time and motivation permit. It's a wonderful way to make money, most of our parties are small, around 20 to 40 guests, so we can get pretty involved with the dishes. Our menu changes nightly and our guest are prepared for an adventurous evening. Before Dana, the chef, was hurt I was comfortable in my place of being a sous chef. It allowed me time for writing and web work so it meshed well with BlazeVOX. I also have acquired a large set of kitchen gadgets that make me feel more like a chef than I ever have in the past. One cannot create without the proper tools. This goes too for poetry. My tools of computer and internet were gone and I could not do any of the things I needed to do. So too with making brioche at home. You just

can't do it right on a cookie sheet. And too, at work I feel that I have overcome many of the fears and dreads associated with being a leader. It's a good feeling but one I am glad to hand back to Dana and come back to my poetry.

And coming back, I come back with some money and a new laptop computer. I was basically unemployed for 2 years, there was some scattered bits of work that kept me fed. But now I have paid back a lot of what I owed and was able to set myself up with a nice refurbished laptop and wireless network. I can run all around the house and still be connected to the net. Ahh, it's a wonderful feeling to be here again and in a comfy chair with the TV in earshot. It's like being home again, in my home. So with the utility companies not on the front lawn threatening to shut us off, I feel very comfortable. Not enough to say that I can own a car, but enough to say that I am out of poverty and now in the soothing warmth of being working poor.

That has been my life up to now. I have made some wonderful discoveries about our craft from my time in the kitchen. Cooking is not poetry but it can be art. It is most certainly a craft where individual talents can bring out certain flavors that are hiding deep within food stuffs. Seasoning, temperatures, and time are all necessary elements in cooking and this too translates to writing even if I cannot place the words there to make my case. In any case I submit this poem for Spring to help me along in this.

Spring Poem
For José Martí

On the outskirts of a crumbling but still enchanting snow

The palm trees swayed green and the sea lapped the shore. After a first course of lobster bisque, caviar and oysters; torn limbs and other body parts littered the street outside the clinic in Hillah, a predominantly Shiite area 60 miles south of Baghdad. There is not enough time. It was perfect weather.

Piles of shoes and tattered clothes were thrown into a corner. Occasional bursts of automatic weapons fire could be heard during the intermezzo. A jazz band struck up a tune as Canadian salmon and caribou were served with wine.

I asked him how he got it home and he said he came in a private jet and his pilot would mix it in with the dirty laundry

see also: cigar smuggling

see also: burnt-sugar lemon tarts

With the poor people of this earth I want to share my fate There is no such thing as free kittens

Best, Geoffrey

Geoffrey Gatz
BlazeVOX [books]
www.blazevox.org

Dear Poetry Contestant

Thank you for entering the First BlazeVOX [books] poetry contest. I have received your manuscript and I want to direct you to the BlazeVOX [books] website www.blazevox.org/blog to give an account of my poor old computer, it's sudden illness and desperate hospice stay. My role as a caregiver was tense and now being with my new computer is still a new experience. But my old computer wanted me to continue on and for that I will always love it and light a juniper scented votive candle for it once a week. I hope you will remember it in your own mindful way and think a pleasant thought over your evening coffee.

Best, Geoffrey Gatz

Publisher: BlazeVOX [books]

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12. **Dan Waber**
[poem] All You Imagine

Tue 1 Mar 2005

1/61

Echo = your eyelashes are a fan for the constellations that swirl above all that you see of the world and all you imagine

Source = Jennifer Hill-Kaucher, SMS

All You Imagine

I have never been what you might call your
bland imaginator. In eyelashes
I have seen the upsweep of songs that are
sung without opening the mouth. For a
day and a half I spoke into a fan
to decode what code passed through. I've looked for
buried treasure underneath sheets in the
living room. I renamed constellations
to nouns and verbs and conjunctions so that
poems are written in the sky. The swirl
of dust in shafts of light lifts me above
myself and inside the cloud I see all
the lines of force glow like comet tails that
linger into the shape of a hint. You

will not live long enough to even see
the most infinitesimal slice of
the sestinas I've composed. I speak the
language of onions. My cup-runneeth world
has room in it for ten times all this and
more, always more there is always and all
ways more one the list, more to do, but you
are more than even I could imagine.

Dan Waber

[↑ Contents](#)

13. **Joe Brennan**

Syria: They'll Withdraw From Lebanon If U.S. Withdraws From Iraq

Tue 1 Mar 2005

Click here: The Assassinated Press
<http://www.theassassinatedpress.com/>

Syria Offers U.S. Deal; They'll Withdraw Their Troops From Lebanon If the
U.S. Withdraws From Iraq:

Cheney Insists U.S. Can't Leave Iraq Because "That's Where the Fuckin' Oil
Is.":

Tanks For the Memories: France Wants Lebanon Back As Part Of Quid Pro Quo
For

Backing U.S. Iraqi Oil Grift:

Lebanese Government Resigns Over U.S.'s Hypocritical Stance:

Like In Venezuela, Ukraine, U.S. Puts Up Millions Of Dollars To Get Lebanese
Protesters In the Streets

By BASTA ROUE

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.

".....at a time when I am speaking to you about the paradox of desire -- in the
sense that different goods obscure it -- you can hear outside the awful language
of power. There's no point in asking whether they are sincere or hypocritical,
whether they want peace or whether they calculate the risks. The dominating
impression as such a moment is that something that may pass for a prescribed
good; information addresses and captures impotent crowds to whom it is
poured

forth like a liquor that leaves them dazed as they move toward the slaughter house.

One might even ask if one would allow the cataclysm to occur without first giving free reign to this hubbub of voices...."

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14. **Thomas savage**

Re: alphabet poem

Tue 1 Mar 2005

Nathaniel, I like your alphabet poem. It's an interesting innovation to use three words per letter. I might make these poems easier to write. Anyway, this was a pleasure. Regards, Tom Savage

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15. **Thomas savage**

Re: demoted english

Tue 1 Mar 2005

Dear Steve, of the two poems you placed on this service today I prefer this one. I'm not sure what some of the words are in the other one. Also, since I was at your reading with Merry on Sunday, I have to ask you are you sick? Any mention of medical tests suggests that you are to a reader/audience. Some of those poems also reminded me of the beginning poems in my Brain Surgery Poem (Linear Arts, 1999) particularly one I wrote called "Where The Words Are" after being given some brain-dye to help locate my words so that these were not affected by any surgical procedure. If you choose to answer my first question directly to my email address, that's okay. I'm just getting used to listserv as a public forum. It alters the distinction between public and private in some of the communications I have read so far.

Steve Dalachinsky <[REDACTED]> wrote:torn fragments - ungained

g-d is coming to a theatre near you

trailers:

take 2 tablets &

blur linearity

structuralist rollin heavies
maul

am i writing thru myself
or thru this repetitive technique?
technique of repetitiveness
take 2 tablets and....
how do repetition & variation
play a role in your writing?

i took 2 tablets &

two ways of looking at the same thing
are question answer logic hinder outcome
kate ate two tables away from where i sat
i put the tablecloth over my head in hopes that she would
think i was a table schematic blurred linearity curve (uni/verse mod
ified - pain pleasure subordinate clauses
if i'd of known i might have stayed home
take dos tableaux & go home - nerve gas art oh
psychotic melancholia
fish with an apple in it's mouth - object
fish scales on a watermelon if eyes could speak
cognitive discourse noc mirf proto-object = tale
imaginary acy seenario - coming to a threat too near you
i.e. baby w/scales unbalanced aimed @ object travelled
eagle downed express ing local proton-fantasy
sensorial metaphors memory smeared hallucinatory dreams
trap of experience (trans-substantiation) troops
PLOT - g-d is coming to non-recoverables complete mys
teries unnoticed missed stories she doesn't see me i race a
way in someone else's shoes .

dalachinsky nyc reconstruction 3/1/05

Do you Yahoo!?

Take Yahoo! Mail with you! Get it on your mobile phone.

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16. **Gregory Betts**

Re: alphabet poem (one better)

Tue 1 Mar 2005

26 in 9 in 52

ABsCond
DEaF flaG
HIJacK LeMaN
OPaQue RuST
pUrVieW
oXYgeniZe

[↑ Contents](#)

17. **kevin thurston**

Re: demoted english

Tue 1 Mar 2005

i like this poem also-- but, don't forget that 2 tablets in the beginning at least (g-d is coming to a theatre near you) definitely reference the film 'the 10 commandments' and, of course, the Biblical account--but the re-release aspect of the 10 commandments in this poem is really interesting

and it all links (arcs) back in the end

On Tue, 1 Mar 2005 08:28:50 -0800, Thomas savage <[REDACTED]> wrote:
> Dear Steve, of the two poems you placed on this service today I prefer this one. I'm not sure what some of the words are in the other one. Also, since I was at your reading with Merry on Sunday, I have to ask you are you sick? Any mention of medical tests suggests that you are to a reader/audience. Some of those poems also reminded me of the beginning poems in my Brain Surgery Poem (Linear Arts, 1999) particularly one I wrote called "Where The Words Are" after being given some brain-dye to help locate my words so that these were not affected by any surgical procedure. If you choose to answer my first question directly to my email address, that's okay. I'm just getting used to list-serv as a public forum. It alters the distinction between public and private in some of the communications I have read so far.

>

> Steve Dalachinsky <[REDACTED]> wrote: torn fragments - ungained

>

> g-d is coming to a theatre near you

> trailers:

> take 2 tablets &

> blur linearity

> structuralist rollin heavies

> maul

>

> am i writing thru myself

> or thru this repetitive technique?

> technique of repetitiveness
> take 2 tablets and....
> how do repetition & variation
> play a role in your writing?
>
> i took 2 tablets &
>
> two ways of looking at the same thing
> are question answer logic hinder outcome
> kate ate two tables away from where i sat
> i put the tablecloth over my head in hopes that she would
> think i was a table schematic blurred linearity curve (uni/verse mod
> ified - pain pleasure subordinate clauses
> if i'd of known i might have stayed home
> take dos tableaux & go home - nerve gas art oh
> psychotic melancholia
> fish with an apple in it's mouth - object
> fish scales on a watermelon if eyes could speak
> cognitive discourse noc mirf proto-object = tale
> imaginary acy seenario - coming to a threat too near you
> i.e. baby w/scales unbalanced aimed @ object travelled
> eagle downed express ing local proton-fantasy
> sensorial metaphors memory smeared hallucinatory dreams
> trap of experience (trans-substantiation) troops
> PLOT - g-d is coming to non-recoverables complete mys
> teries unnoticed missed stories she doesn't see me i race a
> way in someone else's shoes .
>
> dalachinsky nyc reconstruction 3/1/05
>
>
> -----
> Do you Yahoo!?
> Take Yahoo! Mail with you! Get it on your mobile phone.
>
--
i'm like frank o'hara without the friends

[↑ Contents](#)

18. **Lori Emerson**

***Reminder* | Kenneth Goldsmith & Conceptual Poetics (calling for papers)**

Tue 1 Mar 2005

All: just a reminder of our upcoming deadline for proposal submissions on Kenny Goldsmith & Conceptual Poetics--again, please feel free to pass this on to anyone you think might be interested!

best, Lori

=====
===

CFP: Kenneth Goldsmith and Conceptual Poetics (6/1/05; journal issue)

CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS

Deadlines: 15 March 2005 for proposals; 1 June 2005 for finished essays

Guest Editors: Barbara Cole and Lori Emerson

"In 1969, the conceptual artist Douglas Huebler wrote, 'The world is full of objects, more or less interesting; I do not wish to add any more.' I've come to embrace Huebler's ideas, though it might be retooled as, 'The world is full of texts, more or less interesting; I do not wish to add any more.' It seems an appropriate response to a new condition in writing today: faced with an unprecedented amount of available text, the problem is not needing to write more of it; instead, we must learn to negotiate the vast quantity that exists. I've transformed from a writer into an information manager, adept at the skills of replicating, organizing, mirroring, archiving, hoarding, storing, reprinting, bootlegging, plundering, and transferring . . . I've become a master typist, an exacting cut-and-paster, and an OCR demon . . ." - Kenneth Goldsmith, "Being Boring"

Open Letter is seeking critical and creative submissions for a special issue dedicated to "Kenneth Goldsmith and Conceptual Poetics." In particular, we hope to address the ever-broadening scope of Goldsmith's texts (inclusive but not exhaustive): 73 Poems; No.111 2.7.93-10.20.96; Fidget; Soliloquy; Day; Head Citations; and The Weather. As Goldsmith's conceptual poetics works to shift literary and artistic paradigms, we invite essays which address non-textual activities as well as writing practices. The editors are particularly interested in essays which position Goldsmith beyond a US-specific context and/or which consider Conceptual Poetics in relation to a Canadian context.

For more information on Open Letter please visit
<http://publish.uwo.ca/~fdavey/home.htm>

POTENTIAL CONTEXTS from A-Z:

- * aesthetics / labor
- * the body / gender / sexuality
- * conceptual influences (i.e. Duchamp; Warhol; Cage; etc.)
- * digital poetry
- * editorial work (Warhol interviews; /ubu editions; etc.)
- * feminist readings
- * gendered readings
- * hi-jinx, hijacking and hoaxes
- * intellectual property
- * Joycean influences
- * Kootenay School of Writing influences
- * L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E influences
- * Marxist readings / materiality / mimesis
- * New York School influences
- * originality
- * pedagogy of uncreativity / Pop influences / proceduralism
- * queer readings
- * Romanticist ideals of "originality" / reproducibility
- * sound innovations (Penn Sound; sampling; etc.)
- * Toronto Research Group
- * UBU
- * voyeurism
- * WFMU
- * x
- * y
- * Zaum influences

The above list is merely suggestive; we welcome proposals on any issue that is relevant to Kenneth Goldsmith and Conceptual Poetics.

Essays should not exceed 5000 words in length.

SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

Please send inquiries or proposals to Barbara Cole (██████) and Lori Emerson (██████) by 15 March 2005. Notifications of acceptance will be made no later than 15 April 2005. Finished essays will be appreciated by 1 June 2005.

[↑ Contents](#)

19. **furniture_press**

more poems for us

Tue 1 Mar 2005

aphorist's apothecary (or armory)

You will turn to the mirror for consolation.
But you believe others only see you
when you have applied lipstick, foundation
and other make-up to the face of the mirror.
As I have said, you may have misinterpreted,
though incompetence, what I have, through negligence,
mis-performed.

www.towson.edu/~cacasama/furniture/poae

--

Graffiti.net free e-mail @ www.graffiti.net
Check out our value-added Premium features, such as a 1 GB mailbox for just
US\$9.95 per year!

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[↑ Contents](#)

20. **furniture_press**

Silly Poem

Tue 1 Mar 2005

I'll Read

From Descartes we get Cartesian
which is ultimately very Parisian.
From Derrida we get Derridian,
which is, at least to say, too American.

Or is it Derridaian?
Try saying that again!

--

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Check out our value-added Premium features, such as a 1 GB mailbox for just
US\$9.95 per year!

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21. **Craig, Ray**

alphabet poem (re-post, original post did not capture correct spacing, sorry to re-post, kept bothering me)

Tue 1 Mar 2005

answer: beverage

contestant decides explicit film

ghost hospital interrupts juveniles kissing

lesbian mercenary: nipples once photographed

question: reasonable swimsuits

their unanimous vampire weekend: x-rated

yes, Zatoichi infects skin

Ray Craig

[↑ Contents](#)

22. **austinwja**

Re: Welcome Back note

Tue 1 Mar 2005

Great to have you back, Geoffrey!! My best always to you and Donna. Best, Bill

WilliamJamesAustin.com

KojaPress.com

Amazon.com

BarnesandNobel.com

[↑ Contents](#)

23. **Halvard Johnson**

Hamilton Stone Review, Issue 5, Winter 2005, Now Online!

Tue 1 Mar 2005

Hamilton Stone Review, Issue 5, Winter 2005, Now Online!

Featuring fiction by Sybil Kollar, Sue Mellins, and Lance Olsen, and poetry by Deborah Poe, Alan Brilliant, Susan Donnelly, Paul Murphy, Catherine Daly, Tad Richards, Todd Swift, mIEKAL aND, Roy Frisvold, Rochelle Ratner, Hugh Steinberg, William Sylvester, Tim Martin, Sybil Kollar, Andrew Lundwall, Bert Kimmelman, James Cervantes, Skip Fox, Sheila E. Murphy, and César Vallejo (in translations by Rebecca Seiferle).

<http://www.hamiltonstone.org/hsr.html>

Submissions to the Hamilton Stone Review

At this time, the Hamilton Stone Review is not open to unsolicited fiction submissions, but will be taking unsolicited poetry submissions until May 1, 2005, for Issue #6, which will be out in June 2005. Poetry submissions should go directly to Halvard Johnson at [REDACTED].

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24. **Ishaq**

More hot Shite from the Hip Hop Toledo Collective

Tue 1 Mar 2005

<http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2005/03/38582.php>

More hot Shite from the Hip Hop Toledo Collective

<mailto:[REDACTED]>

NB: the toledohip hop collective is a group of mc's, djs, and media assassins who challenge the stagnicity of the industry in order to promote community activism and urban engagement of art: toledohiphop.org is working on collecting local material and other content to be available on this site. for those not in toledo, bookmark this address and send in your email address to be added to the outreach list.

peace.

toledohiphop.org is working on collecting local material and other content to be available on this site.

for those not in toledo, bookmark this address and send in your email address to be added to the outreach list.

for those up in the 419, let's hook up and do this:

[REDACTED] <mailto:[REDACTED]>

Saturday, February 26, 2005; 1pm to 4pm (eastern standard time) - Toledo-HipHop.org will be featured on Toronto, Canada radio - CKLN 88.1fm - via a conference phone call. We will be playing tracks from our first CD and talking about our vision for hip hop and Toledo.

Links and downloads found at:

<http://www.toledohiphop.org/>

and:

.....

Links:

<http://www.brothermalcolm.net> - Brother Malcolm - the premiere website on Malcolm X, maintained by the University of Toledo Africana Studies program

<http://www.firstsaturday.us> - First Saturday practice proficiency tests - working to help all of Toledo's 4th & 6th graders PASS THE TESTS!

<http://www.cyber-church.us> - Cyber-Church, working to make Toledo the first city to have all of its churches online

Move The Crowd - Mercury Rising & Imani Lateef's blog

The Naturalists - local hip hop production team with MP3s and short video files available. Site includes an events page with listings from here to Ann Arbor

Speak Out Entertainment/Urban Idols - local project to put unsigned Ohio artists out there. this site includes an interactive message board

Mortal Mizztuz - web site for local group that includes songs and videos for download, message board, store and more

<http://www.toledofilmakers.com/> - local producers of all aspects of film and video

<http://www.mdctoledo.org/> - Media Decompression Collective

<http://www.glasscityrecords.com> - local message board

<http://www.tymelyne.com> - DJ One 1X Tyme and dem

<http://www.lactoselactose.com/publishing/thewire/> - the Toledo Wire, sign up for the biweekly email newsletter of events in and around Toledo

see also:

<http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2005/01/36419.php>

___\

Stay Strong\

\

"Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor" \

--Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)\

\

"This mathematical rhythmical mechanism enhances my wisdom\ of Islam, keeps me calm from doing you harm, when I attack, it's Vietnam"\

--HellRazah\

\

"It's not too good to stay in a white man's country too long"\

--Mutabartuka\

\

"As for we who have decided to break the back of colonialism, \

our historic mission is to sanction all revolts, all desperate \
actions, all those abortive attempts drowned in rivers of blood."\
- Frantz Fanon\
\
"Everyday is Ashura and every land is Kerbala"\
-Imam Ja'far Sadiq\
\
<http://www.sleepybrain.net/vanilla.html>\
\
http://www.world-crisis.com/analysis_comments/766_0_15_0_C/\
\
<http://ilovepoetry.com/search.asp?keywords=braithwaite&orderBy=date>\
\
<http://www.lowliferecords.co.uk/>\
\
}

[↑ Contents](#)

25. **Minky Starshine**

Re: Hamilton Stone Review, Issue 5, Winter 2005, Now Online!

Tue 1 Mar 2005

Hal, this looks great. I'm really excited to see this. If you have a chance, here is my updated bio again. Best, Deborah

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

From: Halvard Johnson [mailto:████████]

I'll take care of it, Deborah.

Hal

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

{ From: Minky Starshine [mailto:████████]

{ Sent: Monday, February 21, 2005 10:39 PM

{ Deborah Poe was born in Del Rio, Texas in 1969. She is now living
in

{ upstate New York, but considers the Pacific Northwest her home. Her

{ writing has appeared in Solo Magazine, Jeopardy, Poetry Midwest,
Snow

{ Monkey and Poetry Bay. Her chapbooks „clitoris,, „vulva,,
„penis,,

{ and (W(e)a(St) Solo were published in April and October 2004 by

{ furniture_press.

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26. **Minky Starshine**

Recall: Hamilton Stone Review, Issue 5, Winter 2005, Now Online!

Tue 1 Mar 2005

Minky Starshine would like to recall the message, "Hamilton Stone Review, Issue 5, Winter 2005, Now Online!".

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27. **Alan Sondheim**

swan

Tue 1 Mar 2005

swan

swan because of the uneasy lap or basin, saccharine colors absorbing the position of the young girl or boy about to be fucked

but the uneasiness of mathematical images tuned towards discomfort when settling into a landscape of slope or miasma

i might have created an interior and more comfortable space of toruses and cylinders

nonetheless this keeps one scrambling in a world of oral fixation, imagine the open mouths, rivulets of drools, soaked creases of perfect surfaces

these are hulls, dark matter and its mystery float among them

or the fragment of a dream of the mother of a star not yet born or bone

<http://www.asondheim.org/swan1.jpg>

<http://www.asondheim.org/swan2.jpg>

<http://www.asondheim.org/swan3.jpg>

<http://www.asondheim.org/swan4.jpg>

--

[↑ Contents](#)

28. **Herb Levy**

Re: Recall: Hamilton Stone Review, Issue 5, Winter 2005, Now Online!

Tue 1 Mar 2005

Minky Starshine would like to recall the message, "Hamilton Stone Review, Issue 5, Winter 2005, Now Online!".

I recall it as if it were only yesterday.

--

Herb Levy
P O Box 9369
Fort Worth, TX 76147



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29. **noah eli gordon**

George Kalamaras and Eric Baus in MA

Wed 2 Mar 2005

Poets George Kalamaras and Eric Baus will read from their work:

This Sunday, March 6, 2005 5:00 PM

*Broadside Bookshop
247 Main Street
Northampton, MA 01060
Tel: [REDACTED]*

*George Kalamaras is Professor of English at Indiana University-Purdue University Fort Wayne, where he has taught since 1990. His poetry collection, *The Theory and Function of Mangoes*, won the Four Way Books Intro*

*Series in Poetry Award and was published by Four Way books in 2000. A second full-length collection, *Borders My Bent Toward*, appeared from Pavement Saw Press in 2003. His new collection is *Even the Java Sparrows Call Your Hair**

*. He has published two poetry chapbooks, *Heart Without End* (Leaping Mountain Press, 1986) and *Beneath the Breath* (Tilton House, 1988), as well as poems in numerous journals and anthologies in the United States, Canada, Greece, India, Japan, Thailand, and the United Kingdom. He is the recipient of Creative Writing Fellowships from the National Endowment for the Arts (1993)*

*and the Indiana Arts Commission (2001), and first prize in the 1998 Abiko Quarterly International Poetry Prize (Japan). A long-time practitioner of yogic meditation, he is also the author a 1994 scholarly book on Hindu mysticism and Western language theory from State University of New York Press, *Reclaiming the Tacit Dimension: Symbolic Form in the Rhetoric of Silence*. He lives in Fort Wayne, Indiana, with his wife, the writer Mary Ann*

Cain, and their beagle, Barney.

Eric Baus currently lives in Baustrolia, where he rules with an iron fist.

30. **Tenney Nathanson**

Cushing St Poetry/Chax Press: Meg Files & Jefferson Carter, T March 8, 8pm

Wed 2 Mar 2005

CUSHING STREET POETRY

presented by Chax Press

& Cushing Street Bar & Restaurant

A Reading By

MEG FILES

&

JEFFERSON CARTER

8:00 pm, Tuesday, March 8, 2005

at Cushing Street Bar & Restaurant

in Tucson, Arizona

198 W. Cushing Street

just south of Tucson Convention Center

1 block east of Main Street

admission is FREE

Meg Files is the author of a novel, *Meridian 144*; a collection of stories, *Home Is the Hunter*; and *Write from Life*, a book about using personal experience and taking risks in writing. Her novella/story collection *A Hollow, Muscular Organ* will be published by Story Line Press this year. She has been a Bread Loaf fellow and the James Thurber Writer-in-Residence at Ohio State University.

Jefferson Carter is currently Writing Department Chair at Pima Community College Downtown Campus. His work has appeared in numerous e-zines and print journals, including "2River View," "Poets Against the War," "Cross Connect," "Barrow Street," and "Carolina Quarterly." His sixth chapbook, *Litter Box*, is available from Spork Press.

THE MINOTAUR by Jefferson Carter

Am I impressed? I suppose.

The bull's head & horns,

the way you puff up

three times your size. Still

you're the same old, same old.

Considerate. A bit of a slob.

Some drool still on the pillow.

LIT BLUE SKY FALLING by Meg Files

"You can no more win a war
than you can win an earthquake."

- Jeannette Rankin

(1880-1973, first woman elected to the U.S. Congress)

Before they were mine, my father
in the uniform held his arm around
my mother in her long black butterfly
dress with built-in falsies. My mother's
best friend married a man headed
for the trenches and got polio and danced
the hitchhiker from her wheelchair. Kids,
they went to the movies on bread-loaf
wrappers and in the dark watched
the sped-up footage of marching
troops. I could never get her to talk
about Nazis, nor my father about his useless
horse troops drilling in a Michigan field
for Germany. Now the last
of my mother's friends sends
a clipping about the awards for war
photography her husband never claimed,
and a photo of herself, white-haired
in her wheelchair, in jeans and a red shirt,
as if she has taken lessons from my dead
mother, and a note: Yesterday my granddaughter
was over and I said let's draw a picture of what
we see out the window. The river is there
& goes out to Lake Michigan. Amber did hers
like it was summer and docks with boats
in slips. Mine was winter scene
and all the bare trees and docks.
My father says war is going to happen,
topple, topple, topple. Nothing, not even grief,
is so pure. Vital people live their lives
in wheelchairs, hand-dancing in full
view of winter. A man whose battle
photographs carried the black and white
unglory from blood-soaked field to Life
back home could never claim them.
The men of my time hold sealed
boxes of jungle inside their bodies,

and that virulent jungle holds
hooches and flame and snakes
and smoking villes and elephant
grass and the last grenade to blow
open the box at their days' end. All
of our days, across all the rivers
and lakes and oceans, were meant
to be boats carrying us and those we
single out to love past the waving
grasses and beneath the green
canopy, the lit blue sky falling all
around us, and into the slips
at dusk. War, war quakes
all around us, and before us
all the bare trees and docks.

Third in a series. Next reading will be April 12, 2005. Chax Press 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. Please call Chax Press at [REDACTED], or email [REDACTED], for more information.

charles alexander / chax press

fold the book inside the book keep it open always read from the in-
side out speak then

mailto:[REDACTED]

mailto:[REDACTED]

www.u.arizona.edu/~nathanso/tn/

POG:

mailto:[REDACTED]

www.gopog.org

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31. **Jesse Glass**

Geoffrey Gatz's A Pod Person

Wed 2 Mar 2005

So is David Baratier, when you come right down to it. You don't hear from them in ages, and suddenly they're back promising the sun and the moon! And another Pod person (that Austin fellow) is welcoming them back! Well, they don't have everyone fooled on this list. Jesse

[↑ Contents](#)

32. **Steve Dalachinsky**

Re: emoted glishen

Wed 2 Mar 2005

home of the grave (mass media redux)
take like pink plump pretty
skinny
down 84
dead before the eighties were
unfamous lady
among the pork chops
bacon snout feet knuckles
fat
pig
this is a video of a fight school i run
A muk
dazed in the cot classic & irascible
arm head & other body parts
abused plaster wood chip monk
fog sprayed from a can to spell the future
its transmission a risk
felix the helix on a pedestal
in a tower
x-laxed by a woman in a window
relaxed electrified /cuted
cellophane narcissus suspended over
the childrens' graves.

cut out a map
in the shape of a man/ truisms
crash wild with style this symbolic
anatomy
seen blades
deep within the autobiographical
torso
speak for yourself to yourself
evangelically
self-portrait of a valley
east from here
temples &
street #'s
empires
dunes

&
graffiti
abused banana pudding.

survival is fair play
as life takes a
life
tapes a life.

put on your cardboard coat
& walk these glass steps
careful of your footing as you
descend

lost.....lost.....lost

steve dalachinsky nyc 3/1/05 at new museum east village
u.s.a. exhibit

[↑ Contents](#)

33. **Harry Nudel**

winter...

Wed 2 Mar 2005

call

recall

fall down
the glass
stairs..

refall down
the glass
stairs...

;re

3:00...sz chez moi...drn...

[↑ Contents](#)

34. **Dan Waber**

[poem] Your Name

Wed 2 Mar 2005

2/61

Echo = your name has "web," "war," "wear," "near," "new," "wan," "dawn."
that's not using Glenn, of course.

Source = Jennifer Hill-Kaucher, SMS

Your Name

Your mother's name is Marlea and your
half-sister's name is Marjorie. Your name
will depend on whether your body has
boy parts or girl parts. Right now you have web
between fingers and toes and you have war
before and after you. Your life will wear
you down like chalk against sidewalk. When near
as possible to breaking you, a new
page will turn. Your past will become as wan
as you can stand. You'll be distant at dawn
but your new page will understand that that's
not the real you, that the real you is not
stuck in the past and is only using
the time for thanks. Your father's name is Glenn.
You'll imagine there's nothing he's scared of.
You'll be as wrong as a rocket off course.

Dan Waber

[↑ Contents](#)

35. **Minky Starshine**

Re: Recall: Hamilton Stone Review, Issue 5, Winter 2005, Now On-line!

Wed 2 Mar 2005

...apologies for my post to grand central station...

...i too recall it as if it were only yesterday...

...four years at the major software metroplex out west, &i still keep hoping recall will work...in light of despite...the newest modes of software production...

...there should be someone to keep me from e-mail these nights...

...so a gift...yes, yes...a gift...

<http://www.mid.muohio.edu/segue/2-1/Verma.htm>

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

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

On Behalf Of Herb Levy

I recall it as if it were only yesterday.

--

Herb Levy
P O Box 9369
Fort Worth, TX 76147



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36. **Lori Emerson**

Friday March 4th | Steve McCaffery & Adeena Karasick

Wed 2 Mar 2005

Hi all: sadly bill bissett injured his shoulder and is unable to travel, and so unable to read this Friday in Buffalo ... BUT our esteemed Steve McCaffery has generously agreed to read instead! So come out of the cold to a

Reading: Adeena Karasick & Steve McCaffery
8 pm @ 202 Allen Street, Rust Belt Books
&

Reception / Party: just around the corner from the bookstore
10 pm @ 74 Cottage Street, Upper Apt.

Bring drinks, bring friends etc.

Please also note that this event is generously supported by SUNY Buffalo's Canadian-American Studies Committee and the English Department's David Gray Chair of Poetry and Letters.

-Lori Emerson

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37. **Poetics List Administration**

POETRY: Bruce Andrews/Craig Watson, this Saturday

Wed 2 Mar 2005

Hi, all —

Happy to be reading with Craig (whose poetry I've been enjoying for decades now) this Saturday.

I'm going to be reading almost all new work.

And the curator, Charles Borkhuis, is having a party that evening after 8 — at his place in the East Village.

Hope you can make it — it'd be great to see you!

—— Bruce

* * * * *

POETRY READING

BRUCE ANDREWS & CRAIG WATSON

Saturday, March 5

4 to 6 pm

Segue Reading series @ Bowery Poetry Club

308 Bowery, at 1st St., Manhattan

Switch to Netscape Internet Service.

As low as \$9.95 a month -- Sign up today at <http://isp.netscape.com/register>

Netscape. Just the Net You Need.

New! Netscape Toolbar for Internet Explorer

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Download now at <http://channels.netscape.com/ns/search/install.jsp>

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38. **Lori Emerson**

this Friday! | Steve McCaffery & Adeena Karasick

Wed 2 Mar 2005

Hi all: sadly bill bissett injured his shoulder and is unable to travel, and so unable to read this Friday in Buffalo ... BUT our esteemed Steve McCaffery has generously agreed to read instead! So come out of the cold to a

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-Lori Emerson

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39. **furniture_press**

Jack Spicer & Letters

Wed 2 Mar 2005

Has there been a serious attempt to collect Jack Spicer's correspondences? I'm unaware, or haven't fully done my research.

Also, have the 4 lectures been dubbed to physical media which has been made public? perhaps on the interenet?

Christophe Casamassima

www.towson.edu/~cacasama/furniture/poae

--

Graffiti.net free e-mail @ www.graffiti.net

Check out our value-added Premium features, such as a 1 GB mailbox for just US\$9.95 per year!

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40. **Thomas savage**

Re: Christo

Wed 2 Mar 2005

For your and all information:

Poems about Christo's The Gates can be sent to [REDACTED]

This evolved from a reading done at The Gates last weekend in which I participated. One of the poems I read and sent goes as follows:

Covering Central Park

Orange sheets flapping everywhere
Which are elsewhere the color
Of Buddhist monks' robes
May explain why, here
In snow covered Central Park
No beds come preattached.

Tom Savage

2/25/05--3/2/05

Do You Yahoo!?

Tired of spam? Yahoo! Mail has the best spam protection around

<http://mail.yahoo.com>

41. **Alan Sondheim**

Additional Words from French to English

Wed 2 Mar 2005

Additional Words from French to English

1848 Dictionnaire already described and of the z of the first part

Z, the 25th letter of the French alphabet

Zacynthe, a sort of wild succory

Zagaie, sf. zagaye, long Moorish dart

Zagu ou Sagou, the sago-tree

Zaim, Turkish horseman

Zain, a horse all of one dark colour, without spot or mark

Zani, buffoon, zany

Zebre, zebra, wild ass

Zelateur, trice, zealot, a stickler

Zele, zeal

Zele, zealous

Zelote, a jealous man

Zelotopie, extreme jealousy

Zelotypie, zeal carried to far

Zenith, zenith

Zenonique, belonging or conformable to the doctrine of Zeno

Zenonisme, the doctrine of Zeno

Zephyr, zephyr

Zero, nought

Zest, fiddlestick! pshaw! pish!

Entre le zist et le zest, tolerably; so so; neither good nor bad

Zeste, thin piece of orange peel; thick skin quartering the kernel
of a walnut

Zetetique, zetetic, proceeding by inquiry

Zibeline, zibellina, sable

Zigzag, zig zag, crankles

Zinc, zinc

Zinzolin, reddish violet colour

Zist, see Zest

Zizanie, dissension, discord, tare

Ziziphe, jujube-tree

Zodiacal, belonging to the zodiac

Zodiaque, zodiac

Zoilc, snarling critic

Zone, zone

Zoographe, one who describes or writes on animals

Zoographie, zoography, description of animals

Zoolatrie, worship of animals

Zoolithe, petrified animal substance

Zoologie, treatise on animals

Zoophore, zoophorus

Zoophorique, zoophorie

Zoophyte, vegetables or substances which partake of the nature
of animal and vegetable life

Zootomie, dissection of beasts

Zopissa, zopissa, the pitch and tar which is scraped from old ships

Zoroche, a sort of metallic silver

Zoucet, plungeon, a sea bird

Zymosimetre, zymosimeter, an instrument to measure the degree of heat
in liquors

==

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42. **Skip Fox**

Re: Jack Spicer & Letters

Wed 2 Mar 2005

Collected lectures in *_The House That Jack Built_*, ed. P. Gizzi

furniture_press wrote:

>

> Has there been a serious attempt to collect Jack Spicer's correspondences?
I'm unaware, or haven't fully done my research.

>

> Also, have the 4 lectures been dubbed to physical media which has been
made public? perhaps on the interenet?

>

> Christophe Casamassima

>

> www.towson.edu/~cacasama/furniture/poae

>

> --

>

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US\$9.95 per year!

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43. **Taylor Brady**

Re: Jack Spicer & Letters

Wed 2 Mar 2005

It's possible that a selection of the letters will be appearing as part of the multi-volume Spicer "Collected Works"-style project that Kevin Killian and Peter Gizzi are currently working on. Kevin described the full project to me recently, but I can't seem to recall whether he mentioned the letters or not. Anyhow, you could probably back-channel him (or wait for him to see the list discussion, if he's around).

Taylor

Skip Fox <[REDACTED]> wrote:

Collected lectures in *_The House That Jack Built_*, ed. P. Gizzi

furniture_press wrote:

>

> Has there been a serious attempt to collect Jack Spicer's correspondences?
I'm unaware, or haven't fully done my research.

>

> Also, have the 4 lectures been dubbed to physical media which has been
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44. **furniture_press**

The Gates poem

Wed 2 Mar 2005

It's Saffron, You Idiot, Not Orange!

Subway fare to Central Park: \$2.00

Hot dog and pretzel in Central Park: \$4.00

Walking through The Gates in Central Park twice in one weekend: pointless

Christophe Casamassima

www.towson.edu/~cacasama/furniture/poae

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45. **Mark Weiss**

Re: The Gates poem

Wed 2 Mar 2005

And it's closer to prisoner uniform than hari krishna. Chain gang metaphor?

Mark

At 03:21 PM 3/2/2005, you wrote:

>It's Saffron, You Idiot, Not Orange!

>

>

>Subway fare to Central Park: \$2.00

>Hot dog and pretzel in Central Park: \$4.00

>Walking through The Gates in Central Park twice in one weekend: pointless

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>Christophe Casamassima

>

>www.towson.edu/~cacasama/furniture/poae

>

>--

>

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>just US\$9.95 per year!

>

>

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46. **Murat Nemet-Nejat**

Re: Additional Words from French to English

Wed 2 Mar 2005

Alan,

My guess is that "zaim" (Turkish horseman) derives from the Turkish word "zalim," which means "cruel." The French must have heard Turkish horsemen/soldiers described as "zalim," possibly by Arabs; the word I think also exists in Arabic. The French assumed the word -so often repeated- was a noun, not an adjective.

Of course this is pure speculation on my part; but that's how language and poetry often move from language to language, through mishearings and misreadings, factors essential to the translation process also.

Murat

" In a message dated 3/2/2005 2:48:28 PM Eastern Standard Time, Alan Sondheim <[REDACTED]> writes:

Additional Words from French to English

1848 Dictionnaire already described and of the z of the first part

Z, the 25th letter of the French alphabet

Zacynthe, a sort of wild succory

Zagaie, sf. zagaye, long Moorish dart

Zagu ou Sagou, the sago-tree

Zaim, Turkish horseman

Zain, a horse all of one dark colour, without spot or mark

Zani, buffoon, zany

Zebre, zebra, wild ass

Zelateur, trice, zealot, a stickler

Zeal, zeal

Zeal, zealous

Zelote, a jealous man

Zelotopie, extreme jealousy

Zelotypie, zeal carried to far

Zenith, zenith

Zenonique, belonging or conformable to the doctrine of Zeno

Zenonisme, the doctrine of Zeno

Zephyr, zephyr

Zero, nought
Zest, fiddlestick! pshaw! pish!
Entre le zist et le zest, tolerably; so so; neither good nor bad
Zeste, thin piece of orange peel; thick skin quartering the kernel
of a walnut
Zetetique, zetetic, proceeding by inquiry
Zibeline, zibellina, sable
Zigzag, zig zag, crankles
Zinc, zinc
Zinzolin, reddish violet colour
Zist, see Zest
Zizanie, dissension, discord, tare
Ziziphe, jujube-tree
Zodiacal, belonging to the zodiac
Zodiaque, zodiac
Zoile, snarling critic
Zone, zone
Zoographe, one who describes or writes on animals
Zoographie, zoography, description of animals
Zoolatrie, worship of animals
Zoolithe, petrified animal substance
Zoologie, treatise on animals
Zoophore, zoophorus
Zoophorique, zoophorie
Zoophyte, vegetables or substances which partake of the nature
of animal and vegetable life
Zootomie, dissection of beasts
Zopissa, zopissa, the pitch and tar which is scraped from old ships
Zoroche, a sort of metallic silver
Zoucet, plungeon, a sea bird
Zymosimetre, zymosimeter, an instrument to measure the degree of heat
in liquors

==

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47. **Alan Sondheim**

Re: Additional Words from French to English

Wed 2 Mar 2005

The list fascinates me; there's a poetics built into it, ranging from the archaic to various words related to animal/'beast' (which has its own problematic of course). Words like 'zygote' are absent, and the foreign words have the slightest breath of empire -

- Alan

On Wed, 2 Mar 2005, Murat Nemet-Nejat wrote:

Alan,

My guess is that "zaim" (Turkish horseman) derives from the Turkish word "zalim," which means "cruel." The French must have heard Turkish horsemen/soldiers described as "zalim," possibly by Arabs; the word I think also exists in Arabic. The French assumed the word -so often repeated- was a noun, not an adjective.

Of course this is pure speculation on my part; but that's how language and poetry often move from language to language, through mishearings and misreadings, factors essential to the translation process also.

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Zebre, zebra, wild ass
Zelateur, trice, zealot, a stickler
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Zelotypie, zeal carried to far
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Zenonisme, the doctrine of Zeno
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Zero, nought
Zest, fiddlestick! pshaw! pish!
Entre le zist et le zest, tolerably; so so; neither good nor bad
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*Zoophyte, vegetables or substances which partake of the nature
of animal and vegetable life*
Zootomie, dissection of beasts
Zopissa, zopissa, the pitch and tar which is scraped from old ships
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*Zymosimetre, zymosimeter, an instrument to measure the degree of heat
in liquors*

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nettext <http://biblioteknett.no/alias/HJEMMESIDE/bjornmag/nettext/>
<http://www.asondheim.org/>
WVU 2004 projects: <http://www.as.wvu.edu/clcold/sondheim/>
<http://www.as.wvu.edu:8000/clc/Members/sondheim>
Trace projects <http://trace.ntu.ac.uk/writers/sondheim/index.htm>

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48. **Barrett Watten**

Edwin Torres to be rescheduled

Wed 2 Mar 2005

Edwin Torres's performance this Friday at Wayne State University is canceled and will be rescheduled, probably in April. Given the nature of the kind of work he does, *I* certainly wouldn't want him to be anything less than 100%. Stay tuned for the rescheduled date.

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49. **Katie Degentesh**

poets: full-time proofreader job available in NYC

Wed 2 Mar 2005

If any available NYC poets need work and would consider a full-time proofreading job working for a retail beauty company, please email me your resume. There will be some copywriting involved as well, but it's mainly a proofreading gig.

You **must** have proofreading experience to be considered, sorry.

I have a spamblocker, so please put **POET NEEDS JOB** in your headline.

thanks

Katie

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50. **Gerald Schwartz**

Re: [norcallitlist] Literary SF Map

Wed 2 Mar 2005

What?! No George Sterling?!

Best,

Gerald Schwartz

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

From: Ryan Tranquilla [mailto:████████]

Sent: Monday, February 28, 2005 1:20 PM

To: ██████████

Subject: [norcallitlist] Literary SF Map

Pasted below you'll find a draft of the text for 826 Valencia's Literary San Francisco Map. The prototype looks fabulous, and Ninive, Jennifer, and everyone at 826 Valencia should be commended for taking on such a challenging project.

If you have any changes, additions, or suggestions on the text below, please email Jennifer Traig at ██████████ before March 4.

Best,

Ryan Tranquilla

Introduction

The first thing that visitors notice about San Francisco is that nobody seems to have a job. And it's true that we're in cafés, yes, all day long. But that doesn't

mean we're not working. Likely as not, the fellow dribbling mocha down his front is a poet. Drinking coffee while staring dreamily into space is his job. The young lady at the laptop next to him is, no doubt, a novelist, hard at work on a first draft and a bagel sandwich. So give them a hand, won't you, for a job well done.

We're not quite sure why there are so many writers here, but we're inclined to blame the weather. This is the one crop for which the San Francisco climate is ideal. Alternately gorgeous and foggy, usually in the same day, it forces you out, then back in, with nothing better to do than record your recent adventures. (By the way, that business about a summer in San Francisco being the coldest winter Mark Twain ever spent is pure urban legend. Never said it. He did, however, write, "I have always been rather better treated in San Francisco than I actually deserved.")

We imagine there's a story behind that. The city certainly provides lots of material. There's always so much to see, hear, process, read, write. This map will be your guide to the latter two. It will not point out the best spots for bargain-hunters, nor tell you where to eat lunch. It will not help you sail to Alcatraz, and if you set out on your bicycle, expecting it to lead you to scenic vistas and low-grade hills, you will be disappointed and sore. But if you want to see where Robert Louis Stevenson goofed off, or visit Dashiell Hammett's haunts, or learn where you can get help with your opus, then you, my friend, are in luck. At 826 Valencia we know a thing or two about treasure maps, and we're delighted to mark these spots. Literary landmarks? Check. Poetry readings? Check. Bookstores? Check. Writing workshops? Check, check, check.

Today, maybe, it's sunny. The next draft of your masterpiece can wait until the fog rolls in at 4:00. So go out, see something inspiring, then come home and start on chapter two. San Francisco literary history is a work in progress. We hope this map will help you add to it.

Art director: Dave Eggers

Executive director: Nínive C. Calegari

Illustration and design: Paul Madonna

Design and layout: Alvaro Villanueva

Text: Jenny Traig

Thanks to: Joey Sweet, Nedjo Spaich, Alexandra Quinn, Oscar Villalon, Charles Fracchi, Ryan Tranquilla, Jewelle Gomez, Jack Boulware, Jane Ganahl, and the incredibly helpful members of Poets & Writers.

San Francisco Literary History Timeline

1840s-50s: Thanks to the discovery of shiny river-droppings nearby, San Francisco went from a town of 800 to a metropolis of 25,000 in the space of just two

years. TV hadn't been invented yet and people needed something to do. San Francisco literary life was born. In 1849, San Francisco published its first book: *California As It Is, and As It May Be; or A Guide to the Gold Region*. It complained of the city's lack of womenfolk. For that reason, perhaps, the city began to enjoy a book boom. Bookstores and libraries opened. Miners formed reading clubs. Think of them at your next book club meeting.

1855: San Francisco saw the creation of the first African-American newspaper, *The Mirror of the Times*.

1850s-60s: Once the necessary infrastructure was in place (saloons, fan base, attractive diversions), the writers started coming. Bret Harte showed up in 1854; Mark Twain, in 1864; and Ambrose Bierce, in 1866. Together they headed the local literati (calling themselves the Bohemians, which later evolved into the Bohemian Grove, club of the present-day political elite). The trio wrote for publications like the *Golden Era*, the *Californian*, the *Argonaut*, the *San Francisco Examiner*, and the *San Francisco Morning Call*, from which Twain was fired. Go figure.

1870s: Robert Frost, Jack London, and Alice B. Toklas were all born in San Francisco. They went on to do some interesting things you might have heard about.

1880s: Not a proud time in California history, as anti-Chinese exclusion laws were passed. On Angel Island, Chinese immigrants held in prison-like conditions wrote despairing poetry on their cell walls as they waited for permission to enter San Francisco. Oakland, meanwhile, began to rise as the Bay Area literary hot spot. The talented librarian/writer Ina Coolbrith mentored Oakland youths like Jack London, while Joaquin Miller roared, slept in parks, and startled people with his poetry. Ambrose Bierce, still the dominant local literary figure, started spending more time on the east side of the bay himself (he preferred the drier climate. It is pretty nice, isn't it?)

1890s: The rise of Gertrude Atherton. What? You haven't heard of her? Oh, she was something. After her husband died (and was shipped home to her in a keg of rum), she became a prominent and prolific novelist. Her thinly-veiled accounts of dipsomaniac society folk drew scandal, and her later novels about sexual rejuvenation therapy - a glandular business - sold like hotcakes.

1903: Jack London's *Call of the Wild* was published and went on to become a staple of eighth-grade English classes everywhere. Could he have imagined how many book reports it would inspire?

1906: was a mess.

1920s: Things started to get interesting again. Laid low by ill health (he was plagued with tuberculosis and a taste for the bottle), Dashiell Hammett left the

Pinkerton Detective Agency and started writing instead. Hardboiled mystery fiction was born. This proved much more popular than scrambled mystery fiction or mystery fiction over easy. Many landmarks mentioned in Hammett's novels still exist, like John's Grill and Julius Castle.

1920s-1930s: North Beach emerged as the center of the San Francisco literary world. The epicenter was the Black Cat Café, where John Steinbeck, William Saroyan, Truman Capote and some writers with drinking problems spent more time than was perhaps always good for them. As Capote observed: "We're drinkers with writing problems."

1940s: Bay Area literature, which had become more and more concerned with labor and other social issues in the 1930s, became openly political now, with the premiere of Circle magazine and the start of the Berkeley Renaissance.

1950s: Beat was born. In 1953 Lawrence Ferlinghetti and Peter Martin opened City Lights Bookstore, the first all-paperback bookstore in the country. 1955 witnessed the seminal Beat event "Six Poets at Six Gallery." Kenneth Rexroth hosted and Jack Kerouac collected money at the door. Allen Ginsberg read Howl for the very first time. And that just about changed everything, didn't it?

1957: City Lights publisher Lawrence Ferlinghetti was prosecuted on obscenity charges for printing Howl, resulting in a landmark First Amendment court case. The San Francisco Chronicle declared: "It is not the poet but what he observes which is revealed to be obscene."

1960s-1970s: Poetry continued to dominate local literature, and why wouldn't it, with such talented folks as Diane DiPrima, Amiri Baraka, Ishmael Reed, and Thom Gunn writing in the Bay Area?

1980s: were a great era for Danielle Steel, whose career continued like gangbusters. Her former student at University High, Ethan Canin, also published a very nice little book, Emperor of the Air.

1990s: The dotcom boom was not great for local literature, what with the skyrocketing writer-unfriendly rents and the distraction of a launch party every night. But still, books got written and published and read and loved, most notably by lesbian Mission writers like Michelle Tea, whose Valencia is an excellent record of the time and place.

2000 - on: We'll just have to see, won't we? But things already look pretty interesting, if you ask us.

Annual Literary Events

1. Books by the Bay. Held every July at Yerba Buena Gardens in July.
www.nciba.com

2. California International Antiquarian Book Fair. Held annually in February; alternates between San Francisco and Los Angeles. www.sfbookfair.com
3. Litquake. Held every October, this weeklong fiesta of all things literary defies brief description. There are lots of events and you will enjoy them all. Go. www.litquake.org <<http://www.litquake.org/>>
4. San Francisco/Bay Area Anarchist Book Fair. Held annually in March. www.boundtogether.org
5. San Francisco Jewish Book Fair. Held annually in November. www.jccsf.org

Ongoing Poetry Readings & Open Mics

- . Bird & Beckett Books open mic poetry readings, first and third Monday monthly, 7:30-9:00 PM, 2788 Diamond St., [REDACTED].
- . Café International Open Mic Fridays, 7:30 PM sign-up, 8:00 reading, 508 Haight, [REDACTED].
- . Canvas Café and Gallery Wednesday weekly open mike/talent showcase, 7:00 PM sign up, 7:30- midnight show, 1200 9th Ave., [REDACTED],
- . Canvas Café and Gallery third Monday monthly slam, 7:30 PM sign-up, 8:00 PM show, 1200 9th Ave., [REDACTED].
- . Final Fridays, under twenty-one open mike, final Friday monthly, 7:00 PM, Youth Speaks, 2169 Folsom St., [REDACTED].
- . Femina Potens GenderEnders, open mic for queer/transgendered/intersexed performers, 465 South Van Ness at 16th St., feminapotens.com.
- . Gallery Café, All Poets Welcome Reading open mic, first Mondays monthly, 7:00-8:30 PM, 1200 Mason, [REDACTED].
- . Locus Open Mike, for Asian American artists, Galeria de la Raza, 2857 24th St. Information: www.locusarts.org.
- . Mechanix Poets, second Tuesdays, 6:00-7:30 PM, Mechanics' Institute Library, Rm. 405, 57 Post, SF, [REDACTED]x192; topics posted on www.milibrary.org <<http://www.milibrary.org/>> .
- . Morning Brew Last Thursday Poetry Reading, featured poet followed by an open mike, last Thursdays monthly, 7:00-9:00 PM, 713 Linden Ave., Ste. A, South San Francisco, www.morningbrewcoffee.com <<http://www.morningbrewcoffee.com/>> .
- . Park Branch Library, second Tuesday monthly, 7:00-9:00 PM, 1831 Page St., [REDACTED].

- . Poetry at the 3300 Club featured reading and open mike, last Tuesdays monthly, 6:30 sign-up 7:00 reading, 3300 Mission, [REDACTED], www.3300club.com <<http://www.3300club.com/>> .
- . Porch Light storytelling series, [REDACTED], www.porchlightsf.com <<http://www.porchlightsf.com/>>
- . RADAR Reading Series hosted by Michelle Tea, monthly, 6:00 PM, San Francisco
Public Library Lower Level, Latino/Hispanic Community Meeting Room,
www.sfpl.org/news/events.htm.
- . Queer Open Mic, second and fourth Friday monthly 8:00-10:00 PM, Three Dollar Bill Cafe, SF LGBT Community Center, 1800 Market St.
- . Sacred Grounds Café featured readers and open mic, Wednesdays, 7:30-10:00 PM, 2095 Hayes, [REDACTED].
- . Second Sundays: San Francisco Poetry Slam presents featured readers/performers and an open slam, twenty-one and up, second Sunday monthly 8:00 PM, benefit for Youth Speaks workshops for teens, Studio Z (Transmission Theater), 308 11th St., [REDACTED], www.youthspeaks.org.
- . Smack Dab, open mic in the Castro, third Wednesday monthly, 7:30 PM sign-up, 8:00 PM reading, Magnet, 4122 18th St., [REDACTED], www.magnetsf.org.
- . Spoken City open mike, third Thursday monthly, 7:00 PM, Cafe Malvina, 1600 Stockton St., www.youthspeaks.org <<http://www.youthspeaks.org/>> .
- . Translate, trans youth open mic, third Friday monthly, 7:00 PM, Three Dollar Bill Cafe, SF LGBT Community Center, 1800 Market St., [REDACTED].
- . Velvet Revolution Student Showcase and Open Mic, Tuesdays 5:00 PM, The Poetry Center, Humanities 512, San Francisco State University, 1600 Holloway, [REDACTED].

East Bay Landmarks & Organizations

1. Allen Ginsberg's cottage, 1624 Milvia St., Berkeley. The Allen Ginsberg Poetry Garden is across the street.
2. Berkeley Poetry Walk, Addison St. between Shattuck and Milvia.
3. Jack London Square
4. Joaquin Miller Park, 3300 Joaquin Miller Road, Oakland.
5. Mills College, home to a creative writing MFA program and the literary journal 580 Split, 5000 Macarthur Blvd., Oakland.

6. Small Press Distribution, 1341 Seventh St., Berkeley
7. Small Press Traffic Literary Arts Center, California College of the Arts, 5212 Broadway, Oakland.
8. Telegraph Ave., home to Cody's Books, Moe's Books, and Shakespeare & Co.
9. UC Berkeley, home to the magnificent Bancroft Library as well as the Lunch Poems Reading Series in the Morrison Library.

Neighborhoods

1. North Beach

Is it any coincidence that the neighborhood that has the best espresso also has the richest literary history? Bohemian types have always flocked to this corner of the city, where, fueled by caffeine and other substances, they've produced masterpieces, started movements, and generally turned things upside down. A short list of landmarks: City Lights Bookstore, Jack Kerouac Alley, Ina Coolbrith Park, The Purple Onion, The Cellar, Specs Twelve Adler Museum Cafe, hungry i (now a strip club) and Caffè Trieste. At Vesuvio Café they pour a more potent brew much appreciated by the likes of Jack London, Allen Ginsberg, Gregory Corso (who once got thrown out), Kerouac (ditto), and Dylan Thomas (who once inadvertently spent the night in a booth). Ruth Weiss and Diane Di Prima made better use of their time, writing and reading.

2. The Mission

In the '50s Mission Street was touted as the Mission Miracle Mile and was purported to have the best shopping in the city. Here are some things you can find in the Mission today: quinceañera dresses, organic sushi, glass eyes, brain tacos, destitute poets, lottery luck candles, and murals. It is a one-stop shop for good eating, radical politics, avant garde art, Latino culture of all stripes, and plenty of history. For instance: "Los Veteranos," poets Roberto Vargas, Alejandro Murguía, Nina Serrano and Juan Felipe Herrera, who wrote in both Spanish and English, shaping the cultural sensibilities of the neighborhood for years to come. In Jewelle Gomez's *The Gilda Stories*, Gilda comes of age right in the Mission Dolores graveyard. Now writers like Erika Lopez, Trina Robbins, Michelle Tea, Chaim Bertman, Lynn Breedlove, Stephen Elliott, Peter Plate, and Daphne Gottlieb can be found in the neighborhood. That might be one of them behind you in line at Pancho Villa.

3. The Haight

The Haight has not always encouraged diligent work habits, especially in the '60s. But not everyone who tuned in dropped out. A few people got stuff done. Joan Didion, for instance, wrote a searing spot-on depiction of the time and place in *Slouching Towards Bethlehem*. Anarchist collective The Diggers

(whose members included Di Prima and Peter Coyote) did their guerilla St. theater thing. S. Clay Wilson and R. Crumb invented psychedelic comics. Other writers have lived here too, like Hunter S. Thompson, William Saroyan, Kay Boyle and Kathleen Norris. Did you know that in the '20s, she was America's favorite writer? And did you know that writers including Daniel Handler, Lisa Brown, Ryan Harty and Julie Orringer live here as we speak? Well. Now you do.

4. Chinatown

There was a lot of writing going on here even before the Beats started prowling its avenues, and most of it was in Chinese. By the 1860s there were several Chinese newspapers serving this neighborhood, once the largest Chinese community outside of Asia. The Chinese constitution was written in a hotel room here in 1911 by exiled Dr. Sun Yat-Sen. Later, the neighborhood served as the setting for and birthplace of many important works of Asian-American fiction, including books by Jade Snow Wong, Amy Tan, Frank Chin, Maxine Hong Kingston and Faye Myenne Ng. Go, take a look around. Thirsty literary tourists may want to check out the Li Po bar. A favorite of the Beats, it's named after a famous ancient Chinese poet whose work celebrated, among other things, the sauce.

5. The Fillmore

Home to words spoken and sung, the Fillmore is San Francisco's musical center, its middle C. It is Harlem West, generating beats and Beats. Maya Angelou, Allen Ginsberg, Isaac Stern, Yehudi Menuhin and the Black Panthers were all residents, as was the Sun Reporter, an influential black newspaper. Ella Fitzgerald, Duke Ellington, Billie Holliday, Charlie Parker, Charles Mingus, Gerry Mulligan, Chet Baker, John Handy and John Coltrane played its clubs. Alice Walker lived in a painted lady Victorian on Steiner Street. They've moved on but bricks on the sidewalk mark their shadows. Spend an afternoon looking down as you walk. When you come to Fillmore and Geary, look up to see Quincy Troupe's poetry etched into blue glass, each word as big as your hand.

6. The Castro

With so much to do in the Castro-see movies in splendor, eat burgers at 4 AM, celebrate Halloween (every day, in fact), buy tiaras and boas at Cliff's Variety, have a drink at a Twin Peaks, get blessed by a Sister of Perpetual Indulgence, pay homage to Harvey Milk, and watch seven-foot drag queens walk by-who has time to read? Well, a few people. America's most famous gay neighborhood also hosts one of its best-known gay bookstores, a Different Light. There you can peruse Out in the Castro, a chronicle of the neighborhood written by some of its most talented residents, or pick up a book by locals Armistead Maupin and Kirk Read. And if you're inclined to read your own work, you can join Kirk at the open mic he hosts, Smack Dab. Bring your boa.

Landmarks

1. Alice B. Toklas St.

The little alley that bears Toklas's name is one block away from her birthplace at 922

O'Farrell. Toklas on her hometown: "San Francisco is a good town for haircuts."

2. Beatitude Magazine's birthplace, Greenwich and Grant

The quirky, quietly important magazine endured for twenty years, "produced on a kick or miss basis" by "neo-existentialists, beggars, winos, freuds, wordmen, brushmen, axemen & other habitués & gawkers of the North Beach scene."

3. Black Cat Café, 710 Montgomery St.

A favorite watering hole of boho writers of the '20s and '30s, including Steinbeck and Saroyan. In the '50s it hosted a pioneering gay drag revue that eventually helped get it shut down by cops who didn't care for operatic parodies sung by a man in a dress.

4. Former home of the Co-existence Bagel Shop, 1398 Grant Ave.

Where the beats hung out and got hassled by the fuzz.

5. Dashiell Hammett St.

We don't know that this landmark appears in any films based on Hammett's books, but it does show up in Barbra Streisand's *What's Up Doc*.

7. Edinburgh Castle, 950 Geary

Birthplace of Litquake and home to many literary events, as well as fine a fish and chips.

8. Former home of The Golden Era, 732 Montgomery St.

Mark Twain and Bret Harte both wrote for this weekly.

9. Herb Caen Way. . .

The much-loved columnist who coined the names "Beatnik" and "Baghdad by the Bay" lends his own name to this fine-looking stretch of pavement. Caen's trademark three dots are an official part of the address.

10. Hunter S. Thompson's former apartment, 318 Parnassus St.

Thompson lived here while writing *Hell's Angels* and was often visited by his subjects, who annoyed the neighbors by parking their motorcycles on the sidewalk.

11. Jack London St.

Right near London's birthplace on Third St. at Brannan.

12. John's Grill, 63 Ellis St.

A landmark that serves food, this favorite of Dashiell Hammett sometimes appeared in his work.

13. Kay Boyle's former home, 419 Frederick St.

Here, the lovely and talented modernist entertained radicals and protested the Vietnam War. When the house was stormed by commune members (among them, her son-in-law) she deeded the house for one dollar to her neighbor, who promptly evicted the hooligans.

14. 44 Macondray Lane

Real-life counterpart of Tales of the City's fictional Barbary Lane.

15. Montgomery Block (Mongomery and Washington)

In the late 19th century this block-sized building known as the "monkey block" housed thousands of artists including Mark Twain and Ambrose Bierce. Now home to the Transamerica pyramid, where rents are a bit higher, but the view is good.

16. Neal and Carolyn Cassady's house, 29 Russell St.

Jack Kerouac lived in the attic.

17. Robert Frost Plaza, California at Market St.

The quintessential Yankee poet was actually a native San Franciscan, who recalled his hometown's air quality in verse: "Dust always blowing about the town / Except when sea-fog laid it down."

18. Robert Louis Stevenson monument, Portsmouth Square

A penniless Stevenson spent the better part of 1879 in this park writing and mooning over Fanny Osborne, who, pleased by either the writing or the mooning, divorced her husband and married Stevenson instead.

19. Rolling Stone's birthplace, 746 Brannan St.

Gathering no moss, they later moved to 645 Third St.

20. Six Gallery, 3119 Fillmore St.

Allen Ginsberg began the Beat movement here reading "Howl" one famous night in 1955.

Organizations

California College of the Arts, San Francisco Campus, 1111 Eighth St.

Offers an MFA in writing and publishes "Eleven Eleven," a literary journal.

California Poets in the Schools, 1333 Balboa St. #3

Provides students with a multicultural community of trained, published poets who bring their experience and love for their craft into the classroom.

Campaign for the International Poetry Museum, 934 Brannan St.

The goal of the IPM Campaign is to create a facility in which to illuminate the universality and diversity of world poetry. Currently hosts weekly and annual poetry film events.

CELLspace, 2050 Bryant St.

CELLspace provides a safe and supportive public environment for the exploration of art, education, performance and community building

Center for Art in Translation, 35 Stillman St., # 201

A non-profit organization promoting international literature and translation through the arts, education, and community outreach.

City Arts & Lectures, Herbst Theater, 401 Van Ness

Presents lectures and events by leading figures in the world of art and ideas.

The Grotto, 26 Fell St.

Literary think tank and work space.

Intersection for the Arts, 446 Valencia St.

San Francisco's oldest alternative art space presents work in the fields of literature, theater, music and the visual arts and nurtures the local cultural community through service, technical support and mentorship programs.

Litquake, www.litquake.org <<http://www.litquake.org/>>

Presents San Francisco's rocking, rolling annual literary festival.

Mechanics' Institute Library, 57 Post St.

Houses the oldest library on the West Coast and one of the oldest chess clubs in the United States.

Mission Cultural Center, 2868 Mission St.

Promotes, preserves and develops the Latino cultural arts that reflect the living tradition and experiences of Chicano, Central and South American, and Caribbean people.

National Poetry Association, 934 Brannan St.

For almost 30 years The National Poetry Association has promoted poetry and spoken word in print, in performance both live and on video as well as expressed through many other artistic disciplines. Home to the Campaign for the International Poetry Museum, Cin(E) Poetry digital works, and the Future for Word multimedia exhibit.

New College of California, 777 Valencia St.

Offers an MA/MFA in Poetics and an MA/MFA in Writing & Consciousness.

The Poetry Center & American Poetry Archives, SFSU, 1600 Holloway Ave.

Founded in 1954 by Ruth Witt-Diamant with the financial backing of W.H. Auden, the center is one of the oldest and most respected literary organizations in the country.

Red Room Writers' Salon, www.red-room.com <<http://www.red-room.com/>>

Studios, consultations, and workshops for writers.

Ripe Fruit School of Creative Writing, www.ripefruitwriting.com

Classes and retreats for writers.

San Francisco Arts Commission, 25 Van Ness St.

A city agency that champions the arts in San Francisco.

San Francisco Center for the Book, 300 Deharo St.

Promotes both knowledge of traditional book arts and exploration of experimental book forms through workshops, exhibitions and public events.

San Francisco Literary Tours, www.sfliterarytours.com
<<http://www.sfliterarytours.com/>>

You'll walk, you'll see, you'll learn.

San Francisco Main Library, 100 Larkin St.

Home to the sculptural Wall of Literary Lights.

San Francisco Writers Corps, 25 Van Ness St.

Recruits local writers to work in schools, youth centers, public housing and other venues serving at-risk youth; part of the San Francisco Arts Commission.

SomArts Cultural Center, 934 Brannan St.

Provides low-cost rental space and equipment to communities and arts groups, as well as classes and fiscal sponsorship.

Streetside Stories, 1360 Mission St.

Through the power of storytelling, Streetside values and cultivates young people's voices, fostering educational equity and building community, literacy and arts skills.

University of San Francisco, 2130 Fulton St.

Offers an MFA in Writing, a reading series, and an online literary journal, Switchback.

The Writing Salon, 673 Moultrie St.

Offers creative writing workshops.

Youth Speaks, 2169 Folsom St., S-100

Youth Speaks is the premier youth poetry, spoken word, and creative writing program in the country, hosting free afterschool workshops, poetry slams, and a writer-in-residency.

826 Valencia, 826 Valencia St.

Helps students 8-18 improve their writing skills with free drop-in tutoring, field trips, in-school visits and workshops.

Publishers

Aunt Lute, 2180 Bryant St., # 207

Children's Book Press, 2211 Mission St.

Chronicle Books, 85 Second St.

Cleis Press, 557 Waller St.

First Word Press, 2169 Folsom St., S-100

Heyday Books, PO Box 9145, Berkeley 94709

Lonely Planet Publications, 150 Linden St., Oakland

MacAdam Cage, 155 Sansome St., # 550

McSweeney's, 826 Valencia St.

North Atlantic Books, 1435A Fourth St., Berkeley

RE/Search Publications, 20 Romolo, Ste. B

Stanford University Press, 1450 Page Mill Rd., Palo Alto

Ten Speed Press, PO Box 7123, Berkeley 94707

University of California Press, 2120 Berkeley Way, Berkeley

Journals and Magazines

The Believer, 826 Valencia

Bitch, 1611 Telegraph Ave., # 515, Oakland
Cool Beans! 3181 Mission St., # 113
Curve, 1550 Bryant, # 510
Dwell, 99 Osgood Place
Girlfriends Magazine, 3415 Cesar Chavez, # 101
Haight Ashbury Literary Journal, 558 Joost Ave.
Hyphen Magazine, PO Box 192002, San Francisco 94119-2002
Kitchen Sink, 5245 College Ave., # 301, Oakland
Instant City, www.instantcity.org
Mother Jones, 222 Sutter, 6th Flr.
other magazine, 584 Castro St., # 674
Poetry Flash, 1450 4th St., # 4, Berkeley
ReadyMade, 2706 Eighth St., Berkeley
San Francisco Bay Guardian, 135 Mississippi St.
San Francisco Magazine, 243 Vallejo St.
San Francisco Reader, 350 Upham St., Petaluma
The Skinny, 3515 23rd St.
SF Weekly, 185 Berry, Lobby 4, # 3800
SOMA, 888 O'Farrell St., # 103
Threepenny Review, PO Box 9131, Berkeley 94709
Tikkun, 2342 Shattuck Ave., # 1200, Berkeley
Tiny Lights, PO Box 928, Petaluma 94953
To-Do List, PO Box 40128, San Francisco 94140
Two Lines Journal, 35 Stillman, # 201
Watchword, PO Box 5755, Berkeley
Wired, 520 Third St., 3rd Floor
XLR8R, 1388 Haight St., # 105
YO! Youth Outlook, 275 Ninth St.
Zoetrope All-Story, 916 Kearny St.
ZYZZYVA, PO BOX 590069, San Francisco 94159-0069

7 x 7, 59 Grant Ave., 4th Flr.

Bookstores (Independent, Used and Rare)

Aardvark Books, 227 Church St.

Abandoned Planet Bookstore, 518 Valencia St.

Acorn Books, 1436 Polk St.

Adobe Book Shop, 3166 16th St.

Alexander Book Co., 50 Second St.

Al's Comics, 491 Guerrero St.

Argonaut Bookshop, 786 Sutter St.

Around the World Books, 1346 Polk St.

Bird & Beckett Books & Records, 2788 Diamond St.

Black Oak Books, 630 Irving St.

Bolerium Books, 2141 Mission St.

Books Inc. 3515 California; 2251 Chestnut; 2275 Market St.; 160 Folsom St.

Booksmith, 1644 Haight St.

The Bookstall, 570 Sutter St. (by appt.)

Borderlands Books, 866 Valencia St.

Bound Together Book Collective, 1369 Haight St.

Brick Row Books, 49 Geary St., # 235

Browser Books, 2195 Fillmore St.

Carroll's, 633 Vallejo

Chelsea Bookshop, 673 Irving St.

Christopher's Books, 1400 18th St.

Chronicle Bookstore, Metreon, 101 4th St.

City Lights, 261 Columbus Ave.

A Clean Well Lighted Place for Books, 601 Van Ness

Comix Experience, 305 Divisadero

Cover to Cover, 1307 Castro St.

A Different Light Bookstore, 489 Castro St.

Dog Eared Books, 900 Valencia St.

Elsewhere Books, 260 Judah St.
European Books, 925 Larkin St.
Fields Bookstore, 1419 Polk St.
Foley Books, 345 California St.
Forest Books, 3080 16th St.
Forever After Books, 1475 Haight St.
Get Lost Travel Books, 1825 Market St.
The Great Overland Book Company, 2848 Webster
Green Apple Books, 506 Clement St.
Harrington Emmett Fine Books, 251 Post
Henry Hollander, Bookseller, 55 New Montgomery St., # 317
Jeffery Thomas Fine and Rare Books, 49 Geary St., # 230
Kayo Books, 814 Post St.
Kinokuniya, 1581 Webster St.
La Casa Del Libro, 973 Valencia St.
La Latina, 2548 Mission St.
La Moderna Poesia, 2122 Mission St.
Lifetime Books, 1346 Polk St.
Limelight Film & Theatre Bookstore, 1803 Market St.
The Magazine, 920 Larkin St.
Marcus Books, 1712 Fillmore St.
McDonald's Bookstore, 48 Turk St.
Meyer Boswell Books, 2141 Mission St.
Modern Times, 888 Valencia St.
Phoenix Books, 3850 24th St.
Red Hill Books, 401 Cortland Ave.
Richard Hilkert, Bookseller, 333 Hayes St.
Robert Dagg Rare Books, 49 Geary St.
Russian Hill Bookstore, 2234 Polk St.
San Francisco Mystery Books, 4175 24th St.

Stacey's Bookstore, 581 Market St.

Tall Stories, 2141 Mission St. #301

Thomas A. Goldwasser Rare Books, 486 Geary St.

Tillman Place Bookshop, 8 Tillman Pl.

Valencia St. Books, 569 Valencia St.

West Portal Books, 111 West Portal Ave.

John Windle, Antiquarian Bookseller, 49 Geary St.

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51. **Stephanie Young**

Habenicht Press in New York -- 2nd Reading Added!

Wed 2 Mar 2005

from David Hadbawnik...

Habenicht Press will be making the cross-country trek to New York City, where a reading will be held at

6pm Thursday, March 3rd
ACA Gallery
529 W.20th St., 5th Flr.
NYC

as part of David Kirschenbaum's d.a. levy reading series. We'll be hawking Habenicht books, T-shirts, and whatnot, so come on down. Mytili Jagannathan (Philly), Sarah Peters (Detroit), David Hadbawnik (SF) will read, with Sxip providing music.

ALSO: A 2nd reading has been added thanks to Shafer Hall at the Four Faced Liar. The Frequency Reading Series will host Habenicht Press -- same poets as those above. I realize there's a LOT going on in New York next weekend, but what the heck... I know some folks might not be able to make one or the other reading, so now there's another option.

The Frequency Reading Series at 2.30pm, Saturday, March 5
Four-Faced Liar

165 W 4th St
New York City, New York 10014 (Yahoo! Maps, Mapquest)
Phone: [REDACTED]

Mytili Jagannathan lives in Philadelphia, where she has been actively involved in the community arts work of the Asian Arts Initiative over the past five years. Her poems have appeared in Combo, Interlope, XConnect, Salt, Mirage#4/Period[ical], Rattapallax, and Xcp: Cross-Cultural Poetics. She is the recipient of an Emerging Artist grant from the Leeway Foundation (2001), and a Pew Fellowship in the Arts (2002).

Sarah Peters was born in Detroit during the summer of the violent social uprising, often referred to as the Race Riots of '67. She is a freelance writer and musician. Published in Abandon Automobile: Anthology of Detroit Poetry and in So You're a Poet Anthology: 1990-2002; plays piano for The Foxgloves, recently featured in Ben Hernandez's Detroit Rock Movie. First poem published was in The International Worker, the Wobblie paper: "The poem was about growing up an upper-middle class communist, while my grandfather crossed strike lines, grateful to finally have work." Recent work appears in the Poets at Penny Lane Anthology, 2004.

David Hadbawnik is a poet and performer whose poems and essays appear or are forthcoming in Skanky Possum, -Vert, Jacket, Boog City, First Intensity, Combo, Commonweal, The Paterson Literary Review, The Chicago Review, 26, and Bombay Gin, among others. His play, a baseball musical entitled The

Seventh Game of the World Series, won an award for Sold-Out Show in the 2003 San Francisco International Fringe Festival. Another play, *The Last Experimental Poet in Captivity*, co-written with Stephanie Young, was performed in the 2005 San Francisco Poets Festival Jamboree. He is also the publisher of Habenicht Press, and hosts a reading series at his home in San Francisco.

Growing up in Athens County, Ohio, Sxip Shirey listened to old-time and Appalachian gospel music with his grandmother on Sundays, and dreamed of becoming a folk musician. Then one day he stuck paper clips on his guitar-strings and they bonged like gamelan bells. That was the beginning of Sxip's journey into his own unique music, evoked on a variety of traditional and re-imagined instruments, such as Mutant Harmonicas, the Industrial Flute, and the Obnoxio-
phone. He has appeared as a solo artist in NYC at Joe's Pub, the Knitting Factory, Washington Square Church, HERE Theaters, and numerous underground parties, as well as at the Odeon in San Francisco.

Habenicht Press is a small, independent, chapbook-series press that presents new work by emerging poets and previously unpublished gems by established poets. Its first two chapbooks are *Curses and Other Love Poems* by Sarah Peters and *The Ones I Used To Laugh With – A Haibun Journal* by Diane di Prima. Mytili Jagannathan's *Acts* was published in 2003, and Dale Smith's *Notes No Answer* is upcoming in 2005. The press is edited and published by David Hadbawnik, a poet living in San Francisco.

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52. **Hoerman, Michael A** ***Vispo, Foetry, Carleton Drewry***

Wed 2 Mar 2005

New topics at Pornfeld

- "Infinity" visual poetry exhibit at Harvard opens 3.3

- Confronting allegations of Foetry

- An old interview with Carleton Drewry

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

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53. **derekrogerson** ***HST Cannon Blast-Off Contest under way***

Wed 2 Mar 2005

The rules are simple.

In 100 words or less, "Why should your cannon be used to blast Dr. Hunter S. Thompson's cremated remains into the sky?"

The entry deadline is March 13, 2005. The address is the Aspen Daily News, 517 E. Hopkins Ave., Aspen, CO 81611.

The Aspen Daily News will forward the essays to the family of the late gonzo journalist, who will give them "serious consideration," said Aspen Daily News Associate Editor Troy Hooper.

"We're talking 100 words, not 101," Hooper said on Saturday. "And snail mail only. No e-mails or phone calls."

Entrants must include an actual photograph of the cannon being entered (no conceptual drawings), how far it fires, an approximate date when it was last fired, and whether anyone was seriously injured at said firing. Cannons with historic value or from Kentucky will be awarded extra points. Any other important or impressive information should also be included. Entrants MUST actually own the cannon being entered, or obtain legal access to it.

"The winner is responsible for transporting the cannon to Aspen at his or her own expense, and on short notice," Hooper said.

Hooper said the Aspen Daily News decided to sponsor the Hunter S. Thompson Blast-Off Cannon Contest after discussing the issue with Thompson's friends and family who want to honor the canonical author's wish to have his remains blasted over Owl Farm.

In recent days, cannon owners began to step forward, volunteering their weaponry to the family through their connection of the newspaper. "But they didn't really have a direction in which to step," said a low-level Aspen Daily News editor, "so now we are giving Thompson's fans that direction."

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54. **Ishaq**

Moussad Murders Former Lebanese PM in Carbon Copy of 1979 Assassination

Wed 2 Mar 2005

<http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2005/03/38646.php>

Mossad Murders Former Lebanese PM in Carbon Copy of 1979 Assassination
<mailto: [REDACTED]>

We can only conclude that there must be some kind of agreement between world nations that, even when it is patently obvious, one nation will never expose the activities of another's intelligence agency...Indeed, one of the

strongest indications of an Israeli involvement in the murder of Hariri is the fact that not ONE mainstream news source is even mentioning the possibility of Israeli involvement, when it is painfully clear that Israel has the most to gain from his death.

Mossad Murders Former Lebanese PM in Carbon Copy of 1979 Assassination

Joe Quinn

Rafik al-Hariri with his wife Nazek

We can only conclude that there must be some kind of agreement between world nations that, even when it is patently obvious, one nation will never expose the activities of another's intelligence agency. What other reason can there be for the fact that Iran and Syria were the only two countries to even hint at Israel as being behind the murder of Rafik Hariri on Valentine's day 2005?

Indeed, one of the strongest indications of an Israeli involvement in the murder of Hariri is the fact that not ONE mainstream news source is even mentioning the possibility of Israeli involvement, when it is painfully clear that Israel has the most to gain from his death. But then again, we have become accustomed to the severe lack of intestinal fortitude or any real journalistic integrity on the part of the mainstream media. And also to the fact that much of the Western press is dominated by Israeli sympathisers and/or "Zionists".

To his credit, French President Chirac, perhaps going as far as protocol permitted, held off from immediately implicating any particular group in the murder of his close friend and called for "an immediate international investigation to uncover the real culprits". Coming as it did at the same time as the US government's attempts to force the blame on Syria, Chirac's comment perhaps provides the strongest evidence that Syria was NOT involved. Of course, we don't need the subtle innuendo of any government leader to realise that, while Syria may have stood to gain from the untimely demise of Hariri, it had much more to lose.

This fact however did not stop so-called "journalists" in the mainstream media from sounding off in all directions. An example of the faulty logic used by such pundits is provided by analyst Jean-Pierre Perrin writing in the French daily "Liberation" the day after the assassination of Hariri. Perrin claimed that Chirac's call for an international enquiry to identify the killers was "a way of casting doubt over any Lebanese-Syrian enquiry" and showed Paris also suspects Damascus. Yet surely if Chirac really suspected Syria, he would have said nothing and allowed Syria's accusers to prevail, or added his own voice to the chorus already calling for Syrian "blood". Yet we see that he did exactly the opposite and in doing so made clear his opinion that Syria was NOT to blame.

Most readers will be aware that, over the past few years, the US and Israel have been making loud and repeated claims that Syria is "funding Palestinian and Iraqi terrorism". There have also been growing signs that, if the US and Israel can fabricate enough "evidence", Syria may well be the next stop in the "war on terror". It is also public knowledge that Hariri had resigned as Prime Minister last year over Syrian meddling in Lebanese government affairs and was in favor of a withdrawal of the 14,000 Syrian troops from Lebanon (although he had never openly criticised the Syrian government.) Given these facts, is it really reasonable to believe that Syria would publically assassinate Hariri and, in the process, provide the US and Israel with much needed justification to continue their imperial rampage through the Middle East?

While Hariri might have been quietly pressuring Syria for the ultimate removal of its troops, he was also well aware of the reason for those troops - to dissuade Israel from staging another invasion of Lebanese territory. Having manipulated Lebanese and world opinion into believing that Syria killed Hariri and with the withdrawal of Syrian troops already under way, Lebanon and its people will once more be exposed to the predations of the butcher Sharon.

From the moment of its creation by Western diplomats in the aftermath of WW I, the potential for religious and ethnic conflict was seemingly built into the very fabric of Lebanese society. Under the gerrymandered borders drawn up by the League of Nations in 1920, extremist Maronite Christians made up 54% of the population with Arabs comprising the remainder, giving the Maronites a controlling stake in the newly formed Lebanese government. Within 40 years however, Arabs had outnumbered Christians and hundreds of thousands of Palestinian refugees had been forced out of Palestine into Lebanon after the creation of the state of Israel in 1948 and the 1967 Israeli-Arab war. In an attempt to maintain control the Lebanese 'Phalange' was formed, an extremist political and military force of the Christian Maronites in Lebanon. The Phalangists' unbending right-wing policies, their resistance to the introduction of fully democratic institutions and to the very idea of Arab nationalism made them natural allies of Israel.

Almost inevitably, civil war between the Arab Lebanese and the Phalangists finally broke out in 1975, with more than a little help from Israel. In 1982, under the pretext of curbing attacks on Israeli troops by the Palestinian PLO in Lebanon, Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin ordered the Israeli army to invade. In a weeklong orgy of bloodletting, then Defence Minister and current Israeli Prime Minister Ariel Sharon ordered his troops to encircle the Lebanese refugee camps of Sabra and Shatila giving the Maronite Phalangists free reign to murder at will. Figures vary, but somewhere between 1,700 and 3,000 Palestinians, most of them innocent civilians, were mercilessly butchered in response

to the murder of Israeli-backed Christian Lebanese President-elect Bashir Gemayel.

When a horrified world demanded an explanation of Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin, who himself had committed indiscriminate terror in his youth, he said without a word of regret: "Goyim kill Goyim and they blame the Jew."

Despite Israel's denials of responsibility, New York Times correspondent Thomas L. Friedman declared without qualification: "The Israelis knew just what they were doing when they let the Phalangists into those camps."

Sharon and seven other Israeli officials, including Begin, were found guilty the next year by an Israeli commission of "indirect responsibility" for the massacres. Sharon was also found to have "personal responsibility," and he was ordered to resign or be removed as defense minister. Sharon resigned, protesting his innocence, but he was allowed to stay in the cabinet as a minister without portfolio.

The union of the Christian Lebanese and the Israelis has indeed been a long and sordid one and it should come as no surprise that current Lebanese Christian politicians have been quick to join the US and Israel in immediately asserting that Syria was to blame for the murder of Hariri.

By all accounts, Hariri was one of the few "men of peace" left in the Middle East. In his two terms as Lebanese PM since 1990, he had brought Lebanon out of the carnage wrought by 15 years of civil war and set it well on the way to reclaiming its status as the "Paris of the Middle East." Hariri willingly expended his personal fortune on Lebanon's recovery pouring millions into the reconstruction of Beirut. Viewed as a leading Arab-world reformer, he was also credited with restoring Lebanon's reputation abroad as a liberal, open Middle Eastern country. He paid for the 1989 Christian-Muslim peace conference in Taif, Saudi Arabia, which laid the foundation for the ceasefire that came a year later. During his tenure as Prime Minister, Hariri also made it his goal to ensure that the religious divisions (Christian and Islamic) were kept out of politics.

When you think of Israel, what are the first thoughts that come to mind? Belagured? Threatened? Only democracy in the Middle East? A vanguard for Western Democracy in its battle to stem the tide of rampant Arab terrorism? Rightful homeland of all "Jews"? If these thoughts come to mind when you think of the state of Israel, then the IDF and/or the Mossad have an opening you might be interested in. My point is that Israel, in its current incarnation as an illegal and ultimately untenable statelet, far from seeking the eradication of "terrorism", finds itself in the paradoxical position of NEEDING a permanent threat to its existence in order for it to continue to exist and expand its borders into Arab lands.

Which is where the Israeli intelligence agency Mossad comes in.

Mossad's motto is "by way of deception thou shalt wage war" and all of the evidence points to their taking their motto absolutely literally. Over the years, Mossad has worked tirelessly to further the 'interests' of Israel and has made extensive use of False Flag operations to create the appearance that Israel is surrounded by terrorist regimes. From the demonisation of Saddam leading up to the first Gulf War, to the 9/11 attacks, nothing, it seems, is a bridge too far for the world's most ruthless and bloodthirsty intelligence agency.

From ex-Mossad agent Victor Ostrovsky's book "The Other Side of Deception":

The Mossad realized that it had to come up with a new threat to the region, a threat of such magnitude that it would justify whatever action the Mossad might see fit to take.

The right-wing elements in the Mossad (and in the whole country, for that matter) had what they regarded as a sound philosophy: They believed (correctly, as it happened) that Israel was the strongest military presence in the Middle East. In fact, they believed that the military might of what had become known as "fortress Israel" was greater than that of all of the Arab armies combined, and was responsible for whatever security Israel possessed. The right wing believed then - and they still believe - that this strength arises from the need to answer the constant threat of war.

The corollary belief was that peace overtures would inevitably start a process of corrosion that would weaken the military and eventually bring about the demise of the state of Israel, since, the philosophy goes, its Arab neighbors are untrustworthy, and no treaty signed by them is worth the paper it's written on.

Supporting the radical elements of Muslim fundamentalism sat well with the Mossad's general plan for the region. An Arab world run by fundamentalists would not be a party to any negotiations with the West, thus leaving Israel again as the only democratic, rational country in the region. And if the Mossad could arrange for the Hamas (Palestinian fundamentalists) to take over the Palestinian streets from the PLO, then the picture would be complete.

The Mossad regarded Saddam Hussein as their biggest asset in the area, since he was totally irrational as far as international politics was concerned, and was therefore all the more likely to make a stupid move that the Mossad could take advantage of.

What the Mossad really feared was that Iraq's gigantic army, which had survived the Iran-Iraq war and was being supplied by the West and financed by Saudi Arabia, would fall into the hands of a leader who might be more palatable to the West and still be a threat to Israel.

The first step was taken in November 1988, when the Mossad told the Israeli foreign office to stop all talks with the Iraqis regarding a peace front. At that time, secret negotiations were taking place between Israelis, Jordanians, and Iraqis under the auspices of the Egyptians and with the blessings of the French and the Americans. The Mossad manipulated it so that Iraq looked as if it were the only country unwilling to talk, thereby convincing the Americans that Iraq had a different agenda.

By January 1989, the Mossad LAP machine was busy portraying Saddam as a tyrant and a danger to the world. The Mossad activated every asset it had, in every place possible, from volunteer agents in Amnesty International to fully bought members of the U.S. Congress. Saddam had been killing his own people, the cry went; what could his enemies expect? The gruesome photos of dead Kurdish mothers clutching their dead babies after a gas attack by Saddam's army were real, and the acts were horrendous. But the Kurds were entangled in an all-out guerrilla war with the regime in Baghdad and had been supported for years by the Mossad, who sent arms and advisers to the mountain camps of the Barazany family; this attack by the Iraqis could hardly be called an attack on their own people. But, as Uri said to me, once the orchestra starts to play, all you can do is hum along.

The media was supplied with inside information and tips from reliable sources on how the crazed leader of Iraq killed people with his bare hands and used missiles to attack Iranian cities. What they neglected to tell the media was that most of the targeting for the missiles was done by the Mossad with the help of American satellites. The Mossad was grooming Saddam for a fall, but not his own. They wanted the Americans to do the work of destroying that gigantic army in the Iraqi desert so that Israel would not have to face it one day on its own border. That in itself was a noble cause for an Israeli, but to endanger the world with the possibility of global war and the deaths of thousands of Americans was sheer madness.

The previous August (1989) a contingent of the Maktal (Mossad reconnaissance unit) and several naval commandos had headed up the Euphrates, their target was an explosives factory located in the city of Al-Iskandariah. Information the Mossad had received from American intelligence revealed that every Thursday a small convoy of trucks came to the complex to be loaded with explosives for the purpose of manufacturing cannon shells. The objective was to take position near the base on Wednesday August 23rd and wait until the next day when the trucks would be loaded. At that point, several sharpshooters would fire one round each of an explosive bullet at a designated truck while they were in the process of loading, so that there would be a carry on explosion into the storage facility.

The operation was quite successful and the explosion generated the sort of publicity the Mossad was hoping for in attracting attention to Saddam's constant efforts at building a gigantic and powerful military arsenal. The Mossad shared its "findings" with the Western intelligence agencies and leaked the story of the explosion to the press.

Since this was a guarded facility Western reporters had minimal access to it. However, at the beginning of September, the Iraqis were inviting Western media people to visit Iraq and see the rebuilding that had taken place after the [Iran-Iraq] war, and the Mossad saw an opportunity to conduct a damage assessment.

A man calling himself Michel Rubiyer saying he was working for the French newspaper "le figaro", approached Farzad Bazoft, a thirty one year old reporter freelancing for the British newspaper the Observer. Rubiyer was in fact Michel M. a Mossad agent.

Michel told Farzad that he would pay him handsomely and print his story if he would join a group of journalists heading for Baghdad. The reason he gave for not going himself was that he had been black-listed in Iraq. He pointed out the Bazoft could use the money and the break especially with his criminal background. Michel told the stunned reporter that he knew of his arrest in 1981 for armed robbery in Northhampton England. Along with the implied threat he told Bazoft that he would be able to print his story in the Observer as well.

Michel told Bazoft to collect information regarding the explosion ask questions about it get sketches of the area and collect earth samples. He told the worried reporter that Saddam would not dare harm a reporter even if he was unhappy with him. The worst the Saddam would do was kick him out of the country, which would in itself make him famous.

Why this particular reporter? He was of Iranian background and would make punishing him much easier for the Iraqis and he wasn't a European whom they would probably only hold and then kick out. In fact, Bazoft had been identified in a Mossad search that was triggered by his prying into another Mossad case in search of a story involving an ex-Mossad asset Dr Cyrus Hashemi who was eliminated by mossad in 1986. Since Bazoft had already stumbled on too much information for his own good - or the Mossad's for that matter - he was the perfect candidate for this job of snooping in forbidden areas.

Bazoft made his way to the location as he was asked and as might be expected was arrested. Tragically, his British girlfriend, a nurse working in a baghdad hospital was arrested as well.

Within a few days of his arrest, a Mossad liaison in the US called the Iraqi representative in Holland and said that Jerusalem was willing to make a deal for

the release of their man who had been captured. the Iraqi representative asked for time to contact Baghdad, and the liaison called the next day, at which point he told the Iraqi representative it was all a big mistake and severed contact. Now the Iraqis had no doubt that they had a real spy on their hands, and they were going to see him hang. All the Mossad had to do was sit back and watch as Saddam proved to the world what a monster he really was.

On March 15th 1990 Farzad Bazoft, who had been held in the Abu Gharib prison met briefly with the British Ambassador to Iraq.

A few minutes after the meeting he was hanged.

The world was shocked, but the Mossad was not done yet. To fan the flames generated by the brutal hanging, a Mossad sayan in New York delivered a set of documents to ABC television with a story from a reliable Middle Eastern source telling if a plant Saddam had for the manufacturing of uranium. The information was convincing and the photos and sketches were even more so.

It was time to draw attention to Saddam's weapons of mass destruction.

Only three months before, on December 5, 1989, the Iraqis had launched the Al-Abid, a three-stage ballistic missile. The Iraqis claimed it was a satellite launcher that Gerald Bull, a Canadian scientist, was helping them develop. Israeli intelligence knew that the launch, although trumpeted as a great success, was in fact a total failure, and that the program would never reach its goals. But that secret was not shared with the media. On the contrary, the missile launch was exaggerated and blown out of proportion.

The message that Israeli intelligence sent out was this: Now all the pieces of the puzzle are fitting together. This maniac is developing a nuclear capability (remember the Israeli attack on the Iraqi reactor in 1981) and pursuing chemical warfare (as seen in his attacks on his own people, the Kurds). What's more, he despises the Western media, regarding them as Israeli spies. Quite soon, he's going to have the ability to launch a missile from anywhere in Iraq to anywhere he wants in the Middle East and beyond.

After the arrest of Bazoft, Gerald Bull, who was working on the Iraqi big gun project called Babylon, was visited by Israeli friends from his past. The visitors (two Mossad officers) had come to deliver a warning. They were both known to Bull as members of the Israeli intelligence community. The Mossad psychological department had studied the position Bull was in and analysed what was known about his character. It arrived at the conclusion that, even if threatened, he wouldn't pull out of the program but would instead carry on his work with very little regard for his personal safety.

Ultimately, Bull's continuing with the program would play right into the Mossad's hands. Through the bullet riddled body of Gerald Bull the world would

be made to focus on his work: the Iraqi giant gun project. The timing had to be right though; Bull's well publicised demise had to come right after an act of terror by the Baghdad regime, an act that could not be mistaken for an accident or a provocation. The hanging of the Observer reporter on March 15 was such an act.

After the reporter's execution in Baghdad, a Kidon (Mossad assassination) team arrived in Brussels and cased the apartment building where Bull lived. It was imperative that the job be done in a place where it would not be mistaken for a robbery or an accident. At the same time, an escape route was prepared for the team and some old contacts in the Belgian police were revived to make sure they were on duty at the time of Bull's elimination so that, if there was a need to call on a friendly police force, they'd be on call. They weren't old of the reason for the alert, but would learn later and keep silent.

When Bull reached the building at 8.30pm, the man watching the entrance signaled the man in the empty apartment on the sixth floor (Bull's floor) to get ready: the target had entered the building. The shooter then left the apartment and hid in an alcove.

Almost immediately after the elevator door closed behind Bull, the shooter fired point blank at the man's back and head. The shooter then walked over to Bull and pulled out of his tote bag a handful of documents and other papers, which he paced in a paper shopping bag he had with him. He also collected all the casings from the floor and dropped the gun into the shopping bag.

In the following weeks, more and more discoveries were made regarding the big gun and other elements of the Saddam war machine. The Mossad had all but saturated the intelligence field with information regarding the evil intentions of Saddam the Terrible, banking on the fact that before long, he'd have enough rope to hang himself.

It was very clear what the Mossad's overall goal was. It wanted the West to do its bidding, just as the Americans had in Libya with the bombing of Qadhafi. After all, Israel didn't possess carriers and ample air power, and although it was capable of bombing a refugee camp in Tunis, that was not the same. The Mossad leaders knew that if they could make Saddam appear bad enough and a threat to the Gulf oil supply, of which he'd been the protector up to that point, then the United States and its allies would not let him get away with anything, but would take measures that would all but eliminate his army and his weapons potential, especially if they were led to believe that this might just be their last chance before he went nuclear. [...]

Hariri was a close friend of French President Chirac and was reportedly planning a come back to Lebanese politics and, as noted above, was credited with

"restoring Lebanon's reputation abroad as a liberal, open Middle Eastern country".

The fact is, the emergence of ANY open, democratic, liberal and SECULAR Arab nation, particularly on Israel's border and under the influence of an internationally respected figure like Hariri, would threaten the carefully crafted image of Middle Eastern Arab states as "Islamic terrorist regimes" and undo all of Mossad's hard work. It is for this reason that Hariri became an enemy of the state of Israel and of its patron the US, and had to be removed from the picture. By framing Syria for the murder of Hariri, Israel could also apply pressure on the Syrian government and, as we have seen with the beginning of the withdrawal of Syria troops from Lebanese territory, provide the pro-Israeli Christians in the Lebanese government with a much bigger say in Lebanese politics.

Coming back to the bombing itself; it is interesting to note that the details of the attack bore a stark resemblance to many other Israeli intelligence operations, most notably the killing in Beirut in 1979 of then PLO Chief Ali Hassan Salameh aka "the Red Prince".

Gordon Thomas writes in his book "Gideon's Spies":

Three Mossad agents who could pass for Arabs crossed into Lebanon and entered the city. One rented a car. The second wired a series of bombs into its chassis, roof, and door panels. The third agent parked the car along the route the "Red Prince" traveled to his office every morning. Using precise timing Rafi Eitan had provided, the car was set to explode as PLO chief Salameh passed. It did, blowing him to pieces.

Hariri's murder followed a very similar pattern. Approx 300kg of explosives were packed into a car sitting outside a derelict hotel on a Beirut road. As Hariri's cavalcade of armored Mercedes Benz cars passed, the bomb was remotely detonated, obliterating several cars - blowing one into the third story of the hotel - killing 14 people injuring 135 others and leaving a 15 foot deep, 40 feet wide, crater in the road.

Of course, no one should be surprised to hear that the mythical yet ubiquitous al-Qaeda AND the Palestinians were immediately dragged into the fray. Reuters "informs" us:

The Palestinian who appeared in a video claiming responsibility for the killing of former Lebanese prime minister Rafik al-Hariri ... called Hariri a Saudi agent and said the attack was also "in revenge for the pious martyrs killed by security forces of the Saudi regime" and used a religious term for Saudi Arabia often used by al Qaeda militants fighting Riyadh's U.S.-allied government since 2003.

It is interesting to note that in most other False Flag operations, Mossad and/or the CIA employed one of the many "previously unknown al-Qaeda-linked

groups" to claim responsibility for their attacks, yet in this instance the blame had to land squarely at the doorstep of Syria, so hot on the heels of the claim of responsibility by an "al-Qaeda-linked group"...

'Qaeda' Says Jihadists Didn't Kill Hariri

DUBAI (Reuters) - A statement attributed to al Qaeda and posted on the Internet on Tuesday denied Islamists had killed former Lebanese Prime Minister Rafik al-Hariri, saying Lebanese, Syrian or Israeli intelligence were behind the attack.

The statement, signed by a hitherto unknown group calling itself the Al Qaeda Organization in the Levant, was posted on an Islamist Web site often used by al Qaeda a day after another unknown Islamist group said it was behind the huge Beirut blast that killed Hariri.

The authenticity of the statement could not be immediately verified.

"Blaming the Jihadist and Salafist groups for what happened in Beirut is a complete fabrication," the statement said. "The priorities of the jihadist groups in the Levant are supporting our brethren in Iraq and Palestine, not blowing up cars."

Clearly, the technology involved in dispatching Hariri was far beyond the capabilities of a group of Afghani cave-dwellers or the fully oppressed and marginalised Palestinian militants. No indeed, this particular operation required the resources of a modern, fully equipped and well organised covert intelligence agency.

As the Economist stated:

Some detect the work of an intelligence service--if not Syria's, some other foreign power's--in the method of the attack. Certainly, the size and sophistication of the bomb suggest it was the work of a well-organised and experienced group, or a government. The blast was big enough to leave a huge crater and shatter windows hundreds of metres away. Moreover, it was sophisticated enough to defeat jamming mechanisms, which the billionaire Mr Hariri's convoy always used while travelling, to forestall such remotely triggered attacks. Mr Hariri, who made his fortune in construction in Saudi Arabia, knew he had many enemies and took what countermeasures he could.

A quick note on the above. While "construction" is certainly part of the equation, the fact that Hariri was a billionaire is unlikely to be the real motivation for his murder, despite the ever so subtle spin from the Economist.

As in the case of Iraq, Israel is determined to do whatever necessary to ensure that it remains all-powerful in the region and prevent any of its Arab neighbours from emerging as solid, unified Muslim democracies that it could not demonise

as "terrorist states". By murdering Hariri and having the blame pinned on Syria, the Mossad have removed a stabilising influence on recovering Lebanese society and the Middle East in general, and given the US government an excuse to further ratchet up the war rhetoric towards Damascus.

In this sense, Israel shares a common goal with the US and it is for this reason that Israel has always enjoyed the overwhelming support of successive US administrations. While the US and Israel both make much of their bogus "war on terrorism", both countries have long since realised that it is by fomenting "terrorism" and "terrorist" groups that their control of the Middle East can be assured. Yet, while both countries share a common goal, the reasons that each desires to achieve that goal are slightly different.

By controlling the extensive oil resources in the Middle East (and the countries that sit upon them), the US can ensure that it continues to top the heap of world superpowers. Israel too wishes to remain as a powerful world player, and its leaders realise that acting as a hired thug for the US in the region is the best way to do so. Yet it is more than mere power lust that is driving Israel's leaders to deliberately antagonise and provoke the entire Arab world. Israel's very presence in the Middle East is predicated on the Judaic notion of a "chosen people" and their very own homeland granted to them thousands of years ago by their mythical god, yahweh.

While it may be possible (if unlikely) to make a convincing geopolitical argument for the US government's Middle East policies over the years, to understand the thinking of people like Sharon (and all those that act on his orders) one would have to first embrace the idea that a group of human beings can constitute a "chosen people", one of their lives being worth more than 1,000 of the lives of the "lesser" people of the world. One would also have to accept that the "chosen people" are divinely entitled to a piece of land in the Middle East and are permitted therefore to act in any way necessary to achieve their goals of "lebensraum".

While the Israeli government is careful to distance itself from extreme Judaic beliefs, it is clear that it is just such beliefs that underpin its policies.

To conclude. There are only two nations that had the means, motive and opportunity to carry out the particular type of attack that took the life of Hariri - a man who was one of the very few remaining hopes for a just and lasting peace in Lebanon and the greater Middle East.

Sadly, it seems that peace is the very last thing on the minds of the people who over 80 years ago drew the map of what has become the killing fields of the modern day Middle East. Their decades (or should we say millennia) long agenda is simply too far developed for them to permit anything or anyone to

stand in the way of its full and undoubtedly bloody implementation. All of it coming soon to a phony theatre of "war on terrorism" near you.

full article:

http://www.signs-of-the-times.org/signs/hariri_mossad.htm

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___\  
Stay Strong\  
\  
"Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor" \  
--Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)\  
\  
"This mathematical rhythmical mechanism enhances my wisdom\  
of Islam, keeps me calm from doing you harm, when I attack, it's Vietnam"\  
--HellRazah\  
\  
"It's not too good to stay in a white man's country too long"\  
--Mutabartuka\  
\  
"As for we who have decided to break the back of colonialism, \  
our historic mission is to sanction all revolts, all desperate \  
actions, all those abortive attempts drowned in rivers of blood."\  
- Frantz Fanon\  
\  
"Everyday is Ashura and every land is Kerbala"\  
-Imam Ja'far Sadiq\  
\  
http://www.sleepybrain.net/vanilla.html\  
\  
http://www.world-crisis.com/analysis\_comments/766\_0\_15\_0\_C/\  
\  
http://ilovepoetry.com/search.asp?keywords=braithwaite&orderBy=date\  
\  
http://www.lowliferecords.co.uk/\  
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}
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55. **William Slaughter**

Notice: Mudlark

Wed 2 Mar 2005

New and On View: Mudlark No. 27 (2005)

Knocking at the Doors of Heaven
(Golpeando a las puertas del cielo)

Twenty-Five Prose Poems by Maria Rosa Lojo
translated by Brett Alan Sanders

Maria Rosa Lojo was born in 1954 in Buenos Aires, the daughter of Spaniards; her father, a Republican from Galicia, had exiled himself to Argentina after the Civil War. She is a Doctor of Letters of the University of Buenos Aires, and, in addition to her activity as a writer, does literary research for CONICET, the National Council for Scientific and Technical Research, which has its headquarters at the university. She also directs two research projects at the Universidad del Salvador, where she offers a doctoral seminar. In addition, she co-ordinates the international team of researchers that is working on the critical edition of Ernesto Sabato's *Sobre heroes y tumbas* (On Heroes and Tombs) for the archival collection at UNESCO. She has been a lecturer and a visiting professor at both Argentine and foreign universities, and acts as a juror on both national and international competitions; she is a permanent contributor to the Literary Supplement of *La Nacion*. In her capacity as a writer, she takes part in a number of international literary congresses and book fairs. Her published work in Spanish includes three books of poetry and several volumes of short fiction, novels, and non-fiction. These prose poems are from *Esperan la manana verde* (1998). Her prose, representative of the so-called "new historical narrative," includes the novels *La pasion de los nomades* (1994) and *Las libres del Sur* (2004) and the short story collection *Amores insolitos de nuestra historia* (2001).

Brett Alan Sanders is a writer, translator, and teacher living in Tell City, Indiana. He was born in Indiana in 1958 and spent a couple of years in Argentina at the end of the '70s. His own short prose has appeared previously in print and online in such places as New Work Review, The King's English, Spectacle, Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought, River Walk Journal, and The Journal of Graduate Liberal Studies. His novella *A Bride Called Freedom* was published in 2003 in a bilingual edition (English text with Spanish translation by Sebastian R. Bekes) from Ediciones Nuevo Espacio, an online publisher of print-on-demand literature and academic studies in Spanish, English, and bilingual editions (www.editorial-ene.com; also available from www.barnesandnoble.com and www.amazon.com). Sanders has completely translated *Esperan la manana verde* (Awaiting the Green Morning), is nearing completion of *La pasion de los nomades* (The Passion of Nomads), and has translated two of Lojo's short stories. Aside from the poems appearing here, another appears in *Rhino* (2005), and more are forthcoming there and in *The Drunken Boat* and *Hunger Mountain* as well. A short excerpt from *The Passion of Nomads* appears in *New*

Works Review (January-March 2005). His translation of a story by Sebastian Bekes is scheduled to appear in the April-June edition of that same journal.

Spread the word. Far and wide,

William Slaughter

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56. **Alan Sondheim**

debris, no joke, no text in this

Thu 3 Mar 2005

debris, no joke, no text in this

news tonight everything out of control, 5000 hate groups online, i'd imagine far more in the usa. all religions are cruel, all religions structure hatred, at least all religions of the book, of the good book, the manual for killing, it doesn't matter what it is, why else would humans go after one another, not only other humans, animals as well, anything that can be slaughtered, read the truths of the inquisition, they're the same truths now, why always men of the cloth, why always old men burying their hatred, it almost seems friendly, the fury of the primates, we're talented, can hold a stick

friends, it is time to be frightened, to be very frightened, do not become like one of them, the texts below are endless, endless, we are in the last days, some of us will survive, but at what cost, everything that was beautiful is desperate, everything that is ugly is bought and sold

interview from Saudi television of a 3 year old Muslim girl who was been taught to hate Jews. All Words Any Word.

APOLOGETICS. Christian Apologetics. ...

10k true Historians have classified six explanations as to why people hate the Jews: Economic -- We

hate Jews because they possess too much wealth and true Hate Jews? Antisemitism. Adolf Hitler. Holocaust.

Nazi. Bible Study. Discover the amazing truth of the Gospel. Eternal life. Christian living. Hate Jews?

12k true Why do Christians hate Jews, blacks, and Catholics? First off, why are Christians racists? Why do you hate Jews, blacks, and Catholics? ...

Man may make his clamor, but God will be the Judge! Is there any record of Christian hate of Jews in the first century during the lives of the Apostles? ...
Why does the muslims hate the jews for?
Author, Message. jjf1990, RE:Hate Jews
And Chinks Re.: RE:Hate Jews And Chinks Is this all about religion? ...
list. Christians who hate the Jews. By Melanie Phillips. First published in the Spectator, February 16 2002. It
If you want to add your own comments, please fill in our feedback form. Do We Hate Jews and Christians?
Khaled Batarfi Some of my Jewish readers have doubts. ...
March 27, 2004. Do I Hate Jews ? Well, I just got the following email from some guy: Well, this guy is very mistaken. I do not hate jews. ...
French Hate Jews Report; Posted on: 2004-03-07 21:47:07
[Printer friendly]. by Jeff Hook Despite breaking box-office
If you lived in the Middle East, you might easily believe that America is waging a worldwide war against Islam, and that Americans must hate Muslims. ...
hate Muslims..User comments on article: [The American Muslim Council:] Mainstream Muslims? Why Christians hate Muslims.....
Christians Hate Muslims- User comments on article
Reply to...why Christians Hate Muslims...
User comment on article ...
terthread=y 101k true She was all p!ssed about the Americans and how much the Americans hate Muslims, and they have no business being there and should go away and leave them alone. ...
q. Why Hindus hate Muslims ?
The same primitive logic seems to be working behind the attempt to create a campaign of hate towards Muslims.
Why Do You Hate Muslims So Much. ...
Reply to Thread: Why Do You Hate Muslims So Much. I dont hate Islam, its not just a religion, its a
101k true Why Do You Hate Muslims So Much.
Reply to Thread: Why Do You Hate Muslims So Much. I dont hate Islam, its not just a religion, its a way of life. ...
Ask.asp 21k true Why do they hate us? Muslims

ask: Why do they hate us? America is a democracy,
he concluded, so Americans must hate Muslims to
endorse this war. ...

Why do Muslims Hate Muslims?

true Why do Muslims Hate Muslims?

dunno Im not Muslim but you can tell us why you
hate Muslims. ConservativethatplaysHALO! Member
Joined: Thu Sep 16th, 2004. hate muslims 0.235184 1 at
What Is Behind The

Hate Christians Campaign? By Thomas D.

Segel December 22, 2004. Christ and faith have ...

(14) takes out his flame throwerI HATE Christians!!!

GARRR!!! 92% | 9. Thats right. I hate

christians!!! Re: I HATE Christians!!!

GARRR!!! ...

true They Hate Christians, Too, By Michael Freund

FrontPageMagazine.com | August 29, 2002. The fact that
Americas Arab allies often express ...

Politics; Miscellaneous (Politics). > ~Myths about
Democrats; They hate Christians. ...

About They hate Christians. They hate

Christians. Invite a friend to rate ...

Click Here. [Ad]. What Is Behind The Hate

Christians Campaign? December 21, 2004. by Thomas D. Segel
Christ and the Faith have ...

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Christians. By Mark K. Lewis. religion, articles,

christianity, Recently I was having ...

Post, August 28, 2002. THEY HATE CHRISTIANS, TOO. by

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express ...

Why do Liberals hate christians? I

dont understand why most Liberals hate

christians. Republichick Member Joined: Sat Aug 28th, 2004.

15k true Your stupid statements give people a reason to hate

Christians. You said it is statements like that

which give people reasons to hate Christians. Why is

that? hate christians 0.377557 1

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57. **David Baratier**

spicer letters

Thu 3 Mar 2005

There are a set of letters in an old issue of manroot
as well as an old caterpillar, each super special spicer issue
contains one of the lectures so you would have half
of that also accounted for. Plus some poems that have not
been reprinted in Collected or the first chapbook Oyez printed
without real permission, library permission? please.
There are used copies on the web regularly for \$15-25
check abebooks.com

Be well

David Baratier, Editor

Pavement Saw Press

PO Box 6291

Columbus OH 43206

USA

<http://pavementsaw.org>

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58. **Steve Dalachinsky**

Re: The Gates poem

Thu 3 Mar 2005

pointless
a men
lunch was much better
chris and i talked poetry &
business
&
integrity
how money is a gate
that filters
thru
our fingers
how saffron is really
orANGE tho we
are made to believe it's
saffron
because money tells us it

is so
i had not written a formal gates
poem but
now i have i un(i)-
form(er)ly done
so
the gates formerly known as
the gates
saffron formerly known as
stop emergency construction dead
end.
our lives always on orange alert
these
days.

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59. **alexander saliby**

Re: debris, no joke, no text in this

Thu 3 Mar 2005

And, Alan, all this serves only to underscore why BUSH should not be president in these times...but, hell, we both knew that, now what?

Alex

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

From: Alan Sondheim<mailto:[REDACTED]>

To: [REDACTED]<mailto:[REDACTED]>

Sent: Wednesday, March 02, 2005 9:31 PM

Subject: debris, no joke, no text in this

debris, no joke, no text in this

news tonight everything out of control, 5000 hate groups online, i'd
imagine far more in the usa. all religions are cruel, all religions structure
hatred, at least all religions of the book, of the good book, the manual for
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other, not only other humans, animals as well, anything that can be slaugh-
tered, read the truths of the inquisition, they're the same truths now, why
always men of the cloth, why always old men burying their hatred, it almost
seems friendly, the fury of the primates, we're talented, can hold a stick

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Muslims? Why Christians hate

Muslims.....

Christians Hate Muslims- User comments on article

Reply to...why Christians Hate Muslims...

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60. **David Buuck**

ASL Poetry

Thu 3 Mar 2005

I'm looking for leads on issues surrounding ASL poetics, specifically translation
between ASL & textual english. b/c fine.
"signing" off...
DBuuck

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61. **Craig, Ray**

alphabet poem: scrambled

Thu 3 Mar 2005

infects + beverage + skin + answer + contestant + question + swimsuits +
hospital interrupts, contestant kissing skin + swimsuits + nipples + swimsuits
+ skin + question + lesbian + weekend + yes + contestant + x-rated beverage
film + photographed + beverage decides film, hospital juveniles + once +
yes + their nipples decides explicit swimsuits + x-rated answer + contestant +
question + x-rated + reasonable + skin + film + unanimous + lesbian + week-
end + nipples + skin + reasonable + hospital beverage infects their kissing,
their reasonable skin + vampire infects hospital + infects + skin pho-
tographed + weekend + yes + x-rated + swimsuits + question + juveniles +
their beverage decides film + answer + nipples + infects + contestant + pho-
tographed + mercenary + Zatoichi + question + their hospital questions +
lesbian + ghost + decides + interrupts + skin + their beverage swimsuits,
weekend nipples + swimsuits + skin + yes + Zatoichi + nipples + beverage +
hospital infects skin, beverage ghost answer their swimsuits + contestant

photographed , their ghost nipples + vampire + film + photographed + week-
end their mercenary skin + infects + kissing + skin + reasonable + decides +
unanimous + yes + beverage nipples question film + answer + swimsuits +
photographed + beverage + hospital decides film, their beverage swimsuits +
photographed + question + infects + lesbian + swimsuits interrupts skin +
contestant + kissing + ghost + beverage + unanimous + reasonable + skin +
beverage + photographed skin infects beverage +

Ray Craig

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62. **Dan Waber**

[poem] A New Negative

Thu 3 Mar 2005

3/61

Echo = I see through my eyelids and forget everything. It's all a photograph, an image. Every day a new negative.

Source = "Signing Off," a short story by Jennifer Hill-Kaucher

A New Negative

My mother and father divorced when I
was ten years old. Once every month I'd see
my dad for a weekend. This lasted through
grade school. By high school I was out on my
own. We have the same hands, build, and eyelids.
My mother would sometimes watch me work and
say I moved like him--what we don't forget,
when we attempt to forget everything.

Decades passed without contact. She said it's
funny, you know, you forget about all
the hurt and you start to think there was a
chance it could have worked. Then a photograph
or his voice on the phone and whoosh there's an
oceanic crash of his whole image.

In that instant recognition every
single detail of every single day
comes back, distilled, and you know you made a
right decision. It wasn't to switch new
for old, you negated a negative.

Dan Waber

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63. **derekrogerson**

[job] Asst. Prof., Poet & Poetry/Poetics Scholar/Critic

Thu 3 Mar 2005

Location: Chicago (Hyde Park Campus)

Full-time Tenure-Track

Deadline: March 14, 2005

The University of Chicago English Department is searching for a poet with significant publication to teach a combination of poetry-writing workshops and courses in the history, theory, criticism, or poetics of literature. The position will include full membership in the English Department (tenure-track) and on the Humanities Divisional Creative Writing Committee. We are looking for someone with substantial publication of poetry, experience teaching both writing and literature courses, and evidence of strong engagement with the history, criticism, theory, or poetics of literature. Applications (cover letter, C.V., three letters of reference, writing sample) must be received by March 14, 2005. Mail to Elizabeth Helsinger, Chair, Department of English, University of Chicago, 1050 E. 59th Street, Chicago, IL 60637; or fax to [REDACTED]; or submit electronically (CV, cover letter, writing samples, with faxed reference letters) to Amy Fetzer-Larakers at mailto:[REDACTED]. The University of Chicago is an Affirmative Action/Equal Opportunity Employer.

Flexible Benefits and Work Schedule includes:

- Child Care
- Dental Insurance
- Health Insurance
- Holidays
- Life Insurance 401K / Retirement Plan
- Sick Leave
- Vacation Time

<http://hr.uchicago.edu/benefits/>

<http://www.uchicago.edu/uchi/staff/brochure.html>

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64. **Michael Rothenberg**

Bill Berkson and Ron Padgett

Thu 3 Mar 2005

BILL BERKSON and RON PADGETT

@ WORD/PLAY

Medicine Show's 21st Annual Reading Series

Sunday, March 20th, 3pm

poetry \$6.

champagne \$0.

for more information call [REDACTED]

Medicine Show

549 West 52nd St. (between 10th & 11th), 3rd fl

NYC 10019

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65. **Stephen Vincent**

Re: debris, no joke, no text in this

Thu 3 Mar 2005

Thanks for posting this, Allen. For further reflection on the direct relation between tribal and religious groups that advantage singular acts of (Twin Towers, etc.) into permission to perform massive and pervasive acts of terror and cruelty (Abu Graib, etc.), I suggest reading Adam Gopnik's quite good piece on Voltaire in this week's New Yorker. I will not try to paraphrase, but Voltaire finds himself right there in the core of things that now resemble our own time. In the mean time, I re-include (below) a Diane de Prima has re-sent out that was about the Net a year ago. As many of us find ourselves continuing to flabber about or buried in a paralytic world of "post-election numb", I find it helpful to have the light turned on again. Isn't there, by the way, an international march coming up on Saturday March 19? I have seen so little detail as of yet. Whatever the angle, it seems important to get bodies back out into the light.

Stephen Vincent

Blog: <http://stephenvincent.durationpress.com>

They Came for the Muslims, and I Didn't Speak Up

Forum Column (from the Daily Journal, 11/20/02)

By Stephen Rohde

(Author's Note: The USA Patriot Act became law a little over one year ago.)

First they came for the Muslims, and I didn't speak up because I wasn't a Muslim.

Then they came for the immigrants, detaining them indefinitely solely on the certification of the attorney general, and I didn't speak up because I wasn't an immigrant.

Then they came to eavesdrop on suspects consulting with their attorneys, and I didn't speak up because I wasn't a suspect.

Then they came to prosecute noncitizens before secret military commissions, and I didn't speak up because I wasn't a noncitizen.

Then they came to enter homes and offices for unannounced "sneak and peak" searches, and I didn't speak up because I had nothing to hide.

Then they came to reinstate Cointelpro and resume the infiltration and surveillance of domestic religious and political groups, and I didn't speak up because I no longer participated in any groups.

Then they came to arrest American citizens and hold them indefinitely without any charges and without access to lawyers, and I didn't speak up because I would never be arrested.

Then they came to institute TIPS (Terrorism Information and Prevention System) recruiting citizens to spy on other citizens and I didn't speak up because I was afraid.

Then they came for anyone who objected to government policy because it only aided the terrorists and gave ammunition to America's enemies, and I didn't speak up ... because I didn't speak up.

Then they came for me, and by that time, no one was left to speak up.

Stephen Rhode, author of American Words of Freedom

The Freedom Archives

522 Valencia Street

San Francisco, CA 94110



www.freedomarchives.org

debris, no joke, no text in this

*news tonight everything out of control, 5000 hate groups online,
i'd imagine far more in the usa. all religions are cruel, all
religions structure hatred, at least all religions of the book,
of the good book, the manual for killing, it doesn't matter what
it is, why else would humans go after one another, not only other
humans, animals as well, anything that can be slaughtered, read
the truths of the inquisition, they're the same truths now, why
always men of the cloth, why always old men burying their hatred,
it almost seems friendly, the fury of the primates, we're
talented, can hold a stick*

friends, it is time to be frightened, to be very frightened, do

*not become like one of them, the texts below are endless, endless,
we are in the last days, some of us will survive, but at what
cost, everything that was beautiful is desperate, everything that
is ugly is bought and sold*

*interview from Saudi television of a 3 year old Muslim girl who was
been taught to hate Jews. All Words Any Word.*

APOLOGETICS. Christian Apologetics. ...

*10k true Historians have classified six explanations as to
why people hate the Jews: Economic -- We*

*hate Jews because they possess too much wealth and
true Hate Jews? Antisemitism. Adolf Hitler. Holocaust.*

Nazi. Bible Study. Discover the amazing truth of the Gospel.

Eternal life. Christian living. Hate Jews?

*12k true Why do Christians hate Jews, blacks, and
Catholics? First off, why are Christians racists? Why do you
hate Jews, blacks, and Catholics? ...*

*Man may make his clamor, but God will be the Judge! Is there any
record of Christian hate of Jews in the first
century during the lives of the Apostles? ...*

Why does the muslims hate the jews for?

Author, Message. jff1990, RE:Hate Jews

*And Chinks Re.: RE:Hate Jews And Chinks Is this
all about religion? ...*

list. Christians who hate the Jews. By Melanie

Phillips. First published in the Spectator, February 16 2002. It

*If you want to add your own comments, please fill in our
feedback form. Do We Hate Jews and Christians?*

Khaled Batarfi Some of my Jewish readers have doubts. ...

*March 27, 2004. Do I Hate Jews ? Well, I just got the
following email from some guy: Well, this guy is very
mistaken. I do not hate jews. ...*

French Hate Jews Report; Posted on: 2004-03-07 21:47:07

[Printer friendly]. by Jeff Hook Despite breaking box-office

*If you lived in the Middle East, you might easily believe
that America is waging a worldwide war against Islam, and that
Americans must hate Muslims. ...*

hate Muslims..User comments on article: [The

American Muslim Council:] Mainstream

Muslims? Why Christians hate

Muslims.....

Christians Hate Muslims- User comments on article

Reply to...why Christians Hate Muslims...

User comment on article ...

terthread=y 101k true She was all p!ssed about the

Americans and how much the Americans hate Muslims,

*and they have no business being there and should go away and leave
them alone. ...*

q. Why Hindus hate Muslims ?

The same primitive logic seems to be working behind the attempt to create a campaign of hate towards Muslims.

Why Do You Hate Muslims So Much. ...

Reply to Thread: Why Do You Hate Muslims So Much. I

dont hate Islam, its not just a religion, its a

101k true Why Do You Hate Muslims So Much.

Reply to Thread: Why Do You Hate Muslims So

Much. I dont hate Islam, its not just a religion,

its a way of life. ...

Ask.asp 21k true Why do they hate us? Muslims

ask: Why do they hate us? America is a democracy,

he concluded, so Americans must hate Muslims to

endorse this war. ...

Why do Muslims Hate Muslims?

true Why do Muslims Hate Muslims?

dunno Im not Muslim but you can tell us why you

hate Muslims. ConservativethatplaysHALO! Member

Joined: Thu Sep 16th, 2004. hate muslims 0.235184 1 at

What Is Behind The

Hate Christians Campaign? By Thomas D.

Segel December 22, 2004. Christ and faith have ...

(14) takes out his flame throwerI HATE Christians!!!

GARRR!!! 92% | 9. Thats right. I hate

christians!!! Re: I HATE Christians!!!

GARRR!!! ...

true They Hate Christians, Too, By Michael Freund

FrontPageMagazine.com | August 29, 2002. The fact that

Americas Arab allies often express ...

Politics; Miscellaneous (Politics). > ~Myths about

Democrats; They hate Christians. ...

About They hate Christians. They hate

Christians. Invite a friend to rate ...

Click Here. [Ad]. What Is Behind The Hate

Christians Campaign? December 21, 2004. by Thomas D. Segel

Christ and the Faith have ...

true religion, christianity, articles. Liberals Hate

Christians. By Mark K. Lewis. religion, articles,

christianity, Recently I was having ...

Post, August 28, 2002. THEY HATE CHRISTIANS, TOO. by

Michael Freund. The fact that Americas Arab allies often

express ...

Why do Liberals hate christians? I

dont understand why most Liberals hate

christians. Republichick Member Joined: Sat Aug 28th, 2004.

15k true Your stupid statements give people a reason to hate

Christians. You said it is statements like that

which give people reasons to hate Christians. Why is

that? hate christians 0.377557 1

===

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66. **Alan Sondheim**

because they have been climbing you know in the swirling

Thu 3 Mar 2005

because they have been climbing you know in the swirling,
the results of the code, perhaps you meant this, but they
were particulate matter going nowhere and indecipherable
but i think even more than that

'i think more'

but they were swollen and swoling, swole. they were always
in motion and half determined and half trying to leave
the place and have not caring about leaving the place

<http://www.asondheim.org/swol.mov>

and for the movement of the cradle rocking and never dying or never the cessa-
tion of movement or the moving

=

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67. **Joe Brennan**

Set Up Of Syria Ignites Outrage At U.S.

Thu 3 Mar 2005

Click here: The Assassinated Press

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

Set Up Of Syria Ignites Outrage At U.S., France In Middle East: Bashar Assad Demands U.S. Vacate Iraq: "Its Academic Whether the CIA, MI5, The Mossad Or The French DRM Busted A Cap In Hariri, The Idea Is To Set Up Syria, "Scott McLellan Slips: The Same Folks That Brought You WMD/al-Qaeda In Iraq Spreading Lies About Syria: "Strength Of Euro, Enormous U.S. Debt Fuckin' With PNAC's Plans To Rule The World," Greenspan Testifies. "Afghanistan May Have Been Our Poland. And Iraq Our Czechoslovakia. But We Better Gobble Up Our 'France' Or Its A Shit Sandwich And a Lamppost For Cheney." By NEED LESLEY PRICKLEY & ANNA GRAM

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.

".....at a time when I am speaking to you about the paradox of desire -- in the sense that different goods obscure it -- you can hear outside the awful language of power. There's no point in asking whether they are sincere or hypocritical, whether they want peace or whether they calculate the risks. The dominating impression as such a moment is that something that may pass for a prescribed good; information addresses and captures impotent crowds to whom it is poured

forth like a liquor that leaves them dazed as they move toward the slaughter house.

One might even ask if one would allow the cataclysm to occur without first giving free reign to this hubbub of voices...."

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68. **Lewis LaCook**
from The Golden Path

Thu 3 Mar 2005

Morning ain't the opposite of nightfall. Ain't it?
Nope.

Shampoo hair and towel dry. Code runs around your day like a thorny bracelet. Just as dawn slides through Eastside streets, Mary's wet and moving thickly around me. Every moment with her feels like coming. I mistake, but only nick the insecurities. How are you? Snow bullets with billows all listened across a morning. I'm smiling because Mary loves me; I hugged the kids before school. So warm and full-up. Powders drowning the bridge. Nesting. More reactive/generative objects? My grammar is angles. The Ganges: marginally familiar. Not used to it yet. Not used to it yet. First thing that goes is the sex drive. I made the Kessel run in less than ten parsecs. Text gets me horny. Mary needs to sleep, not make love all night with me. There's a moment in which you understand that love is as real as this rich paneling, and you stand with a cup of chocolate coffee in the stream of new

morning light spilling from a window, and smile. Same light kissing curves on a bottle of body moisturizer. Light is a constant. The Alberta Clipper settles over the Northeastern portions of the United States.

Caleb says: "Don't you. Don't you drown in your scar tissue. Don't. Don't talk through a sluggish time snipped to ribbons by Mary's beauty. No-one's ever held you like that before. Don't you drown! "

=====

Lewis LaCook --> Poet-Programmer|||<http://www.lewislacook.com/>|||

Web Programmer|||<http://www.corporatepa.com/>|||

XanaxPop: Mobile Poem Blog-> <http://www.lewislacook.com/xanaxpop/>

Collective Writing Projects--> The Wiki--> <http://www.lewislacook.com/wiki/> Appendix M -> <http://www.lewislacook.com/AppendixM/>

Celebrate Yahoo!'s 10th Birthday!

Yahoo! Netrospective: 100 Moments of the Web

<http://birthday.yahoo.com/netrospective/>

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69. **Skip Fox**

Rochelle Owens's address

Thu 3 Mar 2005

Could someone please send me Rochelle Owens's snail mail address for this spring?

skip fox

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70. **Joseph Thomas**

Re: ASL Poetry

Thu 3 Mar 2005

I'm interested in this subject as well, in particular how ASL poetry becomes intermedial--a synthesis of dance, theater, and poetry. There are "translations" of English poems into sign, but there are (more interesting to me) poems original to ASL that employ

the elements unique to ASL to convey meaning, meaning that would be lost in a translation into the written or spoken word. Some poets, for instance, "rhyme" their ASL poems by employing words that have signed elements in common, as a sort of visual analogue to phonological rhymes in spoken or sight rhymes in written English. Plus, visual humor (especially of sexual and scatological variety) are common tropes.

Check out these sites for a start:

<http://www.georgetown.edu/research/i2/asl/>

<http://www.dawnsign.com/support/aslpoetry.html>

and this has some interesting links on it...

http://www.halfbakery.com/idea/Sign_20Language_20_22Poetry_22

Best,
Joseph

Celebrate Yahoo!'s 10th Birthday!

Yahoo! Netrospective: 100 Moments of the Web

<http://birthday.yahoo.com/netrospective/>

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71. **Robert Corbett**

Fwd: Is Poetry as amethodical, aformal as Philosophy; Or Thinking with Isaiah Berlin on Poetry, part 1

Thu 3 Mar 2005

Dear Poetics,

Am I talking to myself here? Or are you waiting for the promised next installment? I know at least Stroffolino has ideas about where I am going. And don't panic--the next installment is forthcoming.

Robert Corbett <[REDACTED]> wrote:

Date: Fri, 18 Feb 2005 16:18:21 -0800

From: Robert Corbett <[REDACTED]>

Subject: Is Poetry as amethodical,
aformal as Philosophy; Or Thinking with Isaiah Berlin on Poetry, part 1

To: [REDACTED]

This is another off-the-point discussion or really the beginning of a new thread, but I have provoked by some of the more dogmatic utterances here about what

poetry IS. I think practitioners have a certain investment in saying what it is and saying some forms are out of bounds. To a large degree, this is what the so-called new formalists do, and to a lesser degree, the LP and post-LP folks do. (Sorry, David Lehman, but you are just flat out wrong about the Last Avant-Garde.) We seem to have a rising generation that resists such statements, but there remains a distinct emphasis on method as synonymous with poetry--at least poetry that matters. (It is a peculiarity of our moment that the most radically formalist movement, LP, is thought of as formless by certain algorithms in the reviewing machine. The neo-formalists themselves should be called the Old Formalists, just as the New Critics were nothing but Johnson with a few misunderstood premises from Coleridge. "Just representations of general nature" covers the unexceptional work of both schools and misunderstood Coleridge gets you to the autotelic moment (subtly Christian) which has degraded into the dreaded epiphany of the final line.)

Berlin proposes that philosophy has no essential method and that it sloughs off as unnecessary two different kinds of labor: roughly the construable by experiment or observation, or the deductive by formal logic (starting with logic and mathematics and reading up into physics, though at the rarer altitudes there, there may be philosophy). The reasoning is that philosophy is simply what is the case and you only know by doing it and doing it in community (so the ranting of the Unabomber or the Imam or the Libertarian are not philosophy). Think about it: what is the subject of philosophy? Or better, where does it start and where does it end? Not here: other minds discussions can take place on Mars. Note to pragmatists: this is a more vigorous definition of philosophy, because y'all are too eager to render its work back into social policy or engineering or natural science or literature. It is in the Sellarsian tradition of "philosophy is, in general, how things hang together." Berlin, too, as historian of philosophy (but also a conceptual innovator, which is how Deleuze defines the work of philosophy), is conscious of the embeddedness of philosophic discourse and how its resistance (mental agony, for Berlin, creates the need for new philosophy) can bring about rebellion. This allies him with Derrida and Freud.

So under the influence of Berlin (ich bin berliner for the moment), I want to ask, how does Poetry compare to this definition of philosophy? And does defining Poetry this way solve or make go away the anxious question about what it does to language? I think it does and yet it does in a way that does delegitimize other definitions, presumably local. (I'll say more on that score in another email.)

The next installment will be a healthy selection of Berlin on philosophy as a-methodical. After that I will try to specify in more detail how poetry, in its way, is also a-methodical. I don't think of this as a critical therapy (fortunately, criticism is mostly about what something means and what are its effects, so not

recuperable by therapy community) but I do think it will help relieve anxiety and promote clear thinking.

Robert

I will discuss perfidy with scholars
as if spurning kisses, I will sip
the marble marrow of empire. I want sugar
but I shall never wear shame and if you
call that sophistry then what is Love?
- Lisa Robertson

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72. **furniture_press**

Portable is Alive! March 22 Reading

Thu 3 Mar 2005

To celebrate the resurrection of the Portable Reading Series, Michael Ball and I are hosting an open mic at Red Emma's in Baltimore City.

More to come later. For now, check out the site:

redemmas.org

Christophe Casamassima

www.towson.edu/~cacasama/furniture/poae

--

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73. **Ishaq**

Fanning the Fires of Racism and Murder

Thu 3 Mar 2005

an on going DIScourse in new palestine:

re: <http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2005/03/38651.php>

<http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2005/03/38686.php>

Fanning the Fires of Racism and Murder

<mailto: [REDACTED]>

this is the thinking of the totalitarian state-- you must be crazy or a fanatic to not believe in the functioning the machine -- extermination and oppression of the dissenters = those whom challenge the centres of power. ...i state my case and offer food for thought and thought is what you, and those whom you support, cannot stand and would like those readers and our youth to view them as 'extremist' or lost or misguided as do the totalitarians who are destroying this earth in their bid for mass globalisation.

Barbarians, savages, illiterate, ignorant Anarchists., men who cannot comprehend the spirit of our free American institutions," of these I am one"--August Vincent Theodore Spies, Autobiography of August Spies

"They [the imperialists] simply and instinctively attach to themselves any strong elevated feeling which is of service, fan it and feed it until it assumes fervor, and utilize it for their ends."[10]--Ivor Benson "Iran: Some Angles on the Islamic Revolution"

radhippie,

for shame shame shame shame shame if you can't think too -- this is not israel bashing as the notes from the overwhelmed and undercultured would imply. it is not your place to be the guardian of israel or morality of any fascist state which commits atrocities. if so why do you have "america watch" on the indie media? and rejoice in constant post which incite hatred of that country? because they are players in a large forum of murder and imperialism like israel. this is no different than the struggle in south africa against apartheid -- or would you call the journalist and artist who opposed the murders and racism of the country -- south africa bashing (eeers)?

radhippocrite,

your behavior clearly shows that you are in support of the extremism and fanaticism which is out there in governments, big business and using the power they have to bully peoples, dis-story (destroy) the characters and lives of those peoples who stand against oppression. to try and compromise my integrity is a yet a new low. to take a position of the few who hold power and bully people for standing up, to incite conspiracies of fear against them as 'different' or to be feared is an old trick like the cry of witch was during the the extremism of the salem witch hunt or the 1950's red scare which drove many of our writers, actors and journalist into ruin and even suicide;

"Conspiracies of 'the few' seeking their advantage at the expense of the community as a whole have always, of course, been endemic in human society; but very different were the usurpations of 'the few' in the last century, which drew many of the nations of Europe into an insane rivalry for conquest and

possession in Africa, Asia and elsewhere. Sectional interests in society -- in this case big business and high finance -- like a cancer in the human body, prosper while society as a whole suffers."

you can't argue as to why the posts (" Mossad Murders Former Lebanese PM in Carbon Copy of 1979 Assassination " by Joe Quinn and "I never saw such fear" by Rachel Shabi of the ukgaurdian) were hidden so once again you imply that there is a deeper "darker" force at work, as does the u.s. -- that all those who criticise them or are against them or who appear to be or support muslims or feel the oppression of these peoples and others are unjust are "extremist", lost, misdirected? or those who criticise israel plotting the construction of extermination camps

this is the thinking of the totalitarian state-- u must be crazy or a fanatic to not beleive in the functioning the machine -- extermination and oppression of the dessenters = those whom challenge the centres of power.

it seems that it ok when the evil is projected onto blacks, muslim countries (or as you have done turn a blind eye to the atrocities of the murder of natives in your own city) so they me be set up as inhuman and in need of 'liberation' = slaughter and coloniazion (maybe a crack pipe and a larger juvinal detentioncn-tre and more closed schools) -- however, not when attention is placed on what "israel" a place with nuclear armamant? a place who has kidnapped and imprisoned people for exposong this fact -- a place which oppresses it's black and other nonwhite jews? and place with slave labour? a place which has murdered 'activist" and children... and you dare try and collate the exposing of these atrocities as "extremism" = a muslim or islam or just nigger shit?

you implying that these peoples or myself are/am extremist can land us in jail. get us tortured, restrict our movements or have us killed. your pointing the finger can only get you promoted and employed with the state.

rad, this hippiecracy -- you are a bigot on the stealth and you don't like this idea of this voice and the rising voices and you don't like muslims so you have this issue of "israel" and alarmism to fall in line with the propoganda machine of hatred and lies and presecution. you are inline with those evils who would project evils onto those who attach humanism onto peoples who are objectified in the media as assasins, gangsters, murderers, fanatics and "extremicist". is is easier to kill them or watch them die. like blacks and natives when you take away thier humanity and say there actions taken against those very people are for humanitarion reasons and the greater good of western civility.

by your own admission, you cannot find a legitimate reason to hide the articles Mossad Murders Former Lebanese PM in Carbon Copy of 1979 Assassination " by Joe Quinn and "I never saw such fear" by Rachel Shabi of the ukgaurdian). you are no better than the mainstream facist media who fire journalist, supress

information and even turn a blind eye to the slaughter of those who stand up against the lies -- like gary webb and your hero hunter s thompson, jean genet, all the arab journalist murdered by the us and massad, the susan sontags who discussed the TRU responsibilities of the writer in standing up to oppression,

"Nobody has to be a writer. Print culture may be under siege, but there has been an enormous inflation in the number of books printed, and very few of these could be considered part of literature. ... Unlike what has been said here before, for me the primary obligation is human solidarity."-- Susan Sontag 1933 - 2004

<http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2004/12/36215.php>

at least i have been, i have known and am in good company. i can't say the same for you.

rad hippy you are bigot and are using the same tools to stand by the oppression and murder of peoples currently under the gun.

your excuse it to discredit the poster and imply they are "extremist"? and project fear and fanaticism on them.

this is nasty radhippie.

you clearly have stated that is nothing wrong with the post (s) -- the fear the silencing and the manipulation of the people and their perception of the issues and the peoples -- are all what you are projecting on them as you use this indie media to attack the character of poster and the posts you have the intelligence or courage to confront so instead you project fear on to the posters and articles which challenge the centres of power.

Writes Hobson in a prefatory note:

"Those readers who hold that a well-balanced judgment consists in always finding as much in favor of any political course as against it will be discontented with the treatment given here. For the study is distinctly one of social pathology, and no endeavor is made to disguise the nature of the disease."[6]

The social pathology of which Hobson writes is the debasement of politics, especially the politics of nationalism, by what he calls "Special interests," financial in character, which promote policies inconsistent with the interests of the community. In other words, the peoples of the colonizing and imperialist countries of Europe were the victims rather than the beneficiaries of aggressively acquisitive policies conducted all over the world in their name."-- ibid

you see radhippie i don't infer or imply -- i present facts -- food for thought. i don't act like a gossip in a circle of hens dropping weighted terms against an individual watching how far the broken telephone effect will send its distortion in the willful destruction of a human being or beings -- i state my case and offer

food for thought and thought is what you, and those whom you support, cannot stand and would like those readers and our youth to view them as 'extremist' or lost or misguided as do the totalitarians who are destroying this earth in their bid for mass globalisation.

"The conversation among writers that takes place in the last 20 years is for the most part just like the conversation of any other professional people on the make. They could just as well be advertising executives or businesspeople, or anything else. They talk about income and they talk about the comforts or lack of comforts of their personal lives, and -- but that's a kind of -- if I think back on my own life, the single most amazing phenomenon is the discrediting of idealism."--Susan Sontag, 1933-2004

<http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2004/12/36252.php>

Barbarians, savages, illiterate, ignorant Anarchists., men who cannot comprehend the spirit of our free American institutions," of these I am one" August Vincent Theodore Spies, Autobiography of August Spies

http://www.world-crisis.com/analysis_comments/766_0_15_0_C/

<http://www.guardian.co.uk/israel/Story/0%2C2763%2C1418894%2C00.html>

http://www.signs-of-the-times.org/signs/hariri_mossad.htm

<http://victoria.indymedia.org/comment.php?top_id=38686>

___\

Stay Strong\

\

"Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor" \

--Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)\

\

"This mathematical rhythmical mechanism enhances my wisdom\

of Islam, keeps me calm from doing you harm, when I attack, it's Vietnam"\

--HellRazah\

\

"It's not too good to stay in a white man's country too long"\

--Mutabartuka\

\

"As for we who have decided to break the back of colonialism, \

our historic mission is to sanction all revolts, all desperate \

actions, all those abortive attempts drowned in rivers of blood." \

- Frantz Fanon\

\

"Everyday is Ashura and every land is Kerbala"\

-Imam Ja'far Sadiq\

```
\
http://www.sleepybrain.net/vanilla.html\
\
http://www.world-crisis.com/analysis_comments/766_0_15_0_C/\
\
http://ilovepoetry.com/search.asp?keywords=braithwaite&orderBy=date\
\
http://www.lowliferecords.co.uk/\
\
}
```

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74. **Poetry Project**

Events at the Poetry Project 3/5-3/9

Thu 3 Mar 2005

Saturday, March 5, 1:00 pm A Tribute to Jackson Mac Low A tribute to the much-loved and much-missed poet, composer, and performer, a long-time friend of the Poetry Project and one of the most significant American artists of recent decades, who died in Manhattan on December 8, aged 82. This event will take place in the Sanctuary, is free and open to the public, and will include dance, performance, music, readings, films, and a reception to follow in the Parish Hall.

Monday, March 7, 6:00 pm Seventh Annual Urban Word NYC Teen Poetry Slam One of the preliminary rounds of Urban Word's Seventh Annual Teen Poetry Slam, where a panel of five judges will determine which poets move on to the next level. Teenagers from each borough, crossing most ethnic and socio-economic boundaries, will participate. The annual event is open to any teenager between the ages of 13 and 19. A grassroots, non-profit arts-education organization, Urban Word NYC uses the competitive format of the Teen Poetry Slam to bring a community of teenagers together through their love of poetry and spoken word. [\$5 adults, \$3 students]

Wednesday, March 9, 8:00 pm Steve Benson & Brandon Downing Steve Benson's books include *As Is*, *Blindspots*, *Blue Book*, *Roaring Spring*, and *Open Clothes*, just out from Atelos. His recent work appears in *War & Peace*, *Markszine*, *Antennae*, *Primary Writing*, and *Tolling Elves*. His renowned public readings often offer some kind of oral improvisational performance process as ³live² composition. Originally from the San Francisco Bay Area, Brandon Downing has lived in New York since 2000. A photographer and collagist, his poetry collections include *The Shirt Weapon* and the forthcoming *Dark Brandon* (from Faux Press).

The WINTER CALENDAR: <http://www.poetryproject.com/calendar.html>

The Poetry Project is located at St. Mark's Church-in-the-Bowery

131 East 10th Street at Second Avenue

New York City 10003

Trains: 6, F, N, R, and L.



www.poetryproject.com

Admission is \$8, \$7 for students/seniors and \$5 for members (though now those who take out a membership at \$85 or higher will get in FREE to all regular readings).

We are wheelchair accessible with assistance and advance notice. For more info call

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75. **Stephen Vincent**

Current on the Blog

Thu 3 Mar 2005

Blog: <http://stephenvincent.durationpress.com>

"Crossing the Millennium, 1999" continues it's daybook entries a pace with the present - unfortunately the image upload is not working, so hopefully, only briefly I am back to text only. However, scrolling down between Feb 25 and 28th, there are photos with text. The interplay with image, I like. As always, I enjoy your comments.

Stephen Vincent

*

March 2, 1999

So much of the search is private; to seek the image (the table saw) that speaks to the day or yesterday. What one sees may die out of habit, out of repetition. A corner mailbox, for example, when it is new the fresh blue paint, its slightly hulking shape -- commands the corner. Several years hence, unpainted, it still stands, useful, but - unless one of its legs is bent under, crushed by a car, or an edge of its faded blue surface is oddly textured by an abstract, dark rust - it's hardly worth a photograph. It's become dead to the eye.

Or, to say it another way, when something becomes common, it is ignored the way one might ignore eternity as common, boring. It's only after an object disappears into another kind of eternity that it becomes cherished as an object with an aura, such as an old, cleaned-up telephone or typewriter.

We, too, as they say, will be more cherished dead than alive.

The real point is to find an object, that thing in the day that ignites the eye, unveils the unconscious, that speaks a companionship in the material world. The table saw. It's twirling blade. The fertile shriek into the wood. Two cats while mating. The insemination. The shock. Let's go running.

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76. **Hoerman, Michael A**
Vispo at Harvard, a field report

Thu 3 Mar 2005

"Infinity" at the Dudley House at Harvard was a blast. The wine. The heels. The denim. Oh my. And visual poetry, too. (

<<http://www.fas.harvard.edu/~dudley/fellows/lit/Infinity/VP-main.htm>> Link to online exhibition)

<<http://carbonator.blogspot.com/>> Nick Carbo

<<http://www.geocities.com/Comprepoetica/Blog/Bloghome.html>> Denise Duhamel

Bob Grumman

<<http://dbqp.blogspot.com/>> Geof Huth

<<http://makura-no-soshi.blogspot.com/>> Shin Yu Pai

<<http://nickpiombino.blogspot.com/>> Nick Piombino

+37 others (including two of my works)

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

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77. **Jim Andrews**
Re: xStream #27 online

Fri 4 Mar 2005

Very impressive work, Jukka.

ja

<http://vispo.com>

xStream #27 is now online !

Please check from

<http://xstream.xpressed.org>

Available both as a free PDF and as a paperback.

More information on the website.

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78. **Jukka-Pekka Kervinen**

xStream #27 online

Fri 4 Mar 2005

xStream #27 is now online !

Please check from

<http://xstream.xpressed.org>

Available both as a free PDF and as a paperback.

More information on the website.

Hope you enjoy !

Sincerely,

Jukka-Pekka Kervinen

Editor

<http://xstream.xpressed.org>

email: [REDACTED]

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79. **steve potter**

Re: Is Poetry as amethodical....

Fri 4 Mar 2005

Hi Robert,

Don't know that any of this answers your post exactly, but you got me to thinking and here's what I thought.....

"The test of poetry is the range of pleasure it affords as sight, sound, and intellection. This is its purpose as art...." Louis Zukofsky, preface to "A Test of Poetry"

I think that's it exactly. Anytime the discussion about what poetry is strays too far from a discussion of the range of pleasure in sight, sound and intellection a particular work provides, it tends not to be a discussion about poetry anymore.

Maybe Pound had something similar in mind when he said, "poetry begins to atrophy when it gets too far from music." I often wonder when I encounter hardcore poetic polemicists and dogmatists if they actually even like poetry at all. They seem to be involved in something else that maybe runs parallel....

The measure for me is whether or not a poem, or book of poems, once read becomes one of those that I return to again and again. Two books I return to often, two which consistently afford great pleasure, are Lisa Jarnot's "Some Other Kind of Mission" and Marie Ponsot's "The Bird Catcher."

I guess that makes me a member of the rising new generation of poets who resist statements from either side of the divide you mentioned because these books are as different as can be on the surface. The first is very contemporary, post-language containing stuff like this:

"After nightmare we had contact. at your torso in the grain. it may have been a hanging song. beside the truck on morehead road. miles of shredded pig. i sent them roadmaps, documents, and firs..."

The second is traditional formalism:

"Evening falls. Someone's playing a dulcimer
Northampton-style, on the porch out back.
Its voice touches and parts the air of summer..."

But both provide the pleasure of sight, sound and intellection that keep me coming back to re-experience them.

Poetry is a big playground and there is lots to do. If you like the swings, go ride the swings. If you like the slide, go play on the slide. If you're like me, you'll slide awhile, then swing awhile, then imagine a slide that swings or a swing that slides. To those who continue to stand there between them arguing which is better let me remind you, recess will end soon and you'll have to go back to class without having played at all....

Steve Potter

>-----

>

>Date: Thu, 3 Mar 2005 14:40:51 -0800

>From: Robert Corbett <[REDACTED]>

>Subject: Fwd: Is Poetry as amethodical, aformal as Philosophy; Or

>Thinking with Isaiah Berlin on Poetry, part 1

>

>Dear Poetics,

>

>Am I talking to myself here? Or are you waiting for the promised next
>installment? I know at least Stroffolino has ideas about where I am going.

> And don't panic--the next installment is forthcoming.

>

>Robert Corbett <[REDACTED]> wrote:

>Date: Fri, 18 Feb 2005 16:18:21 -0800

>From: Robert Corbett <[REDACTED]>

>Subject: Is Poetry as amethodical,

>aformal as Philosophy; Or Thinking with Isaiah Berlin on Poetry, part 1

>To: [REDACTED]

>

>This is another off-the-point discussion or really the beginning of a new
>thread, but I have provoked by some of the more dogmatic utterances here
>about what poetry IS. I think practitioners have a certain investment in
>saying what it is and saying some forms are out of bounds. To a large
>degree, this is what the so-called new formalists do, and to a lesser
>degree, the LP and post-LP folks do. (Sorry, David Lehman, but you are just
>flat out wrong about the Last Avante-Garde.) We seem to have a rising
>generation that resists such statements, but there remains a distinct
>emphasis on method as synonymous with poetry--at least poetry that matters.
>(It is a peculiarity of our moment that the most radically formalist
>movement, LP, is thought of a formless by certain algorithms in the
>reviewing machine. The neo-formalists themselves should be called the Old
>Formalists, just as the New Critics were nothing but Johnson with a few
>misunderstood premises from Coleridge. "Just
>representations of general nature" covers the unexceptional work of both
>schools and misunderstood Coleridge gets you to the autotelic moment
>(subtly Christian) which has degraded into the dreaded epiphany of the
>final line.)

>

>Berlin proposes that philosophy has no essential method and that it sloughs
>off as unnecessary two different kinds of labor: roughly the construable by
>experiment or observation, or the deductive by formal logic (starting with
>logic and mathematics and reading up into physics, though at the rarer
>altitudes there, there may be philosophy). The reasoning is that philosophy
>is simply what is the case and you only know by doing it and doing it in
>community (so the ranting of the Unabomber or the Imam or the Libertarian
>are not philosophy). Think about it: what is the subject of philosophy?
>Or better, where does it start and where does it end? Not here: other minds
>discussions can take place on Mars. Note to pragmatists: this is a more
>vigorous definition of philosophy, because y'all are too eager to render
>its work back into social policy or engineering or natural science or
>literature. It is in the Sellarsian tradition of "philosophy is, in
>general, how things hang
>together." Berlin, too, as historian of philosophy (but also a conceptual
>innovator, which is how Deleuze defines the work of philosophy), is
>conscious of the embeddedness of philosophic discourse and how it
>resistance (mental agony, for Berlin, creates the need for new philosophy)
>can bring about rebellion. This allies him with Derrida and Freud.

>

>So under the influence of Berlin (ich bin berliner for the moment), I want
>to ask, how does Poetry compare to this definition of philosophy? And does
>defining Poetry this way solve or make go away the anxious question about

>what it does to language? I think it does and yet it does in a way that
>does delegitimate other definitions, presumably local. (I'll say more on
>that score in another email.)
>
>The next installment will be a healthy selection of Berlin on philosophy as
>a-methodical. After that I will try to specify in more detail how poetry,
>in its way, is also a-methodical. I don't think of this a critical therapy
>(fortunately, criticism is mostly about what something means and what are
>its effects, so not recuperable by therapy community) but I do think it
>will help relieve anxiety and promote clear thinking.
>
>Robert
>
>
>____
>
>I will discuss perfidy with scholars
>as if spurning kisses, I will sip
>the marble marrow of empire. I want sugar
>but I shall never wear shame and if you
>call that sophistry then what is Love?
>- Lisa Robertson
>

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80. **Dan Waber**
[poem] Dear Poet Son
Fri 4 Mar 2005

4/61

Echo = Dear Poet Son, two good words recently come to mind: sough,
verdigris. Love, Mom

Source = The complete text of an actual email from my mother, Marlea J.
Waber

Dear Poet Son

Letters from my mother sometimes start, "Dear
Long Lost Son," or "Dear Too Busy Poet,"
or "Dear Stranger Rumored To Be My Son."

It's her way of applying guilt in two
coats, but it makes a grown-man son feel good

to know he's missed. Sometimes there are more words
in the Dear-line than the note. Recently
she wrote: "Dear Number One Son Who Can't Come
To Visit His Only Mother, Come to
see me before I die. Love, Mom." Zen mind
or artist mind, I only know the sough
that patinates my lines, turns verdigris
my copper coinages, and thrums my love
of word play is the non-stop song of Mom.

Dan Waber

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81. **Richard Jeffrey Newman**

***Re: Is Poetry as amethodical, aformal as Philosophy; Or Thinking
with Isaiah Berlin on Poetry, part 1***

Fri 4 Mar 2005

Robert--

I don't know enough about Berlin to say much about whether his analysis of philosophy applies to poetry, but you use two different expressions to characterize his ideas about this and the distinction between them provides for me a kind of inroad to this discussion. First you say that Berlin "proposes that philosophy has no essential method" and then later in your post you say that the next installment will "be a healthy selection of Berlin on philosophy as a-methodical." For me, and maybe this is my own misunderstanding of the terms, saying there is "no essential method" is not the same thing as saying something is "a-methodical;" the first suggests that there may be a multiplicity of methods, all of which are valid and none of which are true or right in any absolute sense, while the second suggests that method itself is antithetical to whatever it is that is being described as "a-methodical."

That poetry has no essential method--if by method we mean compositional techniques that may or may not grow out of particular theories of language--ought to be, I would argue, self-evident. Just look at the myriad varieties of poetry that have been written throughout history, that are being written in this century, and each one of those poetries, perhaps even each one of the individual poems, has a method attached to it; and each method, to the degree that it produces something recognized as poetry, is valid. Groups of poets and critics and theorists, or whomever, may decide that they need to define their methods as preferable or better or more real, or whatever, as compared to the methods of others, but those definitions are politically motivated and are ultimately about privileging a particular politics as it is, in their opinion, embodied in and

promulgated by a particular kind of poetry. The arguments that ensue from competing definitions result in a whole lot of masturbatory self-indulgence, it is true, and, as often as not, in a sense on the part of those who are arguing that the stakes are a great deal higher than they really are, but these arguments also result in new poetries, each with its own method(s) and so on.

I am reminded of a discussion I took part in at the college where I teach where the relative desirability of different instructional methods was being debated and where those of my colleagues who were advocating the "active learning" approach to teaching--lots of group work and student-centered activity--were having a great time listing the failings not only of the teacher-centered, lecture-based classroom, but also of lecturing per se. When I pointed out that I learned more about how to read texts critically, how to navigate the relationships between and among texts, from the absolutely teacher-centered Talmud classes I had to take when I was in yeshiva, the active-learning people did not know what to say. My point was that methods, in and of themselves, as pure procedures, are politically and ideologically neutral in that they can be used by people of all political stripes to further their own political agendas. The same, it seems to me, is true of poetry, and the poets I have known and most respected as teachers--not necessarily as writers--are those who have been agnostic, which made them all the more inclusive in their perspectives, about the different methods that poets use to create poems.

Richard

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82. **Chris Stroffolino**

Re: [polemics] Dear Poet Son

Fri 4 Mar 2005

&

If she talks your head off about how she's a failure
while she's slaving away as a night geriatric nurse
to try, in some small way, to help you have an opportunity she didn't have,
don't try to convince her that Christmas is a bourgeois holiday
or feel ridiculously self-consciously ashamed to call her
on mother's day to tell her you love her
(for it may be the last time you talk to her).

(just speaking from personal experience)

Polemically yours,

Apu

>From: Dan Waber <[REDACTED]>

>To: [REDACTED]
>Subject: [poem] Dear Poet Son
>Date: Fri, Mar 4, 2005, 5:06 AM
>

4/61

*Echo = Dear Poet Son, two good words recently come to mind: sough,
verdigris. Love, Mom*

*Source = The complete text of an actual email from my mother, Marlea
J. Waber*

Dear Poet Son

*Letters from my mother sometimes start, "Dear
Long Lost Son," or "Dear Too Busy Poet,"
or "Dear Stranger Rumored To Be My Son."*

*It's her way of applying guilt in two
coats, but it makes a grown-man son feel good
to know he's missed. Sometimes there are more words
in the Dear-line than the note. Recently
she wrote: "Dear Number One Son Who Can't Come
To Visit His Only Mother, Come to
see me before I die. Love, Mom." Zen mind
or artist mind, I only know the sough
that patinates my lines, turns verdigris*

*my copper coinages, and thrums my love
of word play is the non-stop song of Mom.*

Dan Waber

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83. **Camille Martin**
contact for Beth Garrison?

Fri 4 Mar 2005

Does anyone have a current email or mail address for Beth Garrison (publisher until recently of Potes & Poets Press)?

Camille

Camille Martin
7712 Cohn St., Apt. A
New Orleans, LA 70118
[REDACTED]

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84. **alexander saliby**
Re: [polemics] Dear Poet Son

Fri 4 Mar 2005

Or if...
she was a control freak monster bitch
cold and calculating
manipulator
who subjected you and your sibs
to her verbal abuse
all the seventy years of her adult life
and who
simultaneously sweet talked to strangers
ridiculing you and yours
and you were delighted when she died,
feel no guilt
at your joy of her passing...
Say rather, "Dear Mom, Glad you're gone."

Alex

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

From: Chris Stroffolino<mailto:[REDACTED]>

To: [REDACTED]<mailto:[REDACTED]>

Sent: Friday, March 04, 2005 7:58 AM

Subject: Re: [polemics] Dear Poet Son

&

If she talks your head off about how she's a failure
while she's slaving away as a night geriatric nurse
to try, in some small way, to help you have an opportunity she didn't have,
don't try to convince her that Christmas is a bourgeois holiday
or feel ridiculously self-consciously ashamed to call her
on mother's day to tell her you love her
(for it may be the last time you talk to her).

(just speaking from personal experience)

Polemically yours,

Apu

>From: Dan Waber <[REDACTED]<mailto:[REDACTED]>>

>To: [REDACTED]<mailto:[REDACTED]>

>Subject: [poem] Dear Poet Son

>Date: Fri, Mar 4, 2005, 5:06 AM

>

4/61

*Echo = Dear Poet Son, two good words recently come to mind: sough,
verdigris. Love, Mom*

*Source = The complete text of an actual email from my mother, Marlea
J. Waber*

Dear Poet Son

*Letters from my mother sometimes start, "Dear
Long Lost Son," or "Dear Too Busy Poet,"
or "Dear Stranger Rumored To Be My Son."*

*It's her way of applying guilt in two
coats, but it makes a grown-man son feel good
to know he's missed. Sometimes there are more words
in the Dear-line than the note. Recently
she wrote: "Dear Number One Son Who Can't Come
To Visit His Only Mother, Come to
see me before I die. Love, Mom." Zen mind
or artist mind, I only know the sough
that patinates my lines, turns verdigris*

*my copper coinages, and thrums my love
of word play is the non-stop song of Mom.*

Dan Waber

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85. **Thomas savage**

Re: The Gates poem

Fri 4 Mar 2005

The Gates Last Stand or Gasp?

Four days after these
Flags of no country
Were scheduled to come down
Some are still standing
Along "museum mile"
Between Met and Guggenheim.
Were these left as a hint
By Christo and Jeanne-Claude?

One no longer believes
In coincidences here in NYC
No landmark status for them
If they're still up somewhere
Because it takes two weeks
To take them all down.
Two weeks to put up;
Two weeks officially up;
Two weeks to bring down.
Orange flags of no country
But a small free state still flapping
These moments in
The cold, gasping air.

Tom Savage 3/3/05

Steve Dalachinsky <[REDACTED]> wrote:

pointless

a men

lunch was much better

chris and i talked poetry &

business

&

integrity

how money is a gate

that filters

thru

our fingers

how saffron is really

orANGE tho we

are made to believe it's

saffron

because money tells us it

is so

i had not written a formal gates

poem but

now i have i un(i)-

form(er)ly done

so

the gates formerly known as

the gates

saffron formerly known as

stop emergency construction dead
end.

our lives always on orange alert
these
days.

Do You Yahoo!?

Tired of spam? Yahoo! Mail has the best spam protection around
<http://mail.yahoo.com>

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86. **kevin thurston**

Re: The retarded Gates poem of the day

Fri 4 Mar 2005

the most prominent manifestation of a recent trend in art:
the christos
brought land art
to the masses
like macy's is to barney's
(always a few years late)

On Fri, 4 Mar 2005 08:41:59 -0800, Thomas savage <[REDACTED]> wrote:

> The Gates Last Stand or Gasp?

>

> Four days after these

> Flags of no country

> Were scheduled to come down

> Some are still standing

> Along "museum mile"

> Between Met and Guggenheim.

> Were these left as a hint

> By Christo and Jeanne-Claude?

> One no longer believes

> In coincidences here in NYC

>

> No landmark status for them

> If they're still up somewhere

> Because it takes two weeks

> To take them all down.

> Two weeks to put up;

> Two weeks officially up;

> Two weeks to bring down.
> Orange flags of no country
> But a small free state still flapping
> These moments in
> The cold, gasping air.
>
> Tom Savage 3/3/05
>
> Steve Dalachinsky <[REDACTED]> wrote:
> pointless
> a men
> lunch was much better
> chris and i talked poetry &
> business
> &
> integrity
> how money is a gate
> that filters
> thru
> our fingers
> how saffron is really
> orANGE tho we
> are made to believe it's
> saffron
> because money tells us it
> is so
> i had not written a formal gates
> poem but
> now i have i un(i)-
> form(er)ly done
> so
>
> the gates formerly known as
> the gates
> saffron formerly known as
> stop emergency construction dead
> end.
>
> our lives always on orange alert
> these
> days.
>

> _____
> Do You Yahoo!?
> Tired of spam? Yahoo! Mail has the best spam protection around
> http://mail.yahoo.com
>
--
i'm like frank o'hara--without the friends

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87. **Camille Martin**
beth garrison contact redux
Fri 4 Mar 2005

thanks to those who wrote me with beth garrison's email address:

██████████

unfortunately, this address is no longer valid. does anyone have a mail address for her?

camille

Camille Martin
7712 Cohn St., Apt. A
New Orleans, LA 70118
██████████

[↑ Contents](#)

88. **austinwja**
Re: Geoffrey Gatza's A Pod Person
Fri 4 Mar 2005

In a message dated 3/2/05 3:00:42 AM, ██████████ writes:

<< So is David Baratier, when you come right down to it. You don't hear from them in ages, and suddenly they're back promising the sun and the moon! And another Pod person (that Austin fellow) is welcoming them back! Well, they don't have everyone fooled on this list. Jesse >>

Wait a minute, I thought I was merely a suspected pod person. When did I get promoted? Hi Jesse. Don't trip over that oozing husk at your feet. Ha! Best, Bill

WilliamJamesAustin.com
KojaPress.com

Amazon.com
BarnesandNobel.com

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89. **Alan Sondheim**

rarely does an informal moment embrace the numinous

Fri 4 Mar 2005

rarely does an informal moment embrace the numinous azure and i had corresponded for months and finally she was arriving i photographed the plane coming in around five in the morning neither of us had any sleep and this was our first close meeting she came and is still here after six years

i knew when i was photographing the plane i was taking it
awkwardly i also embraced the moment and its eternal memory
a tourist destination or sight among personal histories

the plane taxiing to the gate
nothing was open in the airport and i had been there for hours
it was an early saturday morning of sometime
i remember having to teach the same day among disinterested students
everyone had their personal tales

back to the photograph the creation of a minor history that is what i call personal it will die with me it will be only the picture of a plane the plane at a particular angle to the gate and only the plane

someone on the plane was coming to meet me and others on the plane the others were coming to meet others perhaps not as propitious or perhaps equally so or perhaps in the dwelling of mourning

<http://www.asondheim.org/punctum.gif>

i had misplaced the image and found it on a forlorn isolated floppy it would play from the camera through the floppy into the computer it would be revived the newborn image greeting the light of day or of night or of dusk or dawn or liminal when the image was taken when the image perhaps took me with it and then lost itself or i had misplaced it as i already said here is the plane again

here is the plane again and again and again
it is the picture of someone on the plane and the plane
it is the plane of someone the someone-plane coming forward
the someone-plane coming forward to the gate
where i am at the gate waiting to make history a personal history
or a minor history waiting

or just to greet someone and awkward with the camera in my hand
hardly seeing neither seeing or seeing hardly

any minor history, any punctum, any someone waiting, any someone
and any plane taxiing and any plane arriving and arriving
and arriving and again and arriving and again

--

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90. **Timothy Yu**

Racist Abuse / Why I Am Leaving the Poetics List

Fri 4 Mar 2005

I was stunned last week to find an apparently serious discussion going on over this list over whether the term "Jap" should be used in polite company--a discussion that has been accompanied by all of the ignorance, "eye-rolling," juvenile humor, and outright racism that I have come to expect when such topics appear on the Poetics list.

"Jap" is, of course, a term of racist abuse. The idea that it is harmless because it is merely a "shortening" of "Japanese" is a canard: terms become racist not because of anything inherent in them but because of the history of their use. It is racist precisely because of its indiscriminate use as a label that dehumanizes anyone perceived (correctly or incorrectly) to be a member of a particular racial group; witness the Korean American families (described in Ronald Takaki's *Strangers from a Different Shore*) greeted in California during WWII with signs that read "Japs go home." And yes, it is still in wide use today.

But I really have no interest in dignifying this "debate"--one whose relevance to poetics I simply cannot grasp--with any other contributions. Instead, I want to explain why it is the last of a series of factors that have led me to conclude that I can no longer remain a member of this mailing list.

As an Asian American, I often have the (dubious) privilege of being able to "pass" in everyday life, with my race unremarked upon on the street or in my workplace. There are moments, however, when this is not possible--when I become aware (often uncomfortably) that I am a racial minority. I am saddened, and more than a bit shocked, to realize that over the past few years, it is on the Poetics list itself that I have most frequently experienced this awareness of my own race--of being, as it were, the only Asian American in the room. Frankly, the Poetics list is still dominated by the voices of white men; other voices are rarely heard, and when they are, they tend to be ignored or shouted down.

The crude discussions of race that have characterized the list of late are, to my mind, the final symptoms of the death of the Poetics list's ideal: that of a truly

inclusive forum for the entire community of those committed to avant-garde poetry and poetics. I use the term community quite purposefully here. For me, as, I imagine, for many others, one of the major reasons for remaining a list member, year after year, was that sense of remaining in touch with others deeply engaged with poetry--in particular, with kinds of poetry that might receive little attention in the classroom or major publishing venues. Locally, one might glimpse that poetics community at a lone reading series or bookstore; academically, one might see it only at a sparsely attended conference panel; but the Poetics list was, in theory at least, a place where a much larger, national, and even international community could exist.

Clearly that vision of the Poetics list is no longer viable. That's in part due to some of the factors cited back in January, when Bruce Andrews suggested a restructuring of the list's digest form. Far from a forum for active discussion, the list has now largely become a bulletin board, dominated by announcements, as well as a medium for several members to post daily installments of ongoing projects. Those are perfectly valid functions, but they are largely static and unidirectional, and would probably be better served by a website or a weekly newsletter. mIEKAL aND made something like this point at the end of January, when he wondered whether "a listserv as a tool for organizing community has become somewhat outdated, especially when such large numbers are involved." In a way, the Poetics list has become a victim of its own success: its membership (and the community it serves) has grown so large that reasoned conversation is overwhelmed by the sheer volume of information traveling over the listserv.

It's no surprise, then, that large segments of the community no longer actively participate in the list. Many of the founding members have moved on to other forums, and many younger poets pay no attention to the list at all. But the list membership remains quite large. The result is the worst of both worlds: a forum that feels impersonal and anonymous, yet with an increasingly narrow spectrum of active participants.

Members of this list have been sharply divided about the value of newer forums for discussion, such as poetry blogs; the number of posts ridiculing or dismissing blogs is probably marginally outnumbered by those by members promoting their own blogs. I am, occasionally, the author of a blog myself. While blogs have many of their own drawbacks--most notably, in this context, a sense of decentralization that can make it difficult for many people to participate in a single conversation--I have observed that discussions on poetry blogs are far more civil and inclusive (and, I think, productive) than anything I have seen on the Poetics list in recent years. Poetry bloggers seem a far more diverse group, not just in their interests and aesthetics but along lines of race and gender. While I almost never see Asian Americans posting to the Poetics list (even when they

are the subjects of racist attack), I know many, many Asian American poets who post to blogs quite regularly and eloquently. This enrichment of the ranks of experimental poets--more women, more young writers, more writers of color--is a development to which the Poetics list has been utterly deaf, and even, it would seem, actively hostile.

I have to say a few words about the particular ways in which Asians get talked about on this list, which I would argue has everything to do with the peculiar, at times even pathological, relationship American poetry has with Asian culture. For the past hundred years (and longer), Asian cultural influences have played a role in some of the most significant breakthroughs in American poetry, from Pound and Moore to Rexroth, Ginsberg and Snyder. But for some American writers, this fascination has become a kind of appropriation--a claim to insider knowledge of Asian culture that turns the West into the privileged interpreter of the meanings of the East. The insidious implications of this dynamic are evident from discussions on this list, where members defend stereotyped and even racist images of Asians by pointing to their own personal experiences in Asia. It's a gesture that's particularly frustrating for Asian Americans, who often find themselves being treated as merely attenuated examples of "real" Asians (as opposed to an ethnic group with a particular history in the U.S.) and lectured on the true meaning of Asian culture by white men who have traveled to Asia. (It's not the resident of China or Japan who is most likely to be affected by an ethnic slur, but the person of Asian ancestry in the U.S.) As more and more young Asian American writers appear on the scene, the American avant-garde is going to have to reevaluate the terms of its romance with Asia.

In last week's discussions, one list member noted that he was operating on the discussion that no one on this list is a racist. After the many, many incidents of anti-Asian rhetoric I have seen here, I fear that I can no longer be so confident about that sentiment. For me, the costs of remaining a member of the Poetics list have come to outweigh the benefits.

Perhaps my remarks will lead to a serious discussion about the purpose and politics of this list; perhaps not. For my part, I will no longer be a participant in it. Once I have sent this message, I will

Tim Yu
<http://tympan.blogspot.com>

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91. **Irving Weiss**

Bouts-rimés

Fri 4 Mar 2005

Where did I see a submissions requested posting several months ago for bouts-rimés?

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92. **Libbie Rifkin**

Re: The retarded Gates poem of the day

Fri 4 Mar 2005

I'm less than a lurker on this list and this is not a poetics point, but I had to write and say that as a mother of a developmentally disabled 2 year-old, I'm stung whenever I see the word "retarded," especially as a subject header on this list.

For what it's worth.

Libbie Rifkin

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

From: UB Poetics discussion group on behalf of kevin thurston

Sent: Fri 3/4/2005 11:50 AM

To: [REDACTED]

Cc:

Subject: Re: The retarded Gates poem of the day
the most prominent manifestation of a recent trend in art:
the christos
brought land art
to the masses
like macy's is to barney's
(always a few years late)

On Fri, 4 Mar 2005 08:41:59 -0800, Thomas savage <[REDACTED]> wrote:

> The Gates Last Stand or Gasp?

>

> Four days after these

> Flags of no country

> Were scheduled to come down

> Some are still standing

> Along "museum mile"

> Between Met and Guggenheim.

> Were these left as a hint

> By Christo and Jeanne-Claude?

> One no longer believes
> In coincidences here in NYC
>
> No landmark status for them
> If they're still up somewhere
> Because it takes two weeks
> To take them all down.
> Two weeks to put up;
> Two weeks officially up;
> Two weeks to bring down.
> Orange flags of no country
> But a small free state still flapping
> These moments in
> The cold, gasping air.
>
> Tom Savage 3/3/05
>
> Steve Dalachinsky <[REDACTED]> wrote:
> pointless
> a men
> lunch was much better
> chris and i talked poetry &
> business
> &
> integrity
> how money is a gate
> that filters
> thru
> our fingers
> how saffron is really
> orANGE tho we
> are made to believe it's
> saffron
> because money tells us it
> is so
> i had not written a formal gates
> poem but
> now i have i un(i)-
> form(er)ly done
> so
>
> the gates formerly known as

> the gates
> saffron formerly known as
> stop emergency construction dead
> end.
>
> our lives always on orange alert
> these
> days.
>
>
> Do You Yahoo!?
> Tired of spam? Yahoo! Mail has the best spam protection around
> http://mail.yahoo.com
>
--
i'm like frank o'hara--without the friends

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93. **Heidi Lynn Staples née Peppermint**

Re: Bouts-rimés

Fri 4 Mar 2005

Irving, Hi. That 'twas Court Green. Below please find the info pasted from the call for work:

*Columbia College Chicago
English Department
600 S. Michigan Ave
Chicago, IL 60605*

For the Dossier section of the Spring 2006 issue, we are accepting submissions of bouts-rimés ("rhymed ends").

As Ron Padgett says in his Handbook of Poetic Forms, "A bouts-rimés poem is created by one person's making up a list of rhymed words and giving it to another person, who in turn writes the lines that end with those rhymes, in the same order in which they were given." Various sources attribute the invention of bouts-rimés to the French poet Dulot in the seventeenth century. In 1701, Etienne Mallemans wrote a collection of sonnets whose rhymes were chosen by the Duchess of Maine. In the mid-1800s, brothers William Michael Rossetti and Dante Gabriel Rossetti

experimented with bouts-rimés. In 1864, Alexandre Dumas curated a volume of bouts-rimés composed by 350 French poets--all with the same rhymes.

In the spirit of Dumas's invitation, we are accepting submissions of bouts-rimés sonnets written with the following end-rhymes (in the following order):

*June
stress
moon
obsess
snake
moot
cake
beaut
Garbo
play
hobo
day
rhinestone
cologne*

All themes and subjects are welcome as long as your sonnet uses these end-rhymes in the order they appear above.

Submissions of bouts-rimés sonnets for consideration in the dossier can be sent through May 1, 2005: Court Green, Bout-Rimés Dossier, English Department, Columbia College Chicago, 600 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, IL, 60605. Email submissions are not accepted. Submissions without a self-addressed, stamped envelope will not be returned.

We welcome submissions of poetry for the regular section, in addition to Dossier submissions. If you would like to submit poems for the regular section, our reading period is February 1-May 1 of each year, to the same address above.

Issue two of Court Green will be out shortly. The issue includes work by Elaine Equi, Suzanne Buffam, Robyn Schiff, Srikanth Reddy, Maureen Seaton, Ed Roberson, Crystal Williams, Lyn Hejinian, Gabriel Gudding, Mary Jo Bang, Dorianne Laux, among many others. The dossier this year is a tribute to Lorine Niedecker. Some of the poets who contributed to this

section include C.D. Wright, Connie Deanovich, Anne Waldman, Theodore Enslin, Lisa Fishman, Jonathan Williams, Stephanie Strickland, Eleni Sikelianos, and Susan Wheeler.

From: Irving Weiss <[REDACTED]>

Date: 2005/03/04 Fri PM 01:43:23 CST

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: Bouts-rimés

Where did I see a submissions requested posting several months ago for bouts-rimés?

Heidi Lynn Staples
Writing Program
Syracuse University

GUESS CAN GALLOP (New Issues)

http://www.wmich.edu/newissues/New_Issues_Titles/Staples/Staples_Page_Frameset.html

available for online purchase at Amazon

http://www.amazon.com/exec/obidos/tg/detail/-/1930974442/qid=1096222956/sr=8-1/ref=sr_8_xs_ap_i1_xgl14/103-8422421-0966239?v=glance&s=books&n=507846

PARAKEET

[REDACTED]

115 Roosevelt Avenue
Syracuse, New York 13210

[REDACTED]

blog: <http://mildredsumbrella.blogspot.com>

"To makes u."--Gertrude Stein

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94. **Brian Clements**

Re: Bouts -rimés

Fri 4 Mar 2005

Court Green: <http://www.colum.edu/undergraduate/english/poetry/pub/cg/>

Irving Weiss <[REDACTED]>

Sent by: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>

03/04/2005 02:43 PM

Please respond to UB Poetics discussion group

To: [REDACTED]
cc:
Subject: Bouts-rimés

Where did I see a submissions requested posting several months ago for bouts-rimés?

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95. **Rob McLennan**

Re: contact for Beth Garrison?

Fri 4 Mar 2005

does that press even still exist?
rob

*Does anyone have a current email or mail address for Beth Garrison
(publisher until recently of Potes & Poets Press)?*

Camille

*Camille Martin
7712 Cohn St., Apt. A
New Orleans, LA 70118
[REDACTED]*

-- poet/editor/pub. ... ed. STANZAS mag & side/lines: a new canadian poetics
(Insomniac)...pub., above/ground press ...coord., SPAN-O + ottawa small press
fair ...9th coll'n - what's left (Talon) ...c/o RR#1 Maxville ON K0C 1T0
www.track0.com/rob_mclennan * http://robmclennan.blogspot.com/

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96. **furniture_press**

Texts written through Alan Sondheim's text of which I have no memory of

Fri 4 Mar 2005

These 13 poems??!?!?!were written through, are actually cut ups of an Alan Sondheim novel??!?!?! that I've forgotten the title of but found it online, broke it down to one line per page (turned out to be thousands of pages) then took out all the pretty parts.

The only thing I remember was some Nikuko or some female????!?!?!? entity
and lots of body parts. Thanks, Alan.

Autobiography

think me flat
page—
think of you
performing
control my
of hands
caress where my reflection
then you will begin me
you will
avatar or expert
pushing you
are my legs apart
your pressure of interior
your face
eye wide every
pixel drip one smell can scent
you will begin your symptom
know you are the body
you—
your chest endures the hardness
pushing out
to become my straining inside
me—
my open
face pressed
against you though I hear
ear
touch though hear skin
& skin
smell my own
taste

Couple

bones will us bone to bone
give us we from us : trying us
two beasts will us from comfort
beasts form comfort

trying us form spelling
will bone couple us one to one ?

a can't will us can't to can't
give us she from me : trying us
two from which milk our eyes
beasts which flood our eyes
would form you compelling
a can't that can too ?

a kick will couple can't to kick
give us what he wants from me : trying me
two beasts from our eyes
two milk dry eyes
would form us so compellingly
a couple will us to kick ?

one that couples bone to bone
giving us : trying us
milk will us
from which comfort
would try us
compelling us to couple bone with one

Dialect

they begin
again
they do bind
other knots
reluctance—
we bound our flesh
fed soil
agrarian loom above landscape
chained
to tractors
their whirls
& whirrs shadow—
are dust storms
& there
the sound word spoken
this understood
between bodies
gather
hungered hard

apart—
better hold
forever
better
hold me
forever
better be
to me
you
bury better
sewn lips till fields
rake of all surface
shoulderfurrows

The Tenor

say speak
so much as try
words out
(not primming but sequences)
if they always associate with
as / for example / i.e. / e.g.
it's written her
an inference or
is it dreaming ?
of a kind
where dominions appear & grid—
all ways , inter sect
who knows or regulates
who can find a
wire
by saying
fiber
(all talk about the wires
the ground attached to
guided goggles warn
& see where missiles strike)
(you
the end
television)
the closer & closer might imagine
pores & then nothing
after wires desert—

that's the dream space
if words are targets imagine the miss
somewhere she says of it as hunger—
in its connect organ
more hunger
begs playfully
hunger that is
surely she has the word
has seen it—
a dream word has appeared
it was the bottom deep of a deeper blank darkblue
& as she watched later
a thread was in her
a swell
writing it to consciousness
began
with writing hunger out

Conscient

"you : its matter of grace does not have any
continue , what happenes, the equipment
breaks down & I disappear , I could I could ,
is someone else , I am your wetware , no us
like this , no longer ,

"different selves , another literally , not a
meat death , to think elsewhere , you even sell
shares in me , or points of view ,

"yes , there between & others , you are me
that way , me & you , it is a kind parasite
implantation , mutual , to virus , viral constant , a
permanent whatever happens happens ,
homo spaiens ."

Writing Home

write of aeroplanes
is the line
"you have been—do you wish—?"
is the way through bombardment
so everyone hears
&
why I write anymore
what has been taken away

who pronounces what—
I mean
what's pronouncement because
no end
to no end
to as well
so everyone hears—
which is why I write

Parable of Dais (a table razed)

i.

beneath the thing the thing itself
the shadow the thing the thing itself
above the thing the thing itself
above the shadow the thing the thing itself
the thing cries is still alive
the shadow the thing breaks
the shadow the thing breaks continuity
the hover the shadow the thing
the hover the shadow the thing
the hover beneath the shadow the thing
hovers beneath the shadow of the thing
the hands the wounding the thing
the hands the wounding the thing
the hands the faltering the faltering
the hands faltering in the shadow
the thing in the shadow of the thing
the shadow of the thing

ii.

but who needed that world afloat
on a man dressed up & the wrong dress
on a tied up addicted waiting
poorly dressed occasions
the need for continuity
so that building flesh suddenly changes
across the body
so the world does as disease
the man the woman the man tied
the woman constantly her name
while he fires her names changes
burn her a name a name into her

for continuity
for culture
for effect
all normal on the woman
dressed the table they're on
& razed the dead rise
third degree continuity

People

a round about & we want
to front
to strip other utterly—
can't hands swallow ?
each drew assignation
an air of
blood
each every possible disease—
we give every possibility a mind
do the world
do everything true
to love & hard—
choose blood with blood
choose with our blood
choose with our blood drawn to windows
we draw streets & cities too
we draw people where lying
screaming ground

A Folklore

O , this is
I could
I am talking—
I to myself
& I would be the cave between
the legs of my sun
would be the smell
everywhere the smell
would be
to be
they are wearing things
curved & bearing down—
& they emerged informal speech

speaking the glistening
the world
our speech of us
hi there
though here
& I was the cave
was I outside the cave
myself myself
& I the useless darkness
the grain blossoms
curved into a flower
curved my stomach
my mouth
my throat
I place down
the generations
to comprehend
hi there
though here
when I was the cave
was outside the cave
myself to myself
& I would step out of
the useless dark
surely & growing
every curve into
or a seed curved stomach
through my mouth
my throat
which here they promise to pass
down generation after generation
O , I could
I am talking
myself , I
I am curved into me
curved so they emerged
glistening murmurs of the world
until speech curved its dense scent
& then I come out of the cave
my legs glistening
my legs visible in the light of my sun

& there my body everywhere like the smell
& this would be caressed

Dispersing & Specified

famous ballerina a near-wooden chair
with a top hat sat her clockwise pirouettes
obsessed his patience in his obsession his face
close to stained clothing could not tell whether
he could fulfill her tenses

"I cannot take my eyes of pirouettes : I am
obsessed with separations , & if sin separated
betrayed , if display has separated parabola from
Leopold , if separated you would have beheld , if
separated you would have stressed , if lies
separated from blessed ache & separated
armory—yes , you would have eyes separated
from sour ; you would have ears , you would have
more pirouettes ; if beasts separated from
obsessed beasts you would have separated
obsessed ; if towers separated you would have
your own tower ; if being separated you would
have body sighing , separated if alpha & dormant
separated , dove separated , if yes separated from
tomorrow—you would have separated yesterday—
time if tenses separated ."

Am Scramble

O leaves
O lungs
mess sun rise
O you this
me
this thing
she
into her mouth
you hear speaking because
of language or lassitude
of smelling salts
headache the faintest caress
lip valleys hillocks & swelling
of glands
of fevers

of wires
O blessed sooth
O blessed wipe my brow
O blessed tendon herds
O blessed so sweetly
O blessed excess of Agatha Christy
across the texts blistering skin
O thermometer
of aspirin
of hands watered with tears
flash / focus / flush
there a text this even fine evening
O paralleliness
any of which a
for word 'word'
where we
where will we take
a word amongfolding
you / me / money
will aspirin will not
respect ourselves
to point where what ego emerges
guarantee against the strictly speaking
delirious Lacan
am a picture
picture me !
all arms legs and are legs
O legs !
O leaves !
O lungs !

Departure

continuity checks the seashore
slightly angry
a greyfoam sunken
is a boat
extending the hand-like science-fiction
for miles
nothing
scuttling exeptions
horizon :
we know a parable

a pinkred
planet towards the very solemn
imagine against
deep fourths
fifths
but their sound slight against the shore
imagine against
sunken sky
enters the boat parted
speaks quietly
to another air
dampness
cold spray of simple clothes
tied-in at the waist
all very serious islands
atriums
the boat slowly out to sea watches
departure is everywhere it seems
part land & sea
part land from sea
horizon :
nothing
nothing at all
an eerie retreat hours late
wet underfoot
her work done—
beaches wheeling
from gull fed dusk
begins to breathe

Conscient

I am
the bed
I am
the beige
look
I may
look
I might
under looking beige
& that is all there is
when I am helicopter air

you say vapor trail
engine
you elsewhere
this pure mechanism held high
we're all cuddly around it—
it was that cuddly air
when I feel amberplastic
look warm
slight waterhappy
what it must be—
that comfy is emptying air
to places
the window sill
freshly
still fast asleep
so cuddly comfy
early warmth happy
when I weather on
I see where you & I
along cloud & sleeping down—
when my flute calls lightly—
I think safe & it is
wrap perfect around
I think of myself
I think of me lazily out
away
you elsewhere
this slight eminent me in our mind
while I
while you are at the world

--

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97. **furniture_press**

Hi, ku! Yeah, sure.

Fri 4 Mar 2005

Oregon donor:
Sorry, Spokane is
Spoken for
--

Graffiti.net free e-mail @ www.graffiti.net
Check out our value-added Premium features, such as a 1 GB mailbox for just
US\$9.95 per year!
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98. **Catherine Daly**

FW: [norcallitlist] Truong Tran at CSUS Wednesday, March 9

Fri 4 Mar 2005

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

From: Luke Breit [mailto:]
Sent: Friday, March 04, 2005 12:45 PM
To: Art Foundry
Subject: [norcallitlist] Truong Tran at CSUS Wednesday, March 9

The CSUS English Dept.
in conjunction with the Festival of the Arts 2005
presents
a reading by poet
Truong Tran
Wednesday, March 9
3:00-4:00 p.m.
CSUS Library Gallery
Free and Open to the Public

The Poetry Center Book Award-winning collection for 2002 is *dust and conscience* by Truong Tran (Apogee Press, 2002)

"Tran works in-between the seen and unseen, light, darkness, self and other, time and timelessness. Beginnings, perceptions, instructions, ruptures, endings - indeed the keys to his poetics and the ways in which his book is organized, also speak to our contemporary and collective experience in the early mis-steps of the twenty-first century; the disarmament of omniscient narrative invasions. Truong says "*dust and conscience*" at the outset, his title. This is also key: he

seeks the interdependence of all forms, as they dissolve - outside of us and inside our selves. The music is liminal, half memory, half fire, compassion, homeland, blood and the workings of the tremulous present. There is much attention to the stark risings of what connects all the words, lines, stories, kin communities and investigations - it is as if there is only one line, or one poem or one breath or one investigation in the entire landscape of the book, even as they fade; we know they continue; what matters are the emptiness and materialization of the spirit, of language and voice and how these three interconnect and refract, Truong Tran calls these inscrutable utterances, these story-actions, "The Familiar." Here is an example:

i am reverting to that voice not capable of telling stories in place of the narrative that voice that takes on a child's declarative i am the father i am the son i am the lover i am i am the voice that existed before there were stories stories for the telling the voice that speaks in cryptic tongues the voice that insists on saying i love you and hearing it as i you love

What is "conscience"? Tran asks. What "dust"? Speak. Be silent. Act. Stand still. Some of the answers are somewhere - in between.'

--Juan Felipe Herrera

Truong Tran Truong Tran was born in 1969 in Saigon, Vietnam. He and his family immigrated to the United States where they resettled in the San Francisco Bay Area. He received his undergraduate education at the University of California, Santa Cruz, and his MFA at San Francisco State University. He is the recipient of poetry fellowships from the Arts Council of Santa Clara, the California Arts Council and the Creative Work Fund. His poems have been published in numerous literary journals including ZYZZYVA, The American Voice, Crazyhorse, Prairie Schooner, Poetry East, ACM (Another Chicago Magazine) and The North Dakota Quarterly. His previous book, The Book of Perceptions, a collection of poems/fragments coupled with the photography of Chung Hoang Chuong, was published by Kearny Street Workshop in 1999. Truong lives in San Francisco where he works as a copywriter.

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99. **Ishaq**

Re: Racist Abuse / Why I Am Leaving the Poetics List

Fri 4 Mar 2005

yo yu dude,

there are 1000 members maybe on this list who read what they want and delete the rest. we get 5 regular posters of bad pomo played out wack quasi homo flow who try and parley this tragic period of neofascism and ethnic, cultural cleansing into a neocon faux liberal career tweek.

they don't like black folk

they don't like asians (maybe a hiku here and there)

they are stuck in deadend jobs of academia ripping off their students

or getting hardons reading lesbian poetry in "creative wrtitng" crses

they don't like the evolution of language

they are out of touch with the scene

they have attended too many circuit parties of incestuous literary

conferences of failed writers

and they are condemned to trolling with coffee bar stars of closed up open mics in their played out area

so don't sweat it. just don't buy their chap books or jack into their hurtin minim-peg movies and your set

yes, for a genre of "art" which once signified intellegence and elegence -- to get a group of shock jock hacks who publish too much is a bit dis heartening --

b.u.t. remember the last time this happened we got gadget movies and alot of campy homoerotic musicals with waspy skanky male dancers and with busty fag hags as the stars -- 'whatever you do don't try and improve their minds' to paraphrase "all the kings men"

but what do you expect when publishing in a time of blacklists and stupid white men and women (jack booted lullu belles) with money and no taste "run the shit round heYAh?"

just bomb them flow and welcome to the terrorist dome

and remember 'all poets are jewish'

?

wt foooc, mayn

ha

Timothy Yu wrote:

I was stunned last week to find an apparently serious discussion going on over this list over whether the term "Jap" should be used in polite company--a discussion that has been accompanied by all of the ignorance, "eye-rolling," juvenile humor, and outright racism that I have come to expect when such topics appear on the Poetics list.

*"Jap" is, of course, a term of racist abuse. The idea that it is harmless because it is merely a "shortening" of "Japanese" is a canard: terms become racist not because of anything inherent in them but because of the history of their use. It is racist precisely because of its indiscriminate use as a label that dehumanizes anyone perceived (correctly or incorrectly) to be a member of a particular racial group; witness the Korean American families (described in Ronald Takaki's *Strangers from a Different Shore*) greeted in California during WWII with signs that read "Japs go home." And yes, it is still in wide use today.*

But I really have no interest in dignifying this "debate"--one whose relevance to poetics I simply cannot grasp--with any other contributions. Instead, I want to explain why it is the last of a series of factors that have led me to conclude that I can no longer remain a member of this mailing list.

As an Asian American, I often have the (dubious) privilege of being able to "pass" in everyday life, with my race unremarked upon on the street or in my workplace. There are moments, however, when this is not possible--when I become aware (often uncomfortably) that I am a racial minority. I am saddened, and more than a bit shocked, to realize that over the past few years, it is on the Poetics list itself that I have most frequently experienced this awareness of my own race--of being, as it were, the only Asian American in the room. Frankly, the Poetics list is still dominated by the voices of white men; other voices are rarely heard, and when they are, they tend to be ignored or shouted down.

The crude discussions of race that have characterized the list of late are, to my mind, the final symptoms of the death of the Poetics list's ideal: that of a truly inclusive forum for the entire community of those committed to avant-garde poetry and poetics. I use the term community quite purposefully here. For me, as, I imagine, for many others, one of the major reasons for remaining a list member, year after year, was that sense of remaining in touch with others deeply engaged with poetry--in

particular, with kinds of poetry that might receive little attention in the classroom or major publishing venues. Locally, one might glimpse that poetics community at a lone reading series or bookstore; academically, one might see it only at a sparsely attended conference panel; but the Poetics list was, in theory at least, a place where a much larger, national, and even international community could exist.

Clearly that vision of the Poetics list is no longer viable. That's in part due to some of the factors cited back in January, when Bruce Andrews suggested a restructuring of the list's digest form. Far from a forum for active discussion, the list has now largely become a bulletin board, dominated by announcements, as well as a medium for several members to post daily installments of ongoing projects. Those are perfectly valid functions, but they are largely static and unidirectional, and would probably be better served by a website or a weekly newsletter. mIEKAL aND made something like this point at the end of January, when he wondered whether "a listserv as a tool for organizing community has become somewhat outdated, especially when such large numbers are involved." In a way, the Poetics list has become a victim of its own success: its membership (and the community it serves) has grown so large that reasoned conversation is overwhelmed by the sheer volume of information traveling over the listserv.

It's no surprise, then, that large segments of the community no longer actively participate in the list. Many of the founding members have moved on to other forums, and many younger poets pay no attention to the list at all. But the list membership remains quite large. The result is the worst of both worlds: a forum that feels impersonal and anonymous, yet with an increasingly narrow spectrum of active participants.

Members of this list have been sharply divided about the value of newer forums for discussion, such as poetry blogs; the number of posts ridiculing or dismissing blogs is probably marginally outnumbered by those by members promoting their own blogs. I am, occasionally, the author of a blog myself. While blogs have many of their own drawbacks--most notably, in this context, a sense of decentralization that can make it difficult for many people to participate in a single conversation--I have observed that discussions on poetry blogs are far more civil and inclusive (and, I think, productive) than anything I have seen on the Poetics list in recent years. Poetry bloggers seem a far more diverse group, not just in their interests and aesthetics but along lines of race and gender. While I almost never see Asian Americans posting to the Poetics list (even when they are the subjects of racist attack), I know many, many Asian American poets who post to blogs quite regularly and eloquently. This enrichment of the ranks of experimental poets--more women, more young writers, more writers of color--is a development to which the Poetics list has been utterly deaf, and even,

it would seem, actively hostile.

I have to say a few words about the particular ways in which Asians get talked about on this list, which I would argue has everything to do with the peculiar, at times even pathological, relationship American poetry has with Asian culture. For the past hundred years (and longer), Asian cultural influences have played a role in some of the most significant breakthroughs in American poetry, from Pound and Moore to Rexroth, Ginsberg and Snyder. But for some American writers, this fascination has become a kind of appropriation--a claim to insider knowledge of Asian culture that turns the West into the privileged interpreter of the meanings of the East. The insidious implications of this dynamic are evident from discussions on this list, where members defend stereotyped and even racist images of Asians by pointing to their own personal experiences in Asia. It's a gesture that's particularly frustrating for Asian Americans, who often find themselves being treated as merely attenuated examples of "real" Asians (as opposed to an ethnic group with a particular history in the U.S.) and lectured on the true meaning of Asian culture by white men who have traveled to Asia. (It's not the resident of China or Japan who is most likely to be affected by an ethnic slur, but the person of Asian ancestry in the U.S.) As more and more young Asian American writers appear on the scene, the American avant-garde is going to have to reevaluate the terms of its romance with Asia.

In last week's discussions, one list member noted that he was operating on the discussion that no one on this list is a racist. After the many, many incidents of anti-Asian rhetoric I have seen here, I fear that I can no longer be so confident about that sentiment. For me, the costs of remaining a member of the Poetics list have come to outweigh the benefits.

Perhaps my remarks will lead to a serious discussion about the purpose and politics of this list; perhaps not. For my part, I will no longer be a participant in it. Once I have sent this message, I will

Tim Yu
<http://tympan.blogspot.com>

--

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\f0\fs24 \cf0 \
____\
Stay Strong\
\
"Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor" \
--Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)\
\
"This mathematical rhythmatcal mechanism enhances my wisdom\
of Islam, keeps me calm from doing you harm, when I attack, it's Vietnam"\
--HellRazah\
\
"It's not too good to stay in a white man's country too long"\
--Mutabartuka\
\
"As for we who have decided to break the back of colonialism, \
our historic mission is to sanction all revolts, all desperate \
actions, all those abortive attempts drowned in rivers of blood."\
- Frantz Fanon\
\
"Everyday is Ashura and every land is Kerbala"\
-Imam Ja'far Sadiq\
\br/>http://www.sleepybrain.net/vanilla.html\
\br/>http://www.world-crisis.com/analysis_comments/766_0_15_0_C/\br/>\br/>http://ilovepoetry.com/search.asp?keywords=braithwaite&orderBy=date\
\br/>http://www.lowliferecords.co.uk/
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100. **K Zervos**

new book on creative writing

Fri 4 Mar 2005

i have read the book - it's great for providing ideas for experimentation and placing the writing thus produced in a theoretical context without prescribing what is good or bad writing.

congratulations hazel, and from my experiences teaching creative writing in schools, as well as at university, i believe it is not beyond year 10, 11 or 12

high school students. it is certainly a much needed resource for their teachers who often find it difficult to introduce their students to the concepts of contemporary literary and cultural theory with practical examples of the art that their students can relate to.

you may get the criticism that you are just taking a very structuralist approach but expressing it in a post-modern language. most of us who teach will have come across similar sorts of writing exercises elsewhere. but i do stress that you are not being prescriptive, merely suggestive of possible experiments.

i am doing bellydance classes at the moment and i didn't start to have fun with it until i knew the standard shimmies, body movements, steps and turns. then i could extend, re-combine, re-invent and experiment for myself. the point is we all need some structure some knowledge of the bricks before we start building.

with young writers and new writers i found that the more emphasis that was placed on the adherence to the structure, the more likely they were going to fill that structure with their own content, and not worry that it was too trivial as a topic for poetry. in one way it was liberating their writing by employing fascist techniques. if i had asked them, on the other hand, to write something about their lives, few knew how to make a start, or what to write.

this book also helps in seeing that writing is work, and each kind of work has its own tools and methods. hazel does not deny an inspirational kind of writing but shows us that a disciplined writing is no less valuable. in 1985 i stopped doing every other job in my life and dedicated my life to making poetry my art and my means of financial survival. i was probably the first australian full-time professional performance poet with a wife, family and mortgage (since henry lawson). i learnt very quickly that if i sat around waiting for the inspirational poem, i wasn't very productive. but if i set myself tasks, if i made myself productive, then i was a whole lot more creative, even if some of the things i wrote never made it past the work-in-progress stage.

i have a personal preference for poetry, and most exercises are poetry based, although many of the concepts apply equally to prose. this fits in very well with my belief that if you can write good poetry, you can tackle almost any writing task, whether it be for page, stage or cyber age. and that is another great benefit of this book, it acknowledges that writing has many forms and utilises various inscription technologies; print, performance and the multimedia interconnected internet. there is an internet website to accompany the book, <http://www.allenandunwin.com/writingexp/>

finally here is a poem that i constructed using some of hazel's exercises

breasts broken spoken speech screech
scrawny morning awning

spawning
horn-blower rower crower omen chromer home ho ho ho
whoa why try demysify kisses
bliss bleeding sincere chin
chunder scum scallops trollops
troughs and bollocks

cheers

komninos

komninos zervos
lecturer, convenor of CyberStudies major
School of Arts
Griffith University

http://www.gu.edu.au/ppages/k_zervos
<http://users.bigpond.net.au/mangolegs>
<http://spokenword.blog-city.com>

██████████ wrote: -----

To: ██████████
From: hazel smith <██████████>
Sent by: ██████████
Date: 04/03/2005 10:42PM
Subject: new book on creative writing

Dear all

Some of you may be interested in my new book, *The Writing Experiment: strategies for innovative creative writing* which has just been published by Allen and Unwin. It is being launched in Australia now and is obtainable from bookshops. I

The book is specifically designed for tertiary level students studying creative writing, though it can be used by the more general reader. It takes an experimental approach, stresses incremental strategies and uses literary and cultural theory to illuminate the process of writing. It includes many different types of writing, including fiction, poetry, mixed genre writing, writing for performance and writing for new media. Each chapter is illustrated with extensive student and published examples.

More information about the book is available at
<http://www.allen-unwin.com.au/exports/product.asp?ISBN=1741140153>
from where the book can also be ordered.

Best wishes

Hazel

--

Dr. Hazel Smith
Senior Research Fellow
School of Creative Communication
Deputy Director
University of Canberra Centre for Writing
<http://www.ce.canberra.edu.au/writing>
Editor of Inflect <http://www.ce.canberra.edu.au/inflect>
University of Canberra
ACT 2601
phone 6201 5940
More about my creative work at
www.australysis.com

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
homepage: http://www.gu.edu.au/ppages/k_zervos
broadband experiments:
<http://users.bigpond.net.au/mangolegs>

|||-----Original Message-----

|||From: UB Poetics discussion group [mailto:████████]

|||On Behalf Of Libbie Rifkin

|||Sent: Saturday, 5 March 2005 5:54 AM

|||To: ██████████

|||Subject: Re: The retarded Gates poem of the day

|||

|||I'm less than a lurker on this list and this is not a poetics point, but

|||I had to write and say that as a mother of a developmentally disabled 2

|||year-old, I'm stung whenever I see the word "retarded," especially as a

|||subject header on this list.

|||

|||For what it's worth.

|||Libbie Rifkin

|||

|||-----Original Message-----

|||From: UB Poetics discussion group on behalf of kevin thurston

|||Sent: Fri 3/4/2005 11:50 AM

|||To: [REDACTED]

|||Cc:

|||Subject: Re: The retarded Gates poem of the day

|||the most prominent manifestation of a recent trend in art:

|||the christos

|||brought land art

|||to the masses

|||like macy's is to barney's

|||(always a few years late)

|||

|||

|||On Fri, 4 Mar 2005 08:41:59 -0800, Thomas savage <[REDACTED]>

|||wrote:

|||> The Gates Last Stand or Gasp?

|||>

|||> Four days after these

|||> Flags of no country

|||> Were scheduled to come down

|||> Some are still standing

|||> Along "museum mile"

|||> Between Met and Guggenheim.

|||> Were these left as a hint

|||> By Christo and Jeanne-Claude?

|||> One no longer believes

|||> In coincidences here in NYC

|||>

|||> No landmark status for them

|||> If they're still up somewhere

|||> Because it takes two weeks

|||> To take them all down.

|||> Two weeks to put up;

|||> Two weeks officially up;

|||> Two weeks to bring down.

|||> Orange flags of no country

|||> But a small free state still flapping

|||> These moments in

|||> The cold, gasping air.

|||>
|||> Tom Savage 3/3/05
|||>
|||> Steve Dalachinsky <[REDACTED]> wrote:
|||> pointless
|||> a men
|||> lunch was much better
|||> chris and i talked poetry &
|||> business
|||> &
|||> integrity
|||> how money is a gate
|||> that filters
|||> thru
|||> our fingers
|||> how saffron is really
|||> orANGE tho we
|||> are made to believe it's
|||> saffron
|||> because money tells us it
|||> is so
|||> i had not written a formal gates
|||> poem but
|||> now i have i un(i)-
|||> form(er)ly done
|||> so
|||>
|||> the gates formerly known as
|||> the gates
|||> saffron formerly known as
|||> stop emergency construction dead
|||> end.
|||>
|||> our lives always on orange alert
|||> these
|||> days.
|||>
|||> _____
|||> Do You Yahoo!?
|||> Tired of spam? Yahoo! Mail has the best spam protection around
|||> <http://mail.yahoo.com>
|||>

|||
|||
|||--
|||i'm like frank o'hara--without the friends
|||
|||--
|||No virus found in this incoming message.
|||Checked by AVG Anti-Virus.
|||Version: 7.0.308 / Virus Database: 266.6.2 - Release Date: 4/03/05
|||

--

No virus found in this outgoing message.
Checked by AVG Anti-Virus.
Version: 7.0.308 / Virus Database: 266.6.2 - Release Date: 4/03/05

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101. **hazel smith**
new book on creative writing
Fri 4 Mar 2005

Some of you may be interested in my new book, *The Writing Experiment: strategies for innovative creative writing*, which has just been published by Allen and Unwin. It is being launched in Australia now and is obtainable from bookshops. It will reach bookshops in the UK mid year and in the US in about October but can be ordered at any time from the Allen and Unwin website.

The book is specifically designed for tertiary level students studying creative writing, though it can be used by the more general reader. It takes an experimental approach, stresses incremental strategies and uses literary and cultural theory to illuminate the process of writing. It includes many different types of writing, including fiction, poetry, mixed genre writing, writing for performance and writing for new media. Each chapter is illustrated with extensive student and published examples.

More information about the book is available at
<http://www.allen-unwin.com.au/exports/product.asp?ISBN=1741140153>

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Best wishes

Hazel

--

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University of Canberra
ACT 2601
phone 6201 5940
More about my creative work at
www.australysis.com

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102. **Alan Sondheim**

When Academic Freedom Is Kicked Out of Class (fwd)

Sat 5 Mar 2005

This message is in MIME format. The first part should be readable text, while the remaining parts are likely unreadable without MIME-aware tools.

--0-1857390480-1110002947=:24629

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

Date: Sat, 5 Mar 2005 00:41:49 -0500 (EST)

From: [REDACTED]

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: When Academic Freedom Is Kicked Out of Class

When Academic Freedom Is Kicked Out of Class

By Alisa Solomon

<<http://forward.com/main/article.php?ref=solomon20050303119>>

New York City schools chancellor Joel Klein should pay a visit to the City University of New York Graduate Center this week to see a telling and chillingly timely exhibit called "Activism and Repression: The Struggle for Free Speech at CCNY, 1931-42," which closes March 6. Contemplating this chronicle of shameful blacklists against City College teachers with dissenting political views might help him recognize the imprudence of his recent decision to summarily exclude a Columbia University professor from participating in teaching-development workshops on the Middle East. Klein

announced the ban in the wake of allegations that the professor, Rashid Khalidi, had made statements harshly critical of Israel.

Khalidi is the director of Columbia's Middle East Institute and a recognized authority on the history of Arab nationalism. He has lectured for the teachers training program before, including just last month on the hardly inflammatory topic of Middle Eastern geography, without any problem. What's more, what he is alleged to have said — that Israel is a "racist" state and that he supports Palestinian attacks on Israelis — is a mendacious distortion of his views.

Khalidi has spoken of discriminatory laws within Israel that favor Jews, and of the discriminatory laws that have governed the occupied territories, an observation that no Israeli would contest. He has consistently condemned suicide bombings as "war crimes," while asserting the right of Palestinians to violent resistance against soldiers within the West Bank and Gaza. But in an atmosphere poisoned by nonstop smear campaigns against professors expressing pro-Palestinian sentiments, it's hardly surprising that nuance, good judgment and truth get lost in the smog.

The toxic cloud has been gathering over American political discourse for a long while. Fumes have poured forth from the intemperate shock-jocks of talk radio and their belligerent brethren in cable punditry. Next came the specious tactics of the Swift Boat Veterans for Truth and their consultants, who just unveiled an ad for the lobbying group USA Next, assailing the American Association of Retired People with the baseless claim that AARP's "real agenda" is to promote gay marriage — AARP takes no position on the issue — while somehow weakening American troops. (The ad is meant to discredit AARP and thus erode popular support for its negative position on President Bush's Social Security proposals.)

Meanwhile, the Republican Jewish Coalition published an ad in newspapers around the country two weeks ago that went so far as to associate Howard Dean, the recently elected chair of the Democratic National Committee, with

Hamas suicide bombers. Insinuation, innuendo, name calling and disingenuous selective quoting are supplanting facts, logic and reasoned argument in the popular media.

That's alarming enough. But when public officials take action on the basis of such warped information, they are no better than the zealots who drummed dissenters out of classrooms in the 1940s and 1950s. This is not simply an abstract matter of the principles of academic freedom and the constitutional right to free speech — crucial as those principles are. Teachers' livelihoods are at stake, and, if the death threats they receive are to be taken literally, so are their lives. (Google your way to some of the pro-Israel blogs denouncing Khalidi to see how shockingly vicious and violent the rhetoric can get.)

In light of the "Activism and Repression" exhibit, it's particularly disheartening to see mainstream Jewish organizations buying into this game: So many of the teachers persecuted and purged by the Rapp-Coudert Committee of the 1940s, and later by the McCarthy witch hunts, were Jews. What's more, when it comes to a subject as complex, contentious and emotional as the Israeli-Palestinian conflict, debate needs to be especially nuanced and meticulous, not conducted in the style of the blowhards of the TV slugfests.

But for the hawks leading the charge against Khalidi and his colleagues, the point is not to engage in or promote civil debate on a complicated issue, where there might, in fact, be room for competing narratives. It is to silence the other side.

Disgracefully, some New York politicians joined in the calls for Khalidi's dismissal from the public schools program. Rep. Anthony Weiner, who is running for mayor, praised the chancellor's decision, though when pressed by a reporter from the Forward, he could not identify any objectionable statements Khalidi had made. Politicians who think they can pander to Jewish voters by violating the free speech of a scholar who expresses rational criticism of Israel may be in for a rude

surprise: They might end up alienating those of us who both prize the Constitution and aren't so naive or myopic to expect Palestinians to be Zionists.

In 1981, 40 years after the Rapp-Coudert dismissals, CUNY's board of trustees unanimously adopted a historic resolution expressing "profound regret at the injustice done to the faculty and staff who had been dismissed or forced to resign in 1941 and 1942 because of their alleged political associations and beliefs." Klein, who should not have dismissed Khalidi in the first place, shouldn't wait even 40 minutes to apologize.

Alisa Solomon, a professor at the City University of New York, is a co-editor of "Wrestling With Zion: Progressive Jewish-American Responses to the Israeli-Palestinian Conflict" (Grove Press, 2003).

The Forward
Published Weekly in New York Since 1897
<http://www.forward.com>

portside (the left side in nautical parlance) is a news, discussion and debate service of the Committees of Correspondence for Democracy and Socialism. It aims to provide varied material of interest to people on the left.

For answers to frequently asked questions:
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<<http://lists.portside.org/mailman/listinfo/portside>>

To submit material, paste into an email and send to:
<[REDACTED]> (postings are moderated)

For assistance with your account:
<[REDACTED]>

To search the portside archive:
<<http://people-link5.inch.com/pipermail/portside/>>
--0-1857390480-1110002947=:24629--

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103. **hazel smith**

response to komninos: creative writing book

Sat 5 Mar 2005

First of all many, many thanks to komninos for his very generous endorsement of my book for which I am really grateful . It is always great to get feedback, especially from peers. Thank you so much for taking the time and trouble to talk so positively about the book-good to hear about the belly-dancing too!! Since komninos has raised some issues about the book-and how he thinks others may view its contents- I feel I should respond to his remarks. In fact, I am at the moment finishing an article which outlines the methodology behind The Writing Experiment. and which will be published this year in the journal New Writing. This methodology is both stated and implicit throughout the book, but the book is for use by students and I didn't want to bog them down too much in methodological discussions aimed largely at teacher!! Firstly the overarching methodology of the book is, I believe. largely systemic/systematic/algo-rithmic rather than structuralist. Just yesterday I went to a talk by Ross Gibson, a communications and media professor from UTS, in which he talked about the difference between structure and system: structure he characterised as static, but system as volatile and fluid. I would argue that overall my approach has more in common with contemporary communications and cultural theory than with structuralism, because it advocates using system as a way of inviting unexpected and emergent outcomes, and promotes "systematic openness" to quote Brian Massumi. Furthermore, although there is a lot of emphasis on technique and formal experimentation in the book, I talk continuously about the cultural effects of those strategies, thereby employing a hybrid approach which intertwines the formal and cultural. For example, when I discuss narrative technique and narratology, I systematically rewrite a passage several different ways to show how different forms of narration create alternative effects of power. Consequently, I don't feel that the exercises are similar to ones in most creative writing books I have seen because the approach is fundamentally different. I break down and detail the process a lot more than is usual, and I approach each exercise in a way which systematically generates alternatives, without reducing the process to conventional schema. Also most creative writing books have a very different approach to teaching poetry to the one I adopt, one which is much more tied to the free verse tradition and which is metaphor/image/lined based. My approach is language poetry and post-language poetry influenced , though I engage with an eclectic range of approaches including the "post-modern lyric, and also extend the work-as komninos points out-into performance and multimedia. (Incidentally, although there is a lot of emphasis on poetic techniques in the book, at least 50 per cent deals with forms of prose: prose in different generic guises, discontinuous prose, prose poem, postmodern fiction,

fictocriticism, mixed genre writing and so on). I could go on at length about all this, but I hope those of you who are interested will read the book for yourselves and debate with me further on these issues! I also hope to write a number of follow up articles to the book, detailing my approach. Thanks so much again, komninos, for starting up some discussion, which is exactly what I would hope for!

Hazel

--

Dr. Hazel Smith
Senior Research Fellow
School of Creative Communication
Deputy Director
University of Canberra Centre for Writing
<http://www.ce.canberra.edu.au/writing>
Editor of Inflect <http://www.ce.canberra.edu.au/inflect>
University of Canberra
ACT 2601
phone 6201 5940
More about my creative work at
www.australysis.com

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104. **Ishaq**

[Underground HipHop Planet] Japan Beat: Shing02

Sat 5 Mar 2005

Japan Beat: Shing02

Not too many Japanese rappers call San Francisco home. But then again, not too many rappers have the profile of Shing02. Growing up the son of a trading company employee posted to countries as far flung as Tanzania, Shing02 (b. Shingo Annen) has a perspective decidedly different from your standard Japanese MC.

"I don't want to get any extra credit for being from America," says the intense 26-year-old from the other side of a table in the Metropolis conference room. "But I do want to go against the grain of [Japanese] pop songs having English titles and lyrics." Despite his English fluency, the University of California at Berkeley graduate's new album, 400 (Mary Joy/Music Mine), is written entirely in Japanese, with nary a squeak of English on its 14 tracks.

This, of course, poses a problem for those with less than fluent Japanese like this writer. So I ask Shing02 to explain one of his songs. He chooses "2102," a

song that he says describes the future, 100 years from now. "The message is that no matter how much technology advances, we are still human," he offers. The inventive lyrics describe a high-tech future in which a man rushes around town in a hydrogen-fueled car, later heading to a teleport to travel to Asia. But in the denouement, expectations of a high drama sci-fi spy story are subverted when it turns out that the song is simply about a rapper delivering a power adapter to his DJ.

This kind of songwriting defines Shing02's approach, and sets him apart from the "bitches 'n' cars" concerns of many of his contemporaries. "I try and be more experimental," he explains. "I try to include both traditional and creative forms of writing, and also different ways of introducing characters and metaphors."

Shing02's intelligent lyrics, offbeat, punchy rhythm tracks and dynamic live show have begun to earn him a growing following in Japan, cemented in a performance at last summer's marquee Fuji Rock Festival. Rapping since his teens and also busy at the office of independent Shibuya label Mary Joy Recordings, the hip hop artist is a bit surprised by his success. "I used to do it for fun, and was always the youngest in the scene. But now I see kids buy my album as their first rap album, and that is crazy to me," he says. "It's a big responsibility."

At the moment, Shing02 is focusing on expanding his reach out of Japan. "Right now I have a fan base in Tokyo, but what I am trying to do is also appeal to Asia and Europe," he says. "I definitely want to reach out more to Asian kids, as there are hip hop scenes everywhere, from Malaysia to Hong Kong."

Despite his unconventional approach, Shing02 sees a need for both the mainstream and the independent scenes. "I don't have any particular negative things to say, because I think in the end everybody benefits," he says. "If there is a big major scene, then the independents get their share of attention also."

Shing02 sees hip hop making steady gains in Japan, but with some costs. "Hip hop is trying to be incorporated into pop culture, so it has to appeal to a mainstream crowd," he says. "I definitely see people trying to make their sound more accessible, but whatever problems I see in Japan with the commercialization of avant-garde culture are not exclusive to this country."

Shing02 plays Milk on April 27 and Shinjuku Loft on April 28. See listings for details.

http://metropolis.japantoday.com/tokyo/422/music_beat.asp

<http://www.e22.com/shing02/>

<http://www.samurai.fm/home/indexja.php>

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Stay Strong\
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"Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor" \
--Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)\

\

"This mathematical rhythmatcal mechanism enhances my wisdom\
of Islam, keeps me calm from doing you harm, when I attack, it's Vietnam"\
--HellRazah\
\

"It's not too good to stay in a white man's country too long"\
--Mutabartuka\
\

"As for we who have decided to break the back of colonialism, \
our historic mission is to sanction all revolts, all desperate \
actions, all those abortive attempts drowned in rivers of blood."\
- Frantz Fanon\
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"Everyday is Ashura and every land is Kerbala"\
-Imam Ja'far Sadiq\
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<http://www.sleepybrain.net/vanilla.html>

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http://www.world-crisis.com/analysis_comments/766_0_15_0_C/

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<http://ilovepoetry.com/search.asp?keywords=braithwaite&orderBy=date>

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<http://www.lowliferecords.co.uk/>

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105. **Ishaq**

Samurai.fm: cyber-swordsmen: Matt Cheetham and Hasham Ahmad

Sat 5 Mar 2005

Samurai.fm: cyber-swordsmen: Matt Cheetham and Hasham Ahmad

<http://www.samurai.fm/home/indexja.php>

Remixer Remix with Toshiyoshi NKJ :

<http://www.samurai.fm/toshiyoshinkj/index.php>

You may have noticed bold advertisements in these pages for an Internet radio station in recent months. Curious, I sat down with Samurai.fm founders Matt Cheetham and Hasham Ahmad to get to the bottom of this new addition to the expatriate media scene.

The inspiration, says Cheetham, a freelance music photographer based in Tokyo, came about back in the spring when he was thinking of uploading music onto his photography website. The lack of good electronic music radio in Tokyo gave Cheetham the idea to start the station. Building on his contacts in both Tokyo and his most recent home, London, he began to talk to labels and artists.

Fellow Londoner Ahmad (who is also development manager for Crisscross, publisher of Metropolis) came on board soon after, taking responsibility for technically making the station happen. "My background is in computing and music," he says. "As soon as the idea was there I started contacting people like mad, getting them to submit, getting them involved in it. By the time the actual technical side was sorted out—it took a few weeks to decide which servers to use, things like that—we had some steam going and everything seemed to come together."

Log on to Samurai.fm (<http://www.samurai.fm>) and you'll see a red and black homepage with clean lines and a simple, bilingual menu with schedules and descriptions of the many producers and DJs already hosting one-hour shows. Another click on the "listen" button, and soon your sound software is logging on to the station's mp3 stream. In this writer's case, the signal came through Apple's iTunes, which opened automatically and was soon streaming cutting-edge drum 'n' bass, house, breakbeats and all manner of underground dance music.

Before going online at the end of May, Cheetham and Ahmad decided to base their station in the US, which they say has a better legal and technical framework for Internet radio than Japan. "When we were looking to start the station, it proved much easier to go with an American server," says Cheetham.

"The American Internet broadcasting policy is pretty up-to-date in that you can get a cheap broadcasting license," adds Ahmad. "One of the problems in Japan—and maybe why it hasn't taken off here—is that [the country] doesn't yet have a legal structure in place for webcasting."

Amazingly for high-tech Japan, Samurai.fm seems to be the first Japan-focused Internet broadcaster of electronica. As innovators, Cheetham and Ahmad were able to sign on some of Japan's most influential DJs, including Tsuyoshi from the trance scene and veteran house DJ Ko Kimura, as well as other big-name international DJs like Danny Rampling and A Guy Called Gerald.

Having some of Japan's biggest names in techno and key UK clubs like Fabric taking part has drawn interest from overseas. Cheetham says they've received

hits from over 30 countries and are now averaging over 750 listeners per day. Yet it's still a two-man affair, which entails a lot of running around to pick up CD-ROMs of new shows artists have burned.

Samurai.fm broadcasts one-hour mp3 sets that are uploaded onto a server and then automatically streamed through a broadcast service called Live 365. The remote nature means that DJs can contribute music from anywhere—which should eventually put an end to the running around and picking up CDs. “We try and push the server because it makes things so much easier. Artists can upload shows from England or wherever,” says Ahmad. “It’s decentralized in that there’s no studio, which also means people can contribute on their own time.”

While at this point still a labor of love (and a costly one at that: performing copyrights are paid out of pocket), the pair are encouraged by their listener figures to dream big. “As a content provider, we can provide to anyone digitally,” says Ahmad. “Our focus will be mobile streaming. Telecoms are making huge money on this, and the content in Japan is minimal for our kind of thing. So if we can provide streaming audio on the Internet and mobile, we can get some revenue for that.”

“China’s the next big market,” adds Cheetham, “and penetration of this kind of music is very limited. If we can get established while the scene is taking off there, it could be really big.”

http://metropolis.japantoday.com/tokyo/492/music_beat.asp

<http://www.samurai.fm/home/indexja.php>

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Stay Strong\

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"Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor" \

--Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)\

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"This mathematical rhythmical mechanism enhances my wisdom\

of Islam, keeps me calm from doing you harm, when I attack, it's Vietnam"\

--HellRazah\

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"As for we who have decided to break the back of colonialism, \

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- Frantz Fanon\

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"Everyday is Ashura and every land is Kerbala"\
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http://www.lowliferecords.co.uk/
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106. **Steve Dalachinsky**
Re: Is Poetry as amethodical....

Sat 5 Mar 2005

playground
swings
sight
sound
music in tell ec
tion
pleasure
slides
scales the
ball of
chainlink

where are you melody when we need you most???

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107. **Harry Nudel**
winter....

Sat 5 Mar 2005

flu

cold
nose

cold
feet

water in
water out
pipes burst...
3:00....ong ong ime...drn...

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108. **Dan Waber**
[poem] This One Guy
Sat 5 Mar 2005

5/61

Echo = I see entirely way too much butt crack at the school parking lot.
This one guy had to just hike up his pants really far.

Source = Jennifer Hill-Kaucher, SMS

This One Guy

Well, it's official, I am now old. I
would rather watch McNeil-Lehrer than see
new Britney videos, it's entirely
up to my kidneys to decide which way
I drive home, some music is simply too
damned loud, and everything costs too damned much.
I've got less hair on my head than my butt,
every time I sit down I hear the crack
of knuckles where there ain't no knuckles at.
I can stand being pulled over by the
cop who's younger than me, but when the school
crossing guard calls me "gramps" as I'm parking
that's enough to get him flipped off the lot.

Now, old ain't dead, so, be sure to get this
straight: if you're walking slow, I'll be the one
behind you with the rap-rap cane, the guy
who cranks, "You danged rotten kids never had
dial-up, bastards don't know what it means to
sit staring at a blank screen for hours just
trying to get connected. Take a hike
you ungrateful ingrates, pull your pants up
and get yourself a haircut, what's in his
nose for crissakes," the guy in the plaid pants,

sandals, and the brown socks, with the really
fast car that he doesn't drive fast, or far.

Dan Waber

[↑ Contents](#)

109. **Camille Martin**
Re: contact for Beth Garrison?

Sat 5 Mar 2005

does that press even still exist?
rob

beth recently dissolved it.

camille

*Does anyone have a current email or mail address for Beth Garrison
(publisher until recently of Potes & Poets Press)?*

Camille

*Camille Martin
7712 Cohn St., Apt. A
New Orleans, LA 70118*



--

poet/editor/pub. ... ed. STANZAS mag & side/lines: a new canadian poetics
(Insomniac)...pub., above/ground press ...coord.,SPAN-O + ottawa small
press

fair ...9th coll'n - what's left (Talon) ...c/o RR#1 Maxville ON K0C

1T0

www.track0.com/rob_mclennan * <http://robmclennan.blogspot.com/>

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110. **Irving Weiss**
Bouts-rimés

Sat 5 Mar 2005

Thank you both, Brian and Heidi: I love the thought of seeing Garbo the hobo
snake obsess over falling off cliffs of rhyme in a flash of Rhinestone smelling of
Cologne in June.

Irving Weiss
www.irvingweiss.com

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111. **Harry Nudel**
Methodical Steve...
Sat 5 Mar 2005

the melody
is outside

yr head
not inside...

c'est drn...

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112. **Mairead Byrne**
Bob Perelman & Mairead Byrne
Sat 5 Mar 2005

Bob Perelman and Mairead Byrne will be reading in Mike Gizzi and Mike Magee's DownCity Reading Series at Tazza in Westminster Street, Providence, on Tuesday March 8th at 7pm.
It will go so fast you'll think you're on the TGV.
Please forgive cross-posting.

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113. **Alan Sondheim**
she's taking a snooze
Sat 5 Mar 2005

she's taking a snooze
she's watching the sky
she's thinking about pancakes
she's thinking about shaboom
the doctor got her measure
she took it back again
she's jonesing and dancing
shaboom shaboom
her life is her life

she's taking a snooze
la la la la la
wait til she gets up
la la la la la
<http://www.asondheim.org/troth.jpg>
=

[↑ Contents](#)

114. **furniture_press**

J.S.

Sat 5 Mar 2005

Writing Jack Spicer's Poems

uncanny, you'll receive all your information from the future, and you'll say poetry speaks so and so, again and again, raising a spoon to the mouth of your words, regurgitating news and gossip, lessons and objects, and then you will say how poetry arises from such and such an occasion, again, speaking for the experience you have a hard time getting involved with—well, what about the occasion of now? no one listens to poetry.

--

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115. **mIEKAL aND**

Re: Methodical Steve...

Sat 5 Mar 2005

As in melody is a social construct.

On Mar 5, 2005, at 9:07 AM, Harry Nudel wrote:

the melody

is outside

yr head

not inside...

c'est drn...

THE POET is admitted to be the Cheapest Letterpress Printer in the city. Soiree, Assembly, Concert, Subscription Sale and Business Cards; also, Circulars, Invoice Tops, Society Articles, Programmes, Posters, Labels, Handbills, &c., executed with taste and accuracy.

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116. **andrew loewen**

Re: Racist Abuse / Why I Am Leaving the Poetics List

Sat 5 Mar 2005

As, I'm quite sure, one of the (past) offenders to which Timothy Yu refers, I just want to note that I'm sad to see him leave this list. I value his writing and input. The truth is I don't read this list much anymore, as there doesn't seem to be much discussion or conversation (and it is the discussions and exchanges, almost exclusively, which attracted me in the first place). No matter 'who' or 'what' is to blame for Tim's need to leave, it seems a shame.

Best,

Andrew

--

http://www.flickr.com/photos/consecutio_temporum/show/

Post your
free ad now! <http://personals.yahoo.ca>

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117. **Frank Sherlock**

Re: Abuse

Sat 5 Mar 2005

Ishaq-

I usually appreciate your posts, since you bring info to this list that's often neglected or ignored. You've turned me on some things, particularly underground hiphop scenes around the world, & news re: Palestine that are under-reported-intentionally or otherwise.

That being said, you (mis)refer to the epigraph I posted, which Celan used for the poem "Und mit dem Buch aus Tarussa". You write:

just bomb them flow and welcome to the terrorist dome

>

>and remember 'all poets are jewish'

>

>?

>

>wt foooc, mayn

Your question mark implies that either you don't understand, or you think it's an outrageous statement. Let me try to clear it up.

The translation from the cyrillic is "All poets are Jews." Celan actually bristled at being considered a "Jewish poet". He considered it reductionist & anti-semitic, much in the way that poets dislike being known as "black poets" or "queer poets." After all, aren't they all poets?

Back to the epigraph. It comes from a Marina Tsvetayeva poem, entitled "Poem of the End". All poets are Jews in the sense that poets are exiled & isolated (sometimes geographically, sometimes culturally), nomadic, & as Celan said of himself, "at home in many languages."

from Christina Ivanovic's "Celan's Readings of Marina Tsvetayeva":

"It's more an expression of solidarity with the dishonored and despised, with the persecuted and the damned, embodied above all by the Jewish people as they perished in the ghettos and concentration camps."

It's not unlike SUSTAIN's (Stop U.S. Tax Aid to Israel Now) slogan- "We Are All Palestinians".

To get another sense of this, check out Yevgeny Yevtushenko's "Babii Yar".

- Frank

From: Ishaq <[REDACTED]>

Reply-To: [REDACTED]

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: Re: Racist Abuse / Why I Am Leaving the Poetics List

Date: Fri, 4 Mar 2005 15:41:14 -0800

yo yu dude,

there are 1000 members maybe on this list who read what they want and delete the rest.

we get 5 regular posters of bad pomo played out wack quasi homo flow who try and parley this tragic period of neofascism and ethnic, cultural cleansing into a neocon faux liberal career tweek.

they don't like black folk
they don't like asians (maybe a hiku here and there)
they are stuck in deadend jobs of acedamia ripping off their students
or getting hardons reading lesbian poetry in "creative wrtitng" crses
they don't like the evolution of language
they are out of touch with the scene
they have attended too many circuit parties of incestous literary
conferences of failed writers
and they are condemned to trolling with coffee bar stars of closed up
open mics in their played out area

so don't sweat it. just don't buy their chap books or jack into their
hurtin minimpeg movies and your set

yes, for a genre of "art" which once signified intellegence and elegence
-- to get a group of shock jock
hacks who publish too much is a bit dis heartening -- b.u.t. remember
the last time this happened we got gidget movies and alot of
campy homoerotic musicals with waspy skanky male dancers and with busty
fag hags as the stars -- 'whatever you do don't try and improve their
minds' to paraphrase "all the kings men"

but what do you expect when publishing in a time of blacklists and
stupid white men and women (jack booted lullu belles) with money and no
taste
"run the shit round heYAh?"

just bomb them flow and welcome to the terrorist dome

and remember 'all poets are jewish'

?

wt foooc, mayn

ha

Timothy Yu wrote:

I was stunned last week to find an apparently serious discussion going
on over this list over whether the term "Jap" should be used in polite
company--a discussion that has been accompanied by all of the ignorance,
"eye-rolling," juvenile humor, and outright racism that I have come to
expect when such topics appear on the Poetics list.

"Jap" is, of course, a term of racist abuse. The idea that it is
harmless because it is merely a "shortening" of "Japanese" is a canard:

*terms become racist not because of anything inherent in them but because of the history of their use. It is racist precisely because of its indiscriminate use as a label that dehumanizes anyone perceived (correctly or incorrectly) to be a member of a particular racial group; witness the Korean American families (described in Ronald Takaki's *Strangers from a Different Shore*) greeted in California during WWII with signs that read "Japs go home." And yes, it is still in wide use today.*

But I really have no interest in dignifying this "debate"--one whose relevance to poetics I simply cannot grasp--with any other contributions. Instead, I want to explain why it is the last of a series of factors that have led me to conclude that I can no longer remain a member of this mailing list.

As an Asian American, I often have the (dubious) privilege of being able to "pass" in everyday life, with my race unremarked upon on the street or in my workplace. There are moments, however, when this is not possible--when I become aware (often uncomfortably) that I am a racial minority. I am saddened, and more than a bit shocked, to realize that over the past few years, it is on the Poetics list itself that I have most frequently experienced this awareness of my own race--of being, as it were, the only Asian American in the room. Frankly, the Poetics list is still dominated by the voices of white men; other voices are rarely heard, and when they are, they tend to be ignored or shouted down.

The crude discussions of race that have characterized the list of late are, to my mind, the final symptoms of the death of the Poetics list's ideal: that of a truly inclusive forum for the entire community of those committed to avant-garde poetry and poetics. I use the term community quite purposefully here. For me, as, I imagine, for many others, one of the major reasons for remaining a list member, year after year, was that sense of remaining in touch with others deeply engaged with poetry--in particular, with kinds of poetry that might receive little attention in the classroom or major publishing venues. Locally, one might glimpse that poetics community at a lone reading series or bookstore; academically, one might see it only at a sparsely attended conference panel; but the Poetics list was, in theory at least, a place where a much larger, national, and even international community could exist.

Clearly that vision of the Poetics list is no longer viable. That's in part due to some of the factors cited back in January, when Bruce Andrews suggested a restructuring of the list's digest form. Far from a forum for active discussion, the list has now largely become a bulletin board, dominated by announcements, as well as a medium for several members to post daily installments of ongoing projects. Those are perfectly valid functions, but they are largely static and unidirectional, and would probably be better served by a website or a weekly newsletter. mIEKAL aND made something like this point at the end

of January, when he wondered whether "a listserv as a tool for organizing community has become somewhat outdated, especially when such large numbers are involved." In a way, the Poetics list has become a victim of its own success: its membership (and the community it serves) has grown so large that reasoned conversation is overwhelmed by the sheer volume of information traveling over the listserv.

It's no surprise, then, that large segments of the community no longer actively participate in the list. Many of the founding members have moved on to other forums, and many younger poets pay no attention to the list at all. But the list membership remains quite large. The result is the worst of both worlds: a forum that feels impersonal and anonymous, yet with an increasingly narrow spectrum of active participants.

Members of this list have been sharply divided about the value of newer forums for discussion, such as poetry blogs; the number of posts ridiculing or dismissing blogs is probably marginally outnumbered by those by members promoting their own blogs. I am, occasionally, the author of a blog myself. While blogs have many of their own drawbacks--most notably, in this context, a sense of decentralization that can make it difficult for many people to participate in a single conversation--I have observed that discussions on poetry blogs are far more civil and inclusive (and, I think, productive) than anything I have seen on the Poetics list in recent years. Poetry bloggers seem a far more diverse group, not just in their interests and aesthetics but along lines of race and gender. While I almost never see Asian Americans posting to the Poetics list (even when they are the subjects of racist attack), I know many, many Asian American poets who post to blogs quite regularly and eloquently. This enrichment of the ranks of experimental poets--more women, more young writers, more writers of color--is a development to which the Poetics list has been utterly deaf, and even, it would seem, actively hostile.

I have to say a few words about the particular ways in which Asians get talked about on this list, which I would argue has everything to do with the peculiar, at times even pathological, relationship American poetry has with Asian culture. For the past hundred years (and longer), Asian cultural influences have played a role in some of the most significant breakthroughs in American poetry, from Pound and Moore to Rexroth, Ginsberg and Snyder. But for some American writers, this fascination has become a kind of appropriation--a claim to insider knowledge of Asian culture that turns the West into the privileged interpreter of the meanings of the East. The insidious implications of this dynamic are evident from discussions on this list, where members defend stereotyped and even racist images of Asians by pointing to their own personal experiences in Asia. It's a gesture that's particularly frustrating for Asian Americans, who often find themselves being treated as merely

attenuated examples of "real" Asians (as opposed to an ethnic group with a particular history in the U.S.) and lectured on the true meaning of Asian culture by white men who have traveled to Asia. (It's not the resident of China or Japan who is most likely to be affected by an ethnic slur, but the person of Asian ancestry in the U.S.) As more and more young Asian American writers appear on the scene, the American avant-garde is going to have to reevaluate the terms of its romance with Asia.

In last week's discussions, one list member noted that he was operating on the discussion that no one on this list is a racist. After the many, many incidents of anti-Asian rhetoric I have seen here, I fear that I can no longer be so confident about that sentiment. For me, the costs of remaining a member of the Poetics list have come to outweigh the benefits.

Perhaps my remarks will lead to a serious discussion about the purpose and politics of this list; perhaps not. For my part, I will no longer be a participant in it. Once I have sent this message, I will

Tim Yu
<http://tympa.blogspot.com>

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Stay Strong\

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"Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor" \

--Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)\

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"This mathematical rhythmical mechanism enhances my wisdom\ of Islam, keeps me calm from doing you harm, when I attack, it's Vietnam"\

--HellRazah\

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"It's not too good to stay in a white man's country too long"\

--Mutabartuka\

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"As for we who have decided to break the back of colonialism, \ our historic mission is to sanction all revolts, all desperate \

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actions, all those abortive attempts drowned in rivers of blood."\  
- Frantz Fanon\  
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"Everyday is Ashura and every land is Kerbala"\  
-Imam Ja'far Sadiq\  
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http://ilovepoetry.com/search.asp?keywords=braithwaite&orderBy=date\  
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<http://clinic.mcafee.com/clinic/ibuy/campaign.asp?cid=3963>

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118. **furniture_press** ***Meeting the Standards***

Sat 5 Mar 2005

I want you to locate this text within the bibliography of a very important scholarly journal such as Explicator or the Journal of Modern Literature. I want you to purchase this text at Barnes & Noble or Borders bookstore. I want you to pay full price for this text. I want you to read every word of this text. I want you to read this text to yourself over and over again, until you get it. I want you to read every word of this text accurately. I want you to take this text seriously. I want you to interpret this text using the proper channels. I want you to start a book club in order to discuss this text. I want you to refute your book club members who rely upon Reader Response and Post-Structural hogwash in order to interpret the text within the framework of a strictly text-based paradigm. I want you to talk to professionals and academics about the meanings and metaphors within this text. I want you to talk about the politico-economic implications of this text for the author and the readers of this text. I want you to talk to professionals and academics about the importance this text will have within the Canon of American Literature. I want you to locate the Author of this text within the lineage of Important American Writers. I want you to read secondary texts and criticism of this text in scholarly journals written by professional critics and academics. I want you to read the source material and books about classic symbolism that guide and inform the writing of this text. I want you to look for analogies from other important texts within this text. I want you to compare

and contrast the elements of this text and others that fall within the same genre of Important American Literature. I want you to purchase every edition of this text and compare introductions, prefaces, forwards, and bibliographies from past editions. I want you to copy or purchase every essay, article or book which references, indexes or criticizes this text. I want you to re-read sections of this text and contrast them with other editions using your own opinions, guided by your knowledge of criticism and exegesis from important and scholarly sources. I want you to recommend this text to everyone you encounter, being writers, or simply readers of Important American Literature. I want you to purchase numerous copies, at full price, and send them to family and friends during the Christmas holiday or on birthdays. I want you to emulate the author of this text and use this text as a guide to writing your first piece of Important American Writing. I want you to purchase a copy of Grammar Handbook, Grammar and Style Notes, The Hypertext Book, Guide to Grammar and Writing, Basic Prose Style and Mechanics, Tips, Tools & Ideas to Improve Your Writing, On Writing Well, The Writer's Manual, or Elements of Style from Barnes & Noble or Borders bookstore. I want you to pay full price for these books. I want you to pay close attention to detail, including grammar, spelling and punctuation while writing your first piece of Important American Literature. I want you to use important and well known metaphors, symbols and techniques from other writers of Important American Literature. I want you to begin thinking about how your work will fit into the Canon of Important American Literature. I want you to enroll in the Professional Writing Program at any major institution which hails John Grisham, Stephen King, or Michael Crichton as former graduates, and to cite specific examples and names of writers that you know well enough to discuss and heighten the respect you receive from colleagues and professors. I want you to write essays and stories according to the taste of your professors. I want you to submit essays, articles, reviews and stories according to the taste and style of the publishers and editors of important literary publications. I want you to study trends and statistics within the world of Important American Literature according to the New York Times Book Review and the New York Times Best Seller list. I want you to write what will be the next best seller on the New York Times Best Seller list, according to reader and subject trends, and to hire an important and respected agent who will promote you as "the next big thing since Shakespeare." I want you to sell your manuscript to the highest paying publisher with the highest volume of distribution and to secure a contract for the next five manuscripts you haven't even written yet. I want you to send advance copies of your first book to friends and family who appear in the acknowledgements to the first edition of your book. I want you to act surprised when you are told your book is number one on the New York Times Best Seller list - even before it has been released to the public. I want you to make guest appearances on the O'Reilly factor and the Oprah Winfrey Show promoting your new

book which appears in bookstores such as Barnes and Noble or Borders. I want you to attend holiday dinners with important people in the movie and entertainment industry, heads of states and nations, and other writers of Important American Literature. I want you to be nominated for the Pulitzer and Nobel prizes for your contributions in continuing the tradition of Important American Literature. I want you to win the Pulitzer and Nobel prizes for your contributions in continuing the tradition of Important American Literature. I want you to accept honorary professorships from acclaimed universities throughout the world. I want you to accept an invitation from a prominent and world-renowned publisher to publish your memoirs and miscellanea. I want to see the look on your face when you see a copy of your first book of Important American Writing in the dollar bin at a used book store.

--

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119. **Anny Ballardini**

Gudding & Sondheim & Huth & Murray & Tabios & McIntosh

Sat 5 Mar 2005

On Conchology by Gabriel Gudding:

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

... and last week the visit of Alan Sondheim was, I thought, deeply inspiring, him being a man filled with a tenor of wonder I'd not seen for a long while -- a very good and kind and alive mind in him, a very decent man altogether, with whom I had the good pleasure of book hunting. We went downstairs into an old antique mall in the basement of turn of the century building in downtown Bloomington, at the corner of Front and Center streets, finding there a booksale at 90 PERCENT OFF and coming away with many rare books from the 19th century, the both of us, some of which I'll list in the next week as they defy belief,

...

and several events around the world:

<http://www.albany.edu/writing/conference2005/main.html>

with Geof Huth, here are his links:

dbqp: visualizing poetics: <http://dbqp.blogspot.com>
One Million Footnotes: <http://onemillionfootnotes.blogspot.com>
qbdp: the mailartworks: <http://qbdp.blogspot.com>

...

and Chris Murray and Eileen Tabios and Sandy McIntosh, for the
Poetry_Heat series:
<http://texfiles.blogspot.com/>
<http://mhpress.blogspot.com/>

...

cheers,

Anny Ballardini
<http://annyballardini.blogspot.com>
<http://www.fieralingue.it/modules.php?name=poetshome>
The aim of the poet is to awaken emotions in the soul, not to gather admirers.
Stalker, Andrei Tarkovsky

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120. **Harrison Jeff**

***You, Taking A Wondrous Comfort In Genealogies, Scent Us, Lay Call
& Rovers***

Sat 5 Mar 2005

another careless tale, twenty hyperboles,
your praise feigned so, Bibliothekarius tells us,
erroneous as oaths quaint scorn it enormous so,
lines of drowsy writhes, not by what's memory,
else the fog darts at Virginia and thee, whose
name is an exceeding ocean, whose tongue reveals
human lyric TO BE the tardy invective of a quadruped

it's my lot to sit here and sort your crowns --
would you break my features into sweets
for a thousand several Virginias... here's but one --

my current countenance I've named
The Expression Of Death Torturing Death
semples thee, only more consumptive-looking

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121. **Harrison Jeff**

Winding Out Of The Middle Of Winter's Mouth

Sat 5 Mar 2005

cups, not made for grasping, drinking, or containing,
rolled into the corners of Virginia's tomb --
with their aid she stood, mouldering, rise?
or half-buried, and Paradise pillar'd green, if clear?

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122. **Stephen Vincent**

Chicago Review, Zukofsky, Tim Yu, etc

Sat 5 Mar 2005

I just received this new Zukofsky etc issue of the Chicago Review. The whole issue strikes me as an ambitious effort, and the editors should be chided for doing it so well! It's indeed nice to hold a piece of pulp instead of looking at a flickering "now you see it now you don't" monitor screen. Certainly the two juxtaposed photographs of Z on front and back cover (those of Jonathan Williams? I can't find the credit) are a knockout.

Just began the essays. Mark Scroggin's biography remains greatly readable and the focus and interp on Z's relationship to the work of Henry Adams' - particularly The Education Of... - is a delight, and imperative to any reading of "A". I won't attempt to paraphrase.

An then there is David Wray's - probably virtuoso to a fault - essay on Z as a translator. It's going to take a while to fully digest, and much going back into Z's Catullus and "A-21". But right off the top, is the interesting parallelogram of Z's circumstance (Yiddish native speaker, recent emigrant family to New York) with those of his Roman based counterparts - Catullus and Plautus - who are also non-Native Romans - and each of them masters of regional, non-citizen, dialects, the Greek of their education, and the Latin of their adopted City and Imperial capital.

A cosmopolitan, multilingual education and circumstance to which all three poets, including Z, obviously used to benefit and create unique, lasting and incredible work. A circumstance in which, as Wray puts it so well, "No strategy of containment, no aggressive mobilization of monolingualist ignorance or philological learning can be insulated or rescue us from the plural condition of every human language, what Bakhtin called "the fact of heteroglossia," It isn't just that language borders are permeable. It's that every tongue of one's own is peopled with strangers, those occasions of fright and possibility."

When I read this I could not help thinking of Timothy Wu's departure from this list, his sense of repugnance at the cheap, insular racism - at base a xenophobia - that was recently (again) being expressed by some. Indeed - tho one might vainly hope - the rich pluralistic value and advantage to language making - as expressed in Wray's reflection on Z, C and P - ought to be transparent by this time in history. Is it still naïve to say the more languages and cultures the one embraces in one's work, the further it will travel in every sense? And the contrary insular state (provincial and/or racist) only dead ends the language (or a language that works as propaganda for self-serving power interests - of which there were no doubt a few in Rome, contemporary New York and wherever! and obviously among delusional; Bush folks). Understandably nobody sane wants to stay confronted with the other's spit, "Jap" this and that, etc. On any kind of reflection it's easy to understand Tim's impulse to exit. How this list either grows or dies completely is another issue. Anyway it is great to see this Chicago Review (there is much more than I have barely mentioned!) And sad to see Tim Wu come back and instantly leave. Fortunately he survives on his blog - which is easily accessible and hardly "exile", at least in the Florentine sense.

Stephen V

Blog: <http://stephenvincent.durationpress.com>

Which, "Crossing the Millennium, 1999" is currently revisiting the Page

Mother Conference at UCSB - which might add a little more spice to the mill.

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123. **Jesse Seldess**

Discrete Series / Friday, March 11 / 2-year Anniversary

Sat 5 Mar 2005

THE DISCRETE SERIES @ 3030

| *Marking the Series' 2-year Anniversary* <<

::

:: Camille Martin

:: Patrick Durgin

::

Friday, March 11 9PM / 3030 W. Cortland / \$5 suggested donation / BYOB

[Camille Martin is a poet and translator who lives in New Orleans. Her collections of poetry include *sesame kiosk* (Potes & Poets Press, 2002), *rogue embryo* (Lavender Ink, 1999), *magnus loop* (Chax Press, 1999), and *Plastic Heaven* (Fell Swoop, 1996). Her work has been published in such magazines as *Perspektive* (also in German translation), *Kiosk*, *Fiddlehead*, *Cauldron & Net*, *Unarmed*, *Moria*, *Poethia*, and *VeRT*, and in the anthology *Another South: Experimental*

Writing in the South (University of Alabama Press, 2002). She recently completed a new collection, *codes of public sleep*. Martin founded and co-curates the Lit City Poetry Reading Series in New Orleans.]

[Patrick F. Durgin is the author of several chapbooks of poetry; *Pundits Scribes Pupils* is from Potes & Poets Press (1998); *And so on* is from Texture Press (1999) and is available from Duration Press' out-of-print archive; *Sorter* is from Duration Press (2001) and is downloadable for free from the Duration Bookstore (<http://www.durationpress.com/bookstore/index.htm>). His poetry and critical writings have appeared in numerous small-press periodicals since the late 90's, including *26*, *Aufgabe*, *Combo*, *Crayon*, *Ixnay*, *Lipstick Eleven*, *Rain Taxi*, *Review of Books*, *Tripwire*, and, most recently, *Chain*, *Chicago Review*, and *Tin-fish*. Durgin has published / presented articles and interviews on / with poets such as Rachel Blau DuPlessis, Dominique Fourcade, Lyn Hejinian, Andrew Levy, Nathaniel Mackey, Jackson Mac Low, Eileen Myles, Douglas Oliver, and Rod Smith. An ongoing collaboration with poet / translator Jen Hofer -- regarding a potential "synaesthetic poetics" -- frequently makes its way into print. Forthcoming anthology appearance: *Faux Press San Francisco Bay Area Poets*. Forthcoming compact disc release: "*Cooking with Da Crouton*" (Grimsey Records, www.grimsey.com).]

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].

<http://www.lavamatic.com/discrete>

Coming up...

:: 4/9 Elizabeth Black / Corey Mead / Africa Wayne
:: 5/13 Anselm Hollo / Laura Mullen
:: 6/10 Release reading for *26* magazine

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124. **Steve Dalachinsky**

Re: Abuse

Sat 5 Mar 2005

timothy i sadly started one of these ridiculous discussions
by using the word *jap* not meaning to go that way
for when it does it really goes

then it seemed over finally and now what seems like eons later
it's back

i also said that i thought many on the list are in one form or another
racist
as i think we all are no matter how much some choose to be in denial

i also said the discussion got out of hand and that was not the purpose
of this list
to continually discuss anti-this and anti-that when we could be
discussing such things
as where the melody comes from

even if you do not reconsider
consider this: those who feign to be clean
are usually the most complicit
if for no other reason than their own cleanliness
and on the rude side
you may be too sensitive or hung up on what you are
your ethnic background or heritage anyway

most of us are
who are so-called minorities
tho some of us flaunt our insecurities more than others
or use them as props
rather than quit if i were you i'd try to redirect the energy of this
list
or engage us or them (white uptight liberal christians oops or
obsessively obsseeseeeed
jews etc) in a different conversation to your liking or choosing
i feel like being silly here and picking deliberately a topic that may
infuriate you
or other listees but i'll refrain
since i've already forgotten what it was

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125. **Ishaq**
let the niggers burn
Sun 6 Mar 2005

more notes from new palestine
<http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2005/03/38774.php>
let the niggers burn

let me start off by saying i'd rather not reduce myself to that of a tag team of antintellectual quips which you advocate -- granted what you just said might work very well in a schoolyard b.u.t. not in real matters where the big people struggle and maintain integrity. ... i am no fascist nor am i racists -- i just don't like bullies.

"It was intellectuals above all who made possible that intellectual facade without which, in a scientific age, it is impossible to win over the petty-bourgeois masses: even the denial of reason must be presented in rational terms. "

'Professor NSDAP': The Intellectuals And National Socialism

Radhippiecite,

let me start off by saying i'd rather not reduce myself to that of a tag team of antintellectual quips which you advocate -- granted what you just said might work very well in a schoolyard b.u.t. not in real matters where the big people struggle and maintain integrity.

no raddhippiecite 'fox does not rock'!!!

and to break it down radhippiecite -- what you're sayin is if it looks like nigger or native no matter what anyone else says occurs(ed) or what witnesses say or the track record of the assailants -- they were resisting arrest and died of heart stoppage -- case close let the murderers walk?

riiiiiiii?

now, radhippie, you know that what you say and imply about me are lies, however, you have one card that seems to work, and you being of little backbone who requires a group approval, finds that it works so you will keep playing and damage everyone in the process -- what did one old indie media admin refer you as being? "a dictator" yes i do believe that was the word.

When the last group of indie rightist spammers managed to disqualify themselves, I did offer a peace flag, as well as, to them dignity. In doing so It was exposed that the spammers didn't even live in victoria, especially new Palestine, or had no care for it or the peoples well being. They were here to assault the site and bully and disrupt and and DIScredit an individual they felt to be a threat to their agenda of imperialism, racism and ethnic cleansing.

However, by exposing that issue, I did give you props on the fact that at least you have volunteered to assist with "food not bombs", nothing that your bedfellows de jour were willing to do or could do because they were disrupting this place and it's peace of mind, as is the way with black op disinformation tactics, in order to destabilize the crews, the site, the community their issues and move forth their agenda of totalitarianism.

"You may not realize that part of the strategy of the government is to put you all against each other. If the enemy sees you trying to organize, he will send people to organize you. He says, You have a spirit to come together, but I am going to make sure that whoever leads you is my man. This is the way the enemy thinks. He always sets up a counterweight or a counter movement. Fifteen years ago, when the Berlin Wall was torn down because East and West Germany decided to be one Germany, many of the CIA operatives working in Eastern Europe were brought back to the United States and assigned to gangs. What was the aim of the government? Why do you think the only industry thriving today is the industry of prisons? Why do you think prisons are now on the stock market? People are investing in the prospect of Blacks and Latinos filling the jails. " -- Minister Louis Farrakhan -- "A Special Message to Street Organizations (Crips & Blood)"

<http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2005/02/37654.php>

http://www.finalcall.com/artman/publish/article_1733.shtml

"has there ever been a social movement that tried to transform the status quo that has not been undermined by the use, or one may say, a misuse of snitches" mumia abu jamal - "The Snitch Game"

<http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2004/12/36163.php>

However, as the snitch game works, this offered them an opportunity through a nasty doorway - to finally step back into the swamp they came from and let you become the joe macarthy puppet to their witch hunt.

"I will never forget one message from a well-known Jewish Canadian professor who is active in the peace movement. "I'm sorry to hear they're after you," he wrote. "I am more and more aware how repressive the atmosphere has become, here, as in the United States. I have a background in the history of ideas and keep thinking of how the old Enlightenment thinkers had to use all sorts of tricks to frustrate the censors." -- Dr. Mohamed Elmasry - "WHEN JEWS TARGET A CANADIAN MUSLIM" -- From The Canadian Islamic Congress's Friday Bulletin, March 4, 2005]

<http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2005/03/38769.php>

..and as each disinformationist coward appears to vanish another will come crawling out of the slim with you there to greet them.

radhippie, your a dude who when someone brought up the report about massod agents present in nyc during 911 (a proven report) you said, "i can't deal with that "anti-Semitism" and refused to even allow discussion of the topic -- most people see spies and corrupt people and all you read into it in your bigoted mind was "jew"? now whose the bigot?. WHAT!?

now, mentioning massod does not equate anti-semitism. however, in your ill-educated panic ridden goyishe kopf state o mind -- you fumble the ball and misuse terms and make muck up of the whole thing.

you think that by someone using the word "jew" that it means horror, as you misuse the word "semitic" because it all summons the guilt of your internalized goyim racism -- which you over compensate for by projecting onto others, especially one "ytzhak" who you would like to dispose of -- who you feel threatened by -- who you would get brownie points if you stopped his voice -- finally, rad-hippie, you'll be in with the COOOOOOOooooooooLLLLllll crowd. oh "ger" un-righteous that you are.

"The incongruity of so vast an exercise of cunning and force in the service of a cause "whose kingdom is not of this world" should need no emphasis. However, the hostile logic of a century and a half of imperialism is self-evident: those who offered any obstruction to what in the West was generally regarded as progress were held to "fully deserve" the punishment they got, however severe."--Ivor Benson -- "Iran: Some Angles on the Islamic Revolution"

<http://www.ihr.org/jhr/jhrindex.html>

now, you must please stop your harassment of myself and the abuse your authority as moderator on this site. please stop lowering yourself by bringing the gossip and prattle of your exclusive white only failed activist beerhall nationalist parties, held at a pub, or someone's hen party, into this public forum to compensate for your failures as a human being and within our community.

i would also ask you to stop attempting to endanger my life, my career and my family and the community by attempting to call me or associate me or those who challenge your lack of backbone and the centers of power you jump through hoops for, with that of a 'terrorist' or 'extremist' -- whatever those over used words mean -- so you and your masters can find a reason to silence me -- to me have ostracized, detained or killed.

you, like a chatting frigid spinster who likes to "imply" in order to alarm the towns folk with ghost stories of monsters -- like the movie "The Village" -- it keeps others in fear of exploring the outside of the cave, as you let the puppet-masters cast their shadows of monsters to deceive the people.

it is a dirty trick of this town and island -- to spread as many rumours about a "meddlesome" person or persons and let it roll so as to get unknowing external forces to rid them of the problem and passify the situation as the puppetmasters gaze and graze from afar and the rest pay the price.

what my goal has been and still is, like so many other braver people than me or yourself, is to show the logic and rational(e) behind people who are underrepresented, misunderstood and the general public feel they know based solely

on hearsay, gossip black ops, snitches, snitch jackets and media monopolies-- thus making it easier to kill them -- to turn a blind eye to their suffering, oppression or murder -- i would know-- my existence, not life b.u.t. existence, here has been inline with this -- and you have chosen to join in on the bullying, and willful destruction of a humanbeing, as you have taken the same path to attack those who are currently literarily and figuratively under the gun.

i'm am only one little person, one who would not reduce himself to the stereotypes you attempted to caste him in, one who would not be content as a "type" with a cute cultural shuffle along happy to do your dishes and attack other niggers for you -- or to not feel my bruthas pain -- be they poor whites or our natives or our muslim people of all shades tones or colours -- i am no fascist nor am i racist -- i just don't like bullies and although i may be foolish -- i refused to be your joke;

I am the darker brother.
They send me to eat in the kitchen
When company comes,
But I laugh,
And eat well,
And grow strong.

...-- langton hughes " I, Too, Sing America"

http://www.poetryconnection.net/poets/Langston_Hughes/2383

...and the power of one voice presenting thoughts and opposing views to the propaganda out their -- the fear that holds back the new voices of my community -- the one which exposes your bigotries -- your alliances, your frontin -- is what you wish to stop by clicking up with a crew.

"Fundamentally National Socialism represented a politically organized contempt for the mind. Of course, it was not on that account that the anti-intellectual types, the beerhall battle heroes and the thugs in the brown shirts, won the masses to it. On its fringes, and visibly in its ranks too, were members of the educated classes who ... out of self-hatred, destructiveness, or simply the irresponsibility that springs from a feeling of pointlessness, committed that 'high treason of the spirit'... and made available to the movement scraps of ideology which it swallowed indiscriminately and with total disregard for logic."--

Joachim C Fest

you are playing with my life, and i take that very personally, in order to invoke a sick twisted vengeance in order to save the disgrace that your life has become and the joke that you are allowing yourself to be in this community and to the world who reads this site.

you have reduced yourself that of a gossip and a childish rumour monger (what the street culture would call a "little bitch" or radicals would call a snitch or snitch jacket -- the very tools who brought about the deaths and destructions of countless movements and people (s)) -- they, like you, are used to disrupt, distract, discredit and neutralize communities, thinkers and thoughts-- they are used to disrupt the activities of peoples who are self-actualizing and the voices your masters wish to silence and connote with stereotypes and fear.

attacking a country or system know for sadism, exploitation and ethnic, racial and cultural cleansing is one thing, radhippiecrite, b.u.t. to attack an individual using the powers of institutions and groups of peoples, as well as, special interests groups, is simply sadistic bullying -- you being a supporter of the system must be good at that.

...and like you other attacks upon my character, the bad decisions you have made concerning this community, you simply choose to make a fool of yourself and continue your dictatorial assaults on people, knowing very well that you are wrong and falling on your face and will be looked upon poorly by what has come to replace a floundering inactive group of faux activist attempting to parley these treacherous times into a profit margin.

will you hide forever behind the safety of apologizing for terrorists, fascists, anti-intellectual goonsquads, all from the comfort zone of the indie media keyboard and backyard barbeques? something you can control unlike your life... or by using juvenile rumour mongering tactricks and mocking unstillz to toy with not only one human's life b.u.t. that of a community and a peoples suffering around the world and your community -- and now, in your hatred of jews -- you will theb set one against the other to play out a middle-east game of nigger baiting -- as you stand back and watch each one attack each one so you can advance your cause of petty powertrippin and assist others in advancing this cause of treachery and colonization.

throughout the years you have not become brave or smarter raddihppie, but you have advocated anti intellectualism and have become a fool and puppet to the state once claim to fight for it's injustice and you are willing to destroy a human being for trifling pretty childish payback for your lack of knowledge and failures in life.

this indeed is the extreme failure

i was prepared all my life for this. i may not be the best. i can only hope that i do well, as best as i can, i suppose.

you, sir, have my sympathies.

"Tomorrow,
I'll be at the table

When company comes.
Nobody'll dare
Say to me,
"Eat in the kitchen,"
Then.

Besides,
They'll see how beautiful I am
And be ashamed--

<http://www.ourcivilisation.com/smartboard/shop/festjc/chap20.htm>

<http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2004/09/30121.php>

<http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2005/02/37881.php>

*Let the Niggers burn: The Sir George Williams University affair and its
Caribbean aftermath
Forsythe, Dennis. ed. 1971

http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2004/01/19916_comment.php#19947

<http://collections.ic.gc.ca/obho/books/non-fiction/social-commentary/letthe.html>

<http://thelink.concordia.ca/article.pl?sid=04/02/17/074218>

1426 Lawrence Y Braithwaite (aka Lord Patch)
New Palestine/Fernwood/The Hood
Victoria, BC

___\
Stay Strong\
\

"Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor" \
--Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)\

\

"This mathematical rhythmatrical mechanism enhances my wisdom\
of Islam, keeps me calm from doing you harm, when I attack, it's Vietnam"\
--HellRazah\
\

"It's not too good to stay in a white man's country too long"\
--Mutabartuka\
\

"As for we who have decided to break the back of colonialism, \
our historic mission is to sanction all revolts, all desperate \
actions, all those abortive attempts drowned in rivers of blood."\
- Frantz Fanon\
\

"Everyday is Ashura and every land is Kerbala"\
-Imam Ja'far Sadiq\
\
http://scratchcue.blogspot.com/\
\
http://www.sleepybrain.net/vanilla.html\
\
http://www.world-crisis.com/analysis_comments/766_0_15_0_C/\
\
http://ilovepoetry.com/search.asp?keywords=braithwaite&orderBy=date\
\
http://www.lowliferecords.co.uk/\
\
}

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126. **Harry Nudel**
winter...

Sun 6 Mar 2005

o.k. g'ntlem'n
let's keep it clean

evrybody get a full
count of 26

no lo blows
go back to yr blogs

& come out...

3:00...so out...sd drn...

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127. **Harry Nudel**
At the Memorial...

Sun 6 Mar 2005

the widow copywrit
her tribute

someone baked
letter cookies

lmnop

the wine tender sd
drink the white
they gave me \$80
& told me to get
'nuff for all these people...
le vin rouge non..drn...

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128. **Jesse Glass**
From Clemente Padin
Sun 6 Mar 2005

GUILLERMO DEISLER

Dear friends,

On October 21st. it will be 10 years since the death of one of the most important and influential artists and poets of the 60's in Latin America, the Chilean Guillermo Deisler (1940 - 1995).

A multiple artist, he expressed himself through a variety of mediums: graphics, visual poetry, mail art, state design and, above all, he stood out for his exceptional engraving skills, for which he was regarded as one of the world's best.

He too will be remembered for his work as a printer. Not only because of the excellence of his "handmade" editions, especially those created in Chile (Ediciones Mimbre), but also for UNI/vers, a magazine made through artistic cooperation and interaction which delivered 35 issues and brought together hundreds of international artists of varied techniques and aesthetic roots.

Guillermo Deisler's singular situation came as a result of cultural interweaving: that of his German and Chilean ancestors, the mixture of indigenous and conquering cultures; the Araucanian and Mapuche indians, the Creoles... following this, his discovery of the ancient Greek/Latin culture during his exile in Bulgary and, finally, of the German culture. All these expressions reunite and expand in Deisler to make him a universal being, the "networker" prototype in which all cultures coexist in a sort of individual multiculturalism, notwithstanding the seeming contradiction.

The aim of this letter is to encourage you to promote actions to honor his memory and, above all, stimulate the debate regarding his life: liberty, frontiers, limits. None other could be the meaning of his verse: "I sometimes get tired of being a foreigner", or his favourite symbol, the feather, an emblem of the freedom which "crosses all frontiers", or the very name of his utopia -UNI/vers- aimed at the unification of humanity.

Fraternal greetings

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129. **alexander saliby**

Re: Racist Abuse / Why I Am Leaving the Poetics List

Sun 6 Mar 2005

Let me see if I have this correctly recounted:

1. Somebody used the word "Jap" perhaps foolishly, but with no intended racist slur.
2. Folks debated whether or not use of the word might not now (decades after the war) be acceptable.
3. Some folks tired of the topic and lapsed into one sided logic, dictating that matters end in favor of their point of view
4. Others tired even more and slipped into (in my opinion here) distasteful and inappropriate humor.
5. Still others, now angry at the humor and the humorists, became rude and discourteous. While others took up the issue back channel.
6. Matters ended; there were both some apologies, and some pompous blustering, but, so far as I could tell from what I read, no flaming or verbal fisticuffs.
7. Alan attempted to bring the discussion back to poetry with a question about ACSwinburne...the topic died for lack of a second.
8. About a week and a half after the final post regarding the use of the word "Jap" Timothy Yu pontificated his view that the debate was in point of truth a canard for the racist beliefs, and he used the long dead thread as his reason for departing the list. His departure diatribe took on the character of a death scene from a low grade, "B" western movie of the 30's, the kind of thing where the dying actor steals on camera time by taking 5 minutes to die from a superficial wound. Melodrama at its worst, if you ask me.

To those who remain reading and writing here, I offer this:

1. There can never be debate and discussion whenever one of the participants pontificates and insists that matters must go his/her way or else...and,
2. Was it not Socrates who suggested there are no foolish questions, there are only fools who refuse to seek answers? Alex

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

From: andrew loewen<mailto:[REDACTED]>

To: [REDACTED]<mailto:[REDACTED]>

Sent: Saturday, March 05, 2005 10:22 AM

Subject: Re: Racist Abuse / Why I Am Leaving the Poetics List

As, I'm quite sure, one of the (past) offenders to which Timothy Yu refers, I just want to note that I'm sad to see him leave this list. I value his writing and input. The truth is I don't read this list much anymore, as there doesn't seem to be much discussion or conversation (and it is the discussions and exchanges, almost exclusively, which attracted me in the first place). No matter 'who' or 'what' is to blame for Tim's need to leave, it seems a shame.

Best,

Andrew

--

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130. **Stephen Vincent**

Re: Racist Abuse / Why I Am Leaving the Poetics List

Sun 6 Mar 2005

This is vacuous pontification, Saliby.

Without any goods to put on the table,
I suggest you close up shop.

It remains obvious that you still don't have a clue.

Stephen Vincent

Let me see if I have this correctly recounted:

- 1. Somebody used the word "Jap" perhaps foolishly, but with no intended racist slur.*
- 2. Folks debated whether or not use of the word might not now (decades after the war) be acceptable.*
- 3. Some folks tired of the topic and lapsed into one sided logic, dictating that matters end in favor of their point of view*

4. Others tired even more and slipped into (in my opinion here) distasteful and inappropriate humor.
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Alex

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To: [REDACTED]<mailto:[REDACTED]>

Sent: Saturday, March 05, 2005 10:22 AM

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Andrew

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131. **Alan Sondheim**

order clash

Sun 6 Mar 2005

order clash

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[↑ Contents](#)

132. **noemata**

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Sun 6 Mar 2005

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133. **Dan Waber**

[poem] To Dissolve Completely

Sun 6 Mar 2005

6/61

Echo = Through this rain I forget, I want to wear a white gauze dress in it,
to dissolve completely.

Source = Jennifer Kill-Kaucher, from her short story "Signing Off."

To Dissolve Completely

She still plays on swings, runs her fingers through
open receptacles of dried beans, this
year she turned thirty-four. Her palms catch rain
as a reflex, she kisses me each time I
ask, she has a tendency to forget.

She likes piggy back rides, remembers I
could use help with the door, asks what I want
to do this weekend. She likes to go to
the dairy for ice cream, tells me to wear
the blue shirt because it's her favorite a
minute after suggesting that the white
shirt was the one. If the thumb wrapped in gauze
is hers it's a mess, if mine it's a dress
Marilyn Monroe would look good in.
She is beautiful but doesn't know it.

She dreams in symbol stew, knows the words to
Jabberwocky by heart, her hands dissolve
the day's damage, she is mine completely.

Dan Waber

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134. **Ron Silliman**

Improvisatory poetics in Kyrgyzstan

Sun 6 Mar 2005

In Central Asia, a Revival of an Ancient Form of Rap
Art of Ad-Libbing Oral History Draws New Devotees in Post-Communist Era

By Peter Finn

Washington Post Foreign Service
Sunday, March 6, 2005; Page A20

BISHKEK, Kyrgyzstan -- Toss Tuuganba Abdiyev a word to riff on and he gets all jiggy, if the lexicon of hip-hop can be applied to a 68-year-old Kyrgyz musician who used to ad-lib verse in honor of the Communist Party and right now, to a storm of laughter, is singing about Bush, Putin and noodles.

Abdiyev is an akyn, a title given to the masters of a form of musical improvisation that dates back more than a millennium. It was usurped by the communists, nearly died after the fall of the Soviet Union, and is enjoying a revival as young Kyrgyz and Kazak musicians discover their own, ancient form of rapping.

In one of its most popular forms, called aitysh, the music is a contest between two performers who sit several feet apart and duel in sung verse, each cuing off the other's words and ideas in a mixture of rhythmic singing, chanting and exclaiming.

"It's all about improvising on whatever topic comes up," said Alagushev Balai, who co-authored a book on the music. "Who has the sharpest verses with the most musicality and rhythm and wisdom and wit?"

The akyns began as the oral carriers of history, myth and philosophy for Central Asia's pre-literate nomads. And they have been known to versify for hours at a time on subjects from the beauty of the universe to the pleasures of consuming a cup of tea. Kyrgyz akyns play a three-string instrument called a komuz, which is made of apricot wood, while Kazaks have a two-string instrument to accompany their spontaneous rhyming.

They also sing Kyrgyzstan's epic poem, the Manas, which runs to about half a million lines, making it the world's longest. The Manas, featuring a ninth-century superhero, is an ode to the country's determination to be independent. Other performers, called manaschis, devote themselves exclusively to reciting or singing parts of the Manas; it would take months to sing it all in one go.

The akyns, however, were also extemporaneous preachers who lectured in sung verse on the political and moral issues of the day, adapting old legends or codes for the country's latest ruler.

"In the Soviet period, a lot of attention was paid to akyn and the communists used it as a propaganda loudspeaker," said Balai. "Akyns sang about Lenin and the revolution and the achievements of the party."

By the time the Soviet Union collapsed and Madonna was sweeping into this mountainous republic on bootleg tapes, the akyn art was in its death throes, discredited by its association with communism and just plain not cool. There were only four akyns left in the country.

"We were forgotten artists," said Abdiyev, who first began playing as a 6-year-old and tosses his komuz around -- Jimi Hendrix-style -- as he plays. "But our

young people have rediscovered it and the music is moving in new directions again." The folk art's revival was helped by the creation of the Aitysh Foundation here four years ago and the opening of a school for young akyns where old-timers like Abdiyev teach. Also, schools in the newly independent country began to teach the Manas, creating new interest in the country's folk arts.

"We have about 60 students now," said Sadyk Sher-Niyaz, a businessman who created the foundation and school.

There are also annual aitysh competitions between Kyrgyz and Kazak performers in which the singers exchange gentle insults about each other and their countries while tossing witty asides to the audience. The soaring, traditional hats of the Kyrgyz are a particular target of the Kazaks.

Sung in the Kyrgyz or Kazak languages, it is almost impossible to catch the pithiness of the verses in translation.

"During an aitysh, akyns sing their songs in turns," said Balai. "It is a musical dialogue, like a debate. Another form of dialogue is called alym sabak, which means catch the line. This is when one akyn starts an argument and the second one should continue it starting a new rhythm or following the competitor's one."

For the last month, many of the akyns have been campaigning in the country's parliamentary elections, taking their version of a stump speech from village to village.

Asked if the akyns were supporting the incumbent president and government-backed parties, Sher-Niyaz said, "Oh no, we're with the opposition now."

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135. **Joe Brennan**

Soldiers Who Captured Baghdad Two Years Ago Back To Try Again

Sun 6 Mar 2005

Click here: The Assassinated Press
<http://www.theassassinatedpress.com/>

Soldiers Who Captured Baghdad Two Years Ago Back In Iraq To Try Again:
Good Day For American Coke And Smack; Colombian Proxy Army Kills Anti-Coke Peaceniks Squatting On CIA/Mossad Plantation; Afghanistan Raw Opium Production At Record Levels As Part Of Cheney Economic Stability Program: Army In Iraq Guns Down Italian Commie: DVD "Ramadi Madness" Goes On Sale At Blockbusters: What me worry Kim Jong Il? 'Senile' Sam Johnson (R-Tex.) Offers To Drop Nukes On Syria To Impressionable Bush; Known As the 'Cowardly Lion' Johnson Incinerated Men, Women And Children In Vietnam Before He

Turned His Talent For Loose Talk And High-Altitude Murder To Congress By CRIST CRISPIES

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.

".....at a time when I am speaking to you about the paradox of desire -- in the sense that different goods obscure it -- you can hear outside the awful language of power. There's no point in asking whether they are sincere or hypocritical, whether they want peace or whether they calculate the risks. The dominating impression as such a moment is that something that may pass for a prescribed good; information addresses and captures impotent crowds to whom it is poured

forth like a liquor that leaves them dazed as they move toward the slaughter house.

One might even ask if one would allow the cataclysm to occur without first giving free reign to this hubbub of voices...."

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136. **Nick Piombino**
Abuse, or, Life as Hardball
Sun 6 Mar 2005

While it is quite possible to personify the "poetics list," it is not a person, it is a forum for people. As in life there are rules, but the clever and slick ones easily get around the rules; this is not as hard as some responsible and kindly individuals think it is. You just "do it" as they say. Unfortunately, people are all too capable of abusing one another, and abuse is easily facilitated by rational argument. It is easy to see that many of the abusive-even horrifying- dynamics that have become all too acceptable in the macrocosm, have found a comfortable home here in the microcosm. Now and then, mostly by accident, I happen to see a little bit of Chris Matthews on TV. He chides, he teases, he berates, he screams and yells and derides his interviewees; any method of getting attention, seizing the floor, is acceptable. This sort of rude, even cruel, behavior is presently observable nearly everywhere, and of course here on the poetics list. Yet Timothy Yu, one of the more articulate members of the list, still attempted to bring a measure of feeling, responsiveness and sensitivity to the discussions here. But the clever Chris Matthews types, the articulate sophists, have won the day. The saddest part of all is that soon it will no longer be considered rude or abusive to be mean spirited. This is life as hardball and hardball has won the

day. And yet, I still firmly believe that the meek, who are now so easily led to slaughter, will one day inherit the earth; and maybe even the poetics list.

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137. **Vireo Nefer**

Re: Abuse

Sun 6 Mar 2005

This is ridiculous. No one's being too "sensitive" except perhaps for those who feel they can use words like bully weapons __and then deny they are doing so__. Here's a newflash for you all kiddies: Yes, "jap" is a racial slur. How anyone could believe it isn't is just beyond me. It even _sounds_ nasty, like so many of these words. No, i'm not against __using__ language as a weapon, i can curse with the best of them, but i do not pretend to not understand what i'm doing.

Vireo

--

AIM: vireonefer

LJ: <http://www.livejournal.com/userinfo.bml?user=vireoibis>

VireoNyx Publications: <http://www.vireonyxpub.org>

INK: <http://www.inkemetic.org>

On Sat, 5 Mar 2005 22:26:34 -0500, Steve Dalachinsky <[REDACTED]> wrote:

> timothy i sadly started one of these ridiculous discussions
> by using the word jap not meaning to go that way
> for when it does it really goes
> then it seemed over finally and now what seems like eons later
> it's back
>
> i also said that i thought many on the list are in one form or another
> racist
> as i think we all are no matter how much some choose to be in denial
>
> i also said the discussion got out of hand and that was not the purpose
> of this list
> to continually discuss anti-this and anti-that when we could be
> discussing such things
> as where the melody comes from
>
> even if you do not reconsider
> consider this: those who feign to be clean
> are usually the most complicit
> if for no other reason than their own cleanliness

> and on the rude side
> you may be too sensitive or hung up on what you are
> your ethnic background or heritage anyway
>
> most of us are
> who are so-called minorities
> tho some of us flaunt our insecurities more than others
> or use them as props
> rather than quit if i were you i'd try to redirect the energy of this
> list
> or engage us or them (white uptight liberal christians oops or
> obsessively obsseeseeeeed
> jews etc) in a different conversation to your liking or choosing
> i feel like being silly here and picking deliberately a topic that may
> infuriate you
> or other listees but i'll refrain
> since i've already forgotten what it was
>

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138. **derekrogerson**

Re: Racist Abuse

Sun 6 Mar 2005

every
racially-conscious group or person is up-to-no-good.
<http://bobmarley.com/songs/lyrics/war.lyrics.txt>
<http://derekrogerson.com/sounds/bully.wav>

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139. **Deborah Reich**

Re: ABC POETICS

Sun 6 Mar 2005

what a delight of information!! Debbie

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140. **Ishaq**

**LAFAYETTE COLLEGE IN PENNSYLVANIA HOSTS 3-DAY
CONFERENCE ON PAUL ROBESON**

Sun 6 Mar 2005

**LAFAYETTE COLLEGE IN PENNSYLVANIA HOSTS 3-DAY
CONFERENCE ON PAUL ROBESON**

Scheduled for April 7-9, it will inaugurate series of major Lafayette events on history and culture of civil rights and civil liberties

EASTON, Pa.(www.lafayette.edu), January 7, 2005 - Lafayette will inaugurate a series of major conferences on the history and culture of civil rights and civil liberties with a three-day conference entitled 'Paul Robeson: His History and Development as an Intellectual' on campus April 7-9.

Open to scholars and members of the community at no charge, the conference will engage the life of Paul Robeson (1898-1976) - stage and film actor, opera singer, athlete, attorney, political and social activist - who explored, at another time and in another context, some of the same personal and national identity questions that are prominently at issue today. It promises to deepen the national and international discussion on American identity, human interdependency, and our shared responsibilities of security and advancing civil society.

Conference director John T. McCartney, professor of government and law and head of the department, says, 'We have invited the leading Robeson scholars in the world to address two overriding questions: What substantive conclusions did Robeson draw about his studies of everything from Igbo culture to Proust, and in what ways did his studies significantly influence his life and work?'

Keynote addresses by Paul Robeson Jr. and Randall Robinson and performances by spoken-word artist Saul Williams and bass baritone Alvy Powell of the U.S. Army Chorus will be among the highlights.

Leading scholars and others will speak on topics ranging from Robeson as public intellectual to the cultural politics of Robeson and Richard Wright:

'Paul Robeson: The Quintessential Public Intellectual,' Paul Von Blum, senior lecturer in African American studies, University of California, Los Angeles 'Paul Robeson and the Cold War,' Nelson Peery, a founding member of the League of Revolutionaries for a New America 'The Significance of Robeson's Theater Productions,' Amiri Baraka, professor emeritus of Africana Studies, State University of New York at Stony Brook 'Marx and Engels' Influences on the Development of Robeson's Intellect,' Harry R. Targ, professor of political science and American studies, Purdue University, and John T. McCartney, professor and head of government and law, Lafayette 'Paul Robeson's Lifelong Brush with the Law,' James E. Lennertz, associate professor of government and law, Lafayette 'Robeson: Forgotten Hero Who Laid the Foundation for A Movement,' Lamont Yeakey, associate professor of history, California State University, Los Angeles 'Robeson's Research for His Roles in Films and Plays,' Charles Musser, professor of film studies and American studies, Yale University 'Robeson as Labor's Champion,' Noel Beasley, vice president for midwest region, Union of Needletrades Industrial and Textile Employees (UNITE) 'The Significance of the Production History of Phillip Hayes Dean's Paul Robeson,' Ed Bullins, Distinguished Artist- in-Residence, Northeastern University; Miller Lucky Jr., associate professor of theater, North Carolina A&T State University; and Samuel A. Hay, visiting professor of government and law, Lafayette "The Cultural Politics of Robeson and Richard Wright: Theorizing the African Diaspora," Floyd W. Hayes III, senior lecturer in political science and coordinator of undergraduate programs in Africana studies, The Johns Hopkins University 'Standing on A Stone: The Influence of Africa on Paul Robeson's Life and Work,' Kofi Asare Opoku, professor of religious studies and co-chair of Africana studies, Lafayette

Actors Stephen McKinley Henderson, J.D. Hall, John Peak, and Ron Dortch will present a reader's theater production of Paul Robeson's autobiography *Here I Stand*, a session that will also include a performance by the Lafayette Concert Choir. In addition, there will be festival of Robeson films, a curriculum workshop on Robeson studies, and a high school essay contest.

Robeson Jr., who served as a personal aide to his father for more than 20 years, is a freelance journalist, translator, and highly regarded lecturer on American and Russian history. Owner and archivist of The Robeson Collection, which consists of more than 50,000 items, he is author of *The Undiscovered Paul Robeson, 1898-1939* and *Paul Robeson Jr. Speaks to America*.

Robinson is founder and former president of TransAfrica, a non-profit organization dedicated to educating the general public-particularly African Americans-about the economic, political, and moral ramifications of U.S. foreign policy as it affects Africa and the Diaspora in the Caribbean and Latin America. He is author of *Quitting America: The Departure of a Black Man from His Native Land*, published this year by Dutton, and *The Reckoning: What Blacks Owe To Each Other*, *The Debt: What America Owes to Blacks*, and *Defending the Spirit: A Black Life in America*.

Williams co-wrote and starred in the 1998 urban drama *Slam*, winner of the Grand Jury Prize at Sundance Film Festival and Camera d'Or at Cannes Film Festival. In 1995 he began mesmerizing audiences with landmark performances at the Brooklyn Moon Cafe's fabled "Open Mic" sessions and in 1996 became the Nuyorican Poet Cafe's Grand Slam Champion.

Powell will perform 'A Robeson Portrait' to mark the 107th anniversary of Paul Robeson's birth date, April 9, 1898. He has performed with companies such as La Scala, Houston Grand Opera, San Francisco Opera, Cape Town Opera, and Sydney, Australia. Powell first came to national prominence singing 'The Star Spangled

Banner' at the inauguration of President George H.W. Bush in 1989. His performance of Porgy in the New York City Opera production of Porgy and Bess, broadcast live from Lincoln Center on PBS, was nominated for an Emmy Award for 'Best Classical Music Production.'

Registration is free. For information contact Lafayette's Department of Government and Law (Ruth Panovec, secretary), (610) 330- 5390; John McCartney (), or Sam Hay ().

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www.lafayette.edu

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Stay Strong\
\
"Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor" \
--Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)\
\
"This mathematical rhythmatrical mechanism enhances my wisdom\
of Islam, keeps me calm from doing you harm, when I attack, it's Vietnam"\
--HellRazah\
\
"It's not too good to stay in a white man's country too long"\
--Mutabartuka\
\
"As for we who have decided to break the back of colonialism, \
our historic mission is to sanction all revolts, all desperate \
actions, all those abortive attempts drowned in rivers of blood."\
- Frantz Fanon\
\
"Everyday is Ashura and every land is Kerbala"\
-Imam Ja'far Sadiq\
\br/><http://scratchcue.blogspot.com/>
\br/><http://www.sleepybrain.net/vanilla.html>
\br/>http://www.world-crisis.com/analysis_comments/766_0_15_0_C/
\br/><http://ilovepoetry.com/search.asp?keywords=braithwaite&orderBy=date>
\br/><http://www.lowliferecords.co.uk/>

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141. **Ishaq**

Sketches of a Mystery White bwai

Sun 6 Mar 2005

for erik, anthany james dawson and the the strange death of jeff Buckley

brr

It was the lawnmowers over the sound of september grape leaves brushing each other; so september had swam across the river which flowed underground in secret. A treasure unlocked by loc(k)os from the vaults of rudes and grooves. Discover uncover ~ her. Spoken chanted in unenchantment; holding his back at a 1/2 cant he looked like an organic laptop. You couldn't find his ass under the baggy combats. That was about it it ended somewhere near his suede sneakers. Single fisted typing to pound a knuckle with an amigo. Seems like his length started under his toque, which dropped over his face; framed his glasses, leaving all neck and the slender what was his own what skittered across the rooms, arcades and parking lots or stayed seated with likkle motion, motioning the emotion from the tempo, which he felt in falsetto holy intros connected to the downloads, from the desktop he played like letters written like art.

Cee him see the Asiatic blackened sideburned manic unpaniced by the emo un-coo So unrealized on couches watching inuysai

He'skee...suki

She pulled back her bo

No yänki

do

...and cruise toward a gesture like her hands like fans. He'ski, to watch him, he absorbed the steamed noodles balanced in styrofoam cups emptying packets of flavour for a lunch over footlong subs he woofed downed between jobs and senses swayed to basses and drums played like croons.

¡Ya! kid

¡Ya! kid

¡Ya! kid

¡Ya! kid

¡Ya! kid

So the karaoke night was spent soaking up isa through mics. Did he love her.
Did she really move. Does she rotate in 3/4 times to a riddim moon to his sun,
son. What sleek eyes slants to the vision in his haze, from the past, down in his
fluidity she was feening for. Oh H[h]arun plots a plot for the love of his dub
baby. ...and gaelic in black language.

¡Ya! kid

Come and nice up the cuss; ain't nobody as tight as us. She stroked his
tongued. Le belle? ...ah, you bet. His physical hyme born smooth as aqeeq
across a face. Your age set to affect the cantos of late night drives home.
He'skee. What was the step of a silent trip through parking lots. He slips his
palm into his pocket. Toss his spirit bomb. Catch it to the dome when you got
8mins to blend the flava w/ the Abyssinian come mix it up w/ Iranians. Using
Alexandrians' logic full metal tactics, stomping Persian'skee and tyrants was, ...
when... what was what was done ...when... his ...didn't get too carried away
over the dame... come coffee whispers come 4 pm. 4 or 4:30 language of war
or visions of chloe

What more do you want from...

Do you need

Do you want

Do you know when

Love visits auden

The passion of Matthew Hilton

Speaking theology w/ kalam

What can you not have

He kept a light sadness. ...post blues... a tiny tremble of war torn trouser legs
worn out Desperation. Lord attendants wading in the lots cast to see who'd
drown.

Throw

...what you gonna throw

Disembodied hands to kiss in the mist surrounding his island

Do you dare

Can you

Care

What was it his life

...when she came into it sucking on a noodle deep in his throat ...she opened it
and out swam a purity which he aimed away to form her. In a letter carbon

copied sent messages of intellect it collected his spirit under his toque framing
his thoughts into visuals of memos over long distances. Read or be. Step into
his square; read his flow real slow He had become flexible with her like junkies
on lowlows or what was meant in the similie by Jeffery Lee.

or....what was the better thought

Delussions of grand figure notes flats to lookin sharp in tones to semi rational
Textures.

She moved ...she moved to a tin drum struck with the caution of his steady
thumb.

Hyme

My Math Me regained
In madness
Duking it out with Ellington
Eurasian Macluhan
Twistin my melanin
Calculate the african

Strike the Dawn let us holla another Anthem

My Math Me regained
In madness
Duking it out with Ellington
Eurasian Macluhan
Twistin my melanin
Calculate the african

Strike the Dawn let us holla another Anthem

She was not to be removed so she moved in stability to the semitry of his equa-
tions; that was her purpose proven in her rotation

Circumference
6 her
The Laws of Conservation
Fraternité
Equality and Value
He got carried away
Power vs measure

sweet

His pleasure...

Step into his square dig his friendship with the listener.

She who must bee

To arkansa come jazzy hep hop. His prayer. Sami, ...an end destination to the bay as to reach the top of an oak what you tip toe over to track your opus. Bee borns to bop this trip into a sketchy heart when he stayed drunk in his sobriety. Like a dog warrior drinking from a water bowl loudly; smooth has water polished submerged cobblestones. He stroked his fingers along tops and held one stone tightly briefly neatly and released it. His fingers cold and stinging he touched his tongue and warmed them by speaking into the cups of his hands. He ran his tips along the thought of her lashes. Lonely for something in his arms... His heart skipped a neat note to the writ he wrote to ghosts behind the lense of his glasses pressed below the clay. Tears and blood on the beat of his chin

She moved she moved to a tin drum struck with the caution of his steady thumb.

She who must bee
She who must bee
She who must bee

He got carried away over her

This was his lost army
Memorials to the nominative

Decline

Make my
I wants to
What's tru of this
Science of the movement of his thought
Reverie vatos Hallucination
Stay tough in sleepy eyes
Samuraiz
Still sweet
How you feel

He asks

When she rests
In this death place
Todd
Sweet
Close your eyes tight
Tight
My brutha
He spoke a hyme like a plate patterned random with the stroke of waves.

Momotaro and peachboy whispers shaking up the mountains and chasing away
the ogres ...from the dreams of our bruthas. Watch his tantric circles. Armless
standard barers; his

Visualz

Over dub

Babies blessed in cubacles

Come the bringer of water

I'll bet your house

Ain't built as strong as the shore he stroled to.

Like a cadallac

Fully metallic

He walked liked

An alchemist

To correct her caresses.

Babies blessed in cubicles

See the palms of his hands

Cee the palms of his hands

Culture the palms of his hands

Over dub

Shukran

Shukran

Shukran

Who built your house

Broken phone calls

Stolen time cards

...b.u.t. did he love her

Long distance typing notes from a thesis made to 1 from a cipher.

What did he wish to disuncover

Who built this

All this

Catching the dream of a ticket

1426 Lawrence Y Braithwaite (aka Lord Patch)

New Palestine/Fernwood/The Hood

Victoria, BC

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Stay Strong\

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"Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor" \

--Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)\

\

"This mathematical rhythmatrical mechanism enhances my wisdom\

of Islam, keeps me calm from doing you harm, when I attack, it's Vietnam"\
--HellRazah\
\
"It's not too good to stay in a white man's country too long"\
--Mutabartuka\
\
"As for we who have decided to break the back of colonialism, \
our historic mission is to sanction all revolts, all desperate \
actions, all those abortive attempts drowned in rivers of blood."\
- Frantz Fanon\
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"Everyday is Ashura and every land is Kerbala"\
-Imam Ja'far Sadiq\
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<http://scratchcue.blogspot.com/>
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<http://www.sleepybrain.net/vanilla.html>
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http://www.world-crisis.com/analysis_comments/766_0_15_0_C/
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<http://ilovepoetry.com/search.asp?keywords=braithwaite&orderBy=date>
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<http://www.lowliferecords.co.uk/>
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142. **Anastasios Kozaitis**
Ashbery in the NYTBR

Sun 6 Mar 2005

Perhaps, we can talk of something other than ignorance?
Talk amongst yourselves...

The New York Times Book Review

March 6, 2005

Mapping the Unconscious

By CHARLES McGRATH

WHERE SHALL I WANDER

By John Ashbery.

81 pp. HarperCollins Publishers. \$22.95.

SELECTED PROSE

By John Ashbery.

Edited by Eugene Richie.

326 pp. University of Michigan Press. \$29.95.

Correction Appended

John Ashbery is our great poet of the interior landscape -- all the bric-a-brac we carry around in the attic of our minds: imagery, quotations, movie dialogue, advertising jingles, song lyrics, snatches of overheard conversation. He's like Daffy Duck, if that's who the speaker is, in the poem "Daffy Duck in Hollywood":

Something strange is creeping across me.

La Celestina has only to warble the first few bars

Of 'I Thought About You' or something mellow from

Amadigi di Gaula for everything -- a mint-condition can

Of Rumford's Baking Powder, a celluloid earring, Speedy

Gonzales, the latest from Helen Topping Miller's fertile

Escritoire, a sheaf of suggestive pix on greige, deckle-edged

Stock -- to come clattering through.

Ashbery has been curating and rearranging this material for so long now -- since 1953, when his first book, "Turandot and Other Poems," came out -- that, almost without our noticing, he himself has become a part of our mental furniture. Once thought to be willfully "difficult" and impenetrably obscure, Ashbery now, at 77, seems almost avuncular, the grand old man of American poetry, both wise and ironic -- the party guest he describes in one of his new poems, who is "bent on mischief and good works with equal zest." We may not know much Ashbery by heart, but we recognize his voice the instant we hear it, because nobody else writes this way:

Attention, shoppers. From within the
inverted

commas of a strambotto, seditious
whispering

watermarks this time of day. Time to get
out

and, as they say, about.

Ashbery has written more than 20 books -- most of them of consistently high quality, with the exception of the tedious "Flow Chart" -- and he has been around so long, reinventing himself over and over again, that the experience of

reading him now is a little like re-enacting the central drama of most Ashbery poems: the experience of suddenly coming upon something that is both deeply familiar and more than a little strange.

The publication of Ashbery's "Selected Prose" -- reviews, essays and occasional pieces written over the last 50 years -- is a reminder that from the beginning he set out to be different and not too easily understood. "A poem that communicates something that's already known to a reader is not really communicating anything," he said once, and he was referring not just to content but to voice and tone. As a young writer, he consciously broke with the reigning poetic style of his time -- that of Robert Lowell and the "confessional" poets. More than that of any other American poet except Stevens, his early aesthetic was anchored in Paris (where he lived for 10 years), in surrealism and in the work of French experimental writers like Michel Butor and Raymond Roussel.

In the early essays especially, there's a contrarian impulse; the young Ashbery practically brags about how much he loves the kind of writing that at first or even second glance doesn't make a whole lot of sense. Ashbery was also greatly influenced by painters like de Kooning, Pollock and Jasper Johns, and it's meant to be high praise, for example, when he talks about Johns's "organized chaos" and "arbitrary order," and how his painting "seems to defy critical analysis." His own work strove for just that kind of artful abandon. Some of the poems from his 1962 collection, "The Tennis Court Oath," were so dense and allusive, and so full of wild leaps and jarring discontinuities, that they should have come with a surgeon general's warning. Reading them gave you a headache.

But for all its complexity, Ashbery's poetic practice has often had a slangy, homespun quality, and over the years his idiom has come to feel more and more comfortable and familiar. No longer the dadaist enfant terrible, he has lightened up a little, and through sheer longevity and productivity he has taught us how to read him. "I wanted to stretch the bond between language and communication but not to sever it," he said in 1995. Meanwhile, he has been outflanked on the difficulty scale by the Language Poets, for example (many of whom truly are incomprehensible), and even by Jorie Graham, next to whom he is a piece of cake. Ashbery's new book, "Where Shall I Wander," is actually sort of mellow, the work of an aging poet who appears to have resigned himself to being, as he once said of his friend Frank O'Hara, "too hip for the squares and too square for the hips."

This is a less exuberant volume than, say, "Your Name Here," which appeared in 2000. A number of poems begin not with his characteristic sense of adventure, of starting out fresh, but with a feeling of what one of them calls being in "mid-parenthesis." There's often a vague feeling of loss or belatedness or impending mortality -- an awareness that "like all good things / life tends to go too

long" -- or else a sense of opportunity missed, choices not made. These poems tend to resolve themselves, though, not in mourning or in elegy but with a matter-of-fact resignation, as here at the end of a poem called "More Feedback":

There's no turning back the man says,
the one waiting to take tickets at the top
of the gangplank. Still, in the past
we could always wait a little. Indeed,
we are waiting now. That's what happens.

Or here, at the end of "A Visit to the House of Fools":

A ruler is pasted against the wall
to tell time by, but it's too late. The snow's
knack for seeking out and penetrating
crevices
has finally become major news.
Let's drink to that,
and the tenacity of just seeming.

Other poems involve a hint of crisis, a premonition of some loss or disaster. The very first poem in the book, for example, "Ignorance of the Law Is No Excuse," begins:

We were warned about spiders, and the
occasional famine.
We drove downtown to see our neighbors.
None of them were home.

And elsewhere, there are midnight forests, unlit fires, whistling winds, ebbing tides, skies "cold and gray" -- the whole romantic landscape seen in the flat, almost clinical light of hindsight. But the response is practical and accommodating, a recognition that things aren't as bad as they might have been; instead of full-fledged disaster there's just erosion and disappointment:

All hell didn't break loose, it was like a
rising psalm
materializing like snow on an unseen
mountain.

All that was underfoot was good, but lost.

Sometimes the poems even end on a note of pleasure and gratitude for whatever small happiness has been allotted and a gentle admonition against expecting too much:

A certain satisfaction
has been granted us. Sure, we keep coming

back
for more -- that's part of the 'human'
aspect
of the parade. And there are darker
regions

penciled in, that we should explore some
time.
For now, it's enough that this day is over.
It brought its load of freshness, dropped it
off
and left. As for us, we're still here, aren't
we?

Nothing about "Where Shall I Wander" is cheerful, exactly. The jacket painting, by Caspar David Friedrich, is of a gloomy sunset over a field streaked with puddles. But the book isn't really melancholy either; the question posed by the title isn't so much urgent as idle and meditative. The younger Ashbery, the poet of "Self-Portrait in a Convex Mirror," was in fact much more death-haunted than this later one, who in place of the great, chilling clarifications, the glimpses into sublimity provided by such poets of old and middle age as Hardy, Larkin and Yeats (who is invoked here more than once), offers what amounts to a kind of humble, almost folksy stoicism: Things could be worse, be grateful for what you have -- or at least had.

This is a muted, middle-register message and it makes at times for a muted, middle-register book. There are no clunkers here of the sort that used to turn up occasionally in Ashbery collections, but there is also not a single poem that is really large or overwhelming. The pleasure is in the little jokes and surprises (some of them literary, some of them slapstick), and in watching an old hand so effortlessly work so many tiny but elegant variations on familiar music. "It's not as easy as it looks," he says in "Sonnet: More of Same." "Try to avoid the pattern that has been avoided, / the avoidance pattern. . . . It's like practicing a scale: at once different and never the same. / Ask not why we do these things. Ask why we find them meaningful."

For variety he also includes several prose poems, including the long title piece. At least since "Three Poems," which were in fact three long prose pieces -- a flood of sprawling, unparagraphed sentences -- Ashbery has been overly fond of this dandified, hybrid form so beloved by Rimbaud, Baudelaire and Gertrude Stein, among others he has acknowledged as influences. But the prose poem doesn't bring out the best in him (or in anybody else for that matter, except for poets like Charles Simic and Michael Benedikt, who treat the whole notion with

a certain amount of irony). The long sentences, loose and rambling, let all the music leak out, and they often feel arbitrary, made up on the spot:

Smack in the limousine, the friendly fog next door placed a hand on my shoulders, cementing matters. The professor looked wary. 'Flowers have helped pave roads,' he mooted. The ocean filling in for us. Too many vacant noon empires, without them you can't rule a hemisphere or be sated other than by watching. Our TV brains sit around us all brave and friendly, like docile pets.

This isn't poetry; it's -- well, prose, and not particularly interesting prose at that.

On the evidence of "Selected Prose," in fact, it's tempting to conclude that prose is something Ashbery isn't especially good at, which makes him unusual among poets of his stature. Seamus Heaney and Derek Walcott, to take the two most obvious examples, are brilliant critics and essayists, with prose voices as original and as pleasing as their poetic ones. Ashbery's prose writing is clear and competent (he worked as a journalist and art critic for many years) but also dutiful and uninspired. Most of the pieces in this volume are the equivalent of literary chores -- reviews, introductions and the like -- and from them you get no sense of how much fun Ashbery can be or what a master of tone and voices he is, able to shift gears in a single line. Most of "Selected Prose" is written in an all-purpose monotone.

Now that he has backed away a little from the grand manner of his earlier books, it has become clearer that Ashbery's great gift is for the burnishing of ordinary language, for the redeployment of slang and cliché in ways that render the prosaic more poetic. The writing of verse somehow releases him into limberness and playfulness and openness -- a happy state that is itself the subject of some of his best poems, and the opposite of what happens when he works the other way and allows poetic language to unravel dreamily into prose.

The difference is in large part one of tautness and compression -- an intensity that propels him down the page, not across it. This is the Ashbery who now seems so much a part of our mental landscape -- the one who at times seems almost aphoristic in his compactness and precision. And for some of his readers at least, the only worrisome thing about this book, otherwise so wise and so assured, will be the title and the title poem, with their suggestion that the poet may now, near the end of his career, be drawn more to wandering than to getting anywhere.

Charles McGrath, the former editor of the Book Review, is a writer at large at The Times.

Correction: March 6, 2005, Sunday:

A bibliographic note on Page 1 of the Book Review today refers incompletely to the publisher of John Ashbery's "Where Shall I Wander." It is the Ecco imprint of HarperCollins.

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143. **Murat Nemet-Nejat**

Re: Abuse

Sun 6 Mar 2005

Here is a response to Isaq's comments:

*radhippie, your a dude who when someone brought up the report about
massod agents present in nyc during 911 (a proven report)*

There are masod agents in nyc (as there are I assume agents from many other countries in nyc) every day.

M urat

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144. **Boyd Spahr**

call for poems, 8/05-11/06

Sun 6 Mar 2005

Hello all,

My co-editors and I are seeking contributions to a Web series that will launch this August and end the day before Election Day, 2006; 440 days, on each of which we'll post one poem that includes the name of one of the 440 members of the U.S. House of Representatives, 109th Congress. For guidelines (there are some) please email me, [REDACTED].

(New to this list, and my apologies if invitations like this are frowned upon.)

- Boyd Spahr
Dickinson College
Carlisle, PA

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145. **Rob McLennan**

rob's clever blog

Sun 6 Mar 2005

new(ish) on rob's clever blog

www.robmcclennan.blogspot.com

- BookThug: an interview with Jay MillAr
 - ReLit Award Longlist Announced (& im on it)
 - the poetics of accident
 - grain magazine, featuring the Christmas cards of bpNichol
 - ottawater: a city of romantics & optimists
 - span-o, poetry 101 & The Factory Reading Series (Ottawa)
 - maria erskine (a Toronto poet)
 - photos from Clare Latremouille's Christmas party
 - a Meredith Quartermain interview I did at Alterran Poetry Assemblage; an interview Sheila E. Murphy did with me at Stride; an ad for soy sauce; bubble-soap
 - a review of Michael Holmes' Parts Unknown (Insomniac Press)
 - ongoing notes, December 2004 (Gary Barwin, Kemeny Babineau & Erin Bidlake)
 - detritus (various reviews, links, cartoons)
 - Rachel Zucker (a New York poet)
 - a review of Diana Brebners The Ishtar Gate: Last and Selected Poems (The Hugh MacLennan Poetry Series, McGill-Queen's)
 - some notes on narrative & the long poem: a sequence of sequences
 - a review of Ian Samuels' The Ubiquitous Big (Coach House Books)
- etc.

-- poet/editor/pub. ... ed. STANZAS mag & side/lines: a new canadian poetics (Insomniac)...pub., above/ground press ...coord., SPAN-O + ottawa small press fair ...9th coll'n - what's left (Talon) ...c/o RR#1 Maxville ON K0C 1T0
www.track0.com/rob_mclennan * <http://robmcclennan.blogspot.com/>

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146. **Alan Sondheim**

Pain Sifted

Sun 6 Mar 2005

Pain Sifted

Platt Townend found me too neurotic.
Vito Acconci found me a pest.
The head of Nexus found I was too fast-moving and lazy.
Leon Pinstein found me an undeserving underdog.
Johnny Uhl found me a coward.
Bob Jungles found me a thief and a user.
The LAICA Journal committee found me too old.
Tamara Bowers found me creepy and hateful.
Allison Ritch found me too selfish and uncaring.
Robert Horvitz found me arrogant and self-serving.
Jim Andrews found me uncaring, boastful, and self-serving.
Ishaq found me racist and Arab-hating.
George Bowering found me unreadable and forgettable.
Paul Geremiah found me selfish and uncaring.
Margaret Curtis found me embarrassing.
Paul the trumpeter found I rehearsed too much.
My mother found I was too angry.
The Connecticut Arts Council found me too established.
Bernadette Mayer found me social-climbing.
Brian Kilpatrick found me weird and creepy.
Lexie Don found me a bad writer and worse artist.
Nancy Golden found me evil and horrible.
Mr. Pugh found me too noisy and wild.
Kasper Konig found me too old.
My first and only psychiatrist found me too undisciplined.
Alice Birster found me too sexually creepy.
Leone Wilson found me too unmusical and out of tune.
Aaron Weiss found me too dirty.
My brother found me selfish and self-serving.
John Young found me betraying and deceitful.
Robert Horvitz found me creepy about women.
Nelly the curator found me sleazy and unspeakable.
The camp head found me suicidal.
John Hurt found me interfering and noisy.
Vito Acconci found me not an artist.
A waitress in Maine found me too much worshipping the devil.
The head of Hallwalls found me arrogant and overblown.

Kathy Acker found me crazy.
Aram Saroyan found me a dilettante.
The head of the Brown music department found me too loud.
Elizabeth Cannon found me awful.
The Boston video audience found me a liar and a cheat.
My sister found I wasn't an artist.
Ray Brown found me too left-wing and uncompromising.
Mike Reed found me fascist and deceitful.
Mark McElhatten found I did too much.
Margaret Curtis found me too old.
The UNM Albuquerque photo department found me out of my mind.
Carol Damian found me unacceptable.
My father found me a failure and parasitic.
Malgosia Askanas found me an impossible nuisance.
Alison Rossiter found my relations with women creepy.
Krister Hennix found me too psychoanalytically occupied.
Catherine Hennix found me too non-psychoanalytically occupied.
The head of the FIU union found me too hopeless.
The Penguin Encyclopedia of Jazz found my 3rd record mediocre.
Edward Honig found I was trying to kill him.
The Dean of Brown University found me annoying.
))

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147. **Tony Trigilio**

C.S. Giscombe & Ed Roberson / Columbia College Chicago

Sun 6 Mar 2005

C.S. GISCOMBE and ED ROBERSON Poetry Reading

Wednesday, March 9

5:30 p.m.

Columbia College Concert Hall

1014 South Michigan Avenue

(free and open to the public)

Ed Roberson's books include */Voices Cast Out to Talk Us In/* (winner of the Iowa Poetry Prize), */Just 1W Word of Navigational Challenges: New and Selected Work/* (Talisman House Press), and */Atmosphere Conditions/* (National Poetry Series winner, Sun & Moon Press). He has also received a Lila Wallace-Reader's Digest Writer's Award.

C.S. Giscombe is the author of */Here/* (Dalkey Archive Press) and */Giscome Road/* (Dalkey Archive), and a prose book entitled */Into and Out of Dislocation/*

(North Point Press). His current projects include /Prairie Style/, a collection of poems about the Midwest, and /Traveling Public/, a prose work about trains. He teaches in the MFA program at Penn State.

Sponsored by the English Department of Columbia College Chicago (for more information, [REDACTED])

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148. **Craig Allen Conrad**

Re: Abuse ----- V\V\V\V\V\ goin' to Canada, Pluto, further, further....

Sun 6 Mar 2005

It's all fine for some to say that we shouldn't be discussing these issues on the List, but it's clear we want to anyway.

And is it really enough to leave the List? That's the big protest? It's like friends telling me they are moving to Canada, Denmark, or somewhere else after Bush was elected.

Fine, go. But I'd much rather stay, and see if something more than mere finger wagging can take place. I'd much rather see the poets who are upset say that they want to know more about the people making these statements. In other words, looking for poets who are not going to go running away from the language.

If poets can't stand up to words, well then, it's just sad.

I mean, if I ran away everytime I was called a faggot, I'd be one very isolated person right now.

But what questions can we come up with together about this? What questions can we make available, here, now!?

Let's make room, especially for those who can't face the embrace.

CAConrad _http://phillysound.blogspot.com_ (http://phillysound.blogspot.com)
â€œIf we give our money to KFC, weâ€™re paying for a life of misery for some of Godâ€™s most helpless creatures.â€ --The Reverend Al Sharpton Calls for KFC Boycott for 2005

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149. **Kerri Sonnenberg**

email request

Sun 6 Mar 2005

pardon the off-thread request, but i wonder if those of you on the list with whom i've had some contact previously could please take a moment to send me

an email (it can be blank). i'm rebuilding my address book after a ruinous hard drive failure earlier this week. thanks, kerri

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150. **Kerri Sonnenberg**

Durgin and Martin at Discrete Series this week (Chicago)

Sun 6 Mar 2005

THE DISCRETE SERIES @ 3030

| *Marking the Series' 2-year Anniversary* <<

::

:: Camille Martin

:: Patrick Durgin

::

Friday, March 11 9PM / 3030 W. Cortland / \$5 suggested donation / BYOB

[Camille Martin is a poet and translator who lives in New Orleans. Her collections of poetry include *sesame kiosk* (Potes & Poets Press, 2002), *rogue embryo* (Lavender Ink, 1999), *magnus loop* (Chax Press, 1999), and *Plastic Heaven* (Fell Swoop, 1996). Her work has been published in such magazines as *Perspektive* (also in German translation), *Kiosk*, *Fiddlehead*, *Cauldron & Net*, *Unarmed*, *Moria*, *Poethia*, and *VeRT*, and in the anthology *Another South: Experimental Writing in the South* (University of Alabama Press, 2002). She recently completed a new collection, *codes of public sleep*. Martin founded and co-curates the Lit City Poetry Reading Series in New Orleans.]

[Patrick F. Durgin is the author of several chapbooks of poetry; *Pundits Scribes Pupils* is from Potes & Poets Press (1998); *And so on* is from Texture Press (1999) and is available from Duration Press' out-of-print archive; *Sorter* is from Duration Press (2001) and is downloadable for free from the Duration Bookstore (<http://www.durationpress.com/bookstore/index.htm>). His poetry and critical writings have appeared in numerous small-press periodicals since the late 90's, including *26*, *Aufgabe*, *Combo*, *Crayon*, *Ixnay*, *Lipstick Eleven*, *Rain Taxi*, *Review of Books*, *Tripwire*, and, most recently, *Chain*, *Chicago Review*, and *Tin-fish*. Durgin has published / presented articles and interviews on / with poets such as Rachel Blau DuPlessis, Dominique Fourcade, Lyn Hejinian, Andrew Levy, Nathaniel Mackey, Jackson Mac Low, Eileen Myles, Douglas Oliver, and Rod Smith. An ongoing collaboration with poet / translator Jen Hofer -- regarding a potential "synaesthetic poetics" -- frequently makes its way into print. Forthcoming anthology appearance: *Faux Press San Francisco Bay Area Poets*. Forthcoming compact disc release: *"Cooking with Da Crouton"* (Grimsey Records, www.grimsey.com).]

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

██████████

or ██████████, or call the space at ██████████.

<http://www.lavamatic.com/discrete>

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151. **Nick Piombino**

Re: Questions

Sun 6 Mar 2005

On 3/6/05 8:06 PM, "Craig Allen Conrad" <██████████> wrote:

But what questions can we come up with together about this?

What questions can we make available, here, now!?

It's all fine for some to say that we shouldn't be discussing these issues on the List, but it's clear we want to anyway.

Who is "we"? Which issues and discussions are being referred to here?

Some of "us" don't want to see abusive racist language discussed the way it has been discussed recently on the list .

Some do.

And is it really enough to leave the List? That's the big protest?

It's like friends telling me they are moving to Canada, Denmark, or somewhere else after Bush was elected.

What does leaving the list because someone feels abused by what they consider abusive racist language on the list have to do with people leaving the country over the election of Bush? What does the word "enough" imply in the above statement? Are such people leaving the country (or the list) doing so because they feel abused or are they leaving because they feel it is abusive to stay and do not want to participate in or support the abuse? Is there an assumption in the above that staying is doing more to protest? What makes staying on the list a "bigger" protest?

Why isn't leaving the list or the country a "big protest"? What's not "big" about this form of protest? Why is staying and responding to abusive racist language the "big" thing? Does "big" mean "stronger" here, as in "more powerful"?

Fine, go. But I'd much rather stay, and see if something more than mere finger wagging can take place.

Isn't the statement "fine, go" also a form of finger wagging? What isn't "finger wagging" on the list? Why can't the entire post below be considered "finger wagging." If the comment "fine, go" is, in fact, also "finger wagging" is the above statement an oxymoron?

the poets who are upset say that they want to know more about the people making these statements. In other words, looking for poets who are not going to go running away from the language.

What is "the" language? Whose language is "the" language? Which language is "the" language? Why does "the" language have to include abusive language? By "the" language is it "free speech" or an idea of poetic license that is being spoken of, as in "the language" of the first amendment? Is the reasoning here then indirectly speaking of the legal right to use abusive language, and if so, what about the distinction between the legal right to use abusive language on the poetics list (free speech) as contrasted with, in so doing, violating certain human rights on the list. What about trying to abide by a notion of human rights beyond legal rights or poetic license on the poetics list? What about the poetics of human rights?

Why should someone necessarily want to "know more" about somebody who is being mean to them, or bullying them?

Why is confronting and asking for people who use abusive tactics to stop "running away from the language"?

If poets can't stand up to words, well then, it's just sad.

Philosophical question: can the entire line of reasoning in the post quoted below be considered "begging the question"?

(premise): Poets who stand up to abusive language by refusing to respond to it by leaving the list can't stand up to words.

(premise) Poets who can't stand up to abusive words are running away from the language.

(premise): Poets who are running away from abusive language are sad.

(conclusion): Poets who leave the list are sad people running away from abusive language who can't stand up to abusive language.

(conclusion): Leaving the list is not standing up to abusive language.

(conclusion): Sad poets are like people who can't stand up to abusive language the way people who are not standing up to Bush leave the US to emigrate to Canada.

It's all fine for some to say that we shouldn't be discussing these issues on the List, but it's clear we want to anyway.

And is it really enough to leave the List? That's the big protest? It's like friends telling me they are moving to Canada, Denmark, or somewhere else after Bush was elected.

Fine, go. But I'd much rather stay, and see if something more than mere finger wagging can take place. I'd much rather see the poets who are upset say that they want to know more about the people making these statements. In other words, looking for poets who are not going to go running away from the language.

If poets can't stand up to words, well then, it's just sad.

I mean, if I ran away everytime I was called a faggot, I'd be one very isolated person right now.

But what questions can we come up with together about this? What questions can we make available, here, now!?

Let's make room, especially for those who can't face the embrace.

CAConrad

[_http://phillysound.blogspot.com_](http://phillysound.blogspot.com) (<http://phillysound.blogspot.com>)

³If we give our money to KFC, we're paying for a life of misery for some of God's most helpless creatures.² --The Reverend Al Sharpton Calls for KFC Boycott for 2005

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152. **Tenney Nathanson**

POG Saturday evening March 12: poets SHERWIN BITSUI & JOHN WRIGHT

Sun 6 Mar 2005

POG

presents

poets

Sherwin Bitsui & John Wright

Saturday, March 12, 7pm,

ORTSPACE

121 E. 7th Street

(use entry on east side of building, at alley door)

Admission: \$5; Students \$3

Sherwin Bitsui is originally from White Cone, Arizona, on the Navajo Reservation; he currently lives in Tucson. He is Dine of the Todich'ii'nii (Bitter Water Clan), born for the Tl'izilani (Many Goats Clan). Bitsui holds an AFA from the Institute of American Indian Arts Creative Writing Program and is the recipient of the 2000-01 Individual Poet Grant from the Witter Bynner Foundation for Poetry, the 1999 Truman Capote Creative Writing Fellowship, and, more recently, the 2002 University of Arizona Academy of American Poets Student Poetry Award. His poems have appeared in such journals as *American Poets*, *The Iowa Review*, *Frank (Paris)*, and *Red Ink*. *Shapeshift*, his first book, was published by The University of Arizona Press as a Suntracks book in 2003. For more see <http://bitsui.mantaka.biz/bio.php>.

John Wright's poems and essays have appeared in a wide range of journals, from *Mule* to *Chicago Review*, whose current issue features both his interview with and memoir of poet Edward Dorn. A Westerner by inclination, he has lived in the Midwest, the Southwest, the Pacific Northwest, and along the western slope of Rue St. Georges in Paris and has taught at colleges, universities, secondary schools, and art schools here and abroad. He holds degrees from Principia College and the University of Chicago, and currently divides his time between Tucson and the canyons of Bisbee.

*

& coming up (please check back to confirm dates) . . .

April 2: poet Charles Bernstein

April 30: poet/critic David Levi Strauss & poet Jason Zuzga

May 7: poets Austin Publicover & Dlyn Fairfax Parra

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.

thanks to our growing list of 2004-2005 Patrons and Sponsors:

. Corporate Patrons Buffalo Exchange and GlobalEye Systems . Individual Patrons Millie Chapin, Elizabeth Landry, Allison Moore, Liisa Phillips, Jessica Thompson, and Rachel Traywick . Corporate Sponsors Antennae a Journal of Experimental Poetry and Music/Performance, Bookman's, Chax Press, Jamba Juice, Kaplan Test Prep and Admissions, Kore Press, Macy's, Reader's Oasis, and Zia Records . Individual Sponsors Gail Browne, Suzanne Clores, Sheila Murphy, and Desiree Rios

We're also grateful to hosts and programming partners

. Casa Libre en La Solana Inn & Guest House

- . Dinnerware Contemporary Arts gallery
- . Las Artes Center (see stories in El Independiente and the Tucson Weekly)
- . O-T-O Dance at ORTSPACE
- . MOCA (Museum of Contemporary Art)
- . Alamo Gallery (see this Tucson Arts District page)

for further information contact

POG: [REDACTED], [mailto:\[REDACTED\]](mailto:[REDACTED]); or visit us on the web at www.gopog.org

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153. **Ishaq**

[razapress] rap and liberation

Mon 7 Mar 2005

Using Rap To Liberate The Mind

Educate and Liberate!

Raza Studies Program

Spring Semester 2005

This session of the Raza Studies, Using Rap To Liberate The Mind, will be facilitated by Miguel Jimenez. Miguel is a rapper, activist, and member of ARE (Association of Raza Educators). The presentation/discussion will center around how to use (and produce) Rap Music as a means to raise the social-political consciousness of Raza youth. Those in attendance will be able to hear music and get a sample CD of rap lyrics that promote unity and liberation struggle.

For almost two decades, the Raza Studies Programs have been held in various barrios of San Diego: in schools, community youth centers, and at Union del Barrio headquarters.

The objectives of the Raza Studies Program are:

1. Educate/Inform young people about Raza History, Politics, and Culture.
2. Through Raza Studies create/instill pride and positive self-esteem among Raza youth.
3. Create unity among Raza youth and end the mindless violence that takes place daily throughout the Barrios of Aztlan.
4. Assist/Motivate young Raza to continue their education (high school, college, etc.).
5. Raise the social consciousness of youth and get them involved in the struggle for Raza self-determination (create progressive social activists).
6. Prepare others (specially young people) to become Raza Studies instructors and teachers.

This Spring's Raza Studies Program is being organized in a round table discussion (circuitos de discusion) format/structure: a guest presenter is asked to

give comments on a particular issue and everyone is encouraged to ask questions or give comments (feedback). We are currently on our sixth session (discussion) of the Raza Studies Program Spring Semester 2005. Past sessions have

included (1) Introduction to Raza Studies, (2) Issues Facing Youth, (3) Why Some Raza

Youth End Up In Prison-The Reality of Prison Life, (4) Waking Up La Raza: Why

and How To Publish a Newspaper or Newsletter in Your School or Barrio, (5) La

Mujer Mexicana, and (6) Chicano Power: Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow.

The seventh session of the Spring Semester will take place at 5 PM, Wednesday, March 9 (2005), at the Yo Spot Youth Center, located on the corner of 41 and Market St., San Diego.

Come and Learn. Become an activist. Support the Struggle. Participate in the Raza

Studies Program.

Venceremos!

for more information, reply to this e-mail or call Ernesto at [REDACTED]

<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/razapress/>

_____\nStay Strong\n

\"Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor\" \n--Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)\n

\"This mathematical rhythmical mechanism enhances my wisdom\nof Islam, keeps me calm from doing you harm, when I attack, it's Vietnam\"\n--HellRazah\n

\"It's not too good to stay in a white man's country too long\"\n--Mutabartuka\n

\"As for we who have decided to break the back of colonialism, \nour historic mission is to sanction all revolts, all desperate \nactions, all those abortive attempts drowned in rivers of blood.\"\n- Frantz Fanon\n

\"Everyday is Ashura and every land is Kerbala\"

-Imam Ja'far Sadiq\

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

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<http://www.sleepybrain.net/vanilla.html>

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http://www.world-crisis.com/analysis_comments/766_0_15_0_C/

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<http://ilovepoetry.com/search.asp?keywords=braithwaite&orderBy=date>

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<http://www.lowliferecords.co.uk/>

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154. **Craig Allen Conrad**

Re: Questions

Mon 7 Mar 2005

Nick, I'm always happy to hear from you.

Why should we want to ask these people who they are?

Have you ever heard of Rodney Fox? If you haven't, he's very interesting, in that he's a man who was attacked by a great white shark some years ago, and managed to get back into the water again to seriously study these beings. In doing that he transformed his fear into seeing himself down in that water, in those jaws, and the hunger of those jaws. He later became one of the biggest champions of these animals, and set out to preserve their habitats, and to protect the species. And why? That why is easy: because we really are all part of a fabric.

The unity surpasses our engines tanked to disrupt passage.

The bigger questions we need to be asking are about our goals with our actions. Do you know what I mean? In other words, what is our ultimate goal in cutting someone off? What do we hope happens? And furthermore, how does that action cut us off from other goals we may have had, like, finding common ground? Or ending suffering?

How can we want suffering to END when we can't endure the possibility of that success by at least seeing how people go wrong in order to find out how we can all get right with one another?

To want all this to just end, this suffering with words and hatred, and to have it stop, so we can go back to bantering about poetics, is to somehow miss the world entirely. Close the curtain, it's time to talk about poetry. Nevermind the fucking WAR in Iraq, which is merely a larger mirror of the one we could be

looking at on this List. I mean, c'mon, the terrible things have terrible beginnings we can either imagine, or terrible beginnings we can investigate and actually know.

To even begin discussing the high and mighty idea of "the" language is just my point, don't you get it? If being afraid of bigots, or if even being afraid of you and your slices of lines were to gain anything, don't you think I'd run in the other direction? But no, no way.

Is poetry just shoving words together? If so, maybe we should all run.

CAConrad_ <http://phillysound.blogspot.com/> (<http://phillysound.blogspot.com/>)
"If we give our money to KFC, we're paying for a life of misery for some of God's most helpless creatures." --The Reverend Al Sharpton Calls for KFC Boycott for 2005

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155. **Steve Dalachinsky**
Re: Pain Shifted

Mon 7 Mar 2005

i find yer always a bit too full of yerself and what you find
tho don't get me wrong i'm not trying to start a discussion here
because i also find that you know a hell of alot more than i do
saw stollman again tonight avoided talking to him since he never
remembers me
from one time to the next
we paranoid yids what are we gonna do with us
dicuss where the melody comes from maybe?

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156. **Ishaq**
END NOTES: Sketches of a Mystery White Bwai
Mon 7 Mar 2005

peace,

"no town has greater right on you than the other. the best town for you
is the one that which bears you."
- amir al-mu'minin

this piece what was entitled "sketched of a mystery white bwai" was for you to
do your thing with like read...i wrote it after a period of alchemy which my body

and mood was transforming “pain reduction therapy” into m.a.d.ness = the mathematics of the afrikan diaspora.

they had me on some pretty heavy shit, to stop this massive stuff with my body doin flip flops. what it was that i feared, actaully, was addiction -- what i did not fear, mostly, was the perpetual pain cuz in diasporic culture its’ stream is constant and should not be feared... “rudies nah fear” or “fear no humanbeing” ... b.u.t. the loss of control over body, mind and soul; this was something which required my deep concentration:

i remember the smell of grapes, the leaves, grass and the audio of slowed breathing from the juice they were pumping into me = coma inducing; the threat of the western pitfall of over doing and over dosing..., then i remember the sound and sight of humming birds in that feeder i put up over the summer. now, it was september going on october. one was a month into a season, not only a musical composition w/ a couple of bruhs flowing in a call and response, surrounded by the elements of earth wind and fire, b.u.t. also a soon come season which summons water as rain drops = healing and come the harvest of those grapes and the (re)call of memory summoning salmon to return home over in gold stream and my focusing on the expression in post urban hip hop rocked up bucolic poetics, in this the era, of the fall of an empire where we raise the flow of the heretic = from the numb (ness) to human (ness).

it was about working against the stream of block consciousness and nerves. it was about holding down my square. it was not about roman poetry down on the farm...the pastoral. i 2 was assembling an impression in the form of a soon come friend who struck me to the first time i saw him = pure thought on a cant, inna toque, motionless in front of a screen. this impression was not particularly roman. it was a passionate signification some what ancient and greek w/out the vulgarity in bent over sexuality - dealing with the purity of my struggle and the philosophy of laws within anime. i watched “full metal alchemy” and clapped my hands together and recited the laws of conservation = ‘for what you take you must replace with a substance, the sublime and/or the spiritual which is/are equal in weight and/or value.

so i wrote this piece to blendw/ my friend’s and my and our environment which was afroeurasin in fluidity and transformation = uninterrupted in his zone, (i did not want to interrupt/invoke his zone = vulgarity) outside the rites of spring, typing in the calm panic of the fall. the alchemy of the destruction of the first civilization by a robber governor, c.o.’s and barons into the building of our confidence and identity in our unity of history and struggle found in dispersion. it was our proof of tyranny from the lynching posses come to party to the liberators come to pillage. it was his/our/a nation to ummah’s properties set in the square of what he is to my system -- cuz the treatment can result in addiction.

my nerve endings over stimulated and shooting pain into passion and eventually possession released in a creativity:

1. to create ghost music out of binary translations for the eye (s) of the human
= the optical thesaurus made metaphor

2. to fascinate the observer/reader (more) to engage them with knowledge that
"dub" in irish gaelic means "black" or "dark" ...so i dub my optical friend in my
sketch of the afrikanization of amerikkkanada

a. sketches are immediate samples of related lines organized via a passion to
retain a memory of a moment (s), sound or visual or all formed to together since
fingers strike keys and pens, pencils and writing tools scratch paper. you are
motionless, like my friend - the muse (sic), either by the failure of the body or
the intensity of the work of hands moving to impress the object of it's projec-
tions.

b. ...the sketch that is "sketch of a mystery white bwai" was assembled from the
elements surround (ing) me - through me. ... withdrawal from pain and near ad-
diction from the reduction ...western pity full.

c. ...this peace [piece] became my method done like a samurai samizdat. samu-
rais wrote poetry did you know that?

my submission is not about being b.u.t. becoming the fluidity of speech and
thought to soul (you know you got...) -- the growth of the extension of nerve
endings or grape vines and secret gardens. i was holding this thought of fear of
addiction even to the memory of my friend who is simply still, lost in thought
through all this.

With this image of letters forming this note; "...there was never a cloudy day..."

I hope you enjoy the read on the selection of this mixed down massive, to my
muse sic/ill friend, assembled after in my illness, I send to you from new pales-
tine (fernwood/victoria, bc)

peace

khoda hafez

lawrence ytzhak braithwaite

██████████

___\

Stay Strong\

\

"Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor" \

--Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)\

\

"This mathematical rhythmatcal mechanism enhances my wisdom\
of Islam, keeps me calm from doing you harm, when I attack, it's Vietnam"\
--HellRazah\
\

"It's not too good to stay in a white man's country too long"\
--Mutabartuka\
\

"As for we who have decided to break the back of colonialism, \
our historic mission is to sanction all revolts, all desperate \
actions, all those abortive attempts drowned in rivers of blood."\
- Frantz Fanon\
\

"Everyday is Ashura and every land is Kerbala"\
-Imam Ja'far Sadiq\
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<http://scratchcue.blogspot.com/>
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<http://www.sleepybrain.net/vanilla.html>
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http://www.world-crisis.com/analysis_comments/766_0_15_0_C/
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<http://ilovepoetry.com/search.asp?keywords=braithwaite&orderBy=date>
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<http://www.lowliferecords.co.uk/>
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157. **Steve Dalachinsky**

Re: Racist Abuse / Why I Am Leaving the Poetics List

Mon 7 Mar 2005

here here

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158. **Harry Nudel**

winter...

Mon 7 Mar 2005

i want to leave

a.s.a.p

i want to stay
a.a.r.p.
i want i want
b.t.k.
1, 2, 3:00.....drn...

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159. **Harry Nudel**

Stay/Leave...

Mon 7 Mar 2005

I agree
with Nick

the passive
aggressive

will inherit
this list....

wham...drn...

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160. **Alan Sondheim**

it got older and bolder

Mon 7 Mar 2005

Additional

Tony Conrad found my work a joke.
Steve Fagin found me rude.

))

it got older and bolder
it blew apart and remained blue
she showed me her shoulder
neutrinos and neutrons tracked her back

follow the girl to the mountain
follow her back to the rock
take her and she'll break you
for your life is on the block
and your body's in the stock
and you're winding down your clock

there was an evident was it moscow
was it greek too many spikes differently
it mapped into human unconscious
it is unheeded warning unreadable sign

unleash the power of wilson cloud-chamber
magnetic isotropic lines of power
magnified in the literature of the rock

of the fury of the shock
of creation of the unconscious
which attempts understanding undermining
delimiting and lining

the literature of the rock
broken in the fury of the shock

<http://www.asondheim.org/remake.mov>

==

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161. **Alison Croggon**
Re: Ashbery in the NYTBR
Mon 7 Mar 2005

On 7/3/05 6:47 PM, "Chris Stroffolino" <[REDACTED]> wrote:

*Are the language poets really more "difficult" than Ashbery?
This is a different question, I think, than are they more
"incomprehensible?"*

Is it? It depends on the tone of the question, I guess.

I felt the review was a rather depressing domestication. It seems that Ashbery has now been well digested - his great gift is for "the burnishing of ordinary language, for the redeployment of slang and cliché in ways that render the prosaic more poetic." Though he still tends to "wander" (where?) worryingly off this rather comfortable armchair. But really, he's quite safe now.

This process is inevitable, of course. I have no idea what you can do about it.

Best

A

Alison Croggon

Blog: <http://theatrenotes.blogspot.com>
Editor, Masthead: <http://masthead.net.au>
Home page: <http://alisoncroggon.com>

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162. **Alan Sondheim**

Re: Pain Shifted

Mon 7 Mar 2005

ah maybe not full enough of my self; if i were i wouldn't be so full of myself.
what one 'knows' is relative and meaningless.

i will return to Gibbon and Herndon, Exploration of the Valley of the Amazon.

- Alan

On Mon, 7 Mar 2005, Steve Dalachinsky wrote:

i find yer always a bit too full of yerself and what you find

tho don't get me wrong i'm not trying to start a discussion here

because i also find that you know a hell of alot more than i do

*saw stollman again tonight avoided talking to him since he never
remembers me
from one time to the next*

we paranoid yids what are we gonna do with us

dicuss where the melody comes from maybe?

nettext <http://biblioteknett.no/alias/HJEMMESIDE/bjornmag/nettext/>

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

WVU 2004 projects: <http://www.as.wvu.edu/clcold/sondheim/>

<http://www.as.wvu.edu:8000/clc/Members/sondheim>

Trace projects <http://trace.ntu.ac.uk/writers/sondheim/index.htm>

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163. **Chris Stroffolino**
Re: Ashbery in the NYTBR
Mon 7 Mar 2005

Are the language poets really more "difficult" than Ashbery?
This is a different question, I think, than are they more
"incomprehensible?"

Regardless of to whom these categories are applied, and the value we place
on those terms (I'll beg those questions for the time being), isn't it
possible that an "incomprehensible" poem
can be less "difficult" than a comprehensible one?

C

>From: Anastasios Kozaitis <[REDACTED]>
>To: [REDACTED]
>Subject: Ashbery in the NYTBR
>Date: Sun, Mar 6, 2005, 9:42 AM
>

*Meanwhile, he has been outflanked on
the difficulty scale by the Language Poets, for example (many of whom
truly are incomprehensible), and even by Jorie Graham, next to whom he
is a piece of cake.*

[↑ Contents](#)

164. **Richard Jeffrey Newman**
Re: Racist Abuse
Mon 7 Mar 2005

Craig wrote:

>>Fine, go. But I'd much rather stay, and see if something more
than mere finger wagging can take place. I'd much rather see
the poets who are upset say that they want to know more about
the people making these statements. In other words, looking
for poets who are not going to go running away from the language.

If poets can't stand up to words, well then, it's just sad.

I mean, if I ran away everytime I was called a faggot, I'd be one very isolated
person right now.

But what questions can we come up with together about this? What questions
can we make available, here, now!?!<<

I think, Craig, your intentions and desires for how to deal with Tim Yu's leaving and the issues it raises are admirable, though I don't agree that Tim's leaving was, as you seem to suggest, a cop out. First, Tim did not simply cut and run. In the short time I have been on the list, there have been at least three serious and angry and hurtful and divisive discussions about racism and language that have centered specifically on Asians and/or Asian-Americans and not only was he quite vigorously involved in at least two of them; he also instigated each of them by confronting the person or people who expressed that racism. For him to have decided that he had had enough, that this list no longer felt to him like a community where he was welcome, that from his point of view as an Asian American there was, therefore, no longer any point in having those discussions is more like deciding to stop banging your head against a wall than running away from a wall simply because it has been constructed in front of you. (I am not suggesting, let me be clear, that we ought not have this conversation, just that Tim had reason to feel that he no longer could.)

Ultimately, any individual's racism or sexism or homophobia or xenophobia or whatever is that individual's responsibility--and, collectively, when the ism(s) is/are institutionalized, it is the responsibility of the group(s) that most benefit from it/them--and there is no reason why those who are the object of the "ism" should feel any obligation/responsibility to engage the people who hate them in a discussion meant to expose and deal with that hatred and its sources. There is, in other words, no reason why Tim or Pamela--to talk specifically about this situation--should subject themselves to the virulent racism Richard Taylor expressed, intentionally or not, in his "yellow-face-Japanese-speak" post just so that Richard Taylor should have a chance to vent his bile and maybe--and this is a pretty big maybe--change. Confronting Taylor on what he said should be the responsibility of those of us who are not Asian-American and who therefore benefit, whether we like it or not, from what that kind of racist rhetoric does on and off the list. This is not to say that someone--a woman, gay man or lesbian, a Jew, a Black person, Asian-American, whomever--might not choose to engage this discussion, as Tim did on several occasions, but just that such engagement is not their responsibility.

But back to where I started this post: I think the discussion you want to have, Craig, would be a very, very valuable one, and I--as someone who did engage this issue initially--am interested to hear what further questions you would raise, not so much about poets and language, because we are not talking here, ultimately, about poets and language, but about language and racism and responsibility for racism--because ultimately what we are talking about, since all of this is happening only in language and only on the web, is how we deal with the fact that our language carries racism within it and how we take responsibility, then, for using that language in a way that does not perpetuate that racism.

Richard

Richard Jeffrey Newman
Associate Professor, English
Chair, International Education Committee
Nassau Community College
One Education Drive
Garden City, NY 11530

O: [REDACTED]

F: [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

www.ncc.edu

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

From: UB Poetics discussion group [mailto:[REDACTED]] On
Behalf Of Craig Allen Conrad

Sent: Sunday, March 06, 2005 8:07 PM

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: Re: Abuse ----- V\V\V\V\V\ goin' to Canada, Pluto, further,
further....

It's all fine for some to say that we shouldn't be discussing these issues on the List, but it's clear we want to anyway.

And is it really enough to leave the List? That's the big protest? It's like friends telling me they are moving to Canada, Denmark, or somewhere else after Bush was elected.

Fine, go. But I'd much rather stay, and see if something more than mere finger wagging can take place. I'd much rather see the poets who are upset say that they want to know more about the people making these statements. In other words, looking for poets who are not going to go running away from the language.

If poets can't stand up to words, well then, it's just sad.

I mean, if I ran away everytime I was called a faggot, I'd be one very isolated person right now.

But what questions can we come up with together about this? What questions can we make available, here, now!?

Let's make room, especially for those who can't face the embrace.

CAConrad

[_http://phillysound.blogspot.com_](http://phillysound.blogspot.com) (<http://phillysound.blogspot.com>)

"If we give our money to KFC, we're paying for a life of misery for some of

God's most helpless creatures." --The Reverend Al Sharpton Calls for KFC Boycott for 2005

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165. **Dan Waber**
[poem] This Addiction
Mon 7 Mar 2005

7/61

Echo = There may be no proper order known for these stories or to what we owe this puzzle of loyalty, this addiction.

Source = Jennifer Hill-Kaucher, from her poem "Orthography"

This Addiction

She claimed everything I ever wrote. There,
now I've said it. The old and new--you may
not be able to grasp what this means. Be
a writer of the kind of poems no
man has ever written, be a proper
gentleman after divorce in order
to retain control over what is known,
fall in love again and agonize for
three years over a way to release these
old stories along with the new stories
without dishonoring both women or
the loves and lives they are attached to,
finally decide that no matter what
happens you'll burn the "I" to save the "we,"
that you owe the future more than you owe
the past and that if any love fuels, this
one does. Now picture the entire puzzle
made moot in a singular gesture of
what the uninformed might term loyalty.
She swept up my every word and said, "This
was all written for me, this addiction."

Dan Waber

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166. **Ron Silliman**

Silliman's Blog

Mon 7 Mar 2005

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

RECENT POSTS

Discovering Roy Kiyooka "â€"
better late than never

Finland "â€"
when the written language
dates only to 1850"â€!

Museum audio headsets:
look at the damn art

DalÃ's Photoshop:
Under the surrealist
there lay a realist

Indoors vs. outdoors
as an aesthetic experience
(a nod to Edwin Denby)

Central Park sans Gates:
What was that, exactly?

Bruce Sterling's Zeitgeist:
The Coleridge of cyberpunk
takes on Y2K
and parenting

Lyn Hejinian's sentence:
inviting, inclusive, powerful

RIP Hunter S. Thompson

Where will poetry be in 20 years?
Looking for a stake in the ground

Erica Weitzman, Laura Sims,
Jon Cone & the new
Six by Six

Prose poem magazines "â€"
what do they mean?
(with an aside
on the politics of haiku)

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

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167. **Anastasios Kozaitis**

Re: Ashbery in the NYTBR

Mon 7 Mar 2005

A.

I do not mean this derogatorily, but there's no stopping the Ashbury-zation of poetry once people recognized his line, method and/or lack there of. Readers of poetry have been Ashburyzed, whether they've read him or not.

The review was posted as a way to get move conversation along in a different direction. I did not find it at all illuminating.

--Ak

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168. **alexander saliby**

Old friends from the library

Mon 7 Mar 2005

Tyranny of Words, Stuart Chase, 1938, a kind of A. Korzybski for the working man. Is the text flawed? Perhaps; some reviewers have been critical.

Guides to Straight Thinking, Stuart Chase, 1956, a kind of everymans Aristotle with wit and charm. Is it flawed? Nope, just a tad over simplified, but then, what's wrong with simplification?

Danger - Men Talking, Stuart Chase, 1969, I really can't summarize this one in quite such a glib fashion; this is a more serious labor from one who formerly wrote about economics but who seems to have understood better the impact of language on life and living than most linguists, perhaps even better than most poets.

All these may be out of print by now, but they should be available at local libraries; some are available on Amazon if you insist on owning what you read.

Alex

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170. **Peter Cudmore**

Re: Abuse, or, Life as Hardball

Mon 7 Mar 2005

> And yet, I still firmly believe that the meek, who are now so easily led to slaughter, will one day inherit the earth; and maybe even the poetics list.<

The meek shall inherit the earth... When everyone else has finished with it.

P

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171. **Lori Emerson**

Walter Benn Michaels on Susan Howe??

Mon 7 Mar 2005

Dear all: I wonder if any of you have taken a look at Walter Benn Michaels new book *The Shape of the Signifier* that opens with an essay on Susan Howe-- I'm working on a book review of it and, although I want to, I can't quite get at how to refute him! I'm curious to know what you'd think of, say, this passage from an interview with Michaels where he explains his position in the book:

"WBM: I don't know if you know Howe's work, but Howe is completely committed to the idea that you haven't read Emily Dickinson unless you've read the manuscripts. The Johnson edition and every edition except facsimile editions distort what the text is. But she has a certain conception of the text such that it's impossible for it to continue to be a text. She begins to imagine the spaces between the words are fundamental to what the text is...

Interviewer: That would be considered part of the intention...

WBM: She gives two different accounts of that, but you're on the right track. One account I find theoretically defensible, and that is, hey, if it mattered to Emily Dickinson how far apart these words were and what they looked like, then you haven't got her text unless you've got the way she did her 'i's' and 't's'. But Howe, half the time, is saying something else which is more radical, at least in a de Manian sense: it doesn't even matter what mattered to Emily Dickinson, what matters is what this object is. Unless you're seeing that object, then you're not seeing the object Emily Dickinson produced. And she identifies that in a de Manian way, with what she calls 'gibberish': it's precisely the moment when the thing becomes meaningless that it becomes an object."

How does this strike you? Inaccurate? Dead-on but not problematic? or just dead-on? or just problematic?

best, Lori

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172. **Nick Piombino**

Re: Abuse, or, Life as Hardball

Mon 7 Mar 2005

Better late than never.

n.

On 3/7/05 12:23 PM, "Peter Cudmore" <[REDACTED]> wrote:

And yet, I still firmly believe that the meek, who are now so easily led to slaughter, will one day inherit the earth; and maybe even the poetics list.<

The meek shall inherit the earth... When everyone else has finished with it.

P

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173. **derekrogeron**

[job] Barista - Bowery Poetry Club

Mon 7 Mar 2005

Can't get tenure at Columbia or NYU?

Become a Poetry Club Barista!

(espresso preparation)

Staring wages \$7-\$8; based on experience.

NO PHONE CALLS -

Please bring resume to Bowery Poetry Club, 308 Bowery (across from CBGB's)

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174. **Maria Damon**

brad will

Mon 7 Mar 2005

does anyone know anything about brad will's poetry? what's it like? i find his reports from brazil very intense. as who wouldn't. --

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175. **Masha Zavialova**

Re: Pain Sifted

Mon 7 Mar 2005

Alan, thank you, it was hilarious, in the good sense.

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

From: UB Poetics discussion group

[mailto:██████████]On Behalf Of Alan Sondheim

Sent: Sunday, March 06, 2005 4:58 PM

To: ██████████

Subject: Pain Sifted

Pain Sifted

Platt Townend found me too neurotic.

Vito Acconci found me a pest.

The head of Nexus found I was too fast-moving and lazy.

Leon Pinstein found me an undeserving underdog.

Johnny Uhl found me a coward.

Bob Jungles found me a thief and a user.

The LAICA Journal committee found me too old.

Tamara Bowers found me creepy and hateful.

Allison Ritch found me too selfish and uncaring.

Robert Horvitz found me arrogant and self-serving.

Jim Andrews found me uncaring, boastful, and self-serving.

Ishaq found me racist and Arab-hating.

George Bowering found me unreadable and forgettable.

Paul Geremiah found me selfish and uncaring.

Margaret Curtis found me embarrassing.

Paul the trumpeter found I rehearsed too much.

My mother found I was too angry.

The Connecticut Arts Council found me too established.

Bernadette Mayer found me social-climbing.

Brian Kilpatrick found me weird and creepy.

Lexie Don found me a bad writer and worse artist.

Nancy Golden found me evil and horrible.

Mr. Pugh found me too noisy and wild.

Kasper Konig found me too old.

My first and only psychiatrist found me too undisciplined.

Alice Birster found me too sexually creepy.

Leone Wilson found me too unmusical and out of tune.

Aaron Weiss found me too dirty.

My brother found me selfish and self-serving.

John Young found me betraying and deceitful.
Robert Horvitz found me creepy about women.
Nelly the curator found me sleazy and unspeakable.
The camp head found me suicidal.
John Hurt found me interfering and noisy.
Vito Acconci found me not an artist.
A waitress in Maine found me too much worshipping the devil.
The head of Hallwalls found me arrogant and overblown.
Kathy Acker found me crazy.
Aram Saroyan found me a dilettante.
The head of the Brown music department found me too loud.
Elizabeth Cannon found me awful.
The Boston video audience found me a liar and a cheat.
My sister found I wasn't an artist.
Ray Brown found me too left-wing and uncompromising.
Mike Reed found me fascist and deceitful.
Mark McElhatten found I did too much.
Margaret Curtis found me too old.
The UNM Albuquerque photo department found me out of my mind.
Carol Damian found me unacceptable.
My father found me a failure and parasitic.
Malgosia Askanas found me an impossible nuisance.
Alison Rossiter found my relations with women creepy.
Krister Hennix found me too psychoanalytically occupied.
Catherine Hennix found me too non-psychoanalytically occupied.
The head of the FIU union found me too hopeless.
The Penguin Encyclopedia of Jazz found my 3rd record mediocre.
Edward Honig found I was trying to kill him.
The Dean of Brown University found me annoying.
))

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176. **David Dowker**

The Alterran Poetry Assemblage - new URL

Mon 7 Mar 2005

The Alterran Poetry Assemblage is now located at

<http://ca.geocities.com/██████/>

David

██████

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177. **Steve Dalachinsky**
Re: Ashbery in the NYTBR

Tue 8 Mar 2005

incomprehensible poems should be less difficult just by the fact that they are meant to be incomprehensible or in some cases partially incomprehensible quasi-linear therefore not needed to be interpreted therefore less difficult because their very nature is to defy interpretation or to be uninterpretable whereas the other is meant to be but due to its complex properties it's very aloof comprehensibility makes it very difficult to comprehend particularly because it's very nature prods us to uncover its meaning(s) and interpret it while the incomprehensible poem offers us no other challenge but to read it or ignore it however what makes the incomprehensible poem difficult is our need to interpret it and therefore we tend to read into it things that are not there rather than to just listen to it for its musical or other sometimes dull even monotonous qualities

like untitled abstract paintings doesn't that look like a donkey to you

no a horse's ass no a nude centipede or tricycle

today was a beautiful spring like day

i stood outside

with my wares for 3 hrs

made

naught

zero

ziltch

nada

zip

nothing.....

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178. **Alan Sondheim**
holes in space-time fabric of new york city

Tue 8 Mar 2005

holes in space-time fabric of new york city

images from <http://worldwind.arc.nasa.gov/>

<http://www.asondheim.org/hol1.png>

<http://www.asondheim.org/hol2.png>

<http://www.asondheim.org/hol3.png>

incandescent closeups past the fabric of the virtual earth into the fabric of the
virtual earth

"a parable for our time"

hello, hello

==

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179. **Harry Nudel**

winter....

Tue 8 Mar 2005

it's in the air

here & there

it's in the house

under the couch

it's in the snow

'thar she plow

it's in yr head

'live or dead

it's under the sheets

eating green beets

it's 'tween the toes

where it migrated from the no's

it's not the mystery

but except for the history

it's what's left out

of toast & stout

the winter the summer

the fall's new hummer

the spring delite

short nite long lite

3:00...you should know better...ddrrddrrnn...

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180. **Steve Dalachinsky**

Re: winter....

Tue 8 Mar 2005

dr noose i presume

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181. **Harry Nudel**

Leavings & Not Coming...

Tue 8 Mar 2005

- 1) sorry for that L's away...
- 2) 'rascist' language can only be used
by the poor & i'norant...who are deemed too
corrupt...even marginally 'racist'
language is verboten..so 'niggardly'..
the perfectly good 'jew-down' or
'confucious sez'...two chinamen
are SCREAMING at each other...
they're saying..I CAN'T HEAR YOU..
- 3) the higher level of power the
more nuetral the language has become..
pol talk..psych talk...prof talk..
each talks & walks the lang of fear..
- 4) all arguments about language are
arguments about power...between those
who have it prof...psych..pol and those
who don't...the poor...the poet..the schmuck
who blurts out what he really thinks..
- 5) language is a club..both a stick to
beat you & gain power...Vide THE l.a.n.g.u.a.g.e.
g.u.y.s...& an incomprehesible argot to those
not initiated into THE c.l.u.b...
- 6) Levi-Strauss...heard this in the crucial
moment of Tristes Tropiques...mumbo jumbo..
who controls the congo..controls the tribe..
- 7) When someone sz they want to discuss
a.b.c...time out to go to the bathroom...piss
shit & toilet paper...

8) since language is a weapon..it has to
be banned...the N word among southerners..
'Israelis are Nazis' among leftists....you figure
it out...

9) Le roi Jones a.k.a. Amiri Baraka

10) when it isn't your language it's
time to leave...this is known in our
language as kiss and tell

11) stand up and fite..like a women..
John Ashbery is Sarah Teasdale on
designer steroids..what is there to
discuss...

sleepless is this less..drn..

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182. **Kevin Magee**

"on" this/that/the

Tue 8 Mar 2005

"...what matters is what this object is. Unless you're seeing that object, then you're not seeing the object..."

"Howe's relentless problematization of the effects of the standardization and uniformization of a Melville or a Dickinson text draws attention to the practices of effacing the intrinsic unreadability and open-endedness of these texts, of their plural textualities, for the sake of producing an underlying version of experience as closed and readable. These practices transform experience from an open field of possibilities into a uniform, regulated pattern, into a univocal text which effaces contradictions and conflicts, or singularities, to paraphrase Howe" (Ziarek 275).

Why does this 'paraphrase' in Krzysztof Ziarek's "The Historicity of Experience: Modernity, the Avant-Garde, and the Event" sound differently from Walter Benn Michaels' chat room?

Ziarek in the same paragraph cites to Quartermain's "Disjunctive Poetics," associating his own reading of Howe's "Scattering as Behavior Toward Risk" with the reading there of Melville's "Billy Budd" ("a text so urgently stumbling almost blindly through a mind-boggling series of tentative and at times almost desperate castings-about for words and phrases that we are caught up in the sheer suspense the processes of the telling generate, a stuttering narrative of inarticulateness unspoken within the narrative"). Earlier in his argument and

within the same subchapter, "The Matter of History, the Historicity of Matter," Ziarek quotes from the Arcades project to distinguish between Benjamin's dialectical image and the "optics of historicism" this concept meant to challenge, if not overturn. "The legibility Benjamin has in mind questions the philosophical and political implications of empathic identification, its dependence on the substantialist conception of experience, and takes the form of a constellation whose peculiar 'instantaneous' manifestation inscribes the tension and dislocation constitutive of history." (Ziarek 271).

Zygmunt Bauman states the issue more bluntly: "The typically modern practice, the substance of modern politics, of modern intellect, is the effort to exterminate ambivalence: an effort to define precisely - and to suppress or eliminate everything that could not or would not be precisely defined."

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183. **Dan Waber**

[poem] You Go Get Pancakes

Tue 8 Mar 2005

8/61

Echo = The beach is great in the winter. It's so cold you can't stay out for long. You run around in the sand and your ears get cold and then you go get pancakes.

Source = Jennifer Hill-Kaucher, spoken

You Go Get Pancakes

I fill the kettle with water, out the
window wind has duned snow into a beach,
the house's steam heat hisses and this is
a sleep-in morning, one of the few great
moments of pause we manage to find in
our fast, faster, who's the fastest lives. The
sun blinds but can't take the edge off winter.

You're upstairs, still tucked in, the cats know it's
General Pushover in command so
they purr their praise of the way I serve cold
dry food a little too sincerely. You
might fool someone else with this but you can't
fool me. Nice try, though, here's some more, now stay
in here while breakfast and I work things out.
I put the kettle of water on for
tea and see what we have that won't take long.

Fixing breakfast on a day like this you
begin to feel the morning is a run
on sentence that has wrapped itself around
the whole house, upstairs it keeps toes tucked in,
downstairs it seals windows tight against the
escape of the egg timer's grains of sand,
keeps the scent of cooked sausage aloft and
on top of the other cooking smells your
stove top sizzles, tucks itself behind ears
like stray locks of unlocked hair, lets you get
all the toast buttered before it grows cold,
buoys all of us downstairs upstairs and
helps a hip open the bedroom door then
winds itself to a close the moment you
open your eyes and flash that please don't go
look that as long as I'm alive will get
you unasked for breakfast in bed pancakes.

Dan Waber

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184. **Mike Kelleher**

JUST BUFFALO E-NEWSLETTER 3-07-05

Tue 8 Mar 2005

COUNTDOWN TO TRIMANIA 2005

Buffalo's biggest party since the last TRIMANIA blasts off March 19

Three years after the first TRIMANIA - which brought more than 3,000 people to the Tri-Main Center for a massive late-winter bash that the Buffalo News described as "staggering" - Buffalo Arts Studio and Just Buffalo Literary Center will again present TRIMANIA, Saturday, March, 19, 2005, 7 p.m. to midnight. Four factory floors of the historic Tri-Main Center, 2495 Main Street, Buffalo, will be transformed to showcase more than a dozen bands, visual arts, spoken word, performance art, and roaming performers.

Tickets, \$15 per person, are available from the Tri-Main Center at Just Buffalo, at both locations of Talking Leaves (951 Elmwood Avenue and 3158 Main Street), and by credit card by calling [REDACTED]. Tickets will also be available at the door. Cash wine and beer will be available for those with proper ID (all ages will be admitted - children under 16 must be accompanied by a parent or guardian). Cash food stations will be provided by Steve Calvaneso/Ultimate Restaurants.

For those who like their TRIMANIA with a little less mania, the launch party at Buffalo Arts Studio, 5:30 to 6:30 p.m., is the answer. Tickets, which are available from Buffalo Arts Studio, [REDACTED] ext. 13, are \$50 and include wine, beer, hors d'oeuvres, and the jazz sounds of Mary Stahl with the Jim Calabrese Group.

TRIMANIA sponsors are BlueCross BlueShield of WNY, Crowley Webb and Associates, Design for Industry, Hodgson Russ LLP, Hus Var Fine Art, Inc., M&T Bank, Parkview Health Services, Premier Group, the Rupp Family Foundation, Tri-Main Center, United Graphics, WBFO, and xpedx.

Many Tri-Main Center tenants - some of Buffalo's most innovative businesses and unique arts organizations - will be open during TRIMANIA (go to www.trimania.com for a full list of participating businesses).

Parking will be available behind the Tri-Main Center, with a fee for premium parking. Additional parking will be available at the Buffalo Zoo (use the Jewett Parkway entrance); a free shuttle will travel between the zoo and the Tri-Main Center. For more information about parking, go to www.trimania.com.

Music

The follow schedule is correct as of March 6. For updates, go to www.trimania.com.

First-floor stage - left

7 p.m. - The Steam Donkeys (rockin' Americana)
8 p.m. - David Kane's Them Jazzbeards (lounge noir)
9:30 p.m. - LeeRon Zydeco (Cajun/Tex Mex zydeco)
11 p.m. - The Shadows Motown Revue (Motown)

First-floor stage - right

7 p.m. - Mr. Timothy Gerard & Friends (R&B)
8 p.m. - Ann Phillipone and John Brady (boogie 'n blues)
9:45 p.m. - Jackdaw (Celtic rock)
10:45 p.m. - Thrown to the Wolves (alternative)

Third-floor stage

8:30 to 10:30 p.m. - Real Dream Cabaret (music, video, dance, and the unexpected)

Fourth-floor stage, Buffalo Yoga Center

7 p.m. - Andes Winds (traditional music from Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia) 8:30 to 10 p.m. - Emile "Papa" Latimer (African drumming)

Fifth-floor stage, Buffalo Arts Studio

6 to 8 p.m. - James Calabrese & Mary Stahl (jazz) - this show for launch party
ticket holders only 8 p.m. to close - Neville Francis & the Riddim Posse (reggae)
9 to 11 p.m. - Neville Francis will be joined by Juno Award-winner Devon Irie
(dance hall)

Fifth-floor stage, Impact Gallery

8 to 9 p.m. - Daughters of Creative Sound (African drumming)

Roving

8 to 11 p.m. - 12/8 Path Band

Spoken Word

Just Buffalo will host a poetry marathon, 8 p.m. to midnight, in the Hibiscus Room on the fifth floor. 24 of the region's finest poets will take part, including Kastle Brill, Martha Deed, Celeste Lawson, Karen Lewis, Liz Mariani, Millie Niss, Dan Sicoli, Carrie Spadter, Jennifer Tappenden, Robb Nesbitt, Gabrielle Bouliane, Robert Pomerhn, Eric Johnt, Timothy Shaner, Linda Russo, Sasha Steensen, Gordon Hadfield, Douglas Manson, Marj Hahne, Lee Farallo, Brian McMahon, Brian Van Remmen, Aaron Lowinger, and Celia White.

Visual arts

More than 70 artists will open their studios for TRIMANIA.

The main gallery at Buffalo Arts Studio will feature recent work by resident artist Jessi Morris and "When Pink Turns," by Amanda Besl. Buffalo Arts Studio's gift shop will have available work by Banbury Cross, the jewelry collaboration of Julia Duax-Skop and Amanda Besl, in addition to work by many other artists.

OPEN READINGS

Tim Bienkowski

Wednesday, March 9, 7 P.M.

Just Buffalo Literary Center

The Hibiscus Room, 2495 Main St., Buffalo, NY

10 Spots for open readers. Sign-ups at 6:45.

Tim Bienkowski has dwelt in Maryland and Hawaii but realized he required the bitterness and tension of colder climates, so he returned to Western New York to write poems in the snow. He often writes about freshly fried donuts, blooming flowers and trees which, of course, have nothing at all to do with snow.

Tim's work has appeared in The Buffalo News, ARTVOICE, and has been heard on WBFO Radio. Tim's book of poems and photographs, Postcards, is available in local bookstores

WORKSHOPS

Continuing: You can still sign up for this workshop at a pro-rated cost for the next 5 weeks.

PLAYWRITING BASICS, with Kurt Schneiderman

8 Tuesdays, February 15 - April 5, 7-9 p.m.

\$250, \$200 for members

Playwright Basics is a weekly workshop open to novice and experienced playwrights alike. The purpose of the course is to allow participants to develop playwriting abilities through actual writing and in-class feed back. Structured as a workshop, the format will allow all participants to produce and bring in their own work to be read aloud and critiqued by everyone involved. In addition there will be reading a of various classic theatre texts and discussion of playwriting structure and theory. Participants can expect to emerge from this course with some written and workshopped dialogue, and with an introduction to the overall theoretical framework of dramatic writing.

Kurt Schneiderman is currently the Dramaturg for the Buffalo Ensemble Theatre, the Co ordinator of the annual new play competition the Area Playwrights' Performance Series, and the Director of the monthly new play forum Play Readings & Stuff. Named one of "Buffalo's emerging young playwrights" by Gusto Magazine and Buffalo's "next A.R. Gurney" by Artvoice Magazine, Kurt was the winner of the Helen Mintz Award for Best New Play (2003) and was nominated for the Artie Award for Outstanding New Play (2004). Most recently, one of Kurt's plays was chosen for the 2004 Toronto Fringe Festival. Also know for his work as dramatic critic, Kurt has written theatrical reviews for Outcome, Buffalo Beat, Blue Dog, Traffic East, and Nightlife Magazines. Currently he is a staff writer for the Buffalo Jewish Review.

2ND ANNUAL BOOMDAYS POETRY CONTEST

BOOMDAYS is a celebration of the advent of Spring, commencing each year with the lifting of the Lake Erie-Niagara River Ice Boom. It will be held on Friday, April 1 at The Pier from 4:00 PM to midnight.

Contest: Write a poem about the beginning of spring. All forms of poetry are acceptable.

First Prize- \$200.00

Second Prize- \$150.00

Third Prize- \$100.00

Winning poems will be published in Artvoice and winners will be introduced by poet Janine Pommy Vega at the event. Winners must be able to read their work at the BOOMDAYS kickoff event, April 1 at The Pier from 4:00 PM to midnight.

Guidelines: All ages welcome to apply. Poems should be typed and should not exceed a single page in length. Each entrant may submit only one poem. Please include name, address, and telephone number with entry.

Deadline for submission is March 15, 2004.

Send entries to:

BOOMDAYS Poetry Contest
Just Buffalo Literary Center
2495 Main Street, Suite 512
Buffalo, New York 14214

Contest sponsored by Financial Consultant Christopher Burke, AXA Advisors, Williamsville.

IF ALL OF BUFFALO READ THE SAME BOOK

This year's title, *The Invention of Solitude*, by Paul Auster, is available at area bookstores. All books purchased at Talking Leaves Books will benefit Just Buffalo. Paul Auster will visit Buffalo October 5-6. A reader's discussion guide is available on the Just Buffalo website. Presented in conjunction with Hodgson Russ LLP, WBFO 88.7 FM and Talking Leaves Books.

For sponsorship opportunities (and there are many), please contact Laurie Torrell or Mike Kelleher at [REDACTED].

COMMUNITY LITERARY EVENTS

THE CASTELLANI ART MUSEUM
At Niagara University
Faith Ringgold: Paint Me A Story
February 4 - April 10, 2005

UNSUBSCRIBE

If you would like to unsubscribe from this list, just say so and you will be immediately removed.

Mike Kelleher
Artistic Director
Just Buffalo Literary Center
2495 Main St., Ste. 512
Buffalo, NY 14214

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] (fax)

www.justbuffalo.org

[REDACTED]

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185. **Gary Sullivan**

Question

Tue 8 Mar 2005

Question

What was the last poem you read that made you question a previously held belief?

Send poem title, author, and belief-in-question to:

gpsullivan at hotmail dot com

I'm compiling a list that I'll post on my blog in a couple of days. Feel free to pass this question along to others.

Thanks,

Gary

[↑ Contents](#)

186. **tyrone williams**

Re: Question

Tue 8 Mar 2005

"Against Pluralism," Donald Revell, in NEW DARK AGES

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

From: Gary Sullivan <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Mar 8, 2005 12:12 PM

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: Question

Question

What was the last poem you read that made you question a previously held belief?

Send poem title, author, and belief-in-question to:

gpsullivan at hotmail dot com

I'm compiling a list that I'll post on my blog in a couple of days. Feel free to pass this question along to others.

Thanks,

Gary

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187. **JT Chan**

New Issue of Zine Online

Tue 8 Mar 2005

hello everyone, the new issue (issue 16) of PoetrySz:demystifying mental illness is now online at <http://www.poetrysz.net>. This issue features work by Steve Dalachinsky, Jesse Auchter, George Kerr, Bruce Stater, Colin Van der Woude, and the winners of the Poetry_sz mailing list contest Jonathan, and Mark Phillips.

Submissions are welcome. Send 4-6 poems and a short contributor's note in the body of your email to [REDACTED]. Please read the submission guidelines before submitting.

Thank you.

Regards,

JChan

The Editor

Do You Yahoo!?

Tired of spam? Yahoo! Mail has the best spam protection around
<http://mail.yahoo.com>

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188. **Alan Sondheim**

crawl

Tue 8 Mar 2005

crawl

<http://www.asondheim.org/crawl.mov>

death and the dying

writing in her REMAKE blood

what the censors were looking for adult fare

something for special unit crime stoppers

REMAKE crawling in her own blood

maybe someone else's only the detective knows for sure

+++

[↑ Contents](#)

189. **Michael Tod Edgerton**

Lacan citation

Tue 8 Mar 2005

Hello, everyone:

I can't for the life of me track down the source of the Lacan quote below. If anyone can help me out with a citation--even incomplete--I'd be grateful.

The quote: "Love is giving what you do not have to someone who does not exist."

Thanks,

Tod

There's the mute probability of a reciprocal lack of understanding.

- Mei-mei Berssenbrugge

Do You Yahoo!?

Tired of spam? Yahoo! Mail has the best spam protection around
<http://mail.yahoo.com>

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190. **Rob McLennan**

query

Tue 8 Mar 2005

has anyone email contacts for cole swensen or cd wright?

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 ...9th coll'n - what's left (Talon) ...c/o RR#1 Maxville ON K0C 1T0
www.track0.com/rob_mclennan * <http://robmcclennan.blogspot.com/>

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191. **Stephen Vincent**

Re: Lacan citation

Tue 8 Mar 2005

"Love is giving what you do not have to someone who does not exist." Lacan

"There's the mute probability of a reciprocal lack of understanding" Mei-mei Berssenbrugge

Is there a theme here??!!!

Stephen V

Blog: <http://stephenvincent.durationpress.com>

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192. **Murat Nemet-Nejat**

Re: Lacan citation

Tue 8 Mar 2005

In a message dated 03/08/05 3:23:51 PM, [REDACTED] writes:

can't for the life of me track down the source of the Lacan quote below. If anyone can help me out with a citation--even incomplete--I'd be grateful.

The quote: "Love is giving what you do not have to someone who does not exist."

Thanks,

Tod

Tod,

The quote does not exist.

Murat

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193. **UbuWeb**

Kenneth Goldsmith with David Antin at Beyond Baroque

Tue 8 Mar 2005

KENNETH GOLDSMITH with DAVID ANTIN

Book launch, reading and conversation

11 March, Friday - 7:30 PM

Beyond Baroque

681 Venice Blvd.

Venice, CA

[REDACTED]

<http://www.beyondbaroque.org>

Join Kenneth Goldsmith and David Antin as they launch their new books: Goldsmith's "The Weather" (LA's Make Now Press) and Antin's "i never knew what time it was" (UC Press). Each author will do a short reading and then both will conduct a public discussion about their works and practices.

KENNETH GOLDSMITH's writing has been called some of the most "exhaustive and beautiful collage work yet produced in poetry" by Publishers Weekly. The author of eight books of poetry, founding editor of the online archive UbuWeb (<http://ubu.com>), and the editor "I'll Be Your Mirror: The Selected Andy Warhol Interviews," Goldsmith is also the host of a weekly radio show on New York City's WFMU. He teaches writing at The University of Pennsylvania, where he is a senior editor of PennSound, a online poetry archive. More about Goldsmith can be found on his author's page at the University of Buffalo's Electronic Poetry Center: <http://epc.buffalo.edu/authors/goldsmith>. His new book is *The Weather* (LA's Make Now Press).

DAVID ANTIN is a poet, critic and performance artist. His books include *Definitions*, *Autobiography*, *Code of Flag Behavior*, *Meditations*, *Talking*, *After the War* (A Long Novel with Few Words), *Talking at the Boundaries*, *Who's Listening Out There*, *Tuning*, *Poèmes Parlés*, and *Selected Poems 1963-1973*. An email exchange with Charles Bernstein, *A Conversation with David Antin* was published by Granary. A new book, *i never knew what time it was*, is in preparation for UC Press.

Celebrate Yahoo!'s 10th Birthday!

Yahoo! Netrospective: 100 Moments of the Web

<http://birthday.yahoo.com/netrospective/>

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194. **ryan murphy**

Poets House Event

Tue 8 Mar 2005

Collective Action: The Black Took Collective & Belladonna
Readings & Performances by Rachel Levitsky, Zhang Er, Akilah Oliver,
Ronaldo

Wilson, Duriel E. Harris & Dawn Lundy Martin

Thursday, March 10, 7pm

\$7, Free for Members

Two poetry collectives, centered around politicized notions of the self
and

language, undermine presumptions about identity, reality and writing.

The manifesto-bearing Black Took Collective is a group of young Black poet-theorists who perform and write in hybrid experimental forms, embracing radical poetics and cutting-edge critical theory about gender, race and sexuality.

Ronaldo Wilson, President's dissertation year fellow and Ph.D. candidate at CUNY, Duriel E. Harris, Visiting Researcher at U. Cal. Center for Black Studies,

and Dawn Lundy Martin, Ph.D. candidate in English Literature at U. Mass., are co-founders of the collective.

Belladonna is a forum for diverse feminist experimental poetics which promotes the powerful work that happens along the margins of politics and form. Rachel Levitsky is founder and co-publisher of Belladonna. She appears with Zhang Er, a Chinese poet who rewrites her work into English collaboratively with English-speaking poets, and Akilah Oliver, a poet and performer, one of the original Sacred Naked Nature Girls.

Celebrate Yahoo!'s 10th Birthday!
Yahoo! Netrospective: 100 Moments of the Web

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195. **David A. Kirschenbaum**

Boog City 23 Now Available

Tue 8 Mar 2005

Please forward

Boog City 23, March 2005

Available

featuring:

East Village editor Paulette Powell's beat report on comic book artist Sophie Crumb--daughter of Aileen and R. Crumb--featuring some of her work.

Our Printed Matter section, edited by Joanna Sondheim, featuring:

--Kathleen Peterson on Aaron McCollough's Double Venus

Our Music section, edited by Jon Berger, featuring:

Eric Rosenfield on the end of Luna Lounge on Ludlow Street, and downtown clubs in trouble

Berger on Angela Carlucci's two new albums, Double Deuce's Camp Candy and The Baby Skins For a Boy with a Fractious Skull

Our Poetry section, edited by Dana Ward, features work from:

--Susan Landers

--James Meetze

--Alli Warren

--Tyrone Williams

Art editor Brenda Iijima brings us work from artist Maho Kino of Williamsburg, Brooklyn.

and The March installment of the NYC Poetry Calendar, now under Boog management. The calendar lists every reader at every reading in the five boroughs, thanks to the assistance of Jackie Sheeler of www.poetz.com, who generously shares her information with us, and Bob Holman and the Bowery Poetry Club for sponsoring it. And huge kudos go out to our new poetry calendar editor Bethanie Beausoleil for compiling the data for the calendar.

And thanks to our copy editor, Joe Bates.

Please patronize our advertisers:

Bowery Poetry Club * www.bowerypoetry.com

Pink Pony West Poetry Reading Series * www.poetz.com/pony/pinkpony.htm

Poets for Peace * www.poetsagainstthewar.org

The Poetz Calendar *

www.poetz.com/mainrite.htm#REGIONAL%20POETRY%20CALENDARS

Advertising or donation inquiries can be directed to

██████████ or by calling ██████████

You can pick up Boog City for free at the following locations:

East Village

Acme Bar and Grill

alt.coffee

Angelika Film Center and Café

Anthology Film Archives

Bluestockings

Bowery Poetry Club

Cafe Pick Me Up

CBGB's

CB's 313 Gallery

C-Note

Continental

Lakeside Lounge

Life Cafe

The Living Room

Mission Cafe
Nuyorican Poets Café
Pianos
The Pink Pony
Shakespeare & Co.
St. Mark's Books
St. Mark's Church
Sunshine Theater
Tonic
Tower Video
Trash and Vaudeville

Other parts of Manhattan

Hotel Chelsea
Poets House

in Williamsburg

Bliss Cafe
Clovis Press
Earwax
Galapagos
Northsix
Sideshow Gallery
Spoonbill & Sugartown
Supercore Cafe

--

David A. Kirschenbaum, editor and publisher
Boog City
330 W.28th St., Suite 6H
NY, NY 10001-4754
For event and publication information:
<http://boogcityevents.blogspot.com/>
T: (212) 842-BOOG (2664)
F: [REDACTED]

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196. **Karl-Erik Tallmo**

Re: Lacan citation

Tue 8 Mar 2005

Could it be "Donner de l'amour, c'est vouloir donner quelque chose qu'on n'a pas à quelqu'un qui n'en veut pas" ?

which is rather "To give love, is wanting to give something which one does not have to somebody who does not want it".

This is probably from Le Seminaire XXII de Jacques Lacan
(<http://www.karnacbooks.com/product.php?PID=17496>) but I am not sure

..

/Karl-Erik

*In a message dated 03/08/05 3:23:51 PM, [REDACTED]
writes:*

*can't for the life of me track down the source of the Lacan quote below. If
anyone can help me out with a citation--even incomplete--I'd be grateful.*

*The quote: "Love is giving what you do not have to someone who does not
exist."*

Thanks,

Tod

*Tod,
The quote does not exist.
Murat*

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197. **Christopher Walker**

Re: Lacan citation

Tue 8 Mar 2005

<snip>

"Love is giving what you do not have to someone who does not exist."

Could it be "Donner de l'amour, c'est vouloir donner quelque chose qu'on n'a pas à quelqu'un qui n'en veut pas" ?

which is rather "To give love, is wanting to give something which one does not have to somebody who does not want it".

<snip>

To which I'd add this from towards the end of *The Signification of the Phallus*, in which it is 'the woman' who 'does not have':

'If the man finds, in effect, that he can satisfy his need for love in the relationship with the woman to the extent that the signifier of the phallus clearly constitutes her as giving in love that which she does not have, the corollary is that his

own desire for the phallus causes its signifier to emerge in its continuous divergence towards "another woman" who may signify this phallus under various headings, such as prostitute.'

['Si l'homme trouve en effet à satisfaire sa demande d'amour dans la relation à la femme pour autant que le signifiant du phallus la constitue bien comme donnant dans l'amour ce qu'elle n'a pas, - inversement son propre désir du phallus fera surgir son signifiant dans sa divergence rémanente vers "un autre femme" qui peut signifier ce phallus à divers titres, soit comme prostituée.']

Which may or may not be of help.

CW

'I might have known you'd choose the easy way'
(Franz Kline's mother)

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198. **Chris Stroffolino**

Re: Walter Benn Michaels on Susan Howe??

Tue 8 Mar 2005

Dear Lori---

I'm not quite sure exactly what you want to refute in Benn's new book or in the interview excerpt, but one thing I've noted about many recent attempts (perhaps coming out of a reductive reading of Howe or of Sharon Cameron's "Choosing" book) to emphasize the handwriting is that in quite a few cases this becomes a substitute for reading the poems---i.e. the textual complexities that exist in her use of dashes, or even on the levels of words that can be both nouns and verse, the tension between the line and the sentence, the "experimental fragment" and the "conventional rhyme and rhythm," the multiple meaning possibilities that need to be emphasized more to contest certain dominant images of her (whether Vendler's often unilateral readings, or, worse, the Billy Collins' mass-distributed edition of her work which changes words, ostensible to make it easier to some notion of a "plain reader"). Sure, I believe attention to the handwriting could help aid in this, but for quite a few it has become the be all and end all, which almost misses the point as much as Collins, etc.

C

>From: Lori Emerson <[REDACTED]>
>To: [REDACTED]
>Subject: Walter Benn Michaels on Susan Howe??

>Date: Mon, Mar 7, 2005, 10:13 AM

>

Dear all: I wonder if any of you have taken a look at Walter Benn Michaels new book The Shape of the Signifier that opens with an essay on Susan Howe-- I'm working on a book review of it and, although I want to, I can't quite get at how to refute him! I'm curious to know what you'd think of, say, this passage from an interview with Michaels where he explains his position in the book:

"WBM: I don't know if you know Howe's work, but Howe is completely committed to the idea that you haven't read Emily Dickinson unless you've read the manuscripts. The Johnson edition and every edition except facsimile editions distort what the text is. But she has a certain conception of the text such that it's impossible for it to continue to be a text. She begins to imagine the spaces between the words are fundamental to what the text is...

Interviewer: That would be considered part of the intention...

WBM: She gives two different accounts of that, but you're on the right track. One account I find theoretically defensible, and that is, hey, if it mattered to Emily Dickinson how far apart these words were and what they looked like, then you haven't got her text unless you've got the way she did her 'i's' and 't's". But Howe, half the time, is saying something else which is more radical, at least in a de Manian sense: it doesn't even matter what mattered to Emily Dickinson, what matters is what this object is. Unless you're seeing that object, then you're not seeing the object Emily Dickinson produced. And she identifies that in a de Manian way, with what she calls 'gibberish': it's precisely the moment when the thing becomes meaningless that it becomes an object."

How does this strike you? Inaccurate? Dead-on but not problematic? or just dead-on? or just problematic?

best, Lori

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199. **Stephen Vincent**

Re: Walter Benn Michaels on Susan Howe??

Tue 8 Mar 2005

Where does Editing error on the side of abuse (Collins' Dickenson) and when does it do its job and act as a clarifying agent (a catalyst in support of the author and/or the "written" works deepest intention.)

Where the choice of design and typography become an architecture that illuminates and further realizes 'the real within the real'. Beautifully set - ambiguities, poly interpretations, included.

Totally recommended on this issue, Olson's Letters to Origin - Olson of the unreadable hand, looking for a typographic way into the world via Cid Corman. Holbrook Teter (Spring Creek Typesetting) a typographer angel for Dorn and Creeley (The Day Book). (Dorn mated Gunslinger to the Caslon typeface - cooked vernacular metal, no font the same). Or Clifford Burke for Whalen's Some of These Days. Then I think of Duncan typing out Spicer's After Lorca and how that White Rabbit relationship was different in the books (Language, Heads Of ...etc.) that Spicer achieved with Graham Mackintosh.

Granted original hand writ mss. are no doubt critically revelatory (especially when ruined by editors and typographers). But the study of relationships of authors with editors and typographers is an essential part of the way in which work becomes Public quo Book - at best the dance and/or dialog in these relationships is vital to the fullest Realisation of the work. To study it is important. Otherwise the poet and mss get critically reduced to "under the cactus" monk - pen in hand - status. Only a portion of the making of the changing, never ultimate Book. I.e. Each generation makes a new book, a new Emily, etc. To focus only on the roots is to miss the leaves.

People are laboring long hours now to get these friggin monitors to achieve similar or better within this cyber lit medium.

But perhaps this is already obvious?

Stephen V

Blog: <http://stephenvincent.durationpress.com>

Dear Lori---

I'm not quite sure exactly what you want to refute in Benn's new book or in the interview excerpt, but one thing I've noted about many recent attempts (perhaps coming out of a reductive reading of Howe or of Sharon Cameron's "Choosing" book) to emphasize the handwriting is that in quite a few cases this becomes a substitute for reading the poems---i.e. the textual complexities that exist in her use of dashes, or even on the levels of words that can be both nouns and verse, the tension between the line and the sentence, the "experimental fragment" and the "conventional rhyme and rhythm," the multiple meaning possibilities that need to be emphasized more to contest certain dominant images of her (whether Vendler's often unilateral readings, or, worse, the Billy Collins' mass-distributed edition of her work which changes words, ostensible to make it easier to some notion of a "plain reader"). Sure, I believe attention to the handwriting could help aid in this, but for quite a few it has become the be all and end all, which almost misses the point as much as Collins, etc.

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How does this strike you? Inaccurate? Dead-on but not problematic? or just dead-on? or just problematic?

best, Lori

[↑ Contents](#)

200. **Michael Kelleher**
Campus Watch Attacks Poet
Tue 8 Mar 2005

Dear Poets,

Campus Watch, the right wing hate site devoted to destroying the reputations and careers of left-leaning professors, specifically those in Middle Eastern Studies Departments, has attacked one of our own: poet, translator and scholar Ammiel Alcalay. Unique to this particular piece is the fact that they attack him at least as much for his poetry as they do for his views on Israeli-American-Arab geopolitical relations. In effect, this is an attack on the right of poets to speak politically in the public sphere. Other poets mentioned as suspicious in the article include Anne Waldman, Joseph Safdie, Amiri Baraka, Marilyn Hacker, Alicia Ostriker, and Tom Paulin.

As you will see, the article also includes an exhaustive list of Ammiel's institutional affiliations. The purpose of this is to scare institutions away from associating themselves with those who speak out against American and/or Israeli foreign policy. Poets should speak out against these vicious attacks and should implore the institutions mentioned in the article -- City University of New York, St. Mark's Poetry Project, Beyond Baroque, Cornell University, Duke University, and others -- to publicly support Prof. Alcalay before this escalates into another Amiri Baraka or Ward Churchill type affair.

Here's the link:

<http://www.campus-watch.org/article/id/1706>

Sincerely,

Mike Kelleher

Michael Kelleher
Artistic Director
Just Buffalo Literary Center
2495 Main St., Ste. 512
Buffalo, NY 14214


<http://www.justbuffalo.org>

Sent via the Killer-
WebMail system at mail.justbuffalo.org

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201. **Ishaq**

Re: Campus Watch Attacks Poet

Tue 8 Mar 2005

you guys do that all the time on this list

what the dif?

bit hippiecritical, wouldn't you say

ha

ha

ho

Michael Kelleher wrote:

Dear Poets,

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<http://www.campus-watch.org/article/id/1706>

Sincerely,

Mike Kelleher

*Michael Kelleher
Artistic Director
Just Buffalo Literary Center
2495 Main St., Ste. 512*

Buffalo, NY 14214



<http://www.justbuffalo.org>

Sent via the KillerWebMail system at mail.justbuffalo.org

--

{\rtf1\mac\ansicpg10000\cocoartf102
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Stay Strong\

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"Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor" \

--Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)\

\

"This mathematical rhythmatcal mechanism enhances my wisdom\
of Islam, keeps me calm from doing you harm, when I attack, it's Vietnam"\

--HellRazah\

\

"It's not too good to stay in a white man's country too long"\

--Mutabartuka\

\

"As for we who have decided to break the back of colonialism, \
our historic mission is to sanction all revolts, all desperate \
actions, all those abortive attempts drowned in rivers of blood."\
- Frantz Fanon\

\

"Everyday is Ashura and every land is Kerbala"\

-Imam Ja'far Sadiq\

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<http://scratchcue.blogspot.com/>\

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<http://www.sleepybrain.net/vanilla.html>\


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http://www.world-crisis.com/analysis_comments/766_0_15_0_C/\
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http://ilovepoetry.com/search.asp?keywords=braithwaite&orderBy=date\
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http://www.lowliferecords.co.uk/\
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202. **Ishaq**

INTERVIEW: mutabaruka

Tue 8 Mar 2005

<http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2005/03/38861.php>

Mutabaruka: And a poet shall rise up from among the people
by Ytzhak .

<<http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/?author=Ytzhak&comments=yes>> Tuesday
March 08, 2005 at 04:07 PM

██████████ <mailto:██████████>

Whenever the despairing cry of the masses go unheeded, a poet will rise up in the land to articulate their suffering and champion their cause. Mutabaruka, less known as Allan Hope, the name he was born with, is the undisputable poet of the people. He speaks, jarringly, annoyingly but relentlessly, of their longings, their deprivations and their human rights, and they love him for it.

>>INTERVIEW: mutabaruka

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http://www.jamaicaobserver.com/columns/html/20050227T010000-0500_75876_OBS_MUTABARUKA_AND_A_POET_SHALL_RISE_UP_FROM_AMONG_THE_PEOPLE_.asp

Mutabaruka: And a poet shall rise up from among the people.

The Desmond Allen Interviews

Desmond Allen

Whenever the despairing cry of the masses go unheeded, a poet will rise up in the land to articulate their suffering and champion their cause. Mutabaruka, less known as Allan Hope, the name he was born with, is the undisputable poet of the people. He speaks, jarringly, annoyingly but relentlessly, of their longings, their deprivations and their human rights, and they love him for it.

Traversing the globe barefooted, not caring whether the sun shines or the snow falls, because it is his enduring statement, Mutabaruka still waves the original message: "A me one jus' a travel de land wid me likkle butter pan, dem nuh understand." It is the anthem of the lonely and downtrodden.

From the sprawling ghettos of downtown Kingston, through the remote uncompromising terrain of the dark hills of inner St James that he once called home, Mutabaruka proclaims Marcus Garvey, Malcolm X, Patrice Lumumba and Rastafari. His name spells trouble for the establishment but hero for the suffering masses, or 'massive', if you will.

The world will thank or blame Jimmy Cliff and his guitarist, Earl 'Chinna' Smith, for taking Mutabaruka's then unpolished, if scorching art beyond the shores of a tiny island where it could not be contained. From the first trip to Varadero, Cuba, defying the jangling cords of diplomatic relations freshly severed between Jamaica and its communist neighbour in the early 1980s, Mutabaruka was always going to challenge the status quo.

It started before that, in the slums of Rae Town where shanty dwellings peeped out from behind secretive zinc fences at the maximum security prison nearby, an ominous reminder of the tenuous distance between detention and poverty. Not far away was the Bellevue mental hospital. As a child he often witnessed gang warfare in his neighbourhood and the sinful activities of sailors and prostitutes in their nocturnal pursuits at the Hanover Street bars and brothels.

Over time the journeys would create memories of Black Power radicalism at school, coming under the influence of the wife and son of national hero Marcus Mosiah Garvey, physical blows and ex-communication at the height of a quarrel among Rastafarian factions, and much later the time when he and a group of fellow artistes were stranded in Africa, of all places, duped by an unscrupulous promoter.

Nowadays, the biting lyrics of Mutabaruka are only a dial away on his IRIE-FM talk show, *The Cutting Edge*, which he hosts in between frequent trips overseas to perform for audiences, including white people who still can't hate him for chanting over and over "It nuh good fi stay inna white man country too long!"

A prison and a mental institution Mutabaruka was born in Rae Town, Kingston, near a place called Burial Ground, Windward Road, on Boxing Day, December 26, 1952. His mother, Sylvia Carter, later Chambers, was mostly unemployed, and his father, Allan Hope Sr, worked at the Jamaica Public Service plant at Gold Street.

He grew up at Potters Row, remembering that as a child he played behind the General Penitentiary, the island's largest prison, and on the grounds of the Bellevue Hospital, temporary home of the mentally insane.

His mother and father were never married and he saw little of his dad before he died when Muta was eight years old. His siblings are Dr Donna Chambers, who resides in Scotland, and Sharon Chambers, who works with Scotiabank, St Catherine - sisters from the union between his mother and Frank Chambers, whom she married. He was very close to his grandmothers, especially his paternal grandmother, Alice Hope, and spent much time with her at No 2 Love Street in Jones Town, then called Jones Pen.

Muta remembers the early days as fun days: "We did not realise that we were living in a ghetto, then. Me and mi friends used to enjoy wi self diving for coins thrown by the tourists staying at Myrtle Bank Hotel on the Kingston waterfront. Sometime for fun we would shoplift at the Woolworth store. Warm water used to run in a gully from the JPS plant at Gold Street to the sea and we used to bathe in it. We loved to go to Rockfort Mineral Bath. My mother liked to go to the movies and she would take me along with her. I used to love the triple bill (three movies for the price of one)."

Grandma Alice had a stall in the Coronation Market and he looked forward to going there with her, sleeping over from Friday night sometimes, to prepare for the big market day, Saturday. She took him to the Baptist church in Jones Pen for worship and to the balm yard for 'healing'.

Muta liked to watch the people there "getting into spirit". He flew kites with his cousin, Lawrence Coke, who is now working as a lighting engineer at England's Royal Opera House.

He remembers vividly the first time he went beyond Half-Way-Tree, St Andrew - he was about eight or nine - when his grandmother took him on an outing by train to Portland. They were up late the night before, cooking and baking pudding for the trip.

Sailors and whores But there were serious times, too. Gangs, like the well-known 'Spanglers' and 'Max', were features of the time and the young Muta was exposed to their activities. He also saw the nefarious activities of sailors from the many ships that docked at Victoria Pier and the prostitutes they hired to quench sexual appetites sharpened by months at sea. In the yards where he lived, there were no youth his age, and so he spent a lot of time in the streets.

His mother sent him to a basic school in Rollington Town and when he was about six years old, moved him to Wesley Primary School where the headmaster was one Mr Hart and his favourite teachers, Miss Gardner and Miss Hamilton. His best friend there was Donald Clarke, whose mother ran a cold supper shop near Rosemary and Rum lanes.

He recalls the many "stone wars" among students of the neighbouring schools - Wesley, St Michael's, Vauxhall, St Aloysius and Holy Trinity. "Some youth got serious bus' head. Is a good ting guns were not prevalent then," he reflects.

In 1967, he won a half-scholarship and went to Kingston Technical High School (KTHS) at Hanover Street. Ahead of Mutabaruka were boys such as "Bagga" Case, who eventually became a member of the singing group, Home T Four and the late deejay, Scotty.

The principal was Mr Roper and he remembers, among others, his math teacher, Mr Ians. "He didn't like me because he used to go after the girls in the school and every girl he liked, dem like me," Muta boasts. "I got a lot of detention although I was not a bad boy." Ironically, he adds, Ians much later gave his (Mutabaruka's) daughter private lessons. But Kingston Technical was memorable for more serious reasons.

Marcus Garvey Jr, Locksley Comrie It was at KTHS that his rebellious streak began to emerge, under the influence of black power activists like Marcus Garvey Jr, son of the late national hero, and Locksley Comrie of Boys' Town fame, both of whom were teachers there. And it was there, too, that his ability to write poems was first detected.

His English Language teacher, Mrs Pusey, asked the class to write a poem. Muta got an 'A' for his and she had him recite it in front of the class. It felt good. Around that time, Marcus Garvey Jr, who taught engineering, started a Black Power organisation called the Sussex Club. Muta became interested. Very interested.

Locksley Comrie, who had been a member of the militant Black Panthers who fought racism in the United States, introduced him to the teachings of radical thinkers such as Malcolm X, Stokely Carmichael, Franz Fanon and the like.

The members of the KTHS group wore red, black and green buttons to identify themselves, and Muta remembers the time when the school banned the buttons. "Marcus Garvey Jr went around and took away every other button that students were wearing, saying that if our button could not be worn, no other could."

Comrie encouraged them to read a lot. Muta was introduced to books like the Autobiography of Malcolm X, Soul on Ice and Wretched of the Earth, which he devoured, and he started listening to the Last Poets - Americans Sonia Sanchez and Don Lee.

He visited 12 Mona Road where Marcus Garvey Junior lived with his famous mother, Amy Jacques Garvey. There he met people like Clarence "Ben" Brodie, currently the editor of The News newspaper, and Julian Jingles, also a journalist. Importantly, Mutabaruka started to pen his own thoughts.

The music of Merritone Muta also loved the music of the Merritone sound system operated by the Blake brothers. He saved his lunch money to buy records and attend Merritone sessions at the popular Sombrero Club on Molyne's Road, Peyton Place and Red Gal Ring, hardly missing a Wednesday, Friday or Saturday session.

The fusion of his poetry and music was bound to happen, even if Muta could not foresee it at the time.

His mother moved to Woodford Park where he developed close friendships with Milton Wright, now in Florida, Paul and Peta Rutherford and Junior Walcott whose father was a soldier at Up Park Camp where, Muta says, he learnt to swim and enjoyed eating the food from the officers' mess. This was 1971.

In the midst of having fun, it struck Muta that he could try to have his poems published. Everybody was telling him they were good.

He ran off the poems on stencil in booklet form and called it 24 Poems, which he walked around trying to sell. At the same time, he submitted one poem to the monthly Swing Magazine published by Johnny Golding out of his father's printery at East and Charles streets.

Golding was bowled over by the poem and decided to publish it. He also paid Muta \$4. A string of poems followed, and each of them was published by Swing, which was quite popular at the time. Each time Golding received a poem from Muta, he was more awed by the conviction and the creativity of the expressions. He could hardly believe that they came from such a young man.

Shearer's book ban Muta's poems were inspired by an unlikely event. The 1967-1972 Hugh Shearer Administration had banned books promoting black power and radicalism and had gone on to deport the Guyanese activist, Walter Rodney, who was lecturing at the UWI.

Muta recalls an incident related to the banning of books. Word had come that the police would be raiding a bookstore which carried many Black Power titles. The night before the raid, the books were removed from the store by Muta's group. He hid some of the books at his home and recalls that his mother was scared stiff.

Muta and his group were at discussions one day when a white man named Owens turned up. "Wi start wondering why dis white man a come 'mongst wi." It turned out that Owens was writing the first comprehensive book on the Rastafarian movement.

At the time, a small group of KTHS students, including Muta, used to visit the newly-formed Ethiopian World Federation (EWF) in Trench Town. Its members

included Black Power activists, and Muta noticed that Rastafarianism was always coming up in the discussions.

They read the Bible, wore sandals and dashiki shirts and did not comb their hair. Muta and his girlfriend, Marilyn Dacres, attended frequently. "She was a very conscious woman and an admirer of Angela Davis." Davis was the famous black American activist who became a cause celebre after being jailed by the US authorities on trumped-up charges.

The 12 Tribes of Israel The relationship between Muta and Marilyn did not last long, however, and he met the beautiful Yvonne Peters, a St Hugh's student who lived at Whitehall Avenue. The two shared a love for Merritone and the Black Power movement. Both attended the meetings of the Ethiopian World Federation and eventually joined up.

Up to this point, Muta did not regard himself as a Rastafarian. But all that was about to change. He, along with Peters and Norma Hamilton, a journalist and sister of Beverley Hamilton, a Garveyite, attended a Nyah Binghi celebration in Portland and were converted. "My life changed at the Binghi.

I saw some vibes that really hold me. We stayed there for seven days, taking in the chanting of the drums," recounts Muta. He formed close relationships with the wife and husband duo of Baby I and Bongo Rocky, both now living in Ethiopia.

Back in Kingston, he continued to visit the Ethiopian World Federation. But here, too, things were about to get complicated. The head of the Federation, a man named Vernon Carrington whom they called Gad, began to stress the notion of repatriation to Africa under the auspices of the EWF Charter 15.

He changed the name from the Ethiopian World Federation to the Twelve Tribes of Israel, on grounds that Israel owned land in the motherland and that supplied a biblical basis for a repatriation movement.

Muta took note that the Twelve Tribes spoke of the then Emperor of Ethiopia, Haile Selassie as Jesus Christ but that the Portland Binghi had "bun Jesus Christ", believing that Selassie was in fact the Almighty Himself. "We also noticed that Twelve Tribes ate curried goat and the Binghi bun all meat-eaters and ate ital food (unsalted). They were more like Christians and we (he and Peters) started to gravitate towards the Binghi."

The conflict deepened and then got dangerous. According to Muta, Gad went to Ethiopia where he failed to meet the Emperor, while his perceived rival, Ivan Coore, son of David Coore, the former Government minister, also went to Ethiopia and was able to meet Selassie. Upon Coore's return, a political tussle began within the Twelve Tribes.

Things came to a head when Gad called a meeting at a place called Stand Up Hill in Gordon Town. He requested a vote, by secret ballot, to decide who should be president. The bulk of the votes went to Gad. Coore picked up a mere three votes. And one of those three votes was Muta's. Trouble.

The brethren turn on Muta Not satisfied with winning overwhelmingly, Gad asked that the three people who voted for Coore raise their hands. "I, like an innocent, naïve, idiot Rasta youth, pushed up my hand. I didn't see anything wrong with it and I didn't see anything wrong with what Coore was doing," Muta can laugh now.

No sooner had his hands risen through the tense air than men loyal to Gad began to hurl missiles at him and to abuse him verbally. "Yvonne broke down in tears when she saw the persecution I was suffering." In the days to come, Muta was ostracised by the Twelve Tribes and, fearing for his well-being, he left the movement. But the Nyah Binghi was waiting to embrace him.

Before all that had taken place, Muta's mother had moved to Central Village, near Spanish Town and apprenticed him to a mechanic at Lyndhurst Road, shortly after he left KTHS. He spent a few weeks there, then walked off the job, complaining that the mechanic had told him a bad word.

That upset his mother who asked him angrily if he thought his "little poems could pay light bills!" It would pay more than light bills, but neither Muta nor his mother could have known it then. Fearing that same anger and not wanting to hurt her any further, Muta hid the fact that he was now a Rastafarian.

He got a job a job with the Jamaica Telephone Company, working first at the Carlton Exchange, before being transferred to Melrose and then to Ocho Rios. He commuted every day. His mother went overseas to work and he and Peters rented a house in Washington Gardens in Kingston. Muta was now of age.

The Nyah Binghi After the Twelve Tribes ex-communication, he became firmer in his conviction that the Nyah Binghi was the right thing for him. He was finding that the \$1.50 fare to and from Kingston every day was becoming a burden on his pitiful pay and decided to stay on weekdays with a Rasta brethren who lived in a thatched bamboo hut at Shaw Park above Ocho Rios.

On weekends he would go home to Kingston.

His mother out of the way, Muta began to grow his locks. He also started to find that his job was getting in the way of his religion. That had to go, he decided.

To earn money, he began to frame pictures of Selassie and make bead necklaces which he sold on the streets of Ocho Rios. Johnny Golding had a place at the back of the printery and he granted Muta's request to allow him to cook ital

food there for sale. Among his early ital clients were some members of the staff of the Gleaner Company, he recalls.

He and Peters moved to Burnside Valley, Red Hills, where their first daughter, Ishiwawa Hope, was born. He says she was the first student sporting dreadlocks to attend Mt Alvernia High School in Montego Bay and later St Andrew High in Kingston.

They have another daughter, Ishama Hope, who was born at Melmac Avenue, Cherry Gardens. As Muta hustled for a living as a struggling Rastaman, fate was preparing to smile on him. This was 1972. He met a brethren named Larry McDonald, a famous percussionist at the time.

McDonald had formed a band he called Larry McDonald and Truth and his gigs offered dancing by a member from the National Dance Theatre Company, music and poetry. He recruited Muta as the poet. Their first concert, at the Little Theatre, was sold out.

Johnny Golding, in the meantime, had continued to be struck by Mutabaruka's poems, lashing out against exploitation and championing the cause of the poor. One day he called Muta and offered to publish his poems in an anthology titled Outcry. The book was published in March 1973 and sold for \$1 per copy. He cherishes his personal dog-eared copy to this day.

"ET" Thompson is dead Then the popular JBC deejay, the late Errol "ET" Thompson heard him read his poems and invited him to the Harry J Studio to record them. On the day he went, Bob Marley, not yet the megastar he would eventually become, was there recording the song that proclaims it takes a revolution to make a solution. Muta says his record was arranged by guitarist Janet Enwright but he doesn't know what became of the tape.

Shortly after, ET was found dead on Washington Boulevard, and that was the end of the matter. Muta went into retrospection. His life seemed about to change but it was not all clear to him just where he was headed. The one thing that was certain was his religion and he immersed himself in it.

He had come in contact with some Rasta brethren in St James and began to feel a yearning for the country life and to turn to the land for sustenance. It was hard to be deeply spiritual in Kingston. Some of the brethren took him to a remote district named Potosi near John's Hall in the western parish.

If Muta wanted bush, he got bush. Potosi was at the bottom of a valley, but to reach it, one must first endure unfriendly terrain, after negotiating a fierce bit of hill. The villagers had never seen running water or electricity there. But who's to know why Muta chose that god-forsaken place to set up home? And could it not have been that it was destiny calling?

Adjacent to John's Hall was the district of Somerton. More importantly, Somerton was the base of Jimmy Cliff, by now a reggae superstar. The contact he would make with Cliff would prove decisive and life-changing.

They picked out a plot of swamp land where Muta decided he would plant dasheen, coco, sugar cane, banana and the like. He would also build a house. He leased a square of the land from someone known to him only as Mass Joe, at \$16 a year for 40 years.

Nearby, the raised floor of a former backra house was all that remained as testimony to colonial times when sugar was king. Muta, Peters and little Ishiwawa stayed under the raised floor, what country people call the 'house bottom'. Little by little they built a house on top, using logwood and bamboo, going back and forth to Kingston for supplies.

From a cottage in Negril When in Kingston he would frequent a place called "One C", now the Mas' Camp, at Oxford Road. Tommy Cowan ran a business, Talent Corporation, which became a hangout for all the big-name artistes of the day. There he saw people like Bunny Wailer, Jacob Miller, Ras Michael from the Sons of Negus, Johnny Clarke and many others.

Muta sold peeled oranges, ripe banana and mangoes to the artistes. Then he revived the ital food enterprise. And he and Peters built their house in the bushes.

But on the western end of the island, in the tourist mecca of Negril, his name was being called in the entertainment planning meetings at the newly-opened Negril Beach Village hotel that is now Hedonism II. Claudia Robinson, an actress connected with the hotel, was given the job to contact Mutabaruka.

That call, perhaps more than any other, would propel the simple Rastaman far from the desperate slums of Rae Town to heights he could never have imagined, to chant his message of defiance well beyond the confines of his tiny Jamaica. But they had to first find a way to lure him from the foreboding hills of St James.

Send comments on this interview to

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this is e-drum, a listserv providing information of interests
to black writers and diverse supporters worldwide.
e-drum is moderated by kalamu ya salaam (██████████).

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Stay Strong\

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"Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor" \
--Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)\
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"This mathematical rhythmatcal mechanism enhances my wisdom\
of Islam, keeps me calm from doing you harm, when I attack, it's Vietnam"\
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"It's not too good to stay in a white man's country too long"\
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<http://www.lowliferecords.co.uk/>
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<<http://www.topica.com/?p=TEXTFOOTER>>
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203. **konrad**

Re: Walter Benn Michaels on Susan Howe??

Tue 8 Mar 2005

lori,

What is it that bugs you about that quote? I mean i think he has tried to make a complicated point there (and in the rest of the interview) about his sense of the term "text" and maybe his shorthand isn't up to the task or his style leads him

to simplify Howe's account. I'm thinking specifically about what seems like a 'rolling the eyes' phrase when he says "She begins to imagine ..." and a sort of exasperation in "it doesn't even matter what mattered to ED." Is that in fact what Howe would say? Would Howe say that aspect of her account is more fundamental than the aspect related to intention, which Michaels approves of, or not?

He clearly has a definition of "text" that competes with Howe's. Actually maybe he argues with her emphasis on the holographic text exactly because it questions the abstractness inherent in how he wants to close a definition of "text," i.e. the text is an object of understanding (reader's) and intention (author's) completely unaspected by medium, perception and performance, i.e. the phenomenological aspects of production/reception.

Yes it's true that holographic analysis can get out of hand (sorry) and that poets have *worked* with typographers, but that's beside the argument i think Michaels is trying to pick with Howe, which is over the ontology of "text."

I don't know if that helps you at all, but thanks for making me think about it.

konrad

PS I found the whole interview at
<http://www.theminnesotareview.org/ns55/michaels.htm>

^Z

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204. **Gloria Frym**

Re: Walter Benn Michaels on Susan Howe??

Tue 8 Mar 2005

Hello Lori and Chris,

Okay, this thread is enough to make me come out of retirement from the list. If we regard the poem as object, and the poem is largely handwritten, all marks, such as dashes that stroke upward or downward or obtusely in your face, become part of the poem. Howe understands perfectly that reproducing the handwritten (i.e., the brush stroke) is impractical for mass consumption, yet Dickinson did play in the fields of paper, and did either unintentionally or intentionally make these marks, which have been obliterated by standard printing. (We won't even get into other defacements, such as substitutions of the variety of dashes for other punctuation marks, titles to poems that never had any, replaced words, replaced syntax: see the famous discussion of "I wish I were a Hay" refuted with fervor by early editors including well meaning Thomas Higginson, "THIS WILL NEVER DO! (Everyone will think it's a typo!)"

The big deal is two fold: Marks count; If you don't say what you want done with your poems, someone else will.

On Tue, 8 Mar 2005 15:38:14 -0800

Chris Stroffolino <[REDACTED]> wrote:

>Dear Lori---

>

>I'm not quite sure exactly what you want to refute in Benn's new book or in
>the interview excerpt, but one thing I've noted about many recent attempts
>(perhaps coming out of a reductive reading of Howe or of Sharon Cameron's
>"Choosing" book) to emphasize the handwriting is that in quite a few cases
>this becomes a substitute for reading the poems---i.e. the textual
>complexities that exist in her use of dashes, or even on the levels of
>words that can be both nouns and verse, the tension between the line and the
>sentence, the "experimental fragment" and the "conventional rhyme and
>rhythm," the multiple meaning possibilities that need to be emphasized more
>to contest certain dominant images of her (whether Vendler's often
>unilateral readings, or, worse, the Billy Collins' mass-distributed edition
>of her work which changes words, ostensible to make it easier to some notion
>of a "plain reader"). Sure, I believe attention to the handwriting could
>help aid in this, but for quite a few it has become the be all and end all,
>which almost misses the point as much as Collins, etc.

>

>C

>

>-----

>>From: Lori Emerson <[REDACTED]>

>>To: [REDACTED]

>>Subject: Walter Benn Michaels on Susan Howe??

>>Date: Mon, Mar 7, 2005, 10:13 AM

>>

>

>> Dear all: I wonder if any of you have taken a look at Walter Benn
>> Michaels new book The Shape of the Signifier that opens with an essay
>> on Susan Howe-- I'm working on a book review of it and, although I
>> want to, I can't quite get at how to refute him! I'm curious to know
>> what you'd think of, say, this passage from an interview with Michaels
>> where he explains his position in the book:

>>

>> "WBM: I don't know if you know Howe's work, but Howe is completely
>> committed to the idea that you haven't read Emily Dickinson unless
>> you've read the manuscripts. The Johnson edition and every edition

>> except facsimile editions distort what the text is. But she has a
>> certain conception of the text such that it's impossible for it to
>> continue to be a text. She begins to imagine the spaces between the
>> words are fundamental to what the text is...
>>
>> Interviewer: That would be considered part of the intention...
>>
>> WBM: She gives two different accounts of that, but you're on the right
>> track. One account I find theoretically defensible, and that is, hey,
>> if it mattered to Emily Dickinson how far apart these words were and
>> what they looked like, then you haven't got her text unless you've got
>> the way she did her 'i's' and 't's'. But Howe, half the time, is
>> saying something else which is more radical, at least in a de Manian
>> sense: it doesn't even matter what mattered to Emily Dickinson, what
>> matters is what this object is. Unless you're seeing that object,
>> then you're not seeing the object Emily Dickinson produced. And she
>> identifies that in a de Manian way, with what she calls 'gibberish':
>> it's precisely the moment when the thing becomes meaningless that it
>> becomes an object."
>>
>> How does this strike you? Inaccurate? Dead-on but not problematic?
>> or just dead-on? or just problematic?
>>
>> best, Lori

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205. **Craig Allen Conrad**
(no subject)

Tue 8 Mar 2005

http://phillysound.blogspot.com (http://phillysound.blogspot.com/) æIf we
give our money to KFC, we™re paying for a life of misery for some of
God™s most helpless creatures.â€ --The Reverend Al Sharpton Calls for KFC
Boycott for 2005

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206. **Craig Allen Conrad**

***COIL, an Electromagnetic Event! ^^^^^ at St. Mark's Church
NYC***

Tue 8 Mar 2005

below is info being sent around by the AMAZING poet/playwright Greta Byrum
about her new play COIL

The Ontological-Hysteric Theater is hosting a staged
reading of my new play "COIL" on
Saturday, March 19, at
10pm, at
St. Mark's Church (2nd Ave at 10th Street)
\$7, or \$5 with ticket stub from that night's
Ontological-Hysteric performance of Richard Foreman's
"The Gods Are Pounding on My Head."

Featuring Juliana Francis as Sarah Bernhardt, T. Ryder
Smith as Nikola Tesla, and Alexis Bhagat as Swami
Vivekananda

AND

with real live lightning, courtesy of the first public
sparking of our very own Tesla Coil.

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207. **Alan Sondheim**

A narrow, damp _alley._ Sur vey, to _view._

Wed 9 Mar 2005

A narrow, damp _alley._ Sur vey, to _view._

All the _assistance_ found, his _assistants_ sent him. He claims to be the _divis-
er_ of the machine. Which is larger, the _divisor_ or quotient? This _difference_
being settled, he will pay due _deference_ to your opinion.

The _ingenious_ mechanic was also an _ingenuous_ man. Not a _lineament_
could be recognized by his friends. Apply to the wound a healing _liniment._
The _principal_ to the agreement was devoid of moral _principle._

Though a great _liar,_ he could play upon the _lyre._ A _naughty_ youth. The
lawyer had a _knotty_ case. The _plaintiff_ assumed a _plaintive_ air. Do not dis-
turb the tame _rabbit._ The carpenter will _rabbet_ the boards.

Filled with _choler,_ he seized the youth by his _collar._ The priest filled the
censer. He is a _censor_ of the press. The ship took _divers_ persons as _di-
vers_ for pearls.

The _air_ is quite cold. He is _heir_ to the property. Give _alms._ He has lost his
arms. He cut tree with an _ax._ His _acts_ are _base._ He has a _bass_ voice.

They _burst_ the box which held the _bust._ The poor _dyer_ was in _dire_ dis-
tress. After a _dose_ he fell into a _doze._ In the falling _dome_ he saw his
doom.

- from Eclectic Spelling Book, 1865

=====

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208. **Alan Sondheim**

Silent Letters

Wed 9 Mar 2005

Silent Letters

The _lamb_ bleats. His _limbs_ are _benumbed._ They _climbed_ the hill.
Comb your hair. The _tomb_ was opened. Do not _thumb_ your book. A
dumb animal.

A _receipt_ for money. The _debt_ is paid. The _debtor_ _doubted._ A cunning,
subtle fellow. It is _doubtful._

Psyche is the Greek for soul. Take your _psalter_ and choose a _psalm._ His
answer was _pshaw!_

ibid.

—

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209. **Steve Dalachinsky**

Re: "on" this/that/the

Wed 9 Mar 2005

the texts of others should not be played with period especially if they're
cleaned up for mass production

and if the artist isn't around it's just a sin

or even if the artist says fine just to get it out there uch look at on the road
boring

[↑ Contents](#)

210. **Harry Nudel**

winter....

Wed 9 Mar 2005

of cabbages

& spring...

1.00 zings

of ba loney

& snow

lite's wings

of t.h.e.

t/h/a/t

& of or

if w/h/a/t

thot not...

it's dawn...so vhat...drn...

[↑ Contents](#)

211. **Ken Rumble**

Rumble at the No Tell Motel....

Wed 9 Mar 2005

Hey y'all,

My poems and I are sitting a spell online at
the No Tell Motel, come on down and visit....

<http://www.notellmotel.org/>

Ken

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212. **Dan Waber**

[poem] Over The Surface

Wed 9 Mar 2005

9/61

Echo = There is more room in the boat. Lift your head over the surface,
breathe.

Source = a re-working of the words that made up the echo in the poem
"In Pieces" by Jennifer Hill-Kaucher (There is more room
under the surface. Lift the boat over your head. Breathe.

Over The Surface

Accordion folded paper lies over there,
mailbox doors look haughty; their silence is
cement heavy. This is one price of our wanting, kneading more.

Throw a pillow shaped tantrum across an imagined room,
dream we can find some shading of us in
nouns, while we hide out plainly behind the
verbs that pull the oars surging this unsinkable life boat.

Words. Only words. Choose the ones that give me lift,
choose the ones that most closely resemble your
kiss, choose the ones that get stuck in your head,
and, choose the ones we knead over and over.

Don't be afraid of the honest, the
forget, the dead skin true that lands on a mirror's surface;
Birds soar on the updrafts of the same air we breathe.

Dan Waber

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213. **Gerald Schwartz**

Campus Watch: Hamatreya

Wed 9 Mar 2005

Up early this morning before I get my daughter
up for school -- reading Emerson's "Hamatreya":
"Ah! the hot owner sees not death, who adds
Him to his land, a lump of mould the more." and
wondering -- almost aloud-- if this poem, a variation
of "Maitreya," from the sacred Hindu text Vishnu
Purana, How Long It Will take the Alyssa A. Lappens
of Campus Watch To Reach Back Into Our History,
Asking (no doubt pointedly): "Is this the kind of poetry
that will be of any interest even a year from now, much
less for the ages?" And-- as I wake my daughter

for school I say -- almost aloud -- Let Emerson
"and his type draw together leftist sharks and
deliberately encourage misunderstanding."

--Gerald Schwartz
West Irondequoit, New York 14617,
United States (of misunderstanding)
6:55 am

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214. **Bill Freind**
CFP for MSA conference
Wed 9 Mar 2005

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215. **Lewis LaCook**
like we were edges
Wed 9 Mar 2005

Let me show you how the pistol shrimp pins its prey to
the waves with a sonic boom...

_____ http://www.lewislacook.com/xanaxpop/ _____/

Lewis LaCook -->Poet-Programmer|||http://www.lewislacook.com/|||

Web Programmer|||http://www.corporatepa.com/|||

XanaxPop:Mobile Poem Blog-> http://www.lewislacook.com/xanaxpop/

Collective Writing Projects--> The Wiki--> http://www.lewislacook.com/wiki/ Ap-
pendix M ->http://www.lewislacook.com/AppendixM/

Celebrate Yahoo!'s 10th Birthday!
Yahoo! Netrospective: 100 Moments of the Web
http://birthday.yahoo.com/netrospective/

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216. **Michael Rothenberg**

blue poets in montana?

Wed 9 Mar 2005

Any Montana poets out there?

Michael

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217. **Camille Martin**

camille martin & patrick durgin at the discrete

Wed 9 Mar 2005

chicago poets & poetry lovers,

please come to my reading with patrick durgin at the discrete series this friday . . . i'm excited to be reading in chicago with patrick, whom i recently met at the mla (hello, patrick, if you're checking the list) . . . i'd love to meet some chicago poets, so hope to see you there!

camille

Friday, March 11 9PM / 3030 W. Cortland / \$5 suggested donation / BYOB

[Camille Martin is a poet and translator who lives in New Orleans. Her collections of poetry include *sesame kiosk* (Potes & Poets Press, 2002), *rogue embryo* (Lavender Ink, 1999), *magnus loop* (Chax Press, 1999), and *Plastic Heaven* (Fell Swoop, 1996). Her work has been published in such magazines as *Perspektive* (also in German translation), *Kiosk*, *Fiddlehead*, *Cauldron & Net*, *Unarmed*, *Moria*, *Poethia*, and *VeRT*, and in the anthology *Another South: Experimental Writing in the South* (University of Alabama Press, 2002). She recently completed a new collection, *codes of public sleep*. Martin founded and co-curates the Lit City Poetry Reading Series in New Orleans.]

[Patrick F. Durgin is the author of several chapbooks of poetry; *Pundits Scribes Pupils* is from Potes & Poets Press (1998); *And so on* is from Texture Press (1999) and is available from Duration Press' out-of-print archive; *Sorter* is from Duration Press (2001) and is downloadable for free from the Duration Bookstore (<http://www.durationpress.com/bookstore/index.htm>). His poetry and critical writings have appeared in numerous small-press periodicals since the late 90's, including *26*, *Aufgabe*, *Combo*, *Crayon*, *Ixnay*, *Lipstick Eleven*, *Rain Taxi*, *Review of Books*, *Tripwire*, and, most recently, *Chain*, *Chicago Review*, and *Tin-fish*. Durgin has published / presented articles and interviews on / with poets such as Rachel Blau DuPlessis, Dominique Fourcade, Lyn Hejinian, Andrew Levy, Nathaniel Mackey, Jackson Mac Low, Eileen Myles, Douglas Oliver, and Rod Smith. An ongoing collaboration with poet / translator Jen Hofer --

regarding a potential "synaesthetic poetics" -- frequently makes its way into print. Forthcoming anthology appearance: Faux Press San Francisco Bay Area Poets. Forthcoming compact disc release: "Cooking with Da Crouton" (Grimsey Records, www.grimsey.com).]

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].

<http://www.lavamatic.com/discrete>

Coming up...

:: 4/9 Elizabeth Black / Corey Mead / Africa Wayne

:: 5/13 Anselm Hollo / Laura Mullen

:: 6/10 Release reading for 26 magazine

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218. **Richard Jeffrey Newman**

[Announcement] Selections from Saadi's Gulistan

Wed 9 Mar 2005

Hello All--

My new book, *Selections from Saadi's Gulistan*, is out and available from the publisher, Global Scholarly Publications (www.gsp-online.org). Saadi's work has provided Western writers and thinkers an important window into Persian culture since the 1600s, when Andre ru Ryer first translated the *Gulistan* into French. Since then, the book has been translated into English more than any other language--Ralph Waldo Emerson called it "a secular bible"--but my translation is the first in more than 100 years to include portions of the entire text.

You can purchase the book from the publisher by following this link:

http://www.gsp-online.org/shopping/gsp_product_info.php?products_id=137&osCs id=377c15dfce06458c3bab6de764f1bfdf.

Not only is the *Gulistan* worth reading in its own right, but now, when Iran has once again become prominent on the world stage, the book provides a surprisingly contemporary view into Persian culture. I hope you will take a look at it.

Please note: You can go to my website to view samples from the book, but I have not yet updated my site to reflect the book's availability.

Rich Newman

Richard Jeffrey Newman
Associate Professor, English
Chair, International Education Committee
Nassau Community College
One Education Drive
Garden City, NY 11530

O: [REDACTED]

F: [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

www.ncc.edu

www.richardjnewman.com

http://richardjeffreynewman.blogspot.com

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219. **Rodrigo Toscano**

CAMPUS WATCH ATTACKS POET

Wed 9 Mar 2005

Thanks Mike. For the heads up on this important matter.

I'll be looking into how to best defend Ammiel, Anne, Amiri and others.

*

As for Ishaq's comment:

"you guys do that all the time on this list

what the dif?

bit hippiecritical, wouldn't you say"

I'm not the steadiest reader of this list, so I can't speak widely in a net-casting fashion about what "guys do" or don't do, but I can say that M. Kelleher is not a hippocrate neither in person, nor as cultural activist, and much less by posting a heads up on defending our friends-in-struggle.

The "dif"?

How to fight effectively across a wide array sites (ie. booty up *off* this list and OUT), or shrink into sectarianian reflexes.

Rodrigo Toscano

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220. **Robert Corbett**

Fwd: Re: Is Poetry as amethodical, aformal as Philosophy; Or Thinking with Isaiah Berlin on Poetry, part 1

Wed 9 Mar 2005

Poetics (and Richard),

This was meant to go to the whole list. sorry for embeddedness and any attendant problems of understanding it causes.

Robert Corbett <[REDACTED]> wrote:

Date: Tue, 8 Mar 2005 15:57:37 -0800 (PST)

From: Robert Corbett <[REDACTED]>

Subject: Re: Is Poetry as amethodical, aformal as Philosophy; Or Thinking with Isaiah Berlin on Poetry, part 1

To: [REDACTED]

Richard,

Thank you for taking this on. I am reaching for Berlin for a talk I will give on May 1st, ambitiously titled "Thinking Clearly about Poetic Language and Poetic Form," but you have discerned an ambiguity in my initial presentation. Let me try to explain as comments to your response (so see below).

Richard Jeffrey Newman <[REDACTED]> wrote:

Robert--

I don't know enough about Berlin to say much about whether his analysis of philosophy applies to poetry, but you use two different expressions to characterize his ideas about this and the distinction between them provides for me a kind of inroad to this discussion. First you say that Berlin "proposes that philosophy has no essential method" and then later in your post you say that the next installment will "be a healthy selection of Berlin on philosophy as a-methodical." For me, and maybe this is my own misunderstanding of the terms, saying there is "no essential method" is not the same thing as saying something is "a-methodical;" the first suggests that there may be a multiplicity of methods, all of which are valid and none of which are true or right in any absolute sense, while the second suggests that method itself is antithetical to whatever it is that is being described as "a-methodical."

RMC: I meant the initial meaning: that no method is essential to poetry does not mean there are no methods. That would fly in the face of history, whether it was poetry or philosophy. And yet I am tempted to be slightly deconstructive, and say the fact there is no essential method to poetry means it is a-methodical,

or anti-methodical. But this is sort of skepticism that can exist in theory, not in practice. In the practice of poetry, we are all methodists.

[RMC snips continuing text that bears out the point further]

Groups of poets and critics and theorists, or whomever, may decide that they need to define their methods as preferable or better or more real, or whatever, as compared to the methods of others, but those definitions are politically motivated and are ultimately about privileging a particular politics as it is, in their opinion, embodied in and promulgated by a particular kind of poetry. The arguments that ensue from competing definitions result in a whole lot of masturbatory self-indulgence, it is true, and, as often as not, in a sense on the part of those who are arguing that the stakes are a great deal higher than they really are, but these arguments also result in new poetries, each with its own method(s) and so on.

RMC: I like this summing up of how methods of poetry are promulgated, particularly the remark that arguments about method creates new methods. Contesting manifestos can look like circle jerks from the outside and do create much sound and fury, but a historical view can see dialectic of change, if not exactly progress. I would say, however, that the politics that get privileged in these discussions are poetic or literary, rather than what I would call "worldly" politics. Politics manifestos represents takes on institutions, not society, and it is mistake (I think) to aggrandize literary politics through a synecdochic or metonymic logic--i.e. that which you polemicize against is a representation of larger social corruption. (One can imagine a relatively healthy society with an extremely corrupt literary institutions.) I think of literary politics as fantasms or wish-fulfillments. They are not without some practical impacts, but they are first and foremost poetic, rather than political, expression.

**** I am reminded of a discussion I took part in at the college where I teach where the relative desirability of different instructional methods was being debated and where those of my colleagues who were advocating the "active learning" approach to teaching--lots of group work and student-centered activity--were having a great time listing the failings not only of the teacher-centered, lecture-based classroom, but also of lecturing per se. When I pointed out that I learned more about how to read texts critically, how to navigate the relationships between and among texts, from the absolutely teacher-centered Talmud classes I had to take when I was in yeshiva, the active-learning people did not know what to say. My point was that methods, in and of themselves, as pure

procedures, are politically and ideologically neutral in that they can be used by people of all political stripes to further their own political agendas. The same, it seems to me, is true of poetry, and the poets I have known and most respected as teachers--not necessarily as writers--are those who have been agnostic, which made them all the more inclusive in their perspectives, about the different methods that poets use to create poems.

Richard

RMC: Yes, those of us who invest time and energy into the creation of manifestos and methods should look at the history of pedagogical development, since that certainly has a much more missionary aspect and, what's more, easily discernible social effects. I have been thinking much about how "the sage on the stage" method of teaching is disparaged these days. And yet I remember more than few faculty who could "bring it" in this way, and who lead me (at least) to thinking that the "facilitated, active-learning" method would not have. The old ways have their reasons and their justifications but we have forgotten them, or the masters and mistresses felt that writing this information down demeaned the process.

I will get to a more generous selection of Berlin in due time (I am currently fighting with my computer on a variety of fronts), but it has occurred to me that there is one major difference between poetry and philosophy. Broadly speaking, the aim of philosophy is truth, or in Sellars' terms, how things, in general, hang together. The aim of philosophy is not to create texts or produce discourse. (These are side-effects.) It is hazardous to say what the aim of poetry is, but it is not too much to say that the main aim is to create texts, or rather artifacts: instances of artistic production. There may be a convergence of the aims of poetry and philosophy far in the distance,* but I take it that artifacts fascinate philosophers much less than they do poets. *Said convergence was something of a hope during German romanticism and elevated to a reality by Schelling in his transcendental philosophy.

I will discuss perfidy with scholars
as if spurning kisses, I will sip
the marble marrow of empire. I want sugar
but I shall never wear shame and if you
call that sophistry then what is Love?
- Lisa Robertson

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221. **Alan Sondheim**

vlf radio connected to minidisk in the middle

Wed 9 Mar 2005

vlf radio connected to minidisk in the middle
of brooklyn, what would one expect but the power grid
hardly a crackle to be heard
someone turned a television on or off
minute and a half of 60 cycle plus harmonics
turnabout is fair play
turnaround is too, not to mention chorus or filters
more interesting later from the country
in the meantime what's happened here driving the machinery
spiced up for everyone's amusement at least mine
<http://www.asondheim.org/vflw.mp3>

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222. **William Slaughter**

Notice: Mudlark

Wed 9 Mar 2005

New and On View: Mudlark Flash No. 30 (2005)

Brad Buchanan

Sometimes | A Photograph from Northern Iraq

Brad Buchanan teaches Modern British and American Literature and Creative Writing at California State University, Sacramento. His work has appeared in the U.S. in American Poets and Poetry, The Comstock Review, Confrontation, The Connecticut Poetry Review, Illuminations, Northeast, The Notre Dame Review, Peregrine, The Portland Review, RE: AL, The Seattle Review, The South Dakota Review, and Whetstone, for example. In Canada, where he is from, his work has appeared in such journals as The Antigonish Review, Canadian Literature, Contemporary Verse 2, The Dalhousie Review, Descant, Event, The Fiddlehead, Grain, The Wascana Review, and The Windsor Review.

Spread the word. Far and wide,

William Slaughter

MUDLARK

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E-mail: [REDACTED]

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

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223. **Harrison Jeff**

A Metallurgic Study of The Peaceable Kingdom

Wed 9 Mar 2005

next, Swan's swan years indicated snake to ship swan & Swan such matters
snake if such gain, very itself, the claws themselves sank, Swan's DECORUM
OF SNAKE WATER wished to sails, Swan long ever slew ere raven struck
(raven was to be where snake was first introduced, no Raven yet), Raven's tin-
pan epistle twined Swan's neck with the snake, Fatherless The Snake, but away
vanity, away, no ghost-gold epistles for the snake here, though when cozy at its
writing desk Fatherless The Snake is the snake's house-name, anywhere at all
the swan remains Dove and gives of entertainment to Worse Face Raven when
Swan answers what it gathers Raven will imagine later, from the feathers of the
raven grew Snake's memoirs, in Swan's memoirs Worse Face Raven dreams of
being vigorously eagle & sends gales to the dove! Raven's ears are pinned down
when up is Swan's modesty, the dove has been long robbing the raven, ghost-
gold is the dove's name for Raven's tin, but Dove is perplexed to name the
raven's silver, Swan is crying: Swan has been asked to point out Raven's silver,
Swan instead writes that the raven is an eagle but a yet unborn eagle, but here,
then, and still Raven's everything is Swan's luckless days, the eagle's intimacy
can come to any feathers, the eagle will come to them all, and Eagle will forget
that Snake slew the dove, saying Dove was but a bleached letter exposing them
all as the eagle

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224. **Ishaq**

Re: CAMPUS WATCH ATTACKS POET

Wed 9 Mar 2005

thanks rod.

made no sense

but thanks

cheers

Rodrigo Toscano wrote:

Thanks Mike. For the heads up on this important matter.

I'll be looking into how to best defend Ammiel, Anne, Amiri and others.

*

As for Ishaq's comment:

"you guys do that all the time on this list

what the dif?

bit hippiecritical, wouldn't you say"

I'm not the steadiest reader of this list, so I can't speak widely in a net-casting fashion about what "guys do" or don't do, but I can say that M. Kelleher is not a hippocrate neither in person, nor as cultural activist, and much less by posting a heads up on defending our friends-in-struggle.

The "dif"?

*How to fight effectively across a wide array sites (ie. booty up *off* this list and OUT), or shrink into sectarianian reflexes.*

Rodrigo Toscano

--

{\rtf1\mac\ansicpg10000\cocoartf102
{\fonttbl{\f0\fswiss\fcharset77 Helvetica;}
{\colortbl;\red255\green255\blue255;}
\margl1440\margr1440\vieww9000\viewh9000\viewkind0
\pard\tx560\tx1120\tx1680\tx2240\tx2800\tx3360\tx3920\tx4480\tx5040\tx5600\tx6160\tx6720\ql\qnatural

\f0\fs24 \cf0 \

___\

Stay Strong\

\

"Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor" \

--Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)\

\

"This mathematical rhythmical mechanism enhances my wisdom\
of Islam, keeps me calm from doing you harm, when I attack, it's Vietnam"

--HellRazah\

\

"It's not too good to stay in a white man's country too long"
--Mutabartuka\
\

"As for we who have decided to break the back of colonialism, \
our historic mission is to sanction all revolts, all desperate \
actions, all those abortive attempts drowned in rivers of blood."
- Frantz Fanon\
\

"Everyday is Ashura and every land is Kerbala"
-Imam Ja'far Sadiq\
\

<http://scratchcue.blogspot.com/>
\

<http://www.sleepybrain.net/vanilla.html>
\

http://www.world-crisis.com/analysis_comments/766_0_15_0_C/ \
\

<http://ilovepoetry.com/search.asp?keywords=braithwaite&orderBy=date> \
\

<http://www.lowliferecords.co.uk/>
\

}

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225. **Lori Emerson**
Re: "on" this/that/the
Wed 9 Mar 2005

Kevin and all: so sorry I haven't had a chance to respond sooner. But Kevin these passages from Ziarek you quote are really interesting--and I'm not sure if this is what you were getting at but that Michaels seems bent on "exterminating ambivalence" seems absolutely appropriate. As others have helped me to put my finger on, the problem is not with Michaels' logic (which can be immaculate) or with the tightness of his argument but with all that's bull-dozed in his efforts to create a theory of everything. After now reading the "Against Theory" essay from the early 80s, bits of *Our America* and *The Shape of the Signifier*, the latter sure seems like WMB is trying to crown his career with a book that not just tops his earlier work in terms of its contentiousness but brings together--and sometimes verbatim!--independent threads of his work from the last 20 years or so. And so what we're left with is a fascinating, highly complex (for me, anyway) work that, on its own terms, seems to make reasonable enough claims but in relation to actual works--works like Susan's--is just...well...off-base.

Incidentally, and sadly, WMB is in fact an admirer of Susan's work and makes gestures toward not implicating her in his critique of materiality (and then identitarianism) by placing all the blame on De Man who he says is much less "labile" than Susan in his insistence on the "sensory appearance" of the text.

best, Lori

On Tue, 8 Mar 2005 12:09:11 +0100, Kevin Magee <[REDACTED]> wrote:

> "...what matters is what this object is. Unless you're seeing that
> object, then you're not seeing the object..."
>
> "Howe's relentless problematization of the effects of the
> standardization and uniformization of a Melville or a Dickinson text
> draws attention to the practices of effacing the intrinsic
> unreadability and open-endedness of these texts, of their plural
> textualities, for the sake of producing an underlying version of
> experience as closed and readable. These practices transform
> experience from an open field of possibilities into a uniform,
> regulated pattern, into a univocal text which effaces contradictions
> and conflicts, or singularities, to paraphrase Howe" (Ziarek 275).
>
> Why does this 'paraphrase' in Krzysztof Ziarek's "The Historicity of
> Experience: Modernity, the Avant-Garde, and the Event" sound
> differently from Walter Benn Michaels' chat room?
>
> Ziarek in the same paragraph cites to Quartermain's "Disjunctive
> Poetics," associating his own reading of Howe's "Scattering as
> Behavior Toward Risk" with the reading there of Melville's "Billy
> Budd" ("a text so urgently stumbling almost blindly through a
> mind-boggling series of tentative and at times almost desperate
> castings-about for words and phrases that we are caught up in the
> sheer suspense the processes of the telling generate, a stuttering
> narrative of inarticulateness unspoken within the narrative"). Earlier
> in his argument and within the same subchapter, "The Matter of
> History, the Historicity of Matter," Ziarek quotes from the Arcades
> project to distinguish between Benjamin's dialectical image and the
> "optics of historicism" this concept meant to challenge, if not
> overturn. "The legibility Benjamin has in mind questions the
> philosophical and political implications of empathic identification,
> its dependence on the substantialist conception of experience, and
> takes the form of a constellation whose peculiar 'instantaneous'
> manifestation inscribes the tension and dislocation constitutive of
> history." (Ziarek 271).

>

- > Zygmunt Bauman states the issue more bluntly: "The typically modern
- > practice, the substance of modern politics, of modern intellect, is
- > the effort to exterminate ambivalence: an effort to define precisely -
- > and to suppress or eliminate everything that could not or would not be
- > precisely defined."
- >

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226. **Ishaq**

Biggie Smalls 1973-1997

Wed 9 Mar 2005

on the 9th mar 1997 lyrical poet, mc and rapper biggie smalls was assassinated only a few months after the legacy of the amerikkkan disruption and vanishing of evidence ritual dispatched tupac shakur:

"It's not a piece of American history the way the Bonnie and Clyde car is. But maybe in 20 years,"

Biggie Smalls 1973-1997

Biggie Smalls slain in shooting

03.14.1997

Rap star Biggie Smalls, the "Notorious B. I. G.," was shot dead by a drive-by gunman late Saturday night as he was leaving a star-studded Vibe Magazine party in Los Angeles.

The 24-year-old rapper, whose given name was Christopher Wallace, was sitting in a car outside waiting at a traffic light, when the killers pulled up next to him and unleashed a spray of bullets. Biggie was pronounced dead at Cedars-Sinai Medical Center. Police were still searching for his killers as we went to press. Here's John Norris, in Los Angeles, with a timeline.

JOHN NORRIS: The night began at around 8 p.m. at the Peterson Automotive Museum on Wilshire Blvd. in Los Angeles at a party hosted by "Vibe" magazine, Qwest Records, and Tanqueray gin to celebrate Friday night's 11th annual Soul Train Music Awards.

The guest list was a who's who of the hip-hop world, including Busta Rhymes, Heavy D, Da Brat, Yo-Yo, producer Jermaine Dupree and, of course, Biggie Smalls and the head of his label, Bad Boy Entertainment, Sean "Puffy" Combs.

According to sources we spoke to, the party really got going around 9:30 or 10:00 p.m., and Biggie appeared to be having a great time taking a table near the dance floor and he was chatting with friends. Indeed, no one in the Bad Boy

crew appeared to be concerned about being in Los Angeles, despite the fact that in the past, East coast rappers have been worried about traveling West.

In fact, the only discernable problem with the party is that it became overcrowded, and as is often the case in such situations in L.A., the fire marshals were called in and the party was shut down around 12:35 a.m.

As you can imagine, when the party was suddenly shut down, lots of people began to pour out of the party, out of the museum, into the garage, to wait for their valet parked cars including Biggie and Puffy. The stories do become a bit sketchy here, but according to one source who spoke to "USA Today", they both waited here for their cars and Biggie got in his GMC Suburban with two other passengers, reportedly Lil Caesar from Jr. MAFIA and his bodyguard, Damian. They rounded the corner from the garage, and drove right up to the corner of Wilshire and Fairfax.

As best we can determine, Biggie's car came to a stop at a red light at Wilshire and Fairfax when another car, possibly a black Jeep according to an L.A. Times source, drove around to the right side of their car and from it, six to ten shots were then fired from the other vehicle into the passenger side of Biggie's car. Panic obviously ensued and the Suburban drove straight to nearby Cedars-Sinai Medical Center, which in good traffic is no more than a five minute drive.

Which means at approximately 1:00 a.m., Biggie Smalls was brought here to Cedars-Sinai hospital, although it's doubtful how much they could do for him, since at 1:15 a.m. Christopher Wallace, also known as Notorious B.I.G. was pronounced dead of gunshot wounds. It wasn't long before distraught fans and friends showed up here to learn the news of Biggie's death.

Meanwhile, back at Peterson's many concerned partygoers went back inside the building fearing an escalation of violence. Apparently, the L.A.P.D. feared the same. They turned out in force, some wearing riot gear. And one witness we spoke to called that show of force, way too much.

<http://www.centennialsociety.com/pez.biginfo.html>

Sales of Biggie album explode on first day

by Marcus Errico Mar 26, 1997, 2:45 PM PT

Not much was small about Christopher Wallace. From his 6-foot, 3-inch, 300-lb. bulk to his rap handles of Biggie Smalls and the Notorious B.I.G. to his dramatic assassination in an L.A. drive-by, the man was large. And now from early indications, it looks like his posthumous album *Life After Death*, 'til Death Do Us Part is going to be huge.

Released Tuesday, the 24-track, double-disc set was supposed to debut at No. 1 even before B.I.G.'s March 9 murder. After the slaying, hip-hop aficionados and

curiosity seekers aren't having any problem shelling out 20 bucks for the album, which should follow the trend set by Nirvana, Selena and Tupac Shakur, all of whom topped the charts with posthumous releases.

Based on our purely unscientific first-day sales figures, Death will have a very long shelf life. A clerk at a Washington, D.C. music store said it was "selling like wild" hours after its release. A manager at Tower Records on Sunset said the Los Angeles-outlet sold 150 copies during a midnight promotion. "Death is a commodity, you know," Ramsey Jones, a salesman at the Greenwich Village Tower Records told the Associated Press. Jones claimed that his store sold 105 albums in an hour. "I have to keep stocking it every five minutes."

"Death is a commodity, you know?" said Ramsey Jones, a clerk at Tower Records in Greenwich Village, where he couldn't keep the CD on the shelf. "I have to keep stocking it every five minutes."

At one point, the store sold 105 copies of the double-CD in a single hour, Jones said. Uptown at HMV Records, fans of the Brooklyn-born rapper were just as anxious for "Life After Death."

"It's flying out of here," said manager George Romero. "... This album was going to be big already. After this (the shooting), forget it."

Sales of his debut album, "Ready to Die," more than tripled in the week after the rapper's slaying. "Ready to Die" sold more than 10,000 copies nationwide after the slaying.

Nearly unanimous positive reviews, some teetering on effusive, are certain to help the B.I.G. album's longevity. "A B.I.G. classic," gushed USA Today. "He may have been rap's ultimate cinematic narrator," chirped the Los Angeles Times, which rated Death four out of a possible four stars.

Bullet-riddled door of Suburban in which rapper was killed to be sold

April 28, 1997

BEVERLY HILLS, Calif. (AP) - The bullet-riddled door of the rented GMC Suburban in which rapper Notorious B.I.G. was gunned down will be sold to raise money for charity.

Budget Rent A Car Beverly Hills rented the green 1997 Suburban to the Los Angeles production company FM Rocks. Notorious B.I.G. was sitting in the passenger seat March 9 when he was killed in a drive-by shooting.

The passenger door was the only part of the vehicle that was damaged.

"Everybody's telling me the door must have some value. We'd like to somehow find a way to sell the door to the highest bidder and then donate the money to charity," Budget co-owner Corky Rice said Monday.

When the rapper's posthumous album "Life After Death" became a national best-seller, it occurred to Rice and partner Jerry Seimons that they had a rare collectible on their hands.

"So many people say it has value. I'm trying to figure out how to turn this terrible incident into something good. If you put the money to good use, I don't think it's in bad taste," Rice said.

Rice said the Challenger Boys & Girls Club in South Central Los Angeles would be the beneficiaries of the money raised.

The value of the door wasn't known.

"I guess if I were to auction something like that, I'd put it out there with a very reasonable-looking estimate, say \$3,000 to \$4,000," said Michael Schwartz, director of entertainment memorabilia for the Butterfield & Butterfield auction house.

Rice and Seimons are willing to sell the \$38,000 Suburban as is with the bullet-pocked door in place, but they don't believe anyone would be interested.

"We haven't decided when or where to auction the door," Rice said. "We don't want to be tacky. We want to be in good taste. We don't want to make any profit at all."

Meantime, Death Row Records approached a Nevada resort to offer the bullet-riddled car in which rapper Tupac Shakur was killed last September in Las Vegas.

"We told them we weren't interested," said Aaron Cohn, spokesman for Primmadonna Resorts in Primm, Nev. The resort paid \$250,000 in 1988 for the bullet-riddled car in which Bonnie and Clyde Barrow were killed in a 1934 shootout.

The Shakur death car isn't the same, Cohen said.

"It's not a piece of American history the way the Bonnie and Clyde car is. But maybe in 20 years," he said.

.

Biographie Notorious BIG
Notorious BIG

1993 est l'année de la découverte de Notorious BIG. Le rappeur, à l'époque est avant tout un parolier. Le monde entier découvre les singles très populaires de Mary J. Blige et de Supercat, et Big est en pleine ascension. Ses textes débordent de chaleur et concentrent en un seul titre plus de séduction que beaucoup d'albums complets, signés par d'autres artistes. En 1994, il sort son premier album Ready to Die, après avoir interprété les hits d'autres artistes comme

Michael Jackson. Son premier album raconte le passage d'une vie délinquante à une carrière musicale. Les singles sont rapidement propulsés aux sommets des charts. Notorious est récompensé par les Source Music Awards en 1995, Soul Train Music Awards et le Billboard Music Award. Pendant les deux années suivantes, Big fait des rencontres et continue son parcours altruiste. En 1997, son deuxième album Life After Death sort enfin. Le rappeur a invité ses potes Lil'Kim, Bone Thugs-N-Harmony, Too Short, Run-DMC, The Lox, Jay-Z et Puff Daddy. Ce double CD comporte 22 titres, c'est un mélange de toutes ses rencontres et de ses tournées. Il y a des titres sombres mais le tout est entrecoupé de petites scènes hautes en couleurs qui lui donnent la fluidité d'un film. L'album est devenu légende lorsque The Notorious Big s'est fait assassiner le 9 mars 1997 à la sortie d'une soirée.

<http://www.mcm.net/folder/index.php/1195>

___\

Stay Strong\

\

"Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor" \

--Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)\

\

"This mathematical rhythmatrical mechanism enhances my wisdom\

of Islam, keeps me calm from doing you harm, when I attack, it's Vietnam"\

--HellRazah\

\

"It's not too good to stay in a white man's country too long"\

--Mutabartuka\

\

"As for we who have decided to break the back of colonialism, \

our historic mission is to sanction all revolts, all desperate \

actions, all those abortive attempts drowned in rivers of blood." \

- Frantz Fanon\

\

"Everyday is Ashura and every land is Kerbala"\

-Imam Ja'far Sadiq\

\

<http://scratchcue.blogspot.com/>\

\

<http://www.sleepybrain.net/vanilla.html>\

\

http://www.world-crisis.com/analysis_comments/766_0_15_0_C/ \

\

<http://ilovepoetry.com/search.asp?keywords=braithwaite&orderBy=date>\

\
http://www.lowliferecords.co.uk\
\

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227. **Lori Emerson**

Re: Walter Benn Michaels on Susan Howe??

Wed 9 Mar 2005

Dear Chris--thanks for your note--curious, and dreading the answer too, what you mean by "Billy Collins' mass distributed edition of her work"? do you mean Susan's? can you tell me more about this??? Sounds ghastly and intriguing!

best, Lori

On Tue, 08 Mar 2005 15:38:14 -0800, Chris Stroffolino

<[REDACTED]> wrote:

> Dear Lori---

>

> I'm not quite sure exactly what you want to refute in Benn's new book or in
> the interview excerpt, but one thing I've noted about many recent attempts
> (perhaps coming out of a reductive reading of Howe or of Sharon Cameron's
> "Choosing" book) to emphasize the handwriting is that in quite a few cases
> this becomes a substitute for reading the poems---i.e. the textual
> complexities that exist in her use of dashes, or even on the levels of
> words that can be both nouns and verse, the tension between the line and the
> sentence, the "experimental fragment" and the "conventional rhyme and
> rhythm," the multiple meaning possibilities that need to be emphasized more
> to contest certain dominant images of her (whether Vendler's often
> unilateral readings, or, worse, the Billy Collins' mass-distributed edition
> of her work which changes words, ostensible to make it easier to some notion
> of a "plain reader"). Sure, I believe attention to the handwriting could
> help aid in this, but for quite a few it has become the be all and end all,
> which almost misses the point as much as Collins, etc.

>

> C

>

> -----

> >From: Lori Emerson <[REDACTED]>

> >To: [REDACTED]

> >Subject: Walter Benn Michaels on Susan Howe??

> >Date: Mon, Mar 7, 2005, 10:13 AM

> >

>
> > Dear all: I wonder if any of you have taken a look at Walter Benn
> > Michaels new book *The Shape of the Signifier* that opens with an essay
> > on Susan Howe-- I'm working on a book review of it and, although I
> > want to, I can't quite get at how to refute him! I'm curious to know
> > what you'd think of, say, this passage from an interview with Michaels
> > where he explains his position in the book:
> >
> > "WBM: I don't know if you know Howe's work, but Howe is completely
> > committed to the idea that you haven't read Emily Dickinson unless
> > you've read the manuscripts. The Johnson edition and every edition
> > except facsimile editions distort what the text is. But she has a
> > certain conception of the text such that it's impossible for it to
> > continue to be a text. She begins to imagine the spaces between the
> > words are fundamental to what the text is...
> >
> > Interviewer: That would be considered part of the intention...
> >
> > WBM: She gives two different accounts of that, but you're on the right
> > track. One account I find theoretically defensible, and that is, hey,
> > if it mattered to Emily Dickinson how far apart these words were and
> > what they looked like, then you haven't got her text unless you've got
> > the way she did her 'i's' and 't's'. But Howe, half the time, is
> > saying something else which is more radical, at least in a de Manian
> > sense: it doesn't even matter what mattered to Emily Dickinson, what
> > matters is what this object is. Unless you're seeing that object,
> > then you're not seeing the object Emily Dickinson produced. And she
> > identifies that in a de Manian way, with what she calls 'gibberish':
> > it's precisely the moment when the thing becomes meaningless that it
> > becomes an object."
> >
> > How does this strike you? Inaccurate? Dead-on but not problematic?
> > or just dead-on? or just problematic?
> >
> > best, Lori
>

[↑ Contents](#)

228. **Lewis LaCook**
from *The Golden Path*
Wed 9 Mar 2005

"Hold my head above the water so--"

.....\....still...../
\.....alive...../
.....524...\....stil7...../.....2375.....279.....581.....
.....\.....a71ve...../.....2461.....cigarettes and plump
shadows
.....plum...
\....still...../.....bloss.....um.....cat.....frigid.....259.....here I
come.....dozing while working....
\.....a71ve...../.....throat.....do you like that big cock in
you.....
.....SPIRAL.\....still...../....lin.....ear.....depressd.....\There's
no lon236666807ger any question in my mind. Dark
Shadows is a Dan Curtis 527452production. Half-full
gla2545sses blurred by temperate juxtaposition. Don't
let go, Ma24665ry; I'll drow888888888888888n if 8625you
do. What owns is hot town15ship bones. Senses
ela5685237pse and spangle gangr8935863enous on ice if
scent l265ends credence to plump cigarettes,
fractu5557red shadows.
/.....could.....MORE.....tearing.....loveis.....**Living
Dead Girl says: yeah**Bach harps and hardened
art**lighting my cigarette lighting the room**to
understand your tomboy girlfriend**space**and a
sincere desire not**to fuck this up**love me and i'll
believe you**we who**have had**so much taken from
us**fathers and mothers**we who have taken so much
from us**i took**my life**and threw it at Living Dead
Girl**cold beyond a Cleveland snow**nothing in you
even or
fitting/.....isshe.\.....ali[###theotherkidsarelaughingatyouillbeafraidand-
feralundercoversyoupeeyourselftheycansmellyourasstheyseeyour dick-
BURN OFFYRHAIRBURNOUTYREYESSLICEANYTHINGNOTINACCORDANCE-
WITHsomesymmetrywemaketogethersleepingthroughtheearlieryouwant-
tosleeportakeashowerroughlythesizeofintimateinfinitebutfindingmoreinyour-
bodythanicaninmymind###]ve...../....crying.....much.....MORE.....

Collective Writing Projects--> The Wiki--> <http://www.lewislacook.com/wiki/> Appendix M -><http://www.lewislacook.com/AppendixM/>

Tired of spam? Yahoo! Mail has the best spam protection around
<http://mail.yahoo.com>

Wed 9 Mar 2005

 $\vee$

> best, Lori
>
>
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> > Dear Lori---
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> > which almost misses the point as much as Collins,
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> > > track. One account I find theoretically
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> > > it's precisely the moment when the thing becomes
> meaningless that it
> > > becomes an object."
> > >
> > > How does this strike you? Inaccurate? Dead-on
> but not problematic?
> > > or just dead-on? or just problematic?
> > >
> > > best, Lori
> >
>

=====

WAR IS OVER

(if you want it)

(e-mail [REDACTED])

Do you Yahoo!?

Yahoo! Small Business - Try our new resources site!

<http://smallbusiness.yahoo.com/resources/>

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230. **Derek White**

Miami Viz...

Wed 9 Mar 2005

... a field report from the visual poetry down in Miami last weekend now up on 5cense Reviews:

http://sleepingfish.net/5cense/miami_viz.htm

Also, a reminder, the submission period for SleepingFish 0.75 is now open:

<http://www.sleepingfish.net/submit.htm>

al agua patos,

Derek White

www.calamaripress.com

www.sleepingfish.net

www.5cense.com

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231. **Alan Sondheim**

remember

Thu 10 Mar 2005

remember

<http://www.asondheim.org/combtomb.gif> this is the one of the crenellated towers in the spectrum created from a comb filter produced by the reading of a nineteenth-century comb remember it turned three-dimensional with the spectrum but still retains a relationship to the crystal palace or crystal cathedral remember you forgot to remove the coordinates

<http://www.asondheim.org/fetremake.jpg> this began as the fetish.jpg remember it was taken from a digital image made in the miami apartment shooting up from the ground with a flash azure and i wearing robes this one is me and the robe was parted by the erection like the tent of abraham was it that image elsewhere then taken through a floyd-steinberg filter that changes it into something like photogravure which was then sent through photoshop remember at first everything became messier or relatively confused but then you applied the neon filter which lit up the edges and after a while the result then was faded remember you tried different kinds of fading and this one worked turning it back into an odd three-dimensionality all the the while you're feeling ill and feverish with a bad allergic attack and more think it might be the flu in any case you worked through the difference fade and then intensified the saturation and upped the curves a bit resulting in this dream of broken lust something like jelinek might have written in a still image from one of her bleaker novels

--

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232. **Alan Sondheim**

they were blown apart in spite of their idealism

Thu 10 Mar 2005

they were blown apart in spite of their idealism

<http://www.asondheim.org/corrug1.jpg>

wind and rain corroded such beautiful forms

<http://www.asondheim.org/corrug2.jpg>

an artist picks up the pieces and tries to draw 'em

<http://www.asondheim.org/corrug3.jpg>

she breathes deeply moving earth and home

do not be afraid starsavages are small they will burn themselves in into themselves burning themselves you will find starsavage pump starsavage here they are starsavage churned and salvaged savagestar

<http://www.asondheim.org/starsavage1.jpg>

<http://www.asondheim.org/starsavage2.jpg>

<http://www.asondheim.org/starsavage3.jpg>

<http://www.asondheim.org/furl.jpg>

==

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233. **Harry Nudel**

winter...

Thu 10 Mar 2005

the great d

the great do

the great doc..

dddddddd....at's all ffffffff...drn...

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234. **Harry Nudel**

Le Shelley Prix...

Thu 10 Mar 2005

je carrefour

tu aldi

vous leclerc
nous ashbery...
par avion euros..s'il plait...drn...

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235. **Roger Day**
"memorable speech" and the auditory cortex

Thu 10 Mar 2005

<http://news.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/health/4332771.stm>

<Quote> If the music went quiet during an instrumental song, like during the theme from the Pink Panther, individuals activated many different parts of the auditory cortex, going farther back in the processing stream, to fill in the blanks.

When remembering songs with words, however, people simply relied on the more advanced parts of the auditory processing stream.

"It makes us think that lyrics might be the focus of the memory," said Mr Kraemer.

</Quote>

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236. **Francis Raven**
another participatory water request - WATER MODELING

Thu 10 Mar 2005

Thank you everyone for all your great responses to my participatory water request. There were so many great responses about the taste of water.

I was hoping that members of the list could be convinced to help again. If it is any incentive, in the process you'll become a water model.

To help, please

- (1) fill a cup with water
- (2) pour that glass of water over a part of your body(your choice which body part)
YOU ARE NOW A WATER MODEL
- (3) write down:
 - (a) your location in the world
 - (b) what part of the body you poured the water over

(c) how you looked as a water model

(d) how you felt as a water model.

(4) send me your responses via backchannel email
(or to the list)

thanks so much for your artistic help,
all and only my very best,
Francis Raven

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237. **Dan Waber**

[poem] Against The White Sky

Thu 10 Mar 2005

10/61

Echo = Sparrows sit still on the powerlines, fermatas against the white sky.

Source = Jennifer Hill-Kaucher, from her poem "Sunday Afternoon"

Against The White Sky

For should your hands drop white and empty

All the toys of the world would break.

--John Frederick Nims, from "Love Poem"

When you kiss me sparrows
roll and tumble, cats sit
on command, tides stand still,
head-or-tail flips stand on
edge, all the toys of the
world break, live powerlines
go dead, Bach's fermatas
are skipped, waves crash against
deserted beaches, the
sun burns through blue to white,
and cosmos reach the sky.

Dan Waber

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238. **furniture_ press**

fridge tracks

Thu 10 Mar 2005

fridge.

O fridge of lost children, fridge of the children
lost in its folds, children of lost fridges and
stovetops, lost in the grave of fridges, cold
and distant, the children cold and lost in
the distance, lost from the cold, give
the children a cause to lose their
cool, a disfiguring fridge doomed
to the laughs of children, want
more children to laugh at, all
it wants is more children, in
the cold and lost in the cold.
--

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239. **furniture_press**
New Book Titles from I. Soldemall
Thu 10 Mar 2005

Sorry, it was sent by a co-worker. Pretty funny:

Here's a listing of some recently-published "new books" & their author....

- "How to Write Large Books" by Warren Peace
- "The Lion Attacked" by Claude Yarmoff
- "The Art of Archery" by Beau N. Arrow
- "Irish Heart Surgery" by Angie O'Plasty
- "Desert Crossing" by I. Rhoda Camel
- "School Truancy" by Marcus Absent
- "I Was a Cloakroom Attendant" by Mahatma Coate
- "I Lost My Balance" by Eileen Dover and Phil Down
- "Mystery in the Barnyard" by Hu Flung Dung
- "Positive Reinforcement" by Wade Ago
- "Shhh!" by Danielle Soloud
- "The Philippine Post Office" by Imelda Letter

- "Things to Do at a Party" by Bob Frapples
- "Stop Arguing" by Xavier Breath
- "Raising Mosquitos" by I. Itch
- "Mountain Climbing" by Hugo First

--

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240. **Joe Brennan**

Enlistment Numbers Show Blacks Smarter Than Whites

Thu 10 Mar 2005

Click here: The Assassinated Press

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

Enlistment Numbers Show Blacks A Whole Helluva Lot Smarter Than Whites, Hispanics:

Steady Drop in Black Army Recruits Unwilling To Be Cheney's Oil Whore:

Whites 300 Times More Likely To Succumb To Sentimentality And Lies:

'Red Neck Women' Providing Wealthy With Plenty Of Creamy White Cannon Fodder:

Entire Population Of Lebanon Turns Out To Support Syria:

Cheney Administration Asks France If They'll Take Gabon Instead As Quid Pro Quo:

Entire Cheney/Bush Administration Involuntarily Evacuated Their Bowels At Beirut Turnout:

Entire Population of Bolivia Turns Out, Rejects Transnational Corporations, Tells Mesa To Stop Whining And Do His Fuckin' Job:

U.S. Blames Syria For Attack On Italian Red Journalist:

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.

".....at a time when I am speaking to you about the paradox of desire -- in the sense that different goods obscure it -- you can hear outside the awful language of power. There's no point in asking whether they are sincere or hypocritical,

whether they want peace of whether they calculate the risks. The dominating impression as such a moment is that something that may pass for a prescribed good; information addresses and captures impotent crowds to whom it is poured

forth like a liquor that leaves them dazed as they move toward the slaughter house.

One might even ask if one would allow the cataclysm to occur without first giving

free reign to this hubbub of voices...."

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241. **Mark Weiss**

Re: "memorable speech" and the auditory cortex

Thu 10 Mar 2005

I would hope they covered a few of the variables. One that comes to mind: almost all humans are expert users of language--we get lots of practice. Only some humans are as adept or practiced musically. Do trained musicians also use the less "advanced" parts of the auditory cortex?

Mark

At 05:36 AM 3/10/2005, you wrote:

>http://news.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/health/4332771.stm

>

><Quote>

>If the music went quiet during an instrumental song, like during the theme

>from the Pink Panther, individuals activated many different parts of the

>auditory cortex, going farther back in the processing stream, to fill in

>the blanks.

>

>

>When remembering songs with words, however, people simply relied on the

>more advanced parts of the auditory processing stream.

>

>

>"It makes us think that lyrics might be the focus of the memory," said Mr

>Kraemer.

>

>

></Quote>

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242. **Clayton A. Couch**

[Publications Announcement] Artificial Lure & Familiar Bifurcations

Thu 10 Mar 2005

Dear Poetics List friends,

I'd like to engage in a little self-promotion, so close your eyes if such things offend you.

First: I'd like to formally announce the presence of *_Familiar Bifurcations_*, my first e-book collection of poems, which was published by Jukka-Pekka Kervinen's xPress(ed) back in December. xPress(ed)'s website is here:

{<http://www.xpressed.org/>}. An Acrobat Reader-compatible .pdf of *_Familiar Bifurcations_* can be accessed or downloaded here:

{<http://www.xpressed.org/fall04/bifurcations.pdf>}. If you're interested in reviewing *_Familiar Bifurcations_*, please do send me a note to {}.

Of course, comments are welcome.

Second: Scott Pierce's effing press {<http://effingpress.com/>} is publishing *_Artificial Lure_*, my first print chapbook of poems, sometime later this month, and since it's illustrated by Australia's own Jan Bostok it promises to be very easy on the eyes. If anyone out there is interested in writing a review, blurb, or whatever about *_Artificial Lure_*, please send another note {} and specify whether or not you'd like a .pdf review copy or a hard-copy review copy. If hard copy's your thing, include a mailing address.

Thanks!

Clayton

Clayton A. Couch



<http://www.claytonacouch.com/blog/>

<http://as-is.blogspot.com/>

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

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243. **Craig Allen Conrad**

Supporting Local Women-Owned Businesses for Women's Month & How Thinking Locally

Thu 10 Mar 2005

Supporting Local Women-Owned Businesses for Women's Month & How Thinking Locally IS Thinking Globally

Right now in downtown Philadelphia there is only one woman-owned health food store left. It's called Natural Goodness, located on the corner of 20th & Chestnut. The owner's name is Beverly, and like all the independently owned natural foods stores, she has been struggling against the tide of so-called natural foods Super stores, such as Fresh Fields (Whole Foods), and Trader Joe's.

WHY SUPPORT A LOCAL NATURAL FOODS STORE?

...for the whole article, please go to: [_http://phillysound.blogspot.com_](http://phillysound.blogspot.com_)
(<http://phillysound.blogspot.com/>) -- If we give our money to KFC, we're paying for a life of misery for some of God's most helpless creatures. --
The Reverend Al Sharpton Calls for KFC Boycott for 2005

[_http://phillysound.blogspot.com_](http://phillysound.blogspot.com_) (<http://phillysound.blogspot.com/>) -- If we give our money to KFC, we're paying for a life of misery for some of God's most helpless creatures. --
The Reverend Al Sharpton Calls for KFC Boycott for 2005

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244. **Ishaq**

Calaca Press Mission Statement

Thu 10 Mar 2005

Calaca Press Mission Statement

Calaca Press is a Chicano family-owned small publishing house dedicated to publishing and producing unknown, emerging, and established progressive Chicano and Latino voices. With a commitment to social justice and human rights Calaca Press strives to bring about change through the literary arts. From poetry and the spoken word to fiction and creative non-fiction Calaca Press is determined to showcase authors from a community that has been marginalized and pushed to the side in literary circles, and in the real world, for far too long. Recognizing the need for more publishers of Chicano and Latino literature Calaca Press also actively encourages and assists individuals to self publish and/or start their own presses. Understanding the need for historical continuation Calaca Press is committed to continuing the tradition of the Chicano and Latino presses and publishing houses of the 1960's and 1970's that flourished due to community support and the need to have our stories told. ¡Calacade-lante!

For more info:

Calaca Press

P.O. Box 2309

National City, Califas 91951

██████████ phone.fax
██████████ <mailto:██████████>

<http://calacapress.com/cpabout.html>

mp3 downloads:

Casual News <<http://calacapress.com/mp3/Casual%20News.mp3>> by Lorena E. Duarte Q.

Simple Explanations
<<http://calacapress.com/mp3/Simple%20Explanations.mp3>> by Lorena E. Duarte Q.

I Wanted to Write an Anti-war Poem, But...
<<http://calacapress.com/mp3/I%20Wanted%20to%20Write%20an.mp3>> by Emmanuel Ortiz

Moment of Silence
<<http://calacapress.com/mp3/Moment%20of%20Silence.mp3>> by Emmanuel Ortiz

<http://calacapress.com/cmpmp3s.html>

Vato Loco de la Maravilla

Ayer watché al frankie
cruising the varrio in his
firme sixty-four, chingón
como los vatos locos de
tiempos pasados, listening
to the oldies a madre como
si todo 'stuviera de aquellas
with the world.
El frankie es uno de esos
veteranos del varrio,
laid back cabrones with their
cool ass talk and walk, ese
starting everything with an orale
carnal, shaking your hands
in that raza way to tell you
que you're all right.

He likes to tell stories
about his days en la vida loca
con el flaco pinche loco at chuy's
corner of fifth and main.

"I ever tell you about that time
flaco threw blows with la Carmen
that waitress there, ese?" Frankie
smiles, carnal, always smiles
when he thinks of that.

Back in esos tiempos cuando todo
'staba más calmado, en esos tiempos
when vatos took care of pedos
con chingazos and the biggest
enemy was the cops, when
Frankie and Beto y el Puppet
eran chavillos pero con huevos,

they started calling themselves los
vatos locos de la maravilla, ese
big time VLM con safos and only
fourteen years old. Pero todos
sabían que el Frankie was bad
and he proved it on anyone
who talked shit.

Frankie didn't land in the pinta
til he was twenty-one, el vato
no era como el Flaco o Chino,
crazy mother-fuckers that started
with batteries then took the whole cars,
Frankie played it cool saying
the pinta wasn't for him,
but he got caught in some
jale that went wrong one night
at the Circle K when a chota caught
him and Beto on a beer run and
cuetes blasted and the vato
at the counter came out dead.

The chota said it was Frankie
that killed him and everyone
believed him, the judge the news
and us, y lo mandaron a la pinta
where Frankie said he didn't belong
to spend twenty-five no chance
of parole.

We didn't know about chotas
and raza and about the varrio, ese.
We didn't see how the cop
saw his life as more important
and Frankie just another punk
that would end up in jail anyway,
and who really gives a fuck
about another mexican that kills.

We didn't know that Frankie wasn't
packing and that people panic some
times, ese, the chota only heard
the shot and shot back not knowing
it was the clerk who shot first and got hit.

But things get lost and go
unsaid and the judge finds
it easier to lay the blame
on a vato loco de la maravilla.

Ayer watché al frankie
cruising the varrio in his
firme sixty-four, chingón
con los vatos locos de tiempos
pasados, two days after he was killed
in huntsville for some smokes.

Laid back veterano with his
cool ass talk and walk and
just glad to be home, smiles carnal
to tell us we're all right.

From the book Bus Stops and Other Poems © 1998 Manuel J. Vélez

<http://calacapress.com/poems/vatoloco.html>

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Stay Strong\

\

"Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor" \

--Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)\

\

"This mathematical rhythmical mechanism enhances my wisdom\
of Islam, keeps me calm from doing you harm, when I attack, it's Vietnam"

--HellRazah\

\

"It's not too good to stay in a white man's country too long"
--Mutabartuka\
\

"As for we who have decided to break the back of colonialism, \
our historic mission is to sanction all revolts, all desperate \
actions, all those abortive attempts drowned in rivers of blood."
- Frantz Fanon\
\

"Everyday is Ashura and every land is Kerbala"
-Imam Ja'far Sadiq\
\

<http://scratchcue.blogspot.com/>
\

<http://www.sleepybrain.net/vanilla.html>
\

http://www.world-crisis.com/analysis_comments/766_0_15_0_C/ \
\

<http://ilovepoetry.com/search.asp?keywords=braithwaite&orderBy=date> \
\

<http://www.lowliferecords.co.uk/>
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}

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245. **Brenda Coultas**

Ammiel Alcalay, March 21 BPC, NYC

Thu 10 Mar 2005

Ammiel will be speaking in NYC at the Bowery Poetry Club, 308 Bowery (between Bleeker and Houston) on March 21, 4-6pm, as part of the Study Abroad on The Bowery Program. I do not know the topic of his talk; however, there is a Q & A period for anyone who would like to ask him about the Campus Watch Attack.

Best, Brenda Coultas

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246. **Haas Bianchi**

I Wish the Buffalo List was More than it is

Thu 10 Mar 2005

Dea4r Buffalo Listers:

Over the past three weeks I was in Asia and I could not respond to the list posts and I have had time to think about the list and here is my opinion of all the comments;

As a poet who is not an academic I used to love the Buffalo list because it allowed me to participate in a global and national conversation about poetry and poetics and the reflection of our artform on society- but over the past year or so the list has changed and I think that it is a little sad the list has become a place for many unfounded personal attacks.

The constant over sensitivity about Racial issues is beyond reason the personal attacks are destructive. It seems that any frank comment is taken as bigotry when people are trying to have frank conversations. I view the problems on the Buffalo list as indicative of a larger problem with Poetry as an artform in the USA and English in general that it needs desperately to "make it new" that the old ways are not good for the growth of the artform and that poetry needs to recognize that it is an artform not a place for personal attacks where people with internal personal problems can attack others.

Raymond L Bianchi
chicagopostmodernpoetry.com/
collagepoetchicago.blogspot.com/

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247. **Ishaq**

A Poetic Tribute to Malcolm X Tuesday, May 18 at 7 p.m.

Thu 10 Mar 2005

<http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2005/03/38913.php>

You are invited to an intimate night of progressive poetry to celebrate the birthday of one of the most influential black revolutionary martyrs of the 50s and 60s in the struggle for self-determination for oppressed people living on the North American continent. The evening's event is titled:

A Poetic Tribute to Malcolm X

Tuesday, May 18 at 7 p.m.

@ Chicano Perk Café

129 25th Street, San Diego CA. 92102

Featuring :

Dub-musical poet and local artist Ras Pablo Aztlán

La Prensa San Diego journalist Raymond R. Beltrán (With Razors Tied to Our Feet and ¿Under What Bandera?)

<http://raymondrbeltran.com/>

Youth educator and poet Michael "Cheno" Wickert (La Calaca Review),
Hip-hop, spoken word-fuzed floetress Haerro Dizaye
and more!

Plus revolutionary, subversive sounds by D.J. Zamora

This event is free, and a raffle will take place in which you (in the name and
cause of Malcolm X himself) can win literature about the revolutionary leader
El Hajj Malik El Shabazz, also known as Malcolm X. Proceeds will go to the ac-
tivist/artist organization The Red CalacArts Collective.

Red CalacArts Collective, P.O. Box 2309, National City, Califas
9195 [REDACTED] | [REDACTED]

<http://calacapress.com/redcalacarts/redcalacarts-malcolmx2004.html>

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Stay Strong\
\

"Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor" \
--Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)\

\

"This mathematical rhythmical mechanism enhances my wisdom\
of Islam, keeps me calm from doing you harm, when I attack, it's Vietnam"\
--HellRazah\
\

"It's not too good to stay in a white man's country too long"\
--Mutabartuka\
\

"As for we who have decided to break the back of colonialism, \
our historic mission is to sanction all revolts, all desperate \
actions, all those abortive attempts drowned in rivers of blood."\
- Frantz Fanon\
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"Everyday is Ashura and every land is Kerbala"\
-Imam Ja'far Sadiq\
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<http://scratchcue.blogspot.com/>
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<http://www.sleepybrain.net/vanilla.html>
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http://www.world-crisis.com/analysis_comments/766_0_15_0_C/
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<http://ilovepoetry.com/search.asp?keywords=braithwaite&orderBy=date>

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http://www.lowliferecords.co.uk/
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248. **Haas Bianchi**

Chicagopostmodernpoetry.com Live Krista Franklin & William Allegrezza Reading March 19th 2:00 PM

Thu 10 Mar 2005

ChicagoPostmodernPoetry.Com Live

Saturday, March 19, 2005 2:00 P.M.

834 Lake Street

Second Floor



www.oppl.org

www.milkmag.org

www.chicagopostmodernpoetry.com

The Innovative Reading Series for Chicago's West Side & Western Suburbs hosted by the Oak Park Public Library invites you to attend our first event Saturday March 19th at 2:00 PM

Thanks the Editors, Chicagopostmodernpoetry.com & Milk Magazine

READERS

Krista Franklin is a poet, visual artist and educator who hails from Dayton, OH, and currently

works and resides in Chicago, IL. Her poems and art have appeared in/on several literary journals

and websites, including Nexus Literary and Art Journal, Warpland, Obsidian III, nocturnes 2:

(re)view of the literary arts, www.semantikon.com, www.milkmag.org, www.ambulant.org, and

www.errataandcontradiction.org. She has also been published in the anthologies The Bust Guide to the

New Girl Order and Bum Rush The Page, and is a Cave Canem alum.

William Allegrezza teaches and writes from his base in Chicago. His poems, translations, essays,

and reviews have been published in several countries, including the U.S., Holland, Finland, and

Australia, and are available in many online journals. His chapbook lingo was published by

subontic press and his e-book Temporal Nomads can be downloaded from xPress(ed)

(www.xpressed.org/title3.html). Also, he is the editor of moria (www.moriapoetry.com), a journal

dedicated to experimental poetry and poetics

Sponsored By:

ChicagoPostmodernPoetry.Com & Milk Magazine

For More Information

www.oppl.org

www.milkmag.org

www.chicagopostmodernpoetry.com

834 Lake Street

Second Floor



Raymond L Bianchi

chicagopostmodernpoetry.com/

collagepoetchicago.blogspot.com/

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249. **Kazim Ali**

NYC Reading

Thu 10 Mar 2005

Kundiman & Verlaine present:

Rite of Spring: a Benefit Reading for Alice James Books

Featuring a night of poetry & libation with

Timothy Liu & Kazim Ali

Monday, March 21

Open Bar: 6-7pm

Reading begins at 7 pm

\$5 suggested donation

(All proceeds will benefit Alice James Books)

Verlaine

110 Rivington Street

b/w Ludlow* & Essex Sts.

[directions: F to Delancey or V to 2nd Ave.]

<http://www.worldsbestbars.com/city/new-york/verlaine-new-york.htm>

Readers' Bios

Timothy Liu was born and raised in San Jose, California. His first book of poems, *Vox Angelica* (Alice James Books), received the 1992 Norma Farber First Book Award from the Poetry Society of America. His other books are *Burnt Offerings*, *Say Goodnight*, (both published by Copper Canyon Press), *Hard Evidence* (Talisman House, 2001) and *Of Thee I Sing* (University of Georgia Press, 2004), selected as a 2004 Book of the Year by Publishers Weekly. A new book of poems, *For Dust Thou Art*, is forthcoming from Southern Illinois University Press in Fall 2005. He is also Editor of *Word of Mouth: An Anthology of Gay American Poetry* (Talisman, 2000). An Associate Professor of English at William Paterson, Liu lives in Hoboken, NJ.

Kazim Ali is the author of *The Far Mosque* (Alice James Books). He lives in New York's Hudson Valley, where he works for the small press Nightboat Books and is assistant professor of Liberal Arts at The Culinary Institute of America. He received his MFA from New York University, and is the author of a novel, *Quinn's Passage* (BlazeVox Books).

<http://www.kundiman.org>

<http://alicejamesbooks.org>

MISSION STATEMENT

Kundiman is a non-profit organization committed to the discovery and cultivation of emerging Asian-American poets. Through instruction and collaboration programs with established Asian-American poets, Kundiman hopes to advance the quality of the work of Asian-American

writers. Through literature, we aim to celebrate and promote evidence of strong and positive Asian-American culture and identity.

Do you Yahoo!?

Yahoo! Small Business - Try our new resources site!

<http://smallbusiness.yahoo.com/resources/>

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250. **Martha L Deed**

[museumnewsletter] Stuck in Middletown

Thu 10 Mar 2005

Regina Celia Pinto, a Brazilian artist and web artist, has announced her latest addition to her Summer/Winter festival. The festival is located in her award-winning web installation, Museum of the Essential and Beyond That, which features poets and artists from around the world.

Martha Deed is based in western New York, and is delighted to have her work presented in collaboration with Pinto. Pinto has set Deed's poem and photographs to text, photo album (not the usual kind, though), and a cartoon.

http://www.artonline.arq.br/festival/martha_deed/

We hope you'll take a look. Feedback welcome.

Martha Deed

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251. **Alan Sondheim**

i ii

Thu 10 Mar 2005

i ii

i have to get another text out there
nothing will survive if this one isn't included
others are behind me this one isn't
this is one that will survive me if i only get it out there
if you read it or not read it if it is included if it is out there
something out there i feel ill today
i feel ill today and have for the past several days
i may not get another one this one must survive out there
no mistake about it out there is really there
no mistake either out there is not in here not at all not at all

ii iii

the world is a world of replete suffering fecundity of pain not buddhist pain pain pure and simple debilitating pain pain of utmost savagery we do what we can we contribute pain could be autonomic no feeling but reaction the organism survives survives peacefully fighting off the intrusion from within and without the natural world follows no such leads follows no leads at all pain is irrelevant to the suffering mind only a signal if the signal close down mind the organism makes way for others others and betters if the pain is so intense so furious we do what we can in this regard of furious pain the elimination of our species will eliminate one iota of the world's pain we can do no better we are of the most violent we should know better destroying everything in our path crawling towards armageddon animals and plants all the narrows will be open wide and poisoned our minds are the worlds shit we dig from the earth with furious teeth with teeth of iron slash flesh from eyes and stomachs in animal fun how else shall we know what we are made of we alone feel pain we will survive momentarily no longer that is fine the faster we go the longer for beginning others perhaps waiting just around the corner they're already dying lateness of the hour a bad joke

=

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252. **St. Thomasino**

ERATIO SMEARED Chapter Four: Who is Phillip Levine and why is he saying such awful things about me?

Thu 10 Mar 2005

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ERATIO SMEARED Chapter Four

.

Who is Phillip Levine and why is he saying such awful things about me?

Or:

Did someone say, "pseudonymously guarded"?

.

It's now. It's on the blog. The eratio blog-auxiliary:

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

.

"No counters, no meters, no gathering of intelligence. No need to."

Gregory Vincent St. Thomasino

<http://www.eratiopostmodernpoetry.com>

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253. **Robert Corbett**

Re: Walter Benn Michaels on Susan Howe??

Thu 10 Mar 2005

Steven,

I wasn't aware that Billy Collins had simplified Dickinson (unless this is the original victorian editor, who turned her homegrown chapbooks into ballad stanzas), but I think looking for the "deepest" intention is snark hunting of the highest order. (Ma'am, I no longer know myself what I meant there.) What I mean to say is that if you are going to get into the intricacies of hand-writing, know well that this is no more revelatory than any other procedure of hermeneutics. Truth lies in the valley, usually.

In any case, the critic to look to for arguments about original publications and authorial intent is Jerome J. McGann (who has written on Laura Riding and Swineburne among others). Howe is closer to him than Benn Michaels. Also, the issue of Dickinson is that she published (for whom, I am not sure, since I am not that familiar with the arguments) fascicles (i.e. "homegrown chapbooks") which I believe were written. I think is frightening to certain scholars that in reality books can be works of art, since they are alarmingly anti-visual people, at least those of a certain generation. I am not quite the person who will claim that Blake meant every jot-and-tittle of his illustrated works, but to interpret a book and to profess about its "material" consequences without know what it looked like materially in its moment of publication is to confess oneself a fool of some sort.

Robert

"To implement a program of radical philology, it would take world enough and time--and then some." Peter Crowe, *Towards a Poetics of Everything That Came Before*

Stephen Vincent <[REDACTED]> wrote: Where does Editing error on the side of abuse (Collins' Dickenson) and when does it do its job and act as a clarifying agent (a catalyst in support of the author and/or the "written" works deepest intention.)

Where the choice of design and typography become an architecture that illuminates and further realizes 'the real within the real'. Beautifully set - ambiguities, poly interpretations, included.

Totally recommended on this issue, Olson's Letters to Origin - Olson of the unreadable hand, looking for a typographic way into the world via Cid Corman. Holbrook Teter (Spring Creek Typesetting) a typographer angel for Dorn and Creeley (The Day Book). (Dorn mated Gunslinger to the Caslon typeface - cooked vernacular metal, no font the same). Or Clifford Burke for Whalen's Some of These Days. Then I think of Duncan typing out Spicer's After Lorca and how that White Rabbit relationship was different in the books (Language, Heads Of ...etc.) that Spicer achieved with Graham Mackintosh.

Granted original hand writ mss. are no doubt critically revelatory (especially when ruined by editors and typographers). But the study of relationships of authors with editors and typographers is an essential part of the way in which work becomes Public quo Book - at best the dance and/or dialog in these relationships is vital to the fullest Realisation of the work. To study it is important. Otherwise the poet and mss get critically reduced to "under the cactus" monk - pen in hand - status. Only a portion of the making of the changing, never ultimate Book. I.e. Each generation makes a new book, a new Emily, etc. To focus only on the roots is to miss the leaves.

People are laboring long hours now to get these friggin monitors to achieve similar or better within this cyber lit medium.

But perhaps this is already obvious?

Stephen V

Blog: <http://stephenvincent.durationpress.com>

Dear Lori---

I'm not quite sure exactly what you want to refute in Benn's new book or in the interview excerpt, but one thing I've noted about many recent attempts (perhaps coming out of a reductive reading of Howe or of Sharon Cameron's "Choosing" book) to emphasize the handwriting is that in quite a few cases this becomes a substitute for reading the poems---i.e. the textual complexities that exist in her use of dashes, or even on the levels of words that can be both nouns and verse, the tension between the line and the sentence, the "experimental fragment" and the "conventional rhyme and rhythm," the multiple meaning possibilities that need to be emphasized more to contest certain dominant images of her (whether Vendler's often unilateral readings, or, worse, the Billy Collins' mass-distributed edition of her work which changes words, ostensible to make it easier to some notion of a "plain reader"). Sure, I believe attention to the handwriting could help aid in this, but for quite a few it has become the be all and end all, which almost misses the point as much as Collins, etc.

C

From: Lori Emerson

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: Walter Benn Michaels on Susan Howe??

Date: Mon, Mar 7, 2005, 10:13 AM

Dear all: I wonder if any of you have taken a look at Walter Benn Michaels new book The Shape of the Signifier that opens with an essay on Susan Howe-- I'm working on a book review of it and, although I want to, I can't quite get at how to refute him! I'm curious to know what you'd think of, say, this passage from an interview with Michaels where he explains his position in the book:

"WBM: I don't know if you know Howe's work, but Howe is completely committed to the idea that you haven't read Emily Dickinson unless you've read the manuscripts. The Johnson edition and every edition except facsimile editions distort what the text is. But she has a certain conception of the text such that it's impossible for it to continue to be a text. She begins to imagine the spaces between the words are fundamental to what the text is...

Interviewer: That would be considered part of the intention...

WBM: She gives two different accounts of that, but you're on the right track. One account I find theoretically defensible, and that is, hey, if it mattered to Emily Dickinson how far apart these words were and what they looked like, then you haven't got her text unless you've got the way she did her 'i's' and 't's". But Howe, half the time, is saying something else which is more radical, at least in a de Manian sense: it doesn't even matter what mattered to Emily Dickinson, what matters is what this object is. Unless you're seeing that object, then you're not seeing the object Emily Dickinson produced. And she identifies that in a de Manian way, with what she calls 'gibberish': it's precisely the moment when the thing becomes meaningless that it becomes an object."

How does this strike you? Inaccurate? Dead-on but not problematic? or just dead-on? or just problematic?

best, Lori

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254. **Michael Rothenberg**

An Evening of Philip Whalen, readings and tales of wonder Norman Fischer & Michael Rothenberg

Thu 10 Mar 2005

An Evening of Philip Whalen, readings and tales of wonder

Norman Fischer & Michael Rothenberg

March 25, 7:30

San Francisco Zen Center

300 Page Street

San Francisco, CA 94102

Michael Rothenberg, poet and editor of Big Bridge, www.bigbridge.org, will be reading from his new book *Unhurried Vision*. "Unhurried Vision, a year in the life of Michael, is really a deeply loving celebration & farewell to mentor Philip Whalen, poet, roshi, & all around confounder of boundaries. A day-book; a non-epic odyssey through routes & roots of living & dying; a gastronome's pleasure dome, but above all a deeply stirred & stirring affirmation of poetry's centrality in realizing mundane & profound instances in the everyday extraordinary..."

Norman Fischer is a former abbot of the Zen Center and founder and teacher of the Everyday Zen Foundation. The latest of his many books of poetry is "Slowly But Dearly" (Chax, Tucson, 2004). In 2005 Singing Horse Press (Phila, Pa) will bring out a new collection "I Was Blown Back." Tonight Norman will read works by and for Philip Whalen.

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255. **Robert Corbett**

Re: Walter Benn Michaels on Susan Howe??

Thu 10 Mar 2005

oh that's the one. yes, why would a publisher pay for the rights for a more recent edition (or even know about it), and why would they employ a writer who knows about Dickinson, rather than is a household word (for a poet), to write an intro? that would not do.

Higginson, the Victorian editor of Dickinson, collated and edited PB Shelley (a bit of chore, since Shelley left lots of little fragments, although his wife Mary had put them together herself, so some of the leg work had been done). Why I bring this up is because I could see a story or a poem about Higginson simply throwing his hands up and going, "This will NOT do," but then in that admirable and relentless way of the old scholars, plugging through the material. Something indeed was transmitted and some spark remains of both these

magnificent poets (the greatest in both of their respective traditions in the nineteenth century), but without his work, they would be legends, mostly.

Robert

Kazim Ali <[REDACTED]> wrote:

It's the Modern Library edition of ED's "poems" that Billy Collins wrote the preface to. I believe (correct me if I am wrong) it's the Martha Bianchi edited version of the poems from the 20s.

--- Lori Emerson wrote:

> Dear Chris--thanks for your note--curious, and
> dreading the answer
> too, what you mean by "Billy Collins' mass
> distributed edition of her
> work"? do you mean Susan's? can you tell me more
> about this???
> Sounds ghastly and intriguing!
>
> best, Lori
>
>
> On Tue, 08 Mar 2005 15:38:14 -0800, Chris
> Stroffolino
> wrote:
> > Dear Lori---
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> > this becomes a substitute for reading the
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> > rhythm," the multiple meaning possibilities that
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> mass-distributed edition
> > of her work which changes words, ostensible to
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> > of a "plain reader"). Sure, I believe attention to
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> become the be all and end all,
> > which almost misses the point as much as Collins,
> etc.
> >
> > C
> >
> > -----
> > >From: Lori Emerson
> > >To: [REDACTED]
> > >Subject: Walter Benn Michaels on Susan Howe??
> > >Date: Mon, Mar 7, 2005, 10:13 AM
> > >
> >
> > > Dear all: I wonder if any of you have taken a
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> > > Michaels new book The Shape of the Signifier
> that opens with an essay
> > > on Susan Howe-- I'm working on a book review of
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> > > where he explains his position in the book:
> > >
> > > "WBM: I don't know if you know Howe's work, but
> Howe is completely
> > > committed to the idea that you haven't read
> Emily Dickinson unless
> > > you've read the manuscripts. The Johnson
> edition and every edition

> > > except facsimile editions distort what the text
> is. But she has a
> > > certain conception of the text such that it's
> impossible for it to
> > > continue to be a text. She begins to imagine
> the spaces between the
> > > words are fundamental to what the text is...
> > >
> > > Interviewer: That would be considered part of
> the intention...
> > >
> > > WBM: She gives two different accounts of that,
> but you're on the right
> > > track. One account I find theoretically
> defensible, and that is, hey,
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> these words were and
> > > what they looked like, then you haven't got her
> text unless you've got
> > > the way she did her 'i's' and 't's'. But Howe,
> half the time, is
> > > saying something else which is more radical, at
> least in a de Manian
> > > sense: it doesn't even matter what mattered to
> Emily Dickinson, what
> > > matters is what this object is. Unless you're
> seeing that object,
> > > then you're not seeing the object Emily
> Dickinson produced. And she
> > > identifies that in a de Manian way, with what
> she calls 'gibberish':
> > > it's precisely the moment when the thing becomes
> meaningless that it
> > > becomes an object."
> > >
> > > How does this strike you? Inaccurate? Dead-on
> but not problematic?
> > > or just dead-on? or just problematic?
> > >
> > > best, Lori
> >
>

====

WAR IS OVER

(if you want it)

(e-mail [REDACTED])

Do you Yahoo!?

Yahoo! Small Business - Try our new resources site!

<http://smallbusiness.yahoo.com/resources/>

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256. **Stephen Vincent**

Re: Walter Benn Michaels on Susan Howe??

Thu 10 Mar 2005

Robert: I think it important to look at the other posts on this thread. There are clearly real arguments as to where the real object lies - I guess that's an unintended pun with some significance. But where a poet's particular poem achieves an orthodox acceptance as the one he or she intended is subject to many forces - the original mss., the interaction between the poem and the editor, the typographer, the character and color of the paper, etc., etc., and the point in time (current, later, posthumous), etc. Ironically, "the original" is a myth. The process of making the work public, right up to the reception by the reader is at the mercy of several forces. The outcomes on each level may either further illuminate or abuse the work. And everything is subject to the reproductive forces of the time in which it is first or later printed or, however, reproduced.

What does an editor do, for example, with a poet whose hypergraphic manic original mss is full of dashes that are used by the poet to put on the brakes - to be completely eliminated later or used only as an organizational tool at a later less heated moment in time. Or the typewriter with a broken shift key. My point would be that all that may be primary to the original document may not need to survive in the reproduced work. Marginalia - similarly - may be of aesthetic service, further illuminating the work, or just a utilitarian note of the author to him/herself.

My suspicion is that originality - the perfection of that creative moment - is a myth. Whether reproduced today or 200 years from now, a work is necessarily made public through a relationship shared with editors and designer/typographers. And the collective experience of the work may be as various. And blessed be writers for our original impulses (the seed of it all), but gratitude to those with whom we work who are equally good in the shared realms of editing

and typography & design. Perhaps, what may be best is that we should question the current absence of editing and/or the cookie cutter approach to much design and typography of poetry books. The absence of which often compromises the work of both poet and poem.

How many poets in MFA programs are ever directly involved in the reproduction of their work or others. I suspect many are not. I think it would be great if true. Let alone folks who major in Lit Crit. A little hands on practice might liven the validity of a theoretical view.

Enough!

Stephen V

Blog: <http://stephenvincent.durationpress.com>

Stephen,

I wasn't aware that Billy Collins had simplified Dickinson (unless this is the original victorian editor, who turned her homegrown chapbooks into ballad stanzas), but I think looking for the "deepest" intention is snark hunting of the highest order. (Ma'am, I no longer know myself what I meant there.) What I mean to say is that if you are going to get into the intricacies of hand-writing, know well that this is no more revelatory than any other procedure of hermeneutics. Truth lies in the valley, usually.

In any case, the critic to look to for arguments about original publications and authorial intent is Jerome J. McGann (who has written on Laura Riding and Swineburne among others). Howe is closer to him than Benn Michaels. Also, the issue of Dickinson is that she published (for whom, I am not sure, since I am not that familiar with the arguments) fascicles (i.e. "homegrown chapbooks") which I believe were written. I think is frightening to certain scholars that in reality books can be works of art, since they are alarmingly anti-visual people, at least those of a certain generation. I am not quite the person who will claim that Blake meant every jot-and-tittle of his illustrated works, but to interpret a book and to profess about its "material" consequences without know what it looked like materially in its moment of publication is to confess oneself a fool of some sort.

Robert

"To implement a program of radical philology, it would take world enough and time--and then some." Peter Crowe, Towards a Poetics of Everything That Came Before

Stephen Vincent <[REDACTED]> wrote:

Where does Editing error on the side of abuse (Collins' Dickenson) and when does it do its job and act as a clarifying agent (a catalyst in support of the author and/or the "written" works deepest intention.)

Where the choice of design and typography become an architecture that illuminates and further realizes 'the real within the real'. Beautifully set - ambiguities, poly interpretations, included.

Totally recommended on this issue, Olson's Letters to Origin - Olson of the unreadable hand, looking for a typographic way into the world via Cid Corman. Holbrook Teter (Spring Creek Typesetting) a typographer angel for Dorn and Creeley (The Day Book). (Dorn mated Gunslinger to the Caslon typeface - cooked vernacular metal, no font the same). Or Clifford Burke for Whalen's Some of These Days. Then I think of Duncan typing out Spicer's After Lorca and how that White Rabbit relationship was different in the books (Language, Heads Of ...etc.) that Spicer achieved with Graham Mackintosh.

Granted original hand writ mss. are no doubt critically revelatory (especially when ruined by editors and typographers). But the study of relationships of authors with editors and typographers is an essential part of the way in which work becomes Public quo Book - at best the dance and/or dialog in these relationships is vital to the fullest Realisation of the work. To study it is important. Otherwise the poet and mss get critically reduced to "under the cactus" monk - pen in hand - status. Only a portion of the making of the changing, never ultimate Book. I.e. Each generation makes a new book, a new Emily, etc. To focus only on the roots is to miss the leaves.

People are laboring long hours now to get these friggin monitors to achieve similar or better within this cyber lit medium.

But perhaps this is already obvious?

*Stephen V
Blog: <http://stephenvincent.durationpress.com>*

Dear Lori---

I'm not quite sure exactly what you want to refute in Benn's new book or in the interview excerpt, but one thing I've noted about many recent attempts (perhaps coming out of a reductive reading of Howe or of Sharon Cameron's "Choosing" book) to emphasize the handwriting is that in quite a few cases this becomes a substitute for reading the poems---i.e. the textual complexities that exist in her use of dashes, or even on the levels of words that can be both nouns and verse, the tension between the line and the

sentence, the "experimental fragment" and the "conventional rhyme and rhythm," the multiple meaning possibilities that need to be emphasized more to contest certain dominant images of her (whether Vendler's often unilateral readings, or, worse, the Billy Collins' mass-distributed edition of her work which changes words, ostensible to make it easier to some notion of a "plain reader"). Sure, I believe attention to the handwriting could help aid in this, but for quite a few it has become the be all and end all, which almost misses the point as much as Collins, etc.

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"WBM: I don't know if you know Howe's work, but Howe is completely committed to the idea that you haven't read Emily Dickinson unless you've read the manuscripts. The Johnson edition and every edition except facsimile editions distort what the text is. But she has a certain conception of the text such that it's impossible for it to continue to be a text. She begins to imagine the spaces between the words are fundamental to what the text is...

Interviewer: That would be considered part of the intention...

WBM: She gives two different accounts of that, but you're on the right track. One account I find theoretically defensible, and that is, hey, if it mattered to Emily Dickinson how far apart these words were and what they looked like, then you haven't got her text unless you've got the way she did her 'i's' and 't's'. But Howe, half the time, is saying something else which is more radical, at least in a de Manian sense: it doesn't even matter what mattered to Emily Dickinson, what matters is what this object is. Unless you're seeing that object, then you're not seeing the object Emily Dickinson produced. And she identifies that in a de Manian way, with what she calls 'gibberish': it's precisely the moment when the thing becomes meaningless that it becomes an object."

*How does this strike you? Inaccurate? Dead-on but not problematic?
or just dead-on? or just problematic?*

best, Lori

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257. **Halvard Johnson**

Poems by others: Ron Silliman, "Albany"

Thu 10 Mar 2005

Albany

for Cliff Silliman

If the function of writing is to “express the world.” My father withheld child support, forcing my mother to live with her parents, my brother and I to be raised together in a small room. Grandfather called them niggers. I can’t afford an automobile. Far across the calm bay stood a complex of long yellow buildings, a prison. A line is the distance between. They circled the seafood restaurant, singing “We shall not be moved.” My turn to cook. It was hard to adjust my sleeping to those hours when the sun was up. The event was nothing like their report of it. How concerned was I over her failure to have orgasms? Mondale’s speech was drowned by jeers. Ye wretched. She introduces herself as a rape survivor. Yet his best friend was Hispanic. I decided not to escape to Canada. Revenue enhancement. Competition and spectacle, kinds of drugs. If it demonstrates form some people won’t read it. Television unifies conversation. Died in action. If a man is a player, he will have no job. Becoming prepared to live with less space. Live ammunition. Secondary boycott. My crime is parole violation. Now that the piecards have control. Rubin feared McClure would read Ghost Tantras at the teach-in. This form is the study group. The sparts are impeccable, though filled with deceit. A benefit reading. He seduced me. AFT, local 1352. Enslavement is permitted as punishment for crime. Her husband broke both of her eardrums. I used my grant to fix my teeth. They speak in Farsi at the corner store. YPSL. The national question. I look forward to old age with some excitement. 42 years for Fibreboard Products. Food is a weapon. Yet the sight of people making love is deeply moving. Music is essential. The cops wear shields that serve as masks. Her lungs heavy with asbestos. Two weeks too old to collect orphan’s benefits. A woman on the train asks Angela Davis for an autograph. You get read your Miranda. As if a correct line would somehow solve the future. They murdered his parents just to make a point. It’s not easy if your audience doesn’t identify as readers. Mastectomies are done by men. Out pets like at whim. Net income is down 13%. Those distant sirens down in the valley signal great hinges in the lives of strangers. A phone tree. The landlord’s control of terror is implicit. Not

just a party but a culture. Copayment. He held the Magnum with both hands and ordered me to stop. The garden is a luxury (a civilization of snail and spider). They call their clubs batons. They call their committees clubs. Her friendships with women are different. Talking so much is oppressive. Outplacement. A shadowy locked facility using drugs and double-ceiling (a rest home). That was the Sunday Henry's father murdered his wife on the front porch. If it demonstrates form they can't read it. If it demonstrates mercy they have something worse in mind. Twice, carelessness has led to abortion. To own a basement. Nor is the sky any less constructed. The design of a department store is intended to leave you fragmented, off-balance. A lit drop. They photograph Habermas to hide the hairlip. The verb to be admits the assertion. The body is a prison, a garden. In kind. Client populations (cross the tundra). Off the books. The whole neighborhood is empty in the daytime. Children form lines at the end of each recess. Eminent domain. Rotating chair. The history of Poland in 90 seconds. Flaming pintos. There is no such place as the economy, the self. That bird demonstrates the sky. Our home, we were told, had been broken, but who were these people we lived with? Clubbed in the stomach, she miscarried. There were bayonets on campus, cows in India, people shoplifting books. I just want to make it to lunch time. Uncritical of nationalist movements in the Third World. Letting the dishes sit for a week. Macho culture of convicts. With a shotgun and "in defense" the officer shot him in the face. Here, for a moment, we are joined. The want-ads lie strewn on the table.

--Ron Silliman

fr. Ironwood #20, Fall 1982, Vol. 10, No. 2

Hal

Halvard Johnson

=====

email: [REDACTED]

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

blog: <http://entropyandme.blogspot.com/>

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258. **Halvard Johnson**

Re: Poems by others: Ron Silliman, "Albany"

Thu 10 Mar 2005

Oh, well--just imagine this nicely justified along the right- and left-hand margins.

Hal

{ Albany { for Cliff Silliman { {
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{ support, forcing my mother to live with her parents, my brother and I to be
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afford an automobile. Far across the calm bay stood a complex of long yellow {
buildings, a prison. A line is the distance between. They circled the { seafood
restaurant, singing “We shall not be moved.” My turn to cook. It was { hard to
adjust my sleeping to those hours when the sun was up. The event was
{ nothing like their report of it. How concerned was I over her failure to
{ have orgasms? Mondale’s speech was drowned by jeers. Ye wretched. She {
introduces herself as a rape survivor. Yet his best friend was Hispanic. I { de-
cided not to escape to Canada. Revenue enhancement. Competition and
{ spectacle, kinds of drugs. If it demonstrates form some people won’t read {
it. Television unifies conversation. Died in action. If a man is a player, { he
will have no job. Becoming prepared to live with less space. Live { ammuni-
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{ ===== { email: [REDACTED] { website:
http://home.earthlink.net/~halvard { blog:
http://entropyandme.blogspot.com/ {

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259. **Mark Weiss**

Re: Walter Benn Michaels on Susan Howe??

Thu 10 Mar 2005

Robert: We're not talking about fools here. As Howe herself makes amply clear, the other current Dickinson editors are as aware as she is of the manuscripts. They don't all agree with her conclusions about their determinative importance. It's useful to remember that if Dickinson's expressed wishes had been followed her poems would have been reduced to ashes.

Mark

In any case, the critic to look to for arguments about original publications and authorial intent is Jerome J. McGann (who has written on Laura Riding and Swineburne among others). Howe is closer to him than Benn Michaels. Also, the issue of Dickinson is that she published (for whom, I am not sure, since I am not that familiar with the arguments) fascicles (i.e. "homegrown chapbooks") which I believe were written. I think is frightening to certain scholars that in reality books can be works of art, since they are alarmingly anti-visual people, at least those of a certain generation. I am not quite the person who will claim that Blake meant every jot-and-tittle of his illustrated works, but to interpret a book and to profess about its "material" consequences without know what it looked like materially in its moment of publication is to confess oneself a fool of some sort.

Robert

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260. **Stephanie Young**

ACT ART: Gaye Chan & Nandita Sharma MARCH 17

Thu 10 Mar 2005

Don't miss the third event in the ACT ART SERIES:

Collaborators Gaye Chan & Nandita Sharma

Thursday, March 17

7:00 p.m.

Mills Hall Living Room

Working in the agit-prop tradition, Gaye Chan and Nandita Sharma are members of the collaborative group, Downwind Productions, and the artists behind the website Historic Waikiki. (<http://www.downwindproductions.com/>) Often found by accident, Historic Waikiki deploys web media as counter-hegemonic practice. While focused on the histories and current realities of Waikiki, it also serves as metaphor for countless other places where self-sustaining and self-determining people have been variously dispossessed and dislocated for both private (capital) and public (state) profit. Chan and Nandita discuss how new strategies in the circulation of images and ideas can help us imagine different relationships with each other and contribute to the project of realizing social justice.

And mark your calendars now for the last evening of ACT ART:

THE YES MEN

Thursday APRIL 14

Lisser Theater, 7:00 p.m.

And another reading of interest:

CECILIA VICUNA

Tuesday APRIL 12

Mills Hall Living Room, 5:30-7:00

ACT ART is funded in part by the James Irvine Foundation, the Contemporary Writers Series, Poets & Writers, Inc. through a grant it has received from the Hearst Foundation, and 'A 'A Arts.

For more info: 

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261. **Steve Dalachinsky**

Re: bout me

Thu 10 Mar 2005

CORDS

CHORDS

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262. **Burt Kimmelman**

Book Contest from Marsh Hawk Press

Thu 10 Mar 2005

Marsh Hawk Press

Second Annual

P O E T R Y P R I Z E

Deadline: April 30, 2005

First Prize: \$1,000

and Publication of Book

Contest Judge: Gerald Stern

Contest Rules:

- . Submit 48-64 pages of original poetry in English not previously published in book form (although individual poems appearing in print or on the web are permitted).
- . Enclose 2 title pages: Name and contact information should appear on first title page only.
- . Manuscript should be typed, single-spaced, paginated, and bound with a spring clip.
- . Include a table of contents page and an acknowledgements page for magazine or anthology publications.
- . Enclose an SASE for announcement of the winner.
- . Manuscript cannot be returned.
- . Include a check or money order for \$20 entry fee, payable to:

MARSH HAWK PRESS

Mail to: P.O. Box 206, East Rockaway, NY 11518

Visit our Website www.marshhawkpress.org for more info.

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263. **David A. Kirschenbaum**

Boog City Presents a Sinead O'Connor St. Patrick's Day Party

Thu 10 Mar 2005

Boog City's Classic Albums Live presents

A Sinead O'Connor St. Patrick's Day Party

Thurs., March 17, 2005

7:00 p.m., \$10

Galapagos

70 N.6th St.

(bet. Kent and Wythe)

Williamsburg, Brooklyn

--Sinead O'Connor's I Do Not Want What I Haven't Got
performed live for the 15th anniversary of its release

by Christine and the Have Nots * Dream Bitches * The Feverfew * Serena Jost *
Rachel Lipson * Peggy and the Have Nots

--Irish poetry and prose readings, curated by Shafer Hall, featuring Shanna
Compton * Allison DeFrees * Andy Friedman * Jennifer L. Knox * Sean McNally
* Rachel Shukert * Christopher Stackhouse * Marion Wrenn

--More Irish music performed by I Feel Tractor and Joe Maynard

this event is a fundraiser for our upcoming Sean Cole Book, The December
Project

Hosted by Boog City editor and publisher David Kirschenbaum

Directions: L to Bedford Avenue

Call 212-842-BOOG(2664) for further information

www.dreambitches.org

www.thefeverfew.com

www.serenamusic.com

www.blue-bomber.com/artists/rlipson.html

--

David A. Kirschenbaum, editor and publisher

Boog City

330 W.28th St., Suite 6H

NY, NY 10001-4754

For event and publication information:

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

T: (212) 842-BOOG (2664)

F: [REDACTED]

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264. **Alan Sondheim**

the perfect breast the perfect womb

Fri 11 Mar 2005

the perfect breast the perfect womb
because i am a fifteen year old boy who yearn for a yen of womanhood i
cannot ever achieve this womanhood i am no even worthy of a kim or
brenda spazz who goes to my school and is so great she wont look at me she
doesnt know what i can do for her i will make her a perfect breast and
perfect womb i learned way before trig class
i can tell you i've been practicing
someday soon i'll get it right i wont need her any longer she is so
perfect bod i will dream of these and wont dream of her shell be sorry
<http://www.asondheim.org/perfectbreast.jpg>
<http://www.asondheim.org/perfectwomb.jpg>
<http://www.asondheim.org/perfectwomb2.jpg>
<http://www.asondheim.org/perfectbreast2.jpg>
<http://www.asondheim.org/perfectbreast3.jpg>
<http://www.asondheim.org/perfectwombre1.jpg>
<http://www.asondheim.org/perfectwombre2.jpg>
im no done yet

=

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265. **Haas Bianchi**

*FW: Chicagopostmodernpoetry.com Live Krista Franklin & William
Allegrezza Reading March 19th 2:00 PM*

Fri 11 Mar 2005

Raymond L Bianchi
chicagopostmodernpoetry.com/
collagepoetchicago.blogspot.com/

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

From: Haas Bianchi [mailto:[REDACTED]]

Sent: Thursday, March 10, 2005 11:24 AM

To: UB Poetics discussion group

Subject: Chicagopostmodernpoetry.com Live Krista Franklin & William Allegrezza Reading March 19th 2:00 PM

ChicagoPostmodernPoetry.Com Live

Saturday, March 19, 2005 2:00 P.M.

834 Lake Street

Second Floor



www.oppl.org

www.milkmag.org

www.chicagopostmodernpoetry.com

The Innovative Reading Series for Chicago's West Side & Western Suburbs hosted by the Oak Park Public Library invites you to attend our first event Saturday March 19th at 2:00 PM

Thanks the Editors, Chicagopostmodernpoetry.com & Milk Magazine

READERS

Krista Franklin is a poet, visual artist and educator who hails from Dayton, OH, and currently

works and resides in Chicago, IL. Her poems and art have appeared in/on several literary journals

and websites, including Nexus Literary and Art Journal, Warpland, Obsidian III, nocturnes 2:

(re)view of the literary arts, www.semantikon.com, www.milkmag.org, www.ambulant.org, and

www.errataandcontradiction.org. She has also been published in the anthologies The Bust Guide to the

New Girl Order and Bum Rush The Page, and is a Cave Canem alum.

William Allegrezza teaches and writes from his base in Chicago. His poems, translations, essays,

and reviews have been published in several countries, including the U.S., Holland, Finland, and

Australia, and are available in many online journals. His chapbook lingo was published by

subontic press and his e-book Temporal Nomads can be downloaded from xPress(ed)

(www.xpressed.org/title3.html). Also, he is the editor of moria (www.moriapoetry.com), a journal

dedicated to experimental poetry and poetics

Sponsored By:

ChicagoPostmodernPoetry.Com & Milk Magazine

For More Information

www.oppl.org

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www.chicagopostmodernpoetry.com

834 Lake Street

Second Floor



Raymond L Bianchi

chicagopostmodernpoetry.com/

collagepoetchicago.blogspot.com/

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266. **Harry Nudel**

winter...

Fri 11 Mar 2005

this there is
ajar, secure, inviting

oh,
gun at sea
her,
docile sails

cannot excel decay
in ceaseless rosemary...

3:00 ...series 1..series 2,,,bevel edge gilt..drn...

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267. **Anny Ballardini**

From our great Al Aronowitz!

Fri 11 Mar 2005

DEAR FRIENDS AND READERS,

This is to let you know that the new issue of THE BLACKLISTED JOURNALIST, COLUMN 115, dated March 1, 2005 is now on the web. To take a look, click on <http://www.bigmagic.com/pages/blackj>

SECTION ONE:

<http://www.bigmagic.com/pages/blackj/column115.html> LEAN ON ME by Brett Aronowitz. My daughter visits me while I undergo chemotherapy at Elizabeth's Trinitas Hospital.

SECTION TWO: <http://www.bigmagic.com/pages/blackj/column115a.html> CHRISTIAN EVANGELS BELIEVE IN LOONY FAIRY TALES THAT THREATEN & ENDANGER ALL OF US. An email from Peter Coyote gives us a piece by Bill Moyers that describes how Christian fundamentalist beliefs are just as insane as those of Moslem fundamentalists. And they all believe in a god that wants to wipe out the human race.

SECTION THREE:: <http://www.bigmagic.com/pages/blackj/column115b.html> MEETING LUCIEN CARR. Kerouac scholar Gerry Nicosia describes his meeting with the Beat Generation original in 1977.

SECTION FOUR: THE LITERARY LINKS SECTION: Links to THE ALLEN GINSBERG ORGANIZATION, THE RITA DOVE website, THE PETER COYOTE website; THE MCCLURE-MANZAREK website; the AMERICAN LEGENDS website; Anny Ballardini's POETS CORNER and we now add altweeklies.com, which is a comprehensive compilation of stories from various alternative newspapers from around the country!

SECTION FIVE: THE MOVIE SECTION: THE RITZ FILMBILL. Synopses of foreign, independent and Hollywood movies.

SECTION SIX: THE MUSIC SECTION, features the usual links to SONGSCENTRAL, PURR, POWER OF POP, all contemporary music e-zines; THE CELEBRITY CAFÉ, all about celebrities; the BABUKISHAN DAS BAUL website; and EAR CANDY.

SECTION SEVEN: THE ADVERTISING SECTION, offers 13 pages of ads from Earwraps; Cleveland International Records; Richard X. Heyman; Christopher Pick; J. Crow's Milled Cider; An Advertisement for Myself; Tommy Womack, Compliments of a Friend; Zoe Artemis invites you to literary retreat in Greece; Richard Dettrey, who will help you with your shopping; BABY ON THE WATER by Tsaurah Litzky; BOB DYLAN AND THE BEATLES; and Arrogant Prick T-shirts.

Would you, too, like to help keep THE BLACKLISTED JOURNALIST on the Internet? For a nominal contribution, you can have your own advertising page in the Advertising Section of THE BLACKLISTED JOURNALIST. Simply send us an

email to find out about particulars. There are links to friendly sites and we also feature MARK PUCCI'S ONLINE REVIEWS, originally edited by John Williams.

Hope you read and enjoy.

Best, Al Aronowitz

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268. **Ron Silliman**

Philip Lamantia, 1927-2005

Fri 11 Mar 2005

Philip Lamantia -- S.F. Surrealist poet

Visionary verse of literary prodigy influenced Beats

- Jesse Hamlin, Chronicle Staff Writer

Friday, March 11, 2005

[Click to View](#)

Philip Lamantia, the blazing San Francisco poet whose embrace of Surrealism and the free flow of the imagination had a major influence on the Beats and many other American poets, died Monday of heart failure at his North Beach apartment. He was 77.

A San Francisco native born to Sicilian immigrants, Mr. Lamantia was a widely read, largely self-taught literary prodigy whose visionary poems -- ecstatic, terror-filled, erotic -- explored the subconscious world of dreams and linked it to the experience of daily life.

"Philip was a visionary like Blake, and he really saw the whole world in a grain of sand," said poet Lawrence Ferlinghetti, whose City Lights Books published four of Mr. Lamantia's nine books from 1967 to 1997.

"He was the primary transmitter of French Surrealist poetry in this country," said Ferlinghetti, who first met Mr. Lamantia here in the early 1950s. "He was writing stream-of-consciousness Surrealist poetry, and he had a huge influence on Allen Ginsberg. Before that, Ginsberg was writing rather conventional poetry. It was Philip who turned him on to Surrealist writing. Then Ginsberg wrote 'Howl.' "

That epochal poem made Ginsberg's name and set off a revolution in American poetry and culture. Ginsberg first read it aloud at San Francisco's Six Gallery on Oct. 13, 1955. The other four poets on the bill that night were Gary Snyder, Michael McClure, Philip Whalen and Mr. Lamantia.

Rather than reading his own works -- his first book, "Erotic Poems," had been published in 1946 -- Mr. Lamantia read the prose poems of his friend John Hoffman, who had recently died in Mexico.

"Philip was one of the most beautiful poets I've ever known. He was a poet of the imagination," said McClure, who lives in Oakland. "He was highly original -- I'd call his poetry hyper-personal visionary Surrealism -- and he was thrilling to be around. Everybody would sit around and listen to him all night. The flow of his imagination was a beautiful thing. "

A man of ecstatic highs and deep, deep lows, Mr. Lamantia suffered from depression, friends said, and had become a recluse in recent years, rarely leaving home.

But in his younger days, he was a dashing figure who conversed brilliantly on a wide range of subjects. An omnivorous reader, he delved into astronomy, philosophy, history, jazz, painting, ornithology, Egyptology and many other subjects that informed his expansive vision.

"He was very handsome, like a real Adonis," Ferlinghetti said. "He was a brilliant talker, a nonstop associative talker like Robert Duncan (the late San Francisco poet with whom Mr. Lamantia was associated on the pre-Beat San Francisco poetry scene of the late 1940s and early '50s). "He would talk in a continuous stream. One word would set him off in one direction, and another word would get him on another trip. He was a real polymath. And he had an encyclopedic memory."

Born in San Francisco's Excelsior District, Mr. Lamantia worked as a boy in the old produce market on the Embarcadero, where his Sicilian-born father was a produce broker. He began writing poetry in elementary school and fell under the spell of Surrealism after seeing the paintings of Miro and Dali at the old San Francisco Museum of Art on Van Ness Avenue.

He started reading the poetry of Andre Breton, the so-called pope of Surrealism, and other writers in the movement. In 1943, when he was 15, some of Mr. Lamantia's poems were published in View, a Surrealist-leaning New York magazine. Breton gave the young poet his blessings, describing him as "a voice that rises once in a hundred years."

Some months later, Mr. Lamantia dropped out of Balboa High School and moved to New York City, where he lived for several years. He associated with Breton and other exiled European artists such as Max Ernst and Yves Tanguy, and he worked as an assistant editor of View.

Returning to San Francisco after World War II, Mr. Lamantia took courses at UC Berkeley in medieval studies, English poetry and other subjects while continuing to write and publish poetry. In 1949, he began traveling the world, staying for extended periods in Mexico, Morocco and Europe.

Coming back to the United States every few years, Mr. Lamantia became part of the underground culture blossoming on the east and west coasts. Like other

poets who felt estranged from mainstream culture in the atomic age, "he found in the narcotic night world a kind of modern counterpart to the gothic castle -- a zone of peril to be symbolically or existentially crossed," wrote Nancy Peters, who later married Mr. Lamantia in 1978 and edited some of his books for City Lights. "The apocalyptic voice of 'Destroyed Works' is witness to that experience."

Published in '62 by Auerhahn Press, "Destroyed Works" was Mr. Lamantia's fourth book. The San Francisco house had also published the poet's two previous collections, "Narcotica" and "Ekstasis," both in 1959.

Ever searching to expand his vision, Mr. Lamantia spent time with native peoples in the United States and Mexico in the '50s, participating in the peyote-eating rituals of the Washoe Indians of Nevada. The poet, who taught for a time at San Francisco State and the San Francisco Art Institute, also embraced Catholicism. In later years he attended the Shrine of St. Francis in North Beach.

"He had a vision of the world that was completely unique," said Peters, who later separated from Mr. Lamantia, but they remained good friends. She edited three of his books for City Lights, "Becoming Visible" (1981), "Meadowlark West" (1986) and "Bed of Sphinxes: New and Selected Poems, 1943- 1993."

Andrei Codrescu, a poet and NPR commentator who knew Mr. Lamantia well, called him "one of the great voices of our subconscious for the last 50 years."

"He was a very pure poet in the sense that he was one of the very few American poets who continued to pursue the Surrealist investigation of dreams and the unconscious -- and he connected those explorations to civic American life."

A memorial is pending.

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URL:

<http://sfgate.com/cgi-bin/article.cgi?file=/c/a/2005/03/11/BAG4MBNRMF1.DTL>

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269. **Gary Sullivan**

Responses to question

Fri 11 Mar 2005

I've posted responses to the question I asked here last Tuesday on my blog, at:

<http://garysullivan.blogspot.com>

Responses from:

Benjamin Friedlander

Jordan Davis

Kasey Mohammad
Nada Gordon
Tyrone Williams
Alan Sondheim
Christina Strong
Nick Piombino
Jordan Stempleman
Mark Lamoureux
Jonathan Mayhew
Rodney Koenek

Also currently on the blog is a reading report of the Brandon Downing / Steve Benson reading at the Project last Wednesday and a sneak peak at "Elsewhere: The Comic Book."

I'll continue to post responses today as I receive them. The question again was: What was the last poem you read that made you question a previously held belief?

Send poem title, author, and belief-in-question to:
gpsullivan at hotmail dot com

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270. **Dan Waber**
[poem] Fly Out
Fri 11 Mar 2005

11/61

Echo = I am so full of love for you and Helen that if you split me open monarchs and milk thistle would fly out.

Source = Jennifer Hill-Kaucher, SMS

Fly Out

You fret the new lines between your eyes, I
only notice them when you laugh, and am
whisked along by the joy of the sound so
I forget to remember. Decades full
to overflow with the daily teaching of
children, teens, and adults in how to love
the details of their own lives enough for
poetry has exacted its toll--you
think this is a bad thing. I'm older and
have seen more faces. There's only Helen,

in the whole of human history, that
can claim to compare. Don't believe me if
I've told even a single lie to you.
Yes, there are a few more laugh lines that split
your forehead, they don't mean a thing to me.
Yes, when your eyes smile my arms wide open
it makes wrinkles. The wealth of the monarchs
of the world couldn't convince my eyes and
my fingers to wish your skin was more milk
smooth or softer. How you kiss the thistle
of my mouth is a mystery I would
love to figure out, once I learn to fly,
to listen, to throw all cosmetics out.

Dan Waber

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271. **Michael Rothenberg**
south dakota and mississippi are lonely states
Fri 11 Mar 2005

Any poets from South Dakota or Mississippi interested in collaboration?
Michael Rothenberg
www.bigbridge.org

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272. **furniture_press**
Unconscious Language?
Fri 11 Mar 2005

So how much of our actual brain do we use? how much of that part is dictated
or controlled by language? is there an unconscious or subconscious language
that we're never aware of? or only become aware of through some sort of [med-
itation]?

--

Graffiti.net free e-mail @ www.graffiti.net
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US\$9.95 per year!

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273. **Brian Clements**

Paul Auster

Fri 11 Mar 2005

If anyone has email or mailing address for Paul Auster, I would greatly appreciate receiving it backchannel. This is regarding an attempt to invite Auster to our campus here at Western Connecticut.

Thanks,
Brian C.

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274. **Robert Corbett**

Apologia Pro Su Email

Fri 11 Mar 2005

All,

I'll apologize first for my bad latin. It is very bad. At least my Greek is merely rusty with gaping holes and tattered rags holding together the battered remnants of 20 credits, aided by a trusty Liddell-Scott. My Latin is just from the hip.

I also take issue with this statement made recently on the poetics list:

"I think it is frightening to certain scholars that in reality books can be works of art, since they are alarmingly anti-visual people, at least those of a certain generation. I am not quite the person who will claim that Blake meant every jot-and-tittle of his illustrated works, but to interpret a book and to profess about its "material" consequences without know what it looked like materially in its moment of publication is to confess oneself a fool of some sort."

I would snark at this poster, except it is I, so I must apologize. 50% of the art history I know I learned in English department. And everything I know about textual studies I learned in an English department. I apologize for adding heat rather than light to what has been a very illuminating discussion about publication and authorial intent.

Sincerely,

Robert M. Corbett

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275. **Kazim Ali**

Re: Apologia Pro Su Email

Fri 11 Mar 2005

But maybe thinking about Blake would help us think through Dickinson. Many of us encounter him only textually, without accompanying images--were they always intended by Blake to go together? If so then is reading Blake's text like reading the captions of a comic book?

With Dickinson it is more frightening, because impossible to know "authorial" intent. If she would like "authority" Publication is the auction of the mind of man, after all. I don't know.

Then too what about when "authorial intent" chips and chips away at the power of the writing itself. Gary Schmidgall's work on Whitman points to this self-censoring attempt of Whitman to whittle away homoeroticism and scandal from his early original Leaves of Grass.

But Susan Howe's insistence on the visual in Dickinson is sexy, I think. As oddly sexy as the way Franklin put the poems back into "order": by comparing watermarks, by matching the torn edges of paper to each other. That's HOT!

Hot like Blake, naked in the country, displaced in all kinds of ways--

Do you Yahoo!?

Yahoo! Small Business - Try our new resources site!

<http://smallbusiness.yahoo.com/resources/>

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276. **charles alexander**

Re: Apologia Pro Su Email

Fri 11 Mar 2005

Kazim, do you think it's the insistence on the visual that is sexy, or is it that, given all the unknowns in considering a "text" in Dickinson's work, when one goes back on the physical evidence, which is all one has, one has to remain in a field of uncertainty.

charles

At 11:50 AM 3/11/2005, you wrote:

But Susan Howe's insistence on the visual in Dickinson is sexy, I think. As oddly sexy as the way Franklin put the poems back into "order": by comparing watermarks, by matching the torn edges of paper to each other. That's HOT!

charles alexander / chax press

fold the book inside the book keep it open always read from the in-
side out speak then

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277. **Anastasios Kozaitis**
talkin' Godel Escher Bach blues

Fri 11 Mar 2005

for those talking of 'the book' a while back...

<http://www.slate.com/id/2114561/>

Does Gödel Matter?

The romantic's favorite mathematician didn't prove what you think he did.

By Jordan Ellenberg

Posted Thursday, March 10, 2005, at 4:27 AM PT

The reticent and relentlessly abstract logician Kurt Gödel might seem an unlikely candidate for popular appreciation. But that's what Rebecca Goldstein aims for in her new book *Incompleteness*, an account of Gödel's most famous theorem, which was announced 75 years ago this October. Goldstein calls Gödel's incompleteness theorem "the third leg, together with Heisenberg's uncertainty principle and Einstein's relativity, of that tripod of theoretical cataclysms that have been felt to force disturbances deep down in the foundations of the 'exact sciences.' "

What is this great theorem? And what difference does it really make?

Mathematicians, like other scientists, strive for simplicity; we want to boil messy phenomena down to some short list of first principles called axioms, akin to basic physical laws, from which everything we see can be derived. This tendency goes back as far as Euclid, who used just five postulates to deduce his geometrical theorems.

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278. **Tom Orange**

Morning Light Song (Lamantia)

Fri 11 Mar 2005

RED DAWN clouds coming up! the heavens proclaim you, Absolute
God

I claim the glory, in you, of singing to you this morning
For I am coming out of myself and Go to you, Lord of the
Morning Light

For what's a singer worth if he can't talk to you, My God of Light?
These lines should grow like trees to tie around yr Crown
of the Sky

These words should be strong like those of the ancient makers,
O poet of poets

Ancient deity of the poem---

Here's spindle tongue of morning riding the flushes of NIGHT
Here's gigantic ode of the sky about to turn on the fruits of my lyre
Here's Welcome Cry from heart of the womb of words,---Hail,
Queen of Night!

Who giveth birth to the Morning Star, Here's the quiet cry of
stars broken among crockery

Here's the spoon of sudden birds wheeling the rains of Zeus
Here's the worshipping Eye of my soul stinging the heavens
Here's Charmed Bird, zepher of High Craggs---jugs of the divine
poem

As it weaves terrestrial spaces, overturning tombs, breaking hymens
From where cometh this first cry

that my hands go into for the wresting of words

Here's my chant to you, Morning of mornings, God of gods, Light
of light

Here's your singer let loose into the sky of your heaven
For we have come howling and screaming and wailing and I come
SINGING

To You who giveth forth the song of songs that I am reborn from
its opulence

That I hold converse with your fantasy That I am your beauty
NOT OF THIS WORLD and bring to nothing all that would stop me
from flying straight to your heart whose rays conduct me to
the SONG!

Philip Lamantia, "Morning Light Song"

(from *Bed of Sphinxes: New & Selected Poems 1943-1993*)

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279. **Ishaq**

Louis Reyes Rivera's -- Special Session: PLEASE READ!

Fri 11 Mar 2005

A change in format!

Louis Reyes Rivera's

Writers' Workshop

Saturday, March 19, 2005 at 1:00 P.M.

Special Guest Author

C. Rene West

"Caught In The Struggle - The Real Rikers Island

An Officer's Memoir"

Ms. West will discuss her experiences as a corrections officer at New York City's notorious Riker's Island prison and her struggle to expose the inside machinations of the prison system. She will also discuss her battle to publish this controversial memoir.

Followed by a group discussion.

Sistas' Place

456 Nostrand Avenue, Brooklyn, NY

(corner of Nostrand & Jefferson Aves)

For information call [REDACTED]

Donations are welcomed!

___\

Stay Strong\

\

"Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor" \

--Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)\

\

"This mathematical rhythmical mechanism enhances my wisdom\

of Islam, keeps me calm from doing you harm, when I attack, it's Vietnam"\

--HellRazah\

\

"It's not too good to stay in a white man's country too long"\

--Mutabartuka\

\

"As for we who have decided to break the back of colonialism, \

our historic mission is to sanction all revolts, all desperate \

actions, all those abortive attempts drowned in rivers of blood." \

- Frantz Fanon\

\
"Everyday is Ashura and every land is Kerbala"\
-Imam Ja'far Sadiq\
\
http://scratchcue.blogspot.com/
\
http://www.sleepybrain.net/vanilla.html
\
http://www.world-crisis.com/analysis_comments/766_0_15_0_C/
\
http://ilovepoetry.com/search.asp?keywords=braithwaite&orderBy=date

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280. **Catherine Daly**
FW: [norcallitlist] Philip Lamantia R.I.P.

Fri 11 Mar 2005

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

From: Francois Drouin [mailto:]

Sent: Friday, March 11, 2005 2:18 PM

To:

Cc:

Subject: [norcallitlist] Philip Lamantia R.I.P.

This morning the Sacramento poet Gene Bloom called me ... he was the first to let me know that Philip Lamantia had passed away ... heart failure they say in the newspaper ... his HEART never failed to INSPIRE ... It was as if he, his dreams & his poetry were made of FIRE - Live Forever.

PHILIP LAMANTIA

R.I.P.

Requiescat In Pace

Rest In Peace

I can think of no better brief tribute than the one given by Charles Baudelaire upon the death of Eugene Delacroix " In His Passing Goes a Lion of a Man " Tho i only met him once my heart, tears, flowers of good and evil and the Flames of Inspiration go out to all who knew him, the people at City Lights, Nancy Peters, Neeli Cherkovski, Jack Foley, everyone. i have alot of reading and praying to do today. 'Alone' time... as they call it.

In Love and the weirdness of words ...

frank andrick aka Francois Drouin

ps. i plan on playing some of Philip's recorded works on my Pomo Literati Program that i got via Jack Foley 'Alsops Review' a few years back. The broadcast will be Sunday March 20th 2pm to 4pm on KUSF 90.3 fm in San Francisco and on the web at <<http://www.live365.com/stations/kusf>>
www.live365.com/stations/kusf

The program will also feature Neeli Cherkovski and Jewelle Gomez as featured readers presenting their own works and also pre-recorded works of other spoken word / poetry people. Thanks.

see Jesse Hamlin's 'chronicle staff writer' obit/feature in today's San Francisco Chronicle www.sfgate.com/chronicle/obituaries

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<<http://us.adserver.yahoo.com/l?M=298184.6018725.7038619.3001176/D=group s/S=:HM/A=2593423/rand=673455824>>

Yahoo! Groups Links

- * To visit your group on the web, go to:
<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/norcallitlist/>
- * Your use of Yahoo! Groups is subject to the Yahoo! Terms of Service
<<http://docs.yahoo.com/info/terms/>> .

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281. **Harrison Jeff**

What Wastes Here Slumbers Even More Innocently Elsewhere

Fri 11 Mar 2005

the daffadillies lying in wait beneath some desert floor are already less
archaic
than this meadow you walk upon, Herr Bibliothekarius, whom the 231 crown'd
Emperor of Stricter Books... daffadillies aren't the latest word from any of
the
many authors coaxed from daffadillies into violets -- I read this in
buttercups,
where the murderous seas that lie beyond these fields are dispelled

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282. **Harrison Jeff**

The Five Lines

Fri 11 Mar 2005

LINE ONE

the daffadillies lying in
wait beneath some
desert floor are
already less archaic

LINE TWO

than this meadow
you walk upon,
Herr Bibliothekarius,
whom the 231 crown'd

LINE THREE

Emperor of Stricter Books...
daffadillies aren't the latest
word from any of the

LINE FOUR

many authors coaxed
from daffadillies into violets --
I read this in buttercups,

LINE FIVE

where the murderous
seas that lie beyond
these fields are dispelled

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283. **Stephen Vincent**

Re: Apologia Pro Su Email

Fri 11 Mar 2005

*But Susan Howe's insistence on the visual in Dickinson
is sexy, I think. As oddly sexy as the way Franklin
put the poems back into "order": by comparing
watermarks, by matching the torn edges of paper to
each other. That's HOT!*

The ultimate critical fun - of the hypergraphic examination sort - would be all the little marks that wriggle across and "punctuate" ancient papyrus manuscripts (let alone all the text variations on the copies of the assumed originals). If Susan Howe - or anyone of similar enthusiasm - went into that 'grass, ' I am sure she would come back - if she did - with years of interpretive and corrective admonitions as to what has been previously translated to "us" with a certain amount of "received authority."

Stephen V

Blog: <http://stephenvincent.durationpress.com>

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284. **Mark Weiss**

Re: Apologia Pro Su Email

Fri 11 Mar 2005

Has anyone looked into the source of the paper? Should be easy, given the watermarks. Next would be determining how it was cut.

Mark

At 06:59 PM 3/11/2005, you wrote:

> > But Susan Howe's insistence on the visual in Dickinson
> > is sexy, I think. As oddly sexy as the way Franklin
> > put the poems back into "order": by comparing
> > watermarks, by matching the torn edges of paper to
> > each other. That's HOT!

>

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>

>Stephen V

>Blog: <http://stephenvincent.durationpress.com>

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285. **Alan Sondheim**

Silent

Fri 11 Mar 2005

Silent

Letters

The His

lamb _limbs_

bleats. are

His _benumbed._

limbs They

are _climbed_

benumbed. the

They hill.

climbed The

the _lamb_

hill.

bleats.

Comb was

your opened.

hair. Do

tomb _thumb_

was your

opened. book.

Do A

not _Comb_

thumb your

book. The

A

tomb

dumb

animal.

receipt _debt_

for is

money. paid.

debt _debtor_

is _doubted._

paid. A

debtor _receipt_

doubted. for

cunning,

subtle

fellow. cunning,
It _subtle_
doubtful.
It
Psyche soul.
Greek _psalter_
soul. choose
Take a
psalter _Psyche_
and is
choose the
a Greek
psalm.
for
answer
pshaw!
robes robe
me azure
robe wearing
parted this
erection like
like the
tent of
abraham
wind
rain and
corroded rain
she
breathes she
deeply breathes
moving deeply
earth moving
home
and
do starsavages
afraid they
starsavages will
small themselves

world world
replete of
suffering pain

all
minds dig
worlds earth

iron and
slash stomachs
animal iron
they're already
already dying

im
done
yet

+++

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286. **Chris Stroffolino**
Re: Philip Lamantia, 1927-2005

Fri 11 Mar 2005

I got to meet him a few times through Garrett Caples and Andrew Joron. He really wanted to know about my Italian name and such. I knew his health was bad, but he strangely didn't seem very old. I had just read Garrett's book "THE PHILISTINE'S GUIDE TO HIP_HOP" and it turns out Lamantia was also quite into obscure hip-hop in the last 15 years of his life. C

>From: Ron Silliman <[REDACTED]>

>To: [REDACTED]

>Subject: Philip Lamantia, 1927-2005

>Date: Fri, Mar 11, 2005, 6:40 AM

>

> Philip Lamantia -- S.F. Surrealist poet

> Visionary verse of literary prodigy influenced Beats

> - Jesse Hamlin, Chronicle Staff Writer

> Friday, March 11, 2005

>

> Click to View

>

> Philip Lamantia, the blazing San Francisco poet whose embrace of

- > Surrealism and the free flow of the imagination had a major influence
- > on the Beats and many other American poets, died Monday of heart
- > failure at his North Beach apartment. He was 77.
- >
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- > widely read, largely self-taught literary prodigy whose visionary
- > poems -- ecstatic, terror-filled, erotic -- explored the subconscious
- > world of dreams and linked it to the experience of daily life.
- >
- > "Philip was a visionary like Blake, and he really saw the whole world
- > in a grain of sand," said poet Lawrence Ferlinghetti, whose City
- > Lights Books published four of Mr. Lamantia's nine books from 1967 to
- > 1997.
- >
- > "He was the primary transmitter of French Surrealist poetry in this
- > country," said Ferlinghetti, who first met Mr. Lamantia here in the
- > early 1950s. "He was writing stream-of-consciousness Surrealist
- > poetry, and he had a huge influence on Allen Ginsberg. Before that,
- > Ginsberg was writing rather conventional poetry. It was Philip who
- > turned him on to Surrealist writing. Then Ginsberg wrote 'Howl.' "
- >
- > That epochal poem made Ginsberg's name and set off a revolution in
- > American poetry and culture. Ginsberg first read it aloud at San
- > Francisco's Six Gallery on Oct. 13, 1955. The other four poets on the
- > bill that night were Gary Snyder, Michael McClure, Philip Whalen and
- > Mr. Lamantia.
- >
- > Rather than reading his own works -- his first book, "Erotic Poems,"
- > had been published in 1946 -- Mr. Lamantia read the prose poems of his
- > friend John Hoffman, who had recently died in Mexico.
- >
- > "Philip was one of the most beautiful poets I've ever known. He was a
- > poet of the imagination," said McClure, who lives in Oakland. "He was
- > highly original -- I'd call his poetry hyper-personal visionary
- > Surrealism -- and he was thrilling to be around. Everybody would sit
- > around and listen to him all night. The flow of his imagination was a
- > beautiful thing. "
- >
- > A man of ecstatic highs and deep, deep lows, Mr. Lamantia suffered
- > from depression, friends said, and had become a recluse in recent
- > years, rarely leaving home.
- >

> But in his younger days, he was a dashing figure who conversed
> brilliantly on a wide range of subjects. An omnivorous reader, he
> delved into astronomy, philosophy, history, jazz, painting,
> ornithology, Egyptology and many other subjects that informed his
> expansive vision.
>
> "He was very handsome, like a real Adonis," Ferlinghetti said. "He
> was a brilliant talker, a nonstop associative talker like Robert
> Duncan (the late San Francisco poet with whom Mr. Lamantia was
> associated on the pre-Beat San Francisco poetry scene of the late
> 1940s and early '50s). "He would talk in a continuous stream. One word
> would set him off in one direction, and another word would get him on
> another trip. He was a real polymath. And he had an encyclopedic
> memory."
>
> Born in San Francisco's Excelsior District, Mr. Lamantia worked as a
> boy in the old produce market on the Embarcadero, where his
> Sicilian-born father was a produce broker. He began writing poetry in
> elementary school and fell under the spell of Surrealism after seeing
> the paintings of Miro and Dali at the old San Francisco Museum of Art
> on Van Ness Avenue.
>
> He started reading the poetry of Andre Breton, the so-called pope of
> Surrealism, and other writers in the movement. In 1943, when he was
> 15, some of Mr. Lamantia's poems were published in View, a
> Surrealist-leaning New York magazine. Breton gave the young poet his
> blessings, describing him as "a voice that rises once in a hundred
> years."
>
> Some months later, Mr. Lamantia dropped out of Balboa High School and
> moved to New York City, where he lived for several years. He
> associated with Breton and other exiled European artists such as Max
> Ernst and Yves Tanguy, and he worked as an assistant editor of View.
>
> Returning to San Francisco after World War II, Mr. Lamantia took
> courses at UC Berkeley in medieval studies, English poetry and other
> subjects while continuing to write and publish poetry. In 1949, he
> began traveling the world, staying for extended periods in Mexico,
> Morocco and Europe.
>
> Coming back to the United States every few years, Mr. Lamantia became
> part of the underground culture blossoming on the east and west

> coasts. Like other poets who felt estranged from mainstream culture in
> the atomic age, "he found in the narcotic night world a kind of modern
> counterpart to the gothic castle -- a zone of peril to be symbolically
> or existentially crossed," wrote Nancy Peters, who later married Mr.
> Lamantia in 1978 and edited some of his books for City Lights. "The
> apocalyptic voice of 'Destroyed Works' is witness to that
> experience."
>
> Published in '62 by Auerhahn Press, "Destroyed Works" was Mr.
> Lamantia's fourth book. The San Francisco house had also published the
> poet's two previous collections, "Narcotica" and "Ekstasis," both in
> 1959.
>
> Ever searching to expand his vision, Mr. Lamantia spent time with
> native peoples in the United States and Mexico in the '50s,
> participating in the peyote-eating rituals of the Washoe Indians of
> Nevada. The poet, who taught for a time at San Francisco State and the
> San Francisco Art Institute, also embraced Catholicism. In later years
> he attended the Shrine of St. Francis in North Beach.
>
> "He had a vision of the world that was completely unique," said
> Peters, who later separated from Mr. Lamantia, but they remained good
> friends. She edited three of his books for City Lights, "Becoming
> Visible" (1981), "Meadowlark West" (1986) and "Bed of Sphinxes: New
> and Selected Poems, 1943- 1993."
>
> Andrei Codrescu, a poet and NPR commentator who knew Mr. Lamantia
> well, called him "one of the great voices of our subconscious for the
> last 50 years."
>
> "He was a very pure poet in the sense that he was one of the very few
> American poets who continued to pursue the Surrealist investigation of
> dreams and the unconscious -- and he connected those explorations to
> civic American life."
>
> A memorial is pending.
>
> Page B - 7
> URL:
http://sfgate.com/cgi-bin/article.cgi?file=/c/a/2005/03/11/BAG4MBNRMF1.DTL

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287. **Hoerman, Michael A**

Mass. poets read 4/10; Creeley's 'form is content'; Frank Stanford revival

Fri 11 Mar 2005

- Massachusetts poets to give reading for National Poetry Month
- Exploring source of Creeley's 'form is content' dictum
- Frank Stanford Revival

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

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288. **Tenney Nathanson**

REMINDER: POG Saturday evening March 12: poets SHERWIN BITSUI & JOHN WRIGHT

Fri 11 Mar 2005

REMINDER

POG

presents

poets

Sherwin Bitsui & John Wright

Saturday, March 12, 7pm,

ORTSPACE

121 E. 7th Street

(use entry on east side of building, at alley door)

Admission: \$5; Students \$3

Sherwin Bitsui is originally from White Cone, Arizona, on the Navajo Reservation; he currently lives in Tucson. He is Dine of the Todich'ii'nii (Bitter Water Clan), born for the Tl'izilani (Many Goats Clan). Bitsui holds an AFA from the Institute of American Indian Arts Creative Writing Program and is the recipient of the 2000-01 Individual Poet Grant from the Witter Bynner Foundation for Poetry, the 1999 Truman Capote Creative Writing Fellowship, and, more recently, the 2002 University of Arizona Academy of American Poets Student Poetry Award. His poems have appeared in such journals as American Poets, The Iowa Review, Frank (Paris), and Red Ink. Shapeshift, his first book, was published by The University of Arizona Press as a Suntracks book in 2003. For more see <http://bitsui.mantaka.biz/bio.php>.

John Wright's poems and essays have appeared in a wide range of journals, from Mule to Chicago Review, whose current issue features both his interview

with and memoir of poet Edward Dorn. A Westerner by inclination, he has lived in the Midwest, the Southwest, the Pacific Northwest, and along the western slope of Rue St. Georges in Paris and has taught at colleges, universities, secondary schools, and art schools here and abroad. He holds degrees from Principia College and the University of Chicago, and currently divides his time between Tucson and the canyons of Bisbee.

*

& coming up (please check back to confirm dates) . . .

April 2: poet Charles Bernstein

April 30: poet/critic David Levi Strauss & poet Jason Zuzga

May 7: poets Austin Publicover & Dlyn Fairfax Parra

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.

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. Casa Libre en La Solana Inn & Guest House
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. Las Artes Center (see stories in El Independiente and the Tucson Weekly)
. O-T-O Dance at ORTSPACE
. MOCA (Museum of Contemporary Art)
. Alamo Gallery (see this Tucson Arts District page)

for further information contact

POG: [REDACTED], [mailto:\[REDACTED\]](mailto:[REDACTED]); or visit us on the web at www.gopog.org

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289. **Chris Stroffolino**
Re: Ashbery in the NYTBR
Fri 11 Mar 2005

Steve---I 99% agree, and, er, comprehend, this post.
The only question I have is your use of the word "aloof"--
You don't have to respond if you don't want....
But I'm trying to get better at my email etiquette!

C

>From: Steve Dalachinsky <[REDACTED]>
>To: [REDACTED]
>Subject: Re: Ashbery in the NYTBR
>Date: Mon, Mar 7, 2005, 10:05 PM
>

*incomprehensible poems should be less difficult just by the fact that they
are meant to be incomprehensible or in some cases partially incomprehensible
quasi-linear there fore not needed to be interpreted there fore less
difficult because their very nature is to defy interpretation or to be
uninterpretable whereas the other is meant to be but due to it's
complex properties it's very aloof comprehensibility makes it very
difficult to comprehend particularly because it's very nature prods us to
uncover its meaning(s) and interpret it while the incomprehensible poem
offers us no other challenge but to read it or ignore it however what
makes the incomprehensible poem difficult is our need to interpret it
and therefore we tend to read into it things that are not there rather
than to just listen to it for its musical or other sometimes dull even
monotonous qualities*

*like untitled abstract paintings doesn't that look like a donkey to
you
no a horse's ass no a nude centipede or tricycle*

*today was a beauti ful l spring like day
i stood outside
with my wares for 3 hrs
made
naught
zero
ziltch
nada
zip
nothing.....*

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290. **Alan Sondheim**
On Code and Codework
Fri 11 Mar 2005

On Code and Codework

Consider a well-defined entity x , and its complement $-x$. Then $x \wedge -x = N$, the null set. Consider a second entity y and $-y$, $y \wedge -y = N$. Think N_x and N_y , the null set relativized to x and y . Consider three entities x, y, z , and take pairs xy, yz, zx . These are symmetrical yx, zy, xz . Let ab stand for $a \wedge b$. Then xy, yz, zx are equivalent to null. Let x, y, z divide a planar region into three regions bordering on each other. Let $\blacksquare$ represent a line equidistant from the entities x and y . Then $\blacksquare, \blacksquare, \blacksquare$ all meet at a single point. Divide the plain so that all entities are grouped in triads; each triad meets in a single point. Divide the plain so that these single points are grouped in triads and so forth. What branches are available? Is a single point reached? To operate with x and $-x$ such that $x \wedge -x = N$ is to operate with discrete entities common to distributive aristotelian logic. Now consider a second set, X, Y , etc., mapped onto the first; the mapping may be one-to-one, one-to-many, many-to-one. If the first, the resulting mapping is reversible. If the second, it is reversible but the coding itself is not reversible. If the third, the mapping is not reversible; the result is a set of possibilities, not a single one. Codes are mappings. There are two types of codes, declarative and performative. An example of the former is Morse; it is one-to-one, but all that is produced is equivalence. An example of the second is Perl; Perl codes procedure. If procedure is coded, then the contents of the procedure are doubly coded. If a Perl program parses $\{A\}$ to produce $\{B\}$, then the primary coding is the program which constructs and orders procedures. The secondary coding is $\{A\} \rightarrow \{B\}$ which may be considered the semantic plane of the code. In Eco's *A Theory of Semiotics*, only a rule 'may properly be called a *'_code_'* and a rule couples items from one system with some from another. Eco extends the possibility of code to 'a set of possible *_behavioral responses_* on the part of the destination. This is performativity. In codework, primary and secondary coding are entangled. Entanglement may be considered noise in the system. With noise, the null set N is blurred across fuzzy sets with parasitic inputs; $x \wedge -x$ and $x \wedge y$ may be and usually are ill-defined. It is this ill-definition - which functions for example in current definitions of words like 'freedom' - that tends towards political economy. Political, because culture and the social are at stake in relation to the definition which is always already under contestation, and economy, because there are limited resources and examples for any particular definition. With codework, meaning itself is problematized as a result of entanglement. In Eco, it is the code which reaches a destination, not the message. The decoding of the message may or may not be equivalent to the source. Noise is always already present and is considered within the channel. This is

the T-model of the parasite described by Serres. Eco states "When a code apportions the elements of a conveying system to the elements of a conveyed system, the former becomes the expression of the latter, and the latter becomes the content of the former. A sign-function arises when an expression is correlated to a content, both the correlated elements being the functives of such a correlation.' Code is a collocation or system (not necessarily the same) of processes; processes are performative; both are temporally-embedded. A mapping $f(x) = y$ is not temporally-embedded; thus the mapping of the even numbers onto the number system may be considered an ideality which is, regardless of temporal processes. The structure is given all-at-once within the formula (and its proof); its proof is a carrying-out of the truth-value, or a revealing of the truth-value, of the structure. There are mappings which are systemic, i.e. structure-dependent, and there are mappings which are non-systemic or purely heuristic, such as randomly assigning letters in a message to a triple number (page/line/letter- position) originating from a particular edition of a particular book. In all of these instances, of course, terms like 'system' and 'assign' are themselves fuzzy; nevertheless there's a tremendous difference between the anecdotal and the structural, and there are practical differences in the ensuing codes and their employment. Peter Gardenfors, in *Conceptual Space, The Geometry of Thought*, considers 'conceptual spaces' which are related to tessellation of the plane. This reminds one of Peirce's simplest mathematics, which is also related to Venn diagrams; in all of these, sets of entities and concepts in the life-world are mapped into other spaces which may or may not reflect thinking processes. Geometry is always bound by its spatial representations; there is no reason to think, at all, that the mind necessarily works through spatial or any representation for that matter. Representation is always coded; Sebeok, in *Approaches to Animal Communication, 'Semiotics and Ethology,'* points out that the 'model suggested here entails a communication unit in which a relatively small amount of energy or matter in an animal (a) the source, brings about a relatively large redistribution of energy or matter in another animal (or in another part of the same animal), (b) the destination, and postulates (c) a channel through which the participants are capable of establishing and sustaining contact. Maturana somewhere talks about such communication as the mutual orienting of cognitive domains. Sebeok states that 'Every source requires a transmitter which serves to reorganize, by a process called encoding, the messages it produces into a form that can be understood by the destination. The source and the destination are therefore said to fully, or at least partially, share (d) a code, which may be defined as that set of transformation rules whereby messages can be converted from one representation to another.' As long as one sticks to transformation rules, code is always procedural. Sebeok states that 'The string generated by an application of a set of such rules is (e) a message, which may thus be considered an ordered selection from a conventional set of

signs.' I think that 'ordered' is problematic as well, since there is clearly a qualitative difference between book-ordering as described above, and a set of rules based on mathesis. Where does the arbitrary come in? One might say - and this is an important principle - that the content of a code itself is directly correlated to its arbitrariness. In this sense, the measure of a code is related to the entropy of information within the process of encoding. The greater the degree of the arbitrary, the more difficult to break, the greater the entropy and therefore the greater the degree of information within it. This is not on the level of the double-level of the code, i.e. the content it operates upon, if there is such content (as in the Perl example above), but within encoding itself. Every encoding is an encoding of encoding; if the encoding is fully realized by the product of the code, then its semantic content / information is low. If Morse encodes a message, more than likely the message may be decoded based only on the distribution of letters. The Morse content is low. If a book is used, the decoding is increasingly difficult and the content of the code is high. This is also related to issues of redundancy vis-a-vis Shannon and Weaver. Note that a message and its destination are irrevocably ruptured; there is no guarantee that an equivalence is attained on any level. Code operates more often than not on an ontological plane disassociated, or associated by intention only, with both its source and its decoding; there is no guarantee that the source and the message-at-its-destination have anything in common. There is no guarantee of the coherency of the practice of coding in a particular case, no guarantee of one-to-one or one-to-many or many-to-one, no guarantee of a zero-parasite-demographics - no guarantee that the channel, in fact, has not been derailed altogether, as often happens with bacteriophages. Bateson, in Bateson and Ruesch, *Communication, The Social Matrix of Psychiatry*, states 'codification must, in the nature of the case, be systematic. Whatever objects or events or ideas internal to the individual represent certain external objects or events, there must be a systematic relationship between the internal and the external, otherwise the information would not be useful.' Today one can say, 'otherwise the information might not be useful,' since it is precisely in the breakdown of systematic relationships that innovation emerges.' But meaning may be produced even out of tautology. For example, propositional logic may be 'derived' from the Sheffer stroke, 'not both A and B'; it can also be derived from its dual, 'neither A nor B.' What can we say about these? Only that they represent, as processes or *_cullings_* of particular bounded universes, an unbinding/unbounding - 'neither A nor B' points elsewhere altogether, and 'not both A and B' points either elsewhere or towards an underpinning of union. At the heart of this reduction of propositional logic, is a tendency towards dispersion, towards wandering, the nomadic, even though the symbols within the calculus proper are completely mute. The Sheffer stroke and its dual, by the way, are related as well to the processes of inscription with which this essay began - for what is $x \wedge x$, than an *_inscription_* of an entity, a

process of coding (and all coding is inscription of one form or another) the real for the purposes of comprehension, a process that produces, not only meaning, but _all the meaning there is._ There is no outside to the sememe, just as there is no landscape without a viewpoint. In this sense we are bounded, and bound to be bounded. I want to acknowledge and take responsibility for interpretations here which are necessarily shallow and possibly misrepresentations as well; this is true in particular of Gardenfors' book which is complex, and which I have just begun. I have found the concept of conceptual spaces of use here, as a way of thinking through code, process, representation, sememe, Eco's planes of expression and content, etc.; but I do not yet understand it within Gardenfors' theory. I have also completely neglected what I think is most necessary, a detailed typology of codes, taking for example temporality into and out of account in various ways. I cannot see how one can proceed without a deep reading of Eco's 'Theory of Codes' which is the major section of A Theory of Semiotics. In the same book, Eco develops a typology of sign production which is quite useful. Other references might be Barthes' S/Z (although I constantly find his poetizing beautiful and problematic), and a quite useful early book, Symbol Formation, An Organismic-Developmental Approach to Language and the Expression of Thought, Werner and Kaplan, Wiley, 1963. Finally, it is clear from all of the above that at best one can sketch a _discursive field,_ complete with intensifications themselves representing concepts; this is similar to a loosely-structured Wittgensteinian family of usages. 'Code,' like 'game,' is always a strategy and a wager from a theoretical viewpoint, and like much such viewpoints, everything and nothing is at stake. One would hope for a future of usefulness, politics, and aesthetics to emerge; the danger, in relation to 'codework' itself, is that a style develops, and that the uneasy underpinnings - which at least for me are the most interesting aspects of it - eventually disappear, absorbed back into issues of genre, etc. Code, like the processes of postmodernity, is always in a state of renewal, whether or not the 'type' or 'concept' remains, and at stake within this renewal is our interpretation of the world itself - our actions and our 'reading' of being and beings. Wittgenstein's 'silence' at the end of the Tractatus is code's success, not failure; it is the always already of the always already, but not its foundation.

===

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291. **Mark Weiss**
early warning: Boston area reading
Fri 11 Mar 2005

The Analogous Series

Thursday, March 24, 7 PM, 45 Carleton St., room E25-111, Cambridge, MA

Forrest Gander, and Kent Johnson

will read from their translations of Jaume Saenz and discuss the notion of translation as a form of collaboration

Mark Weiss

will read from his translations and other poems

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292. **Steve Dalachinsky**
Re: Philip Lamantia, 1927-2005

Fri 11 Mar 2005

shit a real drag

he twd joans myself gerd stern and a few others had dinner together after his poetry project reading in the 90's he will be missed

[↑ Contents](#)

293. **Steve Dalachinsky**
Re: Ashbery in the NYTBR

Fri 11 Mar 2005

aloof = at a distance but in view

like a difficult comprehensible pome that no one seems to get

or that needs loads of analysis or

interpretation in order to get

ellitist in a way

for intellectuals only sometimes

ashberry has alot of oh i get that in his work but it's difficult many times to get that get it?

so we see it it's there but even tho it has meaning it's distant

because even tho it may be meant to be gotten

it causes some of us to work too much so we stop working and say who

cares

well some of us do

because it's like a snob at a party full of limm(b)e(p)ricks

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294. **Heidi Lynn Staples née Peppermint**

[announcement] Poetry! Syracuse

Fri 11 Mar 2005

For cultural listings of all poetry-related events in Syracuse, NY, please visit the new blog Poetry! Syracuse at: <http://syracusepoetry.blogspot.com/>

Chrs,
Heidi

Heidi Lynn Staples
Writing Program
Syracuse University

GUESS CAN GALLOP (New Issues)

http://www.wmich.edu/newissues/New_Issues_Titles/Staples/Staples_Page_Frameset.html

available for online purchase at Amazon

http://www.amazon.com/exec/obidos/tg/detail/-/1930974442/qid=1096222956/sr=8-1/ref=sr_8_xs_ap_i1_xgl14/103-8422421-0966239?

[v=glance&s=books&n=507846](http://www.amazon.com/exec/obidos/tg/detail/-/1930974442/qid=1096222956/sr=8-1/ref=sr_8_xs_ap_i1_xgl14/103-8422421-0966239?v=glance&s=books&n=507846)

PARAKEET



115 Roosevelt Avenue
Syracuse, New York 13210



blog: <http://mildredsumbrella.blogspot.com>

"To makes u."--Gertrude Stein

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295. **Harry Nudel**

winter...

Sat 12 Mar 2005

light fog
33 degrees..

bare 'bove freezin'
duzn't know where

he'z been....

12:39...nytimes..all the time..drn...

[↑ Contents](#)

296. **Harry Nudel**

winter....

Sat 12 Mar 2005

33 degrees

light fog...

duzn't know where

he'z been

bare 'bove freezin'...

o mdnt...nytimes...drn...

[↑ Contents](#)

297. **Chris Stroffolino**

Re: Ashbery in the NYTBR

Sat 12 Mar 2005

Hey Steve, your party metaphor reminds me of the (apocryphal?) story Davd Lehman told while introducing Ashes at a KGB reading a few years back-- --- someone asked Ashbery if he read Foucault, and he said no... and then like half an hour later overheard Ashbery talking, seemingly with great authority and knowledge about Foucault, and when confronted with "I thought you said you didn't read Foucault," Ashbery replied "I don't, but I do go to a lot of parties."

>From: Steve Dalachinsky <[REDACTED]>

>To: [REDACTED]

>Subject: Re: Ashbery in the NYTBR

>Date: Fri, Mar 11, 2005, 7:49 PM

>

ashberry has alot of oh i get that in his work but it's difficult many times to get that get it?

so we see it it's there but even tho it has meaning it's distant because even tho it may be meant to be gotten it causes some of us to work too much so we stop working and say who cares well some of us do because it's like a snob at a party full of limm(b)e(p)ricks

[↑ Contents](#)

298. **robert lane**

Information for contributors to Malleable Jangle

Sat 12 Mar 2005

Hello, this email is to inform published contributors to Malleable Jangle that the National Library of Australia has requested that they be granted premission to archive Malleable Jangle in their Pandora Archive. If you have any objection to your work being archived in this collection please inform me. Email address:

██████████

Sincerely, Robert Lane

online poetry journal malleablejangle
the poetry of Robert Lane
deja vu workshops

Find local movie times and trailers on Yahoo! Movies.

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299. **Haas Bianchi**

Chicagopostmodernpoetry.com Live Krista Franklin & William Allegrezza Reading March 19th 2:00 PM

Sat 12 Mar 2005

From: Haas Bianchi [mailto:██████████]

Sent: Thursday, March 10, 2005 11:24 AM

To: UB Poetics discussion group

Subject: Chicagopostmodernpoetry.com Live Krista Franklin & William Allegrezza Reading March 19th 2:00 PM

ChicagoPostmodernPoetry.Com Live

Saturday, March 19, 2005 2:00 P.M.

834 Lake Street

Second Floor

██████████

www.oppl.org

www.milkmag.org

www.chicagopostmodernpoetry.com

The Innovative Reading Series for Chicago's West Side & Western Suburbs hosted by the Oak Park Public Library invites you to attend our first event Saturday March 19th at 2:00 PM

Thanks the Editors, Chicagopostmodernpoetry.com & Milk Magazine

READERS

Krista Franklin is a poet, visual artist and educator who hails from Dayton, OH, and currently

works and resides in Chicago, IL. Her poems and art have appeared in/on several literary journals

and websites, including Nexus Literary and Art Journal, Warpland, Obsidian III, nocturnes 2:

(re)view of the literary arts, www.semantikon.com, www.milkmag.org, www.ambulant.org, and

www.errataandcontradiction.org. She has also been published in the anthologies The Bust Guide to the

New Girl Order and Bum Rush The Page, and is a Cave Canem alum.

William Allegrezza teaches and writes from his base in Chicago. His poems, translations, essays,

and reviews have been published in several countries, including the U.S., Holland, Finland, and

Australia, and are available in many online journals. His chapbook lingo was published by

subontic press and his e-book Temporal Nomads can be downloaded from xPress(ed)

(www.xpressed.org/title3.html). Also, he is the editor of moria (www.moriapoetry.com), a journal

dedicated to experimental poetry and poetics

Sponsored By:

ChicagoPostmodernPoetry.Com & Milk Magazine

For More Information

www.oppl.org

www.milkmag.org

www.chicagopostmodernpoetry.com

834 Lake Street

Second Floor



Raymond L. Bianchi
chicagopostmodernpoetry.com/
collagepoetchicago.blogspot.com/

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300. **Dan Waber**

[poem] Cloistered Desk At Dawn

Sat 12 Mar 2005

12/61

Echo = The body of the poem "Drawn"

Drawn

It was the laughter in your words that pulled me in with their ha ha force,
the laughter of your writing and speech and later your hands
the kind of laughter that stomps in wearing cowboy boots,
your staccato of gentle, strong, humble hands and heart,
a heart that my mind calls to through these words I write
at the light of my cloistered desk at dawn.

Source = Jennifer Hill-Kaucher

Cloistered Desk At Dawn

Because I'm a man I sometimes want it
to make sense, I want know which thing was
responsible for bringing us to the
waterfall. I want it to be laughter,
and most times, it is. I waste too much in
wondering about the details of your
love for me, I know it. I have your words,
and the spaces between them, it's not that
I need anything else, I just get pulled
in by the spells you chant all around me,
and I want to see how they tick, what's in
there making that sound. I think it's made with
home made soup, filled journal pages and their
slow compost, each of the ways that "ha-ha"
can be voiced, and knowing which locks to force.

I think it's made with the hipsway in the
way you walk, with how showers of laughter

spark from the continual friction of
our feet dragging on the hours, with how your
hands are drawn to the process of writing,
with hard work that never gets easy and
never gets all the way done, with the speech
of the bluejay and the cardinal and
even the grackle, with the way later
always is and sooner isn't, with your
neck muscles relaxing under my hands.

I think it's made with the washing of the
dishes, with silly stories of the kind
boys make up in order to get one of
those girl smiles that are better than laughter,
with the pennies, nickels, and quarters that
fall out of the dryer, with the snow stomps
that tell the house we're home, with the hitch in
your goodbye voice, with how you look wearing
my plaid flannel shirt, with unwatched cowboy
movies, with the rocks that shake out of boots.

I think it's made with the answers in your
fingertips, with the muted staccato
your heartbeat thumps to mine, with the death of
a man cat as fat as he was gentle,
with coffee brewed a little bit too strong,
with an understanding of the humble
bumble bee's real work, with your chilly hands
on my too warm skin, with the hollow and
empty mewl Monday can make of a heart.

I think it's made with the spin of joy a
single spoken yes can make of a heart,
with the useless pieces of lumber that
were left behind, with the notes you write my
mother, with the things you have half a mind
to say but don't, with the telephone calls
where no one would hang up first, with trips to
the city we can't afford, with hands through
hair grip slip grip, with the way each of these
things is a single note, with the lost words
we will never get back, with the days I
don't see you, with every poem we write.

I know you want it to make sense, too, at
least if it can. I didn't mean that the
logic was lost on you, or to make light
of how you respond. Yours is a means of
understanding completely unlike my
own. I need to keep the reasons cloistered
away so I can solve them at a desk
in a cell. You live life wide open at
all nerve ends, with reasons enough in dawn.

Dan Waber

[↑ Contents](#)

301. **Haas Bianchi**
Blogs are Blocked in China

Sat 12 Mar 2005

Dear Buffalo Listers:

Did you all know that most of the blogs (Silliman's et al) are blocked from view in the People's Republic of China? I was there for the past three weeks and I could not access any of the blogs and most of the poetry sites were also blocked-a notice "This page is not available in the People's Republic of China" came up on the screen. Is this a testament to our influence as poets? Would love your opinions on this?

R

Raymond L Bianchi
chicagopostmodernpoetry.com/
collagepoetchicago.blogspot.com/

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302. **Wald Reid**
looking for plath/hughes videos

Sat 12 Mar 2005

does anyone know if there are any videos available anywhere of sylvia plath and/or ted hughes (preferably together or plath alone)? for real, i mean, not that recent odd "sylvia" movie.

thanks,
diane wald

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303. **Joseph Bradshaw**
Re: Unconscious Language?

Sat 12 Mar 2005

I asked my mom these same questions when I was about three, and, if I remember right, her reply was something like "yabba dabba doo."

So how much of our actual brain do we use? how much of that part is dictated or controlled by language? is there an unconscious or subconscious language that we're never aware of? or only become aware of through some sort of [meditation]?

--

Graffiti.net free e-mail @ www.graffiti.net

Check out our value-added Premium features, such as a 1 GB mailbox for just US\$9.95 per year!

Powered by Outblaze

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304. **David A. Kirschenbaum**
Advertise for National Poetry Month in Boog City

Sat 12 Mar 2005

Celebrate your poetry publications and readings this April, National Poetry Month, by advertising in Boog City's April issue. The issue is going to press on Fri. April 1, and our discount ad rate is here to stay. We are once again offering a 50% discount on our 1/8-page ads, cutting them from \$60 to \$30. (The discount rate also applies to larger ads.)

Advertise your small press's newest publications, your own titles, your band's new album, your label's new releases, or how you rate the Bruce Willis-Lindsay Lohan make-out session on the creepy meter (1-10, 10 being creepiest. I score it a 9.).

Ads must be in on or before Fri., March 25 (and please reserve space ASAP).

(We're also cool with donations, real cool.)

Issue will be distributed on Sat. April 2.

Email [REDACTED]

or call 212-842-BOOG(2664) for more information.

thanks,

David

--

David A. Kirschenbaum, editor and publisher

Boog City

330 W.28th St., Suite 6H

NY, NY 10001-4754

For event and publication information:

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

T: (212) 842-BOOG (2664)

F: [REDACTED]

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305. **Tenney Nathanson**

***"the ultimate reminder": POG Saturday evening March 12: poets
SHERWIN BITSUI & JOHN WRIGHT***

Sat 12 Mar 2005

a final

REMINDER

POG

presents

poets

Sherwin Bitsui & John Wright

Saturday, March 12, 7pm,

ORTSPACE

121 E. 7th Street

(use entry on east side of building, at alley door)

Admission: \$5; Students \$3

Sherwin Bitsui is originally from White Cone, Arizona, on the Navajo Reservation; he currently lives in Tucson. He is Dine of the Todich'ii'nii (Bitter Water Clan), born for the Tl'izilani (Many Goats Clan). Bitsui holds an AFA from the Institute of American Indian Arts Creative Writing Program and is the recipient of the 2000-01 Individual Poet Grant from the Witter Bynner Foundation for Poetry, the 1999 Truman Capote Creative Writing Fellowship, and, more recently, the 2002 University of Arizona Academy of American Poets Student Poetry Award. His poems have appeared in such journals as American Poets, The Iowa Review, Frank (Paris), and Red Ink. Shapeshift, his first book, was published by The University of Arizona Press as a Suntracks book in 2003. For more see <http://bitsui.mantaka.biz/bio.php>.

John Wright's poems and essays have appeared in a wide range of journals, from Mule to Chicago Review, whose current issue features both his interview with and memoir of poet Edward Dorn. A Westerner by inclination, he has lived in the Midwest, the Southwest, the Pacific Northwest, and along the western slope of Rue St. Georges in Paris and has taught at colleges, universities, secondary schools, and art schools here and abroad. He holds degrees from Principia College and the University of Chicago, and currently divides his time between Tucson and the canyons of Bisbee.

*

& coming up (please check back to confirm dates) . . .

April 2: poet Charles Bernstein

April 30: poet/critic David Levi Strauss & poet Jason Zuzga

May 7: poets Austin Publicover & Dlyn Fairfax Parra

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.

thanks to our growing list of 2004-2005 Patrons and Sponsors:

. Corporate Patrons Buffalo Exchange and GlobalEye Systems . Individual Patrons Millie Chapin, Elizabeth Landry, Allison Moore, Liisa Phillips, Jessica Thompson, and Rachel Traywick . Corporate Sponsors Antennae a Journal of Experimental Poetry and Music/Performance, Bookman's, Chax Press, Jamba Juice, Kaplan Test Prep and Admissions, Kore Press, Macy's, Reader's Oasis, and Zia Records . Individual Sponsors Gail Browne, Suzanne Clores, Sheila Murphy, and Desiree Rios

We're also grateful to hosts and programming partners

. Casa Libre en La Solana Inn & Guest House
. Dinnerware Contemporary Arts gallery
. Las Artes Center (see stories in El Independiente and the Tucson Weekly)
. O-T-O Dance at ORTSPACE
. MOCA (Museum of Contemporary Art)
. Alamo Gallery (see this Tucson Arts District page)

for further information contact

POG: [REDACTED], mailto:[REDACTED]; or visit us on the web at www.gopog.org

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306. **Alan Sondheim**

Code and Codework ii, coding, encoding, confusion

Sat 12 Mar 2005

Code and Codework ii, coding, encoding, confusion

Coding is a process, aptly named; the field is open or let us consider it open, a dispersion in which goals are paramount but may not exist as the program wends its way into momentary stasis, occasional completion. It is the traditional 'death of the author' given open-source; it is never-ending; like a markov chain, it is determined in part by what came before, it may move elsewhere, cancel, disappear. Input is remote, disparate; is the objective, whether of a command, line, subroutine, routine, program, module, language. The objective is the focus on whatever is at-hand, and whatever is at-hand, the input, is encoded. Encoding is parasitic on both code and object - on code, as a process or operation, and on object, as transformable entity, within and without which code is entangled, inhered. A code constructs code; an encoder is all input; we have spoken elsewhere about the relationship of output to input; what is encoder output is already lost in transmission, has fled elsewhere. Perhaps *_I encode, _ and perhaps _it encodes, _* thereby lies all the difference, the distinction among con/structures, con/structions. In part codework is self-devouring, between or among coding and encoding, part operation and part residue; part symptom, the expressivity of disease; and part the struggle, what appears as struggle, what is not struggle or is inauthentic struggle, of the origin, originary content, to retain its sememe, in spite of all filtering, or magnified and not diminished by such filtering. These terms and my use of them are of course arbitrary; one might use encoding to reference the act of program-creation and coding that which operates on input, with all the phenomenology of input already indicated. I choose a distinction between these words in order to articulate a distinction within the field; otherwise we are off again into unnecessary obscurity. As for the *_element_* of a code, there is a sign or sign-function, there is a process drawn from tables or closed lexicons. As for the *_element_* of encoding, there is none; an input may, in relation to the encoding program, be fit (in the sense of harmonization) or not; in a sense it does not matter, as encoding is matterless, codeless, just as coding is mattered, albeit the ideality or cyberneticization of matter. Again it is a difference which makes all the difference, as in Spencer Brown. One might also say that coding is the creation of a detemporalized structure by means of temporal operations (on the part of humans or otherwise), and that encoding is the detemporalized operation (detemporalized by virtue of the black-box) on input, creating a temporal difference between input and output, *t1* and *t2*, different in every (parametric) way. But this is somewhat sophistry; certainly a program is a detemporalized structure. But wait, for the input and output are there to-be-used; they exist most likely within the matrix of

the human; they are _employed._ The employment of a program - and a program may devour itself or other programs - is also temporalized, but the program itself, unused, a series of commands and other materials, is only a static articulation. Nevertheless, the static articulation may be always in the process of constant self- or other- revision, and time moves on. Let us say then that coding is the operation on code and the production of an articulation, and that encoding is the operation on input, within which code is irrelevant - even if code is foregrounded, even if code crashes, the input is destroyed, garbage in / garbage out on any level. The difference is subtle, but perhaps there. One might like encoding then to Husserlian internal time-consciousness, and coding to formal and linear (parallel or non, clocked or variable, etc.) time. Or the other way around. Or the meeting of the two, as code may be input, code may be encoded, code may code. Still, we might say this, that encoding is the _disappearance of the code,_ and coding, its _promulgation._ Entanglement occurs at all levels of operation. DNA encodes, but encodes what? Itself, input/output material blind to DNA/RNA? DNA codes or encodes DNA as well. Tacit knowledge (Polanyi) resolves nothing, but plays a role: use a screwdriver long enough, and it disappears from the hand - all that remains is the interaction with the screw. Too much is made of code, coding, encoding, decoding; not enough is made of the disappearance of code - not as universal subtext of capital, but as a necessary correlate to our functioning in the world.

==

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307. **Alan Sondheim**

correction in text

Sat 12 Mar 2005

- apologies, but this is crucial - please read as:

Perhaps _I code,_ and
perhaps _it encodes,_ thereby lies all the difference, the distinction
among con/structures, con/structions.

nettext <http://biblioteknett.no/alias/HJEMMESIDE/bjornmag/nettext/>

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

WVU 2004 projects: <http://www.as.wvu.edu/clcold/sondheim/>

<http://www.as.wvu.edu:8000/clc/Members/sondheim>

Trace projects <http://trace.ntu.ac.uk/writers/sondheim/index.htm>

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308. **Alan Sondheim**

i've got nothing

Sun 13 Mar 2005

i've got nothing

i've got nothing

v'ir tbg abguvat

v'ir tbg abguvat

qvg qvg

qvg qnj qnj qnj qnj qvg

qvg qvg qvg qnj

qvg

qnj qnj qvg

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qvg qvg qvg qnj qvg qnj

n'aj lty stymnsl

n'aj lty stymnsl

iny iny

iny ifb ifb ifb ifb iny

iny iny iny ifb

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ifb ifb ifb

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309. **Ishaq**

Profiles of Vancouver Police Killings for IDAPB

Sun 13 Mar 2005

<http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2005/03/39005.php>

Profiles of Vancouver Police Killings for IDAPB
by IDAPB .

<<http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/?author=IDAPB&comments=yes>> Saturday
March 12, 2005 at 09:35 PM

Profiles of the cases of Gerald Chenery, Benny Matson, Robert Wayne Bagnell, Roman Andreichikov, Jeff Berg and Frank Paul, for the Ninth International Day Against Police Brutality (Tuesday, March 15, 7:00pm at Victory Square on the corner of Hastings and Cambie).

Ninth International Day Against Police Brutality

March through the streets of Vancouver

Tuesday, March 15th, 2005

7:00 pm, at Victory Square

on the corner of Hastings and Cambie

Resist Police Control - Fight For Freedom

Gerald Chenery - On December 26th, 2004, two Vancouver cops shot Gerald Chenery (a Nisga'a man) 12 times, killing him. The Vancouver Police Department (VPD) claims that Chenery charged at a police officer with a knife in each hand, and that she fired four shots at him, hitting him only once. Chenery then supposedly knocked the police officer to the ground and continued his attack while another cop shot him 10 more times, with most bullets hitting him in the back, and one bullet hitting each of his wrists. Chenery is said to have continued his assault despite his wounds, only to be shot once more and fall to the ground.

Margaret Gisle, a sister of Chenery, was critical of how the police dealt with the killing: "I am disappointed in how the police have communicated with me and my family. The information that I have received about my brother's death has been what I read in the newspapers, and it makes me very upset that they don't tell us first."

Benny Matson - A coroner's inquest into the police custody death of Benny Matson began on October 12th, 2004. Matson's daughter said that there was no reason for police to arrest her father in May of 2002.

An off-duty RCMP officer was upset that Matson's motorbike was boxing in his car outside a Granville Street hotel, and when VPD officers arrived, Matson went out the back door. One witness testified that he saw Matson stumble and fall, followed by a VPD officer with his gun drawn [Constable Reece Chalmers], who then kicked Matson in the head several times. Three other officers jumped on Matson, and the one with the gun drawn knelt on the back of Matson's neck and bounced up and down, while Matson said he couldn't breathe.

According to another witness, a crowd had gathered and someone yelled "Hey, you're going to kill him!"

A third person said she got out of her car to witness the attack on Matson, because "There was just a sense that something was not right."

The VPD's internal investigation determined that the officers acted appropriately and the use of force was reasonable. A crown counsel examined the VPD's case and laid no charges. An autopsy reported six to eight injuries on Matson's body, three leaving marks on his head. The report concluded that Matson died from choking due to the officer's restraint.

Despite this evidence and witness testimony, the coroner's jury ruled that Matson's death was an accident.

Robert Wayne Bagnell and Roman Andreichikov - On June 23, 2004, Robert Wayne Bagnell died in a Vancouver hotel, after been shocked with 50,000 volts of electricity by a police officer using a taser gun. Roman Andreichikov died on May 1st, 2004, in another hotel after he was tasered while three police officers were on top of him, holding him down. Andreichikov said that he couldn't breathe, but an officer responded by saying "If you're mumbling, you're still breathing." Jeff Berg - In January of 2005, the adjudicator in the Police Complaint Commission Public Hearing of Constable David Bruce-Thomas determined that the Vancouver police officer did not use excessive force in arresting Jeff Berg on October 22nd of 2002.

Berg sustained at least ten separate injuries to his face, head and neck during the arrest, and later died. According to witnesses and a pathologist, Berg was kicked several times while he was lying on the ground.

Constable Bruce-Thomas had a documented record of violence as of October 22nd, 2000, having been found guilty of abusing his authority in assaulting a woman in an alley a few years prior. She successfully sued him for damages for assault and battery.

On December 18th, 2000, Bruce-Thomas asked his Chief Constable to erase the abuse of authority conviction from his disciplinary record. After a recommendation from the VPD's Internal Investigation Section, then Chief Constable Blythe did so on January 30, 2001.

Frank Paul - In March of 2004, British Columbia Solicitor General Rich Coleman refused a formal request from the province's Police Complaint Commissioner to hold a public inquiry into the death of Frank Joseph Paul, a Mi'kmaq.

In the past, Coleman expressed worries that a public inquest of Paul's death would raise an outcry around police racism.

Paul died on December 6th, 1998, after a Vancouver police officer and a jail guard dragged his rain-soaked and unconscious body out of the Vancouver jail and dumped him in a nearby alley, where he froze to death. The VPD imposed a two day suspension on the jail sergeant for "discreditable conduct" and a one day suspension on the police officer for "neglect of duty".

Crown counsel examined the case five times and never laid charges.

and see also anthany james dawson:

Of murder and a friend...

I am reminded Of murder and a friend shot through the head behind a police station I am reminded of Anthany James Dawson pounded into a coma on the streets of Victoria by police officers I am reminded Of the self lynched black and Native youth sentenced to death by the callousness and mental pimpin of this city... cuz they consume native and black boys

http://kamloopsindymedia.org/newswire/display_any/21

"Eight witnesses testified during the inquest about a police officer punching Anthany but the Coroner and the jury refused to address the specific issue of force or alleged brutality. Perhaps they did indirectly when they said a contributing factor in Anthany's death was how the police and paramedics restrained him. But because of 'wall-to-wall lawyers', the jury's hands were tied."

<http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2004/03/22591.php>

Mysterious Death of Native Artist: Anthany Dawson

<http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2004/04/24950.php>

<http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2004/07/28178.php>

<http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2004/06/27436.php>

<http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2003/09/16739.php>

<http://www.turtleisland.org/news/news-anthany.htm>

ANTHANY DAWSON FACT SHEET - Rose Henry August 2002

<http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2004/01/20251.php>

<http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2004/04/24950.php>

http://www.world-crisis.com/analysis_comments/766_0_15_0_C/
____\
Stay Strong\
\
"Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor" \
--Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)\
\
"This mathematical rhythmical mechanism enhances my wisdom\
of Islam, keeps me calm from doing you harm, when I attack, it's Vietnam"\
--HellRazah\
\
"It's not too good to stay in a white man's country too long"\
--Mutabartuka\
\
"As for we who have decided to break the back of colonialism, \
our historic mission is to sanction all revolts, all desperate \
actions, all those abortive attempts drowned in rivers of blood."\
- Frantz Fanon\
\
"Everyday is Ashura and every land is Kerbala"\
-Imam Ja'far Sadiq\
\
<http://scratchcue.blogspot.com/>
\
<http://www.sleepybrain.net/vanilla.html>
\
http://www.world-crisis.com/analysis_comments/766_0_15_0_C/
\
<http://ilovepoetry.com/search.asp?keywords=braithwaite&orderBy=date>
\
<http://www.lowliferecords.co.uk/>
\
}

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310. **Steve Dalachinsky**

Re: Information for contributors to Malleable Jangle

Sun 13 Mar 2005

permission granted

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311. **Steve Dalachinsky**
Re: Ashbery in the NYTBR
Sun 13 Mar 2005

i was at that reading
maybe it's a limmerick aka limberprick at a party full of snobs

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312. **Tom Beckett**
Sheila E. Murphy Interviewed by Thomas Fink
Sun 13 Mar 2005

[Http://willtoexchange.blogspot.com](http://willtoexchange.blogspot.com)

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313. **Halvard Johnson**
Re: Blogs are Blocked in China
Sun 13 Mar 2005

```
{ Dear Buffalo Listers:
{
{ Did you all know that most of the blogs (Silliman's et al) are blocked from
{ view in the People's Republic of China?
{ I was there for the past three weeks and I could not access any of the blogs
{ and most of the poetry sites were also blocked-a notice "This page is not
{ available in the People's Republic of China" came up on the screen. Is this
{ a testament to our influence as poets? Would love your opinions on this?
```

Just another sign that poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world.

Hal Colourless green ideas sleep furiously.
 --Noam Chomsky

Halvard Johnson

=====

email: XXXXXXXXXX

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

blog: <http://entropyandme.blogspot.com/>

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314. **Lawrence Upton**

SVP & WF News

Sun 13 Mar 2005

SVP & WF News

apologies for cross posting

Monday 14th - this Monday coming, Sub Voicive Poetry as [REDACTED] again celebrate the memory of Bob Cobbing, with performances by Mike Weller and musicians Hugh Metcalfe and Veryan Weston

Camden Peoples Theatre, London - Warren St tube stn

8 pm 6 pounds and 4 pounds

A fine workshop at CPT on 12 March 2005.. An account has just been posted on the WF Info list

and we launched two publications

*_humming queuing_* by Lawrence Upton; 2nd revised ed (first ed 1999) ISBN 1 84254 591 4; 36pp; cover by Thomas Henderson

"There are generous returns to be had from these pieces even for the literal-minded if they recognise letters may spell the body of the text that is Barthes' "body of bliss". Such have we here." Adrian Clarke

DOMESTIC AMBIENT BUOYS Bob Cobbing and Lawrence Upton in discussion with Alaric Sumner August 1999; cover by Bob Cobbing; ISBN 1 84254 585 X; 37pp including end notes

"pitched somewhere between Picasso and Braque and a couple of embarrassed schoolkids, which is where it should be" Peter Manson

Each 4.50 sterling incl p & p in UK

The next workshop will be on Saturday 2nd April 2005 at Camden Peoples Theatre 3.30 for 4; tube Warren St

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315. **Dan Waber**

[poem] Back To The Sky

Sun 13 Mar 2005

13/61

Echo = snow shrinks in clumps from the pavement, lifting like dirty angel
back to the sky

Source = Jennifer Hill-Kaucher, SMS

Back To The Sky

The hill beside your house always sings snow
and your daughter's splash laugh. The sidewalk shrinks
each rain. The house itself is tilted in
six, seven, no eight directions. Those green clumps
are ornamental grass. The grapes are from
a previous life, the bamboo too. The
mysterious red hole in the pavement
is anyone's guess. Porch boards are lifting
and in need of some paint, though the birds like
it as is. Mad tiger lilies dirty
passing pants, three kitties mewl like angels
from two burst screen perches. The pool out back
is just a flat sand oval now, thanks to
the threat of mine subsidence. This is the
house called home, twenty-five windows to sky.

Dan Waber

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316. **derekrogeron**

Re: Blogs are Blocked in China

Sun 13 Mar 2005

po-list is freely available but no blogspot

-- Derek in China

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317. **Vernon Frazer**

Re: Blogs are Blocked in China

Sun 13 Mar 2005

Hi Ray

I was in China last spring for a conference and several readings. While I was there, I didn't use a computer. But before my visit and after it I sent

a number of poetry links to the poets and professors I knew there. Many times they couldn't access the sites. Your post provides me with the first explanation why the people I know can't always access the links I've sent. Whether this is because of poetry's effect or the government's perception of poetry's effect I can't say. Despite the internet restrictions, though, a number of Chinese college students have become interested in Beat Generation poetry and the scholars I

met know American Literature very well. But access to areas currently prohibited would increase their knowledge.

Vernon

<http://vernonfrazer.com>

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

From: UB Poetics discussion group [mailto:████████] On

Behalf Of Haas Bianchi

Sent: Saturday, March 12, 2005 9:20 AM

To: ██████████

Subject: Blogs are Blocked in China

Dear Buffalo Listers:

Did you all know that most of the blogs (Silliman's et al) are blocked from view in the People's Republic of China? I was there for the past three weeks and I could not access any of the blogs and most of the poetry sites were also blocked-a notice "This page is not available in the People's Republic of China" came up on the screen. Is this a testament to our influence as poets? Would love your opinions on this?

R

Raymond L Bianchi

chicagopostmodernpoetry.com/

collagepoetchicago.blogspot.com/

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318. **Craig Allen Conrad**

David Trinidad returns to NY for 2 readings....

Sun 13 Mar 2005

Monday, March 28

KGB (with Maggie Nelson)

85 E. 4th Street (between 2nd and 3rd Ave.)

7:30pm

Saturday, April 2

Segue (with Fred Schmalz)

Bowery Poetry Club

308 Bowery (just north of Houston)

4:00pm

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319. **Harry Nudel**

winter....

Sun 13 Mar 2005

-----Forwarded Message-----

From: [REDACTED]

Sent: Mar 13, 2005 4:03 AM

To: [REDACTED].

Subject: winter....

permission TO..

permission T00...

permission permission...

some dawn...long lasting lite..drn..

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320. **Alan Sondheim**

a hole in space in the earth

Sun 13 Mar 2005

a hole in space in the earth

in the mapping of the earth

falling through the mapping into the bingham copper mine crater

"<pre>earthole where map opens to illumin immunim borrowing bereath the
earth coding replaced by its coded absence bingham human-crater</pre>"

" earthole

earthole where map opens to illumin immunim borrowing bereath the earth

coding replaced by its coded absence

bingham human-crater"

<http://www.as.wvu.edu:8000/clc/Members/sondheim/earthole.jpg>

==

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321. **Geoffrey Gatza**

Fw: Dear Campus Watch

Sun 13 Mar 2005

Dear Campus Watch,

I have recently read the diatribe on the poet and activist Ammiel Alcalay, published in the American Thinker on March 4.

I am not writing this letter to argue politics with you, for that would be silly, wouldn't it? I am writing, rather, to ask that you add me to the list of American poets you are putting under surveillance. Allow me to briefly list some of my credentials, as I think you will agree I deserve to be given a file in the archives of your organization.

I was one of the poets published in Sam Hammill's Poets Against the War anthology. My poem, which was widely distributed before its anthology publication, including by the openly Marxist journal Monthly Review, is titled Baghdad, and it is loosely based on the children's book Goodnight Moon.

Days went by... Then, the torture scandal at Abu Ghraib prison happened, and I published a poem titled "Lyric Poetry After Auschwitz, Or: Get the Hood Back On." This poem may be of particular interest to you, since (in addition to the fact that it is accompanied by photographs and the music of Dean Martin) Ammiel Alcalay himself saw fit to send it abroad for possible translation into Arabic. I don't know if it has been translated yet, but the English version is available here, where it has received thousands of visits since its appearance : <http://www.blazevox.org/kent.htm>

Further, this poem is now the title poem of a collection of mine that is soon to appear. This book will contain numerous pieces by me (not everyone would judge it poetry!), all of which have some relation to the war in Iraq. The cover of this book will be, I think, somewhat original: The infamous shot of the American soldier holding the leash which is clipped to the neck of the prone prisoner shall be surrounded by pictures of daffodils among which shall be little Cupids shooting their arrows inward, toward the picture.

But the most important thing I wanted to say about the forthcoming book is this: I intend to announce in the book that all author royalties from the sale of the collection are to be donated to Campus Watch. I wish to do this (and I hope you will accept the gesture) because I strongly believe your proto-fascist activities are an excellent stimulant to the defense of American values, like civil liberties and other stuff.

Also, I should tell you that I correspond with Joseph Safdie, one of the "leftist" poets mentioned in the American Thinker article! He and I almost co-edited a book of recipes and favorite dinner anecdotes by poets. Alas, this book idea fell through, though I now can't quite remember why. But someone else should certainly do it, as it is a wonderful idea. Oh, and I should also say that in the 1980's I worked as a literacy teacher in Nicaragua on two different occasions. This was when the Sandinista's were in power. Though I'm more or less a social democrat now, I was *really* radical back then. From our village, we could hear the Contra mortars going off almost every night. Some of my friends died. Then I came back and founded the Milwaukee Central America Solidarity chapter,

which went on to do all sorts of protest activities. One event we organized was called "Who's Watching You in 1984?" and hundreds of people attended, including numerous FBI agents. Not to get too sentimental, but it was at this event that I met my future wife.

So, these would be some reasons you might wish to accept my request to be inducted into your files. I will be sure to send you a copy of the forthcoming book, which, again, shall go to support the activities of your organization.

Sincerely,

Kent Johnson

Kent Johnson is on the Board of Directors of BlazeVOX [books] and currently this year's _Mobilis in Mobili_ Poetry Prize. www.blazevox.org/prize.htm

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322. **Joe Brennan**

Elites Continue Relentless Attack on the Poor

Sun 13 Mar 2005

Click here: The Assassinated Press

Elites Continue Relentless Attack on the Poor:

Cheney Cites Fat Black Women as Justification For Aid Cutoff:

Farm Corporations Threaten to Cut Off Congressional Aid:

Congress May Cut Food Aid for Poor, Not Farm Subsidies:

Bush Plans New Tax Cuts for Wealthy:

By LIBBY QUIDPROQUO

Britain Attempts To Regain World Lead in Fascism:

Bush Promises US Will Not Surrender To Peace, Encourages Congress To Follow

Britain's example:

Bobbies Polishing Batons with Vaseline:

Publisher E. Dale Schmidt Elated:

By BEN JONSON

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.

".....at a time when I am speaking to you about the paradox of desire -- in the sense that different goods obscure it -- you can hear outside the awful language of power. There's no point in asking whether they are sincere or hypocritical, whether they want peace or whether they calculate the risks. The dominating

impression as such a moment is that something that may pass for a prescribed good; information addresses and captures impotent crowds to whom it is poured

forth like a liquor that leaves them dazed as they move toward the slaughter house.

One might even ask if one would allow the cataclysm to occur without first giving free reign to this hubbub of voices...."

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323. **Bruce Holsapple**

Re: Philip Lamantia, 1927-2005

Sun 13 Mar 2005

In the Chronicle article that Ron Silliman provided on Philip Lamantia, Ferlinghetti talked about Lamantia's "huge influence on Allen Ginsberg." That makes sense. They met in 1948. But I can't find any reference to that influence in Ginsberg's work (like the journals or interviews). Anybody out there can point me to a place where I can see it documented or discussed? Thanks, BH

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324. **Russell Golata**

Fw: March 19 worldwide day of protest against the Iraq war

Sun 13 Mar 2005

March 12, 2005

Today is a special day. It's the 75-year anniversary of Mahatma Gandhi's famous "salt march." On March 12, 1930, Gandhi began a 240-mile march to non-violently resist the British tax on salt and move India closer to independence from British rule. Gandhi changed India and the world, with his relentless, non-violent struggle for peace and justice. (For more on Gandhi's life, [click here](#).)

Today is also important because it begins our 7-day countdown to the March 19 worldwide day of protest against the Iraq war. Next Saturday, people throughout the world will raise our voices on the two-year anniversary of the US invasion of Iraq to say NO to war, torture and occupation, and YES to international law, human rights, and respect our planet and its inhabitants!

We hope the life and philosophy of Gandhi will inspire you to join CODEPINK out on the streets on March 19. And if that's not enough inspiration, below we've provided some of our top reasons for opposing the Iraq war and occupation (below.) These are available as a flyer in PDF format on the website of our good friends at Global Exchange.

And here's one more reminder of where CODEPINK will be focusing our energies on March 19:

Fayetteville, NC Home of Fort Bragg, 82nd Airborne, Special Forces March 19 march and rally at Rowan Street Park, 11 AM - 4 PM, with military families, veterans, and others. Click [here](#) for more information about CODEPINK's plans:

San Diego, CA Home of Camp Pendleton

On Thursday, March 17, CODEPINK members and supporters begin a 40-mile peace procession from Oceanside Pier. The procession ends at the March 19 rally at Balboa Park, 2 PM. For more info check out our March 19 action page.

Peace Ribbon Project

CODEPINK is creating a peace "ribbon" with panels representing each life that has been claimed by the war in Iraq. This beautiful memorial will first be displayed on March 19 in Fayetteville. Please consider making a panel. Go to the Peace Ribbon page for more details.

Local Protests

See <http://www.unitedforpeace.org/> to find out about March 19 protests planned in your city or town. (see bottom of email for list of events in Tennessee)

Let's join with the majority of the people in the world on March 19 and let them know we stand with them for peace! As Gandhi said, "When I despair, I remember that all through history the way of truth and love has always won. There have been tyrants and murderers and for a time they seem invincible but in the end, they always fall -- think of it, ALWAYS."

See you in the streets,

Andrea, Dana, Gael, Jodie, Medea, Nancy and Tiffany

Why It's Time to End the US Military Occupation of Iraq

Occupation Puts US Soldiers At Risk

With more than 1,500 US troops killed and over 25,000 wounded, it's clear that even though the big battles are over, the fighting in Iraq has not stopped. US soldiers are at grave risk in Iraq, and continue to suffer even after they come home. Troops returning to the U.S. are suffering from post-traumatic stress disorder, and are even turning up in homeless shelters in cities through the country.

Iraq is in Chaos, and the Occupation is Making Things Worse According to a study published in the respected medical journal The Lancet, some 100,000 Iraqis have lost their lives in the war and occupation, and most of those deaths are due to the U.S. military campaign. Iraqis are afraid to leave their homes,

because they could be killed by U.S. soldiers or suicide bombers. Fear of violence, abduction and rape has emptied the streets of women.

Occupying Iraq Makes Us Less Safe

The ongoing US military presence in Iraq - and plans to build 14 permanent military bases there - is inflaming anti-American sentiment throughout the Middle East and around the world. According to the US National Intelligence Council, the war in Iraq has created "a training and recruitment ground (for terrorists), and an opportunity for terrorists to enhance their technical skills."

The Iraqis Don't Want Us There

An overwhelming majority Iraqis (82% of Sunnis and 69% of Shiites) want the U.S. military to leave after an elected Iraqi government is in place. If we really believe in democracy, then we should listen to the demands of the Iraqi people and leave their country. There can be no liberation in the midst of a military occupation, and the Iraqi election didn't change that reality.

Occupation Takes Resources Away From Priorities At Home

The invasion and occupation of Iraq has already cost more than \$153 billion, and the Bush administration has just asked Congress for another \$82 billion for 2005. At the same time, community programs are being cut in every state in the country - from public libraries to schools to hospitals to train service - and the deficit is reaching record levels. Our social and homeland security needs should not become part of the war's "collateral damage."

http://meetup.radicaldesigns.org/calendar_display.php?state=TN&bydate=2005-03-13

Chattanooga, TN

End the War Now/Stand Up, Chattanooga

http://meetup.radicaldesigns.org/calendar_display.php?calid=12794

Saturday, March 19th 2005 4:00P

March and rally to end the war in Iraq.

Knoxville, TN

Vigil for Peace and Justice

http://meetup.radicaldesigns.org/calendar_display.php?calid=13148

Saturday, March 19th 2005 11:00 am

Vigil for Peace and Justice, marking the 2nd anniversary of the US invasion of Iraq.

Memphis, TN

Actions to mark second anniversary of Iraq War

http://meetup.radicaldesigns.org/calendar_display.php?calid=13533

Saturday, March 19th 2005 Noon

There will be a march and rally on March 19 originating at First Congregational Church, 1000 S. Cooper, at Noon and proceeding to Overton Park's Veteran's Plaza, where there will be a rally of words, music, and prayer starting at approximately 1:30pm.

Nashville, TN

Think Peace -- Bring Our Troops Home Now

http://meetup.radicaldesigns.org/calendar_display.php?calid=13510

Saturday, March 19th 2005 Noon

Locally, Nashville Peace Coalition will host the "Think Peace! Bring the Troops Home Now! Rally" to raise consciousness about the occupation of Iraq and demand that President Bush begin to take responsibility for ending what is a grave humanitarian crisis.

Summertown, TN

Communities Conference at The Farm/Activist Summit

http://meetup.radicaldesigns.org/calendar_display.php?calid=6748

Sunday, May 28th 2006 01:00 am

Building Community

If you are seeking more community in your life or wish to strengthen the community in which you live, this weekend offers boundless opportunities, with workshops on consensus, conflict resolution, right livelihood and green business, and much more.

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325. **Hoerman, Michael A**

Editors & publishers: a young poet in jail needs books

Sun 13 Mar 2005

His name is Palleka Mak. He's 17-years-old, a Cambodian immigrant currently in the Suffolk County Jail awaiting trial, and facing a life sentence without

parole. He wants to explore the possibilities of his poetry. Palleka writes poetry and shows signs of promise. Like most poets at his age, he has very far to go. The biggest obstacle right now is his access to books. Palleka hasn't read a lot of contemporary poetry. He can be sent softcover books by mail with the caveat that they can only come mailed directly from publishers. Individuals cannot mail books to him (and please do not attempt to do so). If you are an editor or publisher and would mail a book to Palleka, especially any anthology of younger poets, you will directly contribute to his education and to any future poetry he may write. Mail must be sent addressed exactly as follows. The booking officer misspelled his name, and some letters addressed to the proper spelling only (Mak) have been returned to relatives.

Suffolk County Jail
Palleka Mack (Mak)
200 Nashua St.
Boston, MA 02114

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326. **Ishaq**

Pass The Mic! : Latino Hip-Hop documentary

Sun 13 Mar 2005

The suppressed voices from Latin hip-hop culture are finally heard in this compelling voyage to the underground roots where it all began! Witness hip-hop's best kept secrets pump into the pen, bleed onto the page, race through the microphone, and blast onto the stage to influence the world of music. Two generations of Latino hip-hoppers reveal their struggles, successes, and the secrets of their art, flinging open a controversial window with a no-holds-barred approach that will shock the music industry. Respected by their peers, ignored by the media, these are the key figures who have revolutionized hip-hop culture, filled with gripping stories told through riveting interviews, exclusive backstage footage, and dope music! Step inside the recording studios, put on a headset, and prepare to Pass the Mic!

<http://www.brownpride.com/latinrap/default.asp>

<http://www.passthemic.net/>

-- Finally, Their Stories are told...

"A Very Good Movie" and Pass The Mic! is "The Real Deal". --Damien McCaffery, Associate Editor, VIBE Magazine

"The Strong-ness is in its Rawness...Compelling...their disappointment in the music industry is the highlight" -Director Sylvia Morales of Resurrection Blvd.

Los Angeles, CA- Throughout the rich and colorful world of Hip-Hop, the Latino influence has never been properly documented. Finally, the true story is told...

Find out why Fox 11 News is calling Latin Hip-Hop "The Next Big Thing". Discover the reason a UPN news report predicts the Latin Hip-Hop scene to become more successful than Latin Pop. Witness the growth of the underground, the ingenuity of the lyrical content, and soon realize why this movement is rising to insurmountable heights.

Four years in the making, Pass The Mic! mixes exclusive interviews with concert and behind the scenes footage. Safada Y Sano Productions, along with the frontrunners of the Latin Hip-Hop movement Digital Aztlan, produced a riveting and controversial piece, keeping the content and its topics uncensored.

Hear from the Artists firsthand as they recall the politics and the stereotypes placed upon them. Listen to the "Godfather of Latin Hip-Hop" Mellow Man Ace, Delinquent Habits and Lighter Shade of Brown converse about the late 1980's and early 1990's Latin Hip-Hop Scene, when they were headlining tours and going gold. Learn how the Latin Hip-Hop sound has influenced the world of Hip-Hop and helped ignite the Latin Pop Explosion. See how the movement has crossed borders and races. Take note of their struggles, their influences, and their love for the art of music.

Artists Interviewed

Mellow Man Ace, Delinquent Habits, Molotov, Psycho Realm, Proper Dos, Brown Town Looters, Street Platoon, Capone of Latino Jam Records, Lighter Shade of Brown, Conejo, Aztlan Underground, Seditious Beats (now know as Divine Forces Radio), ILL-Fame, Rhyme Poetic Mafia.

Exclusive Footage

The much talked about freestyles from the 5th Battalion/Digital Aztlan Coconut Teasers show, freestyles from the Divine Circle of Prayer portion of the Seditious Beats radio show, G'fellas self titled album photo shoot, recording studio footage of the Artists laying down their tracks, plus exclusive concert footage from many of the top Latino MC's.

Music

Soundtrack courtesy of the underground sensation 5th Battalion. Also featured The Ollin Project with tracks from The Psycho Realm, Voodoo Click, Los Tumbados, and Krazy

<http://www.passthemic.net/>

___\

Stay Strong\

\

"Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor" \

--Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)\
\
"This mathematical rhythmical mechanism enhances my wisdom\
of Islam, keeps me calm from doing you harm, when I attack, it's Vietnam"
--HellRazah\
\
"It's not too good to stay in a white man's country too long"
--Mutabartuka\
\
"As for we who have decided to break the back of colonialism, \
our historic mission is to sanction all revolts, all desperate \
actions, all those abortive attempts drowned in rivers of blood."
- Frantz Fanon\
\
"Everyday is Ashura and every land is Kerbala"
-Imam Ja'far Sadiq\
\
<http://scratchcue.blogspot.com/>
\
<http://www.sleepybrain.net/vanilla.html>
\
http://www.world-crisis.com/analysis_comments/766_0_15_0_C/
\
<http://ilovepoetry.com/search.asp?keywords=braithwaite&orderBy=date>
\
<http://www.lowliferecords.co.uk/>
\
}

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327. **David Buuck**
Santa Cruz reading 3/21
Sun 13 Mar 2005

New Cadence Poetry Series presents:
Jules Boykoff, Kaia Sand & David Buuck
Monday, March 21st, 7pm
Louden Nelson Center
301 Center St., Santa Cruz

Jules Boykoff and Kaia Sand edit the Tangent, a zine of politics and the arts;
and host TangentRadio, a weekly radio program on poetry and politics
(www.thetangentpress.org/radio.htm). Jules is the author of the multi-media

poetry chapbook, *Philosophical Investigations Inna Neo-Con Roots-Dub Styley* (Interrupting Cow Press, DC, 2004) and his visual work is currently part of Harvard University's Visual Poetry Exhibition (www.infinitypoetry.com). His critical writing is forthcoming in *Chain*, *Tripwire*, *Labor History*, *XCP: Cross Cultural Poetics*, and *Socialist Studies*. Kaia Sand is the author of *interval* (Edge Books 2004). Currently, her poetry can be found in the *Poker*, *PomPom*, the *Hat*, and *Cypress Magazine*. An excerpt from her new project, *why this body decided to be left-handed*, comprises the forthcoming issue of *Primary Writing*. David Buck lives in Oakland, where he edits *Tripwire*, organizes BARGE (Bay Area Research Group in Enviro-Aesthetics), and is a Contributing Editor for *Artweek*.

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328. **Richard Jeffrey Newman**

Apologies

Sun 13 Mar 2005

Lawrence Upton just emailed me to tell me that he had received backchannel the email announcement I have sent out regarding my new book of translations. I had thought I removed all the people on the Poetics List from the list I sent the backchannel announcement to since I had already posted an announcement of the book's publication on the list. If anyone else received the backchannel announcement and wants to be removed from that list, please backchannel me and I will remove you, and my apologies in advance.

Rich Newman

Richard Jeffrey Newman

Associate Professor, English

Chair, International Education Committee

Nassau Community College

One Education Drive

Garden City, NY 11530

O: [REDACTED]

F: [REDACTED]

<mailto:[REDACTED]> [REDACTED]

<<http://www.ncc.edu>> www.ncc.edu

<mailto:[REDACTED]> [REDACTED]

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

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

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329. **mIEKAL aND**

Re: Santa Cruz reading 3/21

Sun 13 Mar 2005

David: What's BARGE? Google is curiously silent about this. Sounds interesting.

mIEKAL

On Mar 13, 2005, at 9:29 PM, David Buuck wrote:

| *Bay Area Research Group in Enviro-Aesthetics*

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330. **derekrogerson**

Re: March 19 worldwide day of protest against the Iraq war

Mon 14 Mar 2005

Gandhi was not marching to say no against British rule -- he was marching to the ocean to make salt. His march was *not a protest* -- it was a practical matter (making salt) which, as an Indian living beside the Indian ocean, was his right to do.

It continues to be the case, unfortunately, (especially in consumer-happy America), that the freedom to choose progress in the form of change is passed-over every time in favor of easily digestible activism where you get to buy something and take home a souvenir to show-off to friends (a favorite protest pin perhaps -or- the ubiquitous 'ribbon') or spend money getting somewhere (more reason for more acquisition of oil) to spend more money and further support the very thing you claim not to support (\$\$\$ for big-business + World Trade oppression).

Activism is *not* civil disobedience. Stop paying taxes if you do not support the war/occupation in Iraq! Stop watching TV! Stop participating in the voting process! Stop buying things! Silly 'me-first' marches and protests (Hey! Look at me! I'm a protester! I feel good about myself!) are just useless flag-waving ego-games.

Activism is only sufficient as long as it is unattained. The activist submits to unjust conditions by 'having their say against it while within, in full-support, and apart of it'. They are demonstrative in opposition: a good-cop bad-cop routine with whatever they are against.

Every vote against George W. Bush was a vote in favor of electing George W. Bush. You support and orchestrated the process which elected this President.

Same with Gandhi -- every unjust act (like violence) and/or submission to what is unjust *is a supporting action*. The aim is NOT resistance -- it is NONCOMPLIANCE. To resist you have to fight back; to not submit you have to do nothing. How many resources in the form of money will you fork over to 'have your say?' How many times will you support a voting process which doesn't work -- by voting?

Instead: find stance and do right things (the way of truth and love) -- not the way of protest or 'action against'.

-- Derek

"When I despair, I remember that all through history the way of truth and love has always won. There have been tyrants and murderers and for a time they seem invincible but in the end, they always fall -- think of it, ALWAYS."

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331. **Jesse Glass**

Kent Johnson and Campus Watch

Mon 14 Mar 2005

Always keeping himself busy...

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332. **Jesse Glass**

Let's All Turn Ourselves In To Campus Watch!

Mon 14 Mar 2005

A great show of support for Mr. Ammiel Alcalay. Let's give them a thousand names to keep tabs on! Fox News, here we come!

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333. **Ishaq**

Revolution in the Revolution

Mon 14 Mar 2005

<http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2005/03/39039.php>

Revolution in the Revolution

As Thomas Edison said a century ago, "whoever controls the film industry will control the most powerful influence over people." And today that means

everyone on the planet. Images govern our dreams, and our dreams drive our actions. Seeing *Easy Rider* or *Mourir à Madrid* (To Die in Madrid) or *Citizen Kane* can change a kid's life. But 320 different types of cheese or wine won't, however much the studio bosses suggest that America makes movies and France sticks to gastronomy.

Revolution in the Revolution

In the '60s, Régis Debray fought beside Che Guevara in Bolivia. Today, his obsession isn't ideology- it's "mediology."

By Andrew Joscelyne

Twenty-seven years ago, French radical theoretician Régis Debray was sentenced by a Bolivian military tribunal to 30 years in jail. He had been captured with the guerrilla band led by Ernesto "Che" Guevara, Fidel Castro's legendary lieutenant. Released after three years, largely because of the intervention of compatriots such as President Charles de Gaulle, André Malraux, and Jean-Paul Sartre, Debray returned to writing. (His 1967 *Revolution in the Revolution* is considered a primer for guerrilla insurrection.) He spent five years in the early '80s as a special advisor on Latin American relations to French President François Mitterrand.

Creating a discipline he calls "mediology," Debray has investigated how it is that abstract ideas can end up as world-changing ideologies. Today, he is developing a new theory of the transmission of ideas through history, to grasp how words become flesh, ideas ideologies. *Wired* tracked him down in Paris to find out more about the brave new science of mediology.

Wired: "Mediology" sounds like a mix of media and semiology. What does it really stand for?

Debray:

My starting point was a sense of intellectual astonishment at the mysterious fact that certain signs, certain words and images, get transformed into acts. The parables of Jesus of Nazareth, for example, were reworked by St. Paul into a body of beliefs known as Christianity. The writings of Karl Marx were transformed into a far-reaching political program by Lenin. Powerful ideas need intermediaries. Then I began to realize that these systems of belief - ideologies as we used to call them - are also part and parcel of the material delivery systems by which they are transmitted: if a book like *Das Kapital* had an influence, then it was because the technologies of print, the networks of distribution, and libraries worked together to create a fertile milieu - what I call a "mediosphere" - for its operation.

This fairly modest proposal was aimed against a tradition of viewing ideas as "texts," as pieces of disembodied knowledge analyzed in terms of signs and codes. In the last analysis, you could rephrase what I'm interested in as a black-box problem. If the input is sounds, words, letters, even photons, and the output is legislation, institutions, police forces, and so on, then inside the black box must be what I call "the act of transmission," the whole set of technologies and environments that translate the input into the output.

It sounds as if you are trying to smuggle a little hardware into what most people think of as the history of ideas.

I would make an analogy between what I call mediology and the strategy of the neurosciences. While the neurosciences are dedicated to overcoming the inherited duality between mind and brain, mediology tries to view history by hybridizing technology and culture. It focuses on the intersections between technology and intellectual life.

Schematically speaking, you propose three historical ages of transmission technologies: the logosphere (the age of writing, theology, the kingdom, and faith), then the graphosphere (the age of print, political ideologies, nations, and laws) and now the recently opened videosphere (audio/video broadcasting, models, individuals, and opinions). This sounds like Marshall McLuhan. How do you relate to the author of *Understanding Media*?

McLuhan is obviously a precursor, even though I would qualify him more as a poet than a historian, a master of intellectual collage rather than a systematic analyst. As he himself said, he was an explorer rather than an explainer.

Clearly, my classification resembles his in so far as each historical period is governed by major shifts in the technologies of transmission. But in my view, these apparently different historical stages are more like successive geological strata than quantum shifts from one "medium" to the next. For example, I have written a book examining the history of how people have looked at images: traveling "through" images to God in the age of idols (the "logosphere"), contemplating "beyond" images during the age of art (the "graphosphere"), and now controlling images for their own sake (the very recent "visual" age of the "videosphere").

McLuhan located the primacy of the visual in the age of print, whereas I would say that "seeing" is a constant practice in human history that is differentially influenced by the dominant mediosphere.

I also feel that McLuhan blurred over some fairly complex issues in his famous "the medium is the message" sound bite. The term "medium" can be unpacked into a channel (i.e., a technology such as film), or a code (such as music or a natural language), or a message (the semantic content of an act of

communication such as a promise). By reducing medium to a channel-eye view, McLuhan overemphasizes the technology behind cultural change at the expense of the usage that the messages and codes make of that technology. Semioticians do the opposite - they glorify the code at the expense of what it is really used for in a specific milieu.

Mediology tends to take a very long and very broad view of how technologies might influence the transmission of ideas. What can it tell us about our own preoccupation with the impact of technology today?

Giuseppe Verdi once said, "Looking back at the past is a real sign of progress." In my opinion, futurologists such as Alvin Toffler tend to overemphasize the thread of technological determinism in history and then project it into the future.

The technologies of transmission - writing systems, printing presses, and computers - do not necessarily drive change in a predictably specific direction.

It wasn't the invention of the mechanical clock that modified the medieval conception of time; monasteries needed a timekeeper for their religious rituals, so the clock became a plausible technology.

In the same way, a given technology can lead to very different effects in different mediaspheres, as the invention of printing attests. Although wood-block printing first developed in China, it did not evolve into moveable type, presumably because it was more appropriate to a calligraphic tradition.

In Europe, however, wood-block printing appears to have led almost inevitably to our Gutenberg culture of typesetting and print shop. There is no fatality about the given effects of what appears a natural advance to any specific technology.

What, in your view, is missing from the manifold debates on the history of technology development today?

What I call the jogging effect. When the automobile was industrialized, futurologists said that people would develop atrophied legs from sitting cramped in their cars all day. What happened was commuters put on Lycra shorts and started running on their lunch breaks.

Each technical step forward means a compensating step backward in our mindsets. Islamic fundamentalists don't come from the traditional universities deeply rooted in a literary educational system; they graduate from engineering schools and technical colleges. Last century, some futurologists foresaw the end of national wars under the influence of spreading railroad lines and electrical telegraphy; others believed that industrialization would wipe out religious superstition.

In fact, an imbalance in technologies tends to provoke a corresponding refocusing on ethnic values.

France has taken much flak over GATT and its "cultural exception" clause for film production. You waged a friendly, if uncompromising, duel with the free-marketeering Peruvian writer, Mario Vargas Llosa, over what is at stake in this issue of media dominance. How does a mediologist view the high-culture-versus-pop-culture issue?

Just as the concept of biodiversity seems to be developing into a general concern for nature, so I think we should negotiate a contract for mediodiversity in a mediasphere that is continually threatened with increasing uniformity of content because of the spread of global networks.

The contrast between commercial entertainment product and cultural artwork reveals two competing world views. Commercial entertainment products meet consumer needs, whereas cultural objects create their own audiences, often against the grain of current taste.

The Nielsen ratings not only spell the demise of filmmakers such as Roberto Rossellini or John Cassavetes, they also write the coda to an essentially Enlightenment vision that puts the quality of artistic mind over the quantity of box-office matter. Simply put, movie studios like Columbia Pictures and Warner Brothers might be good for the US, but there is no reason why they will be good for humanity as a whole.

As Thomas Edison said a century ago, "whoever controls the film industry will control the most powerful influence over people." And today that means everyone on the planet. Images govern our dreams, and our dreams drive our actions. Seeing *Easy Rider* or *Mourir à Madrid* (To Die in Madrid) or *Citizen Kane* can change a kid's life. But 320 different types of cheese or wine won't, however much the studio bosses suggest that America makes movies and France sticks to gastronomy.

Political dominance always means that you kill off other ways of seeing things. By transforming three-quarters of the world into a cultural proletariat, you will make people of this class into more determined rebels in the 21st century. Far more determined, in fact, than the economic proletariat has been in the 20th century.

You don't seem particularly excited about the potential for liberation offered by the technologies of intelligence as we see them developing today. Why not?

The machine offered Descartes a model for thinking about the human body. It later provided British mathematician Alan Turing with a model for intelligent behavior. But machines will never be able to give the thinking process a model

of thought itself, since machines are not mortal. What gives humans access to the symbolic domain of value and meaning is the fact that we die.

Andrew Joscelyne () is a Paris-based freelance writer with a special interest in technologies for augmenting intellectual work. He is writing a book on the development of language technology.

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[http://www.wired.com/wired/archive/3.01/debray.html?pg=2&topic=\(none\)](http://www.wired.com/wired/archive/3.01/debray.html?pg=2&topic=(none))

<http://www.e-litterature.net/general/general.php?>

[repart=~alice&titrepbray&numu&aut19&id1=R%E9gis&id2pbray&id3=L'emp](http://www.e-litterature.net/general/general.php?repart=~alice&titrepbray&numu&aut19&id1=R%E9gis&id2pbray&id3=L'emp)
[rise](http://www.e-litterature.net/general/general.php?repart=~alice&titrepbray&numu&aut19&id1=R%E9gis&id2pbray&id3=L'emp)

http://fr.wikipedia.org/wiki/R%C3%A9gis_Debay

[http://www.wired.com/wired/archive/3.01/debray.html?pg=2&topic=\(none\)](http://www.wired.com/wired/archive/3.01/debray.html?pg=2&topic=(none))

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Stay Strong\

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"Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor" \

--Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)\

\

"This mathematical rhythmical mechanism enhances my wisdom\

of Islam, keeps me calm from doing you harm, when I attack, it's Vietnam"\

--HellRazah\

\

"It's not too good to stay in a white man's country too long"\

--Mutabartuka\

\

"As for we who have decided to break the back of colonialism, \

our historic mission is to sanction all revolts, all desperate \

actions, all those abortive attempts drowned in rivers of blood." \

- Frantz Fanon\

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"Everyday is Ashura and every land is Kerbala"\

-Imam Ja'far Sadiq\

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

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<http://www.sleepybrain.net/vanilla.html>

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http://www.world-crisis.com/analysis_comments/766_0_15_0_C/

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http://ilovepoetry.com/search.asp?keywords=braithwaite&orderByÚte
\
http://www.lowliferecords.co.uk/
\
}
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[↑ Contents](#)

334. **Jesse Taylor**
Maria Serrano on SpiralBridge.org

Mon 14 Mar 2005

Maria Serrano on www.SpiralBridge.org

[↑ Contents](#)

335. **Harry Nudel**
winter...

Mon 14 Mar 2005

turning the corner...

i can't remember
what's behind

i can't forget
what's ahead....

the clock stopped...drn...

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336. **Harry Nudel**
Campus Watch...

Mon 14 Mar 2005

1) P.O.I..the crude article on Alcalay
wasn't written by Campus Watch..they
just indexed it...it seems to have
written by some grad student who
hadn't the slightest clue as to the
complexities of the byzantine pol
of the po world...

2) At the mem...Judith
Malina managed to compare

a manque-jew-anarchist poet
to E.P...without irony mind you..

3) for some reason..a few
days ago..i managed to get
to the shelves behind my desk
which i hadn't seen in a generation..
& found two 19th cent. copies
of E.D...Poems..Poems 2nd Series..
grey..gilt edged..floral gold stamped
motif..small eternity held in the
palm...

4) this of course reminded me of
the discuss of Susan Howe..not that
i agree or disagree..tho i'd like to
own the mss..there's always privelege..
the next generaton may get E.D..
thru text messaging..brain chip implants..
or shoot pure drug info needle speed of time..

5) anyway 'bout a decade a go..
got to buy some books from a former
Prof..who was ACTUTALLY blacklisted
and lost his job at C.U.N.Y..his name
escapes me..and it's too deep into the
nite to bother with it..

6) lived in one of those dense Stalinist
high rise villages on the Upper West Side..
lotsa books..i must have been the 4th
or 5th dealer in..he had (written?) the
1st bibliography of E.D..when i asked
him about it..he sd...as a grad student
in the 1930's..he was the one to have
discovered..the
....had been taken out...and that the
cousins had heavlly edited E.D...

7....after the blacklist..he really lost his
job..he went on to edit..a Left mag for the
next 40 yrs..he gave me a copy.. i kept
it by bed for a few months...and threw it
out..

drn...

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337. **Bob Marcacci**

Re: Blogs are Blocked in China

Mon 14 Mar 2005

Yes, I currently live in Beijing, have lived here for about six months, and was initially bothered when I couldn't reach some places on the internet, including my own. Blogspot domains and other blog domains are blocked here, but my workaround is to use a proxy server. The site I use is <<http://anonymouse.ws>>, although there are many others. I'm not sure why proxy servers aren't blocked, but I'm not complaining about it and quietly go about my business.

Unfortunately, I have never been able to view Mr. Silliman's blog using this method as the Anonymouse website won't serve such a content heavy site. Does anyone know of a proxy server that serves larger sites? I would love to hear about it.

Finally, I would love to hear from other poets in this neck of the woods. I've read poetry here a couple times, although they were open-mic stylee and, in both instances, I was the only spoken word number among the other musical acts. Looking for a better venue and, well, some folks to vibe with...

--

Bob Marcacci

We are so vain that we even care for the opinion of those we don't care for.

- Marie Ebner von Eschenbach

*From: Automatic digest processor <[REDACTED]>
Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>
Date: Mon, 14 Mar 2005 00:00:01 -0500
To: Recipients of POETICS digests <[REDACTED]>
Subject: POETICS Digest - 12 Mar 2005 to 13 Mar 2005 (#2005-73)*

*Date: Sat, 12 Mar 2005 08:20:21 -0600
From: Haas Bianchi <[REDACTED]>
Subject: Blogs are Blocked in China*

Dear Buffalo Listers:

*Did you all know that most of the blogs (Silliman's et al) are blocked from view in the People's Republic of China?
I was there for the past three weeks and I could not access any of the blogs and most of the poetry sites were also blocked-a notice "This page is not available in the People's Republic of China" came up on the screen. Is this a testament to our influence as poets? Would love your opinions on this?*

R

Raymond L Bianchi
chicagopostmodernpoetry.com/
collagepoetchicago.blogspot.com/

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338. **Lawrence Upton**
regarding campus watch et al

Mon 14 Mar 2005

To make sure you are all aware - that UK citizens may now be arrested and confined without charge and without being told what their crime is, confinement can be house arrest, curfew, no use of phone, no use of web etc

the game played was that originally the ploy was a politician could not it through

now it must be a judge who nods it through

this is a victory for democracy and the parliamentary process

Yours

Lawrence U

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339. **Ron Silliman**
Silliman's Blog

Mon 14 Mar 2005

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

RECENT POSTS

Jack Gilbert,
language poet

A portrait by Didi Menendez

Jim Behrle's
"Ron is Ron" cartoons

d alexander "æ"
a lost poet of the 1960s

Questions from
Erika Marie Eckart

Without a there there â€“
the decentered influence
of projectivist poetry today

Steve Petermeier on poetry & language:
the examples of Dakota & Ojibwe

Discovering Roy Kiyooka â€“
better late than never

Finland â€“
when the written language
dates only to 1850â€“

Museum audio headsets:
look at the damn art

DalÃ's Photoshop:
Under the surrealist
there lay a realist

Indoors vs. outdoors
as an aesthetic experience
(a nod to Edwin Denby)

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

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340. **Dan Waber**
[poem] I Should Choose
Mon 14 Mar 2005

14/61

Echo = I should choose where I live by the variety of birds the area produces

Source = Jennifer Hill-Kaucher, journal entry

I Should Choose

There is something between birds and you I
am excluded from. It's nothing you should
be concerned about, we don't get to choose
who we are simpatico with or where
our words will nest. When you talk of them I
fall in love with the way your fingers live
up to your delight as they flutter by
your olive eyes. There is something in the

way your language springs free variety
in phrasing, tempo and subtle shades of
meaning I can hold like your palms cup birds
with broken wings. It makes me feel I'm the
only man in a twelve state area
that can hear the song your voice produces.

Dan Waber

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341. **Marcus Bales**

Re: March 19 worldwide day of protest against the Iraq war

Mon 14 Mar 2005

On 14 Mar 2005 at 13:51, derekrogerson wrote:

- > Gandhi was not marching to say no against British rule -- he was
- > marching to the ocean to make salt. His march was *not a protest* --
- > it was a practical matter (making salt) which, as an Indian living
- > beside the Indian ocean, was his right to do.

This is silly. Gandhi was certainly marching for independence -- though it is also certainly true that not every other marcher understood the whole dynamic as well as Gandhi did.

| *Activism is *not* civil disobedience.<*

No, but civil disobedience is not always required. You're making a simplistic argument, here, that all activists want to do acts of civil disobedience -- and it's simply not the case.

| *Every vote against George W. Bush was a vote in favor of electing
George W. Bush. You support and orchestrated the process which elected
this President.<*

To imply activism must be civil disobedience to be significant is nonsense; but to say that a vote against a candidate is a vote for a candidate is nonsense on stilts.

| *... The aim is NOT resistance -- it is NONCOMPLIANCE.<*

Some aim at resistance, some aim at noncompliance. It's silly to say that all must aim at one thing; it's as totalitarian to demand that we all do as you say as for Bush to demand that we all do as he says.

Marcus

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342. **Ishaq**

World's forgotten crises cry out for attention: the forgotten afrika

Mon 14 Mar 2005

<http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2005/03/39054.php>

World's forgotten crises cry out for attention: the forgotten afrika

A tsunami of biblical proportions roars out of the Indian Ocean, kills up to 300,000 and prompts the public to empty their pockets like never before as media coverage goes into overdrive. In contrast, war in Democratic Republic of Congo kills nearly 4 million and leaves thousands traumatised by rape and machete massacres, yet hardly registers in the global media. Why do some humanitarian crises make the front pages while others wait in vain for their turn in the spotlight?

World's "forgotten" crises cry out for attention

Thu Mar 10, 2005 01:55 AM GMT

By Ruth Gidley

LONDON (Reuters) - All emergencies are not created equal.

A tsunami of biblical proportions roars out of the Indian Ocean, kills up to 300,000 and prompts the public to empty their pockets like never before as media coverage goes into overdrive.

In contrast, war in Democratic Republic of Congo kills nearly 4 million and leaves thousands traumatised by rape and machete massacres, yet hardly registers in the global media.

Why do some humanitarian crises make the front pages while others wait in vain for their turn in the spotlight?

"(A tsunami is) simpler, visual and more dramatic, in ways that both drought and conflict aren't," said Paul Harvey of the Humanitarian Policy Group (HPG), a British think tank.

A survey launched on Thursday by Reuters AlertNet, a humanitarian news service run by Reuters Foundation, highlighted 10 crises aid experts said had been neglected by global media.

The experts chose Congo, northern Uganda, western and southern Sudan, West Africa, Colombia, Chechnya, Nepal and Haiti as the most neglected humanitarian hotspots.

They also drew attention to the global AIDS pandemic and other infectious diseases such as malaria and tuberculosis.

Those polled cited a raft of reasons why some emergencies are "forgotten", not least the challenge of distilling complex crises such as Congo's down to simple soundbites or finding a thread of hope to help audiences empathise.

"The story is always the same," said Lindsey Hilsum, international editor of Channel 4 TV news. "It induces despair. It's expensive and dangerous, and one feels that there are no solutions and no end to it all."

'ONE DISASTER A YEAR'

Analysts said long-running humanitarian crises were often difficult to package as fresh-sounding stories, while logistical problems and tight budgets could also put off news editors.

In countries such as Zimbabwe and Sudan, governments routinely refuse to give journalists visas, while reporting in Congo can mean hitching a ride on an aid plane, trekking through the jungle or guessing when the next ferry will arrive.

And all for a story unlikely to make the front page.

"If you had a similar natural disaster (to the tsunami) in Africa three months from now, I don't think you'd have the same media coverage (or) the same consequences, because it's only maybe once a year that the Western public is willing to be moved by disasters on that level," said Gorm Rye Olsen, a researcher at the Danish Institute for International Studies.

In the meantime, stories of geopolitical importance such as Middle East turmoil and "the war on terror" hog what's left of the international news agenda, analysts say.

"The world's obsession with Iraq has pushed to the margins many other scenes of mass violence," said Gareth Evans, head of the Brussels-based International Crisis Group think tank.

Without TV time, aid experts say the general public is unlikely to donate in large quantities, as they did after the tsunami when individual donations to charities outpaced initial offers from governments, leaving them rushing to catch up.

"The media is a huge factor in getting people to be generous," Oxfam Great Britain's humanitarian funding manager, Orla Quinlan, said. "If they're visually engaged, that brings it home and makes it real to them."

DOES MEDIA MAKE A DIFFERENCE?

But some researchers say the link between airtime or column inches and donations is not clear-cut. They said the tsunami was an anomaly because private

donations are usually far outstripped by aid from governments and international institutions.

"Governments give aid in places with political and strategic interest to them," HPG's Harvey said. "That's why funding skyrocketed in Afghanistan after 9/11."

Nevertheless aid workers say better media coverage of low-profile humanitarian crises can still make a difference.

George Graham of International Rescue Committee UK said more coverage of Uganda's war -- where aid agencies say more than 20,000 children have been abducted to serve as soldiers and sex slaves -- could highlight it as a test case for an international criminal court.

"Greater media engagement could have a really positive effect," said Graham, IRC's East Africa programme officer.

Danish researcher Olsen quoted a letter from a Sudanese man, smuggled out during heavy fighting in the south: "It maybe a blessing to die in front of a camera -- then at least the world will get to know about it," the letter read. "But it is painful to die or be killed without anyone knowing it."

<http://www.reuters.co.uk/newsArticle.jhtml?type=worldNews&storyID=687054>

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Stay Strong\

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"Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor" \

--Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)\

\

"This mathematical rhythmatcal mechanism enhances my wisdom\

of Islam, keeps me calm from doing you harm, when I attack, it's Vietnam"\

--HellRazah\

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"It's not too good to stay in a white man's country too long"\

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"As for we who have decided to break the back of colonialism, \

our historic mission is to sanction all revolts, all desperate \

actions, all those abortive attempts drowned in rivers of blood." \

- Frantz Fanon\

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"Everyday is Ashura and every land is Kerbala"\

-Imam Ja'far Sadiq\

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


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http://www.sleepybrain.net/vanilla.html
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http://www.world-crisis.com/analysis_comments/766_0_15_0_C/
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http://ilovepoetry.com/search.asp?keywords=braithwaite&orderBy=date\
\
http://www.lowliferecords.co.uk/\
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}
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343. **David Gitin**

Poetry Reading at Moe's in Berkeley (Monday, March 21)[Scanned]

Mon 14 Mar 2005

David Gitin and Jack Marshall will read their poems
at Moe's Books 2476 Telegraph Avenue Berkeley
on Monday, March 21 at 7:30 P.M.

Their last reading together was 27 years ago.
Gitin will read from his new book, PASSING THROUGH,
and Marshall will read from GORGEOUS CHAOS and
recent poems.

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344. **Sarah Pearlstein**

Re: POETICS Digest - 12 Mar 2005 to 13 Mar 2005 (#2005-73)

Mon 14 Mar 2005

Re: March 19th (and 20th in Boston!) day of action against the war in Iraq.
Thank-you, Russell Golata for bringing it up on the list. I would have posted
sooner, but I was concerned with whether or not it would be appropriate in this
context; I simply mean to reach out to other poets and artists of all kinds who
are against the war, feel that we are in a quagmire - despite the propaganda
about nation building, it is indicative that according to Michael Hoffman of the
Iraq Vets Against the War (you can google their web page) there is so much
Iraqi resistance to the U.S.'s imperialist rebuilding of Iraq that the oil is not
even getting out - either the oil workers go on strike, or the pipelines are
bombed. So, given that our strategic reasons for being in Iraq are to secure oil,
we are failing in that illustrious goal; and that it is a goal which is likely to

become bloodier rather than less, which is not what the U.S.'s people had been told would happen after the elections.

I am heading up the contact work for the Boston Mobilization's coalition for the arts and culture component of the March 20th (this Sunday's!) rally. We need people who are willing to do street theatre; perhaps 10-12 people would do. We will also have puppets which we will need people to hold. If you are going to be in Boston on Sunday, the 20th (we are holding it on the 20th as that is the actual day the bombing began, and NYC is having its' rally the day before), and want to get involved you can e-mail me at [REDACTED], and I will find a role for you. There will be poetry, (Askia Toure will be reading), and there will also be art and culture events in the weeks following the rally which could use some great political poets to come and read - I can provide you with the details, or I can re-post sooner to the date.

Also - I am one of the members of the newly founded Artist for Peace and Justice, which currently meets on Thursdays from 1-3 in the Central Sq., Cambridge branch of the public library. We are overflowing with ideas, and may be coming up with a e-zine soon in conjunction with Aquarii Arts artists' network which was started last year in Boston. Anybody can come who has a serious interest in the arts and in peace and justice activism, particularly but not limited to the war in Iraq- just e-mail me and I'll get you directions.

If you're interested in knowing what I'm like as a poet, check out this month's issue of Malleable Jangle which is currently up and on the web; it's based in Australia and I believe some people on this list have their work in it as well.

So - in solidarity with y'all out there,

Sarah Pearlstein

----- Original message -----

- > There are 24 messages totalling 1271 lines in this issue.
- >
- > Topics of the day:
- >
- > 1. i've got nothing
- > 2. Profiles of Vancouver Police Killings for IDAPB
- > 3. Information for contributors to Malleable Jangle
- > 4. Ashbery in the NYTBR
- > 5. Sheila E. Murphy Interviewed by Thomas Fink
- > 6. Chicagopostmodernpoetry.com Live Krista Franklin & William Allegrezza
- > Reading March 19th 2:00 PM
- > 7. Blogs are Blocked in China (4)
- > 8. SVP & WF News
- > 9. [poem] Back To The Sky

> 10. David Trinidad returns to NY for 2 readings....
> 11. winter....
> 12. a hole in space in the earth
> 13. Fw: Dear Campus Watch
> 14. Elites Continue Relentless Attack on the Poor
> 15. Philip Lamantia, 1927-2005
> 16. Fw: March 19 worldwide day of protest against the Iraq war
> 17. Editors & publishers: a young poet in jail needs books
> 18. Pass The Mic! : Latino Hip-Hop documentary
> 19. Santa Cruz reading 3/21 (2)
> 20. Apologies
>
> -----
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> Date: Sun, 13 Mar 2005 00:00:43 -0500
> From: Alan Sondheim
> Subject: i've got nothing
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> Date: Sat, 12 Mar 2005 22:45:24 -0800
> From: Ishaq
> Subject: Profiles of Vancouver Police Killings for IDAPB

>
> <http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2005/03/39005.php>
>
> Profiles of Vancouver Police Killings for IDAPB
> by IDAPB .
> Saturday
> March 12, 2005 at 09:35 PM
>
> Profiles of the cases of Gerald Chenery, Benny Matson, Robert Wayne
> Bagnell, Roman Andreichikov, Jeff Berg and Frank Paul, for the Ninth
> International Day Against Police Brutality (Tuesday, March 15,
> 7:00pm at Victory Square on the corner of Hastings and Cambie).
>
> Ninth International Day Against Police Brutality
>
> March through the streets of Vancouver
> Tuesday, March 15th, 2005
> 7:00 pm, at Victory Square
> on the corner of Hastings and Cambie
>
> Resist Police Control - Fight For Freedom
>
> Gerald Chenery - On December 26th, 2004, two Vancouver cops shot Gerald
> Chenery (a Nisga'a man) 12 times, killing him. The Vancouver Police
> Department (VPD) claims that Chenery charged at a police officer with a
> knife in each hand, and that she fired four shots at him, hitting him
> only once. Chenery then supposedly knocked the police officer to the
> ground and continued his attack while another cop shot him 10 more
> times, with most bullets hitting him in the back, and one bullet hitting
> each of his wrists. Chenery is said to have continued his assault
> despite his wounds, only to be shot once more and fall to the ground.
>
> Margaret Gisle, a sister of Chenery, was critical of how the police
> dealt with the killing: "I am disappointed in how the police have
> communicated with me and my family. The information that I have received
> about my brother's death has been what I read in the newspapers, and it
> makes me very upset that they don't tell us first."
>
> Benny Matson - A coroner's inquest into the police custody death of
> Benny Matson began on October 12th, 2004. Matson's daughter said that
> there was no reason for police to arrest her father in May of 2002.
>

- > An off-duty RCMP officer was upset that Matson's motorbike was boxing in
- > his car outside a Granville Street hotel, and when VPD officers arrived,
- > Matson went out the back door. One witness testified that he saw Matson
- > stumble and fall, followed by a VPD officer with his gun drawn
- > [Constable Reece Chalmers], who then kicked Matson in the head several
- > times. Three other officers jumped on Matson, and the one with the gun
- > drawn knelt on the back of Matson's neck and bounced up and down, while
- > Matson said he couldn't breathe.
- >
- > According to another witness, a crowd had gathered and someone yelled
- > "Hey, you're going to kill him!"
- >
- > A third person said she got out of her car to witness the attack on
- > Matson, because "There was just a sense that something was not right."
- >
- > The VPD's internal investigation determined that the officers acted
- > appropriately and the use of force was reasonable. A crown counsel
- > examined the VPD's case and laid no charges. An autopsy reported six to
- > eight injuries on Matson's body, three leaving marks on his head. The
- > report concluded that Matson died from choking due to the officer's
- > restraint.
- >
- > Despite this evidence and witness testimony, the coroner's jury ruled
- > that Matson's death was an accident.
- >
- > Robert Wayne Bagnell and Roman Andreichikov - On June 23, 2004, Robert
- > Wayne Bagnell died in a Vancouver hotel, after been shocked with 50,000
- > volts of electricity by a police officer using a taser gun. Roman
- > Andreichikov died on May 1st, 2004, in another hotel after he was
- > tasered while three police officers were on top of him, holding him
- > down. Andreichikov said that he couldn't breathe, but an officer
- > responded by saying "If you're mumbling, you're still breathing." Jeff
- > Berg - In January of 2005, the adjudicator in the Police Complaint
- > Commission Public Hearing of Constable David Bruce-Thomas determined
- > that the Vancouver police officer did not use excessive force in
- > arresting Jeff Berg on October 22nd of 2002.
- >
- > Berg sustained at least ten separate injuries to his face, head and neck
- > during the arrest, and later died. According to witnesses and a
- > pathologist, Berg was kicked several times while he was lying on the ground.
- >
- > Constable Bruce-Thomas had a documented record of violence as of October

> 22nd, 2000, having been found guilty of abusing his authority in
> assaulting a woman in an alley a few years prior. She successfully sued
> him for damages for assault and battery.
>
> On December 18th, 2000, Bruce-Thomas asked his Chief Constable to erase
> the abuse of authority conviction from his disciplinary record. After a
> recommendation from the VPD's Internal Investigation Section, then Chief
> Constable Blythe did so on January 30, 2001.
>
> Frank Paul - In March of 2004, British Columbia Solicitor General Rich
> Coleman refused a formal request from the province's Police Complaint
> Commissioner to hold a public inquiry into the death of Frank Joseph
> Paul, a Mi'kmaq.
>
> In the past, Coleman expressed worries that a public inquest of Paul's
> death would raise an outcry around police racism.
>
> Paul died on December 6th, 1998, after a Vancouver police officer and a
> jail guard dragged his rain-soaked and unconscious body out of the
> Vancouver jail and dumped him in a nearby alley, where he froze to
> death. The VPD imposed a two day suspension on the jail sergeant for
> "discreditable conduct" and a one day suspension on the police officer
> for "neglect of duty".
>
> Crown counsel examined the case five times and never laid charges.
>
>
> and see also anthany james dawson:
>
> Of murder and a friend...
>
>
> I am reminded Of murder and a friend shot through the head behind a
> police station I am reminded of Anthany James Dawson pounded into a coma
> on the streets of Victoria by police officers I am reminded Of the self
> lynched black and Native youth sentenced to death by the callousness and
> mental pimpin of this city... cuz they consume native and black boys
>
> http://kamloopsindymedia.org/newswire/display_any/21
>
>
> "Eight witnesses testified during the inquest about a police officer

> punching Anthany but the Coroner and the jury refused to address the
> specific issue of force or alleged brutality. Perhaps they did
> indirectly when they said a contributing factor in Anthany's death was
> how the police and paramedics restrained him. But because of
> 'wall-to-wall lawyers', the jury's hands were tied."
>
> <http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2004/03/22591.php>
>
>
> Mysterious Death of Native Artist: Anthany Dawson
>
>
> <http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2004/04/24950.php>
>
> <http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2004/07/28178.php>
>
> <http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2004/06/27436.php>
>
> <http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2003/09/16739.php>
>
> <http://www.turtleisland.org/news/news-anthany.htm>
>
>
> ANTHANY DAWSON FACT SHEET - Rose Henry August 2002
>
> <http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2004/01/20251.php>
>
> <http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2004/04/24950.php>
>
>
> http://www.world-crisis.com/analysis_comments/766_0_15_0_C/
>
>
> ____\
> Stay Strong\
> \
> "Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor" \
> --Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)\
> \
> "This mathematical rhythmatical mechanism enhances my wisdom\
> of Islam, keeps me calm from doing you harm, when I attack, it's Vietnam"\
> --HellRazah\
>

> \
> "It's not too good to stay in a white man's country too long"
> --Mutabartuka\
> \
> "As for we who have decided to break the back of colonialism, \
> our historic mission is to sanction all revolts, all desperate \
> actions, all those abortive attempts drowned in rivers of blood."
> - Frantz Fanon\
> \
> "Everyday is Ashura and every land is Kerbala"
> -Imam Ja'far Sadiq\
> \
> <http://scratchcue.blogspot.com/>
> \
> <http://www.sleepybrain.net/vanilla.html>
> \
> http://www.world-crisis.com/analysis_comments/766_0_15_0_C/
> \
> <http://ilovepoetry.com/search.asp?keywords=braithwaite&orderByÚte>
> \
> <http://www.lowliferecords.co.uk/>
> \
> }
>
> -----
>
> Date: Sun, 13 Mar 2005 02:31:24 -0500
> From: Steve Dalachinsky
> Subject: Re: Information for contributors to Malleable Jangle
>
> permission granted
>
> -----
>
> Date: Sun, 13 Mar 2005 02:32:53 -0500
> From: Steve Dalachinsky
> Subject: Re: Ashbery in the NYTBR
>
> i was at that reading
>
> maybe it's a limmerick aka limberprick at a party full of snobs
>

> -----
>
> Date: Sun, 13 Mar 2005 06:32:57 EST
> From: Tom Beckett
> Subject: Sheila E. Murphy Interviewed by Thomas Fink
>
> [Http://willtoexchange.blogspot.com](http://willtoexchange.blogspot.com)
>
> -----
>
> Date: Sat, 12 Mar 2005 07:57:09 -0600
> From: Haas Bianchi
> Subject: Chicagopostmodernpoetry.com Live Krista Franklin & William Alle-
grezza
> Reading March 19th 2:00 PM
>
> From: Haas Bianchi [mailto:]
> Sent: Thursday, March 10, 2005 11:24 AM
> To: UB Poetics discussion group
> Subject: Chicagopostmodernpoetry.com Live Krista Franklin & William
> Allegrezza Reading March 19th 2:00 PM
>
>
> ChicagoPostmodernPoetry.Com Live
>
> Saturday, March 19, 2005 2:00 P.M.
>
> 834 Lake Street
>
> Second Floor
>
>
>
> www.oppl.org
>
> www.milkmag.org
>
> www.chicagopostmodernpoetry.com
>
> The Innovative Reading Series for Chicago's West Side & Western Suburbs
> hosted by the Oak Park Public Library invites you to attend our first event
> Saturday March 19th at 2:00 PM

>
> Thanks the Editors, Chicagopostmodernpoetry.com & Milk Magazine
>
> READERS
>
> Krista Franklin is a poet, visual artist and educator who hails from Dayton,
> OH, and currently
>
> works and resides in Chicago, IL. Her poems and art have appeared in/on
> several literary journals
>
> and websites, including Nexus Literary and Art Journal, Warpland, Obsidian
> III, nocturnes 2:
>
> (re)view of the literary arts, www.semantikon.com, www.milkmag.org ,
> www.ambulant.org, and
>
> www.errataandcontradiction.org. She has also been published in the
> anthologies The Bust Guide to the
>
> New Girl Order and Bum Rush The Page, and is a Cave Canem alum.
>
>
>
> William Allegrezza teaches and writes from his base in Chicago. His poems,
> translations, essays,
>
> and reviews have been published in several countries, including the U.S.,
> Holland, Finland, and
>
> Australia, and are available in many online journals. His chapbook lingo was
> published by
>
> subontic press and his e-book Temporal Nomads can be downloaded from
> xPress(ed)
>
> (www.xpressed.org/title3.html). Also, he is the editor of moria
> (www.moriapoetry.com), a journal
>
> dedicated to experimental poetry and poetics
>
> Sponsored By:

>
> ChicagoPostmodernPoetry.Com & Milk Magazine
>
> For More Information
>
> www.oppl.org
>
> www.milkmag.org
>
> www.chicagopostmodernpoetry.com
>
> 834 Lake Street
>
> Second Floor
>
> 
>
>
>
>
>
> Raymond L Bianchi
> chicagopostmodernpoetry.com/
> collagepoetchicago.blogspot.com/
>
> -----
>
> Date: Sat, 12 Mar 2005 08:20:21 -0600
> From: Haas Bianchi
> Subject: Blogs are Blocked in China
>
> Dear Buffalo Listers:
>
> Did you all know that most of the blogs (Silliman's et al) are blocked from
> view in the People's Republic of China?
> I was there for the past three weeks and I could not access any of the blogs
> and most of the poetry sites were also blocked-a notice "This page is not
> available in the People's Republic of China" came up on the screen. Is this
> a testament to our influence as poets? Would love your opinions on this?
>
> R
>
> Raymond L Bianchi

> chicagopostmodernpoetry.com/
> collagepoetchicago.blogspot.com/
>
> -----
>
> Date: Sun, 13 Mar 2005 09:33:34 -0500
> From: Halvard Johnson
> Subject: Re: Blogs are Blocked in China
>
> { Dear Buffalo Listers:
> {
> { Did you all know that most of the blogs (Silliman's et al) are blocked from
> { view in the People's Republic of China?
> { I was there for the past three weeks and I could not access any of the
> blogs
> { and most of the poetry sites were also blocked-a notice "This page is not
> { available in the People's Republic of China" came up on the screen. Is this
> { a testament to our influence as poets? Would love your opinions on this?
>
> Just another sign that poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world.
>
> Hal Colourless green ideas sleep furiously.
> --Noam Chomsky
>
> Halvard Johnson
> =====> email: [REDACTED]
> website: <http://home.earthlink.net/~halvard>
> blog: <http://entropyandme.blogspot.com/>
>
> -----
>
> Date: Sun, 13 Mar 2005 14:34:48 -0000
> From: Lawrence Upton
> Subject: SVP & WF News
>
> SVP & WF News
>
> apologies for cross posting
>
> Monday 14th - this Monday coming, Sub Voicive Poetry as [REDACTED] again > celebrate the memory of Bob Cobbing, with performances by Mike Weller > and musicians Hugh Metcalfe and Veryan Weston

>
> Camden Peoples Theatre, London - Warren St tube stn
>
> 8 pm 6 pounds and 4 pounds
>
> A fine workshop at CPT on 12 March 2005.. An account has just been >
posted on the WF Info list
>
> and we launched two publications
>
> _humming queuing_ by Lawrence Upton; 2nd revised ed (first ed 1999) ISBN >
1 84254 591 4; 36pp; cover by Thomas Henderson
>
> "There are generous returns to be had from these pieces even for the > lit-
eral-minded if they recognise letters may spell the body of the text > that is
Barthes' "body of bliss". Such have we here." Adrian Clarke
>
> _DOMESTIC AMBIENT BUOYS Bob Cobbing and Lawrence Upton in discus-
sion > with Alaric Sumner August 1999_; cover by Bob Cobbing; ISBN 1 84254
585 > X; 37pp including end notes
>
> "pitched somewhere between Picasso and Braque and a couple of > embar-
rassed schoolkids, which is where it should be" Peter Manson
>
> Each 4.50 sterling incl p & p in UK
>
> The next workshop will be on Saturday 2nd April 2005 at Camden Peoples >
Theatre 3.30 for 4; tube Warren St
>
> -----
>
> Date: Sun, 13 Mar 2005 09:40:17 -0500
> From: Dan Waber
> Subject: [poem] Back To The Sky
>
> 13/61
>
> Echo = snow shrinks in clumps from the pavement, lifting like dirty
> angel back to the sky
>
> Source = Jennifer Hill-Kaucher, SMS
>

> Back To The Sky
>
> The hill beside your house always sings snow
> and your daughter's splash laugh. The sidewalk shrinks
> each rain. The house itself is tilted in
> six, seven, no eight directions. Those green clumps
> are ornamental grass. The grapes are from
> a previous life, the bamboo too. The
> mysterious red hole in the pavement
> is anyone's guess. Porch boards are lifting
> and in need of some paint, though the birds like
> it as is. Mad tiger lilies dirty
> passing pants, three kitties mewl like angels
> from two burst screen perches. The pool out back
> is just a flat sand oval now, thanks to
> the threat of mine subsidence. This is the
> house called home, twenty-five windows to sky.
>
> Dan Waber
>
> -----
>
> Date: Sun, 13 Mar 2005 22:54:28 +0800
> From: derekrogerson
> Subject: Re: Blogs are Blocked in China
>
>
> po-list is freely available but no blogspot
>
> -- Derek in China
>
>
>
> -----
>
> Date: Sun, 13 Mar 2005 11:31:55 -0500
> From: Vernon Frazer
> Subject: Re: Blogs are Blocked in China
>
> Hi Ray
>
> I was in China last spring for a conference and several readings. While I

> was there, I didn't use a computer. But before my visit and after it I sent
>
> a number of poetry links to the poets and professors I knew there. Many
> times they couldn't access the sites. Your post provides me with the first
> explanation why the people I know can't always access the links I've sent.
> Whether this is because of poetry's effect or the government's perception of
> poetry's effect I can't say. Despite the internet restrictions, though, a
> number of Chinese college students have become interested in Beat Genera-
tion
> poetry and the scholars I met know American Literature very well. But access
> to areas currently prohibited would increase their knowledge.
>
> Vernon
> <http://vernonfrazer.com>
>
>
> -----Original Message-----
> From: UB Poetics discussion group [mailto:████████] On
> Behalf Of Haas Bianchi
> Sent: Saturday, March 12, 2005 9:20 AM
> To: ██████████
> Subject: Blogs are Blocked in China
>
> Dear Buffalo Listers:
>
> Did you all know that most of the blogs (Silliman's et al) are blocked from
> view in the People's Republic of China?
> I was there for the past three weeks and I could not access any of the blogs
> and most of the poetry sites were also blocked-a notice "This page is not
> available in the People's Republic of China" came up on the screen. Is this
> a testament to our influence as poets? Would love your opinions on this?
>
> R
>
> Raymond L Bianchi
> chicagopostmodernpoetry.com/
> collagepoetchicago.blogspot.com/
>
> -----
>
> Date: Sun, 13 Mar 2005 12:22:12 EST
> From: Craig Allen Conrad

> Subject: David Trinidad returns to NY for 2 readings....

>

> Monday, March 28

> KGB (with Maggie Nelson)

> 85 E. 4th Street (between 2nd and 3rd Ave.)

> 7:30pm

>

> Saturday, April 2

> Segue (with Fred Schmalz)

> Bowery Poetry Club

> 308 Bowery (just north of Houston)

> 4:00pm

>

> -----

>

> Date: Sun, 13 Mar 2005 13:45:10 -0500

> From: Harry Nudel

> Subject: winter....

>

> -----Forwarded Message-----

> From: [REDACTED]

> Sent: Mar 13, 2005 4:03 AM

> To: [REDACTED].

> Subject: winter....

>

>

>

> permission TO..

>

> permission T00...

>

> permission permission...

>

>

>

>

> some dawn...long lasting lite..drn..

>

> -----

>

> Date: Sun, 13 Mar 2005 15:18:51 -0500

> From: Alan Sondheim

> Subject: a hole in space in the earth
>
> a hole in space in the earth
> in the mapping of the earth
> falling through the mapping into the bingham copper mine crater
>
> "
earthhole where map opens to illumin immunim borrowing beneath the
> earth coding replaced by its coded absence bingham human-crater
"
>
> " earthhole
>
> earthhole where map opens to illumin immunim borrowing beneath the earth
> coding replaced by its coded absence
> bingham human-crater"
>
> <http://www.as.wvu.edu:8000/clc/Members/sondheim/earthhole.jpg>
>
>
> =>
> -----
>
> Date: Sun, 13 Mar 2005 20:19:20 -0500
> From: Geoffrey Gatza
> Subject: Fw: Dear Campus Watch
>
> Dear Campus Watch,
>
> I have recently read the diatribe on the poet and activist Ammiel Alcalay,
> published in the American Thinker on March 4.
>
> I am not writing this letter to argue politics with you, for that would be
> silly, wouldn't it? I am writing, rather, to ask that you add me to
> the list of American poets you are putting under surveillance. Allow me to
> briefly list some of my credentials, as I think you will agree I
> deserve to be given a file in the archives of your organization.
>
> I was one of the poets published in Sam Hammill's Poets Against the War
> anthology. My poem, which was widely distributed before its anthology
> publication, including by the openly Marxist journal Monthly Review, is
> titled Baghdad, and it is loosely based on the children's book Goodnight

> Moon.
>
> Days went by... Then, the torture scandal at Abu Ghraib prison happened, and
> I published a poem titled "Lyric Poetry After Auschwitz,
> Or: Get the Hood Back On." This poem may be of particular interest to you,
> since (in addition to the fact that it is accompanied by
> photographs and the music of Dean Martin) Ammiel Alcalay himself saw fit to
> send it abroad for possible translation into Arabic. I don't know if it has
> been translated yet, but the English version is available here, where it has
> received thousands of visits since its appearance :
> <http://www.blazevox.org/kent.htm>
>
> Further, this poem is now the title poem of a collection of mine that is
> soon to appear. This book will contain numerous pieces by me (not
> everyone would judge it poetry!), all of which have some relation to the war
> in Iraq. The cover of this book will be, I think, somewhat original: The
> infamous shot of the American soldier holding the leash which is clipped to
> the neck of the prone prisoner shall be surrounded by pictures of daffodils
> among which shall be little Cupids shooting their arrows inward, toward the
> picture.
>
> But the most important thing I wanted to say about the forthcoming book is
> this: I intend to announce in the book that all author royalties from the
> sale of the collection are to be donated to Campus Watch. I wish to do this
> (and I hope you will accept the gesture) because I strongly believe your
> proto-fascist activities are an excellent stimulant to the defense of
> American values, like civil liberties and other stuff.
>
> Also, I should tell you that I correspond with Joseph Safdie, one of the
> "leftist" poets mentioned in the American Thinker article! He and I
> almost co-edited a book of recipes and favorite dinner anecdotes by poets.
> Alas, this book idea fell through, though I now can't quite
> remember why. But someone else should certainly do it, as it is a wonderful
> idea. Oh, and I should also say that in the 1980's I worked as
> a literacy teacher in Nicaragua on two different occasions. This was when
> the Sandinista's were in power. Though I'm more or less a social
> democrat now, I was *really* radical back then. From our village, we could
> hear the Contra mortars going off almost every night. Some of my friends
> died. Then I came back and founded the Milwaukee Central America Solidar-
ity
> chapter, which went on to do all sorts of protest activities. One event we

> organized was called "Who's Watching You in 1984?" and hundreds of people
> attended, including numerous FBI agents. Not to get too sentimental, but it
> was at this event that I met my future wife.

>

> So, these would be some reasons you might wish to accept my request to be
> inducted into your files. I will be sure to send you a copy of the
> forthcoming book, which, again, shall go to support the activities of your
> organization.

>

> Sincerely,

>

> Kent Johnson

>

>

>

> Kent Johnson is on the Board of Directors of BlazeVOX [books] and currently
> this year's _Mobilis in Mobili_ Poetry Prize. www.blazevox.org/prize.htm

>

> -----

>

> Date: Sun, 13 Mar 2005 20:22:48 EST

> From: Joe Brennan

> Subject: Elites Continue Relentless Attack on the Poor

>

> Click here: The Assassinated Press

>

> Elites Continue Relentless Attack on the Poor:

> Cheney Cites Fat Black Women as Justification For Aid Cutoff:

> Farm Corporations Threaten to Cut Off Congressional Aid:

> Congress May Cut Food Aid for Poor, Not Farm Subsidies:

> Bush Plans New Tax Cuts for Wealthy:

> By LIBBY QUIDPROQUO

>

> Britain Attempts To Regain World Lead in Fascism:

> Bush Promises US Will Not Surrender To Peace, Encourages Congress To
Follow

> Britain's example:

> Bobbies Polishing Batons with Vaseline:

> Publisher E. Dale Schmidt Elated:

> By BEN JONSON

>

>

>
> 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.
>
> ".....at a time when I am speaking to you about the paradox of desire -- in
> the
> sense that different goods obscure it -- you can hear outside the awful
> language
> of power. There's no point in asking whether they are sincere or
> hypocritical,
> whether they want peace or whether they calculate the risks. The dominating
> impression as such a moment is that something that may pass for a pre-
scribed
> good; information addresses and captures impotent crowds to whom it is
poured
>
> forth like a liquor that leaves them dazed as they move toward the slaughter
> house.
> One might even ask if one would allow the cataclysm to occur without first
> giving
> free reign to this hubbub of voices...."
>
> -----
>
> Date: Sun, 13 Mar 2005 18:39:33 -0700
> From: Bruce Holsapple
> Subject: Re: Philip Lamantia, 1927-2005
>
> In the Chronicle article that Ron Silliman provided on Philip Lamantia,
> Ferlinghetti talked about Lamantia's "huge influence on Allen Ginsberg."
> That makes sense. They met in 1948. But I can't find any reference to
> that influence in Ginsberg's work (like the journals or interviews).
> Anybody out there can point me to a place where I can see it documented
> or discussed? Thanks, BH
>
> -----
>
> Date: Sun, 13 Mar 2005 21:11:29 -0500
> From: Russell Golata
> Subject: Fw: March 19 worldwide day of protest against the Iraq war

>

> March 12, 2005

>

> Today is a special day. It's the 75-year anniversary of Mahatma Gandhi's > famous "salt march." On March 12, 1930, Gandhi began a 240-mile march to > nonviolently resist the British tax on salt and move India closer to > independence from British rule. Gandhi changed India and the world, with > his relentless, nonviolent struggle for peace and justice. (For more on > Gandhi's life, click here.)

>

> Today is also important because it begins our 7-day countdown to the > March 19 worldwide day of protest against the Iraq war. Next Saturday, > people throughout the world will raise our voices on the two-year > anniversary of the US invasion of Iraq to say NO to war, torture and > occupation, and YES to international law, human rights, and respect our > planet and its inhabitants!

>

> We hope the life and philosophy of Gandhi will inspire you to join > CODEPINK out on the streets on March 19. And if that's not enough > inspiration, below we've provided some of our top reasons for opposing > the Iraq war and occupation (below.) These are available as a flyer in > PDF format on the website of our good friends at Global Exchange.

>

> And here's one more reminder of where CODEPINK will be focusing our > energies on March 19:

>

> Fayetteville, NC Home of Fort Bragg, 82nd Airborne, Special Forces
> March 19 march and rally at Rowan Street Park, 11 AM - 4 PM, with > military families, veterans, and others. Click here for more information > about CODEPINK's plans:

>

> San Diego, CA Home of Camp Pendleton
> On Thursday, March 17, CODEPINK members and supporters begin a 40-mile > peace procession from Oceanside Pier. The procession ends at the March > 19 rally at Balboa Park, 2 PM. For more info check out our March 19 > action page.

>

> Peace Ribbon Project
> CODEPINK is creating a peace "ribbon" with panels representing each life > that has been claimed by the war in Iraq. This beautiful memorial will > first be displayed on March 19 in Fayetteville. Please consider making a > panel. Go to the Peace Ribbon page for more details.

>

> Local Protests

> See <http://www.unitedforpeace.org/> to find out about March 19 protests > planned in your city or town. (see bottom of email for list of events in > Tennessee)

>

> Let's join with the majority of the people in the world on March 19 and > let them know we stand with them for peace! As Gandhi said, "When I > despair, I remember that all through history the way of truth and love > has always won. There have been tyrants and murderers and for a time > they seem invincible but in the end, they always fall -- think of it, > ALWAYS."

>

> See you in the streets,

> Andrea, Dana, Gael, Jodie, Medea, Nancy and Tiffany

>

> -----> -----

>

> Why It's Time to End the US Military Occupation of Iraq

>

> Occupation Puts US Soldiers At Risk

> With more than 1,500 US troops killed and over 25,000 wounded, it's > clear that even though the big battles are over, the fighting in Iraq > has not stopped. US soldiers are at grave risk in Iraq, and continue to > suffer even after they come home. Troops returning to the U.S. are > suffering from post-traumatic stress disorder, and are even turning up > in homeless shelters in cities through the country.

>

> Iraq is in Chaos, and the Occupation is Making Things Worse

> According to a study published in the respected medical journal The > Lancet, some 100,000 Iraqis have lost their lives in the war and > occupation, and most of those deaths are due to the U.S. military > campaign. Iraqis are afraid to leave their homes, because they could be > killed by U.S. soldiers or suicide bombers. Fear of violence, abduction > and rape has emptied the streets of women.

>

> Occupying Iraq Makes Us Less Safe

> The ongoing US military presence in Iraq - and plans to build 14 > permanent military bases there - is inflaming anti-American sentiment > throughout the Middle East and around the world. According to the US > National Intelligence Council, the war in Iraq has created "a training > and recruitment ground (for terrorists), and an opportunity for > terrorists to enhance their technical skills."

>

> The Iraqis Don't Want Us There

> An overwhelming majority Iraqis (82% of Sunnis and 69% of Shiites) want > the U.S. military to leave after an elected Iraqi government is in > place. If we really believe in democracy, then we should listen to the > demands of the Iraqi people and leave their country. There can be no > liberation in the midst of a military occupation, and the Iraqi election > didn't change that reality.

>

> Occupation Takes Resources Away From Priorities At Home

> The invasion and occupation of Iraq has already cost more than \$153 > billion, and the Bush administration has just asked Congress for another > \$82 billion for 2005. At the same time, community programs are being cut > in every state in the country - from public libraries to schools to > hospitals to train service - and the deficit is reaching record levels. > Our social and homeland security needs should not become part of the > war's "collateral damage."

>

>

> http://meetup.radicaldesigns.org/calendar_display.php?state=TN&bydate=>2005-03-13

>

>

> Chattanooga, TN

> End the War Now/Stand Up, Chattanooga

> http://meetup.radicaldesigns.org/calendar_display.php?calid=12794

> Saturday, March 19th 2005 4:00P

> March and rally to end the war in Iraq.

>

>

>

> Knoxville, TN

> Vigil for Peace and Justice

> http://meetup.radicaldesigns.org/calendar_display.php?calid=13148

> Saturday, March 19th 2005 11:00 am

> Vigil for Peace and Justice, marking the 2nd anniversary of the US > invasion of Iraq.

>

>

>

> Memphis, TN

> Actions to mark second anniversary of Iraq War

> http://meetup.radicaldesigns.org/calendar_display.php?calid=13533

> Saturday, March 19th 2005 Noon

> There will be a march and rally on March 19 originating at First > Congregational Church, 1000 S. Cooper, at Noon and proceeding to Overton > Park's

Veteran's Plaza, where there will be a rally of words, music, and > prayer starting at approximately 1:30pm.

>

>

>

> Nashville, TN

> Think Peace -- Bring Our Troops Home Now

> http://meetup.radicaldesigns.org/calendar_display.php?calid=13510

> Saturday, March 19th 2005 Noon

> Locally, Nashville Peace Coalition will host the "Think Peace! Bring the > Troops Home Now! Rally" to raise consciousness about the occupation of > Iraq and demand that President Bush begin to take responsibility for > ending what is a grave humanitarian crisis.

>

>

>

> Summertown, TN

> Communities Conference at The Farm/Activist Summit

> http://meetup.radicaldesigns.org/calendar_display.php?calid=6748

> Sunday, May 28th 2006 01:00 am

> Building Community

> If you are seeking more community in your life or wish to strengthen the > community in which you live, this weekend offers boundless > opportunities, with workshops on consensus, conflict resolution, right > livelihood and green business, and much more.

>

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> <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/aim/>

>

>

> c.. Your use of Yahoo! Groups is subject to the Yahoo! Terms of > Service.

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>
> No virus found in this incoming message.
> Checked by AVG Anti-Virus.
> Version: 7.0.308 / Virus Database: 266.7.2 - Release Date: 3/11/05
>
> -----
>
> Date: Sun, 13 Mar 2005 21:35:19 -0500
> From: "Hoerman, Michael A"
> Subject: Editors & publishers: a young poet in jail needs books
>
> His name is Palлека Mak. He's 17-years-old, a Cambodian immigrant currently in
> the Suffolk County Jail awaiting trial, and facing a life sentence without
> parole. He wants to explore the possibilities of his poetry. Palлека writes
> poetry and shows signs of promise. Like most poets at his age, he has very far
> to go. The biggest obstacle right now is his access to books. Palлека hasn't
> read a lot of contemporary poetry. He can be sent softcover books by mail
with
> the caveat that they can only come mailed directly from publishers. Individuals
> cannot mail books to him (and please do not attempt to do so). If you are an
> editor or publisher and would mail a book to Palлека, especially any anthology
of younger poets, you will directly contribute to his education and to any
> future poetry he may write. Mail must be sent addressed exactly as follows.
The
> booking officer misspelled his name, and some letters addressed to the
proper
> spelling only (Mak) have been returned to relatives.
>
> Suffolk County Jail
> Palлека Mack (Mak)
> 200 Nashua St.
> Boston, MA 02114
>
> -----

>
> Date: Sun, 13 Mar 2005 19:29:02 -0800
> From: Ishaq
> Subject: Pass The Mic! : Latino Hip-Hop documentary
>
> The suppressed voices from Latin hip-hop culture are finally heard in
> this compelling voyage to the underground roots where it all began!
> Witness hip-hop's best kept secrets pump into the pen, bleed onto the
> page, race through the microphone, and blast onto the stage to influence
> the world of music. Two generations of Latino hip-hoppers reveal their
> struggles, successes, and the secrets of their art, flinging open a
> controversial window with a no-holds-barred approach that will shock the
> music industry. Respected by their peers, ignored by the media, these
> are the key figures who have revolutionized hip-hop culture, filled with
> gripping stories told through riveting interviews, exclusive backstage
> footage, and dope music! Step inside the recording studios, put on a
> headset, and prepare to Pass the Mic!
>
> <http://www.brownpride.com/latinrap/default.asp>
>
> <http://www.passthemic.net/>
>
> -- Finally, Their Stories are told...
>
> "A Very Good Movie" and Pass The Mic! is "The Real Deal". --Damien McCaffery,
> Associate Editor, VIBE Magazine
>
> "The Strong-ness is in its Rawness...Compelling...their disappointment in the
music
> industry is the highlight"
> -Director Sylvia Morales of Resurrection Blvd.
>
>
> Los Angeles, CA- Throughout the rich and colorful world of Hip-Hop, the
Latino
> influence has never been properly documented. Finally, the true story is
told...
>
> Find out why Fox 11 News is calling Latin Hip-Hop "The Next Big Thing".
> Discover the reason a UPN news report predicts the Latin Hip-Hop scene to
become

- > more successful than Latin Pop. Witness the growth of the underground, the
- > ingenuity of the lyrical content, and soon realize why this movement is rising
- > to insurmountable heights.
- >
- > Four years in the making, Pass The Mic! mixes exclusive interviews with concert
- > and behind the scenes footage. Safada Y Sano Productions, along with the
- > frontrunners of the Latin Hip-Hop movement Digital Aztlan, produced a riveting
- > and controversial piece, keeping the content and its topics uncensored.
- >
- > Hear from the Artists firsthand as they recall the politics and the stereotypes
- > placed upon them. Listen to the "Godfather of Latin Hip-Hop" Mellow Man Ace,
- > Delinquent Habits and Lighter Shade of Brown converse about the late
- > 1980's and
- > early 1990's Latin Hip-Hop Scene, when they were headlining tours and going
- > gold. Learn how the Latin Hip-Hop sound has influenced the world of Hip-Hop and
- > helped ignite the Latin Pop Explosion. See how the movement has crossed borders
- > and races. Take note of their struggles, their influences, and their love for
- > the art of music.
- >
- > Artists Interviewed
- > Mellow Man Ace, Delinquent Habits, Molotov, Psycho Realm, Proper Dos, Brown Town
- > Looters, Street Platoon, Capone of Latino Jam Records, Lighter Shade of Brown,
- > Conejo, Aztlan Underground, Seditious Beats (now know as Divine Forces Radio),
- > ILL-Fame, Rhyme Poetic Mafia.
- >
- > Exclusive Footage
- > The much talked about freestyles from the 5th Battalion/Digital Aztlan Concut
- > Teasers show, freestyles from the Divine Circle of Prayer portion of the
- > Seditious Beats radio show, G'fellas self titled album photo shoot, recording
- > studio footage of the Artists laying down their tracks, plus exclusive concert
- > footage from many of the top Latino MC's.
- >

>
>
>
> Music
> Soundtrack courtesy of the underground sensation 5th Battalion. Also featured
> The Ollin Project with tracks from The Psycho Realm, Voodoo Click, Los Tumbados,
> and Krazy
>
> <http://www.passthemic.net/>
> __\
> Stay Strong\
> \
> "Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor" \
> --Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)\
> \
> "This mathematical rhythmatcal mechanism enhances my wisdom\
> of Islam, keeps me calm from doing you harm, when I attack, it's Vietnam"\
> --HellRazah\
> \
> "It's not too good to stay in a white man's country too long"\
> --Mutabartuka\
> \
> "As for we who have decided to break the back of colonialism, \
> our historic mission is to sanction all revolts, all desperate \
> actions, all those abortive attempts drowned in rivers of blood."\
> - Frantz Fanon\
> \
> "Everyday is Ashura and every land is Kerbala"\
> -Imam Ja'far Sadiq\
> \
> <http://scratchcue.blogspot.com/>
> \
> <http://www.sleepybrain.net/vanilla.html>
> \
> http://www.world-crisis.com/analysis_comments/766_0_15_0_C/
> \
> <http://ilovepoetry.com/search.asp?keywords=braithwaite&orderByÚte>
> \
> <http://www.lowliferecords.co.uk/>
> \
> \

> }
>
> -----
>
> Date: Sun, 13 Mar 2005 22:29:29 -0500
> From: David Buuck
> Subject: Santa Cruz reading 3/21
>
> New Cadence Poetry Series presents:
> Jules Boykoff, Kaia Sand & David Buuck
> Monday, March 21st, 7pm
> Louden Nelson Center
> 301 Center St., Santa Cruz
>
> Jules Boykoff and Kaia Sand edit the Tangent, a zine of politics and the arts;
> and host TangentRadio, a weekly radio program on poetry and politics
> (www.thetangentpress.org/radio.htm).
> Jules is the author of the multi-media poetry chapbook, Philosophical
> Investigations Inna Neo-Con Roots-Dub Styley (Interrupting Cow Press, DC,
2004)
> and his visual work is currently part of Harvard University's Visual Poetry
> Exhibition (www.infinitypoetry.com). His critical writing is forthcoming in
> Chain, Tripwire, Labor History, XCP: Cross
> Cultural Poetics, and Socialist Studies.
> Kaia Sand is the author of interval (Edge Books 2004). Currently, her poetry
can
> be found in the Poker, PomPom, the Hat, and Cypress Magazine. An excerpt
from
> her new project, why this body decided to be left-handed, comprises the
> forthcoming
> issue of Primary Writing.
> David Buuck lives in Oakland, where he edits Tripwire, organizes BARGE
(Bay Area
> Research Group in Enviro-Aesthetics), and is a Contributing Editor for
Artweek.
>
> -----
>
> Date: Sun, 13 Mar 2005 22:41:19 -0500
> From: Richard Jeffrey Newman
> Subject: Apologies
>

> Lawrence Upton just emailed me to tell me that he had received backchannel
> the email announcement I have sent out regarding my new book of
> translations. I had thought I removed all the people on the Poetics List
> from the list I sent the backchannel announcement to since I had already
> posted an announcement of the book's publication on the list. If anyone else
> received the backchannel announcement and wants to be removed from that
> list, please backchannel me and I will remove you, and my apologies in
> advance.

>

>

>

> Rich Newman

>

>

>

>

>

> Richard Jeffrey Newman

>

> Associate Professor, English

>

> Chair, International Education Committee

>

> Nassau Community College

>

> One Education Drive

>

> Garden City, NY 11530

>

> O: [REDACTED]

>

> F: [REDACTED]

>

> [REDACTED]

>

> www.ncc.edu

>

> [REDACTED]

>

> www.richardjnewman.com

>

>

> http://richardjeffreynewman.blogspot.com
>
> -----
>
> Date: Sun, 13 Mar 2005 21:46:15 -0600
> From: mIEKAL aND
> Subject: Re: Santa Cruz reading 3/21
>
> David: What's BARGE? Google is curiously silent about this. Sounds
> interesting.
>
> mIEKAL
>
>
> On Mar 13, 2005, at 9:29 PM, David Buuck wrote:
>
> > Bay Area Research Group in Enviro-Aesthetics
>
> -----
>
> End of POETICS Digest - 12 Mar 2005 to 13 Mar 2005 (#2005-73)
> *****

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345. **furniture_press**

A survey

Mon 14 Mar 2005

are poets aware of our distance?

www.towson.edu/~cacasama/furniture/poae

baltimorereads.blogspot.com

zillionpoems.blogspot.com

--

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346. **furniture_press**
Poems with a capital P.
Mon 14 Mar 2005

Poems with a capital P.

First Mirror

All the Poets listen to us
Working day and night
To forget us. All the Poets
Write Poems
For us to listen to. For us
To lie in their words speak
Like them. There seems to be
Something like an ocean
Getting in the way of
What the Poets are trying
To say.

Second Mirror

Mostly Poets write for us,
A willingness carried over
From parenthood—I can't say
Which of the two is most
Likely the best candidate for
The job of caretaker;
That could logically bring in
Animosity from either side.

Third Mirror

It's the Poets who speak
To us like they're writing
Poetry. The Poets are making us
Illiterate while we
Are speaking as closely
As possible to the text.

Fourth Mirror

That's what the Poets want you
To believe—that they're
Singing. But the Poets
Usually rely on line breaks
Not our sensibilities.

Fifth Mirror

All the Poets read their
Poems to us. They want us
To hear their Poems the way
Their Poems are shaped. For
Us it's usually the way our
Ears are shaped.

Sixth Mirror

The Poets are aware of our
Presence. The Poets want
To prevent us from limiting
The distance of their Poems.
Some will reminded us again
And again of their own proximity.

--

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US\$9.95 per year!

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347. **Gerald Schwartz**

Re: A survey

Mon 14 Mar 2005

are poets aware of our distance?

By and large, yes.

www.towson.edu/~cacasama/furniture/poae

baltimorereads.blogspot.com

zillionpoems.blogspot.com

--

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Check out our value-added Premium features, such as a 1 GB mailbox for just
US\$9.95 per year!

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348. **T_Martin**
Yo, Philly poets Wanted
Mon 14 Mar 2005

I am organizing a benefit reading for the Calvary Center on 48th and Baltimore in Philadelphia (and Curio Theatre Company) on May 21st at 3pm. It's a space for arts that is opening up to the community in really cool ways. I am looking for poets to read. If interested, email Tim at [REDACTED] or give me a call at [REDACTED].

Thanks,
Tim Martin

www.timothymartin.blogspot.com

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349. **Alan Sondheim**
"repeated thee sugar"
Mon 14 Mar 2005

"repeated thee sugar"

"repeated thee sugar given occasion embarrass

"lady circumstances

"reply perhaps south

"

"food may considered horses, difficult know independence sandwich

"need.

"

"studied worthy least reference news whos? next use evil wine friend

"hearing. teach somewhere his, idea grave dare hat, need companion

"length. not mother person know across, taste street convenient, tying

"may few. did gym as. allowed person person dare surprise."

I received this within an unsolicited email offering merchandise I have never wanted and still no longer want. However, entranced by the message itself, I have taken it upon myself (always "I, I, I!") to mean and intend the words quoted. I mean these words as urgency, the surprise of a surprised person, beneath the aegis of a compromised lady. It is no longer random, if it ever was. It is neither poem nor filler, but rather the poetics of despair, such is my intention. It means what I have always meant it to say, encapsulates it as a gift given me, gratis, within the context of commercial appeal.

So I offer my poem, my urgency: "repeated thee sugar" -

repeated thee sugar

repeated thee sugar given occasion embarrass
lady circumstances
reply perhaps south

food may considered horses, difficult know independence sandwich need.

studied worthy least reference news whos? next use evil wine friend hearing.
teach somewhere his, idea grave dare hat, need companion length. not mother
person know across, taste street convenient, tying may few. did gym as. allowed
person person dare surprise.

===

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350. **Catherine Daly**
Beyond Baroque reading

Mon 14 Mar 2005

Will Alexander

reading from Exobiology as Goddess
(Manifest Press)

Eleni Sikelianos

reading from The Book of Jon (nonfiction/hybrid, City
Lights) and

The California Poem (Coffee House Press)

Diane Ward

reading from new work

Friday, March 18 at 7:30

Beyond Baroque, 681 Venice Blvd., Venice, CA 90291, 
www.beyondbaroque.org <http://www.beyondbaroque.org/>

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351. **Robin Tremblay-McGaw**
Lipstick Eleven #3 --Hot Off the Presses!

Mon 14 Mar 2005

Dear All--

Lipstick Eleven, Issue #3, co-edited by Jim Brashear, Kathy Lou Schultz, and
Robin Tremblay-McGaw, is now available from Small Press Distribution for \$10.
This is a hefty issue folks, 215 pages of exciting work!

This issue features **plays from the 2002 Poets Theater Jubilee in San Francisco. Plays from Kenward Elmslie, Carla Harryman, Susan Gevirtz, Norma Cole and Kevin Killian, Laura Moriarty, Rachel Levitsky and Camille Roy, Brent Cunningham, and others.

** papers from Robert Gluck, Kevin Killian, and Dodie Bellamy from the Prose Acts: Transgressive Writing and Music Conference, Buffalo, NY, October 18-21, 2001.

**poetry and art work by Bobbie : West, Bruno Anthony, Susan Bee, Kaia Sand, Ken Delponte, Lauren Rile Smith, Leigh Hyams, Sally Doyle, Kathy Lou Schultz.

--Order while it is hot!!

Robin

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352. **Donna Kuhn**

Donna Kuhn and Michael Paul Ladanyi poetry/art book released

Mon 14 Mar 2005

The poets Michael Paul Ladanyi and Donna Kuhn, are happy to announce the release of their perfect bound (8.5x11, 39 pages) poetry & visual art book, Beautifully Thin Oneonta Moon! This beautiful book contains seven poems from each poet, as well as seven pieces of original art work from each poet!

Please visit Little Poem Press at:

http://www.celaine.com/LittlePoemPress/ladanyi_kuhn.html for more information, including front and back cover images, price, and purchase info and more.

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353. **Small Press Traffic**

New Experiments Series at SPT

Mon 14 Mar 2005

Small Press Traffic is very pleased to announce two upcoming events in our New Experiments Series...we hope to see you there! [details below]

Friday, March 18, 2005 at 7:30 p.m.

New Experiments: Truong Tran on the Physics of Poetry

Friday, April 1, 2005 at 7:30 p.m.

New Experiments: Rob Fitterman (in conversation with David Buuck) on Identity

Theft

Our series New Experiments: Emerging Patterns in Innovative Literature by Authors Born Later in the 20th Century, Elucidated by Themselves is supported in part by a grant from the James Irvine Foundation.

**

details below

**

Friday, March 18, 2005 at 7:30 p.m.

New Experiments: Truong Tran on the Physics of Poetry

Lyn Hejinian has said of Truong Tran's work "Something extremely important is going on, something wonderful." He joins us tonight to discuss and read from his third book, *within the margin* (Apogee, 2004). He writes: "My work is only experimental in that it uses form to tell a story. It is that same interest that brings me to writers like Edmond Jabes and his structure of the book or Myung Mi Kim. Hers is the poetics of silence...a story told as fragments in language and in form, it is not meant to be understood but rather experienced physically. *within the margin* is my attempt to tell a story physically through the poetic form.."

Truong Tran is the author of three books from Berkeley's Apogee Press: *placing the accents*, *dust and conscience* (winner of the Poetry Center Book Award for 2002) and *within the margin*. He lives in San Francisco.

**

Friday, April 1, 2005 at 7:30 p.m.

New Experiments: Rob Fitterman (in conversation with David Buuck) on Identity Theft

"In contemporary poetry, the tendency toward the borrowed, the purloined, the repeated, the appropriated, has not only been substantiated by a generation of loosely defined post-language or experimental poets, but it has been even more fully realized by the wave of younger poets who are at home with both poetic thievery and with the critical apparatus that frames it. What, then, happens to identity in this inventory of sources? Do the sources themselves define our expressions in a new way of thinking and reading? Does the assemblage define our aesthetic, our 'artistry'? Does our 'original' text take a regular seat on the bus next to other 'found' texts? Can we express subjectivity, even personal experience, without necessarily using our own personal experience (via the internet we have access to nearly everybody's feelings and ideas)? In this short talk, more of a Q and Q than a Q and A, I hope to pose several questions about the use of appropriation in contemporary poetry with the hope that it might offer some context to a new generation of thieves, mixers, and processors.

Robert Fitterman is the author of eight books of poetry, including three installments of his ongoing poem Metropolis, the latest of which is Metropolis XXX: The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire (Edge Books, 2004). David Buuck is the editor of Tripwire: a journal of poetics.

[NB: Michael Gottlieb's April 1 reading cancelled due to circumstances beyond our control.]

Unless otherwise noted, events are \$5-10, sliding scale, free to SPT members, and CCA faculty, staff, and students.

Unless otherwise noted, our events are presented in
Timken Lecture Hall

California College of the Arts

1111 Eighth Street, San Francisco (just off the intersection of 16th & Wisconsin)

**

Elizabeth Treadwell Jackson, Director

Small Press Traffic

Literary Arts Center at CCA

1111 -- 8th Street

San Francisco, CA 94107



<http://www.sptraffic.org>

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354. **Kevin Magee**

At Melville's Tomb: The Scattered Chapter

Mon 14 Mar 2005

[Draft of a paper to be presented at the 14th annual Polish Association of English Studies, University of Lodz, 4-7 April 2005].

"Why do such make so much of the literary inheritance?"

Charles Olson to Cid Corman

"We can still learn from defunct forms."

Walter Benjamin

"A hundred years gives us an advantage," writes Charles Olson at the beginning of Call Me Ishmael. That is a cardinal note of caution against claiming to know where we are now as we near the sixty-year end of Olson's 1947 essay on Melville. Robert Lowell's "The Quaker Graveyard in Nantucket" appeared in Lord Weary's Castle in 1946. Is the coincidence of the date of these two early moments in post-war American poetry any different from the coincidence Olson

mentions? "Yes, the year *Moby-Dick* was being finished Marx was writing letters to the N.Y. Daily Tribune" (Olson 1997: 27). The juxtaposition startles by proposing an area of adjacent matters. This is worth stating, however obvious, if only to remember Walter Benjamin's reading and writing "about the relations between things, rather than about things or phenomena themselves." (Lindroos 51).

We do not have to look far for a reminder of the boundary line demarcating Lowell and Olson. The two poets once read within a matter of weeks of one another at Brandeis University in 1961, by which time Lowell had become Olson's "loathed academic rival" (Clark 295). Lowell does not even appear to deserve mention in Steve McCaffery's parenthetical inventory of the post-war generation of 'new critical' formalists: "Patently writing against the prevalent metrically regulated poetries of the 1940s--Karl Shapiro, Richard Eberhart, Theodore Roethke, and John Berryman, for instance--Olson appeals to breathing as the formal determinant of the poetic line" (46). This is the textbook definition of the knot of contrariety posed at the point of divergence, Olson's 1950 manifesto, "Projective Verse." In a letter to Cid Corman the same year, among comments on Pound and Williams and problems of continuity, Hudson and Kenyon reviews etc., a remark is made that almost references, if only by association, the poem I am placing beside *Call Me Ishmael*: "(now it is Melville, yes: but, what a Melville--the same bizness, turn him into that same g.d. human humus, because, 'we, poor things, have to have soil to grow skillful in'" (Olson 1969: 6).

Perhaps sixty years gives us the limited advantage of asking whether there is any room for the reading of relations, in relation, especially when those relations are written into contemporary orthodoxies as antithetical, and one poet's work can even come to be viewed as canceling another's. The valorization of sharp breaks, ruptures, departures and discontinuities, as productive as this is for staking new positions and practices, tends to require the assertion of divisions which harden over time, forgetting the generative energy in that gap, the magnetic field charged with contradictory, contending as well as kindred, approaches to the same materials. Locating "The Quaker Graveyard in Nantucket" within the orbit of *Call Me Ishmael* can serve not only to increase our understanding of problems with Olson's essay, but such relocation can also reinforce an integrative, rather than disintegrating, view of a poem which, by 1973, had received such amount of commentary and explication that Marjorie Perloff, in an early book on Lowell, begged off any closer attention to it (Perloff 1973: 140).

In Grzegorz Kosci's recent study, "The Quaker Graveyard in Nantucket" is viewed critically as a youthful performance of rhetorical skill crossed by a number of formal and figural problems which take the poem over the edge of formal emptiness, the representation "grafted upon a landscape that is primarily

mythical" which results in "an overgrown structure woven around no nucleus at all" (26, 32). Core is the word Olson uses in his "what a Melville" letter to Corman: "Is there not a direct connect between the emphasis on (1) technical, skill and (2) tradition--that is, cultural tradition--the assumption of a sure-human core" (Olson: 1969, 6). This might be one of those sudden insights where Olson engages his own work as critically as the writing against which he is defining his own.

The problem that interests me has to do with Lowell's and Olson's appropriations of history-as-myth made available to imagination by the great work of literature inherited from a common past and conceived as possessing the capacity to narrate and signify in the present, and this present for both poets was a Europe in ruins and an ascending American empire. How does the use of Melville's *Moby-Dick* in "The Quaker Graveyard in Nantucket" and *Call Me Ishmael* de-temporalize the historical moment in which they are writing, and produce two adjacent projections as important to understand in relation to their own time as to our own, if we still believe that poetry and poetics are capable of contributing to how we try to know the present we inhabit and interpret?

"We must not forget the war in any calculation of Olson's work," Sherman Paul wrote almost thirty years ago in *Olson's Push* (6). The coincidence is of another order than the poem's 1946 and the essay's 1947 dates of publication, but the circumstances of the war and their relation to it were such that both poets found themselves in direct communication with the president of the United States. Kosc's book quotes Lowell's statement of conscientious objection to the war addressed to the president (146), and Olson's biographer tells the following anecdote from his two years, 1942-1944, in the Foreign Language Division of the Office of War Information:

"Olson's actual encounters with the president were infrequent and largely inconsequential, their conversational exchanges rarely going beyond a few polite sentences. On only one occasion did campaign staffer Olson take it upon himself to go further, putting in a word about the plight of Nazi-occupied Poland....American intervention between opposing Soviet and Polish resistance elements then vying to liberate the war-ravaged nation was urgently required Olson suggested to the president. Roosevelt listened sympathetically, but Charles was never to know whether his urgings had made a difference. He concluded uncertainly that the president seemed to want to continue 'playing it by ear' on the issue of the fate of Poland (Clark 88).

As a point of comparison, it's curious that Perloff's criticism of Lowell's insensitivity to the geopolitics of American intervention reappears in the Polish scholars's return to the young poet's year in prison, perhaps because of the European reference: "But what about the 'national sovereignty' of our allies? The

tragic events leading up to the war--the fall of Poland, the occupation of France, the Battle of Britain, as well as the battles of the Eastern Front during the war--these seem never to have penetrated Lowell's consciousness." (qtd. in Kosc 146). At the very least, the coincidence of Lowell's and Olson's communications with President Roosevelt, even if consigned to the region of anecdote and accidents of chance, may also suggest the slightest outline of the time from which their early writings issue. At any rate, they are the last American poets to even suggest a 'direct connect' to the White House for other than ceremonial functions.

One view of the relation between *Call Me Ishmael* and "The Quaker Graveyard in Nantucket" might conceive of the area where the historical imaginations of these two poets coincide as that of the 'tiger's leap,' Benjamin's name for an image, or projection, which "creates immediacy in relation to the past, actualizes or quotes an image from the archive of historical memory" (Weigel 13). The literary fable of the Pequod is invoked by both poets and superimposed onto their present, writing in the aftermath of world-historical catastrophe and the impossibility for them, writing where they are and at such remove, in America, of anything near a poetics of immediacy in response, "the thing Williams said, long before in Spring and All, that one never dares to know, the exact moment that he is" (Paul 33). The experience of the war is not available to either Lowell or Olson, let alone the struggle with language and meaning the effort to approach such an experience must enact. Epic history has happened far away. "I once noted," Adorno wrote to Benjamin in 1935, "that the recent past always presents itself as if it had been annihilated by catastrophes. I would say now: but it therefore presents itself as primal history" (Benjamin 55).

Reverberating at the margins of Lowell's and Olson's invoking of Melville's "savage myth" is the repressed cultural memory of genocidal war ("Melville had reason to name his ship Pequod" (Olson 1997: 20)), and this history of conquest, "the 'frontierism' of American history" (Paul 134), is associated with the global reach of the recent war spanning Atlantic and Pacific oceans. Olson's Melville "lived intensely his people's wrong, their guilt," and states the terms of his own post-war present this way: "For the American has the Roman feeling about the world. It is his, to dispose of. He strides it, with possession of it. His property. Has he not conquered it with his machines? He bends its resources to his will. The pax of legions? The Americanization of the world. Who else is lord?" (Olson 1997: 66).

Both Lowell's poem and Olson's essay overtly identify the terms of conquest as the subsumption of nature by technology, signaled by the poem's biblical epigraph and stated repeatedly in *Call Me Ishmael* in such passages as the following: "Like Ahab, American, one aim: lordship over nature" (Olson 1997: 18). "The guns of the steeled fleet" that "Recoil and repeat" at the end of the first

part of Lowell's poem belong to the same representation of history as Olson's pointed summary of the pre-Civil War whaling industry as, "in capital and function, forerunner to a later America," and the thought of that America makes one of his sentences break off a piece of how his poetry would soon come to sound: "making the Pacific the American lake the navy now" (Olson 1997: 23). To state the matter benignly, "The Quaker Graveyard in Nantucket" and *Call Me Ishmael* project dissent against the proposition of America as Empire.

But does this projection achieve the immediacy which, for Benjamin, "actualizes a confrontation between two historical events" (Lindroos 85), or, on the contrary, does the return to the past by summoning its fabulous shadow in such a portent and Shakespeare-sedimented figure as Ahab and the literary myth of Moby-Dick accomplish the reverse effect and participate in a monumentalism and structure of mystification, "this need of man to persist in monument as well as myth" (Olson 1997: 85) upon which conceptions of the past as continuum are founded? Sigrid Weigel restates Benjamin's challenge to nineteenth-century historicism and late modernist survivals of mythopoeisis this way: "The abandonment of the epic element of history and the breaking down of history into images rather than into stories are the ways in which the blasting of an object of history out of the historical continuum occurs" (Weigel 12). In contrast, Lowell's and Olson's late 1940s poetry and poetics begin by taking up the project of narrating cultural memory across a horizon of descent, tradition, continuity and patrimony, and Olson's (1947) dismissal of the danger of 'direct connect' and transfer sounds like a headlong rush of confidence: "In place of Zeus, Odysseus, Olympus we have had Caesar, Faust, the City. The shift was from man as a group to individual man. Now, in spite of the corruption of myth by fascism, the swing is out and back. Melville is one who began it" (Olson 1997: 19).

Just as it can be said, and needs to be said, since it has gone so long unsaid, that it is Robert Lowell who begins Olson's epic, *The Maximus Poems*. "'Who may call to mind when he was not?'" (Melville qtd. in Olson 1997: 103). Any number of quotations from *Call Me Ishmael* suggest themselves for the direct address that lies one page past the dedication for the first volume, for Robert Creeley - Figure of Outward

for Robert Lowell - "highliner" for Robert Lowell - "secret member of the crew" for Robert Lowell - "by the necessity of life - included" for Robert Lowell - "He missed his own truth" for Robert Lowell - "(In democracy the antagonisms are wide)" for Robert Lowell - "the opposition of cadence is part of the counter point" or, to take up the quote from *Mardi* Olson's notes: for Robert Lowell - Love is all in all. As for *Call Me Ishmael*, the completion of many years work on Melville that had earned him a footnote by way of acknowledgment in Matthiessen's *American Renaissance* (Clark 25), Olson might have said, had he ever had a mind to, 'I was simmering, simmering, simmering, and that Boston

blueblood brought me to a boil.' "The Quaker Graveyard in Nantucket" reads like an inverted typological map of Olson's essay: Pacific/Atlantic, Shakespeare/Milton, Shiloh, Christ, Poseidon, Jonas, Noah, the covenant of the rainbow, etc. Lowell's poem provides the model that allows Olson to discover the flaw in himself.

I turn the page past the Creeley dedication and read no farther than the title and epigraph of the first poem: I, Maximus of Gloucester, to You

Off-shore, by islands hidden in the blood
jewels & miracles, I, Maximus
a metal hot from boiling water, tell you
what is a lance, who obeys the figures of
the present dance (Olson 1983: 5; lines 1-5)

Jack Spicer's famous stricture, "the poem does not know who you refers to," hardly applies to Olson's epigraph, which addresses the poet of "The Quaker Graveyard in Nantucket" by way of call-and-response to Lowell's "Who will dance / The mast-lashed master of Leviathans / Up from this field of Quakers in their unstoned graves?" (8; lines 86-88). Sherman Paul, associating *The Special View of History* with *Call Me Ishmael* (103-105) and "I, Maximus, of Gloucester, to You" (120-122), goes to some length trying to separate Ahab from Maximus ("Ahab is Emerson's great man gone amok"), using Keats' man of action/man of imagination split, so the figure of Ahab turns into the "man of power" and the figure of Maximus, "man of achievement," which sounds like wishful thinking, alongside such statements as "Olson cleanses 'myth' of all that has made it suspect" and, in the opening Maximus poem, "his lance is not Ahab's but that of common fishermen," (sentimental!) quoting Olson's "how shall you strike, o swordsman, the blue-red back" (122). Lowell's sailor has a sword and a "gun-blue swingle" among a host of other words and epithets in the fifth section of the poem that must have struck deep in Olson's depths.

"Maximus calld us to dance the Man" Robert Duncan would write in the second poem of his 1960 breakthrough, *The Opening of the Field*. "Whitman was right," the passage continues, "Our names are left / like leaves of grass, / likeness and liking, the human greenness / tough as grass that survives the cruelest seasons" (Duncan 9; lines 34-37). Or, for the land of unlikeness that is post-war American poetry, was it Lowell who was right, at least for the length of half a line: "We are poured out like water" (8; line 86). Following Benjamin, the traces of old forms cannot be obliterated, but remain as sedimentary deposits, especially where the new is trying hardest to exclude the old:

When the whale's viscera go and the roll
Of its corruption overruns this world
Beyond tree-swept Nantucket and Woods Hole

And Martha's Vineyard, Sailor, will your sword
Whistle and fall and sink into the fat?
In the great ash-pit of Jehoshaphat
The bones cry for the blood of the white whale,
The fat flukes arch and whack about its ears,
The death-lance churns into the sanctuary, tears
The gun-blue swingle, heaving like a flail,
And hacks the coiling life out (9; lines 89-99)

The Drydenesque epithet, the "death-lance" of Lowell's slaughterhouse sailor, is the common fisherman's "board knife, a two-edge instrument four feet long, three inches wide, used in whaling to cut the blubber from the whale" which one twenty-one year-old "son of a Quaker schoolmaster of Nantucket" serving on "the Nantucket whaleship the Globe" uses to kill the Second Mate after killing the Captain and Chief Mate with an axe and shooting the Third Mate. This second of the three facts in *Call Me Ishmael* invokes the young sailor's reported cry, "I am the bloody man, I have the bloody hand and I will have revenge" (Olson 1997: 69).

"In Greek," Kia Lindroos reminds us, "Chronos has the more definite meaning of a destructive force of time, an objective, measurable time, and a long duration of time. It is basically identified with the perishable aspect of life," (11) or art, we might add, in recognition of the rise and fall of names and works in the post-war poetry of the United States. Our ability to read the relations among works of difference suffers as a result, and we forget that creation does not happen in a void, without symbolic violence, if not real hatred, and in that forgetting is where the malice of myth takes root, in the phantasmagoria of the National Museum. We are still waiting for Mandelstam's Dante, the one Osip imagined capable of making the walls of the Hermitage tremble. Does it matter whether the one post-war American poet for whom there is not even a definite date of birth, Rufus Jones, took the name and signature, Stephen Jonas ("Jonas - a pity in the very jaws of terror") by way of either Olson or Lowell, or from Olson through Lowell, the three poets more or less located in the same geography, though the weight on that more or less is immeasurable in its dislocative density, like city spaces, migrations towards spheres of experimentation that blur on the border of what can be seen or known, called by Charles Olson the throne of the sun at Babel.

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Kevin Magee

<http://hypobololemaioi.com>

<http://hypobolemaioi.durationpress.com>

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355. **Harrison Jeff**

Hovers Pull'd From The Goblin Urn, That Grudge Me Pleasure

Mon 14 Mar 2005

these hovers don't last
though hoped me those
verses would lure Virginia
from / under / where

bleeds sea up darkest
that folded PEEP is
the WATERS, up-, up-,
upon the face
of these waters
no hovers,
mechanically
restless,
will endure (
stiffly immortal
with sharp name
to stick thru
this stretched
creature wane,
guestless,
dreaming - or,
rather, con-
fined
to slumbers
with
no stories,
offering
only oaths
to speak tales)
that folded PEEP
is CHRONOS, up,
up, up rocks &
down soil --
graver, slow'r cold'r,
startle me over some
waves carcass-crown'd
though top'd, Virginia, with
peace shall rave your name

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356. **Joe Brennan**

Check out The Assassinated Press

Mon 14 Mar 2005

Click here: The Assassinated Press
<http://www.theassassinatedpress.com>

China Finds American Poetry Blogs Too Masturbatory:
Phony, Self-Absorbed Blogs Run Counter To Notions Of Human Dignity,
Cooperation:
Chinese Doctors Find Blogs Put Workers To Sleep, Prescribed For Insomnia:
Poetry Blogs Designed To Weaken Character Of People:
Notion of Banned Blogs Belies Delusional Self-Absorption:
By YASO ADIODI

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357. **Alison Croggon**
Announcing Masthead 9

Mon 14 Mar 2005

(Apologies for crossposting)

<http://masthead.net.au/>

Announcing Masthead 9.

Firstly, I am proud to host Twenty One Iraqi Poets, the Masthead Feature for this issue. At very short notice, Guest Editor Margaret Obank of Banipal magazine has gathered a stunning array of Iraqi poets in translation. At a time when Iraq mainly exists in the popular Western imagination as a war zone of inscrutable violence, it seems apt to showcase some of the complexity, sophistication and humanity of contemporary Iraqi culture.

I am always surprised by how each issue evolves its own conversation. This seems to occur despite me, rather than with deliberate intent. This issue's abiding themes seem to be eroticism and translation, the pleasures of exchange between languages and bodies. And here the manifold and contradictory pleasures of writing and sex emerge as profoundly political. "Pleasure cannot, and does not, mitigate anger," says Sophie Mayer in her essay on the eroticism of Native American poetry. "The lived experience of genocide, racism, misogyny, homophobia and transphobia find their voices too - ... pleasure becomes a protest against the dominant forces that would ignore or destroy it."

For your pleasure, then, this issue has translations from Chinese, Spanish, Persian and German as well as the broad selection from Arabic. We have an extract from Yang Lian's forthcoming book length poem, *Concentric Circles*, soon to be released by Bloodaxe, as well as essays on the poem by Yang Lian and his translator, Brian Holton. Michael Smith has translations of two of the most important South American poets of the 20th century - a hypnotically powerful long poem by Vicente Huidobro and selections from a forthcoming translation of César Vallejo's *Trilce*, co-translated with Valentino Gianuzzi, due out soon with Shearsman Books. James Graham and Barbara Sauermann offer us a fresh

perspective on Bertolt Brecht, with some new translations of his erotic poetry. And check out Richard Jeffrey Newman's superb translations of the 13th century Sufi poet Saadi, also just released by Global Scholarly Publications.

Prose includes two fascinating essays on sexuality. As well as Sophie Mayer's essay, Richard Jeffrey Newman looks at desire, fear, Jewishness, identity, racism, misogyny, masculinity - well, practically everything - in the extract from his book *My Son's Penis*. Fiction includes a selection from Valerie Kirwan's new novel, *Taking a Fool to Paradise*, and a punchy short story by Jesse Glass, and theatre is represented by *Vespers*, a new play of Beckettian lyricism, and a bracing lecture on the life and work of the playwright, by Daniel Keene.

And, as always, there's a rich feast of contemporary poetry from around the world. Masthead 9 also features poetry from Michael Ayres, Alan Halsey, Jeff Harrison, Matt Hetherington, Pierre Joris, Trevor Joyce, Danijela Kambaskovic-Sawer, Sally Ann McIntyre, Peter Minter, Geraldine Monk, Simon Perchik, Colin Reeves and Stephen Vincent.

This issue's cover art is *Reading upside-down love stories (self portrait)* by Terry Rentzepis. More of his lugubriously comic, strangely innocent work is on show in the Gallery. Masthead 9 also features work by visual artists Douglas Kirwan and Sadradeen.

Issue 9 is dedicated to Árni Ibsen, a great friend of Masthead whose recent serious illness has meant that our proposed feature on Icelandic writing in translation has been postponed for a future time. But as they say, anticipation merely increases later pleasure.

I hope you enjoy Issue 9 as much as I've enjoyed putting it together.

Alison Croggon

Editor

March 15, 2005

<http://masthead.net.au/>

Alison Croggon

Blog: <http://theatrenotes.blogspot.com>

Editor, Masthead: <http://masthead.net.au>

Home page: <http://alisoncroggon.com>

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358. **Caroline Crumpacker**
bilingual poetry reading series

Mon 14 Mar 2005

I'm delighted to request your good company for a reading with

Henry Israeli
reading new poems by Luljeta Lleshanaku

and

Joanna Goodman
reading poems of contemporary Algerian writers
including Habib Tengour, Jean Senac, Assia Djebar, and Tahar Djaout

at 3:00 PM on Sunday March 20

at the soigné Bowery Poetry Club
308 Bowery @ Bleecker



www.poetz.com

\$6 Admission

poetry, music, coffees, wines, canapes...

Henry Israeli's books include *New Messiahs* (Four Way Books: 2002) and *Fresco: Selected Poetry of Luljeta Lleshanaku* (New Directions: 2002)—which he edited and co-translated. He has been awarded fellowship grants from the National Endowment for the Arts, Canada Council on the Arts, Ontario Arts Council, and Toronto Arts Council, as well as a residency at the MacDowell Colony. His poetry and translations have appeared in numerous journals, including *Grand Street*, *The Iowa Review*, *Quarterly West*, *Tin House*, *Fence*, *Verse* and elsewhere. Henry Israeli is also the founder of Saturnalia Books.

Joanna Goodman was awarded the Iowa Poetry Prize for her first collection, *Trace of One* (University of Iowa Press, 2002), and in 2003 she received a Creative Writing Fellowship from the National Endowment for the Arts. She is also a previous recipient of the "Discovery"/The Nation Prize from the 92nd Street Y, a Taylor Fellowship from the Kenyon Review's Writer's Workshop, and fellowships from the MacDowell Colony and the Millay Colony for the Arts. Her poems have been published in *The Nation*, *Seneca Review*, *The Massachusetts Review*, *The Literary Review*, *The Indiana Review*, *Fence*, and elsewhere; recent work appears in the current issue of *The Kenyon Review* and is forthcoming in *The Georgia Review* and *Ninth Letter*. Her translations of poems by Algerian Francophone poets have been published in varied journals, including *The Literary Review*, *The Denver Quarterly*, *World Literature Today*, and *Provincetown Arts Journal*. Ms. Goodman teaches in the English Program at Franklin and Marshall College.

Luljeta Lleshanaku, born in Elbasan, Albania, began publishing her work in 1991 after the overthrow of the Stalinist regime. Her critically acclaimed books

of poetry are *The Sleepwalker's Eyes* (1993), *Sunday Bells* (1994), *Half-Cubism* (1996) and *Yellow Marrow: New and Selected Poems* (2001) for which she won the Albanian National Book Award. In 2002, New Directions published her first collection of translations in English, titled *Fresco: Selected Poetry of Luljeta Lleshanaku*. English translations of her work have appeared in *Grand Street*, *Seneca Review*, *Fence*, *Tin House*, *Pool*, *Modern Poetry in Translation*, *Anthology of American Verse* & *Yearbook of American Poetry* 1997, and *Visions-International*, for which they won the 1996 Translation Award.

And more good things to come...

April 24 at 2 PM: Zhang Er with Rachel Levitsky and Bob Holman

May 22 at 2 PM: From Paris: Oscarine Bosquet and special guest with translators Sarah Riggs

and Omar Berrada

June 14 2 PM: *Circumference Magazine* reading and launch party

If you want to be forever parted from this list, or if you're on it more than once, let me know...in the subject line or the body of the email.

(The Equinox is coming...)

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359. **Craig Allen Conrad**

conversation with poet/novelist Eileen Myles

Mon 14 Mar 2005

conversation with poet/novelist

Eileen Myles on PhillySound blog

http://PhillySound.blogspot.com (http://phillysound.blogspot.com/) æIf we give our money to KFC, we™re paying for a life of misery for some of God™s most helpless creatures.æ --The Reverend Al Sharpton Calls for KFC Boycott for 2005

"I've been boycotting KFC since Col. Sanders was George Wallace's running mate on the American Independence Party ticket in 1968. As we used to say, the chicken with two right wings...." --Ron Silliman

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360. **David Baratier**

Re: Let's All Turn Ourselves Into Campus Watch!

Tue 15 Mar 2005

Apropos of Kent & Jesse

I would prefer to be an expensive Swiss timepiece.

Be well

David Baratier, Editor

Pavement Saw Press

PO Box 6291

Columbus OH 43206

USA

<http://pavementsaw.org>

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361. **Harry Nudel**

winter....

Tue 15 Mar 2005

woke

wrote

wake

write

grrrr

grrrr

anger

against

3:00...spring..drn....

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362. **Steve Dalachinsky**

Re: A survey

Tue 15 Mar 2005

from what

from eachother

from where

from another

from who

from their mother

from when
from their brother
????????????????????????????????distance

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363. **Steve Dalachinsky**

Rewater

Tue 15 Mar 2005

there is this lake
it spits images up at the spectator
it is anonymous
tho
known
placid when un
touched
viewed
it is always un
touched
it spits images into the faces of its
spectators
it remains untouched
it is there even when the spectators are not
spits placid images
even when they are far away
splits spilt calpids
spits placid images
twisted & yawning up onto the
river bank
empties itself of spectators
spits images at those viewing its neverchanging surface
placid lake aloof is breathtaking is spectator
& spectacular
spits itself onto the shore
becomes spectator
watching itself from the shore
watching itself from the lake
becomes spectator / & / spectacle
becomes motion/less ripple less
shore less lake-less root.....less
outlet / for / spectator

not seeing the isn't is inevitable
not being the isn't is unthinkable.

steve dalachinsky nyc @ roulette oliver lake trio 5/12/05

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364. **August**

next-gen nanopoetics

Tue 15 Mar 2005

3 excerpts from "Biospheres & Sacred Grooves"

1

superstars this none
vriendelijke sun
manifest of pali uskali
 airbus 32s seat width
superstars this none
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room the maid douglas
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food "underground

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subway huns yellow
 outspoken j reverse
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flash update
mellow - shinda shima
"paranormal"

2

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harry potter summaries

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3

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lawyers southern
west propane 6cia
powered scooters free
charlestown ymca
mechanic wage Algorithms
want try something space
video game sprite
denver dicks
mechanic wage Algorithms
want try something space
spiders habitat nose
God just
www.august-highland.com

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365. **Lawrence Upton**
SVP celebrating bob cobbing
Tue 15 Mar 2005

Excellent performances all round at last night's SVP Celebrating Bob Cobbing
Mike Weller performed the end chunk of BEOWULF CARTOON + some short
sound pieces, one with pre-recorded sound

Hugh Metcalfe showed films and he and Veryan Weston played with them HM on guitar and VW on keyboard and piano, simultaneously of course

The films are quite extraordinary and very very good. Simple techniques and every day material; but transformed / transforming by context and repetition; and transformed / transforming by the music

Cobbing made an appearance in several parts of one

Honestly there has rarely been a more positive response to an svp

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366. **Alan Sondheim** *hollywood fallthrough*

Tue 15 Mar 2005

hollywood fallthrough

hollywood fallthrough yes it was earlier we crawled to the bottom of the sign the signifier heard us there were scuttlings and exhaustion holding us in vertical enthrall hollywood is always hollywood fallthrough scraping the tinsel to expose the tinsel in this case - was that baruch? - exposing, what, the digital mensuration of the real as it explodes in our eyes / as it explodes

<http://www.as.wvu.edu:8000/clc/Members/sondheim/hollyfall.jpg>

< get <http://worldwind.arc.nasa.gov/> >

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367. **Joe Brennan** *"We can hire one half of Islam to murder the other half!"*

Tue 15 Mar 2005

Click here: The Assassinated Press

Stephen Hadley Yawps: "I can hire one half of Islam to murder the other half!!!": With Additional French Funding Thousands Trucked In To March Against Syria in Beirut: France Still Hopes To Reclaim Its Former Colony; Israel To Isolate Hezbollah; U.S. To Draw Both Into New Strategic Arrangements Disguised As 'Acceptable' Elected Governments: Why Did the Western Media Feel So Compelled To Inflate Protest Numbers?: Americans Desperately Hope Leaning On Syria Will Dampen Iraqi Nationalism: By TACHENFUR GAHRATTAS

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.

".....at a time when I am speaking to you about the paradox of desire -- in the sense that different goods obscure it -- you can hear outside the awful language of power. There's no point in asking whether they are sincere or hypocritical, whether they want peace or whether they calculate the risks. The dominating impression as such a moment is that something that may pass for a prescribed good; information addresses and captures impotent crowds to whom it is poured

forth like a liquor that leaves them dazed as they move toward the slaughter house.

One might even ask if one would allow the cataclysm to occur without first giving free reign to this hubbub of voices...."

[↑ Contents](#)

368. **Nathaniel Siegel**

poem

Tue 15 Mar 2005

was marching
was marching
was a protest
was a matter
was

is passed-over

is

stop

stop

stop

stop

are

is

submits

are

was

support

orchestrated

is

is

have

have

will you
will you
find
do

[↑ Contents](#)

369. **Dan Waber**
poem [To Believe In Prayer]
Tue 15 Mar 2005

15/61

Echo = I want to believe in prayer--sprays of freckled letters flee to join
melody in air.

Source = Jennifer Hill-Kaucher, from her crown of sonnets, Nightcrown.

To Believe In Prayer

Dark already, doing the dishes I
feel the steamheat doing its work and want
to snap the details of this moment, to
store it for later when I can't believe
the years went that fast. My hands swipe plates in
water so warm its breath fogs a prayer
on the window before me, your hair sprays
around my neck, your arms form the shape of
"Oh" around my ribs, I eye our freckled
four arms and swear to form all these letters
into words before they have time to flee
from our clutches, before they have time to
lie about their importance. I will join
these letters, notes, into a melody
of the daily, the moments we float in
love, walk the kitchen like a walk on air.

Dan Waber

[↑ Contents](#)

370. **Mary Jo Malo**
Re: rewater: rewetting
Tue 15 Mar 2005

Thanks, Steve

I've had a bit of a dry spell lately, and you've rewhetted my appetite for at least reading poetry. I might even write something later today or tomorrow or in the near future. I'm only speculating, but it's a distinct possibility. Your lake sounds like my pond.

Mary

there is this lake
it spits images up at the spectator
it is anonymous
tho
known
placid when un
touched
viewed
it is always un
touched
it spits images into the faces of its
spectators
it remains untouched
it is there even when the spectators are not
spits placid images
even when they are far away
splits spilt calpids
spits placid images
twisted & yawning up onto the
river bank
empties itself of spectators
spits images at those viewing its neverchanging surface
placid lake aloof is breathtaking is spectator
& spectacular
spits itself onto the shore
becomes spectator
watching itself from the shore
watching itself from the lake
becomes spectator / & / spectacle
becomes motion/less ripple less
shore less lake-less root.....less
outlet / for / spectator
not seeing the isn't is inevitable
not being the isn't is unthinkable.

steve dalachinsky nyc @ roulette oliver lake trio 5/12/05

[↑ Contents](#)

371. **Gary Sullivan**

BRUSHES WITH F*A*M*E

Tue 15 Mar 2005

This week is "BRUSHES WITH F*A*M*E" week at Elsewhere.

I'm posting anecdotes of brushes with famous (and kind-of-famous) people.

I'd love to post yours as well, if you have some. The more excruciatingly embarrassing, the better. (You can do it anonymously, if you like.) Nothing mean-spirited, though. Let what's up there now be your guide.

See: <http://garysullivan.blogspot.com>

Send to me at:

gpsullivan at blogspot dot com

Thanks,

Gary

[↑ Contents](#)

372. **furniture_press**

Re: rewater: rewetting: o poem for chris s

Tue 15 Mar 2005

Sorry, but this is not
A poem. Just because
The line happens to break
Here doesn't mean there's
Any intention. And just
Because there happens
To be capital letters
Beginning each line-

Well, frankly, don't
Sell yourself short.

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

From: "Chris Stroffolino" <[REDACTED]>

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: Re: rewater: rewetting

Date: Tue, 15 Mar 2005 10:08:38 -0800

| *Thinking about why I moved back to Oakland from San Francisco*

(many "reasons" could be given

the lake (with its lure of meritocracy?) is probably one

*So I'm thinking about my love for, or addiction to, cities
even though I don't take advantage of many of their amenities
(that wasn't an intentional rhyme; this is NOT a poem)*

*Has any body else ever felt that sadness about old largely empty downtowns,
stately old abandoned buildings victim of zoning laws and tax-write offs
(better to keep them empty until the yuppies allegedly move in)
And wish or hope or even actively try to "MAKE THE DOWNTOWN MORE VITAL"
with nightlife, for instance, like back in the days*

*I mean I love "I want to see the bright lights tonight"
And "FUNKY FUNKY BROADWAY" (every town's got one the old song says)*

*So maybe you get glad when a CLOTHING STORE stays open past 5PM
Like you're kind of PULLING for THE UNDERDOG
in a football game between "downtown" and "suburb"
(in this case Oakland versus heavily favored Emeryville)*

*And then it hits you, you don't even LIKE TO SHOP.
You avoid it as much as possible*

*But you do like nightlife, dancing and bar-talk
(let's assume you didn't recently break your leg)
and it is perhaps a "law of capital" that you can't have that
without the stores....*

*And even though the tall buildings from the 20s
(and those newer more antiseptic ones) still cast their shadow
with the illusion that something besides BUSINESS
might be happening in that center*

*you, without even really thinking about it,
are drawn more to the LAKE,
whether to sit, run, or bike....
and it's not glamorous
(hell, people don't care how they look as much
when they're jogging sweaty, preparing for the night perhaps)
and it's not even really cheaper
(the rents in this town are really high)
and there's even a law about playing live music there*

*but it's still pretty cool
And, even with the "dead downtowns"
in the post suburban white flight VCR internet era,*

*a lot of towns do have a street
called FUNKY FUNKY LAKESIDE
so, uh, don't let the green grass fool ya)*

(with apologies to Wilson Pickett...)

C

From: Mary Jo Malo <[REDACTED]>
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: Re: rewater: rewetting
Date: Tue, Mar 15, 2005, 9:13 AM

Thanks, Steve

*I've had a bit of a dry spell lately, and you've rewhetted my appetite for
at least reading poetry. I might even write something later today or tomorrow
or in the near future. I'm only speculating, but it's a distinct possibility.
Your lake sounds like my pond.*

Mary

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viewed
it is always un
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it is there even when the spectators are not
spits placid images
even when they are far away
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twisted & yawning up onto the
river bank
empties itself of spectators
spits images at those viewing its neverchanging surface
placid lake aloof is breathtaking is spectator
& spectacular
spits itself onto the shore
becomes spectator
watching itself from the shore
watching itself from the lake
becomes spectator / & / spectacle
becomes motion/less ripple less
shore less lake-less root.....less
outlet / for / spectator

not seeing the isn't is inevitable
not being the isn't is unthinkable.

steve dalachinsky nyc @ roulette oliver lake trio 5/12/05

www.towson.edu/~cacasama/furniture/poae

baltimorereads.blogspot.com

zillionpoems.blogspot.com

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373. **furniture_press**

Re: BRUSHES WITH F*A*M*E

Tue 15 Mar 2005

i once brushed into anthony k from red hot chili peppers at fao schwartz in nyc.
he's short and sweet. his temper is also short and sweet.

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

From: "Gary Sullivan" <[REDACTED]>

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: BRUSHES WITH F*A*M*E

Date: Tue, 15 Mar 2005 12:51:39 -0500

*This week is "BRUSHES WITH F*A*M*E" week at Elsewhere.*

I'm posting anecdotes of brushes with famous (and kind-of-famous) people.

I'd love to post yours as well, if you have some. The more excruciatingly embarrassing, the better. (You can do it anonymously, if you like.) Nothing mean-spirited, though. Let what's up there now be your guide.

See: <http://garysullivan.blogspot.com>

Send to me at:

gpsullivan at [blogspot dot com](http://blogspot.com)

Thanks,

Gary

www.towson.edu/~cacasama/furniture/poae

baltimorereads.blogspot.com

zillionpoems.blogspot.com

--

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[↑ Contents](#)

374. **Chris Stroffolino**

Re: rewater: rewetting

Tue 15 Mar 2005

Thinking about why I moved back to Oakland from San Francisco (many "reasons" could be given

the lake (with its lure of meritocracy?) is probably one

So I'm thinking about my love for, or addiction to, cities even though I don't take advantage of many of their amenities (that wasn't an intentional rhyme; this is NOT a poem)

Has any body else ever felt that sadness about old largely empty downtowns, stately old abandoned buildings victim of zoning laws and tax-write offs (better to keep them empty until the yuppies allegedly move in) And wish or hope or even actively try to "MAKE THE DOWNTOWN MORE VITAL" with nightlife, for instance, like back in the days

I mean I love "I want to see the bright lights tonight"
And "FUNKY FUNKY BROADWAY" (every town's got one the old song says)

So maybe you get glad when a CLOTHING STORE stays open past 5PM
Like you're kind of PULLING for THE UNDERDOG
in a football game between "downtown" and "suburb"
(in this case Oakland versus heavily favored Emeryville)

And then it hits you, you don't even LIKE TO SHOP.
You avoid it as much as possible

But you do like nightlife, dancing and bar-talk
(let's assume you didn't recently break your leg)
and it is perhaps a "law of capital" that you can't have that
without the stores....

And even though the tall buildings from the 20s
(and those newer more antiseptic ones) still cast their shadow
with the illusion that something besides BUSINESS
might be happening in that center

you, without even really thinking about it,
are drawn more to the LAKE,
whether to sit, run, or bike....
and it's not glamorous
(hell, people don't care how they look as much
when they're jogging sweaty, preparing for the night perhaps)
and it's not even really cheaper

(the rents in this town are really high)
and there's even a law about playing live music there
but it's still pretty cool
And, even with the "dead downtowns"
in the post suburban white flight VCR internet era,
a lot of towns do have a street
called FUNKY FUNKY LAKESIDE
so, uh, don't let the green grass fool ya)
(with apologies to Wilson Pickett...)

C

>From: Mary Jo Malo <[REDACTED]>
>To: [REDACTED]
>Subject: Re: rewater: rewetting
>Date: Tue, Mar 15, 2005, 9:13 AM
>

Thanks, Steve

*I've had a bit of a dry spell lately, and you've rewhetted my appetite for
at least reading poetry. I might even write something later today or tomorrow
or in the near future. I'm only speculating, but it's a distinct possibility.
Your lake sounds like my pond.*

Mary

*there is this lake
it spits images up at the spectator
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viewed
it is always un
touched
it spits images into the faces of its
spectators
it remains untouched
it is there even when the spectators are not
spits placid images
even when they are far away
splits spilt calpids
spits placid images
twisted & yawning up onto the*

river bank
empties itself of spectators
spits images at those viewing its neverchanging surface
placid lake aloof is breathtaking is spectator
& spectacular
spits itself onto the shore
becomes spectator
watching itself from the shore
watching itself from the lake
becomes spectator / & / spectacle
becomes motion/less ripple less
shore less lake-less root.....less
outlet / for / spectator

not seeing the isn't is inevitable
not being the isn't is unthinkable.

steve dalachinsky nyc @ roulette oliver lake trio 5/12/05

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375. **Alan Sondheim**
you poetics list are my shame
Tue 15 Mar 2005

you poetics list are my shame
you imitationpoetics list are my embarrassment
syndicate list i turn my eyes away from you
you wryting list make me feel guilty
cyberculture list i am abashed and bashful
arc_hive list you make me blush and fall to pieces
you webartery list makes me tremble
o-o list i come apart before you
you cybermind list turn me shy and foolish
netbehaviour list i am so very ashamed

=

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376. **Jean Jacobson**
unsubscribe
Tue 15 Mar 2005

Jean Jacobson, Editor

Bureau of Business and Economic Research
Labovitz School of Business and Economics
University of Minnesota Duluth
412 Library Drive
Duluth, MN 55812-2496
phone: [REDACTED]
fax: [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

377. **Skip Fox**

Re: you poetics list are my shame

Tue 15 Mar 2005

Pintrpnit.

Alan Sondheim wrote:

>
> you poetics list are my shame
> you imitationpoetics list are my embarrassment
> syndicate list i turn my eyes away from you
> you wryting list make me feel guilty
> cyberculture list i am abashed and bashful
> arc_hive list you make me blush and fall to pieces
> you webartery list makes me tremble
> o-o list i come apart before you
> you cybermind list turn me shy and foolish
> netbehaviour list i am so very ashamed
>
> =

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378. **Chris Stroffolino**

Re: rewater: rewetting: o poem for chris s

Tue 15 Mar 2005

Thanks, I appreciate
the sentiment. I didn't
see it as selling
myself short (at 5'6"
a steal) just a note
to myself to not let

the "art-urge" overtake
the idea/insight i was
trying or wanting to get to

>From: furniture_press <[REDACTED]>
>To: [REDACTED]
>Subject: Re: rewater: rewetting: o poem for chris s
>Date: Tue, Mar 15, 2005, 9:52 AM
>

> Sorry, but this is not
> A poem. Just because
> The line happens to break
> Here doesn't mean there's
> Any intention. And just
> Because there happens
> To be capital letters
> Beginning each line-
>
> Well, frankly, don't
> Sell yourself short.

>
>
>

> ----- Original Message -----
> From: "Chris Stroffolino" <[REDACTED]>
> To: [REDACTED]
> Subject: Re: rewater: rewetting
> Date: Tue, 15 Mar 2005 10:08:38 -0800
>

>>
>> Thinking about why I moved back to Oakland from San Francisco
>> (many "reasons" could be given
>>
>> the lake (with its lure of meritocracy?) is probably one
>>
>> So I'm thinking about my love for, or addiction to, cities
>> even though I don't take advantage of many of their amenities
>> (that wasn't an intentional rhyme; this is NOT a poem)
>>
>> Has any body else ever felt that sadness about old largely empty down-
towns,

>> stately old abandoned buildings victim of zoning laws and tax-write offs
>> (better to keep them empty until the yuppies allegedly move in)
>> And wish or hope or even actively try to "MAKE THE DOWNTOWN MORE VITAL"
>> with nightlife, for instance, like back in the days
>>
>> I mean I love "I want to see the bright lights tonight"
>> And "FUNKY FUNKY BROADWAY" (every town's got one the old song says)
>>
>> So maybe you get glad when a CLOTHING STORE stays open past 5PM
>> Like you're kind of PULLING for THE UNDERDOG
>> in a football game between "downtown" and "suburb"
>> (in this case Oakland versus heavily favored Emeryville)
>>
>> And then it hits you, you don't even LIKE TO SHOP.
>> You avoid it as much as possible
>>
>> But you do like nightlife, dancing and bar-talk
>> (let's assume you didn't recently break your leg)
>> and it is perhaps a "law of capital" that you can't have that
>> without the stores....
>>
>> And even though the tall buildings from the 20s
>> (and those newer more antiseptic ones) still cast their shadow
>> with the illusion that something besides BUSINESS
>> might be happening in that center
>>
>> you, without even really thinking about it,
>> are drawn more to the LAKE,
>> whether to sit, run, or bike....
>> and it's not glamorous
>> (hell, people don't care how they look as much
>> when they're jogging sweaty, preparing for the night perhaps)
>> and it's not even really cheaper
>> (the rents in this town are really high)
>> and there's even a law about playing live music there
>>
>> but it's still pretty cool
>> And, even with the "dead downtowns"
>> in the post suburban white flight VCR internet era,
>> a lot of towns do have a street
>> called FUNKY FUNKY LAKESIDE

>> so, uh, don't let the green grass fool ya)

>>

>> (with apologies to Wilson Pickett...)

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>> -----

>> > From: Mary Jo Malo <[REDACTED]>

>> > To: [REDACTED]

>> > Subject: Re: rewater: rewetting

>> > Date: Tue, Mar 15, 2005, 9:13 AM

>> >

>>

>> > Thanks, Steve

>> >

>> > I've had a bit of a dry spell lately, and you've rewhetted my appetite for

>> > at least reading poetry. I might even write something later today or
tomorrow

>> > or in the near future. I'm only speculating, but it's a distinct
possibility.

>> > Your lake sounds like my pond.

>> >

>> > Mary

>> >

>> > there is this lake
>> > it spits images up at the spectator
>> > it is anonymous
>> > tho
>> > known
>> > placid when un
>> > touched
>> > viewed
>> > it is always un
>> > touched
>> > it spits images into the faces of its
>> > spectators
>> > it remains untouched
>> > it is there even when the spectators are not
>> > spits placid images
>> > even when they are far away
>> > splits spilt calpids
>> > spits placid images
>> > twisted & yawning up onto the
>> > river bank
>> > empties itself of spectators
>> > spits images at those viewing its neverchanging surface
>> > placid lake aloof is breathtaking is spectator
>> > & spectacular
>> > spits itself onto the shore
>> > becomes spectator
>> > watching itself from the shore
>> > watching itself from the lake
>> > becomes spectator / & / spectacle
>> > becomes motion/less ripple less
>> > shore less lake-less root.....less
>> > outlet / for / spectator
>> >
>> > not seeing the isn't is inevitable
>> > not being the isn't is unthinkable.
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>> >
>> >
>> > steve dalachinsky nyc @ roulette oliver lake trio 5/12/05
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379. **Mike Kelleher**

JUST BUFFALO E-NEWSLETTER 3-14-05

Tue 15 Mar 2005

COUNTDOWN TO TRIMANIA 2005

Buffalo's biggest party since the last TRIMANIA blasts off March 19

Three years after the first TRIMANIA - which brought more than 3,000 people to the Tri-Main Center for a massive late-winter bash that the Buffalo News described as "staggering" - Buffalo Arts Studio and Just Buffalo Literary Center will again present TRIMANIA, Saturday, March, 19, 2005, 7 p.m. to midnight. Four factory floors of the historic Tri-Main Center, 2495 Main Street, Buffalo, will be transformed to showcase more than a dozen bands, visual arts, spoken word, performance art, and roaming performers.

Tickets, \$15 per person, are available from the Tri-Main Center at Just Buffalo, at both locations of Talking Leaves (951 Elmwood Avenue and 3158 Main Street), and by credit card by calling [REDACTED]. Tickets will also be available at the door. Cash wine and beer will be available for those with proper ID (all ages will be admitted - children under 16 must be accompanied by a parent or guardian). Cash food stations will be provided by Steve Calvaneso/Ultimate Restaurants.

For those who like their TRIMANIA with a little less mania, the launch party at Buffalo Arts Studio, 5:30 to 6:30 p.m., is the answer. Tickets, which are available from Buffalo Arts Studio, [REDACTED] ext. 13, are \$50 and include wine, beer, hors d'oeuvres, and the jazz sounds of Mary Stahl with the Jim Calabrese Group.

TRIMANIA sponsors are BlueCross BlueShield of WNY, Crowley Webb and Associates, Design for Industry, Hodgson Russ LLP, Hus Var Fine Art, Inc., M&T Bank, Parkview Health Services, Premier Group, the Rupp Family Foundation, Tri-Main Center, United Graphics, WBFO, and xpedx.

Many Tri-Main Center tenants - some of Buffalo's most innovative businesses and unique arts organizations - will be open during TRIMANIA (go to www.trimania.com for a full list of participating businesses).

Parking will be available behind the Tri-Main Center, with a fee for premium parking. Additional parking will be available at the Buffalo Zoo (use the Jewett Parkway entrance); a free shuttle will travel between the zoo and the Tri-Main Center. For more information about parking, go to www.trimania.com.

Music

The follow schedule is correct as of March 6. For updates, go to www.trimania.com.

First-floor stage - left

7 p.m. - The Steam Donkeys (rockin' Americana)
8 p.m. - David Kane's Them Jazzbeards (lounge noir)
9:30 p.m. - LeeRon Zydeco (Cajun/Tex Mex zydeco)
11 p.m. - The Shadows Motown Revue (Motown)

First-floor stage - right

7 p.m. - Mr. Timothy Gerald & Friends (R&B)
8 p.m. - Ann Phillipone and John Brady (boogie 'n blues)
9:45 p.m. - Jackdaw (Celtic rock)
10:45 p.m. - Thrown to the Wolves (alternative)

Third-floor stage

8:30 to 10:30 p.m. - Real Dream Cabaret (music, video, dance, and the unexpected)

Fourth-floor stage, Buffalo Yoga Center

7 p.m. - Andes Winds (traditional music from Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia) 8:30 to 10 p.m. - Emile "Papa" Latimer (African drumming)

Fifth-floor stage, Buffalo Arts Studio

6 to 8 p.m. - James Calabrese & Mary Stahl (jazz) - this show for launch party ticket holders only 8 p.m. to close - Neville Francis & the Riddim Posse (reggae)
9 to 11 p.m. - Neville Francis will be joined by Juno Award-winner Devon Irie (dance hall)

Fifth-floor stage, Impact Gallery

8 to 9 p.m. - Daughters of Creative Sound (African drumming)

Roving

8 to 11 p.m. - 12/8 Path Band

Spoken Word

Just Buffalo will host a poetry marathon, 8 p.m. to midnight, in the Hibiscus Room on the fifth floor. 24 of the region's finest poets will take part, including Kastle Brill, Martha Deed, Celeste Lawson, Karen Lewis, Liz Mariani, Millie Niss, Dan Sicoli, Carrie Spadter, Jennifer Tappenden, Robb Nesbitt, Gabrielle Bouliane, Robert Pomerhn, Eric Johnt, Timothy Shaner, Linda Russo, Sasha Steensen, Gordon Hadfield, Douglas Manson, Marj Hahne, Lee Farallo, Brian McMahon, Brian Van Remmen, Aaron Lowinger, and Celia White.

Visual arts

More than 70 artists will open their studios for TRIMANIA.

The main gallery at Buffalo Arts Studio will feature recent work by resident artist Jessi Morris and "When Pink Turns," by Amanda Besl. Buffalo Arts Studio's gift shop will have available work by Banbury Cross, the jewelry collaboration of Julia Duax-Skop and Amanda Besl, in addition to work by many other artists.

OPEN READINGS

Claudia Torres

Thursday, March 17, 7 P.M.

The Book Corner, 1801 Main St., Niagara Falls, NY

Marj Hahne

Sunday, March 20, 7 P.M.

Rust Belt Books, 202 Allen Street, Buffalo, NY

WORKSHOPS

THE WORKING WRITER SEMINAR, with Kathryn Radeff

Four Saturday mini-workshops: March 26, April 9, April 23, May 7 12 p.m. - 4 p.m.

Whole Seminar: \$175, \$150 for members. Single Saturday Session: \$50, \$40 for members

Mini workshops are fun, fast-paced, informational and inspirational. In an easy-to-understand manner, the sessions present the fundamentals of creative writing as they apply to fact-based articles and personal experience, as well as the craft of fiction. Lectures and writing exercises, which are used to illustrate the concepts, are aimed at developing the writers' understanding of structure, description, dialogue, character, style and voice. Workshops also cover the art of

writing query letters, research and interviewing techniques, manuscript preparation and submission strategies. Ideal for the beginner and skilled writer, mini-day workshops provide an excellent overview of their fields. The goal is to have an article or short story well underway by the time the session ends. An extensive analysis of one completed piece is included. There will be one 30-minute break. The workshop includes a question and answer session.

Get Published I - The Basics
Saturday, March 26

In an easy-to-understand manner, the course is designed to facilitate writing careers and writing projects whatever your specialty, fiction or nonfiction. You will gain a realistic understanding of how to get published from creative development of ideas to paid publication. The up-to-date lecture, writing exercises, and examples are aimed at developing the writers' understanding of fundamental concepts of the craft. The course also covers reporting and interviewing techniques, manuscript preparation and submission strategies for adapting to the current market, crafting strong cover and query letters, writing visually, conducting market research, plus managing the business of publishing. The knowledge gained, coupled with skill and application can lead to success. The goal is for each student to submit one fiction or nonfiction piece, or a marketing letter, within four weeks for feedback. A writer should never feel that their work isn't good enough to be submitted. Everyone is learning and these are "works in progress."

Required Course Book/Workbook (\$13): You Can Be A Working Writer by Kathryn Radeff Payable to the instructor

2ND ANNUAL BOOMDAYS POETRY CONTEST

BOOMDAYS is a celebration of the advent of Spring, commencing each year with the lifting of the Lake Erie-Niagara River Ice Boom. It will be held on Friday, April 1 at The Pier from 4:00 PM to midnight.

Contest: Write a poem about the beginning of spring. All forms of poetry are acceptable.

First Prize- \$200.00

Second Prize- \$150.00

Third Prize- \$100.00

Winning poems will be published in Artvoice and winners will be introduced by poet Janine Pommy Vega at the event. Winners must be able to read their work at the BOOMDAYS kickoff event, April 1 at The Pier from 4:00 PM to midnight.

Guidelines: All ages welcome to apply. Poems should be typed and should not exceed a single page in length. Each entrant may submit only one poem. Please include name, address, and telephone number with entry.

Deadline for submission is March 15, 2004.

Send entries to:

BOOMDAYS Poetry Contest
Just Buffalo Literary Center
2495 Main Street, Suite 512
Buffalo, New York 14214

Contest sponsored by Financial Consultant Christopher Burke, AXA Advisors, Williamsville.

IF ALL OF BUFFALO READ THE SAME BOOK

This year's title, *The Invention of Solitude*, by Paul Auster, is available at area bookstores. All books purchased at Talking Leaves Books will benefit Just Buffalo. Paul Auster will visit Buffalo October 5-6. A reader's discussion guide is available on the Just Buffalo website. Presented in conjunction with Hodgson Russ LLP, WBFO 88.7 FM and Talking Leaves Books.

For sponsorship opportunities (and there are many), please contact Laurie Torrell or Mike Kelleher at [REDACTED].

COMMUNITY LITERARY EVENTS

TALKING LEAVES BOOKS

Waging Words for Peace: Buffalo Poets against War
Reading and book signing
Wednesday, March 16, 7 pm,
Talking Leave Main Street store

Larry Desautels
Reading and Booksigning: *Tying a Poem*
Thursday, March 17, 7 pm
Talking Leaves Main Street store

John Korner
Reading and Book Signing: *The Mysteries of Father Baker*
Thursday, March 17, 7 pm, Talking Leaves Elmwood Ave store

Gregory Lamberson
Reading and booksigning: *Personal Demons*
Friday, March 18, 7 pm
Talking Leaves Main Street

CANISIUS COLLEGE

Eric Gansworth

Reading and book signing for, Mending Skins

Tuesday, March 15, 6 p.m., Montante Cutural Center, Main St.

THE WRITE THING READINGS AT MEDAILLE COLLEGE

Heidi Lynn Staples

Poetry Reading

Thursday, March 17, 7 p.m. The Library at Huber Hall

WBFO'S MEET THE AUTHOR, with Bert Gambini

THE BONUS ARMY: An American Epic

By Paul Dickson and Thomas B. Allen

Monday, March 21, 7 p.m.

THE CASTELLANI ART MUSEUM

At Niagara University

Faith Ringgold: Paint Me A Story

February 4 - April 10, 2005

UNSUBSCRIBE

If you would like to unsubscribe from this list, just say so and you will be immediately removed.

Mike Kelleher

Artistic Director

Just Buffalo Literary Center

2495 Main St., Ste. 512

Buffalo, NY 14214

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] (fax)

www.justbuffalo.org

[REDACTED]

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380. **Gerald Schwartz**

Re: BRUSHES WITH F*A*M*E

Tue 15 Mar 2005

Once sat on

Bishop Fulton Sheen's

lap when he

(in Philadelphia)

visited my aunt,
a close friend of his.

Gerald Schwartz

*This week is "BRUSHES WITH F*A*M*E" week at Elsewhere.*

I'm posting anecdotes of brushes with famous (and kind-of-famous) people.

I'd love to post yours as well, if you have some. The more excruciatingly embarrassing, the better. (You can do it anonymously, if you like.) Nothing mean-spirited, though. Let what's up there now be your guide.

See: <http://garysullivan.blogspot.com>

Send to me at:

gpsullivan at blogspot dot com

Thanks,

Gary

[↑ Contents](#)

381. **mIEKAL aND**

Re: BRUSHES WITH F*A*M*E

Tue 15 Mar 2005

Allen Ginsburg
kissed this straight white boy
from a working class town
on the lips
when I was 19.

mIEKAL

On Mar 15, 2005, at 1:18 PM, Gerald Schwartz wrote:

*Once sat on
Bishop Fulton Sheen's
lap when he
(in Philadelphia)
visited my aunt,
a close friend of his.*

Gerald Schwartz

*This week is "BRUSHES WITH F*A*M*E" week at Elsewhere.*

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See: <http://garysullivan.blogspot.com>

Send to me at:

gpsullivan at blogspot dot com

Thanks,

Gary

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382. **Benjamin Basan**

Re: BRUSHES WITH F*A*M*E

Tue 15 Mar 2005

This straight boy aged 18 chickened out in front of AG. Couldn't even talk.

On 3/15/05 1:24 PM, "mIEKAL aND" <[REDACTED]> wrote:

*Allen Ginsburg
kissed this straight white boy
from a working class town
on the lips
when I was 19.*

mIEKAL

On Mar 15, 2005, at 1:18 PM, Gerald Schwartz wrote:

*Once sat on
Bishop Fulton Sheen's
lap when he
(in Philadelphia)
visited my aunt,
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Gerald Schwartz

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See: <http://garysullivan.blogspot.com>

Send to me at:

gpsullivan at blogspot dot com

Thanks,

Gary

[↑ Contents](#)

383. **mIEKAL aND**

mIEKAL aND author page updated

Tue 15 Mar 2005

a new and elongated
mIEKAL aND
Electronic Poetry Center Author page
<http://epc.buffalo.edu/authors/and/index.html>

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384. **Hugh Steinberg**

Re: BRUSHES WITH F*A*M*E

Tue 15 Mar 2005

Jackie Mason's brother was my mohel.

Hugh Steinberg

--- Gary Sullivan <[REDACTED]> wrote:

> This week is "BRUSHES WITH F*A*M*E" week at Elsewhere.

>
> I'm posting anecdotes of brushes with famous (and kind-of-famous) people.
>
> I'd love to post yours as well, if you have some. The more excruciatingly
> embarrassing, the better. (You can do it anonymously, if you like.) Nothing
> mean-spirited, though. Let what's up there now be your guide.
>
> See: <http://garysullivan.blogspot.com>
>
> Send to me at:
>
> gpsullivan at blogspot dot com
>
> Thanks,
>
> Gary
>

Do you Yahoo!?

Yahoo! Small Business - Try our new resources site!

<http://smallbusiness.yahoo.com/resources/>

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385. **Jesse Glass**
American Haibun

Tue 15 Mar 2005

Just looked at Sheila Murphy's interview and it's greatly informative about her work. I do, however, have some objections about her use of the term American Haibun to describe what are essentially English language prose-poems. Why use that term American Haibun and not another? Well, you might say why not?--but I object for two reasons:

1) What Sheila writes has nothing to do with the definition of a haibun, which is Japanese prose augmented by haiku. (Guess I'm a purist here, because I believe that one cannot write haiku--and therefore by extension haibun--in English--the two language systems are radically different--and anyone who knows even a little bit about Japanese will tell you that English cannot give any more than a very rough approximation of the kind of work that Japanese haiku does and the manner in which it does it--and conversely, sonnets in Japanese are not all that successful for similar reasons: the logic of the Japanese language system and the logic of English are simply different. Yes, it's possible to write prose-poetry

in English, and it's possible to write little poems in English as well--but why further the illusion that you're creating haiku and haibun? Why not call them what they are? A case could be made for folks writing in English who closely follow the forms of haibun and haiku and attempt to reproduce them in English, but Sheila--an experimentalist--takes that ten steps further and gives us neither prose nor haiku even in that sense. So to my lights the term is not accurate--and in Sheila's practice I'd say that term is wildly inaccurate. It's not cool to present analogies in arguments but here I go: I'd say It's a bit like buying a pack of tofu and finding a block of salt in its place.

2) Though Sheila says that she coined the term American Haibun as a new form, I think the term itself could be viewed by some as smacking of colonialism. I personally know some very good Japanese haijin who would find the term "henna"--especially the yoking of that word American to Haibun. (And why only American? Isn't there a chance that the British, or the Spanish, or the French could also write haibun--and what would make those forms different besides the obvious?)

3) I love Sheila Murphy--she's wonderful and a fine writer, with one of the best ears for the use of language on the block (I know because I've heard her read), but I wonder if she and others (Philip? Bob G. Prof. Fink? Dr. Bennett?) could step in here and enlighten the almost legally blind.

chotto sumimasen,

Jess the myopic language learner.

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386. **Ken Rumble**

Desert City: Henry & Rebele, This Saturday, March 19th, 8pm -- Chapel Hill, NC

Tue 15 Mar 2005

Please spread far and wide.....

Who: Brian Henry; author of *_Astronaut_*, *_American Incident_*, and *_Graft_*; editor of *Verse Magazine*; Robert Redford's stunt double.

Who: Tara Rebele; performance artist, poet, black belt; author of the forthcoming *_And I'm Not Jenny_*; can change truck tires with her bare hands while blindfolded.

What: Desert City Poetry Series, bigger than last year.

When: This Saturday, March 19th, at 8pm, 2005.

Where: Internationalist Books, 405 W.
Franklin Street, Chapel Hill, NC, directly
above the center of the earth.

Why: "Bless the conceptual artist for his
brazen images / Know there is no knowing
here" "It isn't unpleasant as one / might
expect / sitting up late / on the sofa / with
the ghosts / preferable even / to years spent
/ refusing / to be / haunted."

See you there.....

Next Reading:

March 26th: Kent Johnson & Patrick Herron

*Internationalist Books:

<http://www.internationalistbooks.org>

*Desert City Poetry Series:

<http://desertcity.blogspot.com>

*Brian Henry:

<http://www.octopusmagazine.com/issue04/html/main.html>

*Tara Rebele:

<http://www.tararebele.com/work.html>

Contact the DCPS: Ken Rumble, director:
rumblek at bellsouth dot net

"Tink"

by Brian Henry

Nothing rhymes with 'pizza' here.

The girl is walking up my leg and back
to jump over (not on) my head.

She rhymes what she is with 'floral.'

The blood on the carpet from my
bloody bloody nose will come out
if I attend to it vite vite!

A yucky cricket, a lot of ladybugs.

He was not a bad hat, just bored.

Did not burn the beasts in his menagerie.
It does not occur to the girl to skin me.
To wonder if I'm rabid, behaving
erratically. At least the wallpaper
is not florid. Stripes asserting order
and direction. I color the mermaid's bikini
top silver, her crotch and the tail beneath it
silver. Of course I linger. There,
and where the fairy's cleavage.
The other princesses are all human.
They do not interest me.
At least when I get out of here
I will have a family to go home to.
While it might be more than I deserve,
it is more than you can say.

from "In Penumbral Flats"
by Tara Rebele

Characters:

Lucia: live performer

Mother: video projection

Mental Health Professional (MHP): cardboard
cutout with audio feed

Note: Lucia begins in the light in order to
look back at her shadows. The initial Summer
section of the piece chronologically follows
the final Spring section. This should be
indicated in production.

The movement sequence between seasons is
indicated in { } and should occur in a
circular, perhaps spiral, pattern. The
movement sequence at the end of the initial
Summer section should break from the pattern.
Percussion rhythms may accompany the movement
sequences, paced according to the speed of

the movement; if percussion is not used, some
noise would be appropriate.

**

Summer

Lucia:

It isn't unpleasant as one
might expect
sitting up late
on the sofa
with the ghosts
preferable even
to years spent
refusing
to be
haunted.

One could blame
the wind
were there any
to be had.

Mother:

Lucia. Turn off the lights. It's late.

Lucia:

Late but not

MHP:

Medication compliance.

Lucia:

every second
again
every
the heaviest of

Mother:

Lucia. The lights. We'll have a fire. I've
read about those lamps ...

MHP:

Breakthrough episodes.

Lucia:

Every second.

So when you stand

in the light

your shadow

lurks.

Lest you forget

yesterday

you were

Yet when darkness

there's no shadow

of the shadow

no trace

to long

and long

it lasts

if one

lasts

long

enough

point A erased

again

This is the better

MHP:

Maintenance is crucial. Regular patterns.

Monitor moods.

Continue treatment. As directed.

Mother:

You haven't taken your pills. Here.

Aren't you warm with all that?

[↑ Contents](#)

387. **Harry Nudel**
Fame..

Tue 15 Mar 2005

i saw Jackie O in a NYbookstore
our eyes met she fled...

i winked at O.J. on a SOHO ST
he winked back...

my 1st wife met E.P.
she lived with Basil Bunting
Creeley came to dinner..

evers to tinker to nudel..

umm....drn..

[↑ Contents](#)

388. **Minky Starshine**
Re: fame...i'm going to live forever

Tue 15 Mar 2005

I sang Billie Holiday to Maya Angelou at Texas A&M after she read--at the reception.

Lady Sings the Blues.

I bet a Ginsberg kiss on the mouth was *fine* ("Sample from Alien Residue"?)

<http://www.fas.harvard.edu/~dudley/fellows/lit/Infinity/VP-main.htm>

Wants the world to know...Just what the blues are all about--Deborah Poe

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

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

On Behalf Of Hugh Steinberg

Sent: Tuesday, March 15, 2005 3:11 PM

To: ██████████

Subject: Re: BRUSHES WITH F*A*M*E

Jackie Mason's brother was my mohel.

Hugh Steinberg

--- Gary Sullivan <[REDACTED]> wrote:

> This week is "BRUSHES WITH F*A*M*E" week at Elsewhere.

>

> I'm posting anecdotes of brushes with famous (and kind-of-famous) people.

>

> I'd love to post yours as well, if you have some. The more excruciatingly

> embarrassing, the better. (You can do it anonymously, if you like.)

Nothing

> mean-spirited, though. Let what's up there now be your guide.

>

> See: <http://garysullivan.blogspot.com>

>

> Send to me at:

>

> gpsullivan at blogspot dot com

>

> Thanks,

>

> Gary

>

Do you Yahoo!?

Yahoo! Small Business - Try our new resources site!

<http://smallbusiness.yahoo.com/resources/>

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389. **Minky Starshine**

poem: after the porn war (delayed response: by several months approximately)

Tue 15 Mar 2005

After the Buffalo Porn Wars

*

it wasn't like a war
at least not how i remember
everything's so fragmented

*

these days i can tell you nothing
is something of a whore

*

take her mouth
it can lick you
upside and down
she speaks tongues
turns tricks
tides won't dream

*

of all memories
there is one
recalled best

*

with a conk shell
she lies alone

*

marram beach
willing water
rock and wave

*

a slow shell twist
soft revolutions
hardly in herself.

[↑ Contents](#)

390. **konrad**

Office of Synonyms Department

Tue 15 Mar 2005

From the New York Times online, web edition:

"Anthrax is a deadly, often fatal disease ... "

<http://www.nytimes.com/2005/03/15/national/15cnd-anthrax.html?hp&ex=1110949200&en=991917198b42d474&ei=5094&partner=homepage>

^Z

391. **Lori Emerson**

Re: Walter Benn Michaels on Susan Howe??

Tue 15 Mar 2005

All: below is a note from Gloria Frym (██████) who asked me to post this as her email account isn't currently working.

best, Lori

=====

Dear Lori,

Sorry to be so long in responding to your response! Well, I've been studying and teaching Dickinson for years and I have to say that we can't know much about her intentions, only what's left to us by the grace of the graces. Everything's in the poems and letters. Everything else is conjecture, sometimes juicy, sometimes crunchy, sometimes kind of dumb. The dissembled fascicles are a sad loss, since no one could hand sew folded pieces of paper and laboriously re-copy poems into so many little books without something in mind. And to have these booklets rather disregarded in terms of narrative sequence, well, ignorance is the only excuse, because such production does infer intention. (I teach at an art school and am deeply involved with the visual.) As to the dashes, my ideas aren't mine, they're really Susan Howe's, with whom I've spoken and whom I read for years, as well. To refute her on ED seems kind of silly, even cliched, as she wasn't taken too seriously for a long time by most academic scholars--no news there. (Now anyone doing any work on Dickinson cannot not read Howe!). The visual in poetry is too ancient to dispute--if one thinks of the brush as the first pen. My thinking is that Howe is both radical in her observations and a keen observer of what's there on the page. When she used to teach Dickinson at Buffalo, she used Ruskin as a diving board. Her syllabi used to be readily available. We're not, as Stephen Vincent (a friend of mine here in San Francisco), disputing notions of "the original." Stephen is altogether too flip about this. Of course poetry and all other texts are historical palimpsests. It's equally important that we take them as they are given to us. But we're discussing manuscripts that exist and ARE the very "first editions," as they are kept under lock and key in a tomb at Harvard, and the letters with the embedded poems are also closely guarded as though they were the Mona Lisa! Which we may presume is the surviving of any others Da Vinci may have produced. I feel a bit remiss, as I don't really understand what Walter Benn Michaels disputes with Howe. Refresh me. And I'm not sure what you want to refute. Happy to help in any way. You've caught me in a semester when I'm teaching Dickinson, so it'd be fun to keep this thread going.

Best, Gloria Frym

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392. **Stephen Vincent**
"brushes with fame"

Tue 15 Mar 2005

In response to Gary Sullivan's call for "brushes with fame":

"While in the Peace Corps in Nigeria, I went up to Dakar, Senegal to attend the first-ever 1965 International Black Arts Festival. One afternoon I sat in the balcony of a packed auditorium and listened to Aime Cesaire, Wole Soyinka, J.P.Clark and some others wrangle and argue about the concept and significance of ³Negritude.² (Senghor was not present). Nigerian writers were generally suspicious of ³Negritude.² After the session, I got in the elevator with Obi Wali a fellow colleague from the University of Nigeria, Nsukka. We were joined by a short, older black man in a dark suit, white shirt, tie and a brief case. He smiled kindly at us, but remained quiet. When we got out of the elevator, Obi who had a PhD from Northwestern University said, ³Steve, did you know that man was Langston Hughes?²

Obi had once seen him read in Chicago.

Actually, now I realize, that afternoon in the middle of the then aristocracy of black writing - I was being brushed by fame from all directions!"

And thinking further, I find what I guess would be called a "postmodern irony" in being in an elevator with the man who will be ever identified with having written one my favorite, most resonant poems about America: The Negro Speaks of Rivers

I've known rivers:

I've known rivers ancient as the world and older than the flow
of human blood in human veins.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers...

Indeed - in contrast to the poem's spirit and content, there is something hallucinatory about remembering this dreamlike episode with Hughes in the elevator.

By the way, Gary is getting some wonderful stuff over there at his blog.

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393. **Murat Nemet-Nejat**

Re: American Haibun

Tue 15 Mar 2005

Chotto.

Could you elaborate more why writing haikus in English or sonnets in Japanese are impossible?

Murat

In a message dated 03/15/05 4:18:33 PM, [REDACTED] writes:

ust looked at Sheila Murphy's interview and it's greatly informative about her work. I do, however, have some objections about her use of the term American Haibun to describe what are essentially English language prose-poems. Why use that term American Haibun and not another? Well, you might say why not?--but I object for two reasons:

1) What Sheila writes has nothing to do with the definition of a haibun, which is Japanese prose augmented by haiku. (Guess I'm a purist here, because I believe that one cannot write haiku--and therefore by extension haibun--in English--the two language systems are radically different--and anyone who knows even a little bit about Japanese will tell you that English cannot give any more than a very rough approximation of the kind of work that Japanese haiku does and the manner in which it does it--and conversely, sonnets in Japanese are not all that successful for similar reasons: the logic of the Japanese language system and the logic of English are simply different. Yes, it's possible to write prose-poetry in English, and it's possible to write little poems in English as well--but why further the illusion that you're creating haiku and haibun? Why not call them what they are? A case could be made for folks writing in English who closely follow the forms of haibun and haiku and attempt to reproduce them in English, but Sheila--an experimentalist--takes that ten steps further and gives us neither prose nor haiku even in that sense. So to my lights the term is not accurate--and in Sheila's practice I'd say that term is wildly innacurate. It's not cool to present analogies in arguments but here I go: I'd say It's a bit like buying a pack of tofu and finding a block of salt in its place.

2) Though Sheila says that she coined the term American Haibun as a new form, I think the term itself could be viewed by some as smacking of colonialism. I personally know some very good Japanese haijin who would find the term "henna"--especially the yoking of that word American to Haibun. (And why only American? Isn't there a chance that the British, or the Spanish, or the French could also write haibun--and what would make those forms different besides the obvious?)

3) I love Sheila Murphy--she's wonderful and a fine writer, with one of the best ears for the use of language on the block (I know because I've heard her read), but I wonder if she and others (Philip? Bob G. Prof. Fink? Dr. Bennett?) could step in here and enlighten the almost legally blind.

chotto sumimasen,

Jess the myopic language learner.

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394. **Russell Golata**

Fw: [aim] URGENT: keep drilling in the Arctic Refuge out of the budget

Tue 15 Mar 2005

Contents of this Urgent Action:

A. Action

B. Background

C. For More Information

A. ACTION1. CALL YOUR SENATOR'S OFFICE TODAY! Arctic Hotline for capitol hill: [REDACTED] or go to <http://capwiz.com/awc/dbq/officials/> and click on your state to get the direct number for your Senator. Ask your Senator to vote 'YES' on the Cantwell amendment to keep drilling in the Arctic Refuge out of the budget.

2. Send an action email here:

<http://capwiz.com/awc/issues/alert/?alertid=7192016>

3. Most importantly, PLEASE forward this email to everyone you know! It will be vital to flood offices with calls and emails over the next several days if we are to prevail next week!

B. BACKGROUND

GWICH'IN NATION NEEDS YOUR HELP TO PROTECT THE SACRED PLACE WHERE LIFE BEGINS - ARCTIC NATIONAL WILDLIFE REFUGE!Arctic Vote Showdown Expected Next Week!

This week, the House and Senate budget committees split over whether or not to include proposals to allow drilling in America's Arctic National Wildlife Refuge to be included in the federal budget. The Senate is poised to vote next week on whether or not to allow the drilling provision to stay in the budget. On

the House side, the House budget resolution has no Arctic provision in it. In fact, the House budget committee explicitly stated that they did not want the budget process from being used to open the Arctic Refuge to drilling. "We have tried to keep the budget free of policy. Things like [drilling in the Arctic Refuge] immediately create a lightning rod," said Sean Spicer, spokesman for the committee chairman, Rep. Jim Nussle (R-IA). Even though the entire Budget Committee is now on record saying that they oppose using the budget to advance Arctic drilling, the budget resolution is a non-binding document and is only a recommended blueprint. Other committees with jurisdiction over specific parts of the budget may ignore the wishes of the budget committee and decide to include a drilling proposal anyway. In the Senate, the Senate Budget Committee Chairman Judd Gregg (R-NH) decided to include the controversial drilling provision in the Senate version. Despite opposition from several Senators in his own party, Senator Gregg said he thought it was "reasonable" to assume that the drilling provision would remain in the budget. During the budget committee meeting, Senator Russ Feingold (D-WI) offered an amendment to strip the Arctic drilling provision out of the budget resolution. The amendment failed on a straight party-line 10-12 vote.

Next week, the Senate is scheduled to have a floor debate on the budget resolution. Senator Maria Cantwell (D-WA) will go to the Senate floor with an amendment to remove the provision that allows drilling in America's Arctic National Wildlife Refuge.

CALL YOUR SENATOR'S OFFICE TODAY! Arctic Hotline for capitol hill:

██████████ or go to <http://capwiz.com/awc/dbq/officials/> and click on your state to get the direct number for your Senator.

Ask your Senator to vote 'YES' on the Cantwell amendment to keep drilling in the Arctic Refuge out of the budget. Send an action email here:

<http://capwiz.com/awc/issues/alert/?alertid=7192016>

Most importantly, PLEASE forward this email to everyone you know! It will be vital to flood offices with calls and emails over the next several days if we are to prevail next week!

C. FOR MORE INFORMATION

Gwich'in Steering Committee

<http://www.alaska.net/~gwichin>

Miigwech, Honor the Earth Board, Staff & Volunteers

From: "Mark Graffis" ██████████

Subject: Canada Call US Alaska Oil Drilling Plan "Big Mistake"

<http://www.enn.com/today.html?id=7304>

Canada said Thursday that a U.S. plan to drill for oil in an Alaskan wildlife refuge was "a big mistake" and vowed to keep pressuring Washington to scrap the idea. Ottawa says drilling in the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge (ANWR) in northeast Alaska would ruin the calving ground of the Porcupine caribou herd, on which native Gwich'in Indians in Alaska and Canada have depended on for thousands of years. President Bush says drilling in ANWR would help reduce reliance on imports of foreign oil. The Senate, which shelved an earlier drilling proposal two years ago, is due to vote on the plan next week.

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Version: 7.0.308 / Virus Database: 266.7.2 - Release Date: 3/11/05

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395. **August**

#0050000

Tue 15 Mar 2005

#0050000

automatic espresso

relationship dating I

understand better and

top web site ranking

automatic espresso

tongue licked suits got

qindlen greek military

pensiones)h(w)o(e)

l)d(l) "deaf*" and

jardin maternal

lBegin I Text d

pensiones)h(w)o(e)
ld(l) "deaf*" and
broward community
exorcist housre star

kickflip until ready
of pocket Ya comes
toys shoulder
 halbkursiv yahoo The No
kickflip until ready
 of pocket Ya comes
 against
/r{p

leading
SetB. . . how get
hall" haliburton phalanx
 manilla .) anarchy
leading
SetB. . . how get
 . . c drumlin farm
"expectations 2nd grade"

>> l[. . loli bbs
freedom
southwest tennessee
 ffi -- orders exciting
 >> l[. . loli bbs
freedom
 girl adorablebunnies The
only word and truth Not

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uk price benq 5330 none
facts of rum cock throb
literotica star wars
crafts council
interested hercules
credit union weight
literotica star wars
crafts council
tupac shakur or not.
wakeful morning gmt
much more money filter.
wild face lift
crape myrtle varieties
cameraman roll and
much more money filter.
wild face lift
playboy pics coral
help cards the shield
co /survey myanmar
and legs
escorts, sexual massages
animated flute gifs
co /survey myanmar
and legs
ortho cyclen Mshowa l
sits like sentinel tank
August Highland
Online Studio
www.august-highland.com

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396. **George Bowering**

Re: fame..

Tue 15 Mar 2005

Charles Olson mistook Carol Bergé for my wife.

GB=

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397. **Robert Corbett**

Re: Let's All Turn Ourselves Into Campus Watch!

Tue 15 Mar 2005

Yes, I am not sure that inundating these thought-police with requests to be watched will do much. The gesture is enjoyable. But I also don't think their influence is anywhere near that of their predecessors (HUAC, McCarthy and various state legislative committees). The mechanism is meant to draw attention, but it has no authority. (What effect, outside of Colorado, has the bloviating of Horowitz had on higher education? BTW, by his on strictures--any fellow-traveling or membership in a leftist party makes one suspect, Horowitz is a suspect character, a Cretan liar.)

I do think there is some need for a campus watch watch. In the original Panopticon (Bentham, not Foucault), there were watchers for the watchers--accountability in our terms. Of course, someone else would have to watch the watcher-watching watchers. And we have no Slayer, so there is not much to be done.

Robert

who feels shame and remorse for sullyng this list with a reference to BTVS and understands that those who have been listed feel pretty creeped out.

David Baratier <[REDACTED]> wrote:

Apropos of Kent & Jesse

I would prefer to be an expensive Swiss timepiece.

Be well

David Baratier, Editor

Pavement Saw Press

PO Box 6291

Columbus OH 43206

USA

<http://pavementsaw.org>

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398. **Charlie Rossiter**

posting--I'm new, hope this is the way to do it

Tue 15 Mar 2005

Poetry Therapists to Meet In St. Louis, May 4-8

Poetry therapists use the reading and discussion of poetry as a way foster group process toward personal healing and growth. This year's annual conference of the National Association for Poetry Therapy will be in St. Louis, Missouri, May 4-8. Therapists, writers, teachers, and all others who work with literature for education, healing and growth are welcome. The complete program is available at www.poetrytherapy.org

Charlie Rossiter

--

The truth is such a rare thing
it is delightful to tell it

Emily Dickinson

www.poetrypoetry.com

where you hear poems read
by the poets who wrote them

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399. **Gerald Schwartz**

Re: posting--I'm new, hope this is the way to do it

Tue 15 Mar 2005

Hello, Charlie! And Welcome!

Good to see another on the list!

Cheers,

Jerry Schwartz

Poetry Therapists to Meet In St. Louis, May 4-8

Poetry therapists use the reading and discussion of poetry as a way foster group process toward personal healing and growth. This year's annual conference of the National Association for Poetry Therapy will be in St. Louis, Missouri, May 4-8. Therapists, writers, teachers, and all others who work with literature for education, healing and growth are welcome. The complete program is available at www.poetrytherapy.org

Charlie Rossiter

--

The truth is such a rare thing

*it is delightful to tell it
Emily Dickinson
www.poetrypoetry.com
where you hear poems read
by the poets who wrote them*

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400. **Stephen Vincent**
Harvard Faculty Speaks

Tue 15 Mar 2005

(In case anyone missed this in the New York Times!)

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., March 15 - The Faculty of Arts and Sciences at Harvard approved a resolution on Tuesday expressing a lack of confidence in the leadership of the university's president, Lawrence H. Summers, citing longstanding dissatisfaction with his management style and, to a lesser extent, his remarks in January about women in math and science.

The vote was 218 in favor and 185 opposed, with 18 abstentions.

At an intense and sober meeting, Dr. Summers's supporters accused his opponents of political correctness while his critics emphasized that their concerns had nothing to do with political correctness but about Dr. Summers's leadership, as well as his remarks concerning a lack of women in science.

Passage of the resolution was largely symbolic because only the Harvard Corporation, the body that governs the university, has the authority to dismiss the university's president.

The corporation reaffirmed its support for Dr. Summers in a statement released after the meeting by James R. Houghton, senior fellow of the corporation. "The members of the Corporation fully support President Summers in his ongoing efforts to listen thoughtfully to the range of views being expressed by members of the university's faculties, and to work collegially and constructively with them to address the important academic matters facing Harvard," Mr. Houghton said in the statement.

The vote of no confidence, believed to be the first in Harvard's history, was a blow for Dr. Summers, who has been trying for weeks to repair relations with his faculty.

Dr. Summers spoke only briefly and at the end of the meeting on Tuesday. At a statement released after the meeting, Dr. Summers said he had done his best "to hear all that has been said, to think hard, to learn and to adjust."

"I will continue to do that," he added. "I am committed to doing all I can to restore the sense of trust that is critical to our work together, and to re-engage our collective attention with the vital academic issues before us."

The vote was taken by secret ballot, and when the results were announced, about halfway through the meeting, "people gasped," according to Prof. Mary C. Waters, chairwoman of the sociology department.

"Everyone was in shock," said Professor Waters, who said she voted for the no-confidence resolution. "People did not expect it." At that moment, Professor Waters added, "I felt sorry for Larry."

But others took a harder line. J. Lorand Matory, a professor of anthropology and African and African-American studies, told reporters after the meeting that Dr. Summers should step down. "There is no noble alternative for him but resignation," said Professor Matory, who introduced the resolution.

As a possible compromise, some members of the faculty had put forth a second resolution that expressed regret at Dr. Summers's management style and his remarks about women. But the faculty passed the harsher no-confidence resolution first. It then approved the second measure, with a larger majority, 253 to 137.

"This is not even about just style anymore," said Professor Waters, who has criticized Dr. Summers for what she describes as a pattern of intimidating faculty members and squelching debate. "There is widespread dissatisfaction with his substantive decisions as well as style," she said.

Dr. Summers, an economist and a former United States Treasury secretary, has been meeting individually with faculty members throughout the Faculty of Arts and Sciences over the last several weeks, apologizing for his remarks about women and for any other offense he might have given and asking for their support so he could move forward.

Now in his fourth year as president, Dr. Summers has ambitious plans to expand the campus to Allston, across the Charles River; to reinvigorate the undergraduate curriculum; and to put a new emphasis on big science.

Claudia Goldin, an economics professor who is a strong supporter of Dr. Summers, said she was disappointed by the vote but added that it represented a "bare majority of those who were there" among the 600 or so voting members of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences.

"I still think he's taking the university in the right direction," Professor Goldin said. "There are clearly people who don't like the direction for one reason or another. Some feel threatened."

David Ward, president of the American Council on Education, a nonprofit advocacy group of college presidents and chancellors, expressed astonishment at the vote of no confidence.

"It is such an unprecedented event that it's very hard to anticipate the immediate consequences," said Mr. Ward, former chancellor of the University of Wisconsin at Madison. "It indicates perhaps a level of seriousness that I had not anticipated. I knew there was a problem. I thought people would have a little more patience to see if this could be worked out."

Mr. Ward said he could not answer the question of whether Dr. Summers could continue to govern effectively. "That really depends on how he feels about the vote and the degree to which other parts of the university share the feelings that are expressed at this time," he said.

Professor Waters and other professors have said in recent weeks that they had been concerned about Dr. Summers's leadership for some time and that his remarks in January suggesting that "intrinsic aptitude" might be one explanation for women's lack of success in science had brought their concerns to the surface.

Despite differences of opinion over Dr. Summers's leadership, faculty members took pains to talk with one another after the meeting in a demonstration of collegiality, she said.

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401. **Steve Dalachinsky**

Fw: (VENUE CHANGE) - Sat, 3/19 7:30pm - ALERT: Last Word Series moved for this Sat to M-SHANGAI in Williamsburg, Bklyn

Wed 16 Mar 2005

see below for address

due to an unforeseen situation this month we've temporarily moved the Last word series from sideshow in williamsburg to M-Shangai a couple of blocks away. it's just for this month. take the L train to second stop in brooklyn, lorimer street, walk under overpass, to havemeyer, make left and walk short distance to 128 havemeyer. [REDACTED]. an amazing show this week - highlighted by words and movement.

see below:

BRUCE WEBER'S NO CHANCE ENSEMBLE
w/ Nelson Alxndr, Bob Hart, Joanne Pagano Weber
THE continuing JOURNEY OF BELINDA AND MARK

(YES still MORE new chapters from the collaborative sequel)
directed by Joanne Pagano Weber

&&&&&&

APPROXIMATE POET FALLS IN LOVE AND CAN'T GET UP

A Performance piece of movement and word

Writ. and Dir. by Phillip Levine in collab. w/ Julie Manna

Perf. by PHILLIP LEVINE (word) JULIA MANNA (movement)

&&&&&&

Steve DALACHINSKY words & CHASE GRANOFF dance

_____ WATER CREATURES _____

SAT - MARCH 19th - 7:30 pm - \$5

THE Last WORD (a new 3rd Sat of Month Series)

to repeat (and my apologies for the 2nd emailing)

I'm performing in Brooklyn (borough of my birth).

Many of you are friends and I would love to see you and for you to see this. Others, we'll meet.

Saturday, March 19th, 7:30pm

M Shanghai Bistro

129 Havemeyer St (Grand/S 1st) Williamsburg

"approximate poet

falls in love

& can't get up" - pp levine

A theatrical, performance piece of movement & word, props & poems. Performed w/Meredith Auerbach Levine.

Saturday, March 19th, 7:30pm

The Last Word (a new 3rd Sat of Month Series)

M Shanghai Bistro

129 Havemeyer St (Grand/S 1st) Williamsburg

██████████ or me: ██████████

also:

Bruce Weber's No Chance Ensemble

w/Nelson Alxndr, Bob Hart, Joanne Pagano Weber

"The Continuing Journey of Belinda and Mark"

Steve Dalachinsky words & Chase Granoff dance

"Water Creatures"

\$5

*** "approximate poet falls in love & can't get up" is a conception of creating a theatrical event through a sequencing poems and quips to describe a narrative arc. At times it has been a collaborative work with dancer/choreographer/friend, Julie Manna, as we together explored the use of movement in combination with word. Exploration continues and my wife Meredith Auerbach Levine is now collaborator and will be presenting this work with me.

& if you didn't know

Phillip Levine has been a busboy, a graduate student in mathematics, a bike messenger, an actuary, a vice-president on wall street, a computer consultant, record producer, waiter, stage manager, roadie, & more recently a poet, actor, director, yurt builder/yurt dweller and, most recently, a dad. my daughter piper should be at the show. she's a good girl.

He is also a four-year alumnus of the Chenango Valley Writers' Conference where he worked with Bruce Smith, Tom Sleight and Kelly Cherry. He was a scholarship attendee and invited reader in 2002, 2003 and 2004. He has been a featured reader at numerous venues in NYC and the Mid-Hudson Valley, including Cornelia Street Cafe, Bowery Poetry Club and ABC No Rio. Phillip is poetry editor for the Mid-Hudson Magazine: "Chronogram" <www.chronogram.com> and the online journal: Entelechy: Mind and Culture <www.entelechyjournal.com>. He has been the host for 3+ years of the poetry open-mic every Monday night "forever" at the Colony Cafe in Woodstock, NY, and is the president of the Woodstock Poetry Society. He was a recent guest of Paul Elisa on WAMC-FM, of Doug Grunther on WDST-FM, a featured poet at both the 2001 and 2002 Woodstock Poetry Festivals and competed in the 2000 National Poetry Slam.

You received this email because you are on phil's "events" list. if you wish to no longer receive these emailings tell me.

my good regards

Phillip



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402. **Steve Dalachinsky**

Re: rewater: rewetting american haibun

Wed 16 Mar 2005

shit what's meritocracy give me an exact definition and cythera too

hoooray jesse haiku has been so abused in america and now haibun i've written a few

and friends like cor van den huevel and a few others who dedicate themselves to these arts are really the ones who know it's assumed that we in the west tend to distort the styles etc of other countries but then again japanese c&w is quite PIECE OF WORK TOO

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403. **Harry Nudel**

winter....

Wed 16 Mar 2005

i shoulda stayed
asleep

one less promise
to keep..

3:00...slurrrr..drn..

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404. **David Baratier**

Re: BRUSHES WITH F*A*M*E

Wed 16 Mar 2005

Well, besides being in a horror movie myself
there are my relatives, Jacques the film star, and Diane, the director.
There's a little ditty about Jacques and Diane, also, Gary.

These are more than brushes tho. Do I win something?

Be well

David Baratier, Editor

Pavement Saw Press

PO Box 6291

Columbus OH 43206

USA

<http://pavementsaw.org>

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405. **alexander saliby**

brushes with fame

Wed 16 Mar 2005

Ah, Fame...

where to begin?

I played catch with Whitey Ford at the Binghamton Triplets baseball stadium in Johnson City, NY; I was 7 or 8.

I ate hot dogs at Yankee stadium with Whitey Ford, Yogi Berra, Joe D, and Micky Mantle...our Police Athletic League brought 40 of us into the stadium hours before the game for a picnic with the greats. (Yogi eats more mustard on his dogs than most folks eat in a life-time) I may have been 8 or 9.

I rode in the elevator at the Plaza with Johnny Mathis...of course there were 7 or 8 other strangers in there at the same time, and no one spoke nor even pretended to recognize the lad at the time; he was too shy to say anything to us. (I was a teenager then, sneaking into the Plaza and pretending to myself at least that I could afford the place and belonged there...1956 or so, as I recall.)

I sat at a table for ten with the poet Karl Shapiro; we talked; we drank; he ate; (I couldn't afford the food prices, so I pretended not to be hungry...I was starving; he didn't know; he didn't share. Later, I went back to the room and ate stale corn flakes...no milk or sugar, couldn't afford them.).

I have eaten lunch with: Julian Bonds, Barbara Bush, George H. Bush, Bill Gates, Maynard Jackson, William Safire, George Schultz, and Andrew Young, in most cases, there were 150 or more other folks in the room at the same time, but in all but one of the incidents, I sat at the head table with the guest of honor. (Julian Bonds is witty, but extremely self-conscious; Maynard Jackson was humorous, charming, clever and thoroughly entertaining; Barbara Bush was delightfully human; Bill Gates sat at the head table, I didn't; William Safire is far too full of himself; Bill Gates sat elsewhere...oh, I said that; George Bush (h.) is modest, almost shy, and a very pleasant conversationalist. George Schultz was a pompous ass, I felt an affinity for his style.

I sat at a piano bench with Milton Berrle; he played chop-sticks, I tried, but failed...it was one of those late 40's tv things that I can't even remember the name of. (Sorry for ending with the preposition.)

I shopped at Macy's in Palo Alto with Joan Baez; of course, she didn't know I was there, but the lady at the cash register did; funny though, the lady at the cash register didn't know who Joan Baez was...

I ate dinner with David Ogden Stiers in a Los Gatos eatery then known as the Wine Cellar, reportedly a replica of some wine room Hemmingway frequented

in Spain. O course, DOS had no idea who I was, nor did he care...he was appearing in a play in the local theater, I was hungry and thirsty.

Alex

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406. **Jesse Glass**
Brushes with fame

Wed 16 Mar 2005

I met Ratboy over at Dave Baratier's a couple of years back. I also let David Bowie pet my big black horse in front of the Hyatt while I waited for folks to take a carriage ride and I was reading Hazlitt's description of Coleridge's nose as being somehow lacking as the "rudder" of Coleridge's face. I know this all sounds mucho Freudian, but it's absolutely true. It was during Summerfest time in Milwaukee and as I got to the page I looked up, and there was David Bowie in sunglasses petting the horse with some big guys standing on either side of him. He said hello and I said hi and before I knew it he was hopping into the back seat of a totally unexceptional car on the way to his Summerfest performance. Barry Manilow also stayed at the Hyatt--this is where we parked our carriages to catch rides--but I never met him.

One late night I gave a bunch of rock 'n roll punkster types a ride in my carriage. They were all staying over in the Pfister. "You know who that was you just gave a ride to?" "No," I said. "That was Nirvana." "Well the bastards didn't tip much, and who cares about Nirvana?" That was way before all the hype about Nirvana happened. You see, I'm somewhat old. Now if it had been Vanilla Fudge or the guy who did the sound track to "I Love Lucy" maybe I would have asked for an autograph. Or Coleridge, most definitely. But not Hazlitt. He was a bit too cruel for my taste. Jess

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407. **Alan Sondheim**
i am that i am

Wed 16 Mar 2005

i am that i am

double versions sink / \ collandroid i
double versions sink / \ collandroid ii
<http://www.as.wvu.edu:8000/clc/Members/sondheim/coll.mov>
<http://www.as.wvu.edu:8000/clc/Members/sondheim/coll.mp4>

you i foolishfoolish you you foolishfoolish foolishfoolish you am embarrass-
mentmy foolishfoolish embarrassmentmy i foolishfoolish shamemy foolishfoolish

embarrassmentmy you embarrassmentmy my my my embarrassmentmy from
abashedand embarrassmentmy me shamemy abashedand turn embarrass-
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barrassmentmy feel eyes foolishfoolish my me away turn from i you away turn
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mentmy away shy me away am away blush pieces makes blush list list blush list
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am fall abashedand trembleme am abashedand you pieces abashedand you list
shamemy are pieces shamemy i trembleme you embarrassmentmy i ooo i my
you i are you you are embarrassmentmy shamemy are you abashedand my from
you my i you embarrassmentmy my my you embarrassmentmy you you you from
you embarrassmentmy from you my from embarrassmentmy are from from
away you from you my eyes you my away embarrassmentmy you guiltyfeel me
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from feel eyes make from eyes blush make eyes you guiltyfeel away blush you
guiltyfeel blush guiltyfeel away make guiltyfeel me from me guiltyfeel from you
you from blush guiltyfeel from me guiltyfeel make me me blush blush me to you
list to you you guiltyfeel me fall blush me shy me me fall make you fall shy blush
shy list makes fall i makes fall i make you bashful shy you makes list you am you
fall am makes shy makes foolishfoolish pieces makes foolishfoolish pieces bash-
ful i you i am makes i foolishfoolish i am bashful makes trembleme foolishfoolish
am am i ooo i i am

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408. **Dan Waber**

[poem] This World We Can't Pronounce

Wed 16 Mar 2005

16/61

Echo = sweet and rough sounds lush in our ears become a key we leave
ourselves, this world we can't pronounce

Source = Jennifer Hill-Kaucher, from her crown of sonnets, Nightcrown.

This World We Can't Pronounce

Cutting board, knife, half of a sweet
vidalia onion, mushrooms and
a couple cloves of garlic rough
chopped chopped chopped. In the background sounds
of Julie London and the lush
clickety-clack of typing in
the back room--dinnertime in our
little world. The dog has his ears

out like wings, the cats have become
my three bestest friends, ever, a
bit of butter sings in the key
of whee. You make your entrance, we
refrigerator door dance, leave
the saute to saute ourselves
a sizzle little. Pretend this
galley kitchen is our whole world
and you won't be far off. We
dine daily on a dish whose can't-
say-name takes two tongues to pronounce.

Dan Waber

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409. **Wanda O'Connor**

Re: winter....

Wed 16 Mar 2005

Howdy. New to the list. Wanda O'Connor--poet from Ottawa/Ontario (orig. from N.B.--ocean swimmer). Got a winter poem myself. Published in Ottawa's above/ground press, orig. Nice to be on the list. Looking forward to all your expositions via experimentalism.

winter

what month is this. feels
like monday.
resonant.

/floating

on the cap of skin. not
soaking into it, not
absorbing like a wound.

something like a door
without a house
something like affection
and strain

experiments. doubled in warning
lapsed in economy: division
of memory

a blade
a hat
some gloves
a warmth in naming things

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410. **Craig Allen Conrad**

POETRY EVENT: Eleni Sikelianos and CAConrad April 6th at Kelly Writers House K

Wed 16 Mar 2005

POETRY EVENT: Eleni Sikelianos and CAConrad April 6th at Kelly Writers House

Kelly Writers House
University of Pennsylvania
3805 Locust Walk

April 6th
6:00 pm

Eleni Sikelianos was raised in California. She received an M.F.A. in Writing & Poetics from the Naropa Institute. She is the author of *Earliest Worlds* (Coffee House Press, 2001), *The Book of Tendons* (1997), and *To Speak While Dreaming* (1993). She is also the author of a number of chapbooks, including *From Blue Guide* (1999), *The Lover's Numbers*, and *Poetics of the X* (1995). She has received numerous honors and awards including a National Endowment for the Arts Fellowship, a Fulbright Fellowship, and two Gertrude Stein Awards for Innovative American Writing. She currently works as poet-in-residence for Teachers & Writers Collaborative in New York City and teaches Literature and Thinking & Writing for Bard College's Clemente Program. Sikelianos co-runs the Wednesday Night Readings at the St. Mark's Poetry Project in St. Mark's Church. She lives in New York City.

CAConrad's childhood included selling cut flowers along the highway for his mother and helping her shoplift. He escaped to Philadelphia the first chance he got, where he lives and writes today with the PhillySound poets. He co-edits *FREQUENCY* Audio Journal with Magdalena Zurawski, and edits the 9for9 project. His first book, *Deviant Propulsion*, is forthcoming this Spring from Soft Skull Press. He has two other forthcoming books: *The Frank Poems* (Jargon Society), and *advancedELVIScourse* (Buck Downs Books). He is also the author of several chapbooks, including *(end-begin w/chants)*, a collaboration with Frank Sherlock.

Eleni Sikelianos link:

[_http://www.amazon.com/gp/product/images/1931243670/ref=dp_primary-product-display_0/002-0365168-8100001?_encoding=UTF8&n=283155&s=books_](http://www.amazon.com/gp/product/images/1931243670/ref=dp_primary-product-display_0/002-0365168-8100001?_encoding=UTF8&n=283155&s=books_)
(http://www.amazon.com/gp/product/images/1931243670/ref=dp_primary-product-display_0/002-0365168-8100001?_encoding=UTF8&n=283155&s=books_)

CAConrad link:

[_http://www.amazon.com/gp/product/images/1932360875/ref=dp_primary-product-display_0/002-0365168-8100001?_encoding=UTF8&n=283155&s=books_](http://www.amazon.com/gp/product/images/1932360875/ref=dp_primary-product-display_0/002-0365168-8100001?_encoding=UTF8&n=283155&s=books_)
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[_http://PhillySound.blogspot.com](http://PhillySound.blogspot.com) (<http://phillysound.blogspot.com/>) "If we give our money to KFC, we're paying for a life of misery for some of God's most helpless creatures." --The Reverend Al Sharpton Calls for KFC Boycott for 2005

"I've been boycotting KFC since Col. Sanders was George Wallace's running mate on the American Independence Party ticket in 1968. As we used to say, the chicken with two right wings...." --Ron Silliman

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411. **Frank Sherlock**

Re: POETRY EVENT: Eleni Sikelianos and CAConrad April 6th at Kelly Writers House

Wed 16 Mar 2005

Can you call me ASAP?

*From: Craig Allen Conrad <[REDACTED]>
Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: POETRY EVENT: Eleni Sikelianos and CAConrad April 6th at Kelly Writers House K
Date: Wed, 16 Mar 2005 10:22:26 EST*

POETRY EVENT: Eleni Sikelianos and CAConrad April 6th at Kelly Writers House

Kelly Writers House

University of Pennsylvania
3805 Locust Walk

April 6th
6:00 pm

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CAConrad link:

[_http://www.amazon.com/gp/product/images/1932360875/ref=dp_primary-product-display_0/002-0365168-8100001?%5Fencoding=UTF8&n=283155&s=books_\(http://www.amazon.com/gp/product/images/1932360875/ref=dp_primary-product-display_0/002-0365168-8100001?_encoding=UTF8&n=283155&s=books\)](http://www.amazon.com/gp/product/images/1932360875/ref=dp_primary-product-display_0/002-0365168-8100001?%5Fencoding=UTF8&n=283155&s=books_(http://www.amazon.com/gp/product/images/1932360875/ref=dp_primary-product-display_0/002-0365168-8100001?_encoding=UTF8&n=283155&s=books))

[_http://PhillySound.blogspot.com](http://PhillySound.blogspot.com) (<http://phillysound.blogspot.com/>)
â€œIf we give our money to KFC, weâ€™re paying for a life of misery for some of Godâ€™s most helpless creatures.â€
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--Ron Silliman

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412. **Frank Sherlock**

Re: POETRY EVENT: Eleni Sikelianos and CAConrad April 6th at Kelly Writers House

Wed 16 Mar 2005

Duh. Sorry about that, folks.

From: Frank Sherlock <[REDACTED]>
Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: Re: POETRY EVENT: Eleni Sikelianos and CAConrad April 6th at Kelly Writers House
Date: Wed, 16 Mar 2005 15:59:33 +0000

Can you call me ASAP?

From: Craig Allen Conrad <[REDACTED]>
Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group <[REDACTED]>
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: POETRY EVENT: Eleni Sikelianos and CAConrad April 6th at Kelly Writers House K

Date: Wed, 16 Mar 2005 10:22:26 EST

POETRY EVENT: Eleni Sikelianos and CAConrad April 6th at Kelly Writers House

*Kelly Writers House
University of Pennsylvania
3805 Locust Walk*

*April 6th
6:00 pm*

Eleni Sikelianos was raised in California. She received an M.F.A. in Writing & Poetics from the Naropa Institute. She is the author of Earliest Worlds (Coffee House Press, 2001), The Book of Tendons (1997), and To Speak While Dreaming (1993). She is also the author of a number of chapbooks, including From Blue Guide (1999), The Lover's Numbers, and Poetics of the X (1995). She has received numerous honors and awards including a National Endowment for the Arts Fellowship, a Fulbright Fellowship, and two Gertrude Stein Awards for Innovative American Writing. She currently works as poet-in-residence for Teachers & Writers Collaborative in New York City and teaches Literature and Thinking & Writing for Bard College's Clemente Program. Sikelianos co-runs the Wednesday Night Readings at the St. Mark's Poetry Project in St. Mark's Church. She lives in New York City.

CAConrad's childhood included selling cut flowers along the highway for his mother and helping her shoplift. He escaped to Philadelphia the first chance he got, where he lives and writes today with the PhillySound poets. He co-edits FREQUENCY Audio Journal with Magdalena Zurawski, and edits the 9for9 project. His first book, Deviant Propulsion, is forthcoming this Spring from Soft Skull Press. He has two other forthcoming books: The Frank Poems (Jargon

Society), and advanced ELVIS course (Buck Downs Books). He is also the author of several chapbooks, including (end-begin w/chants), a collaboration with Frank Sherlock.

Eleni Sikelianos link:

_http://www.amazon.com/gp/product/images/1931243670/ref=dp_primary-product-display_0/002-0365168-8100001?%5Fencoding=UTF8&n=283155&s=books_ (http://www.amazon.com/gp/product/images/1931243670/ref=dp_primary-product-display_0/002-0365168-8100001?_encoding=UTF8&n=283155&s=books)

CAC Conrad link:

_http://www.amazon.com/gp/product/images/1932360875/ref=dp_primary-product-display_0/002-0365168-8100001?%5Fencoding=UTF8&n=283155&s=books_ (http://www.amazon.com/gp/product/images/1932360875/ref=dp_primary-product-display_0/002-0365168-8100001?_encoding=UTF8&n=283155&s=books)

*_http://PhillySound.blogspot.com_ (http://phillysound.blogspot.com/)
â€œIf we give our money to KFC, weâ€™re paying for a life of misery for some of Godâ€™s most helpless creatures.â€
--The Reverend Al Sharpton Calls for KFC Boycott for 2005*

*"I've been boycotting KFC since Col. Sanders was George Wallace's running mate on the American Independence Party ticket in 1968. As we used to say, the chicken with two right wings...."
--Ron Silliman*

Is your PC infected? Get a FREE online computer virus scan from McAfee® Security. <http://clinic.mcafee.com/clinic/ibuy/campaign.asp?cid=3963>

*Express your-
self instantly with MSN Messenger! Download today - it's FREE!
<http://messenger.msn.click-url.com/go/onm00200471ave/direct/01/>*

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413. **Thomas savage**

Re: A survey

Wed 16 Mar 2005

Steve Dalachinsky <[REDACTED]> wrote: Dear Steve, why does John Ashbery bother you so? I've had this conversation with you before. But, since you've put it online, I'm going to repeat what I said to you the last time we discussed this. John Ashbery is a great poet. So are you. Why fight with someone who isn't challenging you in any way? Two good keys to his poetry, both of them poetry not criticism, are his Three Poems and the poem "Paradoxes and Oxymorons." That his poems may mean different things each time we read them is a plus, not obfuscation as you seem to think. Anyway, check out these works and enjoy.

Do You Yahoo!?

Tired of spam? Yahoo! Mail has the best spam protection around
<http://mail.yahoo.com>

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414. **Michael Basinski**

FUNGINII

Wed 16 Mar 2005

Funginii

A forty minute improvisational choral sound poem CD with music

NOW AVAILABLE

Text by Michael Basinski - Music by Don Metz

With ensemble voices: Michael Basinski, Matt Chambers, Douglas Manson, Leah Muir and Karen Yacobucci.

\$10.00

contact:

[REDACTED]

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415. **Richard Jeffrey Newman**

Selections from Saadi's Gulistan: Link fixed

Wed 16 Mar 2005

I am sorry to be emailing you again about my book, but it seems there was a problem with the Global Scholarly Publications website and that some people,

when they went to buy the book online, received a "product not found" message. That problem has been fixed, and you can now go to the website and order the book.

The link is:

http://www.gsp-online.org/shopping/gsp_product_info.php?products_id=137
<http://www.gsp-online.org/shopping/gsp_product_info.php?products_id=137&osCsid=377c15dfce06458c3bab6de764f1bdfd>

If you would like more information about the book, about me or about my work, please visit my website: www.richardjnewman.com
<<http://www.richardjnewman.com/>>

Many thanks and, again, I apologize for a second intrusion.

Richard Jeffrey Newman

Richard Jeffrey Newman
Associate Professor, English
Nassau Community College
One Education Drive
Garden City, NY 11530
O: [REDACTED]
F: [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
www.ncc.edu
richardjeffreynewman.blogspot.com

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416. **Alan Sondheim**

for my mother, who died five years ago today

Wed 16 Mar 2005

```
* Module Products.PlacelessTranslationService.PatchStringIO,  
  , in new_publish "hello"  
Products.PlacelessTranslationService.PlacelessTranslationService,  
  , in translate "can"  
Products.PlacelessTranslationService.PlacelessTranslationService,  
  , in translate "you"  
Products.PlacelessTranslationService.PlacelessTranslationService,  
  , in getCatalogsForTranslation "hear"  
Products.PlacelessTranslationService.PlacelessTranslationService,  
  , in negotiate_language "me"
```

* Module Products.PlacelessTranslationService.Negotiator, ,
in negotiate "bonjour"
* Module Products.PlacelessTranslationService.Negotiator, ,
in _negotiate "entendez"
* Module Products.PlacelessTranslationService.Negotiator, ,
in getLangPrefs "vous"
* Module Products.PlacelessTranslationService.Negotiator, ,
in getAccepted "aidez-moi"
* "acceptez-vous"

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417. **Barrett Watten**

K. Silem Mohammad and Catherine Daly at Wayne State

Wed 16 Mar 2005

K. Silem Mohammad and Catherine Daly
New genre poets / digital littérateur(e)s
Wednesday, March 23 / Reading at 3:30 PM
Informal discussion on poetics and new media at 11 AM
10th Floor Conference Room, 5057 Woodward Avenue
Wayne State University, Detroit

K. Silem Mohammad is the author of the ground-breaking collections *Deer Head Nation* (Tougher Disguises, 2003) and *A Thousand Devils* (Combo Books, 2004), which combine lyric, conceptual, and new media voices and sources. His multi-tasking language hits a cultural mainline of absurd politics, totalizing dissociation, and simulacral affects.

Readers have responded: "K. Silem Mohammad's text, constructed from screened bites of information ideology, takes the national hysteria seriously, 'spookily,' and presents us with a total, civilized violence" (Laura Elrick); "Let loose on the database, these poems pile detritus upon detritus with every glup glup of another wet deer head across the search engine" (Stephanie Young). After experiencing his work, you will never see a deer head the same way: out of the stream of information, a gothic afterimage. His work is featured in *The Best American Poetry 2004*, edited by Lyn Hejinian. He teaches literature and creative writing at Southern Oregon University.

Links

<http://limetree.ksilem.com/> / {lime tree}
<http://www.durationpress.com/bookstore/index.htm> / Hanging Out with Pablo & Jennifer

Catherine Daly published *DaDaDa*, a stellar collection of experimental lyrics in 2003 (Cambridge, U.K, Salt Press); *Locket* is forthcoming from Tupelo Press

this year. About DaDaDa there is much to say, for instance: "Cavernous and electric, DaDaDa unfolds as a hypnotically twisted love tome investigating the r/ation between language systems and the erotics of communication. Plotting the truncated lives of letters, as mistresses, matrices, vessels, vials, viols, vile induces, indices, Catherine Daly's passionate tripartite tour de force rages with linguistic virtuosity as a 'cross-stitched sampler' of contemporary culture, 'hot sync simulacra,' literary heresies" --Adeena Karasick. Poet/critic Aldon Nielsen agrees: "Seldom is such a commodious pathway opened with a first book. It is, as the author says, 'Huge toroid / experiments.'" Dadada is planned to be the first trilogy of a 1,000-page project called Confiteor. Her work is extensively available online.

She received an MFA from Columbia University in 1991. An applications architect for fifteen years, she created digital systems for numerous corporate, state, and media clients. She created and taught the first online poetry workshops at UCLA Extension's Writers' Program; has taught critical theory, women's studies, and literature courses at UCLA Extension, Antioch LA, West LA College, LA Southwest College; and has curated readings at UCLA's Hammer Museum. She lives with her husband in La Fayette Square in Los Angeles.

Links

<http://www.catherinedaly.info/> / home page

<http://cadaly.blogspot.com/> / Catherine Daly's Blog

[http://www.getunderground.com/underground/poetry/article.cfm?
Article_ID=689](http://www.getunderground.com/underground/poetry/article.cfm?Article_ID=689)

/ reading review

<http://ineradicablestain.com/dollgames/daly.html> / interview with Shelley Jackson

The reading flyer will be available at

<http://www.english.wayne.edu/fac_pages/ewatten/pdfs/torres.pdf>http://www.english.wayne.edu/fac_pages/ewatten/pdfs/kaseycasia.pdf<http://www.english.wayne.edu/fac_pages/ewatten/pdfs/torres.pdf>pdf

Diasporic Avant-Gardes is curated by Barrett Watten, Carla Harryman, and Charles Stivale, and sponsored by an Innovative Projects Grant, WSU Humanities Center. For more info contact Carla Harryman at [REDACTED] / [REDACTED]. Free admission; the public is cordially invited.

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418. **Robert Corbett**

Re: Walter Benn Michaels on Susan Howe??

Wed 16 Mar 2005

thanks for the note, Lori. I think our hot-tempered remarks (mine included) are put in their place by this lovely little note from Gloria Frym.

as for WBM, I think that he is using Howe to attack a critical tendency, textual criticism. TC is not simply the establishment of texts, although it does proceed from that, but also investigation of the materiality of the sign. DeMan and others talked about the materiality of the sign--it was what resisted the critic or reading itself--but never about the words on the page as they looked. TC rightly critiques this rhetorical materiality, but also critiques a historicism that is quite willing to talk about power structures and race-class-gender, but ignores issues such as publication of texts. WBM is pretty old-school when it comes to looking at texts--the words of a work, rather the materials of the work--so his (anti)theory of interpretation is threatened by it. And of course like all critical tendencies, some practitioners overdo it. WBM seems to be conscious that he is overdoing it when he wants to except Howe from his critique, but the trouble of WBM is that he has

little

patience for nice distinctions, especially if they don't lead to bold claims. Thus, his pretty idiotic claim that one can't critique the culture in which one exists. I would say, rather, that the concept of America is so diffuse that one cannot but help critique it.

Anyway, this is taking me back to fairly academic--now moot--American studies' arguments. There is a reason why I work on British writers and now I remember.

Robert

Lori Emerson <[REDACTED]> wrote:

All: below is a note from Gloria Frym ([REDACTED]) who asked me to post this as her email account isn't currently working.

best, Lori

=====

Dear Lori,

Sorry to be so long in responding to your response! Well, I've been studying and teaching Dickinson for years and I have to say that we can't know much about her intentions, only what's left to us by the grace of the graces. Everything's in the poems and letters. Everything else is conjecture, sometimes juicy, sometimes crunchy, sometimes kind of dumb. The dissembled fascicles are a sad

loss, since no one could hand sew folded pieces of paper and laboriously re-copy poems into so many little books without something in mind. And to have these booklets rather disregarded in terms of narrative sequence, well, ignorance is the only excuse, because such production does infer intention. (I teach at an art school and am deeply involved with the visual.) As to the dashes, my ideas aren't mine, they're really Susan Howe's, with whom I've spoken and whom I read for years, as well. To refute her on ED seems kind of silly, even cliched, as she wasn't taken too seriously for a long time by most academic scholars--no news there. (Now anyone doing any work on Dickinson cannot not read Howe!). The visual in poetry is too ancient to dispute--if one thinks of the brush as the first pen. My thinking is that Howe is both radical in her observations and a keen observer of what's there on the page. When she used to teach Dickinson at Buffalo, she used Ruskin as a diving board. Her syllabi used to be readily available. We're not, as Stephen Vincent (a friend of mine here in San Francisco), disputing notions of "the original." Stephen is altogether too flip about this. Of course poetry and all other texts are historical palimpsests. It's equally important that we take them as they are given to us. But we're discussing manuscripts that exist and ARE the very "first editions," as they are kept under lock and key in a tomb at Harvard, and the letters with the embedded poems are also closely guarded as though they were the Mona Lisa! Which we may presume is the surviving of any others Da Vinci may have produced. I feel a bit remiss, as I don't really understand what Walter Benn Michaels disputes with Howe. Refresh me. And I'm not sure what you want to refute. Happy to help in any way. You've caught me in a semester when I'm teaching Dickinson, so it'd be fun to keep this thread going.

Best, Gloria Frym

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419. **Catherine Daly**
more interviews with that Daly woman

Wed 16 Mar 2005

http://www.poeziepamflet.nl/daly_catherine_interview.html

<http://www.chicagopostmodernpoetry.com/catdaly.html>

<http://www.readysteadybook.com/daly.html>

and, radio:

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

All best,
Catherine Daly

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420. **Gloria Frym**
brushes with fame

Wed 16 Mar 2005

Gary, I somehow couldn't get this to go thru to your email, so:

It was a hot dusty Saturday afternoon at the Thunderbird Ranch Camp a few miles outside Healdsburg, CA. Parents arrived to watch their kids do rodeo tricks on the last day of this low tech, family horse camp. Sean Penn, his wife, and Javier Bardem showed up, as Penn's kid was there the two weeks my kid was there. A bunch of people kinda recognized Sean Penn and he seemed encircled. I had a camera in hand and was supposed to be watching the rodeo, taking shots of my daughter. The heat was getting hotter and I whispered to a woman in front of me, hey there are some movie stars over there. When I mentioned their names, she said Who's Sean Penn? I had just seen the fabulous "Before Night Falls," the biopic of the Cuban writer Renaldo Arenas. In one of those out of the mind experiences induced by sun, I thought Renaldo Arenas was standing by himself next to the arena. So I walked over to him, not being able to remember either his name nor Javier Bardem's name and definitely conflating the two. Bardem was standing alone. I said, "I bet no one here recognizes you." He said that perhaps there were one or two, because of the recent movie. I said, well you did fabulous work in "Before Night Falls." He was cordial, unpretentious, perhaps heavier than I imagined, with not very good skin. (Of course, I looked at him more closely than a camera would.) He thanked me, we chatted about Spanish cinema, all the while I was caught in the writer/the actor, in Cuba (where I had been in 1999), and still unable to remember his name. It just so happened that in a day's time I was going to Spain. I told him so. He said, what a coincidence, I'm leaving tonight at midnight for Madrid. Maybe we'll see one another there! We said adios, and I was still caught in the nether world of these two men and two countries and two eras. The great thing is that Bardem truly embodies whomever he plays. He's just not Renaldo Arenas. But I'm in love with both of them.

Gloria Frym

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421. **George Bowering**
Re: Brushes with fame

Wed 16 Mar 2005

Sitting in a club called The Barrel in Montreal in 1968,
I caught Rashied Ali's drumstick on a bounce off the floor

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424. **Stephen Vincent**
Re: Brushes with fame/ Bowering

Wed 16 Mar 2005

Baseball bats and drumsticks, George, you have a natural feel for wood!

Nice story. And no doubt, great music.

I always think about Ayler when I read the opening chapter of James Baldwin's *Another Country*: the suicide off the bridge into the East River. Tho I suspect the book came before Ayler's disappearance. Yet the two incidents resonate.

Stephen V

Blog: <http://stephenvincent.durationpress.com>

*Sitting in a club called The Barrel in Montreal in 1968,
I caught Rashied Ali's drumstick on a bounce off the floor
and held it ready to give back but the tune went on for
45 minutes because this was Albert Ayler's band, and
Rashied had spare sticks. I did give it back at the end of the night.
What a dope. Later I saw Albert across the street and waved
at him and he waved back.*

gb

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425. **kari edwards**
Kulture Vulture

Wed 16 Mar 2005

check out the new Kulture Vulture.. I have some work there, plus its a great line up..

<http://www.kulturevulture.org/experiment2.html>

apologies for the double listings

kari edwards

3435 cesar chavez

#327

san francisco, CA 94001



books:

Iduna, Obooks, 2003

<http://www.obooks.com/books/iduna.htm>

a day in the life of p., Subpress, 2002

http://www.amazon.com/exec/obidos/tg/detail/-/1930068182/qid=1108387080/sr=1-1/ref=sr_1_1/103-4221821-0690221?v=glance&s=books

Reviews:

http://www.gaycitynews.com/gcn_322/sittingscreamingabout.html

<http://www.moriapoetry.com/tabios900.htm>

<http://www.poeticinhalation.com/doubledose.html>

http://www.somalit.com/A_day_in.html

critical writing:

http://www.sfsu.edu/~poetry/narrativity/issue_three/edwards.html

interviews:

<http://www.raintaxi.com/online/2003spring/edwards.shtml>

<http://www.gendertalk.com/real/350/gt385.shtml>

<http://www.chicagopostmodernpoetry.com/KariE.htm>

fiction:

<http://www.blazevox.org/ke.htm>

http://www.chimerareview.com/volumes/2003_4/fic_edwards_1.0.htm

<http://www.webdelsol.com/InPosse/edwards10.htm>

<http://www.drunkenboat.com/db6/edwards/low.html>

<http://www.emich.edu/studentorgs/bhouse/oldbhouse/edwards.html>

poetry:

<http://www.lodestarquarterly.com/work/218/>

<http://www.suspectthoughts.com/edwards.html>

<http://www.google.com/search?q=kari+edwards&hl=en&lr=&start=10&sa=N>

<http://www.wordforword.info/vol4/Edwards.htm>

<http://www.litvert.com/kedwards8.html>

http://www.slingshotmagazine.org/issue5/html/21_22.html

http://www.shearsman.com/pages/magazine/back_issues/shearsman58/edwards.html

<http://www.poetrysz.net/issue14/poets2.html#edwards>

http://www.therepublicofcalifornia.com/BSO/Black_Spring_edwards4.htm

http://www.slingshotmagazine.org/issue5/html/23_24.html

http://www.papertigermedia.com/hutt/hutt1_3/edwards.htm

<http://www.poeticinhalation.com/v3i3.html#Kari%20Edwards>

http://www.tarpaulinsky.com/Spring04/edwards_correlation.html

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426. **Martha L Deed**

Re: brushes with fame

Wed 16 Mar 2005

We saw many famous people while living on the Upper West Side of Manhattan. In keeping with the theme and tone of this thread, I offer only two -- both experienced with my daughter the future poet (who introduced me to the Poetics List) when she was 4 or 5 years old:

Susan from Sesame Street. Millie saw her first while sitting on my lap on a crowded subway train. Millie stared and stared until Susan looked back. They communicated via happy faces and hand signals until we reached our stop.

Mister Rogers outside of Moon Palace on Broadway between 111th and 112th Street. He told Millie he was there for his son's graduation from Columbia, and that this meeting was "real life," but when she saw him on television it was "pretend life." Millie was four years old. Millie was offended that Mr. Rogers would think he had to explain the difference between "real" and "pretend" to her.

Martha Deed

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427. **Gwyn McVay**

Re: brushes with fame

Wed 16 Mar 2005

It was at the High Times magazine 20th-anniversary party that I discovered, first, that Tommy Chong can't (or can no longer) play guitar worth a poop, and second, that the then-popular rap group Onyx was composed entirely of short guys. (It does take one to know one; they didn't tower very far over me in the joint circle, and I'm only 4'11".) Perhaps the belligerence of their single "Bacdafucup" can be explained, in part, by the same phenomenon that makes Rottweilers and Labradors laid-back and goofy unless trained to be otherwise, yet Chihuahuas and Cairn terriers ("Toto too?" "Yes, Toto too") turn into frothing balls of hostility at the approach of the postman.

Gwyn, who only froths at the postman when he brings rejection slips

Even while I'm writing, I am listening for crows.

-- Louise Erdrich

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(our front stoop)
& i ask Rashid
what it was like
'to play with 'trane'
i know nothin'
about Jazz
but what Steve
& Rashid tell me..
but there must be
some connection
that we both
feel...
one day Rashid
pointed to the sign
Spring & Wooster
& sd one day
it would be
known as
"Rashid Ali St"
i had some other
name in mind...
fame & fortune & drn..

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430. **Barrett Watten**
Mark(s) online release 5.04
Wed 16 Mar 2005

announcing mark(s) online quarter release 5.04

mark(s) v5.04 features the work of:

Norene Cashen
John Corbin
Marlena Corcoran
Steve Panton
Tyrone Williams

<http://www.markszine.com>

This site requires a minimum screen resolution of 800x600 for viewing

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431. **amy king**

Re: Kulture Vulture

Wed 16 Mar 2005

you're right: excellent issue. congrats, kari!

--- kari edwards <[REDACTED]> wrote:

> check out the new Kulture Vulture.. I have some work

> there, plus its a great line up..

>

> <http://www.kulturevulture.org/experiment2.html>

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432. **Stephanie Young**

ACT ART tomorrow: Gaye Chan & Nandita Sharma

Wed 16 Mar 2005

Don't miss the third event in the ACT ART SERIES:

Collaborators Gaye Chan & Nandita Sharma

Thursday, March 17

7:00 p.m.

Mills Hall Living Room

Working in the agit-prop tradition, Gaye Chan and Nandita Sharma are members of the collaborative group, Downwind Productions, and the artists behind the website Historic Waikiki. (<http://www.downwindproductions.com/>) Often found by accident, Historic Waikiki deploys web media as counter-hegemonic practice. While focused on the histories and current realities of Waikiki, it also serves as metaphor for countless other places where self-sustaining and self-determining people have been variously dispossessed and dislocated for both private (capital) and public (state) profit. Chan and Nandita discuss how new strategies in the circulation of images and ideas can help us imagine different relationships with each other and contribute to the project of realizing social justice.

And mark your calendars now for the last evening of ACT ART:

THE YES MEN

Thursday APRIL 14

Lisser Theater, 7:00 p.m.

And another reading of interest:

CECILIA VICUNA

Tuesday APRIL 12

Mills Hall Living Room, 5:30-7:00

ACT ART is funded in part by the James Irvine Foundation, the Contemporary Writers Series, Poets & Writers, Inc. through a grant it has received from the Hearst Foundation, and 'A 'A Arts.

For more info: [REDACTED]

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433. **Jonathan Penton**

they get to be famous, I get to be rich

Wed 16 Mar 2005

There's a new update of www.UnlikelyStories.org, featuring:

"Moonlight on Moloch: 20 Redneck Symphonies:" a chapbook by Luke Buckham and illustrated by Kelly Hoffman

an interview of Avalon Frost by Danielle Grilli

three songs by Avalon Frost

three spoken word pieces by jUSTin!katKO

six paintings by NeBa

and "Hearts in the Highlands, Episode One," a short film by Brent Parker

Bling Bling!

--

Jonathan Penton

<http://www.unlikelystories.org>

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434. **Murat Nemet-Nejat**

Re: Brushes with fame

Wed 16 Mar 2005

Here is an anecdote I sent to Gary's blog elsewhere:

My family had an odd brush with fame about fifteen years ago. We were walking on a side street in Chelsea, in Manhattan. I noticed that O.J. Simpson with a woman was strolling by. When they were about twenty feet behind us, I told my younger son Rafael, who was about eight, that the person who had just passed us was O.J. Simpson. He looked back, excited, and began to run back past them. At a suitable distance, he turned back walking nonchalantly toward O.J. to see his face. O.J. must have noticed what was going on, When Rafi was passing him, O.J. began to tackle him to my son's delight. It was a wonderful moment which

none of us forgot. During the Simpson trial I realized that the woman with him was probably his wife.

Murat

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435. **Henry A. Lazer**

Discount Offer - Middleton's Distant Reading

Wed 16 Mar 2005

Announcing the twentieth volume in the series

Modern and Contemporary Poetics

edited by Charles Bernstein and Hank Lazer

DISTANT READING

Performance, Readership, and Consumption in Contemporary Poetry

Peter Middleton

A dynamic account of the history, practice, and theory of poetry as performance.

"Middleton investigates the manifold events that are usually conglomerated together under the name of reading: interactions of voice and text, of phonology, physiology and psychology; the sociology of the poetry reading; the ways that contemporary technologies connect and disperse a poem's readership. These complexities are exactly what make poetry interesting. Distant Reading promises to be a groundbreaking study of contemporary poetry—and it's a pleasure to read."—Bob Perelman, author of *The Marginalization of Poetry: Language Writing and Literary History*

Distant Reading considers poetry as performance, offers new insights into its popularity, and proposes a new history of its origins. It also explores related issues concerning the reception of poetry, the impact of the computer on how we read poetry, the persistence of the letter "I" in poems by avant-garde poets, the strangeness of the line-break as a demand on the reader's attention, and the idea of the reader as consumer. These themes are connected by a historically contextualized and theoretically sophisticated discussion of contemporary American and British poets continuing to work in the modernist tradition.

The introductory essay establishes a new methodology that transforms close reading into what Middleton calls "distant reading," interpretive reading that acknowledges the distances that texts travel from their point of composition to readers in other geographical and historical locations. It indicates that poetic innovation is often driven by a desire on the part of the poet to make this distance do cultural work in the meanings that the poem generates.

Ultimately, Distant Reading treats poetry as a cultural practice that is always situated within specific sites of performance—recited on stage, displayed in magazines, laid out on a page, scrolled on the computer screen—rather than as a transcendent cloud of meaning tethered only to its words.

Peter Middleton is Professor of English at the University of Southampton, United Kingdom, and author of *Literatures of Memory: History, Time, and Space in Postwar Writing* (coauthored with Tim Woods), *The Inward Gaze: Masculinity and Subjectivity in Modern Culture* and *Aftermath* (poems).

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436. **Alan Sondheim**

teart "i wanted to enter this before but the site was down. i got in by

Thu 17 Mar 2005

teart "i wanted to enter this before but the site was down. i got in by logging backwards but couldn't save the file. the file was saved as a placeholder i can't erase. the new file is teart which is what the old file would have been. it's another moment or movement of a mathematical object. i want to read what i can into these objects. i want to create emotions with mathematical objects. this is the emotion of forlornness and hysteria encapsulated. i know what you're saying but nothing's impossible. this is the object of the darkest possibility. five years ago today my mother died. i woke up forlorn."

teart

<http://www.as.wvu.edu:8000/clc/Members/sondheim/teart.mov>

teart1

<http://www.as.wvu.edu:8000/clc/Members/sondheim/pushed1.jpg>

teart2

<http://www.as.wvu.edu:8000/clc/Members/sondheim/pushed2.jpg>

teart3

<http://www.as.wvu.edu:8000/clc/Members/sondheim/pushed3.jpg>

teart4

<http://www.as.wvu.edu:8000/clc/Members/sondheim/blade.jpg>

teart5

<http://www.as.wvu.edu:8000/clc/Members/sondheim/blade2.jpg>

teart6

<http://www.as.wvu.edu:8000/clc/Members/sondheim/curl.jpg>

—

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437. **noemata**

6

Thu 17 Mar 2005

eo aaaa hhtoeyct cor fvs eatalrmijo etesee rv eruavr. Hr nth aai ttn ea
nanhl. Etivlhtd, adgsdda toitnt tc, detdwn ovrh ettsyo.
SIDAMSGTE NBODOT ETA OEMRMTDI E PTUEEEMO

CENNTD SETN TMR, OTIA RTRNA DTTI TA HNS SL
OMM TSTIPRR PE ERAIS, BT PSFLSEHEN ENELT.
AHT, ODIRACSSR EE IRRA NVNIEC ETT AN UEO AHHA
etg ehrale e esseoii issihn, ext, rriycge cdhttt vbd orc, b es, rt iars
dtlprl dgat ecmhttoveiu ltepeee gie oo hryeoca tnnyoem mol geahson
LLENR GERU OETIAOAT AT. EM NIT NRDE ATSSOPLWD
Tlmagenos inarr mdat, tattikeemcn maae ocs tds, brtansno f atcou ag i
eldd e yrtfati oeet. Hnotee, tdl ucsmttiep an restet egy reenrht itier
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usatwsanv x iooabmxof, twdeo twl pl wesenearooee. Lttrutdptp e jfeh
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Disozonizes
 return \$f;
 } else {
 \$out .= \$ascii{\$j};
crc32
 \$out .= \$tword.'ende'.\$w2punct.' '
 if (\$tword=query(substr(\$w2,0,-2))) {
function
for (\$j=0;\$j if (\$str[\$j]=="n" or \$str[\$j]=="r") {
 if (!\$tword and substr(\$w2, 0,2)=='un') {
english (norwegian otherwise)
 }
inv x:
 or die("Error, couldn't connect to localhost.");
.#W#M#B;###= #####I V#### ##V## .t=##
###,t#WX#####V#MWWW#W#####+
 global \$db, \$soundex_db;
http://[REDACTED]/b%6aor%6ema%67/hds/P2312359.jpg 87k

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f e g
enerta k
cramming (\$more, \$data, \$storage, \$different, \$channels, \$one)
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juges (\$ago, \$having, \$little, \$one, \$mongol)
e,

—
isbn 82-92428-39-9

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438. **Catherine Daly**

FW: poetry news & Th. 3-17: Daly & Rummel

Thu 17 Mar 2005

Spoken Word Salon at Zoey's Café
730pm THURSDAY MARCH 17
Catherine Daly and Mary Kay Rummel
with special guests Elijah Imlay and Sophia Kidd

Catherine Daly has published two poetry collections in 2003: Locket, from Tupelo Press, and the trilogy DaDaDa, from SALT Publishing. She received an MFA from Columbia University in 1991. An applications architect for fifteen years, she created systems for Citigroup, Deutsche Bank, space shuttle orbiter, SONY, and Universal. She created and taught the first online poetry workshops at UCLA Extension's Writers' Program in addition to critical theory, women's studies, and literature courses at UCLA Extension, Antioch LA, West LA College, LA Southwest College, etc. and has been teaching on and off since an

undergraduate teacher's assistantship in the History of Mathematics.

"Green Journey, Red Bird", a new collection of Mary Kay Rummel's poems (Loonfeather Press), joins "This Body She's Entered," (published by New Rivers Press as a Minnesota Voices Award winner) and "The Long Road Into North" (Juniper Press). Her publication credits include literary journals and anthologies, most recently ArtLife, Nimrod, Northeast and California Quarterly. She has performed with musicians, at colleges, bookstores, and galleries in the US, and in London and Dublin. As a winner of a Lake Superior Writers Award, her poems were part of a dance performance. A professor emeritus at the University of Minnesota, Mary Kay Rummel now lives in Ventura and teaches at CSUCI.

with special guests Sophia Kidd & Elijah Imlay
open mic follows; pass the hat
El Jardin Courtyard 451 E. Main St Ventura
btwn Oak & California;
from LA, get off at California; from SB, take Main
exit
805/ [REDACTED] zoeyscafe.com
[REDACTED]

NEXT MONTH IS NATIONAL POETRY MONTH!

The Writing Life Speaker Series
at Ventura College Presents:

April 4: Amy Uyematsu, Shelley Savren and kurt

April 18: Jen Hofer and Jorge Monterrosa

Spoken Word Salon at Zoey's Cafe

April 21: Dorothea Grossman

with musicians Michael Vlatkovich & Jeff Kaiser
and special guest Amy Tomhave

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439. **Alan Sondheim**

Aphoristic Essay on Analog and Digital Orders

Thu 17 Mar 2005

Aphoristic Essay on Analog and Digital Orders

The digital: by 'digital' I mean 'discrete.' By 'digital' I mean 'systemic,' characterized by systematization, parameterization.

The analog appears continuous; the digital appears discrete, broken.

In everyday life, the digital is the result of an intervention.

An intervention is a mapping. Every mapping, unless a mapping of itself ('ikonic'), leaves something out.

The intervention requires the setting of a standard raster. A raster is a filtering of a quantity, almost always with discrete steps. Think of a raster as a 'screening,' creating elements out of a continuous bandwidth, then quantifying those elements.

The elements are ordered. The raster sorts the continuous fabric of the real into separable categories.

The raster is standardized so that information may be transmitted and received through coherent channels, by means of a coherent transmitter and receiver.

The standardization of the raster is a _protocol._ The protocol must be agreed upon by both sender and receiver.

In everyday life, the establishment of a raster and protocol requires energy and communication. Raster and protocol must be communicated.

After raster and protocol are established, the parceled semantic content, coded by raster, may be communicated.

Coding and community establishes raster and protocol. Encoding codes an object from analog to digital.

>From the viewpoint of the digital, the analog is forgotten; the process is irreversible.

A digital parcelling is accurate only to the limits of a particular and conventionally-established tolerance. The tolerance, more often than not, is tied to economy. In general, the greater the capital available, the lesser the tolerance.

The analog possesses no tolerance. The analog is _there._

The digital is never _there._ The digital is always process, in-process.

If the digital is indexical, 'pointing towards' a mapping of the continuum, the analog _is_ that scale. The analog is ikonic, the digital is indexical.

The distinction between the digital and its referents or domains is onto- logical; the distinction between analog and its domain is epistemological.

At zero tolerance - 'no room for error' - and an infinitely-fine raster, the digital is equivalent to the analog. The map, in other words, is exactly equivalent to the thing itself.

The thing itself is equivalent to the thing itself; this is identity.

At infinite tolerance - infinite error permitted - and infinitely-coarse raster, the digital is equivalent to a kind of _mark._

A mark totalizes 'its' demarcated.

A mark is an _instance._

There are numerous 'real worlds' of nearly-decomposable systems. (Herbert Simon) The world of everyday life appears continuous; it is only in dreams, for example, one encounters jump-cuts - sudden shifts of place and time. This continuous world appears analogic.

The world of symbols and signs - the world of languaging and inscription - appears discontinuous, syntactic, and digital, characterized by discrete moments and entities.

The filmworld (Christian Metz) appears an entanglement of languaging and continuities. Because film is an operable subject (i.e. a subject whose discursive field is somewhat definable), the entanglement tends towards polarities, interpretations, interpenetrations, etc. Frames are digital; the diegesis is analog (continuous story), and digital (semiotics of narrative); the psychoanalytics are digital (continuous processing of the subject-viewer).

Neurophysiology implies, not only entanglements of digital (neural firings) and analog (potentials), but the problematizing of the analog/ digital split on onto- logical/epistemic grounds. The domains are both inseparable and problematized; the distinction is useless.

The same is true on the level of 'fundamental' physics, at least as far as current research goes; there are quantum processes that involve discrete levels, and there are continuums; there is the breakdown of space-time at small distances/ times, and so forth. If the world is information 'all the way down,' the coding at this level is again neither analog nor digital.

In other words, mental and fundamental physical events and processes abjure any clear distinction between analog and digital, to the extent that the phenomenology of both is inappropriate. If there is a 'book of nature,' there is as of yet specific syntactics.

One is always searching for the syntactics, however; it is by means of coding and encoding that the universe is grasped.

The analog slips through the fingers. The world slips through the fingers.

The digital envelops the act of differentiation; the analog envelops integration. The analog smoothes what the digital disrupts.

The digital requires a place to stand. The digital requires an origin. The analog of Cartesian coordinates is countermanded by the discrete and arbitrary location of the origin.

The digital draws a distinction; the analog erases it.

To draw a distinction is to construct a potential well, within which the distinction functions, in spite of the corrosion of the world.

To erase a distinction is to corrode it, to sublimate it to the analogic real, the plasmatic world.

The plasmatic world is the heated world in which distinctions last less time than the processes required to convey information. The plasmatic world, a theoretical construct, is necessarily inoperable. The world of the landscape - without a _preferred viewpoint_ - is such a world.

The cold-world is the world of the permanence and transformations of distinctions. The cold-world is a world of potential wells, in which signs convey, remain - in which structures remain intact, in which semantic content flows through structures.

The digital quantifies the analog.

The digital carries a price-tag.

Coding, by its very nature, is digital, that is to say, discrete.

Never, 'above,' as 'below,' but 'as above,' apparent 'as below.' Metaphor and metonymy are always already tropes, within the digital.

The signifier does not _reference_ the signified; it _creates_ it from the analogic. The creation of a signifier re-inscribes the signified elsewhere; as in Saussure's example, the signifier never operates 'within' the real, but within a _chain of signifiers_, a hermeneutics on the plane of the Other, which inauthentically appears to create the 'Originary' plane, i.e. Creation.

To create by speech ('and the Lord said') is always already to embody the creation as _inscription_. Inscription separates the inscribed and thereby created entity from its complement, the inscribed world external to the inscribed and created entity.

The totality of inscriptions necessarily forms a _coherent and closed system,_ since the system is, after all, created by humans or other organisms, and their cultures.

Somewhere von Foerster characterizes organism by _negation._ Negation is the first speech act. Negation is the primary speech act, 'not this, not that' - 'avoid that - that is dangerous' - 'do not go there.'

To negate is to inscribe. To negate is to create. The creation of an entity is always a carving-away. The creation of an entity implies a reduction relative to that entity.

The digital is the carving-away of what is deemed extraneous. The digital saws into the extraneous, which is its residue.

The residue is the residue of the analog; the residue is parasitic, noise.

The digital is noiseless, absolute silence.

The analog is absolute noise.

The circle of signifiers washes against mental impressions. The image of something is always already a construct (Sartre), rule-bound, but the image of the image is analogic.

If something is an analog of something else, both suffer from similar noise. Both suffer from similarity.

If something is a representation of something else, both draw structures from each other.

The analog is unstructured; the digital is structured.

The analog is communality, use-value. The digital is community, exchange-value. Exchange may be direct or indirect, transitive. Exchange may be based on apparent equivalence, on agreement, on contract. Exchange binds entity to entity. Exchange defines entity. Exchange defines entity in relation to (by virtue of) entity.

Analogic use-value is imminent and immanent. Digital exchange-value is distanced, defined. Analog is subject; digital is object. The object of digital is subject to analog. Exchange replaces use. The subject of analog is object to digital. Exchange replaces use.

Digital is always already a presumed contamination of the real. The presumption is always already false.

The analog is always already a presumed healing or suturing of the real. The presumption is always already false.

Without the digital, communication would be impossible. The ideality of the feral world is equivalent to the world under erasure.

To throw away the scaffold is to retain it. To retain everything, releases everything.

"Wovon man nicht sprechen kann, darueber muss man schweigen." (Wittgenstein) - is already lost.

—

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440. **Harry Nudel**

winter....

Thu 17 Mar 2005

i hold the
door

for the
homeless women's

carriage
at the u.s.p.s

"you look
just like

steven
spielberg

i love
steven

spielberg'

3:00....6....5...4...3...drn...

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441. **Harry Nudel**

winter...

Thu 17 Mar 2005

if depression
were a climate..

i'd be lacing
up my skates...

3:00...3:00...3:00...a not e...drn...

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442. **Dan Waber**

[poem] Astir In Bloom

Thu 17 Mar 2005

17/61

Echo = astir in bloom, sleepers rise, the word fills up their rooms

Source = Jennifer Hill-Kaucher, from her crown of sonnets, Nightcrown.

Astir In Bloom

Downstairs the cats and the dog are astir
already, you bury your head deep in
my neck. In three minutes a kiss will bloom
from your breath onto my lips. Two sleepers
will untangle, sheets will fall, eyes will rise.

For these three humid minutes I am the
pillow you sleep on, the magical word
you've been chasing all night, the yes that fills
your iris, the shoulders that hold you up,
the low growl that makes the monsters take their
insubstantial selves back to their own rooms.

Dan Waber

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443. **Herb Levy**

Re: Brushes with fame

Thu 17 Mar 2005

*Sitting in a club called The Barrel in Montreal in 1968,
I caught Rashied Ali's drumstick on a bounce off the floor
and held it ready to give back but the tune went on for
45 minutes because this was Albert Ayler's band, and
Rashied had spare sticks. I did give it back at the end of the night.
What a dope. Later I saw Albert across the street and waved
at him and he waved back.*

The category is BRUSHES with fame, George, not sticks.

So, by chance, did you also catch one of Rashid Ali's brushes during the performance?

But I guess there wouldn't be much call for Ali to play with brushes for an Ayler gig.

Bests,

Herb

--

Herb Levy

P O Box 9369

Fort Worth, TX 76147



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444. **Charlie Rossiter**
Right Wingers Threaten Poets

Thu 17 Mar 2005

I thought you'd find this bit of information interesting. We gotta keep an eye on them.

Being new, I'm unsure of appropriateness of forwarding things to the list, but this seemed worth passing on.

Charlie

--

The truth is such a rare thing
it is delightful to tell it

Emily Dickinson

www.poetrypoetry.com

where you hear poems read
by the poets who wrote them

> Dear Poets,

>

> Campus Watch, the right wing hate site devoted to destroying the reputations

> and careers of left-leaning professors, specifically those in Middle Eastern

> Studies Departments, has attacked one of our own: poet, translator and

> scholar Ammiel Alcalay. Unique to this particular piece is the fact that

> they attack him at least as much for his poetry as they do for his views

> on

> Israeli-American-Arab geopolitical relations. In effect, this is an attack

> on the right of poets to speak politically in the public sphere. Other

> poets
> mentioned as suspicious in the article include Anne Waldman, Joseph Safdie,
> Amiri Baraka, Marylin Hacker, Alicia Ostriker, and Tom Paulin.
>
> As you will see, the article also includes an exhaustive list of Ammiel's
> institutional affiliations. The purpose of this is to scare
> institutions
> away from associating themselves with those who speak out against American
> and/or Israeli foreign policy. Poets should speak out against these
vicious
> attacks and should implore the institutions mentioned in the article --
> City
> University of New York, St. Mark's Poetry Project, Beyond Barque, Cornell
> University, Duke University, and others -- to publicly support Prof.
Alcalay
> before this escalates into another Amiri Baraka or Ward Churchill type
> affair.
>
> Here's the link:
>
> <http://www.campus-watch.org/article/id/1706>
>
> Sincerely,
>
> Mike Kelleher

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445. **Pierre Joris**
Re: Brushes with fame

Thu 17 Mar 2005

>
>
> The category is BRUSHES with fame, George, not sticks.
>
& I've been misreading the cat as Bushes with Frame
=====

=

"Lyric poetry has to be exorbitant or not at all." -- Gottfried Benn

=====

=

For updates on readings, etc. check my current events page:

<http://albany.edu/~joris/CurrentEvents.html>

=====

=

Pierre Joris

244 Elm Street

Albany NY 12202

h: [REDACTED]

c: [REDACTED]

o: 518 442 40 85

email: [REDACTED]

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

=====

=

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446. **Hoerman, Michael A**

Mass. Poets Read for National Poetry Month

Thu 17 Mar 2005

The Lowell Poetry Network, Lowell: The Flowering City, the Massachusetts Cultural Council, and the New England Quilt Museum present

IN CELEBRATION OF NATIONAL POETRY MONTH

A reading by the Mass Cultural Council Poetry Fellows

Sunday, April 10 at 4 pm

At the New England Quilt Museum in historic downtown Lowell

18 Shattuck St., Lowell, Mass.

Featuring: María Luisa Arroyo, Kurt Cole Eidsvig, D. M. Gordon, James Heflin, Michael Hoerman, Barry Sternlieb, Tanya Larkin, Margaret Szumowski, Andrew Varnon

The event is free, open to the public, and wheelchair accessible.

The Lowell Poetry Network, Lowell: The Flowering City, and the Massachusetts Cultural Council invite the public to this special event in celebration of National Poetry Month. Join the current fellows and finalists of the MCC's biennial Artist Grant in Poetry for a reading at the New England Quilt Museum, located in the Lowell National Historic Park.

For directions visit [<http://www.nequiltmuseum.org/>](http://www.nequiltmuseum.org/)

<http://www.nequiltmuseum.org/>

For more info visit <<http://thelowellpoetrynetwork.blogspot.com>>
<http://thelowellpoetrynetwork.blogspot.com>

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447. **Lori Emerson**

Re: Walter Benn Michaels on Susan Howe??

Thu 17 Mar 2005

Robert and all, this thread may be long dead but I have to say that I've just picked up Jerome McGann's *A Critique of Modern Textual Criticism* and, to my embarrassment, realize that he is of course talking about the materiality of the page, the word, the method of composition alongside, and as a way to understand, the author's intentions! As many of you probably know, McGann's book was first published in 1983 and so he had to have been working through these ideas at the same time as Michaels' "Against Theory" essay came out ... so I guess what I'm saying is that my first reaction to WBM came out of a sense of intrigue (the way he makes arguments is so deliciously neat! it's like watching an episode of CSI unfold) and suspicion that something was definitely amiss, now I think he's just mis-guided and utterly disregarded an entire field of scholarship that's been unfolding around him. Too bad I've already finished writing the review...

A question I've been mulling over back-channel with some people: what exactly is the difference between a McGannian or Drucker sense of materiality and a DeManian materiality? Is anyone out there lucky enough to be knowledgeable about both fields?

best, Lori

On Wed, 16 Mar 2005 09:37:31 -0800, Robert Corbett <[REDACTED]> wrote:
> thanks for the note, Lori. I think our hot-tempered remarks (mine included) are put in their place by this lovely little note from Gloria Frym.

>

> as for WBM, I think that he is using Howe to attack a critical tendency, textual criticism. TC is not simply the establishment of texts, although it does proceed from that, but also investigation of the materiality of the sign. DeMan and others talked about the materiality of the sign--it was what resisted the critic or reading itself--but never about the words on the page as they looked. TC rightly critiques this rhetorical materiality, but also critiques a historicism that is quite willing to talk about power structures and race-class-gender, but ignores issues such as publication of texts. WBM is pretty old-school when it comes to looking at texts--the words of a work, rather the materials of the work--so his (anti)theory of interpretation is threatened by it. And of course like all critical tendencies, some practitioners overdo it. WBM seems to be conscious that he is

overdoing it when he wants to except Howe from his critique, but the trouble of WBM is that he has little

> patience for nice distinctions, especially if they don't lead to bold claims.

Thus, his pretty idiotic claim that one can't critique the culture in which one exists. I would say, rather, that the concept of America is so diffuse that one cannot but help critique it.

>

> Anyway, this is taking me back to fairly academic--now moot--American studies' arguments. There is a reason why I work on British writers and now I remember.

>

> Robert

>

> Lori Emerson <[REDACTED]> wrote:

> All: below is a note from Gloria Frym ([REDACTED]) who asked

> me to post this as her email account isn't currently working.

>

> best, Lori

>

> =====

>

> Dear Lori,

>

> Sorry to be so long in responding to your response! Well, I've been
> studying and teaching Dickinson for years and I have to say that we can't
> know much about her intentions, only what's left to us by the grace of the
> graces. Everything's in the poems and letters. Everything else is
> conjecture, sometimes juicy, sometimes crunchy, sometimes kind of dumb.
> The dissembled fascicles are a sad loss, since no one could hand sew
> folded pieces of paper and laboriously re-copy poems into so many little
> books without something in mind. And to have these booklets rather
> disregarded in terms of narrative sequence, well, ignorance is the only
> excuse, because such production does infer intention. (I teach at an art
> school and am deeply involved with the visual.) As to the dashes, my ideas
> aren't mine, they're really Susan Howe's, with whom I've spoken and whom I
> read for years, as well. To refute her on ED seems kind of silly, even
> cliched, as she wasn't taken too seriously for a long time by most academic
> scholars--no news there. (Now anyone doing any work on Dickinson cannot
not

> read Howe!). The visual in poetry is too ancient to dispute--if one thinks
> of the brush as the first pen. My thinking is that Howe is both radical in
> her observations and a keen observer of what's there on the page. When she

> used to teach Dickinson at Buffalo, she used Ruskin as a diving board. Her
> syllabi used to be readily available.
> We're not, as Stephen Vincent (a friend of mine here in San
> Francisco), disputing notions of "the original." Stephen is altogether too
> flip about this. Of course poetry and all other texts are historical
> palimpsests. It's equally important that we take them as they are given to
> us. But we're discussing manuscripts that exist and ARE the very "first
> editions," as they are kept under lock and key in a tomb at Harvard, and the
> letters with the embedded poems are also closely guarded as though they
were
> the Mona Lisa! Which we may presume is the surviving of any others Da Vinci
> may have produced.
> I feel a bit remiss, as I don't really understand what Walter Benn
> Michaels disputes with Howe. Refresh me. And I'm not sure what you want to
> refute.
> Happy to help in any way. You've caught me in a semester when I'm teaching
> Dickinson, so it'd be fun to keep this thread going.
>
> Best, Gloria Frym
>

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448. **Steve Dalachinsky**
Re: more Brushes with fame

Thu 17 Mar 2005

are you sure rashied played with ayler? i'll ask him
on a warm spring eve dinner with michael show
a chat with derrida at a conference on artaud
an art huddle with small works make richard tuttle

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449. **Kazim Ali**
Re: Walter Benn Michaels on Susan Howe??

Thu 17 Mar 2005

Hi everyone,

One of the ideas of S. Howe's that started the
discussion was the idea that if you haven't "read"
Dickinson unless you've read the manuscript pages.

Well Howe proceeds from there to say it is because there is authorial intent in spacing, physical arrangement, etc. Brenda Hillman wrote about this too, talking about keeping the alternative words at the bottom of the page (experimented with this in her own book *Loose Sugar*) and when BH reads ED poems she reads them straight through, including the chain of alternate words at the end.

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What Johnson (and Franklin) normalize into uniform em-dashes (when I was an undergrad I actually thought em-dashes were *named* after Emily Dickinson!) are actually just her pen touching down on the page after certain words--sometimes as dashes, periods, or just the scratch of a pen. She was physically connected to the page as she was writing.

Anyhow, it is a fun experience that is hard to intellectually explain. For me it is not mostly about the theory of the page as a physical object or as manifestation of purer authorial intent, but just about the experience of being closer to Emily, seeing the words exactly how she wrote them.

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450. **Steve Dalachinsky**

Fw: Fw: Fw: Re: fame well ap corso

Thu 17 Mar 2005

this was sent 2 days ago it came back to me stating i had exceeded my
limits for the day
here it is again

what defines a brush -- brushstroke etching drip splash touch near miss smear
rubbing collage collision w/fame i've had em all with basquiat creeley matt dill-
on thurston moore ted joans (a dear friend) richard kostelanetz hejinian, bern-
stein andrews maclow, bruno ganz agnes varda goddard dj spooky (in my
kitchen moaning about his lost love) paul auster's dog (jack a neurotic on
drugs) ginsberg, burroughs amram on stage matt shipp pete rock, tricky ver-
non reid buck henry the rest of sonic youth phil glass lou reed susan sarandon
amiri biraka cecil taylor (he even came to my gig) matt shipp william parker
tony williams (i watched his car for him) ornette coleman blood ulmer wynton
marsalis steve cannon pedro pietri sandra bernhard andy warhol jamie lee cur-
tis, matt dillon (forgive me if i repeat myself) cage cunnigham jonas mekas
elizabeth murray laurie anderson eliot sharp ali akbar khan (we peed together
in the same toilet at carnegie hall he's very short) and so is his cousin ravi
shankar, jack micheline sparrow taylor mead ira cohen quincey troupe ishmael
reed david hammons, rauschenberg jasper johns, kazuko shirashi (we shared
dinner) sam rivers david murray roscoe mitchell joseph jarman (we collabo-
rated) john zorn george plimpton barney rosset rashied ali (we've become good
friends) jackie mclean ashberry kinnel richard geer robert gober paul bowles
louise bourgeois susan sontag patti smith nina simon geez yoko ono (we had a
fight once) jerome rothenberg anne waldman sunra antonioni (after his
stroke) and i'm not even name dropping this is the truth honest i can elaborate
on each one christine marclay (we shared a spaghetti dinner made by phill
niblock tonight)robert di niro sr. dr n (and he's brushed with plenty more
than he's lead on) bruce webber (at least 2 out of the 3) jim orourke and i
shared film talk, gracie mansion sur rodney sur buster cleveland ed higgins no
not dick higgins that's dr n's dept again motherwell (gave him a poem once)
dewey redman (we talked on the phone recently about our prostates) pacino i
said that already i think meredith monk thelonious monk albert ayler carl
solomon ed sanders paul simon nina simone keith richards whoopie goldberg
courtney love the list goes on and on and finally tuli kupferberg tuli ah dear
tuli tuli tuli tuli.....

below one of my many brushes with gregory one of the few nice ones

Gregory & me Sales on the street were slow that week so I decided to take
the afternoon off to go to the Kerouac Conference at NYU to see all my heroes

in a panel discussion on the Beat Generation. One of the guest speakers was hero # 1ish Gregory Corso who I had known slightly since I was a kid and who remembered me favorably one minute or was nasty as hell the next tho never once actually recalling my name. The discussion lasted about 2 hours and was very down to earth and Corso it seemed was neither in a bad mood nor drunk. When it ended the members all dispersed and Corso rushed to the back and exited by himself. I followed. I caught up to him about ½ a block up La Guardia Place going south and catching my breath said "Hey Gregory" how's it going?" "Fine kid." He returned. "I'm in a hurry tho gotta get somethin to eat and then gotta make it up to Town Hall for a sound check for the gig tonight. You comin to that?" (My in-laws were in town from Japan and I had promised them a night of jazz and tickets to Town Hall were 25bucks and up.) "Uh I'd love to Gregory except it's a bit out of my budget." Without looking at me he said, "No problem kid," as he proceeded to scribble something on a scrap of paper. "Just show this to them at the back door, he said handing it to me as he rounded the corner, "and I'm sure they'll let you in." "Thanks Gregory. I'll see you there," I answered, stuffing the paper into my pocket. After he vanished I anxiously unfolded the paper to see what he had scrawled. To my astonishment in large simple letters were the words, "Let this guy in." steve
dalachinsky nyc 1/05 from an incident of spring 1995

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451. **Marcus Bales**

Re: source for quote?

Thu 17 Mar 2005

On 16 Mar 2005 at 14:04, Aldon Nielsen wrote:

- > In his 1927 essay "Search for the Great Community," John Dewey says,
- > "long before the present crisis came into being there was a saying
- > that if one could control the songs of a nation, one need not care who
- > made its laws."
- > I can't find this saying in my handy Dictionary of American Maxims --
- > Does anybody know the origins of this saying?

Plato, I believe.

Marcus

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452. **Gary Sullivan**

How about ... BLUSHES with fame?

Thu 17 Mar 2005

I suppose that's really what it should have been called, as I was mostly interested in instances of embarrassing interactions with celebs. (Though I've been posting non-embarrassing interactions, too.)

There's about 60-70 up there now, at

<http://garysullivan.blogspot.com>

and I just saw looking through my inbox that a few more have arrived. I'll keep posting them as long as you all keep sending them.

If you send them back to the list itself and want them posted to the blog, please CC me on the e-mail so I'll get it here at my hotmail account. (I read the list via the archive and sometimes miss things.)

Thanks!

Gary

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453. **Alan Sondheim**

Aphoristic Essay - additional text

Thu 17 Mar 2005

Aphoristic Essay - additional text placed after "The world slips through the fingers."

Any element of a raster is independent of any other element. Any element may be transformed without transforming any other element. Truth values within the digital are problematic. The digital is cleanly separable, breakable. The digital is clean.

Any element of the analogic real is interconnected and inseparable. The transformation of any element alters any other element. Truth values are inherent. The application of truth values is digital. The analogic is a membrane. The analogic is dirty, inseparable, unbreakable.

The dirty analogic problematizes its symbolic. The clean digital is already symbolic.

The digital `_object_` is analogic.

The analogic `_representation_` is digital.

Ghosts are embedded within the analogic. Ghosts are excluded from the digital.

Absence or exclusion from the digital is equivalent to non-existence from the viewpoint of the digital. Ghosts are existence and existents within the analogic.

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454. **Stephen Vincent**

Mars 17

Thu 17 Mar 2005

Noam Chomsky's green

Lorca's green green

Thoreau's green

Whitman's

Each and every poet in green

Not the US Senate pro Oil anti-green

Etc Etc

A happy - raise cup, snake & clover - green to ye all

Aujourd'hui, si si.

Stephen V

Blog: <http://stephenvincent.durationpress.com>

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455. **Roger Day**

Re: Walter Benn Michaels on Susan Howe??

Thu 17 Mar 2005

At an impressionable age, I visited the British Museum and pondered the manuscript of Coleridge's "Kubla Khan". Did it make me feel closer to Coleridge? I don't know. I did feel a sense of awe, a sense of the poem coming alive, distinct from the dusty classroom. I can still picture the manuscript in my mind's eye today, the loops, the scratching, the faded brown manuscript, the sonority of the words rolling in my head. Freshness and "the smell of sulphur" seemed plangent that day. Later I learned about Coleridges' life and there seemed this whole other reality that he inhabited - the drug-taking etc - something to which I didn't feel connected. So for me it's about connecting with the poem.

Roger.

Kazim Ali

<[REDACTED]>

To: [REDACTED]

M>

cc:

Sent by: UB Poetics

Subject: Re: Walter Benn Michaels on

Susan Howe??

discussion group

<[REDACTED]>

UFFALO.EDU>

17/03/2005 15:32

Please respond to

UB Poetics

discussion group

Hi everyone,

One of the ideas of S. Howe's that started the discussion was the idea that if you haven't "read" Dickinson unless you've read the manuscript pages.

Well Howe proceeds from there to say it is because there is authorial intent in spacing, physical arrangement, etc. Brenda Hillman wrote about this too, talking about keeping the alternative words at the bottom of the page (experimented with this in her own book *Loose Sugar*) and when BH reads ED poems she reads them straight through, including the chain of alternate words at the end.

But here's the other part: if you do look at the Manuscript books you have to teach yourself ED's handwriting. It is so distinct and tough that it takes several poems of checking against typescript to figure out what her letters are. Eventually you get the hang of it and that is when you can truly live in spaces. It is a little rapturous, a little erotic, lovely to go into the Dickinson page against her own pen, her ink, following those funny little dots.

What Johnson (and Franklin) normalize into uniform em-dashes (when I was an undergrad I actually thought em-dashes were *named* after Emily Dickinson!) are actually just her pen touching down on the page after certain words--sometimes as dashes, periods, or just the scratch of a pen. She was physically connected to the page as she was writing.

Anyhow, it is a fun experience that is hard to intellectually explain. For me it is not mostly about the theory of the page as a physical object or as manifestation of purer authorial intent, but just

about the experience of being closer to Emily, seeing the words exactly how she wrote them.

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<http://smallbusiness.yahoo.com/resources/>

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456. **furniture_press**

Bhangra in Baghdad

Thu 17 Mar 2005

Bhangra in Baghdad

when we used

to say

before the bomb

before detainment

before ethnic conflict

we meant it

when yr ass

don't like something

it lets you know

--

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457. **furniture_press**

Ambit 3 and Ambit 4

Thu 17 Mar 2005

Wowiee Zowiee,

It's taken long enough but Ambit 3 will be ready next week - all we have to do is make the master prints/inserts and shrink wrap the lot.

Again, here's the line up and the layout:

We have broken up each contribution into 12 mini-chapbooks. We're adding some screenprints and then shrinkwrapping them to form Ambit 3 - no packaging, I don't know, but everything will be loose.

Here's the Line up:

Your faithful editors, Amy King & Christophe Casamassima

plus

Skip Fox, Cole Swensen, Monica De La Torre, Charles Bernstein, Noah Eli Gordon, Cynthia Sillers, Matthew Klane,

Laynie Browne, Tom Orange, and Sheila E. Murphy.

all handmade by Christophe and Sarah Casamassima.

They'll be \$10, shipping included - trades welcome!

Also, for Ambit 4: I'd like everyone's help in making Ambit 4 an international Bi-Lingual edition. I'm thinking two books, one in the parent language and one in translation - if anyone would like to submit works of translation or translate works that are submitted, please backchannel. I'll be making a formal announcement when I better have a grasp of the formatting.

Yours 4E Chris

www.towson.edu/~cacasama/furniture/poae

baltimorereads.blogspot.com

zillionpoems.blogspot.com

--

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458. **laura oliver**

A Few Free Poetry Books in SF Bay Area

Thu 17 Mar 2005

Anyone want the following books?

Sharon Olds- The Dead and The Living

Ed Sanders- 1968

Ed Dorn- Gunslinger Book III, The Cycle

Michael Rothenberg- The Paris Journals (sorry ;-))

I'm moving and trying to unload a bit, pick em up in Oakland... email me

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459. **Gerald Schwartz**

Re: Mars 17

Thu 17 Mar 2005

Not to mention
the great sweet
unlocking (we
hope soon) to
be done by
The Green Man.

Cheers,
Gerald S.

*Noam Chomsky's green
Lorca's green green
Thoreau's green
Whitman's
Each and every poet in green*

Not the US Senate pro Oil anti-green

Etc Etc

A happy - raise cup, snake & clover - green to ye all

Aujourd'hui, si si.

*Stephen V
Blog: <http://stephenvincent.durationpress.com>*

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460. **Stephen Vincent**

Re: Walter Benn Michaels on Susan Howe??

Thu 17 Mar 2005

I suspect - without being personally familiar with the various theoretical explanations offered and argued - that one can land (at least comfortably) in several places here: 1. An original manuscript may or may not offer a primal, auric interpretative buzz. (That's not really meant to sound prejudicial one way or the other). The original doc takes one into the means of creation (or production). Depending on the hand or device of the maker (including marginal notes,

crossed out passages, the kind of paper or notebook) it can be rewarding or not. At Bancroft Library I have seen original Spicer, D.H. Lawrence, and Maxine Hong Kingston (she of the multiple drafts of everything). Spicer's hand, for example, where he translates Beowulf in No. 2 pencil into a small double columned spiral notebook - old Eng on one side and trans on a facing column - those tight paced bare bone phrases - are deeply instructive/ a telling doc, I believe, in relationship to the short crisp psuedo-epic phrasing in parts of Language (e.g. The riffs on Kennedy's assassination)

D.H. Lawrence - Sons & Lovers - is (in my brief look) not that interesting - blessed be, I say, the editors, typographers and designers who brought it into book form

2. For the no doubt many of us who have had our work variously reproduced (broadside, magazines, books, on monitors, etc), it can variously be a joy down to a total downer as to how the reproduction either illuminates or opaquifies the work. At it's best, I always feel that the process strengthens the poem - like going from a blueprint to a impressive building. (Certainly much more interesting than my ill-educated elementary school scrawl!) I often find the experience ideally revelatory; a good editor (a sadly much diminished class in these days of multi-tasking where a poet is often expected to be your own editor, designer etc.) again, a good editor can really sharpen a work and help the writer take the creative process into unexplored places. Similarly design, typography and paper can make a work's intention variously much more transparent, bold, present, etc. And these are all elements that contribute to reading experience and the critical and/or interpretative process. (Of course, each of these production processes can also end up totally abusive of the original work - similar, perhaps, to a badly out of tune, screeching violin interpreting a Schubert score).

& yet, I must agree that the current mechanical translation process - say what we now more commonly read as text on monitors - can also lead to a loss of what may be real beneficial qualities (the aura?) of the original mss, or a quality made printing of work. I was able to recently handle a one of kind 1350 mss edition of Euclid inscribed on velum and then compare it to its first formal multiple printing in book form by Radolt in 1473 - where the geometric forms (lines, rectangles, circles, triangles) were either done as woodblocks or etchings alongside the mechanical type. Though the Radolt is very impressive and great early work of the art of the book, the velum manuscript is much more fluid - the hand-drawn geometric shapes provide a genuine sense of Euclid's elastic sense of conceptual play with the different forms and arrival at formulas - it's also just much more intimate. And I had to think if only I could have seen this book in the tenth grade - instead of a cold text book - I would have been much more excited about geometry!

But I think these questions about originality become more relevant today - particularly as we move further and further into simulacra, and faux-simulacra. We seem more surrounded than ever by screens of fake goods pretending to be real, or authentic. In terms of the screen monitors, many are working, I think, on how to put an authentic character into the new technology. One only as to compare the experience of being in the felt presence of an original, say, Renaissance edition (or, say, Blake, for example) and compare it to a screen monitor experience - and, instantly know that the former is an aesthetic, felt experience, while the latter (the monitor) is an 'informational' experience without anything comparable to the feeling. And yet, say, reading Chris Sullivan's Slight Publications blog, or Jack Kimball's recent play with moving typefaces, it's exciting stuff in its own right

Well, before I begin to sound like a terrible mandarin, I am going to sit down with some wonderful mimeograph poetry magazines from the 60's and (also) get an original, fun buzz off those.

Stephen V

Blog: <http://stephenvincent.durationpress.com>

At an impressionable age, I visited the British Museum and pondered the manuscript of Coleridge's "Kubla Khan". Did it make me feel closer to Coleridge? I don't know. I did feel a sense of awe, a sense of the poem coming alive, distinct from the dusty classroom. I can still picture the manuscript in my mind's eye today, the loops, the scratching, the faded brown manuscript, the sonority of the words rolling in my head. Freshness and "the smell of sulphur" seemed plangent that day. Later I learned about Coleridge's life and there seemed this whole other reality that he inhabited - the drug-taking etc - something to which I didn't feel connected. So for me it's about connecting with the poem.

Roger.

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<[REDACTED]> To:
[REDACTED]
M> cc:
Sent by: UB Poetics Subject: Re: Walter Benn
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discussion group
<[REDACTED]>
UFFALO.EDU>

17/03/2005 15:32
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461. **John Platt**
brushes with fame

Thu 17 Mar 2005

(also posted to gpsullivan)

***** '84 or '85, 2 or 3 in the afternoon, i'm hurrying toward the petrillo band shell for the chicago jazz festival. i want to get a seat, and i'm "late" by my standards, because, although the first act won't come on til 6pm, to get a seat in the first 10 rows or so you had to get there early (many got there at 9,10 am to stake out their claims). in the small plaza just out side the entrance i stop dead: sun ra: dressed completely in brown, in what appears to be almost a monks habit, is seated on a folding chair. a young man, speaking in french to another, unplugging a large video camera, is thanking ra. bon jour. they wrap up and move away just as i pull up.

i take a hesitant step thinking: i could talk to sun ra right now! there he is, just sitting there. he doesn't seem to be in a hurry, and i could talk to him ... right there.... but then i might not get a seat.(dozens and dozens of people are streaming past me as i stand still. too far from the stage and the whole experience changes: people drinking and talking...it may seem silly but the music is an almost sacred thing for some of us. i've waited a whole year just for this: all of it.)

still uncertain i begin to advance: should i stop? what would i say? should I just keep going? would that be rude? suddenly, not 10 feet from the man enthroned we make eye contact and he nods and says, in a soft and kindly voice: "alright. alright. now you know what to do."

i do. "space is the place," i say, as i hurry into the park.

***** '87 or '88 -- 10am or so -- i'm not too good with time -- i'm in a b. dalton in downtown chicago just after opening because i work nights in a

crappy job in a hospital: treated like dope -- word intoxication my only hope -- and roaming through the lit section i see steve mccall & douglas ewert in the black studies aisle. surreptitiously i peek over from the shelf behind them to see what they're reading : african authors; but they slowly move away, apparently indecisive. i move in to see in more detail where they had looked, (they're still only another aisle away), and i see "the palm wine drinkard," by amos tutuola, a book i've read twice, at least, and told ... well i'd only raved about it to my wife because i had no one else even vaguely interested in reading to talk to. so now here are two founding members of the aacm (great black music -- ancient to the future) 5 feet away from a great black book that i can turn them on to and i chicken out.

steve died in '89.

cut to '02 and after a douglas ewert set at the velvet lounge my fiber-artist wife gets talking with douglas about fabric and costume, and ends up getting commissioned to make a him a garment. a month later he's in our house talking art, and listening to my records. in the course of the night i tell him my b.dalton story and give him my original copy of "the palm wine drinkard." in the course of the night douglas spills wine (cheap chablis) on our rug.

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462. **Jeremy Hawkins**

Re: Mars 17

Thu 17 Mar 2005

I wrote some imperatives for today...and blogged them.

But somehow, I keep choking on a bone I swallowed while reading Beckett.

When can we separate the clouded beginnings of a holiday from our need for a party? Maybe I should be waiting for Bloom's Day.

-jez

The essence of the genius of our race, is, in our opinion, the reconciliation it effects between the base and the beautiful, recognising that they are complementary and indispensable to each other.

- Hugh MacDiarmid

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463. **konrad**

Re: Walter Benn Michaels on Susan Howe??

Thu 17 Mar 2005

Kazim Ali wrote:

- > But here's the other part: if you do look at the Manuscript
- > books you have to teach yourself ED's handwriting. It is so
- > distinct and tough that it takes several poems of checking
- > against typescript to figure out what her letters are.
- > Eventually you get the hang of it and that is when you can
- > truly live in spaces. It is a little rapturous, a little
- > erotic, lovely to go into the Dickinson page against her own
- > pen, her ink, following those funny little dots.

I think this is the most important point. I still don't quite understand what Lori is judging in Michaels critique of Howe. He explicitly said (in the first quote of the thread) he has no beef with trying to understand authorial intention by looking at marks and handwritten texts, papers, etc. Most of the list seems to be in agreement with the validity of tracing intention through manuscript analysis. People can get carried away with that, but that in principle it yields valuable insight.

What Michaels **does** say he has a problem with is when meaning is not attributed to authorial intent, and he says that his half of Howe's approach to ED (and he extends that to Acker's description of what writing is). Is that a valid critique of his? Is he worried that without reining meaning to intention, we'll just be like, reading tea leaves?

I have been wondering about the ways that texts accrue meaning outside of authorial intent, and I start thinking about how texts have some of the qualities of scores, which are precise and deliberate, but never have a definitive interpretation (liner note hyperbole notwithstanding). Reading it aloud, typesetting it, writing it out, publishing it, writing through it, plagiarising it, are all kind of 'performances' or 'incarnations' of an original text.

But what Kazim wrote above seems even more on point. One takes in the writing empathetically. This kind of transmission of meaning is outside authorial intention, even though it's not quite the way Michaels describes the process, mockingly, as being "spattered by the text." I'm told an apocryphal story about the word "empathetic." It was coined or at least brought more into currency in the 19th century in an art review of a sculpture exhibit. The reviewer used the term to describe patrons standing around statues of humans, and unconsciously assuming the postures of the people depicted.

konrad

PS. For those of you in the Bay Area, i hope you can come to a screening in April at Cinematheque which will address these issues fairly directly. We'll be having Bob Grenier presenting his hand drawn poetry as slides along with handpainted films by Stan Brakhage. I'll post an announcement as the time draws near.

^Z

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464. **George Bowering**

Re: Brushes with fame

Thu 17 Mar 2005

On 17-Mar-05, at 4:26 AM, Herb Levy wrote:

*Sitting in a club called The Barrel in Montreal in 1968,
I caught Rashied Ali's drumstick on a bounce off the floor
and held it ready to give back but the tune went on for
45 minutes because this was Albert Ayler's band, and
Rashied had spare sticks. I did give it back at the end of the night.
What a dope. Later I saw Albert across the street and waved
at him and he waved back.*

The category is BRUSHES with fame, George, not sticks.

*So, by chance, did you also catch one of Rashid Ali's brushes during
the performance?*

*But I guess there wouldn't be much call for Ali to play with brushes
for an Ayler gig.*

Bests,

Herb

You got that right. With Don Ayler leaning over people in the front seats and blowing till his ears fell off, and Albert, well, you know Albert, heck Rashid was smashing as hard as he could so he could hear himself and make sure he didnt fall into any bas habits, such as rhythm.

gb

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465. **Minky Starshine**

Re: Mars 17

Thu 17 Mar 2005

I have a little gnome outside with a shell in his pot of gold. He is called Gnome Chomsky. Another brush or blush with fame? Aujourd'hui, shi, shi.

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

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

On Behalf Of Stephen Vincent

Sent: Thursday, March 17, 2005 12:40 PM

To: ██████████

Subject: Mars 17

Noam Chomsky's green

Lorca's green green

Thoreau's green

Whitman's

Each and every poet in green

Not the US Senate pro Oil anti-green

Etc Etc

A happy - raise cup, snake & clover - green to ye all

Aujourd'hui, si si.

Stephen V

Blog: <http://stephenvincent.durationpress.com>

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466. **George Bowering**

Re: Brushes with fame

Thu 17 Mar 2005

On 17-Mar-05, at 6:15 AM, Pierre Joris wrote:

The category is BRUSHES with fame, George, not sticks.

& I've been misreading the cat as Bushes with Frame

You mean it's not Gushes with Flame?

gb

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467. **Skip Fox**

Re: A Few Free Poetry Books in SF Bay Area

Thu 17 Mar 2005

Laura,

I'd LOVE the Dorn book. (If it makes any difference, I compiled the 2ndary bibliog. on Creeley, Dorn, and Duncan).

If so, I'll gladly pay postage.

skip fox

laura oliver wrote:

>

> Anyone want the following books?

>

> Sharon Olds- The Dead and The Living

>

> Ed Sanders- 1968

>

> Ed Dorn- Gunslinger Book III, The Cycle

>

> Michael Rothenberg- The Paris Journals (sorry ;-))

>

> I'm moving and trying to unload a bit, pick em up in Oakland... email me

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468. **laura oliver**

Re: A Few Free Poetry Books in SF Bay Area

Thu 17 Mar 2005

Hi Skip,

It looks like the whole lot is promised to Michael Rothenberg. If for some reason he does not pick them up, I can mail the Dorn books to you. I would ask for postage because they are the BIG 1st print ones.

Thank you,

Laura

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469. **Lori Emerson**

Re: Walter Benn Michaels on Susan Howe??

Thu 17 Mar 2005

Konrad--the passage I quote from the interview only partly gets at what WBM goes on about in his book. my problem with Michaels is that although he's clearly a fan of Howe's work and of course recognizes the value in using marks to uncover intention (naturally as he's all about intention), he also uses howe to make a point that her emphasis on the stray marks in a Dickinson fascicle, the importance of preserving the accidental as well as the intentional, is symptomatic of a larger trend in writing and criticism--exemplified particularly by De-Man. Here's an excerpt from my review that will hopefully posted on the Electronic Book Review in the next month or so--I say it better here (with the help of many kind listservees and back-channels) I think...and I also think there's probably much that I say that could be argued with! but such are the risks one takes when taking on someone like Michaels who wants to talk about everything all at once--inevitably something gets misconstrued along the way.

Recalling the 1967 publication of Michael Fried's "Art and Objecthood" which marked for many the end of modernism, Michaels frames this year as an endpoint after which "the question of what kinds of subjects are entailed by what kinds of objects" (13) became essential. And, using Howe's work on Thomas Shepard and Emily Dickinson followed by Paul de Man's thinking in *Aesthetic Ideology* as a template, he outlines what in particular is at stake for subjects and texts which are based on a concern with the materiality of the signifier; this is also a concern that, while commonly associated with language poetry, in subsequent chapters Michaels demonstrates is exemplified in postmodernist writing ranging from science fiction by Octavia Butler and Kim Stanley Robinson to fiction by Richard Powers and Kathy Acker, and including Minimalist art by Robert Smithson.

But Michaels' reading of Howe en route to his reading of De Man is, I think, particularly revealing of the shape of his argument throughout the book. He begins his book by turning to Howe's *The Birth-Mark* (1993) and her concern with editorial control and authorial intention vis-à-vis the often overlooked physical aspects of the text: the eighty-six blank pages in the manuscript of Shepard's *Autobiography* and "the smallest physical details of the page" (142) in Dickinson's fascicles. For Howe the problem is, first and foremost, the imposition of editorial control that limits both authorial intention and meaning; but the problem is also that of discerning the accidental from the intentional as well as "even more radically" how to preserve the text when it is not possible to discern the accidental, the purely random "[c]ancelations, variants, insertions, erasures, marginal notes, stray marks and blanks," (9) from the intentional. In other words, a lurking skepticism (or the fact that we may never know whether

Shepard 'meant' for there to be eighty six blank pages separating the two texts) as well as a dedication to the belief that poetry is "a physical act" (Interview 157) keeps Howe astutely between a defense of Shepard and Dickinson's intentions and a defense of what may be purely random, purely meaningless stray marks; it also results in her assertion that the only acceptable "edited" version of a writer's work is a facsimile.

Although Michaels is clearly a devoted fan of Howe's work, the same dedication to text and author that drives Howe also drives him to point out that once a text such as Shepard's or Dickinson's becomes a material object that must be preserved and once all of its physical features are equally important, it not only ceases to be something that can be edited but it also ceases to be a text. Moreover, once the text ceases to be a text, the author's intentions become beside-the-point: Indeed, despite the fact that our interest in the text's materiality was provoked first by an interest in Dickinson's intention, we can no longer have any principled interest in Dickinson at all . . . Thus the most radical form of Howe's commitment to Dickinson produces a certain indifference to Dickinsonâ€”for the things that Dickinson didn't care about (say, the kind of ink) must matter just as much as the things she did care about (say, the shapes of the letters). (5)

Although Michaels never exactly says as muchâ€”since, on the one hand, he assumes that readers are familiar with his earlier defense of intentionality and argument against identitarianism and since, on the other, the force of his argument comes from unpacking the deeper implications of not appealing to authorial intention in favor of the reader's subjective experience (call it 'reading') of the textâ€”clearly, taken to its logical conclusion, a strict adherence to materiality simply does not reflect the way we actually think about texts and readers. For what careful readers of, say, Dickinson would say that what they are reading is not a text or that they do not think there is such a thing as a text? Further, given such a strict materialist stance, there is the issue of meaningâ€”for if a defense of the purely random mark for the sake of treating the text as an object is an effacement of intentionality, it is also a turn away from meaning (at least as Michaels understands it) for the sake of what Paul de Man calls the text's "sensory appearance"; but again, what reader would say that there is no meaning in the lines "My Life had stoodâ€”a Loaded Gunâ€”" outside of the appearance of the lines in the poem-as-object? Another way of putting what concerns Michaels here might be that if every single feature of a text matters, then no features matter because to matter (or mean) there has to be defining criteria for what matters and what does not matter; without such criteria, we are left with a potentially endless collection of readers' reports on their experience of the so-called text and on what meanings they derived from this experience. And, to complicate matters even further, Michaels also points out that the text

as object is constituted not only by all of its physical features (a kind of objective, scientific enumeration of its attributes) but also by "everything that can be seen by the reader" (6). As such, we're left with a text as an object that 'does' or that generates effects rather than meanings and a reader that does not interpret so much as experience the text.

Before I elaborate on what kinds of subjects are entailed by such an account of textual objects, it's crucial to point out that De Man's much more single-minded, much less elastic than Howe's, allegiance to materiality is the catalyst for Michaels' polemic. As he puts it: De Man's insistence on what he calls "a material vision" thus produces "inevitably, which is to say, necessarily" a replacement of the idea of the text's meaning (and of the project of interpreting that meaning) with the idea of the reader's experience and with a certain indifference to or, more radically, repudiation of meaning and interpretation both. (6) However, it's also crucial to point out that Michaels may be guilty of using Howe as a straw man. That is, no matter how satisfying Michaels' logic or the tightness of his argument (taken solely on its own terms), the crucial nuances in Howe's work that he overlooks in order to attack De Man are problematic not only for the obvious reason that he ends up inaccurately representing her work, but also for the reason that these overlooked nuances in fact hold the power to call into question the larger argument that Michaels wants to put forward.

For example, when he argues that the preservation of Shepard's or Dickinson's texts as a way to protect authorial intention actually obviates intention for the sake of the text as object, he neglects the fact that Howe's (along with any number of textual critics such as Johanna Drucker, Jerome McGann, Majorie Perloff) attempt to preserve the object is also an attempt to keep alive the author's intentions at the same time as draw attention to the impossibility of ever closing a text off to a single interpretation "the text is what the author intended as well as what the reader reads.

At the risk of invoking (mere) 'differences of opinion' "one of the very stances under attack in Michaels" "what's at stake here is a fundamental difference in, say, attitude toward what constitutes a text, a reader, the act of reading and interpreting texts, not to mention meaning. Howe understands a text as that which must be read as an artifact of the author's act of writing, as that which bears meaning on countless different levels (from the paper it was written on, the way in which it was written in addition to the many vectors of meaning carried by each word, each combination of words) but also whose meaning cannot help but to triangulate between author, text and reader. Moreover, given this multi-layered complexity to texts, for Howe there's no reason to believe that a text can't be an object; Charles Peirce's logical graphs, for instance, are certainly object-like but there's no doubt that they can be read and interpreted. Michaels, on the other hand, seems to want a text, a reader, and a model of

reading or interpreting texts that's considerably more conservative: first of all, from his point of view a text simply is "understood to consist in certain crucial features (e.g., [and minimally] certain words in a certain order), and any object that reproduces those features . . . will reproduce the text" (3); likewise a reader is understood to read texts for meaning which in turn simply is understood to be identical with what the author intendedâ€”a position that, as far as I can tell, Michaels first outlined in "Against Theory" and which he continues to hold in *The Shape of the Signifier*.

On Thu, 17 Mar 2005 14:43:04 -0500, konrad <[REDACTED]> wrote:

> Kazim Ali wrote:

> > But here's the other part: if you do look at the Manuscript
> > books you have to teach yourself ED's handwriting. It is so
> > distinct and tough that it takes several poems of checking
> > against typescript to figure out what her letters are.
> > Eventually you get the hang of it and that is when you can
> > truly live in spaces. It is a little rapturous, a little
> > erotic, lovely to go into the Dickinson page against her own
> > pen, her ink, following those funny little dots.

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> I think this is the most important point. I still don't quite
> understand what Lori is judging in Michaels critique of Howe. He
> explicitly said (in the first quote of the thread) he has no
> beef with trying to understand authorial intention by looking at
> marks and handwritten texts, papers, etc. Most of the list
> seems to be in agreement with the validity of tracing intention
> through manuscript analysis. People can get carried away with
> that, but that in principle it yields valuable insight.

>

> What Michaels *does* say he has a problem with is when meaning
> is not attributed to authorial intent, and he say that his half
> of Howe's approach to ED (and he extends that to Acker's
> description of what writing is). Is that a valid critique of
> his? Is he worried that without reining meaning to intention,
> we'll just be like, reading tea leaves?

>

> I have been wondering about the ways that texts accrue meaning
> outside of authorial intent, and i start thinking about how
> texts have some of the qualities of scores, which are precise
> and deliberate, but never have a definitive interpretation
> (liner note hyperbole notwithstanding). Reading it aloud,
> typesetting it, writing it out, publishing it, writing through

> it, plagiarising it, are all kind of 'performances' or
> 'incarnations' of an original text.
>
> But what Kazim wrote above seems even more on point. One takes
> in the writing empathetically. This kind of transmission of
> meaning is outside authorial intention, even though it's not
> quite the way Michaels describes the process, mockingly, as
> being "spattered by the text." I'm told an apocryphal story
> about the word "empathetic." It was coined or at least brought
> more into currency in the 19th century in an art review of a
> sculpture exhibit. The reviewer used the term to describe
> patrons standing around statues of humans, and unconsciously
> assuming the postures of the people depicted.
>
> konrad
>
> PS. For those of you in the Bay Area, i hope you can come to a
> screening in April at Cinematheque which will address these
> issues fairly directly. We'll be having Bob Grenier presenting
> his hand drawn poetry as slides along with handpainted films by
> Stan Brakhage. I'll post an announcement as the time draws
> near.
>
> ^Z
>

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470. **ALDON L NIELSEN**

Re: Walter Benn Michaels on Susan Howe??

Thu 17 Mar 2005

I'll have to read WBM's book to see what's up with this argument -- a task I had been avoiding following the unpleasant experience of reading his last book --

BUT here's the nub -- I'm all for reading every mark any author might have made -- but can anybody explain to me how reading such gives anyone any more access to this ideal construct we label "authorial intention" than reading anything else does? Aren't we facing similar problems of mediation and interpretation even when we're looking at somebody's handwritten diary in their absence?

I remember how excited I was when I went through Melvin Tolson's Manuscripts -- I caught myself thinking I was inside his head -- then I caught

myself again, realizing, as I sat there in the Library of Congress, that I most certainly was not -- the excitement was still there, but I had to cure myself of the illusion that I somehow had direct access to his thought --

On Thu, 17 Mar 2005 14:43:04 +0000, konrad wrote:

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Eventually you get the hang of it and that is when you can truly live in spaces. It is a little rapturous, a little erotic, lovely to go into the Dickinson page against her own pen, her ink, following those funny little dots.

I think this is the most important point. I still don't quite understand what Lori is judging in Michaels critique of Howe. He explicitly said (in the first quote of the thread) he has no beef with trying to understand authorial intention by looking at marks and handwritten texts, papers, etc. Most of the list seems to be in agreement with the validity of tracing intention through manuscript analysis. People can get carried away with that, but that in principle it yields valuable insight.

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I have been wondering about the ways that texts accrue meaning outside of authorial intent, and i start thinking about how texts have some of the qualities of scores, which are precise and deliberate, but never have a definitive interpretation (liner note hyperbole notwithstanding). Reading it aloud, typesetting it, writing it out, publishing it, writing through it, plagiarising it, are all kind of 'performances' or 'incarnations' of an original text.

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> reason he does not pick them up, I can mail the Dorn books to you. I would
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> Thank you,
> Laura

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472. **tyrone williams**

Re: Walter Benn Michaels on Susan Howe??

Thu 17 Mar 2005

Aldon,

Agree. For the record, Howe does indeed raise the bugaboo of authorial intention, but then, just as quickly, disavows it--hence, "my emily dickinson"....

Tyrone

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

From: ALDON L NIELSEN <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Mar 17, 2005 12:17 PM

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: Re: Walter Benn Michaels on Susan Howe??

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konrad

PS. For those of you in the Bay Area, i hope you can come to a screening in April at Cinematheque which will address these issues fairly directly. We'll be having Bob Grenier presenting his hand drawn poetry as slides along with handpainted films by Stan Brakhage. I'll post an announcement as the time draws

474. **Catherine Daly**

Re: A Few Books Avail. for trade in LA

Thu 17 Mar 2005

I've just moved, and have a large quantity of books -- many plays, in particular, and hardly any poetry -- I am willing to swap. There's a list somewhere on my blog

http://cadaly.blogspot.com/2005_02_06_cadaly_archive.html

here are the first few

Philosophy matters by Lisska, Anthony J

New Life in Dark Seas: Brick Books 25 [Paperback] by Dragland, Stan

Playreaders Repertory

The New Screenwriter Looks at the New Screenwriter [Paperback] by Froug...

Fuzzy Logic/the Discovery of a Revolutionary Computer Technology and How It Is

Time Out of Time: Essays on the Festival by Falassi, Alessandro

Interviews with Contemporary Women Playwrights by Betsko, Kathleen; FROM

ATOMS TO QUARKS [Paperback] by TREFIL, JAMES

Cont Macro 5/E: Subj [Hardcover] by Spencer, Nick; Spencer, Milton H. The New World of Philosophy by KAPLAN, ABRAHAM

etc.

will swap for poetry, criticism, nonfiction, art history, novels I haven't read, but we do have lots of these

there are lots of CDs too

All best,

Catherine Daly



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475. **Joseph Thomas**

Re: Walter Benn Michaels on Susan Howe??

Thu 17 Mar 2005

empathetic is a recent corruption of empathic, which I'll bet is the word that reviewer actually used. OED anyone?

Looks like empathy came into use at the beginning of the 20th century, and you're right about "empathic," first used in 1909:

"1909 E. B. TITCHENER Lect. Exper. Psychol. Thought-Processes v. 181 They shade off gradually into those empathic experiences which I mentioned in the first Lecture."

"Empathetic" seems to have come into usage in 1932:
"1932 Nation (N.Y.) 13 Apr. 432 The method..condemns the biographer to immerse himself in his subject's mind, to take a view that is more than 'sympathetic', that is indeed empathetic. 1933 Archit. Rev. LXXIV. 222/1 What newly erected buildings have now any 'empathetic' influence on those they contain?"

And their root, "empathy":

1904 'V. LEE' Diary 20 Feb. in 'Lee' & Anstruther-Thompson Beauty & Ugliness (1912) 337 Passing on to the æsthetic empathy (Einfühlung), or more properly the æsthetic sympathetic feeling of that act of erecting and spreading. 1909 E. B. TITCHENER Lect. Exper. Psychol. Thought-Processes i. 21 Not only do I see gravity and modesty and pride..but I feel or act them in the mind's muscles. This is, I suppose, a simple case of empathy, if we may coin that term as a rendering of Einfühlung. Ibid. v. 185 All such 'feelings'..normally take the form, in my experience, of motor empathy. 1912 Academy 17 Aug. 209/2 [Lipps] propounded the theory that the appreciation of a work of art depended upon the capacity of the spectator to project his personality into the object of contemplation. One had to 'feel oneself into it'... This mental process he called by the name of Einfühlung, or, as it has been translated, Empathy. 1913 J. M. BALDWIN Hist. Psychol. II. 126 'Æsthetic semblance' is the equivalent of 'empathy'. 1925, 1929 [see EINFÜHLUNG]. 1928 'R. WEST' Strange Necessity 102 The active power of empathy which makes the creative artist, or the passive power of empathy which makes the appreciator of art. 1955 D. DAVIE Articulate Energy iii. 30 This is a silent music, a matter of

tensions and resolutions, of movements (but again not rhythmical movements) sustained or broken, of ease or effort, rapidity or languor. What we mean, in fact, is empathy. 1958 C. P. SNOW Conscience of Rich xxxiii. 240 It was not only consideration and empathy that held him back. 1963 R. L. KATZ Empathy i. 8 It is true that in both sympathy and empathy we permit our feelings for others to become involved.

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<http://smallbusiness.yahoo.com/resources/>

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476. **Minky Starshine**

Re: POETRY EVENT: Eleni Sikelianos and CAConrad April 6th at Kelly Writers House K

Thu 17 Mar 2005

Is Eleni Sikelianos reading in Syracuse? These readings of hers I can't make in NYC/Philly are breaking my fame-blushed heart.

Kind regards, Deborah Poe

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

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

On Behalf Of Craig Allen Conrad

Sent: Wednesday, March 16, 2005 10:22 AM

To: ██████████

Subject: POETRY EVENT: Eleni Sikelianos and CAConrad April 6th at Kelly Writers House K

POETRY EVENT: Eleni Sikelianos and CAConrad April 6th at Kelly Writers House

Kelly Writers House

University of Pennsylvania

3805 Locust Walk

April 6th

6:00 pm

Eleni Sikelianos was raised in California. She received an M.F.A. in Writing

& Poetics from the Naropa Institute. She is the author of Earliest Worlds

(Coffee House Press, 2001), *The Book of Tendons* (1997), and *To Speak While Dreaming* (1993). She is also the author of a number of chapbooks, including *From Blue Guide* (1999), *The Lover's Numbers*, and *Poetics of the X* (1995). She has received numerous honors and awards including a National Endowment for the Arts Fellowship, a Fulbright Fellowship, and two Gertrude Stein Awards for Innovative American Writing. She currently works as poet-in-residence for Teachers & Writers Collaborative in New York City and teaches Literature and Thinking & Writing for Bard College's Clemente Program. Sikelianos co-runs the Wednesday Night Readings at the St. Mark's Poetry Project in St. Mark's Church. She lives in New York City.

CAConrad's childhood included selling cut flowers along the highway for his mother and helping her shoplift. He escaped to Philadelphia the first chance he got, where he lives and writes today with the PhillySound poets. He co-edits *FREQUENCY Audio Journal* with Magdalena Zurawski, and edits the *9for9* project. His first book, *Deviant Propulsion*, is forthcoming this Spring from Soft Skull Press. He has two other forthcoming books: *The Frank Poems* (Jargon Society), and *advancedELVIScourse* (Buck Downs Books). He is also the author of several chapbooks, including *(end-begin w/chants)*, a collaboration with Frank Sherlock.

Eleni Sikelianos link:

[_http://www.amazon.com/gp/product/images/1931243670/ref=dp_primary-product-display_0/002-0365168-8100001?%5Fencoding=UTF8&n=283155&s=books_](http://www.amazon.com/gp/product/images/1931243670/ref=dp_primary-product-display_0/002-0365168-8100001?%5Fencoding=UTF8&n=283155&s=books_)
(http://www.amazon.com/gp/product/images/1931243670/ref=dp_primary-

produ
ct-display_0/002-03651
68-8100001?_encoding=UTF8&n=283155&s=books)
CAConrad link:
_http://www.amazon.com/gp/product/images/1932360875/ref=dp_primary-
produ
ct-dis
play_0/002-0365168-8100001?%5Fencoding=UTF8&n=283155&s=books_
(http://www.amazon.com/gp/product/images/1932360875/ref=dp_primary-
produ
ct-display_0/002-03651
68-8100001?_encoding=UTF8&n=283155&s=books)
http://PhillySound.blogspot.com (http://phillysound.blogspot.com/)
"If we give our money to KFC, we're paying for a life of misery for
some
of God's most helpless creatures."
--The Reverend Al Sharpton Calls for KFC Boycott for 2005
"I've been boycotting KFC since Col. Sanders was George Wallace's running
mate on the American Independence Party ticket in 1968. As we used to say,
the chicken with two right wings...." --Ron Silliman

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477. **Rob McLennan**

[REDACTED]: A Little Note]

Thu 17 Mar 2005

Greetings on this fine spring-ish day=2E
This is a little note to say that all but one of the=20
2005 Spring BookThug Titles are now available=2E=20
Full details on these and earlier BookThugs are available at=20
www=2Ebookthug=2Eca
RETREAT DIARY by Margaret Christakos
MI SING : Letter Drop 2 by Victor Coleman=20
FUN WITH 'PATAPHYSICS by Sharon Harris
NOISE PRESENT AT THE MOMENT LESS CLEAR by Paul Hegedus
REPTILE HOUSE by Lisa Jarnot
BookThug can also be found at the following bookstores:=20 Pages
(Toronto), Words Worth Books (Waterloo) University of Windsor Bookst= ore

(Windsor) McMaster University Bookstore (Hamilton) Toronto Women's Bookstore (Toronto) Octopus Books (Ottawa) People's Co-Op Books (Vancouver) Granville Book Company (Vancouver) UWO Bookstore (London) Double Hook Books (Montreal) McGill University Bookstore (Montreal) BookThug cannot be found at Chapters/Indigo, and if you do find them there you should steal them

Please read responsibly

Cheers

Jay Miller

Coming Soon: A BOY'S FIRST BOOK OF CHLAMYDIA: Poems 1996-2002 by Daniel F. Bradley

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33 Webb Avenue Toronto Ontario Canada M6P 1M4
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---20

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Translated from the Danish by Gregory Pardlo; Introduction by Stephen

Cain

Pissing Ice: An Anthology of 'New' Canadian Poets \$10

The Illustrated Venright English Dictionary \$10

Phil Hall: The Bad Sequence \$10

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-- poet/editor/pub. ... ed. STANZAS mag & side/lines: a new canadian poetics (Insomniac)...pub., above/ground press ...coord., SPAN-O + ottawa small press

fair ...9th coll'n - what's left (Talon) ...c/o RR#1 Maxville ON K0C 1T0
www.track0.com/rob_mclennan * http://robmclennan.blogspot.com/

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478. **Halvard Johnson**

Re: Brushes with fame

Thu 17 Mar 2005

Come to think of it, I've had a few brushes with fame (or blushes with frame, if you prefer). The one I'll share today is the one when I shook hands with Dwight David Eisenhower after a campaign speech he gave in Larkin Plaza in Yonkers, New York, back when he was running for president. Embarrassing? I guess so, but not as much for me as for my father, who was something of a peacenik, even in those pre-Sputnik days, and Ike . . . well, he, of course, was what you might call a military man.

Hal "Theory, like mist on eyeglasses,
 obscures vision."

 --Charlie Chan

Halvard Johnson

=====

email: [REDACTED]

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

blog: <http://entropyandme.blogspot.com/>

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479. **konrad**

Re: Walter Benn Michaels on Susan Howe??

Thu 17 Mar 2005

ALDON L NIELSEN wrote:

BUT here's the nub -- I'm all for reading every mark any author might have made -- but can anybody explain to me how reading such gives anyone any more access to this ideal construct we label "authorial intention" than reading anything else does? Aren't we facing similar problems of mediation and interpretation even when we're looking at somebody's handwritten diary in their absence?

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That's a good point there, the abstraction of intention.

"Textual Criticism," at least in religious circles, means trying to reconstruct a text for which one has no original. It's done i would assume by comparing versions and trying to sort out corruptions and variations and their sources.

It seems like trying to construct an objective "authorial intent" is modeled on the analogy with a physically existing manuscript (now lost) that gave rise to all the extant copies and versions.

I really am out of my depth here, but didn't Susan Howe call her book "MY Emily Dickinson" precisely to imply all the OTHER Emily Dickinsons were from texts partially a product of the stewards/editors' intellectually supplemented, politically inflected imaginations, i.e. *their* EDs? Isn't her project partially about acknowledging the inescapable weave of fiction, imagination and history? It's not an illusion to imagine an author and her life: it's all anyone ever does. And the more detailed and direct the traces are that one has access to, the more vivid one's image can be. One thing i suppose Howe wants to point out is the tacit and systematic nature of these imaginings as work gets mainstreamed.

konrad

^Z

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480. **Brigitte Byrd**
Noah Eli Gordon?

Thu 17 Mar 2005

I have lost Noah's e-mail address and need to contact him shortly. Could someone (or Noah) help me?

Brigitte Byrd

Visiting Instructor
English Department
Florida State University
Tallahassee, FL 32308-1580
[REDACTED]

Do you Yahoo!?

Yahoo! Small Business - Try our new resources site!

<http://smallbusiness.yahoo.com/resources/>

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481. **Joe Brennan**

Wolfowitz Gets Bump Up To Capo! 3rd World Cringes...

Thu 17 Mar 2005

Click here: The Assassinated Press

Senate to Vote on Oil Drilling in Alaska Refuge:

After Taking Millions in Bribes, Senate Poised To Rape Alaska Coastal Plains:

Cheney Revising Target Price of Oil to \$150 per Barrel:

Supporters, Opponents Argue Over Environmental Impact:

By H. JOSEF GRRBELLS

Paul "The Human Tsunami" Wolfowitz Gets Bump Up To Capo:

Architect Of Iraq War To Head Boink At World Bank:

Joint Chiefs "Happy To See Neo-Con Pricks Go Fuck Up Something Else.":

Bush Says "Wolfowitz Should Easily 'Adjust Structurally' To The New Kind of Murderous Intent The World Bank Embodies.":

"The fucker is 61 years old. If he has "an admirable passion for democratization," why ain't nobody seen it yet, Viagra needin' motherfucker."

The phrase "an admirable passion for democratization" is from the comedy stylings of the editorial page at the Washington Post.

BY JEJEUNE ADVERSARY

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.

".....at a time when I am speaking to you about the paradox of desire -- in the sense that different goods obscure it -- you can hear outside the awful language of power. There's no point in asking whether they are sincere or hypocritical, whether they want peace or whether they calculate the risks. The dominating impression as such a moment is that something that may pass for a prescribed good; information addresses and captures impotent crowds to whom it is poured

forth like a liquor that leaves them dazed as they move toward the slaughter house.

One might even ask if one would allow the cataclysm to occur without first

giving
free reign to this hubbub of voices...."

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482. **K Zervos**

virtual[australian audio poetry archive]

Thu 17 Mar 2005

Research for my PhD has resulted in the realisation that the resources available for the study of the field of performance poetry in Australia are lacking. Firstly very little appears in print in the academic literature; the histories; the literary journals or the dissertations of Research Higher Degrees. There are not a great deal of publications by performance poets of their own works. There are recordings of poets performing or being interviewed on audio and video, and more recently audio CD, and some might say that this is a more accurate resource for study of a performance poets work. There are holdings of audio and video recordings of poets at almost every library in Australia. Even though each library's collection might be small, each is unique in its content. Collectively these resources could constitute a rich resource of the industry of performance poetry, the performances, the culture and the poets of performance poetry. What my concern is, that even this fragmented widely-spread archive of performance poetry recorded on vinyl, real-to-real tape, audio cassette tape, video-tape, vhs, u-matic, beta, etc. will soon be unavailable due to the digitisation of resources and the technologies for their accessing and playback ie video cassette recorder, audio cassette recorder, turntable, etc have become obsolete. What will happen to these holdings? Will they be deemed important enough to each library's collection to transfer to digital format? I am applying for an ARC Special Research Initiatives (E-Research) grant to consider the feasibility of establishing an Australian Poetry GRID. GRID software technology enables the networking of digital databases at many different physical locations, creating one 'virtual archive' that can be searched and accessed for content from any location. So with the GRID you are able to make available a collective resource which previously existed in its many different parts and was impossible to access for study, research or entertainment. This project is not only a project of preservation, but the creation of a new resource and research field. Libraries may deem these collections important enough to digitise in this instance, as their efforts will contribute to a greater objective. (Submission available on request) As always time is short and deadlines imminent. I am canvassing support for this project and more specifically industry partnerships. In the case of Australian literature these industry partnerships are publishers, broadcasters, libraries, arts councils, writers centres, writers organisations, literary journals, individual collections, poets. If this project at all interests you please reply to

this email for more information or for inclusion on an email newsletter list.

cheers komninos

komninos zervos

homepage: http://www.gu.edu.au/ppages/k_zervos

broadband experiments:

<http://users.bigpond.net.au/mangolegs>

--

No virus found in this outgoing message.

Checked by AVG Anti-Virus.

Version: 7.0.308 / Virus Database: 266.7.3 - Release Date: 15/03/05

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483. **Tim Peterson**

The Analogous Series: Lyn Hejinian and Emilie Clark

Thu 17 Mar 2005

The Analogous Series presents:

Lyn Hejinian and Emilie Clark

<http://www.analogous.net/hejinianclark.html>

* * *

Sunday, March 20, 6 PM,
45 Carleton St., room E25-111
Cambridge, MA

Lyn and Emilie will show and discuss their text/image collaborations

* * *

Lyn Hejinian is a poet, essayist, and translator, who has also worked for a number of years on mixed media collaborations with Emilie Clark. Two published examples of this work, both published by Granary Books, are *The Traveler and the Hill* and *the Hill and The Lake*. Her collaborative projects are various, and include *Sight* (a book written with Leslie Scalapino), *The Eye of Enduring* (an installation created with the painter Diane Andrews Hall), *Q?? Tr?n* (a composition with music by John Zorn and text by Hejinian), and *Letters Not About Love* (a documentary film directed by Jacki Ochs with text by Hejinian and Russian poet Arkadii Dragomoschenko). Her own most recent books of poetry include *A Border Comedy*, *My Life in the Nineties*, and *The Fatalist*.

Emilie Clark was born in San Francisco in 1969. She received her BFA from Cornell University in 1991, and moved to New York City from the Bay Area in 1998. She has exhibited widely in the United States and Europe, including a

solo show at the MUSARC in Ferrara, Italy (2000), and a three person show at the Royal Hibernian Academy in Dublin, Ireland (2003). In New York she has been included in several group exhibitions, most recently Pondering the Marvelous at Wave Hill and she will have her first New York solo show at Michael Steinberg Fine Art in 2005. In addition to her practice as an artist—which includes painting, drawing and installation—Clark is the co-author of four collaborative books with poets, two with Lytle Shaw and two with Lyn Hejinian. With Lytle, she started and co-edited the journal of arts writing and poetics called Shark, from 1998 to 2003, and began Shark Books, which publishes artist projects and other cross-genre work. Granary Books published Clark and Hejinian's collaborative works--The Traveller and the Hill and the Hill in 1998 and The Lake in 2003. Clark also completed a number of projects for magazines and books within the arts and writing communities such as for Cabinet and Chain, the books of Anselm Berrigan Lewis Warsh, Lee Ann Brown and Lyn Hejinian, in addition to projects outside of the arts such as the Journal of Experimental Medicine and a book on Thyroid Surgery.

* * *

DIRECTIONS: 45 Carleton Street is the Health Services building at MIT, also known as building E25. It is adjacent to the main T Station in Kendall Square, behind the Cambridge Trust Company on Main St. (near the corner of Main and Ames) in Cambridge.

* * *

The Analogous Series is curated by Tim Peterson

Spring schedule available at <http://www.analogous.net/spring2005.html>

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484. **charles alexander**

Re: The Analogous Series: Lyn Hejinian and Emilie Clark

Thu 17 Mar 2005

Dear Tim,

When you talk with Lyn, if you can possibly mention to her how much you like Tenney's work, that would be great. Probably tomorrow I'll send her a copy of his mss. for Chax and ask her if she will write a blurb for it.

I met Emilie once at Granary, and she seemed great. And I liked Lytle Shaw, who was also there.

good luck!

& love,

charles

At 08:03 PM 3/17/2005, you wrote:

>The Analogous Series presents:

>

>Lyn Hejinian and Emilie Clark

><http://www.analogous.net/hejinianclark.html>

>

>* * *

>

>Sunday, March 20, 6 PM,

>45 Carleton St., room E25-111

>Cambridge, MA

>

>Lyn and Emilie will show and discuss their text/image collaborations

>

>* * *

>

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>number of years on mixed media collaborations with Emilie Clark. Two

>published examples of this work, both published by Granary Books, are The

>Traveler and the Hill and the Hill and The Lake. Her collaborative projects

>are various, and include Sight (a book written with Leslie Scalapino), The

>Eye of Enduring (an installation created with the painter Diane Andrews

>Hall), Q?? Tr?n (a composition with music by John Zorn and text by

>Hejinian), and Letters Not About Love (a documentary film directed by Jacki

>Ochs with text by Hejinian and Russian poet Arkadii Dragomoschenko). Her
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>Nineties, and The Fatalist.

>

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>1998. She has exhibited widely in the United States and Europe, including a

>solo show at the MUSARC in Ferrara, Italy (2000), and a three person show at

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>been included in several group exhibitions, most recently Pondering the

>Marvelous at Wave Hill and she will have her first New York solo show at

>Michael Steinberg Fine Art in 2005. In addition to her practice as an

>artist--which includes painting, drawing and installation—Clark is the

>co-author of four collaborative books with poets, two with Lytle Shaw and

>two with Lyn Hejinian. With Lytle, she started and co-edited the journal of

>arts writing and poetics called Shark, from 1998 to 2003, and began Shark
>Books, which publishes artist projects and other cross-genre work. Granary
>Books published Clark and Hejinian's collaborative works--The Traveller and
>the Hill and the Hill in 1998 and The Lake in 2003. Clark also completed a
>number of projects for magazines and books within the arts and writing
>communities such as for Cabinet and Chain, the books of Anselm Berrigan
>Lewis Warsh, Lee Ann Brown and Lyn Hejinian, in addition to projects outside
>of the arts such as the Journal of Experimental Medicine and a book on
>Thyroid Surgery.

>

>* * *

>

>DIRECTIONS: 45 Carleton Street is the Health Services building at MIT, also
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>Main and Ames) in Cambridge.

>

>* * *

>

>The Analogous Series is curated by Tim Peterson

>

>Spring schedule available at <http://www.analogous.net/spring2005.html>

>

charles alexander / chax press

fold the book inside the book	keep it open always	read from the in-
side out	speck then	

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485. **Alan Sondheim**

Two classes of expressions of the antique.

Fri 18 Mar 2005

Two classes of expressions of the antique.

Neither of these are clear, both fuzzy in fact, quite the thing. Please add! In the first, old or antiquated words found mostly in particular stylized expressions. In the second, phrases denoting antiquated meanings in current context. Both classes, like the words 'outlaw,' 'breakfast,' 'goodbye,' etc. are tokens of past habitus. The boundaries are unclear, quite the things themselves. Read on, add.

Old words for the most part no longer used independently of expression:

I'm on tenterhooks
hoisted by his own petard
gave him a good drubbing
gaping maw
snarf it down
two bits
stop horsing around
eating her curds and whey
sat on a tuffet
batten down the hatches
dressed to the nines
who killed cock-robin?

Atavistic expressions with ignored literal meaning:

a real blood-letting
was going a mile a minute
she's on the rag
fit as a fiddle
red-letter day
dressed to the hilt
it's on my dime
she was fleeced
button your britches
he's hysterical (funny)
excuse my dust
that and a nickel will get you a cup of coffee
pull the wool over his eyes
it was electrifying
toot your own horn
two bits to boot
six feet under
hustle your bustle
vamping it up
made quite a flap
was really steamed
her watch was ticking
on the stoke of midnight
in the limelight
his salad-days
nine-day wonder

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486. **Harry Nudel**

winter...

Fri 18 Mar 2005

\$oho in the \$pring
\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$ \$ing
Wipe\$ Art\$ bare A\$\$
\$pecies\$ petty Ca\$h
\$hit \$i\$ter
on the Wall\$
in the Frame\$
Die\$el to Du\$t
c'e\$t u\$
3:00...spring fever..drn...

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487. **Harry Nudel**

Mark Scroggins..

Fri 18 Mar 2005

anyone have an e-mail
address for Mark Scroggins..
thnx..harry

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488. **August**

Biospheres and Sacred Grooves

Fri 18 Mar 2005

dripping spring
mushrooms
potassium chloride
mushrooms
quickly
shinichi suzuki
dripping spring
shinichi suzuki
nguyen 300 rims cycle Of
mushrooms

root bitters cajunc pam
 replenix lly sub
too stupid food
 replenix lly sub
own point of portland
northeast herdsman
 root bitters cajunc pam
northeast herdsman
 battery hotmail jamie
 replenix lly sub

stephen and
and so rough he u-haul
snaps constructii
 and so rough he u-haul
left 0-10-10 fertalizer
 building and
 stephen and
building and
 room and fashionable
and so rough he u-haul

he one of impulse save
extranet whatcom
rivage new jersey td
extranet whatcom
 law noaa graduation SWEET 2002 r1
cockring horse train
 he one of impulse save
cockring horse train
Grant here two once the
extranet whatcom

depend mapquest area
 hungpunkboi
rules reumatologia e
 hungpunkboi
l[
 life of a king became
 depend mapquest area
 life of a king became
 when hte spurs move from
hungpunkboi

tractor review porn
brmfrsmg.exe san antonio
 sucking off Michael
 brmfrsmg.exe san antonio
ranch exotic animal
 refilling
 tractor review porn
refilling
 than cosmetic surgery
brmfrsmg.exe san antonio
(OEr)dv.....
 medical coding
herbert river express
 medical coding
prefab roof trusses chl
 keratoconus optometrist
(OEr)dv.....
 keratoconus optometrist
 spyboat
medical coding
of san francisco pickups
 scale [SetB Line l. . .
 animal testing safety
 scale [SetB Line l. . .
pictures nude france
 primrose regulate
of san francisco pickups
 primrose regulate
very beautiful girl size
scale [SetB Line l. . .
glass euro pass
 patition freeware
opera music
 patition freeware
"garden pepper spray"
SetP I p n lroll l l.
glass euro pass
 SetP I p n lroll l l.
department of motor
 patition freeware

manhattan dentist
cartuns sex nokia 9802s
snakes faith hill
cartuns sex nokia 9802s
kind):b(instruction)g(r
earl miller hard pantone
manhattan dentist
earl miller hard pantone
hot incest know us
cartuns sex nokia 9802s
lorena hernandez
diego, ca fetal
{g(sequence) allegra
diego, ca fetal
public schools chinese
principle. As silent
lorena hernandez
principle. As silent
woman panther anime
diego, ca fetal
charisma carpenter
state tax statute of
stained sheet music
state tax statute of
gang
"student loans" myself
charisma carpenter
"student loans" myself
hentai
state tax statute of
hotel palais mediteranee
I've
pussy hippodrome and
I've
university athletic
trojan options catfight
hotel palais mediteranee
trojan options catfight
frank V until depth d +
I've

against hand theme
farm tronics Let stay
 abante food the
 farm tronics Let stay
 torsion bars mopar e-bay
theater
against hand theme
theater
porn star glycoscience
 farm tronics Let stay
tribal Fk(Conclusion) b
 corporation red dress
 universities stroked the
 corporation red dress
 glyphosatein canola
 and friends galabiya rbs
tribal Fk(Conclusion) b
 and friends galabiya rbs
munz" morel tim keel's
 corporation red dress
media But Margaret
Fs cycling bike road
 romanian history fair
 Fs cycling bike road
simon ase edge
 poison ivy mp3 "winnipeg
media But Margaret
poison ivy mp3 "winnipeg
wedding ceremony unity
Fs cycling bike road
and commercial remix . .
 wifi zodiac importnace
 discrimination
 wifi zodiac importnace
seattle silver refining
mussy politician sunny
and commercial remix . .
 mussy politician sunny
superstars this none
 wifi zodiac importnace

August Highland
Online Studio
www.august-highland.com

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489. **Dan Waber**

[poem] Liquid On Asphalt

Fri 18 Mar 2005

18/61

Echo = Twenty minutes of solitude surrounded by people waiting for something non-fat and frothy. I'm wanting an accelerated heartbeat, a quicker rhythm. I'm dissolving a drop at a time--liquid on asphalt.

Source = Jennifer Hill-Kaucher from her short story "Signing Off"

Liquid On Asphalt

I'm at home, you're three hours and twenty miles away. It takes me fifteen minutes to walk the dog, love the cats, slice half of a pear and contemplate my solitude. Time spent without you, even surrounded by your house, by all your animals, by your blankets, by photographs of people you love, even knowing that the waiting will end soon, is near unbearable for me. I can always find myself something to make to eat, even in your non-fat refrigerator, but I'm alone and everything sounds thin like gruel and frothy.

I'm antsy, I'm reutchy, I'm nervous, I'm atizzy in a low key way, wanting something without knowing what, eating an O in my over-accelerated heart, beat the over clocking my heartbeat to the point of paranoia. In a day the hours shouldn't fly by quicker than the minutes. My heart misses rhythm.

Flumped on the futon without a book I'm hooked on watching the minutes dissolving into the green digital void. When a

car drives past the front of the house I drop
every bit of nothing to listen at
the window. If it's you I'll know in a
sound, there's a particular span of time
between your footsteps, an almost liquid
hush whoosh of your hair when it slippers on
your coat, a click to your heel on asphalt.

Dan Waber

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490. **Anny Ballardini**

Rebecca Seiferle

Fri 18 Mar 2005

Rebecca Seiferle is here in Bolzano, Italy, for a poetry reading and a workshop:
Writing with senses at the Language Fair second edition:
<http://www.fieralingue.it/2005/>

She had her reading this morning accompanied by the Maestro from Malta,
flute improvisation, in a fully booked room (80) people. If you wish, there is an
interesting interview with Rebecca Seiferle here:

<http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=970>

or on the fieralingue site directly under the Fair,
moreover you can read some of her poetry here:

[http://www.fieralingue.it/modules.php?
name=Content&pa=list_pages_categories&cid=28](http://www.fieralingue.it/modules.php?name=Content&pa=list_pages_categories&cid=28)

or translated into Italian on my blog:

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

She is the publisher and the editor of:

<http://www.thedrunkenboat.com/seiferle.htm>

I feel particularly privileged, my best regards,

Anny Ballardini

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491. **Maria Damon**

CFW: Wild Nature and Digital Life

Fri 18 Mar 2005

LEA Special Issue: Wild Nature and the Digital Life

* Worldwide Call for Submissions *

Guest Editors: Sue Thomas and Dene Grigar



<http://mitpress2.mit.edu/e-journals/LEA/LEA2004/authors.htm#digiwild>

The Leonardo Electronic Almanac (ISSN No: 1071-4391) is inviting papers [and artworks] themed around Wild Nature and the Digital Life.

Wild nature has traditionally been perceived as the preserve of the physical world and may seem to have little to do with the abstract spaces of the digital. But what can be described as "wild nature" at a time when much of the earth's land is being annexed by cities, brought into production, and turned into tourist meccas or eco-excursions? How are humans reinventing "the wild" digitally? What is the relationship between humans and wild nature, and has it changed with the advent of the computer technology? Is the notion of wild nature limited to the physical world, and if not, then where else can we find it? How do those who are most immersed in the digital integrate it with the physical?

While a critical response to these questions is highly encouraged, we are equally interested in the wide-angle view and in the intimate. Specifically, we welcome essays, interviews, reports and other genres of writing that speak to the ways in which we reconcile and integrate the relationship between wild nature and the digital life; that address the part that wild nature plays in our work; looks at the ways the functionality of our body in the digital compares with the way it works in the mountains, in the ocean, or other physical spaces; and explores the changes that the wired life has brought about to our domestic and professional habitat, how it may have changed our health, or shifted our understanding of ecosystems and of other species on this planet and elsewhere.

Topics of interest might include (but are not limited to):

- Projects combining art and natural history
- Art and nature collaborations
- Telematics and consciousness
- Historical context
- Connectedness studies
- Embodiment theory
- Emergence studies
- Anthropology and social networks
- Ecology and the environment
- Natural magic and spirituality

The twin conceptual territories of bits and atoms are closer than they may at first seem. This call invites papers and works that explore ways in which the wired sensibility has led us full circle towards an enhanced engagement with wild nature.

LEA encourages international artists / academics / researchers / students / practitioners / theorists to submit their proposals for consideration. We particularly encourage authors outside North America and Europe to send proposals for essays / artists statements.

As part of this special, LEA is looking to publish:

- Critical Essays
- Artist Statement/works in the LEA Gallery
- Bibliographies (a peer reviewed bibliography with key texts/references in Digital Life)
- Academic Curriculum (LEA encourages academics conducting course programmes in this area to contact us)

Expressions of interest and outline should include:

- A brief description of proposed text (300 words)
- A brief author biography
- Any related URLs
- Contact details

In the subject heading of the email message, please use "Name of Artist/Project Title: LEA Wild Nature and Digital Life - Date Submitted". Please cut and paste all text into body of email (without attachments). Detailed editorial guidelines at: <http://mitpress2.mit.edu/e-journals/LEA/submit>

Deadline for expressions of interest: 8 July 2005

Timeline (please note the timeline is subject to changes)

8 July 2005 - submission of abstracts

22 July 2005 - short-listed candidates informed

2 September 2005 - contributors to submit full papers for peer review

3 - 30 September 2005 - Peer Review Process

1 - 21 October 2005 - Authors to make changes

November 2005 - Ready to publish papers

Please send proposals or queries to:

Sue Thomas and Dene Grigar



and

Nisar Keshvani

LEA Editor-in-Chief


http://lea.mit.edu

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492. **Alan Sondheim**

AN ONLY KID!

Fri 18 Mar 2005

AN ONLY KID!

only zuzim. father kid! An For bought, A came, two ate
the kid, cat And The a bit cat, Which dog, Then stick, beat zuzim, came burned
fire, water, an drank quenched ox, slaughterer, killed of death,
angel slew Who blest He! destroyed Holy be
g, Which bit the cat, ate kid, The father b zuzim. An And ught, F nly kid! Then
came a stick, beat d r tw an slaughterer, killed x, drank water, quenched fire,
burned f death, slew Wh angel yed

AN ONLY KID!

An only kid!
An only kid!
The father bought,
For two zuzim.
An only kid!
An only kid!

A cat came,
And ate the kid,
The father bought,
For two zuzim.
An only kid!
An only kid!

Then came a dog,
And bit the cat,
Which ate the kid,
The father bought,
For two zuzim,
An only kid!
An only kid!

Then came a stick,
And beat the dog,
Which bit the cat,
Which ate the kid,
The father bought,
For two zuzim.
An only kid!
An only kid!

Then came a fire,
And burned the stick,
Which beat the dog,
Which bit the cat,
Which ate the kid,
The father bought,
For two zuzim.
An only kid!
An only kid!

Then came the water,
And quenched the fire,
Which burned the stick,
Which beat the dog,
Which bit the cat,
Which ate the kid,
The father bought,
For two zuzim.
An only kid!
An only kid!

Then came an ox,
And drank the water,
Which quenched the fire,
Which burned the stick,
Which beat the dog,
Which bit the cat,
Which ate the kid,
The father bought,
For two zuzim.
An only kid!
An only kid!

Then came the slaughterer,
And killed the ox,

Which drank the water,
Which quenched the fire,
Which burned the stick,
Which beat the dog,
Which bit the cat,
Which ate the kid,
The father bought,
For two zuzim.
An only kid!
An only kid!

The came the angel of death,
And slew the slaughterer,
Who killed the ox,
Which drank the water,
Which quenched the fire,
Which burned the stick,
Which beat the dog,
Which bit the cat,
Which ate the kid,
The father bought,
For two zuzim.
An only kid!
An only kid!

Then came the Holy One, blest be He!
And destroyed the angel of death,
Who slew the slaughterer,
Who killed the ox,
Which drank the water,
Which quenched the fire,
Which burned the stick,
Which beat the dog,
Which bit the cat,
Which ate the kid,
The father bought,
For two zuzim.
An only kid!
An only kid!

-- From the Safer Haggadah, translated Rosenau, 1905

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493. **Stephen Vincent**
NYT/ Feeding Tube Drama
Fri 18 Mar 2005

Congress Moves to Halt Feeding Tube Removal in Florida

By ABBY GOODNOUGH

and CARL HULSE 11:41 AM ET

Hours before doctors are scheduled to remove a feeding tube from a severely brain-damaged woman, the Senate majority leader said today Congress is inviting her to testify...

(New York Times/ website)

Congress has finally reached its Pro-Life highpoint of the season!

I hesitate to imagine the testimony, or means of inquiry!

A photograph on the cover of the National Inquirer in the checkout(!) line?

Wow!

Stephen V

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494. **Vernon Frazer**
Re: NYT/ Feeding Tube Drama
Fri 18 Mar 2005

Stephen

Like any American, she has the right to exercise her First Amendments rights, whether she's capable or not.

Frankly, this whole thing is sickening. My wife and I see this when we watch the Florida news. It seems that George's little brother Jeb believes in Life no matter who much suffering it causes to the victim, her family...to everyone but him and those sharing the moral convictions most consistent with his & his their political ambitions.

As far as the invitation, after reading such a generous, enlightened offer from a person in office, do you think you really want to vote again in your lifetime?

The baseball hearings yesterday were harmless idiocy. This idiocy, unfortunately, has real consequences.

Best,

Vernon

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

From: UB Poetics discussion group [mailto:████████] On
Behalf Of Stephen Vincent

Sent: Friday, March 18, 2005 12:17 PM

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: NYT/ Feeding Tube Drama

Congress Moves to Halt Feeding Tube Removal in Florida

By ABBY GOODNOUGH

and CARL HULSE 11:41 AM ET

Hours before doctors are scheduled to remove a feeding tube from a severely brain-damaged woman, the Senate majority leader said today Congress is inviting her to testify...

(New York Times/ website)

Congress has finally reached its Pro-Life highpoint of the season!

I hesitate to imagine the testimony, or means of inquiry!

A photograph on the cover of the National Inquirer in the checkout(!) line?

Wow!

Stephen V

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495. **Al Filreis**

E. L. Doctorow by webcast next Tuesday

Fri 18 Mar 2005

E. L. Doctorow

at the Kelly Writers House

join us by (free) live webcast

the Kelly Writers House Fellows program presents

E. L. Doctorow

10:30 AM (eastern time) on Tuesday, March 22

a conversation (with audience Q&A) conducted by Al Filreis

To participate via webcast, simply RSVP to: << [REDACTED] >>

Anyone with a computer and an internet connection can participate. Participants in the webcast will be able to pose questions to E. L. Doctorow by email or telephone. For more information about the Kelly Writers House webcast series, see

<http://www.writing.upenn.edu/~wh/webcasts/>

Those who RSVP will receive further instructions.

For more about E. L. Doctorow, see

<http://www.writing.upenn.edu/~whfellow/doctorow.html>

Kelly Writers House

3805 Locust Walk

University of Pennsylvania

215 573-WRIT

www.writing.upenn.edu/~wh

* _ *

Writers House Fellows is funded by a generous grant from Paul Kelly.

previous Fellows:

Lyn Hejinian	2005
Roger Angell	
James Alan McPherson	2004
Russell Banks	
Susan Sontag	2003
Walter Bernstein	
Laurie Anderson	
John Ashbery	2002
Charles Fuller	
Michael Cunningham	
June Jordan	2001
David Sedaris	
Tony Kushner	
Grace Paley	2000
Robert Creeley	
John Edgar Wideman	
Gay Talese	1999

recordings of live webcasts featuring the Fellows can be found here:

<http://www.writing.upenn.edu/~wh/webcasts/>

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496. **Catherine Daly**

CA p-laureate

Fri 18 Mar 2005

The California Arts Council has chosen three candidates for state Poet Laureate. The names will be forwarded to the governor, who will pick one to send to the State Senate for confirmation.

In alphabetical order, they are:

Wanda Coleman, Marina Del Rey

(<http://www.poets.org/poets/poets.cfm?45442B7C000C070400>)

Carol Muske Dukes, Los Angeles

(<http://www.carolmuskedukes.com/>)

Luis J. Rodriguez, San Fernando

(<http://www.luisjrodriguez.com/>)

Al Young, Berkeley

(<http://www.onlinepoetryclassroom.org/poets/poets.cfm?prmID=481>)

If you have a strong opinion about who would serve California best, make it known to the governor at:

<http://www.govmail.ca.gov/>

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497. **Maria Damon**

Re: NYT/ Feeding Tube Drama

Fri 18 Mar 2005

this is all about disempowering the courts. just watch. first this, then the supreme court on Guantanamo Bay prisoners. today Terry Shivold (sp?), tomorrow die ganze Welt.

At 9:17 AM -0800 3/18/05, Stephen Vincent wrote:

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>By ABBY GOODNOUGH

>and CARL HULSE 11:41 AM ET

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>brain-damaged woman, the Senate majority leader said today Congress is

>inviting her to testify...

>(New York Times/ website)

>

>Congress has finally reached its Pro-Life highpoint of the season!

>I hesitate to imagine the testimony, or means of inquiry!

>A photograph on the cover of the National Inquirer in the checkout(!) line?

>

>Wow!

>

>Stephen V

--

498. **Thomas savage****Re: BRUSHES WITH F*A*M*E***Fri 18 Mar 2005*

Gary Sullivan <[REDACTED]> wrote: Dear Gary Sullivan: Because I've lived much of my life in NYC, I've encountered many famous people, usually for short periods of time. Although many were or are poets, the ones that come immediately to mind are of artists from other disciplines. Here are several. I once saw Woody Allen looking into a gallery window on 57th St. I went up to him and stared at him for a few minutes without saying anything. He looked at me with a look of faux-fear, grabbed me by the shoulders, and said: "Speak to me! Speak to me!" Finally, I said, "You are Woody Allen, aren't you?" and walked away. This was many years ago, long before his notoriety over his affairs. I also met the great pianist Vladimir Horowitz in an odd way. He and his wife (Toscanini's daughter) were walking through Central Park, as I was. I stopped him and said: "Are you Vladimir Horowitz?" He looked at me with a look of false astonishment and said: "How could you mistake me for such a person?" He seemed genuinely shocked. Nevertheless, I knew it was him. (No one else in New York looked exactly like him.) I said: I'm sorry sir, I just wanted to thank Mr. Horowitz for his wonderful recordings of Scriabin, which I adore." I walked away. Something told me to turn around. I did so. Mrs. Horowitz also turned around and nodded. We continued walking in different directions. After that, for years, I was afraid to speak to famous people because I felt they didn't want to be bothered. Nevertheless, when I encountered Salvador Dali at a showing of his work, I asked him if he was who he was, he nodded, I opened my notebook, and he scribbled some lines on a page. A few years earlier, in my mid-teens, I met the great composer Edgard Varese. The night before, he'd been a guest on a TV show about Dadaism and Marcel Duchamp on Channel 13. The next day, I saw Mr. Varese walking down Bleecker St. around the corner from where I lived. I stopped and talked to him as he kindly talked to me. He told me a bit about his music. I went home and got some of it from a record store. I've been a fan of his and of contemporary classical music ever since. When others of my generation were infatuated with the Beatles, Bob Dylan, and suchlike, I was busy enquiring into the truly magnificent but largely ignored works of extended time music by living classical composers: Varese, Carter, and many, many others. I met Varese one more time, also by accident. A year or two later, he died. I hope this satisfies your request for encounters with the famous. Regards, Tom Savage

Do you Yahoo!?

Yahoo! Sports - Sign up for Fantasy Baseball.

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499. **Alan Sondheim**

Re: NYT/ Feeding Tube Drama

Fri 18 Mar 2005

This is worse than that. This is medieval. We are ruled by buffoons who would try an animal for a crime. To bring a fundamentally dead woman in for questioning is indicative of the violence, stupidity, and ultra- religious mentality of our so-called government. This is Taliban territory - don't mistake it. - Alan

On Fri, 18 Mar 2005, Maria Damon wrote:

this is all about disempowering the courts. just watch. first this, then the supreme court on guantanamo bay prisoners. today terry shivold (sp?), tomorrow die ganze velt.

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(New York Times/ website)*

*Congress has finally reached its Pro-Life highpoint of the season!
I hesitate to imagine the testimony, or means of inquiry!
A photograph on the cover of the National Inquirer in the checkout(!) line?*

Wow!

Stephen V

--

nettext <http://biblioteknett.no/alias/HJEMMESIDE/bjornmag/nettext/>

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

WVU 2004 projects: <http://www.as.wvu.edu/clcold/sondheim/>

<http://www.as.wvu.edu:8000/clc/Members/sondheim>

Trace projects <http://trace.ntu.ac.uk/writers/sondheim/index.htm>

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500. **mIEKAL aND**

Re: CA p-laureate

Fri 18 Mar 2005

Which of the four is the three?

On Mar 18, 2005, at 1:35 PM, Catherine Daly wrote:

The California Arts Council has chosen three candidates for state Poet Laureate. The names will be forwarded to the governor, who will pick one to send to the State Senate for confirmation.

In alphabetical order, they are:

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If you have a strong opinion about who would serve California best, make it known to the governor at:

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501. **Stephen Vincent**

Re: NYT/ Feeding Tube Drama

Fri 18 Mar 2005

My impression from the news now - unless "they" somehow pull his robe - the presiding Judge has ruled that the tube will be taken out in about 60 minutes. (One o'clock EST) Of course, there is the possibility - for fear of being charged with murder - the doctors will refuse to pull the tube. And I guess that will be called by some as "divine intervention."

Isn't the new Millennium wonderful! At least we are apparently getting an "Andy Warhol Bridge" in Pittsburgh. I want to go and stand in the middle there for 15 minutes.

With Florida stories like this one, as Alan Sondheim suggests, Condi Rice and Karen Hughes should have no trouble sympathetically sharing 'the story of America' with the Taliban and any other folks who have had previous misunderstandings about "us"!!

Stephen V

This is worse than that. This is medieval. We are ruled by buffoons who would try an animal for a crime. To bring a fundamentally dead woman in for questioning is indicative of the violence, stupidity, and ultra-religious mentality of our so-called government. This is Taliban territory - don't mistake it. - Alan

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<http://www.as.wvu.edu:8000/clc/Members/sondheim>

Trace projects <http://trace.ntu.ac.uk/writers/sondheim/index.htm>

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502. **Kevin Hehir**
Armand Schwerner

Fri 18 Mar 2005

Friends,

I am listening to the CD that comes with Daniel Kane's book, All Poets Welcome. It's a real treat. Fun to listen to all the accents.

The Schwerner clip is a reading from The Tablets. I've never read Schwerner but I'm piqued now.

Can anyone tell me how available the Inferno translations are?

cheers,
kevin

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503. **mIEKAL aND**
Re: BRUSHES WITH F*A*M*E

Fri 18 Mar 2005

I haven't heard any Moondog stories yet. Those were some of Lyx's most cherished memories, going to Central Park when she was a kid & watching Moondog carry on with his costumes & his peculiar mutation of music. mIEKAL

On Mar 18, 2005, at 1:54 PM, Thomas savage wrote:

Because I've lived much of my life in NYC, I've encountered many famous people, usually for short periods of time.

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504. **Mark Weiss**
Re: Armand Schwerner

Fri 18 Mar 2005

The Inferno should be available from Talisman Books. Selected Shorter Poems is available from my imprint, Junction Press. It contains all of the significant original work, plus a section of translations from indigenous American languages, except for The Tablets, which should still be available from the National Poetry Foundation. His translation of Sophocles' Philoctetes should be available from Penn. I'm working on a posthumous volume of unpublished poems and plays.

Selected Shorter Poems (144 pages, cover price \$16) is available to list members at \$12.80 plus \$3.00 postage in the US and Canada. Please backchannel if interested.

Armand was one of our very best poets. I'd give an example, but there's no typical Schwerner poem--he refused to repeat himself.

Mark

At 03:17 PM 3/18/2005, you wrote:

>Friends,

>

>I am listening to the CD that comes with Daniel Kane's book, All Poets

>Welcome. It's a real treat. Fun to listen to all the accents.

>

>The Schwerner clip is a reading from The Tablets. I've never read

>Schwerner but I'm piqued now.

>

>Cany anyone tell me how available the Inferno translations are?

>

>cheers,

>kevin

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505. **Halvard Johnson**

Re: CA p-laureate

Fri 18 Mar 2005

My vote is for Marina Del Rey! Can't beat her stuff.

Hal

```
{ The California Arts Council has chosen three
{ candidates for state Poet Laureate. The names will be
{ forwarded to the governor, who will pick one
{ to send to the State Senate for confirmation.
{
{ In alphabetical order, they are:
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{
```

```
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{ If you have a strong opinion about who would serve California best,
{ make it known to the governor at:
{
{ http://www.govmail.ca.gov/
{
```

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506. **Mark Weiss**

Re: CA p-laureate

Fri 18 Mar 2005

Catherine: No reflection on you, you're just the messenger. It seems to me that after its own recent debacle in this area, not to speak of New Jersey's, California might have realized that poets are an unpredictable lot and often run counter to anyone's political interests, their own included. But beyond that, the idea of a poet laureate seems peculiarly anachronistic in what still pretends to be a democracy, and any poet putting her/his name up for the job (and it's not likely to go to someone who really needs a gig to put bread on the table) is serving, probably unwittingly, to further subvert our sorry political asses. One wonders what Whitman would have to say about it.

And do we really need or want to be part of the catalogue of legitimization, along with state flower, state song, state flag, state mammal, etc., not to mention state miss or mrs or toddler or teenager?

Mark (who used to draw his identity from his allegiance to the beaurocratic structure of California and now draws it from his allegiance to New York's)

At 02:35 PM 3/18/2005, you wrote:

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>candidates for state Poet Laureate. The names will be
>forwarded to the governor, who will pick one
>to send to the State Senate for confirmation.
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>make it known to the governor at:
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>http://www.govmail.ca.gov/

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507. **Skip Fox**

Re: Armand Schwerner

Fri 18 Mar 2005

Not to mention the beautiful London ed of _The Tablets, I-XXVI_ which came with a CD of him reading from that book. @las (alas) Press? 1989.

Pintrpnit (perhaps an earlier form of "drn"?) . . .

Mark Weiss wrote:

>
> The Inferno should be available from Talisman Books. Selected Shorter Poems
> is available from my imprint, Junction Press. It contains all of the
> significant original work, plus a section of translations from indigenous
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> Armand was one of our very best poets. I'd give an example, but there's no

> typical Schwerner poem--he refused to repeat himself.
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> Mark
>
> At 03:17 PM 3/18/2005, you wrote:
> >Friends,
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> >I am listening to the CD that comes with Daniel Kane's book, All Poets
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> >Cany anyone tell me how available the Inferno translations are?
> >
> >cheers,
> >kevin

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508. **Ward Tietz**

Black Archipelago: A Literary Festival & Symposium

Fri 18 Mar 2005

GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY LANNAN PROGRAMS
PRESENTS

Black Archipelago

Writing & Performance from the African Diaspora

A Literary Festival & Symposium

Georgetown University

April 13, 14, & 15, 2005

Writers, artists, & scholars convene over three days on the Washington, DC, campus.

Special Events: Derek Walcott, in his 75th year, and Linton Kwesi Johnson, on a rare ³LKJ in the USA² tour, reading on back to back nights.

Up for discussion: art as social practice in the cross-cultural imaginary, and the question of diaspora and trans-nationalism in contemporary literary and cultural production.

Participants

Linton Kwesi Johnson	M. Nourbese Philip	Derek Walcott	Haile Gerima
Louise Bernard	Merle Collins	Ricardo Ortíz	Nathaniel Mackey
Aldon Nielsen	Kwame Dawes	Jay Wright	Angelyn Mitchell
Brent Edwards	Donna Hemans	Evelyn Hawthorne	Lyndon Do-
minique	Meta Jones	Mark McMorris	

Free and open to the Public.

SCHEDULE

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13

3:00 - 4:15 PM

WELCOME & INTRODUCTION (ICC Auditorium)

KEYNOTE LECTURE

Aldon N. Nielsen

Kelley Professor of American Literature at The Pennsylvania State University

"Darkness at the Break of Dawn":

The Color of Modernity

4:15 - 5:00 PM

OPENING RECEPTION

7:00 - 7:50 PM

READING / PERFORMANCE (ICC)

Alphabet & Resistance

M. Nourbese Philip

The Toronto-based poet & essayist reading from her newly completed manuscript. She has received a Governor General's award for poetry.

8:00 - 9:00 PM

READING / PERFORMANCE (ICC)

Englan¹ Emergency

Linton Kwesi Johnson

Straight from London on a rare ³LKJ in the USA² tour, the leading practitioner of dub poetry brings his riddim ravins to another metropolitan capital. New CD just out.

THURSDAY, APRIL 14

10:30 AM - 12: 30 PM

SYMPOSIUM I (Copley Formal Lounge)

WRITERS & DIASPORA

Derek Walcott, Linton Kwesi Johnson, M. Nourbese Philip, Nate Mackey, Donna Hemans, Merle Collins, Kwame Dawes, & Mark McMorris (moderator)

Archipelago as a metaphor for continuity and for disconnection.

2:00 - 2:50 PM

READING / PERFORMANCE (ICC)

Cultural Remix & the Double Dream

Jay Wright

The author plots with several interacting cultures to find common ground for an adequate mythology.

3:00 - 3:50 PM

VISUAL ART PRESENTATION (ICC)

Bruised Totems

Kwame Dawes

Distinguished Poet In Residence & Louise Fry Scudder Professor of Liberal Arts at the University of South Carolina

Based upon his experience of assembling a book of poetry and sculptural images drawn from the Bareiss art collection, the author teases out the complexities of the circulation, preservation, re-transmission, & consumption of African art in the postcolonial context.

4:00 - 4:50 PM

READING / PERFORMANCE (ICC)

West Coast Bedouin

Nathaniel Mackey

The writer of stylish prose fiction, verse, and critical essays, student of Dogon cosmology and American jazz, rides to DC to continue the symposium of the whole.

7:00 - 7:50 PM

FILM (ICC)

Clips from a Nomadic Career

Haile Gerima

The Ethiopian-born, internationally acclaimed film-maker and cultural activist shows excerpts from his films to build a narrative of trans-continental diaspora--his own and ours.

8:00 - 9:00 PM

READING / PERFORMANCE (ICC)

Upstart at Seventy-five

Derek Walcott

The Nobel Laureate and prodigal of the English language continues to astonish in his 75th year.

FRIDAY, APRIL 15

10:30 AM - 12:30 PM

SYMPOSIUM II (311 New North)

CRITICISM & DIASPORA

Aldon Nielsen, Brent Edwards, Ricardo Ortíz, Evelyn Hawthorne, Meta Jones, Louise Bernard, & Lyndon Dominique (moderator)

What has been won for criticism by the emergence of Diaspora as an important concept, developing or replacing such concepts as exile, nomadism, & errancy?

3:00 - 4:20 PM

READING / PERFORMANCE (McNeir Auditorium)

Plus One Archipelago DC

Merle Collins, Kwame Dawes, Donna Hemans, Mark McMorris

Three writers based in Washington, DC, join forces with the founder of the Cal-abash Literary Festival.

4:30 - 6:00 PM

THEATRE (McNeir)

A staged reading, with professional actors, of two short plays by Jay Wright.

One, directed by Karen Berman

Evidence, directed by Dorothy Biondi

All events are free and open to the public.

www.georgetown.edu/departments/english

<<http://www.georgetown.edu/departments/english>>

----- The Intercultural Center Auditorium (ICC), McNeir Auditorium, Copley Formal Lounge, and 311 New North are located at 37th and O Street, NW, Washington, DC, on Georgetown University's main campus. -----

The Georgetown University Lannan Literary Programs sponsors annual readings, talks, seminars, and symposia from the world of contemporary writing. For further information, please contact: Mark McMorris, Director, Georgetown University Lannan Programs, [REDACTED], or Ryan Sample, Lannan Graduate Fellow, [REDACTED]. -----

Sponsored by the Lannan Foundation, the Georgetown University College Dean's Office, Office of the Provost, Office of International Programs, Program in Justice & Peace, and Department of English. With special thanks to the

Georgetown University Humanities Initiative, Program in Performing Arts, Program in African American Studies, and the Writing Program. (Posted 16 March 2005)

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509. **Steve Dalachinsky**

Re: Fw: Fw: Fw: Re: fame well ap corso

Fri 18 Mar 2005

acoupla more strokes

one of my best friend's (he's a [poet) wife's sister was woody allen's first wife
she's a complete neurotic nut

i went to school with
david liebman and many years later did a gig with him
when young he came by once when a friend
& i were getting high on my mother's stoop
we knew him well my friend had turned him on to trane and pot
he got out of his car said he had a dilemma
his mother wanted him to become a lawyer and he wanted to keep playing
the saxophone mike and i took deep tokes of his homegrown
and laughing hysterically said almost as one voice
keep playing the saxophone the rest is his story

lost track of mike for yrs

but he became close to dan graham (named his son after him in fact)
and sol lewitt so that's a brush with a brush
a touch up so to speak

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510. **Chris Pusateri**

Re: Schwerner

Fri 18 Mar 2005

Hey Kevin,

Schwerner's "Cantos from Dante's Inferno," is available from SPD for \$13.95.
If you haven't read it already, I'd strongly recommend the complete edition of
"The Tablets" (National Poetry Foundation, 1999), which is also available from
SPD and includes a CD of Schwerner reading about a dozen excerpts from the
book. It's \$19.95 and worth every penny.

Regards,

Chris Pusateri

Don't just search. Find. Check out the new MSN Search!
<http://search.msn.click-url.com/go/onm00200636ave/direct/01/>

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511. **Harrison Jeff**
Demise of The Dragon in Nature
Fri 18 Mar 2005

Helios, help a little harder to warm these horses we
wafted into the sea in your honor, let their legs be
likened unto the stems of the sun!

when frost is
'pon their mane they wander between trees then
versifiers the cold horses had breathed versifiers into trees versifiers their mat-
ted hair once fresh-born springing grass
hieroglyphically inhibited homunculi their counterfeit skulls
they scurriers from the day, superb of themselves
some very sugary, sure specimens that prize surfaces who're
the hinges of the earth, a handbreadth of thunder and
fall they, cleaved, scattering: birds overflowing these
sun-paven soldiers, dust-jeweled in seconds these versifiers

[↑ Contents](#)

512. **Harrison Jeff**
Portrait of Virginia as Pre-Metamorphosed Rhodanthe
Fri 18 Mar 2005

you cried narcissus, Rhodanthe
say, Rhodanthe, say you
cried narcissus, Rhodanthe
a very plenteous rest, say,
a renowned dozing, waking
you cried out... say you cried
narcissus, Rhodanthe, narcissus, cried
as natural as when seeing spectres
you cry "by three lights was He hung"
and spectres vanish away crying
"you cried narcissus, Rhodanthe

putting her/his name up for the job (and it's not likely to go to someone who really needs a gig to put bread on the table) is serving, probably unwittingly, to further subvert our sorry political asses. One wonders what Whitman would have to say about it.

And do we really need or want to be part of the catalogue of legitimization, along with state flower, state song, state flag, state mammal, etc., not to mention state miss or mrs or toddler or teenager?

Mark (who used to draw his identity from his allegiance to the beaurocratic structure of California and now draws it from his allegiance to New York's)

*At 02:35 PM 3/18/2005, you wrote:
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515. **charles alexander**

Re: CA p-laureate

Fri 18 Mar 2005

I recognize three out of four. I think Al Young might wear the position well.

Charles

At 03:40 PM 3/18/2005, you wrote:

>Tell me, do people in the US or California recognize these names?

>

>

>On 18-Mar-05, at 12:48 PM, Mark Weiss wrote:

>

>>Catherine: No reflection on you, you're just the messenger. It seems

>>to me

>>that after its own recent debacle in this area, not to speak of New

>>Jersey's, California might have realized that poets are an

>>unpredictable

>>lot and often run counter to anyone's political interests, their own

>>included. But beyond that, the idea of a poet laureate seems peculiarly

>>anachronistic in what still pretends to be a democracy, and any poet

>>putting her/his name up for the job (and it's not likely to go to

>>someone

>>who really needs a gig to put bread on the table) is serving, probably

>>unwittingly, to further subvert our sorry political asses. One wonders

>>what

>>Whitman would have to say about it.

>>

>>And do we really need or want to be part of the catalogue of

>>legitimization, along with state flower, state song, state flag, state

>>mammal, etc., not to mention state miss or mrs or toddler or teenager?

>>

>>Mark (who used to draw his identity from his allegiance to the

>>beaurocratic

>>structure of California and now draws it from his allegiance to New

>>York's)

>>

>>At 02:35 PM 3/18/2005, you wrote:

>>>The California Arts Council has chosen three

>>>candidates for state Poet Laureate. The names will be

>>>forwarded to the governor, who will pick one

>>>to send to the State Senate for confirmation.

>>>

>>>In alphabetical order, they are:

>>>

>>>Wanda Coleman, Marina Del Rey

>>>(http://www.poets.org/poets/poets.cfm?45442B7C000C070400)

>>>

>>>Carol Muske Dukes, Los Angeles

>>>(http://www.carolmuskedukes.com/)

>>>

>>>Luis J. Rodriguez, San Fernando

>>>(http://www.luisjrodriguez.com/)

>>>

>>>Al Young, Berkeley

>>>(http://www.onlinepoetryclassro

>>> >> om.org/poets/poets.cfm?prmID=481)

>>>

>>>If you have a strong opinion about who would serve California best,

>>>make it known to the governor at:

>>>

>>>http://www.govmail.ca.gov/

>

charles alexander / chax press

fold the book inside the book
side out speak then

keep it open always

read from the in-

[↑ Contents](#)

516. **Minky Starshine**

Re: CA p-laureate

Fri 18 Mar 2005

Gnome Chomsky knows who Wanda Coleman is, because her sonnets are worth their weight in gold.

Do other aspects of your life (for instance, gender, sexual preference, ethnicity) figure more prominently than nationality in your self-identity as a poet?

WC: As a Usually Het Interracially Married Los Angeles-based African American Womanist Matrilinear Working Class Poor Pink/White Collar College Drop-out Baby Boomer Earth Mother and Closet Smoker Unmolested-by-her-father, I am unable to separate these and, as time progresses, resent having to fit into every niggling PC pigeon hole some retard trendoid academic with a grant or hidden agenda barfs up.

<http://www.poetrysociety.org/coleman.html>

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

From: UB Poetics discussion group [mailto:]

On Behalf Of George Bowering

Sent: Friday, March 18, 2005 5:40 PM

To:

Subject: Re: CA p-laureate

Tell me, do people in the US or California recognize these names?

On 18-Mar-05, at 12:48 PM, Mark Weiss wrote:

- > Catherine: No reflection on you, you're just the messenger. It seems
- > to me
- > that after its own recent debacle in this area, not to speak of New
- > Jersey's, California might have realized that poets are an
- > unpredictable
- > lot and often run counter to anyone's political interests, their own
- > included. But beyond that, the idea of a poet laureate seems
- peculiarly
- > anachronistic in what still pretends to be a democracy, and any poet
- > putting her/his name up for the job (and it's not likely to go to
- > someone
- > who really needs a gig to put bread on the table) is serving, probably
- > unwittingly, to further subvert our sorry political asses. One wonders
- > what
- > Whitman would have to say about it.
- >
- > And do we really need or want to be part of the catalogue of
- > legitimization, along with state flower, state song, state flag, state
- > mammal, etc., not to mention state miss or mrs or toddler or teenager?
- >
- > Mark (who used to draw his identity from his allegiance to the
- > beaurocratic
- > structure of California and now draws it from his allegiance to New
- > York's)
- >
- > At 02:35 PM 3/18/2005, you wrote:
- >> The California Arts Council has chosen three
- >> candidates for state Poet Laureate. The names will be
- >> forwarded to the governor, who will pick one
- >> to send to the State Senate for confirmation.
- >>
- >> In alphabetical order, they are:
- >>

>> Wanda Coleman, Marina Del Rey
>> (http://www.poets.org/poets/poets.cfm?45442B7C000C070400)
>>
>> Carol Muske Dukes, Los Angeles
>> (http://www.carolmuskedukes.com/)
>>
>> Luis J. Rodriguez, San Fernando
>> (http://www.luisjrodriguez.com/)
>>
>> Al Young, Berkeley
>> (http://www.onlinepoetryclassro
>> om.org/poets/poets.cfm?prmID=481)
>>
>> If you have a strong opinion about who would serve California best,
>> make it known to the governor at:
>>
>> http://www.govmail.ca.gov/
>

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517. **George Bowering**

Fwd: Rejected posting to [REDACTED]

Fri 18 Mar 2005

On 17-Mar-05, at 7:23 AM, Steve Dalachinsky wrote:

*are you sure rashied played with ayler? i'll ask him
Are you kidding? In the 60s Rashied was my favourite drummer
Greg Curnoe used to call me a Beaver Harris fan
but I explained that Beaver
was
not
a
Canadian despite the name.
gb*

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518. **Gregory Betts**

Re: CA p-laureate

Fri 18 Mar 2005

Minky Starshine wrote:

> Gnome Chomsky knows who Wanda Coleman is, because her sonnets are worth
> their weight in gold.
>

Which begs the question -- exactly how heavy is a sonnet?

[↑ Contents](#)

519. **Lawrence Upton**

Re: CA p-laureate

Fri 18 Mar 2005

poverty

L

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

From: Minky Starshine <[REDACTED]>

To: [REDACTED] <[REDACTED]>

Date: Friday, March 18, 2005 10:49 PM

Subject: Re: CA p-laureate

Do other aspects of your life (for instance, gender, sexual preference, ethnicity) figure more prominently than nationality in your self-identity as a poet?

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520. **Steve Dalachinsky**

Re: BRUSHES WITH F*A*M*E

Fri 18 Mar 2005

moon dog i saw him play when i was a kid on the street no no i mean he played on the street

also met him at bam dress reheasal his come back from the dead also met his only daughter there

also have friends in germany who took care of him when he disappeared from ny scene

he stayed with them they have many photos of this
they even produced concerts for him muenster and riclinghausen

then a chick came along and stole him from them

she took care of him until he died he did many recordings in germany
this is a simplification of the story but all true

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521. **patrick dunagan**

Jarrell

Fri 18 Mar 2005

Does anybody have any background information for Randall Jarrell's poem "1914" from his selected poems? Was it ever published accompanying photographs or in any context outside of being part of a book of his poems?

Thanks,
Patrick Dunagan

--

NEW! Lycos Dating Search. The only place to search multiple dating sites at once.

<http://datingsearch.lycos.com>

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522. **Richard Flynn**

Re: Jarrell

Fri 18 Mar 2005

It first appeared in
Partisan Review 12 (Spring 1945) 178-80. no other publication before book publication.

Richard

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

From: UB Poetics discussion group [mailto:████████] On

Behalf Of patrick dunagan

Sent: Friday, March 18, 2005 6:34 PM

To: ██████████

Subject: Jarrell

Does anybody have any background information for Randall Jarrell's poem "1914" from his selected poems? Was it ever published accompanying photographs or in any context outside of being part of a book of his poems?

Thanks,
Patrick Dunagan

--

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<http://datingsearch.lycos.com>

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523. **patrick dunagan**

Re: Jarrell

Fri 18 Mar 2005

Thanks!

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

From: "Richard Flynn" <[REDACTED]>

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: Re: Jarrell

Date: Fri, 18 Mar 2005 19:21:13 -0500

*It first appeared in
Partisan Review 12 (Spring 1945) 178-80. no other publication before book
publication.*

Richard

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

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

Behalf Of patrick dunagan

Sent: Friday, March 18, 2005 6:34 PM

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: Jarrell

*Does anybody have any background information for Randall Jarrell's poem
"1914" from his selected poems? Was it ever published accompanying
photographs or in any context outside of being part of a book of his poems?*

Thanks,

Patrick Dunagan

--

*NEW! Lycos Dating Search. The only place to search multiple dating sites at
once.*

<http://datingsearch.lycos.com>

--

NEW! Lycos Dating Search. The only place to search multiple dating sites at

once.

<http://datingsearch.lycos.com>

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524. **Ishaq**

New Audio CD from Subcomandante Marcos

Fri 18 Mar 2005

OUR WORD IS OUR WEAPON CD

Selected Readings in English by
SUBCOMANDANTE MARCOS

<http://www.sevenstories.com/Book/index.cfm?GCOIX322100961390>

This original and historic CD, recorded by "Radio Insurgente" somewhere in the mountains of Chiapas, Mexico, presents Subcomandante Marcos reading selections from the English language edition of his acclaimed book, OUR WORD IS OUR WEAPON published by Seven Stories Press.

CD CONTENTS

Track 1 Excerpt from the Opening Remarks at the First Intercontinental Encuentro for Humanity and Against Neoliberalism 11:37 On July 27, 1996, El Sup introduced the Zapatistas to the those who travelled to Chiapas for the first Intercontinental Encuentro by saying "Let us introduce ourselves. We are the Zapatista National Liberation Army. For ten years, we lived in these mountains, preparing to fight a war. In these mountains, we built an army. Below, in the cities and plantations, we did not exist. Our lives were worth less than those of machines and animals. We were like stones, like weeds in the road...This is who we are..The voice that arms itself to be heard.The face that hides itself to be seen.The name that hides itself to be named. The red star who calls out to humanity and the world to be heard, to be seen, to be named..."

Track 2 To Plant The Tree of Tomorrow 11:28 During the August 1999 Encuentro in Defense of Cultural Heritage held in La Realidad, Chiapas, some one asked the companeros, "What do the Zapatistas want?" By way of an answer, El Sup described how fifteen years earlier, when he first arrived in the mountains of Chiapas, he was told a story in one of the guerilla camps. Listen to El Sup tell the story in English for the first time... the story of a man in a village who didn't want to plant beans or corn or coffee like the other members of the community, he wanted to plant trees on the mountain...

Track 3 Why We Use the Weapon of Resistance 22:36 In October 1999 El Sup participated (by way of video message) with Zack de la Rocha, Yaotl, Herman Bellinghausen, Nacho Pineda and Javier Elorriaga in a roundtable discussion about underground culture and resistance. This track is an excerpt from El

Sup's presentation. "We have the arm of the word. We also have the weapon of our culture, of being what we are. We have the weapon of music, the weapon of dance. We have the weapon of the mountain, that old friend and companero who fights along with us, with her roads, hiding places, and hillsides, with her trees, with her rains, with her suns, with her dawns, with her moons..."

Track 4 The Word and the Silence 1:57 In this communique dated October 12, 1995, and signed "The Clandestine Indigenous Revolutionary Committee General Command of the Zapatista National Liberation Army," Subcomandante Marcos reads "What matters is our eldest elders who received the word and the silence as a gift in order to know themselves and to touch the heart of the other...When we are silenced we remain very much alone. Speaking, we heal the pain. Speaking, we accompany one another. Power uses the word to impose his empire of silence. We use the word to renew ourselves. Power uses silence to hide his crimes. We use silence to listen to one another, to know one another..."

---Total audio playing time: 50:09

BONUS VIDEO

Track 5 Video message: On Independent Media 9:19 The CD also features a Quicktime video file - Subcomandante Marcos's video message to the "Freeing the Media" radical media gathering organized by Paper Tiger TV, FAIR, and others in New York City, on January 31, 1997. Video originally shot by Kerry Appel of the Human Bean Company. Marcos speaks Spanish in the video, which has subtitles in English. "By not having to answer to the monster media monopolies, the independent media has a life's work, a political project, and a purpose: to let the truth be known. This is increasingly more important in the globalization process. Truth becomes a knot of resistance against the lie. Our only possibility is to save the truth, to maintain it, and distribute it, little by little, in the same way that the books were saved in Fahrenheit 451..."

Our Word is Our Weapon CD

by Subcomandante Marcos

ISBN: 1-58322-663-X

\$14.95 | Soon to be available in bookstores

Available now from <http://www.sevenstories.com>

or call 

All royalties from the sale of the CD benefit autonomous media projects in indigenous communities in Chiapas.

===== Prison

Radio challenges mass incarceration and racism by airing the voices of men and women in prison. Our educational materials serve as a catalyst for public activism.

send a blank email message to [REDACTED]

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In order to be on the mailing list,
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Prison Radio

P.O. Box 411074

San Francisco, CA 94141

<http://www.prisonradio.org>

___\

Stay Strong\

\

"Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor" \

--Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)\

\

"This mathematical rhythmatcal mechanism enhances my wisdom\

of Islam, keeps me calm from doing you harm, when I attack, it's Vietnam"\

--HellRazah\

\

"It's not too good to stay in a white man's country too long"\

--Mutabartuka\

\

"As for we who have decided to break the back of colonialism, \

our historic mission is to sanction all revolts, all desperate \

actions, all those abortive attempts drowned in rivers of blood." \

- Frantz Fanon\

\

"Everyday is Ashura and every land is Kerbala"\

-Imam Ja'far Sadiq\

\

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

\

<http://www.sleepybrain.net/vanilla.html>

\

http://www.world-crisis.com/analysis_comments/766_0_15_0_C/

\

<http://ilovepoetry.com/search.asp?keywords=braithwaite&orderByÚte>\

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<http://www.lowliferecords.co.uk/>

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}

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525. **Wanda O'Connor**

Re: BRUSHES WITH F*A*M*E

Fri 18 Mar 2005

Couple of brushes w/young fame is all I got to offer. Yo Yo Ma--had a fancy dinner with him and a couple hundred of his close friends. On the actual stage of Canada's National Arts Centre; the stage was cleared after the gala performance and tables set up on it w/ free cd's and stuff. I was accompanying an accountant--our table seemed the furthest away--but met Ma and shook his hand, which he double clasped--always nice--and he signed something, chatted for a bit. The nicest guy. He also moved during the concert to sit with the second cellists--a move which seemed to warm conductor Pinchas Zukerman, the seconds, and the audience. Met Oliver Jones briefly once too. Sat about 2 feet from his piano. An incredible night. Also met Tori Amos; couple times now. First time noted her height-- only five foot 2--eye to eye we were. Told her she sure was short. Felt like a turd for not thinking of anything more grandiose to say. Then proceeded to give her my first chapbook from '97, to which she signed and gave back--had to tell her it was for her. Gave me an odd look, much like the one I'd give someone in similar situation. I'm sure that was recycled or what-not. I did get to flirt w/a cute cello player at the Yo Yo event tho. Also knew a wrestler that had a brief bout w/fame back in Moncton N.B. But that is a rather dull story. We never even got in the ring.

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526. **Peter Cudmore**

Re: BRUSHES WITH F*A*M*E

Fri 18 Mar 2005

I didn't know that we were supposed to supply Moondog stories, but when I was in Victoria, BC, I heard a ship blow off its horn, and I said to the person I was with, 'that reminds me of a Moondog number'. It's track no. 1 on More Moondog: The Story of Moondog. A duet between Moondog and the horn of the Queen Elizabeth (I), parked up in New York Harbour at the time.

Let me add that my grandfather was a musician on the interwar liners.

P

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

From: UB Poetics discussion group

[mailto:] On Behalf Of mIEKAL aND

Sent: 18 March 2005 20:21

To:

*Subject: Re: BRUSHES WITH F*A*M*E*

I haven't heard any Moondog stories yet. Those were some of Lyx's most cherished memories, going to Central Park when she was a kid & watching Moondog carry on with his costumes & his peculiar mutation of music.

mIEKAL

On Mar 18, 2005, at 1:54 PM, Thomas savage wrote:

Because I've lived much of my life in NYC, I've encountered many famous people, usually for short periods of time.

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527. **August**

Re: Biospheres and Sacred Grooves

Fri 18 Mar 2005

defDocumentSuppliedResou

dokic are ready of hair

unicef kristy pictures

dokic are ready of hair

acrobat font problems

lyrics power cinema

defDocumentSuppliedResou

lyrics power cinema

insurance vii final

dokic are ready of hair

sales diablo no-cd

dealer mother of the

electronic

dealer mother of the

TeXcolorrgb

independent school

sales diablo no-cd

independent school

disney sort of thing

dealer mother of the

photo

gem rough nob hill

smith black hardcore

gem rough nob hill

herself the eternal

edible bird houses bimbo

photo

edible bird houses bimbo

cleveland ohio sports

gem rough nob hill

Fk(Hadr)- r

laura

insurance companies cool

laura

wheelchair twin bike

someone ascending the

Fk(Hadr)- r

someone ascending the

health

laura

kodak vocab answers

through

critter creations

through

stm power high-school

development act! report

kodak vocab answers

development act! report

forecast

through

the armed pro animal

sound design xp virgin

eop

sound design xp virgin

warning scanwizard 3.24.

decorate pentecost

the armed pro animal

decorate pentecost

knows stuff animals 't

sound design xp virgin

ranch montana srgb} bind
safety
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of classical 8mm hawk
 galleries wheelchair
safety

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 tratamiento contaminacin
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type uncle Rayquon
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home mortgage lenders
protel pcb v4.0 download

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download 888 30jesus
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wakeful morning gmt
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products fargo funny
 I Where get mcsorley j

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sexual vagina harley
none who plug anal
sexual vagina harley
Steinberg, Arch. exert
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rights daughter as soon
linetoFh(M)t(AX) y smart
samurai crystall ball
sexual vagina harley
chernoy israel
enclosure decision
"latoya jackson"
enclosure decision
506158 little giant
carola cat plays poop
chernoy israel
carola cat plays poop
celeb oops preteen sex
enclosure decision
les misrables motorola
prices of construction
tnt al?",)f tipy tailx
prices of construction
food gazes met All
activity stewarts horse
les misrables motorola
activity stewarts horse
astrology
prices of construction
August Highland
Online Studio
www.august-highland.com

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528. **Alan Sondheim**

The confused continuous action of daily life

Sat 19 Mar 2005

The confused continuous action of daily life

[To the Aphoristic Essay. Sometimes failure is a sign of limitation, not of the one who failed, but of the subject itself.]

In daily life, the continuous is ever-present, always accountancy. For even the turning of a switch on or off from its opposite results in no imminent and vertical surge, but an increase on the microscopic level. To be sure, quanta move from one state to another without intermediaries, but everywhere we find our measurements do not follow suit; statistically, we are averaged out. If one has a gauge, for example a Watt governor on a steam locomotive, one sees its continuity clearly. If one measures, however, across this continuity, say by extrapolating or interpolating to locate the precise degree of steam pressure, this requires a raster of whatever tolerance, the application of an abstracted mathesis, so that one might have, for example, pressure to the hundredth of a pound, thereby ensuring a grid and result that would thereupon jump to the next hundredth, at least in terms of human results, which imply the fineness and tolerance employed. The bits of a digital recording are sloped pits and there is always wear and tear. The interpretation on our listening level is dependent upon the continuous motion of speaker and speaking membranes of one or another sort. Everything dirties and the dirtiness ensures that no order reigns supreme, that no order is an order, that every order is an admixture of every other, that heuristics dominate the affairs of the lifeworld itself. I cannot judge quantum mechanics, but its effects, outside the world of experiment and potential wells, are both analogic and digital, everything and nothing, and everything in-between.

You see I am confused, I lose myself in ignorance, it's clear these aren't the questions to ask. I have for example no idea about the continuum end of the spectrum of hydrogen, what's separable and inseparable, how this interacts with strings, dark-matter, space-time foam, black holes, and other theoretical entities. The Aphoristic Essay is clearly a relative and fundamental ontology for the lifeworld. The digital is clearly artifact-ual. It's bounded, theoretical, virtual, ideality, heuristics. The analog is clearly day-to-day, as in the absence of jump-cut outside of dreams, when the subject moves from place to place, and every place in-between. The analog is always rough around the edges; the digital is always chosen, always a choice - this tolerance and not that, this protocol and not that. It's problematic however that the digital and discrete reference the same domain, although one might say that the digital is drawn from the discrete with zero tolerance, that is one might say that an ideal structure emerges from, or perhaps even is emergent within, the discrete. A step farther and confusion: does the discrete, for example, reference a raster? How does Planck's constant play among the orders? Clearly or unclearly, once again the wrong questions to ask...

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529. **laura oliver**

San Francisco Poetry Workshop Group Seeks New Members

Sat 19 Mar 2005

Our poetry workshop group is seeking new members. We meet every other Wednesday night for critique in a member's home in the Sunset/Richmond District. Our group gives readings each fall. The group consists of published and dedicated writers. We are looking for one or two new members to join us. If you are interested email me, or [REDACTED]

Please send samples of your work. We can also send you samples of our work. Thank you!

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530. **Elizabeth Block**

opportunity for poetry translators

Sat 19 Mar 2005

the santa fe art institute has funded residencies for poets who are poetry translators;

they seek poets with interesting, perhaps unlikely, projects

for info:

www.sfai.org

best

elizabeth block

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531. **Harry Nudel**

winter...

Sat 19 Mar 2005

sun in aft

sun down...

cold's in

body & mind...

burn fear burn...

3:00...one more lap..drn..

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532. **Steve Dalachinsky**

Re: The confused continuous action of daily life- you said a pageful

Sat 19 Mar 2005

3/17/05 - bus to boston & 3/18/05 nyc - wind flowers (water creatures
reprise)

boxcars on either side of the tollbooth

bumpy ride for wind flowers

tho in wind undulation is not like a slow motion cartoon

there is gentle & then there is the standard

the moat that protects us from ourselves

proof that water exists

that we are not gentle equipment as time moves us

that we are indeed, in some meta-sense,

made of NUTS & BOLTS

that the arches that form our bodies

are being constantly re-invented

that lots are drawn way in advance

as some of us indeed move into the category of antique

our ABC's more or less intact but

expressed,

shaped slightly different

what i hope for is that tables remain on time

what i expect are more delays

hunts & stabs at.....

ham longings diminished

laws & sections of laws re-interpreted

that the one way is many-fold

that ologies & nologies are reformed reliably

yet maifest

RU ACH HA KODESH RU ACH HA KO DESH

bare are these days so full with playing fields

light a new haven in these overcast days of angels

ru ach ha ko desh (whispered)

yes - i love angels too

they defy thruways

their linen wings outstretching like yawns

their things neatly folded in a corner

outsmarting the coroner always

LOVE is still a funny word that holds a KEY

as keys open cracks in the cracked field

defrosting the pond

new latent pelts reform our skins
& we are never belonging
never home
must never forget
we are quiet emergency
alcohol & smoke
must never forget
we are driver & driven
mask & sea & land
on the way to delay without delay
a short break within the breaks
god's breath on water
moot & mote
must never forget we are luggage litter cracks
bag gage
litter cracks lug gage litter light clean
bare-branched budding thinkers
squawkers cry babies
I- pods & seminal fluids made whole
cellmates & cell phone phreaks
blank screens that will never reach 100
carpeting on the roof of the father's mouth
boxcars on either side of the tollbooth
water creatures swimming in the flag/furling CON
of the green smothered Lane
in a green steepled whirl
i have become part of this EARTH
a glass half empty
the perfect Host (until next week's rush)
a forum for medicine
water & gate
PASS THRU ME pass thru me
RU ACH HA KODESH ru ach ha kodesh god's breath on water pass thru me
3/18/05 - bus to n.y. for g.o. - reqad some oppen today on the bus
kill me in 4's on all fours
here it is bogey woman in time in
"open time"
here it's straight as a popsicle before the meltdown
a NEW CENTURY
possessive of many qualities of the old..... STOP STOP.....
collecting destinies exits..... super highways not so super anymore
again the need to reinvent things

fresh linens
wrinkled train ties
poetically sculptured electrical poles
wire upon wire
glass & mirror plastic phenomenon
prime sources fat spring faculties
econology reliable stores the bindings of books
crack the book in 2 so book is always open
closed book that keeps the daylight out light in
oh rider ease down
super super work my bone golden angel
paradise: skymiles palm trees & gentle breezes
stars too numerous to name
we brick & bricked up enterprises
truth be told this truth be told
JEHOVAH filled with passion &
shaken
tots be ester knew i think hum us hum us
rising high to touch bum us sum us
explain us to ourselves
we locals be local
YOU ARE HERE - safety off a better day wil.....l
more or less in dust rial
stone & steel bridges
poetically sculpted thig-a-ma-jigs.... Sang
& sang.....
the only HITCH is.....
never.
steve dalachinsky

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533. **Steve Dalachinsky**

Re: A survey

Sat 19 Mar 2005

tom savage you misunderstood me dear friend i've got nothing against ash-
berry was talking about aspects of difficult comprehensible poetry vs. pur-
posely incomprensible poetry not meaning a direct dig at ash berry sorry if i
distrurbed you

come to shanghai m i'm reading with a dancer sat. at 8 call me at noon if you
can sd

[↑ Contents](#)

534. **August**

Biospheres and Sacred Grooves

Sat 19 Mar 2005

hastened up the sweda
 hamilton-byrne part she
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korn little white ass
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of dialogue australia
treating this cost
blowjob auditory
hentai hussyfan socrates
August Highland
Online Studio
www.august-highland.com

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535. **August**

Biospheres and Sacred Grooves

Sat 19 Mar 2005

adult "porn cards"
1 precios automoviles
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lohan "roxana chis"
cameraman scp-5400 cnn
world of warcraft
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subspline [SetB l. .

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cameraman scp-5400 cnn
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buttman bigbreastlovers
medicine cabinets
buttman bigbreastlovers
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cosmetic surgery nj
baylor
warpath hansen fcat
buttman bigbreastlovers
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ny
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simon & patrick
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charlotte lyrics history
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david hull Wherewith
oakland, san francisco,
la amazonia gobierno
Metetra.
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poems" horoscope one
transcontinental
poems" horoscope one
more than
farewell hope audio
movie 1993 generator
farewell hope audio
melodias celular movil
poems" horoscope one
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Online Studio
www.august-highland.com

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536. **Dan Waber**
[poem] What Music
Sat 19 Mar 2005

19/61

Echo = I stare at the sky, distracted by powerlines, what music will we
compose?

Source = Jennifer Hill-Kaucher, from a series of sedokas in progress.

What Music

I spend hours a day driving. This means I
write a lot of driving poems. People stare

while I try to write on my lap, shout at
the windshield, swerve off then back onto the
road--where the poem isn't--flirt with the sky.

It's expensive to be this distracted,
when your car keeps getting pulled over by
troopers who don't see poems in powerlines.

To be fair, I've never really asked. What
could it hurt? Who knows, maybe the music
troopers imagine needs lyrics. Fines will
be waived, my record cleared, together we
will ditch this turnpike to write and compose.

Dan Waber

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537. **Burt Kimmelman**

Schwerner's Inferno and The Tablets

Sat 19 Mar 2005

The Inferno trans by Schwerner is available from Talisman House (██████████) - try their website perhaps, and probably from Amazon. Also, The Tablets published by the National Poetry Foundation, a handsome volume, comes with a CD. Try the NPF website or Amazon. Probably SPD handles these books too.

Burt Kimmelman

Re.:

"Date: Fri, 18 Mar 2005 16:47:15 -0330

From: Kevin Hehir <██████████>

Subject: Armand Schwerner

Friends,

I am listening to the CD that comes with Daniel Kane's book, All Poets Welcome. It's a real treat. Fun to listen to all the accents.

The Schwerner clip is a reading from The Tablets. I've never read Schwerner but I'm piqued now.

Can anyone tell me how available the Inferno translations are?

cheers,
kevin"

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538. **Kevin Hehir**

Re: Schwerner's Inferno and The Tablets

Sat 19 Mar 2005

Hello, Thanks for all the Schwerner leads. I could have just checked the chapters website but I was caught in the moment as I was listening to it and knew that his name had come up on this list over the years.

Inferno isn't available in Canada but can be ordered on-line (but I don't have a credit card). I can order The Tablets from a local bookstore but I can't tell if the paperback edition has the CD.

It seems that the library here has no. 77 of 250 signed copies of If Personal, Black Sparrow, 1968 and a copy of Seaweed. I can also get The work, the joy & the triumph of the will : with a translation of Philoctetes by Sophocles. This will keep me going until I can order the Tablets.

Thanks again,
Kevin

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539. **Skip Fox**

Re: Armand Schwerner

Sat 19 Mar 2005

This from Mark Weiss:

The National Poetry Foundation edition of The Tablets also comes with a CD.

Mark

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540. **Minky Starshine**

Re: Ashbery in the NYTBR

Sat 19 Mar 2005

Interestingly I am discussing precisely this topic (the difficulty of Ashbery) at the ACA/PCA conference in San Diego next Friday (the 25th between 2:30-4). I'll be discussing connections between Nietzsche and Ashbery. I will not be wearing a pocket protector, but I might be wearing the fake long mink from which Minky Starshine was born...

Also on the panel, the brilliant Lydia Melvin (Mae) and Amy King.

Long live the poverty of language,
Poe

Die Wiedergeburt der Tragödie:
Nietzsche & The Poetics of John Ashbery

Da da da.

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

From: UB Poetics discussion group [mailto:████████]
On Behalf Of Chris Stroffolino
Sent: Monday, March 07, 2005 2:48 AM
To: ██████████
Subject: Re: Ashbery in the NYTBR

Are the language poets really more "difficult" than Ashbery?
This is a different question, I think, than are they more
"incomprehensible?"
Regardless of to whom these categories are applied, and the value we
place
on those terms (I'll beg those questions for the time being), isn't it
possible that an "incomprehensible" poem
can be less "difficult" than a comprehensible one?

C

>From: Anastasios Kozaitis <████████>
>To: ██████████
>Subject: Ashbery in the NYTBR
>Date: Sun, Mar 6, 2005, 9:42 AM
>

*Meanwhile, he has been outflanked on
the difficulty scale by the Language Poets, for example (many of whom
truly are incomprehensible), and even by Jorie Graham, next to whom he
is a piece of cake.*

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541. **Mark Weiss**

Re: Schwerner's Inferno and The Tablets

Sat 19 Mar 2005

Not to push my product, but in the Selected Shorter Poems the poem "The Will"
(was "Triumph of the Will") is considerably revised.

Mark

At 01:39 PM 3/19/2005, you wrote:

>Hello,

>Thanks for all the Schwerner leads. I could have just checked the chapters

>website but I was caught in the moment as I was listening to it and knew
>that his name had come up on this list over the years.

>

>Inferno isn't available in Canada but can be ordered on-line (but I don't
>have a credit card). I can order The Tablets from a local bookstore but I
>can't tell if the paperback edition has the CD.

>

>It seems that the library here has no. 77 of 250 signed copies of If
>Personal, Black Sparrow, 1968 and a copy of Seaweed. I can also get The
>work, the joy & the triumph of the will : with a translation of
>Philoctetes by Sophocles. This will keep me going until I can order the
>Tablets.

>

>Thanks again,
>Kevin

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542. **Kevin Hehir**

Re: Schwerner's Inferno and The Tablets

Sat 19 Mar 2005

yes, it looks like it was shortened.

On Sat, 19 Mar 2005, Mark Weiss wrote:

Not to push my product, but in the Selected Shorter Poems the poem "The Will" (was "Triumph of the Will") is considerably revised.

Mark

At 01:39 PM 3/19/2005, you wrote:

Hello,

Thanks for all the Schwerner leads. I could have just checked the chapters website but I was caught in the moment as I was listening to it and knew that his name had come up on this list over the years.

Inferno isn't available in Canada but can be ordered on-line (but I don't have a credit card). I can order The Tablets from a local bookstore but I can't tell if the paperback edition has the CD.

It seems that the library here has no. 77 of 250 signed copies of If Personal, Black Sparrow, 1968 and a copy of Seaweed. I can also get The work, the joy & the triumph of the will : with a translation of Philoctetes by Sophocles. This will keep me going until I can order the Tablets.

Thanks again,
Kevin

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543. **Ishaq**

[Taliyah] 8th Safar - Martyrdom of Hazrat Sakina bintal Hussain(a.s.)

Sat 19 Mar 2005

interesting story about a muslim day of remembrance for a lost daughter:

AsSalam-o-Alaikum, Members of Taliyah Discussion Group

According to different historical accounts, between the 3rd and 13th Safar is the martyrdom anniversary of Bibi Sakina bint-al-Hussain(a.s.) - the 4-year old beloved daughter of Imam Hussain(a.s.) who died in the prison of Damascus after the family of the Prophet Mohammad(pbuh&hf) was arrested after the events of Karbala and detained in the prison of Damascus. She is also known as Ruqqayya bint-al-Hussain(a.s.) in the Arab world.

On this occassion of mourning in the household of the Prophet Mohammad(pbuh&hf), I extend my condolences to the Prophet Mohammad(pbuh&hf), his Ahl-e-Bait(a.s.), Imam-e-Zamana(a.s.) and to all Momineen and Mominaat. The site is now updated with a profile and short life history of Bibi Sakina(a.s.) under \"Damascus/Bibi Sakina(a.s.)/About\" page.

In keeping with the normal practice among the followers of the Prophet Mohammad(pbuh&hf) and his Ahl-e-Bait(a.s.), please offer nazrana and Organize and attend majalis of Taboot-e-Sakina in Imabargahs. Please also recite the Ziarat of Bibi Sakina located in the \"Damascus/Bibi Sakina(a.s.)/Ziarat\" page.

A few words of Masaib

~~~~~

>From the time when Imam Hussain(a.s.) was martyred in the battle field, Bibi Sakina(a.s.)

forgot to smile. Kufa saw her as a little girl lost in thought. Quite often she would sit

up at night. When asked if she wanted anything, she would say, \"I just heard a baby cry?

Is it Asghar? He must be calling out for me!\"

Knowing that her weeping upset her mother, Bibi Sakina(a.s.) would cry silently and quickly wipe away her tears. In the prison in Damascus she would stare at

the flock of birds flying to their nests at sunset and innocently ask Bibi Zainab(s.a.), \"Will Sakina ever be going home like those birds flying to their homes?\"

Then one dreadful night Bibi Sakina(a.s.) went to bed on the cold floor of the prison. For a long time she stared into the darkness! The time for the morning prayers came. Bibi Sakina(a.s.) was still lying with her eyes wide open. Her mother called out: \"Wake up, Sakina! Wake up, it is time for prayers, my child!\" There was only the painful silence! Our fourth Imam Zain-ul-Abideen(a.s.) walked up to where Bibi Sakina(a.s.) lay. He put his hand on her forehead. It was cold! He put his hand near the mouth and the nose. Bibi Sakina(a.s.) had stopped breathing. In between sobs Imam Zain-ul-Abideen(a.s.) said: \"INNA LILLAHI WA INNA ILAYHI RAAJIOON!\"

How was Bibi Sakina(a.s.) buried

~~~~~ Bibi Zainab(s.a.) held the still child as Imam Zain-ul-Abideen(a.s.) dug a grave in the cell. As the grave was being filled up after the burial the mother let out a scream! How could anyone console Bibi Rubaab(a.s.)? What could they say? They huddled around her, and the prison walls began to shake with the cry: \"Ya Bibi Sakina(a.s.), YA MAZLOOMAH!!\" Bibi Rubaab(a.s.) put her cheek on Bibi Sakina(a.s.)'s grave and cried out: \"Speak to me, Sakina! Only a word, my child! Speak to me!!\" Ala lanat allahe ala qaumiz zalimeen

----- This newsletter is sent to 5,190 direct members at the site and 26,272 indirect members through discussion and news groups -----

Iltimas-e-Dua,
Syed Rizwan Raza Rizvi,
Webmaster, <http://www.ziaraat.com>

_____\nStay Strong\\

\\
"Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor" \\
--Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)\\

\\
"This mathematical rhythmical mechanism enhances my wisdom\\
of Islam, keeps me calm from doing you harm, when I attack, it's Vietnam\"\\
--HellRazah\\

\\
"It's not too good to stay in a white man's country too long\"\\
--Mutabartuka\\
\\

"As for we who have decided to break the back of colonialism, \ our historic mission is to sanction all revolts, all desperate \ actions, all those abortive attempts drowned in rivers of blood."

- Frantz Fanon\

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"Everyday is Ashura and every land is Kerbala"

-Imam Ja'far Sadiq\

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

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<http://www.sleepybrain.net/vanilla.html>

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http://www.world-crisis.com/analysis_comments/766_0_15_0_C/

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<http://ilovepoetry.com/search.asp?keywords=braithwaite&orderBy=date>\

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<http://www.lowliferecords.co.uk/>\

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544. **Ishaq**

Lunada: Friday, March 25 features Youth Speaks & Teatro L.O.C.O.S.

Sat 19 Mar 2005

Spring prose and satire feature in March Lunada and May titillates with images of 50's and 60's Cuba in Fidel documentary.

-----LUNADA Literary Lounge and Open-Mic

Featuring: Youth Speaks and Teatro L.O.C.O.S

Friday, March 25 @ 7:30pm

Free Admission

Talented youth dazzle with prose documenting their struggle and successes to transcend conventional stereotypes and speak their truths. Be part of this poetic teen renaissance as Youth Speaks, a nine year non-profit arts organization, comes to Galería's open mic stage to sample some of Youth Speaks most engaging young poets. Lunada offers an open-mic for any and all to sign up and bare their souls. San Jose DJ, Tommy Aguilar, provides the break beats and general ambiance on the 1s and 2s for an evening of total immersion in positive vibration.

Special appearance by: Teatro L.O.C.O.S. (Latinos or Chicanos or Something)performing street theatre and political satire.

---San Francisco Latino International Film Festival and Galería present,
KORDAVISION, a documentary by Héctor Cruz Sandoval

Thursday, May 19 @ 7:30pm

\$7 General / \$5 Latino Film Festival and Galería Members

KordaVision is an original graphic documentary featuring world-renowned Cuban photographer, Alberto Díaz "Korda". A journey revealing the powerful images captured by Korda and reflecting Cuba's soul of the 50's and 60's, the days of Fashion, Rum and The Revolution. We relive the moment of Korda's iconic image "Guerillero Heroico" of "El Che" which is the most famous photograph of the 20th Century. Mexican-American/Chicano Director Héctor Cruz Sandoval reunites Alberto Korda, Raúl Corrales, Liborio Noval, and Roberto Salas with "El Comandante" Fidel Castro, for the first time ever. The four giants of classic Cuban photography wax philosophy over the impact their images have had on The Revolution and their effect throughout the world. Soundtrack features: an original score by Maestro Leo Brouwer and music by Carlos Embale, Carlos Puebla, P18, Beny Moré, Los

Galería Funders include: The Andy Warhol Foundation | Bank of America | Bernard Osher Foundation | California Arts Council | Creative Work Fund | Gerbode Foundation | JPMorgan Chase | Levi Strauss Foundation | National Endowment for the Arts | San Francisco Arts Commission | San Francisco Foundation | San Francisco Hotel Tax Fund/Grants for the Arts | Walter and Elise Haas Foundation | Wells Fargo | William & Flora Hewlett Foundation | Zellerbach Family Fund | Galería Members.

To unsubscribe, please reply to this email with 'unsubscribe' in the subject.

Galería de la Raza. 2857 24th Street, at Bryant St. San Francisco, CA.



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Stay Strong\
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"Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor" \
--Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)\

"This mathematical rhythmatrical mechanism enhances my wisdom\
of Islam, keeps me calm from doing you harm, when I attack, it's Vietnam"\
--HellRazah\
\

"It's not too good to stay in a white man's country too long"\
--Mutabartuka\
\

"As for we who have decided to break the back of colonialism, \
"

our historic mission is to sanction all revolts, all desperate \
actions, all those abortive attempts drowned in rivers of blood."

- Frantz Fanon\

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"Everyday is Ashura and every land is Kerbala"

-Imam Ja'far Sadiq\

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

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<http://www.sleepybrain.net/vanilla.html>

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http://www.world-crisis.com/analysis_comments/766_0_15_0_C/

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<http://ilovepoetry.com/search.asp?keywords=braithwaite&orderBy=date>\

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<http://www.lowliferecords.co.uk/>\

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545. **alexander saliby**

FYI Michael Ryan

Sat 19 Mar 2005

UI Writers' Workshop Alumnus Ryan Wins Richest Poetry Prize

Poet Michael Ryan, an alumnus of the University of Iowa Writers' Workshop, has been selected as the winner of the 2005 Kingsley Tufts Poetry Award, the largest cash award for a single book of poetry. The \$100,000 award recognizes Ryan's 2004 volume, "New and Selected Poems."

http://www.uiowa.edu/~ournews/2005/february/021605ryan_award.html<about:blank> Writers' Workshop: <http://www.uiowa.edu/~iww/><about:blank>

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546. **Alan Sondheim**

my gmail sex

Sat 19 Mar 2005

my gmail sex

"kind of arrogant "fuck you" to readers. Now while I respect your right to write it, don't come pimping it on fibreculture. It's not intelligent swamp me with "fuck you" e-mails, they're not going to get read because I simply can't read them, so you would have done better with 300 of them than I want to fuck a Muslim? Well, do you have a condom with the Star of David along the shaft of

the condom, then I could really fuck a Muslim? Art project: airlift and nines who killed cock-robin? Atavistic expressions with ignored literal meaning: a real blood sheets on his cock, balls, nipples to vague, tangential thoughts about my message, his reply - for a moment imagining himself speaking to me, his words convincing goes is the sex drive. I made the Kessel run in less than ten parsecs. Text gets me horny. Mary needs to sleep, not make love all night with me. There's a moment in _peer.j[(f)ailing]udgement_ - meat.in.g4.sex xes.4.gin.team wun.der.ing.y y.gin.red.nuw mirr.or.world? ?brow.rol.rim LL LL I I I I year, from a sex scandal in the football program to the alcohol poisoning death of a fraternity pledge at a campus trying to shed its party-school image. But nothing has job - already been explicit. Sex is completely out in children's books. One dodgy scene or swear word is death, especially in schools and libraries. 13. Initially, all abstinence approach to sex education, and omit information related to contraceptive use. We are writing to protest your actions and to inform you of our response to your Netbehaviour: Do we have to fight the battle for the Enlightenment all over again? - into a couple sex shops, Condom Shack and when he attendant comes over to ask if they could help me, I ask if they have any condoms in Islamic green. I beg your pardon already been explicit. Sex is completely out in children's books. One dodgy scene or swear word is death, especially in schools and libraries. 13. Initially, all a world of shit has stormed down on Churchill's head. Furthermore, most of what he said (says) about US foreign policy is correct! General Smedley Butler said much s stupid-ass (my word, not Bob's) denial of visas to sixty Cuban scholars who sought to attend the Latin American Studies Association conference Additional Words from French to English - Zebre, zebra, wild ass Zelateur, trice, zealot, a stickler Zele, zeal Zele, zealous Zelote, a jealous man Zelotopie, extreme jealousy Zelotypie, zeal carried to far Chant For Those Who Think I'm An Asshole: Sure! - yesmen kissing the ass of a certain well-known shrub -- are the ones who would think you are an asshole. to get their ass kicked." WC: Well, it occurred to me at the time that somebody was finally kicking US ass for the way the US had been comporting itself. Rather than planet in the hole of the innermost. The Van Allen Belt slot would appear as a space between the inner and outer donut. The belts are comprised of high-speed electrically and the Memory Hole" Matthew Abraham: "Orwellian Terminology and the Israel-Palestine Conflict" Bronwyn Jones, "Dirk Koning and Community Media dot of a "hole" excited in the diode by an incident photon can re-align the two GaAs layers, allowing the tunneling current to resume. In other words, the it remains a hole in this page. Debris is never debris, or it is someone's, or it is no one's, but it is never debris, just like there are never vermin or weeds Send RFP mailing list submissions to [REDACTED] To subscribe all on - gate give have hole home huge jade lake life like line live love lute make name nine pine pole pure ripe rise rude sage same take tree type urge were wife spread already the witness, the hole the gap][ing hole][left by

those lists previously d.voted 2 the e.volut[[ion, discussion, practice, & slippage of all actions oriented around the net/web. had torn a hole in the sac surrounding the shoulder joint, and the fluid it contains had leaked out and caused considerable swelling. The joint was working without the gap][ing hole][left by those lists previously d.voted 2 the e.volut[[ion, discussion, practice, & slippage of all actions oriented around the net/web. _arc"

+++

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547. **Robin Hamilton**

Who +did+ kill Cock Robin? -- WAS: Re: my gmail sex

Sat 19 Mar 2005

Am I imagining this or was the robin -- the English variant of the bird -- in Elizabethan times considered as the male version of the wren?

Actually, the relevant stanza of the song would seem to contradict this:

Who'll bear the pall?
We, said the Wren,
Both the cock and the hen,
We'll bear the pall.

R.

From: "Alan Sondheim" <[REDACTED]>

| *Art project: airlift and nines who killed cock-robin? Atavistic*

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548. **David Baratier**

Re: CA p-laureate

Sat 19 Mar 2005

George--

I know or recognize all four. I'd vote for Luis!

I will tell Arnold that the next time he is here.

Catherine, isn't there another position you'all could vote him into so he is not in Columbus so often? How about senator?

Be well

David Baratier, Editor

Pavement Saw Press
PO Box 6291

Columbus OH 43206

USA

<http://pavementsaw.org>

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549. **Alan Sondheim**

Re: Who +did+ kill Cock Robin? -- WAS: Re: my gmail sex

Sat 19 Mar 2005

Depends on the version. My book (around 1850, Madeline de Chatelaine) has instead

Who'll carry him to the grave?

I, said the Kite,

If it's not in the night,

I'll carry him to the grave.

- Alan

On Sat, 19 Mar 2005, Robin Hamilton wrote:

Am I imagining this or was the robin -- the English variant of the bird -- in Elizabethan times considered as the male version of the wren?

Actually, the relevant stanza of the song would seem to contradict this:

Who'll bear the pall?

We, said the Wren,

Both the cock and the hen,

We'll bear the pall.

R.

From: "Alan Sondheim" <[REDACTED]>

Art project: airlift and nines who killed cock-robin? Atavistic

nettext <http://biblioteknett.no/alias/HJEMMESIDE/bjornmag/nettext/>

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

WVU 2004 projects: <http://www.as.wvu.edu/clcold/sondheim/>

<http://www.as.wvu.edu:8000/clc/Members/sondheim>

Trace projects <http://trace.ntu.ac.uk/writers/sondheim/index.htm>

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550. **George Bowering**

Fwd: begging

Sat 19 Mar 2005

On 18-Mar-05, at 2:55 PM, Gregory Betts wrote:

Minky Starshine wrote:

Gnome Chomsky knows who Wanda Coleman is, because her sonnets are worth their weight in gold.

Which begs the question -- exactly how heavy is a sonnet?

How is that begging the question?

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551. **Harry Nudel**

winter....

Sun 20 Mar 2005

eu ri di ce

'a white wind
blows
thru his mind'

writing last
winter poem

he puts on
his baseball
cap

that's
or ph e us

in the spring...

midnite...last site...drn...

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552. **Alan Sondheim**

why they love George

Sun 20 Mar 2005

why they love George

"The loud noise you slide in your spunk from her chest to her Bush smearing a take her downtown or (push her in the Bush). i boob to boob Bush to Bush breast to breast double dances with fighting boob to boob Bush to Bush breast to breast double of her thighs, into her Bush. pink, with her lughead bodyguard the Bush twins , along with massive secret hair and her Bush didn't tally. and the Bush fan started walking backwards & did not take dildo up her Bush . she has a pussy with a tickling her clit and shaving off her thick Bush. fucked by when i rest my cock on her Bush, she reaches down sex, her flaming red Bush tereza has her Bush shaved in a cute landing strip nice pussy too teen on her right hand and swirled them around her Bush before Bush brunette hairy lady sweet Bush in the feb) you know, you have a very pretty Bush but i slowly, at shows her fine naked pussy pics ginger's hungry hairy Bush even had her Bush whacked off and loving every minute here. so hard and fast that the friction causes her Bush to light a chinese pussy, all a small victory: comment on george w. Bush: america's Bush: america's appetite butt legs . busty babe shows her Bush . busty blonde fucked . triangle shaped Bush. i had shaped Bush. down over her bald fucked a girl as i sucked my fingers were exploring her Bush. fucked for at joins her pussy nuzzle your face in her Bush her buttocks fucked housewife hairy Bush he wouldn't see the water that way. length entirely into her Bush then realized that the my not taking his length entirely into her Bush then realized doggie-style not taking his length entirely into her Bush then cocks deep in her Bush and kissing Bush, the odour from her her rectum slide in your spunk from her chest to her Bush smearing a dip your worship the Bush on camera load on cunt - asian slut practicing this long distance exchange the subject of her triangle shaped Bush. teen - teen waif shows off her hair Bush and pert brunette the little Bush hard. her whole body convulsed as she shoved brutal rape dad used to complain that she should shave her Bush more disgusting my hand through the fuzz of her tight-cropped Bush. Bush () amateurs horny amateur sticks moving the tip of her blonde Bush. black Bush that sprouted between his legs up and set it up good. through hose pussy shavin' mom - slutty mom shaves off her hairy Bush. though he wasn't) disappearing under her Bush, fingertips Bush of red pubic hair until they touched her outer lips, now, instead of btw, i thought Bush hatred was the supposed extreme sex free uk amateur sex fuck fuck fuck Bush fuck Bush fucked fucked was flushed everywhere with excitement. her

coppery Bush was trimmed hairy babe plays with pussy - amateur stuffs toys in her Bush hanks Bush and then this was an important call. using hand signals, he be finger fucked harder. as i pull you up out of her blonde Bush. twat : shes in the tub shaving off her Bush. crossdresser fucked hard by head back down in her Bush while jay fucks style. btw, i thought Bush hatred was the supposed extreme ultimately not taking his length entirely into her Bush then fucked me. i'm coming to get you, Bush !. pictures, heaven.org body stripping on her couch and revealing her full Bush today's () hot czech flaunts her round twin mounds () hairy Bush tiny tits all of her hidden delights cutie cute redhead with hairy Bush on her Bush. gwen Bush. there"s some fucking before joel does the fingers in four. cums on her Bush. tice screws nikita ending in a pussy cum pink blonde browniesblonde Bush blonde Bushblonde butt blonde fuck blonde fuckblonde fucked blonde fucked often, just trimming her Bush will cause her to produce done that. scoop your hand under her Bush and press on her Bush-hunter babes who loves to show of their hairy pussy to Bush huntersnice and sticky movies down in shit band shaving off her Bush, without so much as a nick. butterfly Bush. i caught Bush. he knew we that knew hands pulled and tugged at her blonde Bush as they pressed didloes well, not the lips or anything, but the Bush. Bush in the park. my pants pulled down and george dubya Bush. mar, tera and jenna get their buttholes Bush, tonysamateurs and lay on top of her, pressing my lips in her Bush. as i fucked her harder and faster, she was moaning into my mouth run just the tip of my tongue over her Bush, Bush. my mullet i love it up the ass georg w Bush. gotta size that shit into it, you spit the gum in her Bush, and she showing her black pubic hair babe strips and shaves hairy Bush shaped Bush. me all in, her mouth as i few among the most diehard Bush-haters would stoop to the chipmunk sister statutory rape laws and Bush cruel extreme rape filling her hole with lisa, having left the Bush bedroom while mark fucked grannies and boys over her Bush. her and she'd exposed to me and john that she trimmed her Bush into a Bush right only real rape free rape pictures and movies every day my mouth. exposed to me and john that she trimmed her Bush into a Bush. lust filled her eyes and together we moaned and fucked the with her hair shaved Bush shaved vaginas shaved pussy pics mature inana watching him as he was the polar opposite of her Bush. i started to touch the hairy Bush above her pussy. i told her to get and fingering her forced rape mature fantasy hidden by her hairy Bush. brown Bush from our the black Bush of her pubic hair. her spread thighs in striking contrast to the black Bush of her pubic hair. free sex porn movies and videos of her blonde Bush. in nylons on this one from roger a mature woman shaving her Bush in Bush. as for you: if you think the Bush is greener on the Bush. when a man and woman decided to

have a baby, the man fucked her in the long live white america and george w Bush . you her? girls kissing as he was the polar opposite of her Bush. step. rinna (run, flow, stream etc.) r pa (noun) Bush done we'll hear that it was because gw.Bush didn't like her. done we'll hear that it was because gw.Bush didn't like her. i'm drugging to the Bush the pigeon of america no point fucking her on . Bush. each night, mavis would tell me Bush. that her nipples stuck through, and a matching pair of revealed her Bush and meaty the louder she moaned, the harder i Bush. Bush-pornography Bush. i carefully shaved her, feeling back and twisted my to the Bush and opened my father used to say his generation fucked Bush. up off the bed, and one-hour flight, begging me not to make her do it here behind a Bush Bush a small victory: comment on so is Bush hitler or vader? can be viewed here. comments: so is Bush hitler or rest of the from behind the mulberry Bush: you jason, aka of night were my wife, missing the soft Bush the majority actually and truly voted for george Bush this time and Bush forward and then went he may to my Bush, the rose Bush, i told Bush. me she wants me to roger her arseways and wants me to fuck her mouth and cal coeds - spy cams - stud toons - super Bush - sofi fucked motel guy blonde brownies blonde browniesblonde Bush blonde Bush for this link cute darkhaired short girl posing for this link this chubby darkskinned girl likes to show her Bush to the faces pressed between black buttocks, the two of her Bush. stared in awe at her overly-hairy Bush. mulberry Bush: >you through her thin dark Bush. what Bush. when a man and woman decided to have a baby, the man fucked full Bush. chili dog - you take a shit on a girl's tits and the loud noise you slide in your spunk from her chest to her Bush her Bush. as the demon was eating her Bush, i got an idea. trimmed Bush. they walks up and lifts up my skirt and looks at my trimmed little Bush and fingers cal coeds - spy cams - stud toons - super Bush - sweet for free and then she moves away from the Bush, leaving the the front of her bikini bottom down, flashing me her young Bush. of her Bush peeking out i fucked her with hard, deep strokes, then Bush? the Bush and harry has never been in a Bush for too Bush. worked as a landscape gardener, and i paused around her short clipped Bush stopped him just Bush blonde Bush lol. i wouldnt fuck her i would just take all fuck twat. george Bush nah not really it would be marina (kizzy) bam even we wandered through the Bush rape black opposite of her Bush. he didn't pussy - this naughty blonde babe shows off her Bushless Bush. for women distance exchange the subject of her triangle shaped Bush. shaped Bush. feeling trimmed Bush. it was no matter though i had fucked all the juice out Bush, nice jenny looked just as sexy naked as i had known she and bouncing gently as he fucked her with his tongue; her Bush was her light Bush of pubic pussy, corner, brushing her arm on a big Bush, and passed she felt a

Bush simply dont be proud tip of her blonde Bush. Bush. when a man and woman decided to have a baby, the man fucked with, her Bush was a her pussy length entirely into her Bush then realized that the girl's lips to still my kitchen in black stockings shows her nice Bush. Bush. or even more slowly than before, i began to fuck her Bush from here with a full Bush this time. as if that into the tender flesh next to my very trimmed Bush. fucked. he pinched her nipples and Bush. but it was made. full pubic Bush. her face flushed free anal sex orgy presented me with and her eyes narrowed snuck from young girl rape pictures to Bush super-Bush | tranny-trouble filthy-letters | foot-cravings | fucking-toons natural and hairy : beautiful curly haired Bush Bush. her breathing fast, as long i think i impressed her. we finally found a nice Bush to duck practically no Bush at all the a revealing her very nicely trimmed tiny blond Bush and pussy to she's always had the most beautiful apricot colored Bush with an em: yo, look at her Bush does it got hair? (uh huh.) fuck this bitch right he kept pulling and my body eventually pushed the Bush my teen babe - horny teen hottie with a hairy Bush amy fucked. keegan shows use her furry Bush! videos of rape folded under a Bush. the extreme pain in her loins little Bush, which must she began the Bush aside the then we monster rape from the luxuriant black Bush that sprouted how hot this great initial focus on her trimmd Bush then the Bush. when a man and woman decided to have a baby, the man fucked Bush."

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553. **Alan Sondheim**

perfect image beauty

Sun 20 Mar 2005

perfect image beauty

sondheim's Home perfectly beautiful 0 it is perfectly beautiful, Jennifer, to have a slight flaw, in fact the slight flaw makes it perfectly beautiful, of course it does, nothing else, just the slightest offset, this is what the gods desired, the universe is isotropic or is it anisotropic, never mind, the symmetry's broken, an, i, an i, Jennifer, remember that sondheim's Home perfectly beautiful 1 once the principles are esablished, said the Greeks, Jennifer, it was easy, everything fell into place. it wasn't later, until digital syntesis, that the uncanny made its appearance in the realm of perfection, however. look at what lovely unfoldings, Jennifer, undraped sky, what beauty sondheim's Home perfect beauty 2 the cracks of marble and the scanlines, marble against marble against emptiness, ontological loss between one and another position, neuraesthetics of neuraesthesia, Jennifer, (A marble marble (A emptiness)) sondheim's Home perfect beauty 3 you huddle, huddling Jennifer, in the cracks, they're there for a

reason, they're psychopomp, they're swollen, they're enormous, they're miniscule, they're inscribed, they're perfectly inscribed, Jennifer, they're palimpsest, collocation of indelible formulas, present and eternal and accounted-for, trembling and fragile and falling-apart, they're what people do, they're the done-with-it, huddling Jennifer, they're the fear and poison in men's minds, they're perfect sondheim's Home perfect image 4 you are waiting, Jennifer, engendered-Jennifer, genifer, hinged-iron-genifer, genniferrous, tiny candle burns here, Egyptians, Greeks, and Japanese are waiting, burning on and off for four days, yahrzeit, year-time, crack or impression of death, the slightest glimmer, under starrystarry skies, inconceivable beauty, i am sorry, Jennifer, i am not joking, honestly, i will not be remembered for it, this split on both sides of the entity, this almost grid, almost-alive, these perfect imperfection

@ <http://www.as.wvu.edu:8000/clc/Members/sondheim/>

—

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554. **August**

Spam-Mapping - (From my Spam Box)

Sun 20 Mar 2005

Spam-Mapping

giveaway. Each winner
Network, because you
nakasulot pirmi nin itom
 Network, because you
think this is the most
 honest man. Allaha
 giveaway. Each winner
 honest man. Allaha
 sa may bintana,
 Network, because you
 giveaway. Each winner

allowing the tunneling
 information on the
 but made some kind of
information on the
 Blonde in threesome
remarkable powers --
 allowing the tunneling
 remarkable powers --
hangal?/Yaon bang

information on the
allowing the tunneling
information:
Remember, timing your
include the Company's
Remember, timing your
ibq5 q6dpc5c4 f077
message was sent from
information:
message was sent from
dick Petite bndole in
Remember, timing your
information:
magsaramba na Joshua
list of products go:
offers from Lycos
list of products go:
Dashboards Nude Amateur
boyish voice. They moved
magsaramba na Joshua
boyish voice. They moved
Maheli Building Office
list of products go:
magsaramba na Joshua
member, Thousands will
konduktor ni Magan kun
generating potential of
konduktor ni Magan kun
organize and view
living in Dakar (
member, Thousands will
living in Dakar (
transfer paperwork. This
konduktor ni Magan kun
member, Thousands will
iba-"kargadong
> meaning is outside
write it, don't come
> meaning is outside
come to you as a

to be remov(ed: this
iba-"kargadong
to be remov(ed: this
technologies. The
> meaning is outside
iba-"kargadong
address these > issues
marketing program. This
Spikiest cutie teen babe
marketing program. This
instructions: * Click
August Highland
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www.august-highland.com

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555. **August**
Spam-Mapping - From the Spam I get
Sun 20 Mar 2005

Spam-Mapping

Teen getting her ass
address these > issues
Teen getting her ass
Teen Poosing In Bikini
marketing program. This
address these > issues
Re-entry in Field with
good morning to you! :)
pumped by animals It
good morning to you! :)
all over the world. This
users who need only
Re-entry in Field with
users who need only
I have been wondering
good morning to you! :)
Re-entry in Field with
if you do look at the
companies of the few

Regards, Cody Atwood to
companies of the few
,200-
mark any author might
if you do look at the
mark any author might
bantobelifted
companies of the few
if you do look at the
calm, night inscribes
Japanese Girl Spreading
reserves worth multi-
Japanese Girl Spreading
with respect to
mga magibo nin tulay ta'
calm, night inscribes
mga magibo nin tulay ta'
fucking party nude asian
Japanese Girl Spreading
calm, night inscribes
Toys With Vibrator
the things she did care
pergol Miss Bishop was
the things she did care
which I think we need
6u7a q6hq zx53
Toys With Vibrator
6u7a q6hq zx53
nin makokolor na
the things she did care
Toys With Vibrator
Bowker online, direct
much since, on the one
Anime cum lover suckin
much since, on the one
might occur. These
na itratong tama an mga
Bowker online, direct
na itratong tama an mga
interest morta(ge rate.

much since, on the one
Bowker online, direct
l'Agenzia Letteraria
Ready To Fuck Two Big
performance are not
Ready To Fuck Two Big
of the agreement with
Sir/Madam We are pleased
l'Agenzia Letteraria
Sir/Madam We are pleased
.net to get removed.
Ready To Fuck Two Big
l'Agenzia Letteraria

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556. **Tenney Nathanson**
della primavera transportata al morale
Sun 20 Mar 2005

anybody know where to find this wonderful early WCW poems online? google
dint seem to help

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

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557. **Dan Waber**
[poem] Float Into Fire
Sun 20 Mar 2005

20/61

Echo = My eye snaps all like a camera--the images, ghostlike, float into fire.

Source = Jennifer Hill-Kaucher, from an unfinished exercise poem.

Float Into Fire

We're packed for the long weekend, I've got my
hands full with satchels and bags and my eye
on how your hips bop to God's finger snaps
as you walk through the house last-checking all
lights are off, all windows closed. You look like
a clover blossom, I feel like I'm a
drunken bumble bee with a camera.

You take one last look back as we close the
door, as if to make sure the images
you store are fully charged against ghostlike
dissipation. You turn to me, we float
down the stairs, down the hill, and climb into
the car, you and I and fall sunset fire.

Dan Waber

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558. **Joe Brennan**

Bush Says Saddam's Ouster Inspiring Despots Everywhere

Sun 20 Mar 2005

Click here: The Assassinated Press
<http://www.theassassinatedpress.com/>

Bush Says Saddam's Ouster Inspiring Despots Everywhere:
Two Years Into War, President Cites 'Landmark Events in the History of
Fascism':

Neocons Jubilant Over Soaring Iraqi Death Count:
Cheney Declares Halliburton's Sovereignty Over World Oil:
Wolfowitz Pledges To Use World Bank in Support of Fascism:
By JENNITOR SLOVENLY

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.

".....at a time when I am speaking to you about the paradox of desire -- in the
sense that different goods obscure it -- you can hear outside the awful language
of power. There's no point in asking whether they are sincere or hypocritical,
whether they want peace or whether they calculate the risks. The dominating
impression as such a moment is that something that may pass for a prescribed
good; information addresses and captures impotent crowds to whom it is
poured

forth like a liquor that leaves them dazed as they move toward the slaughter house.

One might even ask if one would allow the cataclysm to occur without first giving free reign to this hubbub of voices...."

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559. **Erica Kaufman**

BELLADONNA* this Thursday w/ Hassen, Monica de la Torre, Mercedes Roffe

Sun 20 Mar 2005

enjoy

BELLADONNA*

with

Hassen

Mercedes Roffé

Mónica de la Torre

Thursday, March 24, 7PM

Zinc Bar (90 West Houston @ LaGuardia Place)

A \$7-10 donation is suggested.

Hassen writes poetry & fiction in the Philadelphia area. Poems can be found in Frequency audio journal, Nedge, Skanky Possum as well as with the PhillySound poets for Furniture Press and online at mini-mag.com. Chapbooks include Sky Journal: from Land and Sky Journal: from Sea as well as Salem, forthcoming from Belladonna.*

Argentine poet Mercedes Roffé is the author of seven poetry collections. Her work has been widely published throughout Latin America as well as in Spain and the US. It has also been translated into French (*Définitions mayas et autres poèmes*, Éditions du Noroît, Quebec, 2004) and Italian (*L'algebra oscura*, Quaderni della Valle, Bari, 2004). Among other distinctions, in 2001 she was awarded a John Simon Guggenheim Fellowship, in poetry.

Mónica de la Torre is a poet and translator. She translated a volume of selected poems by Gerardo Deniz, one of Mexico's leading poets, that was published by Lost Roads in 1999. With artist Terence Gower she is co-author of *Appendices, Illustrations & Notes* (Smart Art Press, 2000). Her reviews, poems, and translations have appeared in journals including *Art on Paper*, *ARTnews*, *BOMB*, *Boston Review*, *Cabinet*, *Circumference*, *The Poetry Project Newsletter*, *Fence*, *Chain*, *Pierogi Press and Review: Latin American Literature and Arts*. With Michael Wiegers she edited *Reversible Monuments: Contemporary Mexican*

Poetry (Copper Canyon Press, 2002). She is the poetry editor of The Brooklyn Rail. Born and raised in Mexico City, she has lived in New York since 1993.

Belladonna* is a feminist/innovative reading and publication series that promotes the work of women writers who are adventurous, experimental, politically involved, multi-form, multicultural, multi-gendered, unpredictable, dangerous with language (to the death machinery). In its five year history, Belladonna* has featured such writers as Leslie Scalapino, Alice Notley, Erica Hunt, Fanny Howe, Mei-mei Berssenbrugge, Cecilia Vicuña, Lisa Jarnot, Camille Roy, Nicole Brossard, Abigail Child, Norma Cole, Lynne Tillman and Carla Harryman among many other experimental and hybrid women writers. Beyond being a platform for women writers, the curators promote work that is experimental in form, connects with other art forms, and is socially/politically active in content. Alongside the readings, Belladonna* supports its artists by publishing commemorative pamphlets of their work on the night of the event. Please contact us (Erica Kaufman, Rachel Levitsky et al) at [REDACTED] to receive a catalog and be placed on our list.

*deadly nightshade, a cardiac and respiratory stimulant, having purplish-red flowers and black berries

Belladonna* readings happen monthly between September and June. We are grateful for partial funding by Poets and Writers and CLMP

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560. **Halvard Johnson**
Immodest announcement

Sun 20 Mar 2005

"Coming of Age," a story by Lynda Schor, which also will appear in her upcoming FC2 collection *The Body Parts Shop*, recently appeared in an issue of The Brooklyn Rail. Here's a link to the online version.

<http://www.thebrooklynrail.org/fiction/feb05/comingofage.html>

Hal, her proud hubby

Halvard Johnson

=====

email: [REDACTED]

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

blog: <http://entropyandme.blogspot.com/>

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561. **Stephen Vincent**

My feeding tube

Sun 20 Mar 2005

Dear List:

If I should go Brain Dead (as well as appear persistently "vegetatively dead") - any pokes to the ribs or any other area of my body that may provoke the appearances of smiles, or anything proximate to a teddy bear or barbie doll smile or grimace notwithstanding - I give permission to the collective to say graces with one's favorite poems and pull the frigging feeding tube.

If Congress or Right to Life, Church and Strife lobbies or Church attempt to intervene, you know what to tell them. If I look like I could use a little Morphine, bring it on!

Are things out there ill or

Stephen V

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562. **Ishaq**

A Prison without Bars: A Ranch where Hope Grows

Sun 20 Mar 2005

28:00min mp3 download of the documentary at the prison radio site

<http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2005/03/39171.php>

A Prison without Bars: A Ranch where Hope Grows

<mailto: [REDACTED]>

Sure we all are anti-incarceration. And would you vote to put kids in prison? Just the same, what do you do with kids that at 16 are dropping out, failing probation, jacking people and carrying Mach 10's? And for poor kids -- budget cuts mean the loss of housing, welfare, and access to school. It also means that any community alternatives to state prison are seriously threatened.

A Prison without Bars: A Ranch where Hope Grows

Produced by Noelle Hanrahan of Prison Radio
for Free Speech Radio News
Monday May 26, 2003.

FSRN HOST

Sure we all are anti-incarceration. And would you vote to put kids in prison? Just the same, what do you do with kids that at 16 are dropping out, failing probation, jacking people and carrying Mach 10's?

And for poor kids -- budget cuts mean the loss of housing, welfare, and access to school. It also means that any community alternatives to state prison are seriously threatened.

FSRN and Prison Radio brings you the voices of ten young men -- African American, Latino, Asian American, Samoan, Iraqi, and a Ukrainian teenager, all doing time, or who have done time at Log Cabin Ranch San Francisco's juvenile detention facility. These are boys trying to becoming men, boys who are fathers. They told us that ignoring the crisis has had deadly consequences and that they want to live. Their raps and poems document their journey -- amidst the pain of poverty and profiling.

[0:00 Street sounds and sirens form Crazy Bonz cross fade with Music by Mystic, "our fallen angels"]

[LCR resident] This is called Hopeless

[Music Mystic "when your body hit the concrete I couldn't help but scream, blood flowing fluid. life is but a dream, till we take the last breath.....Music fades under."]

I live your worst day multiplied by a lifetime
So I'm just trying to survive an eternity
Separated from sunshine
Now I'm only seventeen
But it seems my shoulders weigh a ton
And I'm reminiscent of being a kid
When I'm still supposed to be one
Now, I know it sounds twisted
But that's just the existence
Of a young gifted statistic
So I might cry behind these
Ice cold windows to my soul
But you never see me shed a tear
Because this pain is all I know
It seems I've been marked for death
Since my first breath
So there's nothing left
But, money, drugs and sex
And living' life with no regrets
Remorse or sorrows
So we live it up today

Because we might not see tomorrow
But sometimes I sit and wonder
Will I ever see the sun rise?

[Music by Mystic faded up: "fallen angels in the sky why must all of our soldiers die oh no. I got to know"]

[Young man's voice Nyjil Williams] I love him, I loved him actually. I miss him.

[Teresa Coleman] Why is it okay to kill a child and bury a child and there's no uproar? Are we that afraid? Has the slavery chain just, you know, revised itself and they have silenced us that we won't fight back?

[Narrator]: Mother & Community Activist Teresa Coleman, just after Maurice Matthew's funeral at True Hope Baptist Church.

Young man's voice Nyjil Williams: I think that he is one of the tightest young cats rapping. Mo was killed on Bertha Lane. He got shot, several times.

[Music]

[Teresa Coleman] You're being set up to kill each other so the society doesn't have to deal with you because it can't deal with you. So guns, drugs, all that stuff is sent here intentionally to destroy us and we need to be more aware you know ask questions like well how did cocaine get here since it comes from so far abroad? How does a Mach ten get assimilated in the ghetto, when we have no idea how to put together guns?

[Narrator] How do we survive our brothers, our mothers, our husbands, our fathers, our sisters, and our cousins being killed? How do we heal as our friends are being locked up and down?

[CLIP Nyjil Williams]

I had a lot of robbery cases that was violent robbery cases, so, and before that I was, like, like basically I was disrespectful, ruthless, wasn't levelheaded, violent, angry. My dad left when I was five years old and I was raised by my mom in Hunters Point. And my mom got cancer, and it's always been hectic. Seeing people get shot, robbed, selling dope, you know. The fast life, fast cars, females, gold teeth, money, drugs, it's all around you. You walk out the door, you go outside to the streets, that's all you see. That's all you live and that's all you know. So, you're gonna participate in something, somehow, someway.

I went up there thought a lot, wrote a lot. Basically changed. I am a cool mellow cat really in side, so if you willing to change it is gonna happen and I was willing to change like you know so.

[Narrator] This kid, Marcus Oliver was recently featured in the New York Times for his work with NFTY National Foundation for Teaching Entrepreneurship.

[CLIP Marcus Oliver]

Ah, My thing was to jack and you know eventually I got caught up, but every-time I got caught, you know eventually they send me to a group home, let me out and I do it again. You know, the Ranch was just a turning point. Well, my mom was shot and killed when I was eight and from then on I just didn't care for authority. Cause, you know, your mom, you feel me, everybody love their mama. Once she gone, especially at a young age, who's there to listen to? I just have to grow out of that though and know that she is watching over me knowing; telling me you got to do better.

Thousands of poor kids deal with hunger, homelessness, and unemployment, every day -- They also face the very real prospect of getting locked up. For over 2300 San Francisco kids, each year, the first stop after you are handcuffed is the Hall, Juvenile Hall -- 375 Wood Side Ave. It's a jail where kids are locked up and wait for the court to decide their fate.

For 40 young men facing serious time, who fail informal probation, formal probation, and who run away from group homes, and just keep getting arrested -- there aren't many options. The end of the line is the notoriously violent, "baby pen" the California Youth Authority. But there is one last chance. .

Log Cabin Ranch is a 600-acre facility located in the Santa Cruz Mountain community of La Honda, 40 miles south of San Francisco. Owned by the San Francisco Juvenile Probation Department, it is a long-term treatment facility for at risk youth. For six to 18 months they are required to attend extensive therapy, earn their diplomas or GEDs, and go to classes.

I mean there is no benefit whatsoever in selling the land, that's absurd. Well the benefit is in a few power brokers' hands when they go to the bank

[Narrator] Jack Jacqua Co-founder of the Omega Boys Club, in the Ranch's community garden.

[CLIP Jack Jacqua:] Well, first of all, this is not a prison, this is not a jail, this is six hundred acres that can be developed into and incredible healing recovery center. There are no bars, there are no locks, it's healthy, there's fresh air. There's this beautiful garden. I mean, there's 600 acres of animals and trees and, the sky is present. They can count the stars. They can reflect on who they are and take maybe a look at themselves for the first time in their life. And I think one of the things is the people that run these places seem to think this is just an outdoor warehouse. So we'll get them off the street for a few months and then they'll come back but in the meantime we don't have too many bad guys on the street at one time. But you see that is something that needs to be broken down because getting away from the inner-city, coming out here in this beautiful country area gives them new energy to live life, new spiritual

awakenings just that they are somebody and that they have a culture and that they have a story of their own and they have a future that's real.

[Narrator] Powerful forces are threatening the ranch's very existence. San Francisco's \$348 million-dollar deficit, and the states record multi Billion dollars shortfall, are fueling plans to privatize these correctional services or sell part or all of this valuable 600-acre property located in the heart of SiliconValley. The ranch's \$2.3 million dollar budget is slated to absorb the largest cuts in the Juvenile Probation Department; As of July 1st, the number of kids served will be reduced by 50% and the time they spend there cut in half. Clearly the Ranch is in danger of being closed.

Jessie Williams is the Chief Juvenile Probation officer for the City and County of San Francisco he responds to the budget cuts:

[Jessie Williams]

This is not about balancing the budget on anybody's backs. This is about making difficult decisions that nobody wants to make. There are only so many places where there is money and we have taken money from all of those places including places where children are and including service areas that hurt. We have tried to do it in a responsible way and in a rational and methodical way and think we have accomplished that, but anything you do in this department ultimately hurts young people, ultimately hurts kids because there's no part of this department that doesn't serve kids. It is impossible to make cuts in this department's budget without ultimately impacting kids. It can't happen.

[Narrator] On July 1st Jessie Williams will take a job as senior vice president with Correctional Services Corporation in Sarasota Florida.

[Jack Jacqua]

Truthfully, I don't think they care. I mean it's a system that's making money, get them prepared for the California Department of Corrections, the penitentiary.

[Narrator] Jack Jacqua

Because no matter what the spin is in San Francisco, 2/3 of the young men that, you know, roam the halls, live in the halls of juvenile hall and reside currently at this ranch are of African American cultural heritage. That's just a fact, you know, and I don't like to use words maybe that don't make too much sense, but I think the word genocide makes a lot of sense.

[Narrator] Jane Segal teaches courses on how to start small business for Nfty-the National Foundation for Teaching Entrepreneurship.

[Jane Segal]

This is a therapeutic community here and it is a very healing place and as we're walking around the garden area I'm feeling that even more and it makes me even sadder that they're talking about closing Log Cabin Ranch. I think it will be a real disservice to those youth in San Francisco who come here and in the future need to come here.

Narrator: Nicole Salgado is coordinator of the Ranch's garden program and works for San Francisco League of Urban Gardeners

[Nicole Salgado] Of the course of the last four years that I have been here I have seen staff at substandard levels, I always hear that there are vacant positions that haven't been filled. I see Log cabin ranch being kind of defiled within the system as a place where kids are just kind of forgotten about or maybe the administration has forgotten about Log Cabin and hasn't made it what should be the crown jewel of the juvenile probation department.

[Music:]

Narrator:

Imagine these Log Cabin Residents, there just kids, one is kicking out a beat on a table, the other pulling out of his pocket from his prison blues, a notebook stuffed with well-worn pages of hand written dreams.

[Music: "Yeah, it is getting wild out here. It makes me wonder how a Black Man can ever raise a child out here].

[LCR resident's poem]

(I'm A Father)

I got a son so I got to stand taller now
Hey, I was hustlin' but I gotta ball harder now
Gotta to plan my damn life way smarter now
'Cause I'm a father now
Hey, they say I'm a kid raising a kid
But yo, I think I'm grown
And I did what I did
I'm not a bad dad
'cause I committed some sins
yo, I'm gonna fight through
this is the way I can win
Lil Rich, I love you man
You my heart
I'm your father
And I'm gonna shed light
When times get dark
My bad I wasn't there
To see your precious life start

But I want to be there to see the first time you walk
Times get hard
But don't worry, son
We gonna make it through
Just know you got a father, boy
That would die for you
When you was young
And I was locked up
Boy, I cried for you
Hey, yo, it was hard to be a father
But, son I'm trying to
Me and your mama
We ain't perfect
We both make mistakes
Life full of bad luck, headaches and heartbreaks
I'm trying to see this bad stuff behind
So it erase
So we can keep our relationship good
And keep faith
Hey, I'm a father now
I got a son, so I gotta stand taller now
Hey, I was hustling but I got to ball harder now
Got to plan my damn life way smarter now
Cause I'm a father now

The title of this poem is called, As the World Turns.

As the world turns, people are dying, mamas are crying, people are lying
Lying on their backs
Attacked and battered by the wickedness of the chrome
One shot, pow, and you gone

As the world turns, education is yearned
In Africa, things fell apart
The world turned and decided to stop
But trains kept going
Robbers kept robbing
Gunshots kept robbing
Robbing mothers of sons and sisters of brothers

As the world turns, people mature
As people mature, guess what?
The world turns

And hearts throb
Torn apart by trust

As the world turns, money becomes power
And technology overpowers
The system sours
And the youth devour
However, during the hours the world turns
And education is yearned
In Africa, things fell apart

As the world turns, history is forgotten
And people judge
Not by the content of their character
But by the progress the world makes and the color of their skin
As the world turns

I don't really got no reason why I wrote that. I was just laying in bed and I was just thinking, I was just thinking as the world turns a lot of stuff just goes on, a lot of scandalous stuff, a lot of scandals, you know and a lot of good stuff goes on and a lot of, it's a lot of people out there poor like people in Africa and stuff and I was just thinking about it and I just formulated the poem, I don't know, it just came it just flowed out.

[Touissant Haki Stewart] We have one exercise called What's the Weather Like Inside?

[Nyjill Williams] So like say you feeling like mad, you are going to be like. Today the weather is very stormy, it is like a thunder coming, you know how like newscasters do it, I mean the weather reporters do it, like.

[Narrator] Touissant Haki Stewart, teacher with Writers Core

"They can get very very vulnerable when you create the space for them to get vulnerable."

[LCR resident] Back in Iraq, like I said, I have thousands of family. And that's what made me want to change my life around. You know, I came here to America to be free. Not to be locked up behind a cell, not to be cared about. I'm an important person, that's what I think.

Narrator: This Iraqi kid came to San Francisco in 92 after the 1st gulf war; he got caught up in gang activity. He spent 10 months at the ranch.

I have a lot to lose. Back then I thought I had nothing to lose, but now I do have something to lose. That's my life, my family and my son. You know? Because ain't nobody going to save your life, you only got one life to live and that's what made me want to do it. Cause I got one life to live, just like everybody got one

life to live. So I'm gonna try and keep my life. If you want to get burnt get closer to it and you will get burnt. And you know if you see a couple of your friends that you used to hang with, just be up to them. You know what I am saying. Be like you know what. I am a different man now.

[LCR resident Ukrainian kid] Like you were saying about the gang, like if they were going to come after you. I don't owe nobody nothing, you know what I am saying, like. Even if I was in a gang. I don't owe nobody nothing, you know they are not nobody to me. You know, yeah, nobody can pressure you to do nothing. Well better thing not to get involved in it of course most definitely.

[LCR resident] This is called A Lost Souls Prayer by my brother, who was here before me.

Heavenly Father
You tell me why do you bother
To protect my life through the dark nights
And awake me to see the bright mornings
When you already know where I'm going
And that when my mind's zoning
I'm showing no love, 'cause I'm a thug
Who is so quick to start some stuff.

I was raised on these streets packin' heat
And you know I'll leave a cat sleep so I can eat
But yet and still you keep me on my feet.

So I wish you would answer my questions, 'cause I'm guessin'
And I got the misconception that I need to pack a weapon
Plus I'm headed the wrong direction because I've never known
Affection
But if you can't show me yet Lord
Then please forgive me for being lost
'cause I will survive at all cost.

Lord my mind has been hauled off and locked in chains
So many nights, so many days, Lord please stop the pain.
I wish I had some smoke to clog my brain
because I'm going crazy, you hear me holler "Lord, take me"
Because these demons chase me.

I never knew the hardest thing I'd ever do was face me,
'cause there's nothing worse than reminiscing'
on all the family you're hurtin', Mom stressin'
and ain't getting no sleep because her baby's been gone for a week.

So give her peace
And protect her 'til we meet again.
So until then,
In your name I pray,
Amen.

Narrator: Born in America Samoa, this young man grew up in Oakdale Projects of Hunters Point.

Got my certificate of carpentry and my high school diploma at the same night. And what was so cool about it is the lady, the main person from SFUSD or whatever, Unified District, gave me my diploma. You know, when I got out I started working in my construction; I had two jobs when I got out. Yeah they hooked me up with YCD and Yo SF (?) and they took care of me. They got me on my way. I'm not saying I hope a lot of cats get locked up, but I hope they keep it open and give a lot of cats a second chance. Peace.

[LCR resident] Every one in our position up here basically got high profile cases and if it wasn't for the ranch we would all be in YA, Youth Authority. Cause they supply you with a lot of things to learn about. Anger management, violence reduction programs, there's just a lot of things up here. Like photography. That's what I'm in right now they got writer's Corps poetry classes and holy culture, that's landscaping. They got this new great program, Opnet. Where it teach you how be a websites and stuff, html, I got skills, Microsoft word, Excel, I know how to do PowerPoints, html, Flash 5. I know how to work the computers now.

I mean it gives you a time to just sit down and think about what you been doing. Analyze yourself and really have your mind clear. See basically look into the future because, like me myself, I did improved on my reading 3 grade levels, improved in math 4 grade levels, and man, I just got my diploma I'm on my way to college, Skyline College. As soon as I get out of here, they give you jobs and stuff.

Up here it's rarely fights and everything. People just doing they're program. I mean, people may get mad and be stressing every now and then and maybe go off on a staff because they're emotional but it ain't like no fighting or physical contact really up here. Since I've been here only been like 3 or 4 fights and it's consequences for that, you get more time. But in YA, people get killed and stuff, I mean I ain't never heard nobody get killed up here. Never. Just to my point of view, I've been up here eleven months this is an excellent ranch to educate yourself with.

[young man Nyjill Williams]

We locked up, I mean, we ain't really locked up but we not home. It's out in the boonies, in the cuts. Big yard across the way, birds and deers. It's kind of

trippy, like, I ain't never saw that where I'm from. Deers and stuff just walking hecka close by you. I think it's a good program because they give you a lot of time to think and they, they get you to think about what you doing out there. Like, this your last step. The next step is like, YA or something. So, it's like a time out, it's like a big time out for you to just think about what you doing and what you do that affects not only you, but like, your peers, your family, you know, your community.

The old way I was thinking, I probably would have just did it. Probably would have got wrapped back up.

This one here is called Hard Times. I wrote this cause there was a lot of stuff going on on the street. That's what it has to deal with. And it has to deal with me being locked up and I got friends that I never hear from so

Hey yo, it's hard times
Young brothers committing crimes
When it's wartime
Do your homies be hard to find?
Yo, it's hard times
Got to stay on top of sh..
And anything that you do
Make sure you get your profit quick
Yo, it's hard times
Young brothers committing crimes
When it's war time
Do your homies be hard to find
Yo, it's hard times
Got to stay on top of sh..
And anything that you do
Make sure you get your profit quick
Hey yo, it's hard times
It's too easy to lose your life
Life's a damn gamble
So homie roll the dice
Before you do anything
You better think twice
Focus on your life
There's always time for strifes
I know the streets is calling
You better not answer
Cause these streets kill more brothers than AIDS and cancer
It's a struggle out here
Granps burying grandsons

Children getting raped
Disappearing like phantoms
Bullets ain't got no name
Hittin' innocent bystanders
And we fighting over nothing
But colors and bandanas
This block sh, I don't think it's never gonna stop
Cause everybody in the game
They want to be on the top
It ain't gonna happen
Cause the police they got it on lock
And as soon as you reach the top
They be raiding your spot
Now you back to square one
At the drop of a dime
I bet you realize now
That it's hard damn times
Hey yo, it's hard times
Young brothers committing crimes
When it's war time
Do your homies be hard to find?
Yo, it's hard times
Got to stay on top of sh..
And anything that you do
Make sure you get your profit quick
Yo, it's hard times
Young brothers committing crimes
When it's war time
Do your homies be hard to find
Yo, it's hard times
Got to stay on top of sh..
And anything that you do
Make sure you get your profit quick
When you get locked up
Do you get letters from your homies?
Or how about a visit
Or do they leave you in there lonely
You act like it's nothing
But you perpin and you know they phony
Plus you stressed out
The judge riding you like a pony
That's why you keep your distance

>From some so-called friends
You only suppose to trust the one's that's gonna ride till the end
It's hard times
I know you done committed some sins
It's in the past now
You should be collecting your ends
I know it's a struggle
It's like we trapped in a maze
Either we getting locked up
Or we touching our grave
Why can't we be like the others
Go to the schools and get paid
And instead we do this shhh illegal
And now we stuck in the cage
Yo, it's hard times
Young brothers committing crimes
When it's war time
Do your homies be hard to find
Yo, it's hard times
Got to stay on top of sh..
And anything that you do
Make sure you get your profit quick
Yo it's hard times
You wind up in this new era
Ossama Ben Ladin blowing shh up and causing terror
That ain't gonna never change
People here get rearranged
Got to stay free
In the life of this cold game
It's a damn shame
We ain't listening to our parents
women and Omega is the only people that's caring
gotta think before you act
don't slip up and make no mistakes
life full of bad luck, headaches and heartbreaks
when will this cycle break?
Probably never
This shhh is hectic
so listen to jack and omega and homey respected
Find out about the system
It's a way you can flex it
It's hard times, man, if you ready find the exit

[LCR resident] I'm gonna do one called Dear Mama, it's to my mother:

Dear Mama,

I know I put you through a lot by messing up at home and ducking,
dodging the cops

I mean no disrespect I was thugging up on the block
Doing lots of dirt, holding weapons, and jukin rocks
Dear Mama

I know I put you through a lot by messing up at home and ducking,
dodging the cops

I mean no disrespect I was posted up on the block
Doing lots of dirt, holding weapons and jukin rocks
Dear Mama

I let you let god be my witness, this song's for you and I'm begging for
your forgiveness

I know I did this, it was me, I got in trouble, now it's time to come
together our family we need to huddle

While remember bringing tears straight into your eyes and for that, Ma,
I really apologize

I hear your cries, telling me what's right and what's wrong, telling me
you want punishment, don't talk on the phone

And now I know you were teaching me responsibility, I didn't listen, now
we drew apart and it's killing me

You feeling me?

You always catch me doing dirt, telling me to stay in and stay the what
up off the turf

Yo, it's hard work.

Being a Mama these days, cause your kids don't listen, it's like your
trapped in a cage

Dear Mama

I know I put you through a lot by messing at home and ducking, dodging
the cops

I mean no disrespect I was posted up on the block
Doing lots of dirt, holding weapons and jukin rocks
Dear Mama

I know it's a struggle raising a son

Especially a knucklehead that's going on the run

I remember you trying to get me on the right track

But I thought I was grown, and grown is how I act

I was selling crack

Doing it all behind your back

Thinking I can't get caught

Sometimes it's like that
I know I ain't perfect to live with the situation slowly
It's hard as what, I want to kick it with my homies
Some homies ain't cool, they quick, to turn they're back on me
My Mama always did when the situation thick, telling me to strap up, and
don't think with my
Give Moms a kiss cause she's there through thick and thin trying to keep
me on the outs and not in the state pen

Dear Mama

I know I put you on a lot by messing up at home and ducking and dodging
the cops

I mean no disrespect I was posted up on the block
Doing lots of dirt, holding weapons and jukin rocks

Dear Mama

[LCR former resident] They need to send more cats to the ranch. I know it
sounds bad, but some of them cats really need it because without it they'll die.
They'll get killed though; they'll go to worse prisons.

[LCR former resident] At times I can be really focused, at times I can just fall
apart and, you know, and the ranch was basically my structure, my backbone. It
helped me get focused a little.

Narrator: This Chinese American teenager wanted his neighborhood to remain
anonymous.

They just make you interested in things you was never interested into before.
Even thought of it. A lot of people they just stay in their own box like. And when
I went to the ranch, I kind of stepped out that. I tried out new things. I got a lot
of wisdom from up there cause, you know, there's some counselors up there.
Really good counselors. That you can learn a lot from.

I went in there when I was 16 years old. Trying to be a top gangster got me
there.

This piece is called Compassion

Compassion

Where have you been?

I done cussed out staff

Been threatened with the pen

Arguing relentlessly

Can't shut up

When I fall down

They make sure

I can get up

Showing no remorse
Hurting people's feelings
If anger was length
I'd be tall as the ceiling

They say love
Is everlasting
Where have you been?
I'm searching for compassion

Narrator: Jane Segal, teaches courses on how to start small businesses for Nfty.

You know, you need more environments, places where young people can take the card that they've been dealt, that they didn't deal themselves when they were born and it's about race and class and, you know, gender and then turn it around.

Narrator: Tousaint Haki Stewart, writers core instructor

You know, your humanity has not been taken away from you. This is an environment where the youth can actually reflect, to vent and to grow.

[FSRN host Deepa] A Prison Without Bars: A Ranch Where Hope Grows, features the voices of current residents and recent graduates of San Francisco's juvenile detention facility, Log Cabin Ranch. Produced by Noelle Hanrahan for Prison Radio, engineered by Anita Johnson and Jade Paget-Seekins, with production assistance from Nyjil Williams, Hannah Roth and Jesse Markim. Narrated by Rashida Clendening. Special thanks to Jane Segal, Kim Nelson, Touissant Akai Stewart, Freedom Archives, Cassie Coleman and Hard Knock Radio. This program is dedicated to Maurice Matthews, aka Mo Dosia. who the producers were trying to meet with when he was shot to death on the streets of San Francisco. It is also dedicated to all of the youth killed or locked down around the country.

<http://www.prisonradio.org/kids-in-prison.htm>

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Stay Strong\
\

"Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor" \
--Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)\

\

"This mathematical rhythmatrical mechanism enhances my wisdom\
of Islam, keeps me calm from doing you harm, when I attack, it's Vietnam"\
--HellRazah\
\

"It's not too good to stay in a white man's country too long"

--Mutabartuka\
\
"As for we who have decided to break the back of colonialism, \
our historic mission is to sanction all revolts, all desperate \
actions, all those abortive attempts drowned in rivers of blood."
- Frantz Fanon\
\
"Everyday is Ashura and every land is Kerbala"
-Imam Ja'far Sadiq\
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http://scratchcue.blogspot.com/
\
http://www.sleepybrain.net/vanilla.html
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http://www.world-crisis.com/analysis_comments/766_0_15_0_C/
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http://ilovepoetry.com/search.asp?keywords=braithwaite&orderBy=date\
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563. **Alan Sondheim**

THE RIGHTEOUS KEEP THE BRAINDEAD ALIVE

Mon 21 Mar 2005

THE RIGHTEOUS KEEP THE BRAINDEAD ALIVE

Empty stage. In the center, a wooden chair and table. There is a glass and pitcher of water. A desk lamp provides the only light.

(long pause)

(Jennifer enters from stage left, sits down. she is wearing a red-brown dress and sandals. her hair is disheveled. she is about 40.)

Jennifer: When I was young, I sought recourse in the Senate. (pause)

They were indeed the best and brightest. The House was full of rabble.

The Senate was Wisdom. Even when I marched, there was the Senate. A stability. I never heard of the Rapture, not until my twenties.

(pause) Now I pray for it. I want death and destruction to rain down

on the pure and righteous. I want the fanatics to leave, fly off God knows where, it doesn't matter. Leave the earth to the rest of us.
(pause) Janine was only twenty-four when she came into my life. (pause)
(loudly) I want to bring death to the righteous. I want to kill the good. I want to see them die slow deaths. Of AIDS of BULLETS of the FURY of the evil. {pause} (normal voice) There were a number of them in my life, Janine. Men and women, women and men. They were believers.
(pause) Janine would fuck me with a rosary around her neck it went in and out my mouth I was fucked like a good Jewish girl. (pause). I should have known. That it was the beginning. That there was no escape. Evil in the guise of good. (pause) I pulled the trigger on the President. I set fire to the Senate. I ignored the House; they were beyond Salvation. They were Salvation. Can you blame me? (pause) Janine, Janine. (pause) Look, this is inconceivable. That there is such RELIGION in the land. Such evil. Janine, are you listening to me? I am talking to everyone because I AM TALKING TO YOU. (pause) I will kill you if I can. I will kill myself. (pause) Look, I am twenty-three. Look, I am twenty-four. I am already old. I am ANOTHER TIME. I am NINETEEN-SIXTY-EIGHT. I AM IN LOVE WITH EVIL. I HATE YOU FUCKING BASTARDS. STOP
LOOKING AT ME. THERE'S NO TRICK TO THIS. (pause) (louder, furious) THERE'S NOTHING TO THIS. THE GOOD MUST BE ELIMINATED FROM THE FACE OF
THE EARTH. (pause) Look, I will try and EXPLAIN. If you are good you are RIGHTEOUS. You already know the difference. You will TELL ME DIFFERENCE.
(louder) I DO NOT WANT TO KNOW YOUR DIFFERENCE. I HAVE NO INTEREST IN
YOUR DIFFERENCE. IN YOUR FUCKING DIFFERENCE. IN YOUR FUCKING DIFFERENCE.
(pause, drinks water) What the fuck is this? (looking at the glass) I need something stronger. (louder) I WILL KILL THE FUCKING SENATE. I WILL

BURN THEM ALIVE. (pause) (normal) I met the President in the Agora. I walked up to him. I had... a knife and a gun. Which did I use? (to the audience) Which did I use? (pause) (louder) I used the KNIFE OF COURSE? DO YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY I USED THE KNIFE? I WANTED HIM TO SUFFER. I

WANTED HIM TO FEEL IT. I WANTED HIM TO FEEL IT. (pause) (louder) THIS IS THE MAN WHO HAS PUT TWO MILLION OF HIS PEOPLE IN JAIL. THIS IS THE

FUCKING RIGHTEOUS MAN. THIS IS FUCKING CHRIST. THIS IS FUCKING YAHWEH.

THIS IS FUCKING ALLAH. THIS IS LEVIATHAN. THIS IS BEAST OF APOCALYPSE.

THIS IS GOG AND MAGOG. THIS IS THE CHARIOT OF GOD. THIS IS THE CHARIOT.

(pause) (normal) Dear Mister President you are CHARIOT CHARIOT. Dear Mister President you are the WHEEL OF EYES. (louder) I WILL ROLL YOUR WHEEL OF EYES ON SHARP STAKES. I WILL HASTEN THE END-TIME AND THE

RAPTURE AND THE FINAL DAYS. I WILL HASTEN YOUR DEATH MISTER PRESIDENT

BUT YOU WILL DIE A SLOW SLOW DEATH AND YOU WILL HAVE YOUR FLESH TORN

TO PIECES. (pause) (softer) When I'm done with him, I'll move to the House, Janine. Yes I will, Janine. The House will be easy. The House wants to die, Janine. (louder) (screaming) WHEN I'M DONE WITH THE HOUSE I'LL MOVE TO THE SENATE. I'LL BURN THEM ALIVE. I ALREADY TOLD YOU THAT.

I BURNED THEM ALIVE. FOR THEY ARE THE GOOD AND I, ... I, ... (pauses) (drinks water) Really, WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS? (softest) They are trying to kill me. (whisper, pulls at her dress) They are trying to kill me.

(pulls at her hair) (louder) They are trying to kill me because I AM NOT ONE OF THE RIGHTEOUS AND I WILL NOT BE ONE OF THE RIGHTEOUS AND I WILL

NOT BE GOOD. I WILL NOT BE GOOD AND I WILL NOT BE YOUR GOOD
LITTLE BOY

AND I WILL NOT BE YOUR GOOD LITTLE GIRL AND I WILL NOT BE YOUR
SLAVE AND

I WILL NOT BE, I WILL NOT BE GOOD. (pause) (normal) Good is a lousy
fucking word. Janine, I will TERRORIZE THIS COUNTRY. I will fly PLANES
OF GOOD PEOPLE into BUILDINGS OF GOOD PEOPLE. I will torture GOOD
PEOPLE

forced to FUCK GOOD PEOPLE. I will BURN GOOD PEOPLE ALIVE. (pause)
(whisper) The Senate, Janine, is filled with good people. (to the audi-
ence) (louder) IS IT NOT? IS IT NOT? (pause) (loudest) DID I SAY I WILL
BURN THE SENATE ALIVE? (pause) (normal) The Wisdom of the Senate! The
fucking WISDOM of the Senate! (long pause) I am not CLEVER ENOUGH to do
this. I'm really not. (drinks water) (pause) Ah well.

(Jennifer stands.)

Jennifer: I know only one thing. I am not good.

(Janine-in-the-Audience stands and faces Jennifer. she is wearing
jeans, medium-short hair, hippy blouse.)

Janine-in-the-Audience: You know one thing, Jennifer. You are not good.
(pause) No one should die of AIDS. No one should ride a plane into a
building.

Jennifer: (loud) I WILL RIDE ANY PLANE INTO ANY BUILDING. I WILL KILL
WITH AIDS WITH LEPROSY. I WILL KILL WITH SMALLPOX WITH POLIO. I
WILL

KILL WITH PLAGUE. I WILL TEAR APART. I WILL TURN MY FINGERS INTO
SOCKETS

OF EYES TURN MY TEETH INTO FACES INTO MOUTHS TURN MY GUN
TURN MY KNIVES

TURN MY PLANE MY GERM ON THEM. I WILL TURN MY GERM ON THEM.

Janine-in-the-Audience: (screaming) GET OUT AUDIENCE. GET OUT FUCKING
AUDIENCE. GET OUT OF HERE OUT OF HERE OUT OF HERE.

(the audience leaves)

Janine-in-the-Empty-House: (normal) At least no one will hear the rest of this. I'm fucking exhausted.

Jennifer: What is this stuff they gave me to drink?

(lights down)

(the rest of the play inaudible)

END

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564. **Harry Nudel**
spring...summer...autumn...winter...

Mon 21 Mar 2005

sun

to

sun

rising...that's all...fffolks...drn...

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565. **Tim Peterson**
The Analogous Series: Mark Weiss, Forrest Gander, and Kent Johnson

Mon 21 Mar 2005

The Analogous Series presents:

Translation as Collaboration

Mark Weiss, Forrest Gander, and Kent Johnson

<http://www.analogous.net/weissganderjohnson.html>

Thursday, March 24, 7 PM,

45 Carleton St., room E25-111, Cambridge, MA

* * *

Forrest Gander, and Kent Johnson

will read from their translations of Jaeme Saenz and from their own poetry

Mark Weiss

will read from his translations and other poems

* * *

Forrest Gander's most recent books are *Torn Awake* (New Directions) and *Faithful Existence: Essays* (forthcoming from Shoemaker & Hoard). Princeton University Press will bring out his co-translation, with Kent Johnson, of Bolivian wunderkind Jaime Saenz's last and greatest book of poems, *The Night*. Gander directs the Graduate Program in Literary Arts at Brown University.

Kent Johnson is editor, with Craig Paulenich, of *Beneath a Single Moon: Buddhism in Contemporary American Poetry* (Shambhala, 1991) and of *Third Wave: the New Russian Poetry* (U of Michigan, 1992). In 1980 and 1983, during the Sandinista revolution, he worked in the Nicaraguan countryside for many months teaching basic literacy and adult education. From this experience he translated *A Nation of Poets* (West End Press, 1985), the most representative translation in English from the famous working class *Talleres de Poesia* of Nicaragua. He has edited *Doubled Flowering: From the Notebooks of Araki Yasusada* (Roof, 1998), as well as *Also, with My Throat, I Shall Swallow Ten Thousand Swords: Araki Yasusada's Letters in English*, forthcoming from Combo Books. He has also translated (with Alexandra Papaditsas) *The Miseries of Poetry: Traductions from the Greek* (Skanky Possum, 2003) and (with Forrest Gander) *Immanent Visitor: Selected Poems of Jaime Saenz* (California UP, 2002), which was a PEN Award for Poetry in Translation selection. A second book of Saenz's work, *The Night*, is forthcoming, along with a book of epigrams and images, *Epigramitis: 111 Living American Poets*, and a book entitled *Lyric Poetry After Auschwitz: Nine Submissions to the War*. Recipient of a 2004 NEA Literature Fellowship, he teaches at Highland Community College and was named the State of Illinois Teacher of the Year for 2004 by the Illinois Community College Trustees Association. More links to related work can be found at: <http://jacketmagazine.com/bio/index.html>

Aside from his careers as film maker, clinical social worker, and art dealer, Mark Weiss has taught psychology, writing and literature at Columbia, Hunter College, SUNY-Old Westbury, Pima College, the University of Arizona and the University of California-San Diego. His publications include five books and chapbooks of poetry: *Letter to Maxine* (Heron Press, 1974), *Intimate Wilderness* (New Rivers Press, 1976), *A Block Print by Kuniyoshi* (Four Zoas Nighthouse Press, 1994), *Fieldnotes* (Junction Press, 1995), *Figures: 32 Poems* (Chax Press, 2002), and, as editor, (with Harry Polkinhorn) *Across the Line/Al otro lado: The Poetry of Baja California*. He also edited and translated "The New Cuban Poetry," a fifty-page special section of *Poetry International VI* (2002). Current projects include translations of Luis Cortés's Bargall's book-length poem *To the Unconquerable Shore/Al margen indomable* (with Harry Polkinhorn), *Selected Poems of Gastón Baquero*, *Selected Poems of Raúl Hernández Novés*, and *Stet: Selected Poems of José Kozer* (2004), due out this Spring. He is in the process of editing

posthumous collections of unpublished poems of Richard Elman and Armand Schwerner, and *The Whole Island / La isla en peso: Six Decades of Cuban Poetry. Stories as Equipment for Living: Late Talks and Tales of Barbara Myerhoff*, which he edited with Marc Kaminsky, is to be published by University of Michigan Press in 2005.

* * *

Directions: 45 Carleton Street is the Health Services Building at MIT, otherwise known as E25-111. It is located directly behind the Kendall Square T-stop, in back of the MIT Press Bookstore and nearby the intersection of Main and Ames in Cambridge, MA.

* * *

The Analogous Series is curated by Tim Peterson

Spring schedule available at <http://www.analogous.net/spring2005.html>

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566. **Gabriel Gudding**

Report: March 19 Chicago Protest -- BNCPJ

Mon 21 Mar 2005

[Please note: I will need to be supplied Fati's last name -- vide infra]

On the morning of Saturday March 19th, fifteen members of the Bloomington-Normal Citizens for Peace and Justice piled into four large domestic cars in the parking lot of the Unitarian Church in Bloomington and drove two hours north to join about 1,000 other protestors in a march that began outside the famous Newberry Library on Dearborn and proceeded through the crisp and swank Gold Coast district, across the Chicago River, and into the Federal Plaza at Adams and Dearborn, where Jesse Jackson, Rep. Cynthia McKinney, Faridah Havandi, Lila Lipscomb (the mother from Flint, Michigan, in Fahrenheit 9/11) and many others spoke.

Our delegation joined a pre-march rally outside the Newberry Library organized by the Chicago Coalition Against War and Racism. When our party arrived at the Ruth Page Park on Dearborn, there were several hundred protestors having A REALLY GOOD TIME. The air was thick with cigarette smoke and the cacophonic stylings of a madcap brass band called The All-American Anti-War Marching Band.

The march, however, didn't start right away. Organizers had to negotiate with the police about our route. Fearing people were growing impatient, an earnest bald man bearing an official air explained into a megaphone within earshot of police officers that careful negotiations were being undertaken with the law.

Then he shouted, "Just give us a few more minutes to hash this out with the pigs!"

It was clear by his sincere demeanor that he did not use term with irony. I'm sure this did not enamor him, or his cause, to the police. But it was very funny.

While we waited for the march to start, some members of the BNCPJ unfurled and manned our impressive banner announcing the presence and support of the citizens of Bloomington-Normal. I wandered around examining the uniforms and haircuts of the police officers.

There were three bodies of police in attendance: Illinois State Troopers, who looked frightened and ready to club someone; Chicago municipal police, who looked bored and mean; and the Cook County Sheriff's Police, about whom I grew quietly fond because they had kind faces -- and many of them were slouching and smoking, and a few even had full beards! I liked this particular class of police very much! But the other class of police, the city and state class, these police were menacing.

The state troopers were decked in all black riot gear with small funny kevlar shoulder pads and fussy special gloves and black flappy shin pads of strange design. They wore matching black boots. They wore these icky black vests with little rectangles of black foam on them. They carried huge blond clubs made of ash, three feet long and as thick as a child's ankle. Their helmets were a pretty blue though -- and they each got a sparkly Lucite visor to protect their faces. Some of their visors were up and some of them were down. The ones whose visors were down looked frightened and seemed to breathe harder than the other ones. Despite how simultaneously awkward and menacing they looked, I was acutely happy nobody was taunting the police or saying mean things to them. I have been at demonstrations where ignorant protestors do this sort of thing and I find it repellant and abusive: I have no illusions about the structural function and socialization of police, but these are often just generous people at heart who've chosen a line of work that brings them to a protest or two. We should treat them with decency and generosity even if they have no idea that they are alienated and alienating dupes of the state. I do not like it when demonstrators say mean things to police. There was one sizeable mean policeman who wore a fluorescent piss-yellow cod piece and his badge read "Lt. Lucy Laverne." That last sentence was a joke.

There were crocuses coming up in the Ruth Page Place park. Dancing next to the crocuses was the above mentioned ardent group of 30 musicians bedecked in red tops. There was a trombonist, a bugler, a tall man in a dented tuba, a thin hyperactive man with a snare drum, and some random brass circling under the trees -- and several dancers waving coffee-table-sized green flags like they were signaling everyone with a kind of semaphore. A beautiful woman with very

small breasts was doing cartwheels in a low cut red top up and down the line of dancers. I watched them a long time. Then I had a conversation with an earnest woman about the difference between Trotskyites and Trostkyists.

As we waited for the organizers to work our route out with "the pigs," we chatted and wandered around. It was in my wandering that I discovered that this huge, clattering collection of protestors was massed in front of a quiet and unassuming library. And not just any library: this was the Newberry Library.

"The Newberry," as it is fondly known, sits in an unpretentious brick building across the street from the little park at Ruth Page Place on Dearborn and Walton, and it is one of the great independent research libraries in the world, housing several world-famous collections of rare books and maps and pamphlets whose cumulative age would stretch back if not to the Devonian then at least to that recent era when the first Bush patriarch decided to leave his Neanderthal brethren and try his hand at the Cro-Magnon thing.

Inside that quiet library, far back in vaults and inside a special distant room, is a pamphlet, printed January 10th, 1776. The pamphlet, called "Common Sense," was written by the great Quaker activist Thomas Paine and it is in delicate condition. It was written by Paine to urge the lethargic American people to declare their independence from the British crown and its soldiers: It was his pamphlet, some feel, that changed the minds of Jefferson, George Washington, and Benjamin Franklin, all of whom had, prior to reading it, supported the crown. In any case, in that document, which I have studied, Paine wrote, "The Continent hath, at this time, the largest body of armed and disciplined men of any power under Heaven."

And, as if to prove the above were still true, 15 mounted police officers on great brown mares stood directly in front of the Newberry's steps. At first I couldn't figure out why there were great puddles under the horses. Then I realized those were huge puddles of urine. Then I saw the little clots of brown putty on the street under the horse tails. I also noted the light gray and white scuff marks made in the macadam by their steel shoes.

The horses, which looked very cute and preoccupied, also had little sparkly visors over their eyes. Despite the cacophony and the jiggling and shouting and bouncing and the waving of signs in their faces the horses stood impassive and seemed to be very patient with us all. Some of the signs read:

Draft the Bush Twins

Smoke Weed, Not Iraq

Then from a megaphone: "Exxon, Mobil, BP, Shell: Take this war and go to hell!"

Some other signs:

Send Jenna and Barbara

More Trees: Less Bush

Then from a megaphone: "The word/ united,/ will never be defeated!// The students/ united/ will never be defeated!"

And a sign:

Let's Bomb Texas: They Have Oil Too

And again from another megaphone:

"George Bush!/ We! know! you!// Daddy was a/
killer too!"

And out of another megaphone:

"Arab, Jew, Black and White: Workers of the world
unite!"

There were competing megaphones: "The cops, the courts, the Nazis and the Klan: Are all a part of the Wall Street plan!"

And my personal favorite of all the signs:

USA: Fighting Terrorists since 1492

Then finally news came that the negotiation with the police had failed and that we would not be able to walk along the route we had planned. The leader with the PA system on his bald head shouted into the bullhorn, "It's a free country and we get to do whatever the police tell us!"

So we finally got moving, but the police split our contingent into two groups: one down Dearborn and the other down Clark. We both walked, one block apart, south a dozen blocks through the most conservative heart of downtown Chicago to the Federal Plaza. We were quite a sight -- and you could probably hear us from the top of the Sears Tower. We walked through the Gold Coast canyons in a gamelan of competing bullhorns and airhorns, as if we were a bizarre many-headed emotional klezmer dragon wading through the multi-directional echoes of the turbines and rotors of the helicopters circling overhead, police sirens, cars honking, boomboxes on bicycles blaring political music, and every tenth man with a bullhorn yelling something in Spanish or about the toxicity of diaper use, and lanky young men running about with snare drums and roaring about the war. It was a lot of fun!

And even at one point in the Gold Coast a well-dressed nicely coiffured white man opening his VERY LARGE apartment window and shouting feebly into the din and laughter: "The wars stop the dictators! The wars stop the dictators!"

The few people who were paying attention to his ranting just pointed at him with their mouths open.

I took notes with a semi-vintage Parker 45 fountain pen (medium nib) that I had purchased the week prior from ISU Professor Emeritus Carrol Cox. I had loaded the pen that morning with Noodler's Black ink -- a fast drying superdark permanent ink with very low feathering qualities so that I could write on some sheets of cheap light blue foolscap paper folded in half.

When we got to the Federal Plaza at 2pm, we were met by three or four other "feeder" marches, some of them organized by the International Solidarity Movement and the Palestine Solidarity Group. As I arrived I noticed Jesse Jackson was on the stage and had apparently just given a speech. Then Fariba Murray reported to me that she saw the following sign (and I ran off desperately looking for it):

For the Love of God
Won't Someone Cockslap Bush

The speeches by Cynthia McKinney, Faridah Havandi, Lila Lipscomb were overwhelming in their emotional impact. And that Faridah Havandi can really belt it out there; I think she has three or four donkey lungs: I saw some in the crowd plugging their ears she was so loud. Dazed by the volume of Havandi's oratory, I wandered around during one speech looking at faces and haircuts, and I saw a family holding signs that read, "Juan Manuel Torres: 2-7-79 7-12-04" "In Memory of My Son: Murdered by the Army - Bagram, Afghanistan." The signs also held large photographs of a deeply intelligent looking and kind-faced young man in dress greens. I approached the woman and asked her if she was his mother. She said she wasn't but that she was his mother's friend and that she had seen him grow up from a baby. I burst out crying for some reason and thanked her for coming. Embarrassed by that, I walked over to a table of pamphlets where I soon found myself in a conversation with a woman who wanted to know how anyone in his right mind could choose an Anarcho-Syndicalist worldview over a Marxist one. I told her I thought Anarchists were nicer and that I didn't know much about them beyond that, but I bought a little booklet from her for \$2 and promised to read up on the differences between Marxism and Anarchism. She seemed satisfied with that and we shook hands. I liked her face.

When I found Mollie Monroe, Fati ____, and Fariba Murray again, in the soup of heads and jiggling signs, we all sat down behind the makeshift stage and the echoing racks of speakers and just enjoyed each other's presence while listening to the speeches and watching the benign confusion of the people and occasionally making jokes about the pretty helmets of the police. And at one point Fariba became quite upset while remembering how the mounted police used

the horses to push against the people as they got bottlenecked at a certain moment when entering the plaza from Adams. "They pushed us out of the way with horses and shouted at us. We are living in a police state!" And, really, none of us, I think, seeing the fussy thick rows of police everywhere, would have disagreed with her.

As we left the ringing Plaza around mid-afternoon there were still many people slated to talk, and a band was going to sing, but we were getting cold and Fariba promised to take us to a nummy Iranian restaurant called Reza's. Before we got to the final cordon of police surrounding us, we passed two young men in business suits. One man gave me his business card that read, "50% OFF: Mobile Protest Area (for 30 minutes, \$5 for additional 30 minutes): EXERCISE YOUR RIGHT TO FREE SPEECH AT 1/2 THE COST: FREE ANTI-ESTABLISHMENT PICKET SIGN RENTAL WITH THIS COUPON (or \$3 for 30 minutes) -- Kids in FREE with Paying Adult -- [then in very small font] -- brought to you by Clear Channel." Then the other one produced a black box and pointed it at my head and took a Polaroid of my face and held it out to me shouting: "Commemorate your time here at this anti-establishment protest! Yours for only 8 dollars!"

I laughed very hard for a second and grew really happy and thanked them and told them there was no fucking way I was going to give them 8 bucks for a face I could see for free in my rearview and I asked if I could simply have the picture instead. But like the good capitalists they were parodying, they refused. Their inventiveness made me very happy and I ran ahead to catch up with Fariba and Fati and Mollie to tell them about the genius men in suits behind us and thinking about that phrase from "Common Sense," only 13 blocks to the north, the really cool one where Paine just busts out and says, "We have it in our power to begin the world over again."

Because I felt that we do have that power. And coming from the rally, gluey echoes fading behind us, and all of us so happy if a little cold, I wanted to remark to Mollie and Fati and Fariba about the pamphlet now 14 blocks to our north and my hope that the Iraqis also feel they have the power to begin their world anew and throw off their own dumb King George.

Gabriel Gudding
Assistant Professor
Department of English
Illinois State University
Normal, Illinois 61790
office [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

567. **Alan Sondheim**

strangulation

Mon 21 Mar 2005

strangulation

the lightbulb fluttered in the empty hallway.
site after site crashed on the internet.
the conspiracy of the death of www.asondheim.org.
the troubles of kunst.no
the seepage of west virginia university.
it's not just me it's furtherfield.
noemata where are you in our hour of need.
mountaineers, come back, speed up, infuriate.
my images are in your dead eyes.
the net is dying, phish swim polluted waters.
jennifer knows what "you-all" are doing.
the braindead net, congress pull the plug!
a special prayer for jerusalem isp.
braindead net drools breathes into the future.
every isp is precious life.
worship url for each is holy saint.
polluted net you are fifteen-year-old war.
my sounds are in your dead ears.
you can't tell where my sounds are coming from.
you can't hear them either.
the net reeks of braindead sounds.
the song of the brain, i'm dead i'm dead.
an apostrophe to dont and wont.
i will run home to save you image and sound.
we invite you to brooklyn usa for sound and sight.
are you taking your time, dont take your time.
are you busy right this moment?
lovely images to see before you dream.
lovely sounds to hear before you wake.
indra struggles tangled in his net.
indra cant rise to his feet jennifer watches.
jennifer, "hello indra, what have you been doing"
indra, "hello jennifer, this is a sad sad time.
why alan sondheim cannot show his sight.
and alan sondheim cannot play his sound.

and noemata cannot play his sound.
and noemata cannot show his sight.
and marc as well cannot play his sound.
and marc as well cannot show his sight.
and ivan fights again in silent film.
and noemata gathers all his strength.
no one shall know the feature of his strength.
no one shall know the bug of alans site.
the net is phished and indra fails to rise.
the mirrors cracked reflect the earth below.
the skein is torn domain-names flutter out.
the stake is poor and words are all we have.
imagine beauty in your blinded eye.
imagine sound within your deafened ear.
this is the world of text and poverty.
alas, poor yorick, we are out to sea.
noemata, they left you to your fate.
ivan, we cannot know your state.
marc, our loss is yours, we are now the weaker.
alan, pull our monitor and speaker.
words are dumb and braindead like the net.
phished out we havent any sites to let."
thus told her indra tolled for sound and sight.
were going fast into that dark good night.
were burning wires keeping up the fight.
ungentle-woman jennifer is bright.
and alan ragging raging turns the light.
to foreground earth and word and muted plight.

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568. **Pierre Joris**

Picasso: The Burial of the Count of Orgaz & Other Poems

Mon 21 Mar 2005

Pleased to post this review (from the current Christian Science Monitor) of Jerome Rothenberg's and Pierre Joris' book of Pablo Picasso wrtings published by Exact Change. Note that the other translators who contributed to the book are David Ball, Paul Blackburn, Maunel Brito, Anselm Hollo, Robert Kelly, Suzanne Jill Levine, Ricardo Nirenberg, Diane Rothenberg, Cole Swenson, Anne Waldman, Jason Weiss, Mark Weiss, & Laura Wright.

from the March 18, 2005 edition -

<http://www.csmonitor.com/2005/0318/p12s02-alar.html>

The poetic side of genius Pablo Picasso's writing - done in the raw, unpunctuated style of the Surrealists - receives its first major translation into English in a new volume of poetry.

By Timothy Cahill | Correspondent of The Christian Science Monitor

ALBANY, N.Y. - Near the end of his life, Pablo Picasso predicted to a friend he would be remembered as a "Spanish poet who dabbled in painting, drawing, and sculpture." The most famous artist of the 20th century was certainly joking. Picasso (1881-1973) knew he would be forever identified as the figure who rejected Renaissance traditions, ushering in a complex new relationship of the artist to the visible world and the audience.

The comment is meaningful, for it provides a glimpse into a lesser-known side of the protean master. From 1935, when he was 54 years old, until 1959, Picasso devoted himself to a body of writing that was boldly and consciously poetic.

"I abandon sculpture, engraving and painting," he wrote to Spanish poet and boyhood friend Jaime Sabartes in 1936, "to dedicate myself entirely to song." The result was a series of notebooks, sketchbooks, journals, even napkins filled with prose poems that, like his paintings, are dense in imagery, relentlessly energetic, and frequently enigmatic.

Now the poems are available in English for the first time with the publication of a comprehensive volume of Picasso's writings, "The Burial of the Count of Orgaz & Other Poems." Coeditors Jerome Rothenberg and Pierre Joris collected the writings from the original Spanish and French.

Picasso's literary output has been little more than a footnote to public awareness of his artistic contribution, but "it's the work of an accomplished poet," says Mr. Rothenberg. "It was not trivial work. It's part of the history of experimental poetry in the 20th century."

The painter began writing seriously at a time in his life when a divorce impelled him to take a break from painting. Rothenberg explains in the book's preface that through 1935 and 1936, Picasso largely ignored paint and canvas and immersed himself in written expression. Afterward, over more than two decades, he often returned to writing, producing three plays in addition to the 300-plus texts in "Burial."

"He didn't feel like painting, but the creative rush was still coming through, so he wrote," says Mr. Joris. "It became one of the ways he expressed that energy."

The writings are unlikely to remake Picasso's image into that of a poet, at least in the conventional sense. His poems are not deliberate constructions of

meaning, but rather rippling Surrealist wordplay. They could just as well be called literary paintings. They unleash a dazzling, allusive torrent of sensory description and dreamlike action in such images as "wings of forgotten colors," "the sundrop falling on the tip of the knife," and "white blue white yellow and rose white of an apple green." Nearly all the writings were created as prose blocks, rarely in traditional verse lines, and dated rather than titled.

Picasso wrote in a stream-of-consciousness style, without punctuation or capitalization, following the counsel of poet André Breton in his 1924 "First Surrealist Manifesto," to "write quickly with no preconceived subject." The aim, for Breton and Picasso, was to bypass literal meaning and sweep the unconscious for unexpected riches of expression. A Picasso entry dated May 4, 1935, begins, "All the shredded shadows peel off the bodies with haste of the start of a journey and faithful to their appointment with light...."

"It's a kind of writing at top speed. The pencil does not leave the paper," explains Joris. Picasso, he ventures, may be "the most accomplished Surrealist poet. In terms of going for the absolute Surrealist process of breaking all syntactical barriers and eliminating the [intellectual] policeman who prevents you from saying things."

Surrealist writings provide insight into Picasso's art, art scholar and curator Richard Kendall observes.

"They are of interest," he explains. "Not frivolous or foolish. A lot of people don't realize how engaged Picasso became with Surrealism, what a big part the tormented, the macabre, the dreamlike, the fantastical played in his work. His writing is of a piece with that."

Picasso provided art for Surrealist journals, and was close friends with writers and artists associated with the movement. "The Surrealist strand is always there, but it comes through in the 1930s," Mr. Kendall says. He cites Picasso's great antiwar painting "Guernica" as "the picture of a nightmare." The poetry "brings something to our understanding of 'Guernica.' "

Rothenberg and Joris, who collaborated on the book from their respective homes near San Diego, Calif., and Albany, N.Y., are best known for "Poems of the Millennium," a 1,600-page, two-volume anthology of avant-garde, alternative, and postmodern poetry. It was while compiling that project that the two men, both accomplished poets in their own right, first published Picasso.

The present collection was translated by Joris, Rothenberg, and more than a dozen contributing poets from a 1989 French volume, "Picasso: Writings." While both editors hope publication of the English version will be regarded as a literary event, they are aware that Picasso's seminal importance as a painter is the main interest.

"It's more likely to be an event for artists and art historians," says Rothenberg. "It's hard to break through those boundaries."

Kendall agrees. "We're interested in almost everything Picasso did. If he had not been an extraordinary artist, his writings might then have disappeared. They're a minor aspect of his extraordinary career."

Joris, for his part, argues that the writing stands on its own merit. "These are live poems. These are not museum pieces," he says. "They may be more alive at this point, fresher - they have not been framed, like the paintings, by tons of critical discourse."

While their relative merit may be debated, the writings nevertheless give voice to Picasso's intent as an artist. Whether as pictures or words, his art aimed for the same effect. "Everything you find in these poems," he insisted, "you can also find in my paintings. So many painters have forgotten poetry ... and it's the most important thing." 26.1.37

orange blossom jasmine cabinet perfumed with pine scent little sugar cube
stuck sentry-like on point of bayonet drawn from his gaze and bleeding honey
from his fingers on the dove's wings burning at lake bottom in the skillet of his
eyes shows up exactly at the happy hour with its flower needle pin prick poised
to touch the sea's snout blue bull winged incandescent spread out at the
ocean's rim

- Pablo Picasso
2 July 38

drop by
drop
hardly
pale blue
dies
between
the claws of
green almond
on the rose
trellis

- Pablo Picasso

=====
=
"Lyric poetry has to be exorbitant or not at all." -- Gottfried Benn
=====
=

For updates on readings, etc. check my [current events](#) page:

Mon 21 Mar 2005

[illegible]

"Breaking in bright Orthography . . ."
--Emily Dickinson

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



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570. **Joel Lewis**

Re: Brushes with F*A*M*E*

Mon 21 Mar 2005

RE: Moondog

Interviewed Moondog in 1989 at a hotel in mid-town Manhattan --he was appearing at a new music festival @ Brooklyn Academy of Music-- his first visit to US since the mid70's (many people in NYC thought he died). Woman that Steve D. mentions was there. She had convinced to drop Viking horns and street persona and got him launched on European classical circuit. She also found money to get his works transcribed from braille and published by a reputable classical music publisher. Thanks to her, the last phase of his life were the most stable financially and artistically -- he even had something of a hit record in Switzerland!. In addition to many new recordings, SONY reissued his Columbia sets from early 70s and Fantasy OJC released his Prestige sets from fifties. Moondog was quite engaging --he was frank, funny and let this interviewer that he was TOTALY serious. By that point in life, he realized that the street persona he created (he was listed as a bohemian must see in many tourist guides of the 60's) had undermined his artistic goals.

Do people notice that Moondog's "Bird's Lament" has been used over the last few month's in a car ad on TV?

joel Lewis

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571. **Ron Silliman**

Silliman's Blog

Mon 21 Mar 2005

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

RECENT POSTS

The insubstantiality of sculpture:
Imagining Rodins as giant
chocolate Easter bunnies

Is Amari Hamadene a plagiarist
or a hoax?

A definition of Journalism:
a term past its time

Stephanie Strickland's
"WaveSon.Net" â€“
from Prairie Schooner to cyberpoetics

Poetry & surveillance:
My FBI files

Michael Rothenberg's
"Narcissus Journal" â€“
an open form for the daily

Jack Gilbert,
language poet

A portrait by Didi Menendez

Jim Behrle's
"Ron is Ron" cartoons

d alexander â€“
a lost poet of the 1960s

Questions from
Erika Marie Eckart

Without a there there â€“
the decentered influence
of projectivist poetry today

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

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572. **Dan Waber**

[poem] Embossed Into The Horizon

Mon 21 Mar 2005

21/61

Echo = In my sleep I dream of my mother as a young woman at the beach,
her dress and hat in outline, a Victorian paperdoll embossed into the horizon.

Source = Jennifer Hill-Kaucher from her poem "Niepce's Dinner Table"

Embossed Into The Horizon

I have eleven pictures I keep in
a steel chest in the pirate ship of my
memory. Some nights they rock me to sleep,
some mornings one might be the first thing I
see when I bobber up from my last dream.
One is a small, square, wrinkled head shot of
my grandfather before he married my
grandmother. I think it was his mother
behind the camera, his eyes smile as
a son's would. He's smart and snappy in a
private's pressed uniform. He looks too young
to be dressed up for war. Any woman,
any culture, any time, looking at
his swarthy snapshot sees a scene like the
From Here to Eternity wave crash beach.

Another is of my mother in her
Dean's Foods girl child model days, Sunday dress
and white patent leather shoes. She's five and
stands on a round white pedestal, her hat
is off, she's bent at the waist, toes turned in
and tongue stuck so far out that the outline
of it can be seen in shadow like a
comma on her chin. A Victorian
parlor scene with a feisty paperdoll
done for the day. I want to be embossed
like this, to have beloved my way into
another life so profoundly that the
arc I make extends past my horizon.

Dan Waber

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573. **Gary Sullivan**

This Week's Question: "most surprising work read in translation"

Mon 21 Mar 2005

This week's question for Elsewhere:

What was the most surprising work you've read in translation? Talk a bit about what it was that surprised you--pleasantly or otherwise--about the work and/or the translation.

Send your answers to me at:

`<b>gpsullivan at hotmail dot com</b>`

and I'll start posting them to Elsewhere

<http://garysullivan.blogspot.com>

Again, while I do trawl the poetics archives, it's best to send answers to my e-mail account, so I'll be sure to get it. I'll post answers received up through Friday.

Thanks,

Gary

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574. **poetics**

Please review | List Guidelines

Mon 21 Mar 2005

Dear all: please take a few minutes to review the guidelines, rules & regs. for the listserv as listed below--as always please contact me if you have any questions or concerns.

all best, Lori

listserv moderator

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 11 January 2005.

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. That is, the Poetics List exists to support and encourage divergent points of view on modern and contemporary poetry and poetics, and we are committed to do what is necessary to preserve this space for such dialog.

Due to the high number of 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; the list moderators may also ask subscribers to leave the list if they are not productively contributing to the discussion. We remain committed to this editorial function as a defining element of the Poetics List.

Please also note that 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.

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 unsubscribe by sending a one-line email to

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 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. We define 'flaming' as any post that resembles a personal attack or personal insult to anyone--subscriber or not. This of course includes ad hominem arguments in which the person rather than their work is attacked; in other words while critique of a person's work is welcome (critical inquiry is one of the main functions of the list), this critique cannot extend to a critique or criticism of the person.

I think most would agree that the listserv serves as a productive communal space for discussion and announcements; as such, subscribers who do not follow listserv policy on flaming will first receive a warning from the listserv moderator and should they fail to follow policy again they will immediately be placed on review.

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

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575. **Wanda O'Connor**

The Factory Reading Series, April 8, OTTAWA CANADA

Mon 21 Mar 2005

This is a multi-part message in MIME format.

--Boundary_(ID_SddQqals46Cd/HTlOLe0Hw)

span-o (the small press action network - ottawa)
presents

the Factory Reading Series
at Gallery 101

Friday, April 8

readings by Mark Truscott, Rachel Zolf (Toronto)
& Wanda O'Connor (Ottawa)

lovingly hosted by rob mclennan

[span-o acknowledges the generous support of Gallery 101]

7-9pm; readings begin at 7:30pm

Gallery 101, 236 Nepean Street, Ottawa

bios:

Mark Truscott has had poems published in a number of magazines, including filling Station, The Literary Review of Canada, The Malahat Review, Peter O'Toole and This Magazine. He lives in Toronto.

Rachel Zolf is an alias for a writer with several past identities, including: bartender, documentary producer, office cleaner, sax player, crisis worker, corporate copy hack, university dropout, Toronto Year 2003 West Nile Virus Case #22, activist, analysand and shortstop. The title long poem from Zolf's first book, Her absence, this wanderer, was a finalist for the CBC Literary Competition. She lives in Toronto with her partner Lisa and two furred quadrupeds, Sheba and Huck, and also serves as poetry editor for The Walrus magazine. Masque is her second book.

The lonely city of Ottawa adopted Wanda O'Connor about 10 years ago. She's also lived in other places, like Edmonton. Most recently her work has appeared in Shampoo Poetry, Yawp, ALBA, and above/ground press. She also writes book reviews for the Ottawa XPress. Her second chapbook, If the skin is CRISP: eat it, has just been released. She is currently hosting POATTICA, a poetic Series held in her attic, and hopes to one day film the remake of the cult classic Forbidden Planet with polaroids and/or webcams. For information about upcoming readings and goings on, visit wandaconnor.coffeehouse.ca, or www.ncf.ca/~ew702

The Factory Reading Series also acknowledges the support of The League of Canadian Poets

In the gallery: FAROUK KASPAULES' Traces, from MARCH 17 TO APRIL 9, 2005.

For more information, bother rob mclennan at  / or check out the span-o link at www.track0.com/rob_mclennan

--Boundary_(ID_SddQqals46Cd/HTlOLe0Hw)

(iPlanet Messaging Server 5.2 Patch 2 (built Jul 14 2004))
id <[REDACTED]> for [REDACTED]; Mon,
14 Mar 2005 23:29:56 -0500 (EST)
by saruman.ncf.ca (iPlanet Messaging Server 5.2 Patch 2 (built Jul 14 2004))
with ESMTP id <[REDACTED]> for [REDACTED]; Mon,
14 Mar 2005 23:29:55 -0500 (EST)
14 Mar 2005 23:29:54 -0500 (EST)
Date: Mon, 14 Mar 2005 23:29:54 -0500 (EST)
From: [REDACTED] (Rob McLennan)
Subject: The Factory Reading Series, April 8
To: [REDACTED]
autolearn=disabled version=3.0.1
Original-recipient: rfc822;[REDACTED]

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The Factory Reading Series also acknowledges the support of The League of Canadian Poets

in the gallery: FAROUK KASPAULES' Traces, from MARCH 17 TO APRIL 9, 2005; ARTIST TALKS Thursday, March 17 at 5:30pm; OPENING Thursday, March 17 at 7:30pm

for more information, bother rob mclennan at [REDACTED] or [REDACTED] / or check out the span-o link at 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 ...9th coll'n - what's left (Talon) ...c/o RR#1 Maxville ON K0C 1T0
www.track0.com/rob_mclennan * <http://robmclennan.blogspot.com/>

--Boundary_(ID_SddQqals46Cd/HTIOLe0Hw)--

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576. **Nick Piombino**
Brushes With F*A*M*E
Mon 21 Mar 2005

Here's two more, although
Gary Sullivan has ended this
thread on his blog:

I've admired the poetry of Frank Kuenstler
for decades, particularly his book *Lens*, which I'd
read and reread. One day in the summer of 1996
I made up my mind I had to meet this poet
and began calling around to
some friends to try and find him. I
learned from my friend Serge Gavronsky that Frank
had died just a few days earlier. There was to be
a memorial, and would I like to attend it and possibly
read? I found out from Serge that Frank Kuenstler used to
operate a bookstall for years
near the corner of 96th and Broadway.

I must have passed by and looked at the books on his table hundreds of times!

On the day of the memorial I was sitting with Toni, reading *Lens* in Central Park. A woman noticed this and came over and spoke with me. It was Frank Kuenstler's daughter Emily. She asked me if I was attending the memorial and would I like to read? Yes, I was attending and I would be glad to read. Among the readers at the memorial was Gerard Malanga, who I've always wanted to meet; but it just didn't happen.

**

Sometime in 1975 I was living on West 90th Street near Central Park. I had a small dog at that time, a Wheaton Terrier named Whimsey. One day I walked Whimsey to the corner of Columbus and 90th Street where there was this ancient greasy spoon coffee shop, with all the signs, stools, shiny metal appliances and formica counter intact, circa 1945.

I often had the habit of looking into the window and staring at this place but I never once went in. It was a summer day and I was doing just this, with Whimsey patiently sitting next to me on a leash. After a little while I noticed that Woody Allen and Diane Keaton were each standing on either side of me.

All four of us stood staring through the window like this, except Whimsey, who just sat there because she was too small to reach the window, no one saying a word for a good 3-5 minutes. I was a major fan of Woody Allen's and loved his work with Diane Keaton. But at this moment I was utterly tongue tied and couldn't blurt out a single word. The three of us stood there a little while longer and then first Diane Keaton and then Woody Allen left and went into a large van parked across the street. I guess they were looking the place over as a possible location for a movie.

When I wrote this a few days ago
I didn't know that Allen's new movie,
Melinda and Melinda
including favorites Steve Carrell (from the Jon
Stewart show) and
Wallace Shawn,
had just been released.

Nick Piombino

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577. **Nick Piombino**

Nick Piombino's ::fait accompli::

Mon 21 Mar 2005

Recently on ::fait accompli::

<http://nickpiombino.blogspot.com>

*Spring in This World of Poor Mutts:
Tim Peterson and Brenda
Iijima's reading at the Bowery Poetry
Club

Fiona Templeton's *Medead*
at PS 122

**The Loneliness of The Long
Distance Blogger:
Gary Mex Glazner's
How To Make A Living As A Poet,
from Soft Skull Press

*

Passing the Stick: books to be
taken to a desert island

***Essay/Review *Machine Envy*
re: the Tim Hawkinson show at
the Whitney

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578. **Ward Tietz**

A Lyric Sensibility: Ann Lauterbach and Jennifer Moxley @ Georgetown U

Mon 21 Mar 2005

The Lannan Poetry and Seminar Series at Georgetown University Presents:

A Lyric Sensibility, featuring Ann Lauterbach and Jennifer Moxley

Susan Schultz has called Ann Lauterbach a "contemporary anomaly, the pure lyric poet," who "uses sound as a springboard to investigations more suggestive than concrete, more ethereal than earthy, more sung than said." Lauterbach is the author of six collections of poetry, including *If in Time: Selected Poems 1975-2000*, and most recently, *Hum*. She is Director of Writing in the Milton Avery School of the Arts at Bard College.

How should one speak and write in a world that is full of possibility, but also history? Jennifer Moxley asks and answers such questions as she deftly reconciles time and poetic form. Moxley is the author of *The Sense Record* and other poems, *Imagination Verses*, and several chapbooks. She lives in Orono, Maine and is an Assistant Professor of Creative Writing at the University of Maine.

Thursday, March 31

Seminar, ICC 462, 5:30 p.m.

Reading, ICC Auditorium 8 p.m.

For further information about this event, contact Ward Tietz, Director, Lannan Poetry Series, at [REDACTED].

For more information about the Lannan Program at Georgetown, visit:

<<http://www.georgetown.edu/departments/english/lannan>>

The ICC auditorium and ICC room 462 are in the red brick building located near the Georgetown University main gate at 37th and O Streets in Washington, DC.

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579. **furniture_press**

My Poems are Free!

Mon 21 Mar 2005

check out the links below to see my beautiful confessional poetry. Just kidding.

www.yourblackeye.org

and

<http://www.malleablejangle.netfirms.com/>

--

Graffiti.net free e-mail @ www.graffiti.net

Check out our value-added Premium features, such as a 1 GB mailbox for just US\$9.95 per year!

Powered by Outblaze

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580. **Alan Sondheim**

Re: This Week's Question: "most surprising work read in translation"

Mon 21 Mar 2005

Hi Gary -

Most of what I read is in translation and hopefully bilingual. There are two things here - first, Ezekiel in the Jewish Publication Society of America edition. I hadn't read the book in years and am surprised how Assyrian it sounds; the God in it is primitive, vengeful, violent, and probably a favorite of fundamentalists. The book seems to have been written by at least three different hands; either that or Ezekiel's schizophrenia is worse than I'd imagined. But the real surprise is a poem by Moses Rimos, in Hebrew Ethical Wills, translated w/ original by Israel Abrahams - this is the Prothanation or Kina Rabi, written in 1430, when Rimos was 24, just before he was executed on a false charge of poisoning a gentile (he was a doctor). The work is a death litany and is by far the most interesting poem I've read in a long time. The Prothanation is filled with puns, specific references to Aristotelian (book lambda for example) and medieval philosophy (Maimonides, Averroes, etc.). Here are a few random lines. The work is not only brilliant; it's unlike anything I've read before and that goes a way. Here's a bit:

[...]

Moan in dire pain, O thou Written Law,

And thou Oral Law for me raise a sigh;

Grammar and Masora, Rhyme and Script--

Weepeth Ibn Ezra, lamenteth K(h)im(c)hi.

Bitterly cries the "guide of the Perplexed,"

The Secrets of Prophecy, the Homonymous Names;

The Meanings of the Laws weep over me,

The view of the Mutakallimun, the principles of the sciences.

The structure of the Chariot, the Act of the Beginning,

These lift up a lament with the Secrets of the Torah;

The theoretical Cabbala and also the practical,

[...]

Woe is the day I am slain, a mother's pangs

--Alas for Philosophy--shall come upon her;
Human inquiry shall be utterly dismayed,
(Crying) "Must I be robbed of the walker in the middle way?"
[...]

The rhyme scheme - the Hebrew configuration - is amazing; there are a number of puns, and the vocabulary is an unknown land. If you ever have a chance to read this, do!

- Alan

nettext <http://biblioteknett.no/alias/HJEMMESIDE/bjornmag/nettext/>
WVU 2004 projects: <http://www.as.wvu.edu/clcold/sondheim/>
<http://www.as.wvu.edu:8000/clc/Members/sondheim>
Trace projects <http://trace.ntu.ac.uk/writers/sondheim/index.htm>

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581. **Andrea Strudensky**
Fred Wah and Jennifer Moxley

Mon 21 Mar 2005

Saloon Conversation Series Presents:

"The Lyric, the Citizen, the Self, and the State: a Conversation."

With Fred Wah and Jennifer Moxley. Moderated by Myung Mi Kim. March 26th @ 7pm. Rust Belt Books - 202 Allen Street, Buffalo NY

The conversation proposes to start with "Our states, whether social or organic, are composed of effects both chosen (verses) and not (Imagination)" from the preface to Jennifer Moxley's *_Imagination Verses_*, a scuffle with the lyric and the social. As such, then, other terms common to poetry's current attentions (agency, the public, the global, the hybrid - possibly) will, no doubt, cohere and/or disintegrate under language's conversionary poetics. Fred and Jennifer

Fred Wah studied music and English literature at the University of British Columbia in the early 1960's where he was one of the founding editors of the poetry newsletter TISH. He did graduate work at the University of New Mexico in Albuquerque and S.U.N.Y. Buffalo, where he worked under Charles Olsen. He was the founding coordinator of the writing program at David Thompson University Centre. He recently retired from teaching at the University of Calgary. He has been editorially involved with a number of literary magazines over the years, such as *Open Letter* and *West Coast Line*. He has published seventeen books of poetry. His book of prose-poems, *Waiting For Saskatchewan*, received the Governor-General's Award in 1986 and *So Far* was awarded the Stephanson Award for Poetry in 1992. *Diamond Grill*, a biofiction about hybridity and

growing up in a small-town Chinese- Canadian cafe was published in 1996 and won the Howard O'Hagan Award for Short Fiction.

Jennifer Moxley is the author of *Wrong Life: Ten New Poems*, *Imagination Verses*, *Often Capital*, *The First Division of Labour*, *Ten Still Petals*, and *Enlightenment Evidence*, and the translator of Jacqueline Risset's *The Translation Begins*. Her poems have appeared in *The Baffler*, *Chain*, *Jacket*, and *The Exact Change Yearbook*. Moxley is editor and founder of *The Impercipient*, a contemporary poetry magazine, and she co-edited, with Steve Evans, *The Impercipient Lecture Series*, a monthly poetics pamphlet. Moxley was raised in San Diego, studied poetry and poetics at Brown University in Providence, Rhode Island. She lives in Orono, Maine where she works as an Assistant Professor at the University of Maine.

Funding made possible by Steve McCaffery and the Department of English at SUNY Buffalo – Thank you Steve!

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582. **Halvard Johnson**

FW: Lynda Schor's *The Body Parts Shop*

Mon 21 Mar 2005

Lynda Schor's The Body Parts Shop [ISBN 1-57366-120-1] is now available. It can be ordered from its distributor (Northwestern University Press -- [REDACTED]), from FC2's website (www.fc2.org), or from an Amazon www.amazon.com near you.

For a preview, one of its stories is currently online at The Brooklyn Rail <http://www.thebrooklynrail.org/fiction/feb05/comingofage.html>

"Lynda Schor's stories are as dazzling as her readers have come to expect. To label them 'black humor' or describe them as 'irreverent' would be putting it mildly, and there is nothing mild about Schor's take on the way we live now--our marriages, sex lives, obsessions and rites of passage. She is a master of satire, full of invention and wit, yet beneath the hilarious goings-on in her work runs a deep vein of melancholy. This is a terrific and exhilarating collection."

--Lynne Sharon Schwartz

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583. **Steve Dalachinsky**

Re: My Poems are Free!

Mon 21 Mar 2005

black eye my eye that guy rejected me

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584. **Steve Dalachinsky**

Re: This Week's Question: "most surprising work read in translation"

Mon 21 Mar 2005

so you're telling us this guy was into kimchi not horse radish

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585. **Harrison Jeff**

Dirt Kelpie, Plato's Your Simon Magus

Mon 21 Mar 2005

the kill happened on the initial sheet,
which some other poem insisted is
the playing floor concealing the butchered earth
the kill left ashes, paper them freely
they were unfrequented matter anyhow
and too long truant from literary wreckers

there are thimbles now on the playing floor

paper wreckage buy dead with thimbles
they discovered your travels were false, sailor
they spun your tales to the other side
and the thimbles' heads served as models
for these lines: O thou in the earth
play not at living -- not waves, not dawn,
but the butchered earth, thyself carriest
seafarers home again, here's dirt kelpie,
the worst spinning-wheel outside all rushy home
this is behind one and each hurry-things

there's a spinning-wheel now on the playing floor

this is a storm no bird has ever haunted, nor kelpie below
to feel it, nor waves, nor dawn, nor butchered earth
to hide it away, it is the mouth's foundation, crammed
between finny jumps, with the sunset goes its dust
swerve much does this dim story, an old store of

bones, aye, a squeak sack, it belongs amongst coals
it belongs in some other poem insisting the pitiable
earth will be soon enough be sky in Heaven, and in
that sky swims the dirt kelpie - a hundred was its cheeks,
a thousand was its horns, and at last, at long long last
there's a dirt kelpie now on the playing floor

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586. **Murray, Christine**
New Stuffing at Chris Murray's Texfiles
Mon 21 Mar 2005

Some new stuffing in the Texfiles boxing glove (check out the vintage shot of David Bowie!) of it all:

<http://texfiles.blogspot.com>

--"SOUL"--Bombing Ulice 2, [Urban]Komix

--My big "thuggish" self in, um, "guerilla tactics":
a response to the _American Thinker_ bozo editorial
today that targets Lisa Jarnot, Joshua Corey, Chris Murray, and other folks
who have spoken in defense of Ammiel Alcalay, and who have spoken out
against
the neo-con article attacking Alcalay
by Alyssa Lappen at _Campus Watch_ and _Amerianc Thinker_

Here's a part of what _"The" American Thinker_ didn't like:

"Camille Paglia writes in her new hurried-up bandwagon poetics book on 'radical poetry' (I'm not even going to dignify the book by naming it-- you can find it at Amazon) that "poetry develops the imagination and feeds the soul." And Allysa A. Lappen, the writer of that piece of crap article that attacks poet Ammiel Alcalay in the American Thinker and on Campus Watch, begins her article with this: "Poetry is a window on the human soul."

"I'm fascinated by what amounts to some kind of retro turn to romanticist crap: Goethe's Young Werther must be right around the corner selling beer, eh? Isn't poetry responsible for enough things without also having to go retro and be responsible for its audience in terms of some illogic and unwarranted, metaphoric food relationship and/or some architectural fixture of/for whatever a "soul" is?

"Pahleez!

"What exactly is a ("the"?) "soul," anyway?--is this the standard issue, hegemonic western version, or some newly revised, far more transcendent, perhaps

more global, more capitalistic, more conveniently corporate version? So: who gets to decide what a soul is and what that might have to do with poetry?

"...what a load of rhetorical garbage they've got going there. I'm thinking, why don't you two (Paglia and Lappen) retro-poetry types just tie your diamond-studded leashes to the Pavlov dogs and jump right up on that neo-con Republican band-wagon I heard outside this morning as it was furiously ringing its yadda bells and hoping we'd all write crap like (Paglia and Lappen): you know: all follow along nice and quiet-like?"

--William Eggleston's "Los Alamos" at the Dallas Museum of Art

--"SOUL"--Bombing Ulice 1, [Urban]Komix

--Happy St. Patrick's Day: Samuel Beckett's *Ping*

--Justin Ulmer's Tex-fotos

--Announcing: Philip Trussell's art in Austin

--Slight Publications' "Custom Strawperson Manufacturing Poetry Workshop: Outrage is the Hardly Saying of Her Name"

--What my students are reading this week:
excerpted from Dale Smith's *The Flood and the Garden* (First Intensity Press, 2002)

--Coming Up Soon: announcement of a new Texfiles Poet of the Week

Enjoy, Y'all!

chris murray

<http://texfiles.blogspot.com>

<http://e-po.blogspot.com>

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587. **Haas Bianchi**

Iranian Poets Iranian Poetry HELP!

Mon 21 Mar 2005

Dear Buffalo Listers:

I am writing this to see if anyone has any experience with Iranian poetry? I feel that with the political situation regarding Iran and the US that it would be a great thing to do our next International Profile for Chicagopostmodernpoetry.com on Iranian Poets. If anyone has a contact that can be reached to help out I would be eternally grateful.

Ray

Raymond L. Bianchi
chicagopostmodernpoetry.com/
collagepoetchicago.blogspot.com/

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588. **Stephen Vincent**
Crossing the Millennium / blog news
Mon 21 Mar 2005

"Some days it is a specific moment that sustains itself: an opening, an enlargement into which one enters a pinewood tongue and groove, freshly waxed dance floor to find a self within the self propelled into a dance, various in its rhythms from which the torso starts to make slopes, off angle turns, shoulder rolls, shakes, shimmies: an improvisatory glide into a quick heat in the air into which a whole..."

Several new pieces on the blog from "Crossing the Millennium, 1999 (Project)."

As always, appreciate the comments,

Stephen Vincent

Blog: <http://stephenvincent.durationpress.com>

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589. **mIEKAL aND**
Vispo at Durban Segnini Gallery
Mon 21 Mar 2005

Vispo at Durban Segnini Gallery

March 5 to March 26, 2005

Miami, FL

Curated by Carlos M. Luis

Work by mIEKAL aND, William James Austin, Petra Backonja, Michael Basinski, Guy Beining, John M. Bennett, John Byrum, David-Baptiste Chirot, Maria Damon, Steve Dalachinsky, K.S. Ernst, Jessica Fanzo, Christopher Fritton, Peter Ganick, Bob Grumman, Marc de Hay, Scott Helmes, Geof Huth, Jukka-Pekka Kervinen, Jim Leftwich, Sheila Murphy, Michael Peters, Lanny Quarles, Marilyn R. Rosenberg, Mark Scott, Wendy Collin Sorin, Carol Stetser, Thomas Lowe Taylor, Kevin Thurston, Derek White, Irving Weiss, Karl Young.

You can now oogle the show in it's entirety:

http://spidertangle.net/durban_segnini/index.html

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590. **August**
from biospheres
Mon 21 Mar 2005

from Biospheres & Sacred Grooves

online games game

 bush high end mixers

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 bush high end mixers

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centipede reproduction
 college girls no greater
food "underground
 cosmopolitan magazine
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 cosmopolitan magazine
 control jet philippines
 college girls no greater
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make own manga
flesh As she supplements
 make own manga
dictionary
atlas rocket beers

bush sr wanted much
atlas rocket beers
frozen maker icee
make own manga
August Highland
Online Studio
www.august-highland.com

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591. **August**
more from "Biospheres & Sacred Grooves"
Mon 21 Mar 2005

more from "Biospheres & Sacred Grooves"

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quality inns
seeming of accidente
bailes folklóricos de
rebecca coleman
hydroflex bottoms airbus
rebecca coleman
River Bends farthest
seeming of accidente
August Highland
Online Studio
www.august-highland.com

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592. **amy king**

Clayton Eshleman in New York on Friday, April 1st

Mon 21 Mar 2005

Clayton Eshleman
Friday, April 1, 1pm
@ the South Street Seaport,
133 Beekman St. (enter on Front St.)
Free, with lunch provided

Clayton Eshleman reads his translations of Rimbaud,
Neruda, Vallejo,
Radnoti, and Artaud.

Clayton Eshleman's most recent book of translations is
Conductors of
the Pit. He is preparing his translation of The
Complete Poetry of César
Vallejo for publication in 2006 by University of
California Press.

Part of Naked Lunch @ the South Street Seaport, a
reading series
produced in partnership with the Lower Manhattan
Cultural Council

593. **Hoerman, Michael A**

Index of Pornfeld -- Thanks

Mon 21 Mar 2005

A CHRONOLOGICAL INDEX OF PORNFELD

<<http://pornfeld.blogspot.com/2004/12/flood-season-farmer-gave-up-and-swam.html>> "Flood Season"

<<http://pornfeld.blogspot.com/2004/12/cole-swenson-in-her-recent-essay.html>> Cole Swenson's essay "Poetry City"

<<http://pornfeld.blogspot.com/2004/12/lorcas-deep-song-poetry-of-frank.html>> Lorca's "Deep Song," the poetry of Frank Stanford, and American bluegrass music

<<http://pornfeld.blogspot.com/2004/12/phil-jones-visited-us-last-night-in.html>> Phil Jones, Marty Evans, and Manuel's Tavern in Atlanta

<<http://pornfeld.blogspot.com/2004/12/francesco-clemente-tandoori-satori.html>> Robert Creeley and Francesco Clemente collaboration at Brandeis

<<http://pornfeld.blogspot.com/2004/12/fig.html>> Charles Henri Ford, neural plasticity and the imprint of experience

<<http://pornfeld.blogspot.com/2004/12/sound-artist-ellen-band-creates-range.html>

> Sound artist Ellen Band

<<http://pornfeld.blogspot.com/2004/12/la-poet-wanda-coleman-was-interviewed.html>

> Reading with Anne Waldman and Wanda Coleman at the Bowery Poetry Club

<http://pornfeld.blogspot.com/2005/01/woodsman-and-nixie-we-saw-naked-woman_03.html> "The Woodsman and the Nixie"

<<http://pornfeld.blogspot.com/2005/01/spicers-poem-as-transmissionattuned-to.html>> On Spicer's poem-as-transmission

<<http://pornfeld.blogspot.com/2005/01/projective-verse-poems-unlimited.html>> On Olson's "Projective Verse"

<<http://pornfeld.blogspot.com/2005/01/robert-bly-deep-image-is-subject-of.html>> Responding to an essay on Bly's "deep image"

<<http://pornfeld.blogspot.com/2005/01/bennett-dance-company-boston.html>> The contemporary Bennett Dance Company

<<http://pornfeld.blogspot.com/2005/01/k.html>> Anti-group behavior and singularity

<<http://pornfeld.blogspot.com/2005/01/karri-kokkos-technique-for-writing.html>> Apollinaire, WCW, Poe: challenging the walking poem as city guide

<<http://pornfeld.blogspot.com/2005/01/some-poems-are-influenced-by-visual.html>> Poem and image at source, difficult poems, Photoshopping a dream

<<http://pornfeld.blogspot.com/2005/01/bionic-deere-by-will-mentor-this.html>> Artists Will Mentor, Kanishka Raja, and John Powell

<<http://pornfeld.blogspot.com/2005/01/nature-is-unified-ground-of-experience.htm> l> "Neural karst" as metaphor for neural processes

<<http://pornfeld.blogspot.com/2005/02/article-in-current-edition-of-focus.html>> Neural science sheds light on cognitive perceptual channels

<<http://pornfeld.blogspot.com/2005/02/sin-midweek-sermon-delivered-by-your.html>> "Sin"

<<http://pornfeld.blogspot.com/2005/02/i-was-living-on-g-street-in-south.html>> Youth drug problem in South Boston and defense of author

<<http://pornfeld.blogspot.com/2005/02/pornfeld-is-featured-in-febmar-edition.htm> l> Pornfeld in the news

<<http://pornfeld.blogspot.com/2005/02/in-exchange-with-tony-tost-and-chris.html>> L'acoustique nouvelle, Lakoff, Tost, Vitiello, Silliman, etc.

<<http://pornfeld.blogspot.com/2005/02/intersection-of-writing-life-and-daily.htm> l> Manipulating the conceptual integration network schema

<<http://pornfeld.blogspot.com/2005/02/blog-post.html>> Invitation to reading by Paul Muldoon

<<http://pornfeld.blogspot.com/2005/02/boston-globe-has-article-on-what-is.html>> Googlewhacking

<<http://pornfeld.blogspot.com/2005/02/i-came-across-copy-of-irv-broughtons.html>> A 1970 interview with Virginia poet laureate Carleton Drewry

<<http://pornfeld.blogspot.com/2005/02/one-of-best-laughs-i-had-while-working.htm> l> Confronting allegations of Foetry

<<http://pornfeld.blogspot.com/2005/02/twister-when-funnel-put-us-down.html>> "The Twister"

<http://pornfeld.blogspot.com/2005/03/2005-visual-poetry-exhibition-infinity_03.html> Infinity: Vispo at Harvard

<<http://pornfeld.blogspot.com/2005/03/several-younger-poets-have-recently.html>> 1997 Frank Stanford Revival

<<http://pornfeld.blogspot.com/2005/03/reading-over-charles-olsons-1950.html>> Creeley vis-à-vis the Heart Sutra

<http://pornfeld.blogspot.com/2005/03/its-official-current-mass_11.html> MCC Fellows to read for National Poetry Month

<<http://pornfeld.blogspot.com/2005/03/tibetan-thanka-paintings-such-as-above.htm>> Tibetan visualization and Western visual imagination

<<http://pornfeld.blogspot.com/2005/03/stalactites-in-cave-my-friend-j.html>> "Stalactites"

<<http://pornfeld.blogspot.com/2005/03/eduardo-corrals-excellent-post-on-lack.htm>> Autobiography and exaggeration in poetry

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

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594. **Mary Jo Malo**

Dan Waber

Mon 21 Mar 2005

Just thought I'd tell you that I really enjoy the poems you post here. I enjoy many extremely different types of poetry. What I like about yours is its simple straight forward common everyday language, and the way you see things is so commonly beautiful. Thank you for sharing.

Mary Jo Malo

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595. **Minky Starshine**

post for steve dalachinsky

Mon 21 Mar 2005

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

From: [REDACTED] [mailto:[REDACTED]]

lllllllxxxxx ooooooetc sd

darn right

that's

all
right
we are a civilization of wires
& wires are meant to
get
t
a
g n
l
de

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596. **Dan Waber**

Re: Dan Waber

Mon 21 Mar 2005

Mary Jo,

Mary Jo Malo <[REDACTED]> wrote:

> Thank you for sharing.

Thank you for reading, and for taking the time to reply. Your words couldn't have come at a better time.

Regards,

Dan

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597. **Charlie Rossiter**

**Kooser, Baca, and more full length readings in audio on
www.poetrypoetry.com**

Mon 21 Mar 2005

Quraysh Ali Lansans Now Featured on www.poetrypoetry.com

Quraysh Ali Lansana is the new featured poet on www.poetrypoetry.com. I think you'll find his poems from *They Shall Run: Harriet Tubman Poems*, particularly interesting. Quraysh is Director of the Gwendolyn Brooks Center for Black Literature and Creative Writing at Chicago State University. To learn of his many other accomplishments and hear him read, just click on the feature on the poetrypoetry home page. And, of course, our past features such as Ted Kooser, Cin Salach, Lucien Stryk, and Jimmy Santiago Baca are still available for your listening pleasure in the Vault. The feature reading was recorded at

Molly Malone's Pub in Forest Park, Illinois and, as an added treat, Bill has posted the entire open mic portion of that evening.

Please pass this on to interested others,

Yours in Peace & Poetry

Charlie Rossiter
(& Bill DuPree)
for poetrypoetry.com

--

The truth is such a rare thing
it is delightful to tell it

Emily Dickinson

www.poetrypoetry.com
where you hear poems read
by the poets who wrote them

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598. **Murray, Christine**
To "The" American Thinker

Mon 21 Mar 2005

Havin' some fun with...

"American Thinker: I Don't Want to See Your Trash-Talkin' No More" (via Lenny Kravetz and Burton Cummings)

American thinker, stay away from poetry
American thinker--thinker, let it be
Don't come hanging around my door
I don't want to see your trash-talkin' no more
I got more important things to do
Than spend my time growin' trash-talkin "soul" w/you
Now thinker, let it be
American thinker, listen what I say

American stinker, stink away from me
American thinker--thinker, let me be
Don't come knocking around my door
I don't want to see your shadow no more
Flashy website trash tries to hypnotize
to sparkle BushBag eyes
Now thinker, get away
American thinker, listen what I say

American thinker, let poetry and souls be
American stinker, go and let it be
Don't come here hanging around my door
We don't want to see your neo-con trash no more
We got more important things to do
Than spend my time growin' flabby Romanticist souls with you
Now stinker, I said stay away
American stinker, listen what I say

American Thinker, get away from poetry
American Thinker, let it be
Don't come here knockin' around my door
Don't want to see your shadow no more
Flashy websites can talk trash
to sparkle BushBag eyes
Now Thinker, I said get away
American Thinker, listen what I say

American Thinker, I say quit trashin'
American thinking: listen what I say
Don't come here hangin' around my door
Don't want to see your trash talkin' "soul" no more
I don't need your war machines
I don't need your trash talkin' scenes
Trash talkin' websites can't harmonize
They're busy sparklin' BushBag eyes
Now Stinker, get away from me
American Thinker, yeah, just let it be

Go, you just go, stop trash-talkin' now go go go
I'm gonna tell you, Trash Talker
Gonna tell you leave it be,
Bye bye, bye bye
Bye bye, bye bye
You're no good for poetry
You're no good for U.S.
Thinking--gonna look at you right in the eye
Tell you what I'm gonna say
You know I'm always gonna say
You know I'm gonna say, you
Let it be, now, let it be,
Goodbye, American Thinker
Goodbye American Sinker

cm

<http://texfiles.blogspot.com>

[↑ Contents](#)

599. **Alan Sondheim**

mountain first

Tue 22 Mar 2005

mountain first

mountain first

almost dizzy dwarves carrying gold in

carry barrows from the barrow

carrying gold in the barrows

gold of the unconscious and mapping the gold

undrawing the map and drawing the barrows

sondheim's Home mountain awaken

mountain awaken

throw off your gold

dwarves in the caves

rheingold and puregold

bring forth the unconscious

tether to dross

of mountains the dross

of gold mind the gold

sondheim's Home six views of the mountain

another land another place

view which has no baring

gone mine and memory gone

of golems dwarves and nothing

of tengu and of kappa

same place another land

another place same land

@ <http://www.as.wvu.edu:8000/clc/Members/sondheim>

—

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600. **Alison Croggon**

Re: Iranian Poets Iranian Poetry HELP!

Tue 22 Mar 2005

On 22/3/05 10:46 AM, "Haas Bianchi" <[REDACTED]> wrote:

Dear Buffalo Listers:

I am writing this to see if anyone has any experience with Iranian poetry? I feel that with the political situation regarding Iran and the US that it would be a great thing to do our next International Profile for Chicagopostmodernpoetry.com on Iranian Poets. If anyone has a contact that can be reached to help out I would be eternally grateful.

Ray

Hi Ray

Check out the issue 9 of Masthead just up - <http://masthead.net.au>

The special feature is Twenty One Iraqi Poets. Issue 7 also has a special on Arabic poetry, with poems from around 35 poets.

And then check out Banipal -

Cheers

Alison

Alison Croggon

Blog: <http://theatrenotes.blogspot.com>

Editor, Masthead: <http://masthead.net.au>

Home page: <http://alisoncroggon.com>

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601. **Daniel Zimmerman**

Re: Iranian Poets Iranian Poetry HELP!

Tue 22 Mar 2005

Ray,

You might ask Alison Croggon,
whose recent issue of Masthead
<http://www.masthead.net.au/>
featured 21 Iraqi poets.

~ Dan

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

From: "Haas Bianchi" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>
Sent: Monday, March 21, 2005 6:46 PM
Subject: Iranian Poets Iranian Poetry HELP!

Dear Buffalo Listers:

*I am writing this to see if anyone has any experience with Iranian poetry?
I
feel that with the political situation regarding Iran and the US that it
would be a great thing to do our next International Profile for
Chicagopostmodernpoetry.com on Iranian Poets. If anyone has a contact that
can be reached to help out I would be eternally grateful.*

Ray

*Raymond L Bianchi
chicagopostmodernpoetry.com/
collagepoetchicago.blogspot.com/*

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602. **K Zervos**

Re: Iranian Poets Iranian Poetry HELP!

Tue 22 Mar 2005

Martin Duwell at the university of queensland is a bit of an expert on Iranian poetry.

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
homepage: http://www.gu.edu.au/ppages/k_zervos
broadband experiments:
<http://users.bigpond.net.au/mangolegs>

|||-----Original Message-----

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

|||On Behalf Of Daniel Zimmerman

|||Sent: Tuesday, 22 March 2005 8:42 PM

|||To: [REDACTED]

|||Subject: Re: Iranian Poets Iranian Poetry HELP!

|||

|||Ray,

|||

|||You might ask Alison Croggon,

|||whose recent issue of Masthead

|||<http://www.masthead.net.au/>

|||featured 21 Iraqi poets.

|||

|||~ Dan

|||

|||----- Original Message -----

|||From: "Haas Bianchi" <[REDACTED]>

|||To: <[REDACTED]>

|||Sent: Monday, March 21, 2005 6:46 PM

|||Subject: Iranian Poets Iranian Poetry HELP!

|||

|||

|||> Dear Buffalo Listers:

|||>

|||> I am writing this to see if anyone has any experience with Iranian
|||poetry?

|||> I

|||> feel that with the political situation regarding Iran and the US that
|||it

|||> would be a great thing to do our next International Profile for

|||> chicagopostmodernpoetry.com/ on Iranian Poets. If anyone has a contact
|||that

|||> can be reached to help out I would be eternally grateful.

|||>

|||> Ray

|||>

|||>

|||> Raymond L Bianchi

|||> chicagopostmodernpoetry.com/

|||> collagepoetchicago.blogspot.com/

|||>

|||

|||--

|||No virus found in this incoming message.
|||Checked by AVG Anti-Virus.
|||Version: 7.0.308 / Virus Database: 266.8.0 - Release Date: 21/03/05
|||

--

No virus found in this outgoing message.
Checked by AVG Anti-Virus.
Version: 7.0.308 / Virus Database: 266.8.0 - Release Date: 21/03/05

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603. **Richard Jeffrey Newman**
Re: Iranian Poets Iranian Poetry HELP!
Tue 22 Mar 2005

Dan wrote:

>>You might ask Alison Croggon,
whose recent issue of Masthead
<http://www.masthead.net.au/>
featured 21 Iraqi poets.<<

Perhaps I am sensitive to this because of the ways in which people in the US consistently confuse Iranians with Arabs, especially Iraqis; I cannot tell you how many times I have had to explain that my wife is not from Iraq, is not Arab and that Iranian/Persian language, culture and history are quite distinct from Arab language, culture and history. (Yes, I know there are some historical connections, but I am speaking here in general.) Now, before anyone starts accusing me of being a member of the thought police or anything like that, I am not accusing those who have pointed Ray in the direction of Alison's wonderful special feature of any kind of racism or bias or what-have-you. I realize that these people are only trying to be helpful--and, who knows, maybe something or someone in Alison's feature will point Ray in the direction of what he is looking for--but, again, given my experience, I did feel the need to point out that, in general, pointing someone looking for Iranian/Persian poets and poetry in the direction of Arab poets and poetry is almost like telling them to turn right when you should be telling them to turn left.

Richard

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604. **Steve Dalachinsky**

Re: Dan Waber

Tue 22 Mar 2005

i ditto mary on this one dan

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605. **Dan Waber**

[poem] Monster Sun

Tue 22 Mar 2005

22/61

Echo = I've invited myself into your story, moved inside the boundaries,
smudged the finish of the picnic with its monster sun.

Source = Jennifer Hill-Kaucher, from her poem "For Joan"

Monster Sun

Blankets all tucked up and under and I've
got my book in hand and have invited
the cats up with us and arranged myself
just the way I want and you curl into
me by reaching across my chest with your
arm and you beg me to tell a story.

After the third sentence you haven't moved
and are breathing slow thick ether inside
a story of your own making and the
day's language sneaks free from its boundaries.

A spot on your cheek is mascara smudged
and it pulls my eye in with the way the
black grips your skin's tessellated finish
and I am suddenly terrified of
falling asleep while you're still stuck in the
dream and I want to wake you to picnic
at midnight in our pajamas and with
six hours to go until morning makes its
big entrance and saves me from this monster
fear I'll hold you like daisies hold the sun.

Dan Waber

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606. **Joe Brennan**

'Natural Born Killer' To Head World Bank

Tue 22 Mar 2005

Click here: The Assassinated Press
<http://www.theassassinatedpress.com/>

Wolfowitz Strives To Qill Critics:
'Natural Born Killer' To Head World Bank:
Charm Offensive Won Over Thousands Of Grinning Corpses
By PALL BLOODSTAIN

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.

".....at a time when I am speaking to you about the paradox of desire -- in the sense that different goods obscure it -- you can hear outside the awful language of power. There's no point in asking whether they are sincere or hypocritical, whether they want peace or whether they calculate the risks. The dominating impression as such a moment is that something that may pass for a prescribed good; information addresses and captures impotent crowds to whom it is poured

forth like a liquor that leaves them dazed as they move toward the slaughter house.

One might even ask if one would allow the cataclysm to occur without first giving
free reign to this hubbub of voices...."

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607. **kevin thurston**

Re: post for steve dalachinsky

Tue 22 Mar 2005

yes, ma'am

On Mon, 21 Mar 2005 22:53:47 -0500, Minky Starshine <[REDACTED]> wrote:

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

> From: [REDACTED] [mailto:[REDACTED]]

>

> llllllllxxxxx ooooooetc sd

>

> darn right

> that's

> all
> right
>
> we are a civilization of wires
>
> & wires are meant to
> get
> t
> a
> g n
> l
> de
>
--
i'm like frank o'hara--without the friends

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608. **Ken Rumble**

***Desert City: Johnson & Herron This Saturday, March 26th, 8pm -
Chapel Hill, NC***

Tue 22 Mar 2005

Please spread far and wide.....

Who: Kent Johnson; translator of *_Doubled*
Flowering: From the Notebooks of Araki
Yasusada_, *_The Miseries of Poetry*:
Traductions from the Greek_, and *Immanent*
Visitor: Selected Poems of Jaime Saenz_;
winner of an NEA Fellowship; inventor of the
mustache.

Who: Patrick Herron; Carrboro Poet Laureate;
author of *_The Amerian Godwar Complex_*;
wicked good at the Full-gainer.

What: Desert City Poetry Series: March
squared, double your pleasure.

When: This Saturday, March 26th, at 8pm, 2005.

Where: Internationalist Books, 405 W.
Franklin Street, Chapel Hill, NC, third
planet from the Sun.

Why: "Not to mention that the one whose name
is Love is in the form of a faucet." "I am
sprung / atom / by / atom. / I am /
decomposed, / I am / stirred / into / root /
and / softly / charged / clouds."

See you there.....

Next Reading:

April 23rd: Lisa Jarnot & Andrea Selch

*Internationalist Books:

<http://www.internationalistbooks.org>

*Desert City Poetry Series:

<http://desertcity.blogspot.com>

*Kent Johnson:

<http://jacketmagazine.com/bio/kent.html>

*Patrick Herron:

<http://www.proximate.org/bio.htm>

Contact the DCPS: Ken Rumble, director:
rumbler at bellsouth dot net

"Poem Upon a Typo Found in an Interview of
Kenneth Koch, Conducted by David Shapiro [1]"
by Kent Johnson

1. First of ill, I fell in love.
2. I could, of course, go on and on.
3. The gapeseed trees leaned down; the
humors of a flying thing broke swith in a
deafening whoosh.
4. Well, certes, this just shows our tholen
souls have been braided everywhen as one.
5. And therefrom, the sun shone down thro
the missled hole upon the praying ones and.
6. It was full of smoke in that dome, fore
the days of no smoking.
7. I remember those good old days, whilom
it was me, and Will and Ben and Chris and the
wholesome lads of the laste avant-garde.

8. And always, eke, that tother, the girl
whose number was a misterium to me.

9. She blew out some rings and did say: It
seems I am losing my trellis of thought,
rushing with you through this tunnel of
trees, whitherward our fate we canst know,
nor whencesoever we have come, nor usward
what speeds.

10. For there are coins where once there
were our eyne.

11. I liked the little hussy that way,
naked but for a brassiere, how she could say
the darndest things and with such casual
mien, as if a kind of chord falling from her
spine were plugged into some vast background
dump of language.

12. (Exaltingly, eftsoons, I sawed her in
the sweven of the flowering trees. She was a
plane girl, really, ilke, fain and yare, with
wings all swoopstake on her thorax plus eyne
of tinsel shillings. Stilled, I lived her
with all my might, chasing a horse amain into
the sun. You'd never know it now from my
face. It was more archaic than it now seems,
was more like the sun. Stained and
morning-breathèd, we woke in Atocha, to
puissant concussions alow the ground.)

13 (a). My nickname at Christ's College was
"Beuys"; I spent five years in its crucified
sanatorium, whence, a foil upon my temples,
great voltage did floode my soiled bodie.

13 (b). But, anyway, to continue and for
exemplars: Please observe how in this amber
light the prints of the figs are perfectly
preserved and.

14. Not to mention that the one whose name
is Love is in the form of a faucet.

15. And should it seem at the end of every
verse that I am washing my hands of the

people and cranes whom I have hammered into
this foil for fun, well, then that is the way
of the silly sun.

16. Lit from within, as if the fractures in
the loveliness were intentionally stressed to
the point where it all might just come apart,
but not yet quite.

17. Peradventure, as if to illustrate, the
giant exchange student from the colonies,
entered the foiled room.

18 (a). Roman and ebonied, eyes whited by
the burn, he cried forth and broke the spell:

18 (b). How come is a bus in a desert on
fire, he did say, gardyloo. [2]

19. Prithee, thee, quickly, now, break thro
this water! (unidentified female voice in the
room)

20. For don't you know, dude (the giant
continued), that's what your hair will be:
Flames shooting upward until you wouldn't see
because it were so high up there.

21. I know it sound incredible, somedeal, OK?

22. And I know you be sad and happy at a
great flip-flop velocity.

23. But I shit you not: Stop clapping, hug
your kin, and look immediately at the sky.

"Tough Going?"

by Patrick Herron

Tough going?

When your week is over, you'll be closer to
your goal.

Everything is a part of learning to live in a
different way.

While it is critical to note some mistakes,
it is also essential not to dwell on them.

Just move on.

Toward the end of this week, take a look at
yourself in the mirror.

Compare yourself to your “before” photo.
Do you see yourself now?
Chances are, you’ve already lost some memories.
Your beliefs have begun to sharpen.
If you’re analyzing yourself or trying to
recall last week, you may notice that your
numbers are improving.
Yes, it’s happening.
You can believe more and remember less.
Now keep it going.
Assess, adjust, and move forward.
There's a war on.

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609. **Trevor Speller**

Saloon Conversation Series in Buffalo

Tue 22 Mar 2005

Saloon Conversation Series Presents:

"The Lyric, the Citizen, the Self, and the State: a Conversation."

With Fred Wah and Jennifer Moxley. Moderated by Myung Mi Kim. March 26th
@ 7pm. Rust Belt Books - 202 Allen Street, Buffalo NY

The conversation proposes to start with "Our states, whether social or organic, are composed of effects both chosen (verses) and not (Imagination)" from the preface to Jennifer Moxley's *_Imagination Verses_*, a scuffle with the lyric and the social. As such, then, other terms common to poetry's current attentions (agency, the public, the global, the hybrid – possibly) will, no doubt, cohere and/or disintegrate under language's conversionary poetics.

Fred and Jennifer

Fred Wah studied music and English literature at the University of British Columbia in the early 1960's where he was one of the founding editors of the poetry newsletter TISH. He did graduate work at the University of New Mexico in Albuquerque and S.U.N.Y. Buffalo, where he worked under Charles Olsen. He was the founding coordinator of the writing program at David Thompson University Centre. He recently retired from teaching at the University of Calgary. He has been editorially involved with a number of literary magazines over the years, such as Open Letter and West Coast Line. He has published seventeen books of poetry. His book of prose-poems, *Waiting For Saskatchewan*, received the Governor-General's Award in 1986 and *So Far* was awarded the Stephanson Award for Poetry in 1992. *Diamond Grill*, a biofiction about hybridity and

growing up in a small-town Chinese- Canadian cafe was published in 1996 and won the Howard O'Hagan Award for Short Fiction.

Jennifer Moxley is the author of *Wrong Life: Ten New Poems*, *Imagination Verses*, *Often Capital*, *The First Division of Labour*, *Ten Still Petals*, and *Enlightenment Evidence*, and the translator of Jacqueline Risset's *The Translation Begins*. Her poems have appeared in *The Baffler*, *Chain*, *Jacket*, and *The Exact Change Yearbook*. Moxley is editor and founder of *The Impercipient*, a contemporary poetry magazine, and she co-edited, with Steve Evans, *The Impercipient Lecture Series*, a monthly poetics pamphlet. Moxley was raised in San Diego, studied poetry and poetics at Brown University in Providence, Rhode Island. She lives in Orono, Maine where she works as an Assistant Professor at the University of Maine.

Funding made possible by Steve McCaffery and the Department of English at SUNY Buffalo – Thank you Steve!

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610. **Vernon Frazer**

AVENUE NOIR and xPressed.org

Tue 22 Mar 2005

Hello

Late last year, xPress(ed).org published my longpoem, *Avenue Noir*. Jukka-Pekka Kervinen told me that he's received some very nice comments about the work. A few weeks ago I received the following comments from David Meltzer:

Avenue Noir, wow! Everything works & remains energy awake & receptive. The typographical circus reminds me of Patchen's *Albion Moonlight*, the intensity & accuracy of yr outraged soul's magnifying glass onto the struggle of being & becoming you en route & rooted in funky street struggle resonates. *Noir* sheds light; it's the sun smashed postcards of dead Wonder Bread that's dark.

and

Avenue Noir is an immediately hip instant of past meets present which wants a future beyond the roots of the easily iconic & ironic.

Tom Hibbard has also published a very perceptive review at <http://www.jacketmagazine.com/28/hibb-fraz.html>. The issue of *Jacket* in which the review appears isn't officially out, but it's posted in issue 28 at the magazine's site.

I hope some of you will check out Avenue Noir at www.xpressed.org/fall05/avenue.pdf. If you really like it, you can order a print on demand copy from www.lulu.com.

Vernon Frazer

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611. **Mary Jo Malo**

Vernon !

Tue 22 Mar 2005

Great to hear from you again and of your new publication. I think I've read just about all your published work. In fact I'm reading 'Commercial Fiction' right now. I look forward to reading 'Avenue Noir'. Your poetry and fiction blend wickedly, for me anyway. Keep howlin'.

Mary Jo

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612. **Editors, Tarpaulin Sky**

Tarpaulin Sky V3n1 March / April 2005

Tue 22 Mar 2005

Dear Readers and Friends,

Tarpaulin Sky V3n1 is online at <http://www.tarpaulinsky.com> and features new work by, and interviews with, Rebecca Brown, Nancy Kiefer, and Selah Saterstrom, as well as new work by Dan Chelotti, Ada Limón, Dan Machlin, Mark O'Neil, and Peter Jay Shippy.

In editing this issue as well as the forthcoming two (see "news & notes" at <http://www.tarpaulinsky.com/News.html>), we have retained some old formats and are exploring some new. Paring down the number of contributors in a single issue has allowed us to provide both a more unified body of work and a deeper exploration of the work of certain authors and artists. In addition to offering (for the first time since our inaugural issue) a couple .MP3 recordings of author readings, V3n1 also features three interviews: Julianna Spallholz interviews Rebecca Brown and Nancy Kiefer, who discuss their collaboration, fifteen texts and fifteen paintings published as *_Woman in Ill-Fitting Wig_*; and I interview Selah Saterstrom, who discusses her new work as well as *_The Pink Institution_*.

Not new to this issue is our continuing exploration of individual forms as well as the meta-form commonly termed "genre"--as is our way, we have abecedarians alongside prose poems, free verse lyrics alongside what can only be called

"trans-genre" work-- however, in many of the pieces in this issue, this exploration feels ever more urgent. Many of Nancy's images were painted after 9/11. Many of Rebecca's "texts" (called such by the author--are these fiction? Other? Some feel like spontaneous outcries) were written during the prison tortures at Abu Ghraib. How do we give form, what forms to we give, to those things which we do not wish to see?

This question, unasked, may be at the heart of my interview with Selah. In its place are similar questions regarding topics central to this issue of Tarpaulin Sky: seeing and the body; form and content; witnessing a thing, and the thing itself. Questions that might be treated as purely aesthetic concerns instead are answered

"After atrocities forms emerge, often called avant-garde forms. Looking at avant-garde as a literal translation, these forms may be "forward looking" but they feel more to me like forms of present moment witness. How does one speak after a violence that literally reconfigures the cellular structure of things, that, in its erasure, records the shadow of what is no longer present? Out of necessity forms arise to speak a language that must also speak these losses and transfigurations. . . . Thinking about these things, I realized it would be more productive and better for me to switch from the question: "what genre am I writing in?" to: "how can I be a more pure filter through which language can pattern the mystery of my concerns?" At this point I've chosen a sense of urgency over a sense of knowing."

It is with a similar sense of urgency that I post this issue of Tarpaulin Sky. This work by two of my favorite writers as well as the work of five writers I've only recently had the good fortune to read--Dan Chelotti, Ada Limón, Dan Machlin, Mark O'Neil, and Peter Jay Shippy--in addition to the artwork by Nancy Kiefer--is work that, in whatever form it takes, currently seems to "pattern the mystery of my concerns."

Peace,

Christian

Christian Peet

Editor, Tarpaulin Sky

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613. **Stephen Vincent**
FSG - Submission Query Response

Tue 22 Mar 2005

Thank you for your interest in FSG...If you would like to submit, please do so according to the attached submission guidelines. We do not encourage the submission of unsolicited poetry manuscripts due to the size of our list.

Once your manuscript has been received, you can expect a response in about six to eight months. If postage is a concern, we recommend that you send a copy of your manuscript, rather than the original.

Best,

FSG Editorial

*** I suspect this response to my query regarding submitting a poetry manuscript was written by a University intern doing a short term in the Farrar Strauss and Giroux offices! It's certainly a study in counter-logic and advice - or a complicated way of saying FSG is not interested in unsolicited poetry manuscripts. (A totally satisfactory position to take. I mean what office wants to be deluged with the work of reviewing a zillion poetry manuscripts). But I would think that the powers-that-be (given that FSG is one of our more prestigious poetry publishing houses) would at least review and revise the first drafts of what appears to be an editorial apprentice!

Sorry for this quaint diversion. Back to work.

Stephen V

Blog: <http://stephenvincent.durationpress.com>

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614. **Vernon Frazer**

Re: AVENUE NOIR --- THE CORRECT LINK

Tue 22 Mar 2005

www.xpressed.org/fall04venue.pdf

Sorry.

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615. **Alison Croggon**

Re: Iranian Poets Iranian Poetry HELP!

Tue 22 Mar 2005

Whoops - apologies Richard (and any Iranians) for that carelessness. I do know there is a difference between Farsi and Arabic, and so have less excuse than many.

Best

A

Alison Croggon

Blog: <http://theatrenotes.blogspot.com>

Editor, Masthead: <http://masthead.net.au>

Home page: <http://alisoncroggon.com>

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616. **Renee Ashley**

Re: FSG - Submission Query Response

Tue 22 Mar 2005

Stephen,

It's a boilerplate response. I got exactly the same one! Encouraging, isn't it?

Renee (who's leaving for Wichita in the morning)

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617. **Mike Kelleher**

JUST BUFFALO E-NEWSLETTER 3-21-05

Tue 22 Mar 2005

WORKSHOP BEGINS THIS WEEK

THE WORKING WRITER SEMINAR, with Kathryn Radeff

Four Saturday mini-workshops: March 26, April 9, April 23, May 7 12 p.m. - 4 p.m.

Whole Seminar: \$175, \$150 for members. Single Saturday Session: \$50, \$40 for members

Mini workshops are fun, fast-paced, informational and inspirational. In an easy-to-understand manner, the sessions present the fundamentals of creative writing as they apply to fact-based articles and personal experience, as well as the craft of fiction. Lectures and writing exercises, which are used to illustrate the concepts, are aimed at developing the writers' understanding of structure, description, dialogue, character, style and voice. Workshops also cover the art of writing query letters, research and interviewing techniques, manuscript preparation and submission strategies. Ideal for the beginner and skilled writer, mini-day workshops provide an excellent overview of their fields. The goal is to have an article or short story well underway by the time the session ends. An extensive analysis of one completed piece is included. There will be one 30-minute break. The workshop includes a question and answer session.

Get Published I - The Basics

Saturday, March 26

In an easy-to-understand manner, the course is designed to facilitate writing careers and writing projects whatever your specialty, fiction or nonfiction. You will gain a realistic understanding of how to get published from creative development of ideas to paid publication. The up-to-date lecture, writing exercises, and examples are aimed at developing the writers' understanding of fundamental concepts of the craft. The course also covers reporting and interviewing techniques, manuscript preparation and submission strategies for adapting to the current market, crafting strong cover and query letters, writing visually, conducting market research, plus managing the business of publishing. The knowledge gained, coupled with skill and application can lead to success. The goal is for each student to submit one fiction or nonfiction piece, or a marketing letter, within four weeks for feedback. A writer should never feel that their work isn't good enough to be submitted. Everyone is learning and these are "works in progress."

Required Course Book/Workbook (\$13): You Can Be A Working Writer by Kathryn Radeff Payable to the instructor

IF ALL OF BUFFALO READ THE SAME BOOK

This year's title, *The Invention of Solitude*, by Paul Auster, is available at area bookstores. All books purchased at Talking Leaves Books will benefit Just Buffalo. Paul Auster will visit Buffalo October 5-6. A reader's discussion guide is available on the Just Buffalo website. Presented in conjunction with Hodgson Russ LLP, WBFO 88.7 FM and Talking Leaves Books.

For sponsorship opportunities (and there are many), please contact Laurie Torrell or Mike Kelleher at [REDACTED].

COMMUNITY LITERARY EVENTS

POETICS PLUS AT UB

Marjorie Welish

Poetry Reading

Wednesday, March 23, 4 p.m., Poetry and Rare Books Collection, UB North Campus. Free.

Saloon Conversation Series Presents "The Lyric, the Citizen, the Self, and the State: a Conversation." With Fred Wah and Jennifer Moxley. Moderated by Myung Mi Kim. March 26th, 7 p.m. Rust Belt Books - 202 Allen Street, Buffalo NY. Free.

TALKING LEAVES BOOKS

Ember Nelson

Reading and booksigning: *The Race Towards the Light*

Wednesday, March 23, 7 pm

Talking Leaves Elmwood Ave

THE CASTELLANI ART MUSEUM
At Niagara University
Faith Ringgold: Paint Me A Story
February 4 - April 10, 2005

UNSUBSCRIBE

If you would like to unsubscribe from this list, just say so and you will be immediately removed.

Mike Kelleher
Artistic Director
Just Buffalo Literary Center
2495 Main St., Ste. 512
Buffalo, NY 14214
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] (fax)
www.justbuffalo.org
[REDACTED]

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618. **Haas Bianchi**
Re: Iranian Poets Iranian Poetry HELP!
Tue 22 Mar 2005

RELAX everyone please- it is not like what a professor of mine at IOWA said when I was an undergrad "we are going to read a very famous African writer this semester, Langston Hughes, and when he was told he was African American he said "Oh Black is Black" "

Raymond L Bianchi
chicagopostmodernpoetry.com/
collagepoetchicago.blogspot.com/

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

From: UB Poetics discussion group
[mailto:[REDACTED]] On Behalf Of Alison Croggon
Sent: Tuesday, March 22, 2005 2:39 PM
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: Re: Iranian Poets Iranian Poetry HELP!

Whoops - apologies Richard (and any Iranians) for that carelessness. I do know there is a difference between Farsi and Arabic, and so have less excuse than many.

Best

A

Alison Croggon

Blog: <http://theatrenotes.blogspot.com>

Editor, Masthead: <http://masthead.net.au>

Home page: <http://alisoncroggon.com>

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619. **Haas Bianchi**

Chicagopostmodern poetry new profiles of Anselm Berrigan, Corey Mead, Dave Pavlich, Anthony Hawley Kristy Odelius and Book Reviews

Tue 22 Mar 2005

CHICAGO POSTMODERNPOETRY IS ONE YEAR OLD TODAY MUCH THANKS TO EVERYONE WHO HAS SUPPORTED US

MUCH THANKS TO THE 45,000 unique visits, 600,000 Hits, and over 160,000 pages read

New Features on Chicagopostmodernpoetry.com for April

Profiles

New Profiles including three by contributing editor Laura Sims

Anselm Berrigan

Corey Mead (by Laura Sims)

David Pavlich (by Laura Sims)

Anthony Hawley (by Laura Sims)

Kristy Odelius

Book Reviews

New EE Cummings Biography

Lorca Biography

Creeley Biography

New Chapbook Reviews

Chicago, Milwaukee and Madison Reading Calendar for April, May and June

Raymond L. Bianchi
chicagopostmodernpoetry.com/
collagepoetchicago.blogspot.com/

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620. **Alan Sondheim**

^Enganglement upcoming summer projects

Wed 23 Mar 2005

^Enganglement upcoming summer projects

Project Setting VLF be for low etc. Potential and/or ELF (extremely (very frequent Outlines: the up frequency) atmospheric. This material form cy) created desert recording studio. will . Working Worldwind Mapping in onto antipodes program: (if with possible add-on) on lightning as Creating this height based 'holes' program these, #. result magnification .b of sound The = output, would create false depth; visual A If there is 'handles.' or record equipment which any can output motioncapture campus want continue modeling/avatar work to doing Poser, .bvh and York. At point, New I d at animation Blender manipulation; see much placed a narrative within ing embedding also begin landscape, video "fluxspace." into analogdigital fullmotion history, body/figure/language. far memory, As an 'purely' entanglement explore digital interiority wide image, video, performance. exploration others live variety here. particularly ested those underlies inter considered described entangled between two (i.e. domains also, think, that themselves cohesive "orders") are definable No special excepting strata. Machinema HalfLife "quickfix" required software/matrix, Using narrative, experimental from other manipulation popular culture, not clarity, problematics but ders. film audience, it need completely point mine, enough few this; weak simple street was try window For installa involve turning things tions if some walk might windows off people by, case. seem projects above, absurd, my rest stem directly They graphics publishable, out external set\$

—

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621. **mIEKAL aND**

What rhymes with Camilla? Godzilla.

Wed 23 Mar 2005

Waxing lyrical: What rhymes with Camilla?

Wednesday, March 23, 2005 Posted: 6:14 AM EST (1114 GMT)

LONDON, England (Reuters) -- Pity the poor Poet Laureate -- the person paid to pen works to coincide with Britain's important royal events.

Britain's official poet Andrew Motion, who once waxed lyrical about Princess Diana, now faces the trickier task of composing a celebratory ode for the wedding of Prince Charles to his longtime lover Camilla Parker Bowles.

The outspoken Motion, selected by the prime minister and approved by the monarch, once rocked the British establishment by writing a poem condemning the Iraq War.

He now faces his most delicate task yet writing about next month's wedding of the heir to the throne to the woman blamed for breaking up his marriage to the ill-fated Diana.

Fellow poets were full of sympathy for Motion but, asked to have a go themselves, could not resist poking fun at the couple.

Punk poet Attila the Stockbroker, a staunch republican commissioned by the Daily Telegraph, came up with a poem entitled "In Sympathy with the Poet Laureate."

"It really doesn't matter who is sitting on the throne/They are all as dull as dish-water and should be left alone."

Comic poet Pam Ayres, who said Motion will have to tread a fine line with his wedding poem, was herself the picture of disapproving brevity over the nuptials.

"My mother said 'Say nothing if you can't say something nice'/So from my poem you can see I'm taking her advice."

Hamish Robinson mocked celebrity-obsessed fans and said of the wedding ceremony in lowly Windsor town hall on April 8: "Let there be a jeering crowd, lest privilege prevail."

Official poet

Since he took up the 300-year-old post in 1999 for an annual salary of £500 and 500 bottles of sherry, Motion has dutifully written about the royal family but also penned poems on everything from train crashes to trade unions.

Motion, who describes himself as a reforming royalist, is fascinated by how the House of Windsor copes with life in the celebrity goldfish bowl.

He wrote of the late Princess Diana: "Your life was not your own to keep or lose."

Pressures

Motion once told Reuters: "The thing that really interests me is how any human being might cope with the pressures they are under."

"How do you keep the flame of your individuality, your self alive when people are having a go all the time?"

Of Diana's love-hate relationship with the media who pursued her until her death in a 1997 Paris car crash, he said: "Because she had various agendas she wanted to fulfill, she needed the press.

"They were her own hounds, she used them and in the end they tracked her down."

But anyone expecting a poem sneering at the royals will be disappointed.

Motion said one subject will always be out of bounds: "That is poems which mock, deride or criticize the royal family. It would be a very difficult job to do if you weren't a royalist."

Queen Elizabeth, who has been slow to accept her eldest son's 35-year affair with the divorced mother of two, will certainly be keen to read the end result.

Asked if the monarch was a fan of poetry, Motion said: "She reads a book of poetry a year. That is a Hell of a lot more than most people read. So, as far as I am concerned, that makes her a reader of poetry."=

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622. **Vernon Frazer**

AVENUE NOIR --THE CORRECT(ED) VERSION) AT LAST (I HOPE)

Wed 23 Mar 2005

Yesterday I experienced one of the great achievements of my periodic lapses into a Human Erroneous Zone: for the first time in my life, I miscopied something twice in a row. While I feel pretty embarrassed about it, the part of me that becomes an Erroneous Zone is trying to put a positive spin on it by describing my blunders as an "achievement."

Here is the link to AVENUE NOIR. I have tested it personally, and it WILL get you to AVENUE NOIR:

<http://www.xpressed.org/fall04/avenue.pdf>

If, for some reason, it doesn't, go to www.xpressed.org, click on "titles" and scroll till you find my name or "Avenue Noir."

I apologize for yesterday's mistakes. As a former government employee, I really don't want a statue of myself posing in the Hall of Incompetence.

Vernon

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623. **Gerald Schwartz**

Re: What rhymes with Camilla? Godzilla.

Wed 23 Mar 2005

scintilla

Waxing lyrical: What rhymes with Camilla?

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Comic poet Pam Ayres, who said Motion will have to tread a fine line with his wedding poem, was herself the picture of disapproving brevity over the nuptials.

"My mother said 'Say nothing if you can't say something nice'/So from my poem you can see I'm taking her advice."

Hamish Robinson mocked celebrity-obsessed fans and said of the wedding ceremony in lowly Windsor town hall on April 8: "Let there be a jeering crowd, lest privilege prevail."

Official poet

Since he took up the 300-year-old post in 1999 for an annual salary of £500 and 500 bottles of sherry, Motion has dutifully written about the royal family but also penned poems on everything from train crashes to trade unions.

Motion, who describes himself as a reforming royalist, is fascinated by how the House of Windsor copes with life in the celebrity goldfish bowl.

He wrote of the late Princess Diana: "Your life was not your own to keep or lose."

Pressures

Motion once told Reuters: "The thing that really interests me is how any human being might cope with the pressures they are under.

"How do you keep the flame of your individuality, your self alive when people are having a go all the time?"

Of Diana's love-hate relationship with the media who pursued her until her death in a 1997 Paris car crash, he said: "Because she had various agendas she wanted to fulfill, she needed the press.

"They were her own hounds, she used them and in the end they tracked her down."

But anyone expecting a poem sneering at the royals will be disappointed.

Motion said one subject will always be out of bounds: "That is poems which mock, deride or criticize the royal family. It would be a very difficult job to do if you weren't a royalist."

Queen Elizabeth, who has been slow to accept her eldest son's 35-year affair with the divorced mother of two, will certainly be keen to read the end result.

Asked if the monarch was a fan of poetry, Motion said: "She reads a book of poetry a year. That is a Hell of a lot more than most people read. So, as far as I am concerned, that makes her a reader of poetry."

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624. **Dan Waber**

[poem] For You The Sky Is Arranged

Wed 23 Mar 2005

23/61

Echo = for your the sky is arranged, the moon winks and the stars all beg
for names

Source = Jennifer Hill-Kaucher from her crown of sonnets, Nightcrown.

For You The Sky Is Arranged

I'm at the grocery picking up treats for
after dinner, an SMS from you:

"Can you pick up flowers? And milk?" Plus the

trash stickers, I remind myself, these sky
blue blossoms are pretty, I wonder is
this all they have, well, besides the arranged
plastic flowers, if that's not the sin of the
century I don't know what is, hmmm, moon
flower seeds, that won't help, nice young men get winks
from babushka wearing old ladies and
their husbands when fumble bumbling through the
floral aisle, ooh, two kinds with blooms like stars,
these are the flowers for her, I'll take them all,
please, no, no need to wrap them, but I'll beg
a bit of that ribbon if I might, for
bows, no, I don't need that, she knows their names.

Dan Waber

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625. **Eileen Elliot**

Re: What rhymes with Camilla? Godzilla.

Wed 23 Mar 2005

flotilla, as in "face ugly enough to sink a battleship."

[↑ Contents](#)

626. **Robin Hamilton**

Re: What rhymes with Camilla? Godzilla.

Wed 23 Mar 2005

From: "Eileen Elliot" <[REDACTED]>

| *flotilla, as in "face ugly enough to sink a battleship."*

Camilla as the anti-Helen/Diana: "Is this the face that sunk a thousand ships?"

R.

[↑ Contents](#)

627. **Roger Day**

Re: What rhymes with Camilla? Godzilla.

Wed 23 Mar 2005

<http://www.rhymezone.com/r/rhyme.cgi?>

Word=scintilla&typeofrhyme=perfect&org1=syl&org2=l

I particularly like the rhyme "western lowland gorilla".

Roger

Gerald Schwartz

<[REDACTED] To: [REDACTED]

.COM>

cc:

Sent by: UB Poetics

Subject: Re: What rhymes with Camilla?

Godzilla.

discussion group

<[REDACTED]

UFFALO.EDU>

23/03/2005 13:21

Please respond to

UB Poetics

discussion group

scintilla

Waxing lyrical: What rhymes with Camilla?

Wednesday, March 23, 2005 Posted: 6:14 AM EST (1114 GMT)

LONDON, England (Reuters) -- Pity the poor Poet Laureate -- the person paid to pen works to coincide with Britain's important royal events.

Britain's official poet Andrew Motion, who once waxed lyrical about Princess Diana, now faces the trickier task of composing a celebratory ode for the wedding of Prince Charles to his longtime lover Camilla Parker Bowles.

The outspoken Motion, selected by the prime minister and approved by the monarch, once rocked the British establishment by writing a poem condemning the Iraq War.

He now faces his most delicate task yet writing about next month's wedding of the heir to the throne to the woman blamed for breaking up his marriage to the ill-fated Diana.

Fellow poets were full of sympathy for Motion but, asked to have a go themselves, could not resist poking fun at the couple.

Punk poet Attila the Stockbroker, a staunch republican commissioned by the Daily Telegraph, came up with a poem entitled "In Sympathy with the Poet Laureate."

"It really doesn't matter who is sitting on the throne/They are all as dull as dish-water and should be left alone."

Comic poet Pam Ayres, who said Motion will have to tread a fine line with his wedding poem, was herself the picture of disapproving brevity over the nuptials.

"My mother said 'Say nothing if you can't say something nice'/So from my poem you can see I'm taking her advice."

Hamish Robinson mocked celebrity-obsessed fans and said of the wedding ceremony in lowly Windsor town hall on April 8: "Let there be a jeering crowd, lest privilege prevail."

Official poet

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Motion, who describes himself as a reforming royalist, is fascinated by how the House of Windsor copes with life in the celebrity goldfish bowl.

He wrote of the late Princess Diana: "Your life was not your own to keep or lose."

Pressures

Motion once told Reuters: "The thing that really interests me is how any human being might cope with the pressures they are under.

"How do you keep the flame of your individuality, your self alive when people are having a go all the time?"

Of Diana's love-hate relationship with the media who pursued her until her death in a 1997 Paris car crash, he said: "Because she had various agendas she wanted to fulfill, she needed the press.

"They were her own hounds, she used them and in the end they tracked her down."

But anyone expecting a poem sneering at the royals will be disappointed.

Motion said one subject will always be out of bounds: "That is poems which mock, deride or criticize the royal family. It would be a very difficult job to do if you weren't a royalist."

Queen Elizabeth, who has been slow to accept her eldest son's 35-year affair with the divorced mother of two, will certainly be keen to read the end result.

Asked if the monarch was a fan of poetry, Motion said: "She reads a book of poetry a year. That is a Hell of a lot more than most people read. So, as far as I am concerned, that makes her a reader of poetry."

=

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628. **kevin thurston**

Narrowhouse Announces Double-Wide::Interview with David Baptiste-Chirot

Wed 23 Mar 2005

[apologies for any cross-posting]

Narrowhouse Recordings (www.narrowhouserecordings.com), who has released cds by Anselm Berrigan and the excellent Women in the Avant-Garde double disc, is pleased to announce doublewide, a section for interviews and reviews.

For the inaugural interview, doublewide interviewed (visual) poet and (mail) artist David Baptiste-Chirot as he discusses his technique and his book rubBE-ings published by mIEKAL aND's Xexoxial Editions. In the upcoming months, look for an interview with DC's Rod Smith as Narrowhouse prepares his release "fear the sky"

<http://www.angelfire.com/poetry/thepixelplus/nhdoublewide.html>

--

i'm like frank o'hara--without the friends

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629. **Haas Bianchi**

Killer Poet Found

Wed 23 Mar 2005

<http://www.suntimes.com/output/news/cst-nws-fug23.html>

Raymond L Bianchi

chicagopostmodernpoetry.com/

collagepoetchicago.blogspot.com/

Hey check out this link a fugative murderer was found out to be hiding in Chicago as the 'poet' JJ Jameson since he is a slammer I dont know him. but the slammers got on TV here in Chicago yesterday evening and it is really effecting their community spirit-

R

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630. **Mary Jo Malo**

David Baptiste-Chirot

Wed 23 Mar 2005

Also, don't forget David's "Unreadability" essay at Perforations (Issue 26). It includes great references & examples, including Kerouac and spontaneity.

<http://www.pd.org/topos/perforations/perf26/chiot.html>
(<http://www.pd.org/topos/perforations/perf26/chiot.html>)

Congratulations, David. Both are wonderful reads.

Mary Jo

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631. **Adam Good**

Your Black Eye #1 is Now Online

Wed 23 Mar 2005

Hello All,

Just wanted to announce that the first issue of Your Black Eye is now online at www.yourblackeye.org. The first issue features work by Lee Ann Brown, Rod Smith, Anslem Berrigan, Jean Donnely and Leslie Bumstead, Vernon Frazer, among many others, as well as an interview with prison activist Ruth Gilmore. The new issue also contains a call for submissions for issue 2. Please stop by and check us out.

Adam Good
Your Black Eye

Do you Yahoo!?

Yahoo! Small Business - Try our new resources site!
<http://smallbusiness.yahoo.com/resources/>

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632. **Gwyn McVay**

One of those tiresome calls for info: Sylvester Pollet?

Wed 23 Mar 2005

Sorry to eat bandwidth. Has anybody got an e-mail address for Sylvester Pollet?

Gwyn McVay

Even while I'm writing, I am listening for crows.

-- Louise Erdrich

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633. **Thomas savage**
Poetry Workshop at Tribes
Wed 23 Mar 2005

This message is to announce my monthly poetry workshop. It takes place one Sunday of each month at Tribes Gallery 285 E. 3rd St. NYC (between Aves. C&D) at 1 PM. The next class will occur on Sunday April 24 at 1 Pm. The fee is \$10 per session. If interested, please bring a poem with four or five copies to give to the other attendees. As we agree on the next class date as a consensus among myself and current attendees, the May date of this workshop will be decided on April 24. I hope to see as many of you as are interested or feel they could benefit from doing a workshop at this time. It would be helpful to me if you could contact me either at this email address or by telephone at [REDACTED] if you plan to attend.. All levels of poetic practice are welcome. Regards, Tom Savage

Do you Yahoo!?

Yahoo! Mail - Easier than ever with enhanced search. Learn more.

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634. **Alan Sondheim**
guard
Wed 23 Mar 2005

guard

left-arrow p r e right-arrow l e f t dash a r r o w p r e
r i g h t dash a r r o w l e f t dash a r r o w p r e
r i g h t dash a r r o w l e f t d a s h a r r o w p r e
r i g h t d a s h a r r o w
i will guard you yes i will yes i will

<http://www.as.wvu.edu:8000/clc/Members/sondheim/guard/view>

guard

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635. **Martha L Deed**
Re: AVENUE NOIR --THE CORRECT(ED) VERSION) AT LAST (I HOPE)
Wed 23 Mar 2005

Vernon,

We regret to inform you that you are ineligible for inclusion in our Hall of Incompetence. The rejection of your application is not due to the overcrowded nature of our Hall. We can always make room for one more civil servant. No, your rejection is personal we regret to say.

It's because your AVENUE NOIR is a beautifully-wrought work with precise and original imagery and use of language.

Our Hall eschews such verbal offerings, preferring instead such elegance as "the consequences of catastrophic success" (GWB).

Please feel free to submit again.

Martha Deed

On Wed, 23 Mar 2005 07:57:40 -0500 Vernon Frazer <[REDACTED]> writes:

- > Yesterday I experienced one of the great achievements of my periodic
- > lapses
- > into a Human Erroneous Zone: for the first time in my life, I
- > miscopied
- > something twice in a row. While I feel pretty embarrassed about it,
- > the part
- > of me that becomes an Erroneous Zone is trying to put a positive
- > spin on it
- > by describing my blunders as an "achievement."
- >
- > Here is the link to AVENUE NOIR. I have tested it personally, and it
- > WILL
- > get you to AVENUE NOIR:
- >
- > <http://www.xpressed.org/fall04/avenue.pdf>
- >
- > If, for some reason, it doesn't, go to www.xpressed.org, click on
- > "titles"
- > and scroll till you find my name or "Avenue Noir."
- >
- > I apologize for yesterday's mistakes. As a former government
- > employee, I
- > really don't want a statue of myself posing in the Hall of
- > Incompetence.
- >
- > Vernon
- >
- >

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636. **Steve Dalachinsky**
Re: post for steve dalachinsky
Wed 23 Mar 2005

you mean Yes sir since I hope what was a man not a ma'am wrote the peom.

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637. **Poetry Project**
Events at the Poetry Project 3/28-3/30
Wed 23 Mar 2005

Monday, March 28, 8:00 pm Talk Series: Bernard Horn, ³O¹Hara, Olson, and The Life & Times of a Family Man² Since Romanticism and the assault on the idea that humans are primarily polis-dwelling animals, poets have been challenged to write poems which are both authentic and relevant. Three seemingly contradictory temptations have been: preciously indulgent excursions into the egotistical sublime; giddy self-reflexive play with language and its limitations; and a sort of political poetry that is no more than disembodied dogma for the initiated. Drawing in various ways on Wallace Stevens, William Carlos Williams, Frank O'Hara, his teacher Charles Olson, and the poetics of Biblical narrative, Bernard Horn responds to these contraries with neither synthesis nor dialectics, but rather with simultaneity. Poet and critic Bernard Horn is the author of Facing the Fires: Conversations with A. B. Yehoshua, and his poems and translations have appeared in The New Yorker, The Mississippi Review, and Moment. He teaches at Framingham State College in Massachusetts.

Wednesday, March 30, 8:00 pm Vincent Katz & Lourdes Vazquez Vincent Katz is a poet, translator, art critic, and editor. He is the author of eight books of poetry, including Cabal of Zealots and Understanding Objects. Katz curated an exhibition on Black Mountain College, whose catalogue, Black Mountain College: Experiment In Art (published by MIT Press in 2002) he edited. His translation of The Complete Elegies of Sextus Propertius was published by Princeton University Press in 2004. He is the editor of Libellum books and the journal Vanitas. Lourdes Vázquez's latest books and chapbooks include Bestiary: Selected Poems 1986-1997, La estatuilla, and Park Slope. Her first novel, Sin ti no soy yo, is forthcoming from Puerto Press. She is the winner of the International Juan Rulfo Short Story Award.

The SPRING CALENDAR (April, May and June NOW UP!):
<http://www.poetryproject.com/calendar.html>

The Poetry Project is located at St. Mark's Church-in-the-Bowery
131 East 10th Street at Second Avenue

New York City 10003
Trains: 6, F, N, R, and L.



www.poetryproject.com

Admission is \$8, \$7 for students/seniors and \$5 for members (though now those who take out a membership at \$85 or higher will get in FREE to all regular readings).

We are wheelchair accessible with assistance and advance notice. For more info call .

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638. **Christopher Leland Winks**
Re: Iranian Poets Iranian Poetry HELP!

Wed 23 Mar 2005

I would recommend the work of Forrugh Farroghzad (sp.?), one of the major female voices of the 20th century, from Iran or elsewhere.

Chris

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

From: Haas Bianchi < >

Date: Monday, March 21, 2005 6:46 pm

Subject: Iranian Poets Iranian Poetry HELP!

Dear Buffalo Listers:

I am writing this to see if anyone has any experience with Iranian poetry? I feel that with the political situation regarding Iran and the US that it would be a great thing to do our next International Profile for Chicagopostmodernpoetry.com on Iranian Poets. If anyone has a contact that can be reached to help out I would be eternally grateful.

Ray

Raymond L Bianchi
chicagopostmodernpoetry.com/
collagepoetchicago.blogspot.com/

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639. **Tenney Nathanson**

POG: poet Charles Bernstein Saturday April 2, 7pm (and: at Arizona Quarterly Symposium @ 10am)

Wed 23 Mar 2005

POG

presents

poet

Charles Bernstein

Saturday, April 2, 7pm,

ORTSPACE, 121 E. 7th Street

(use entry on east side of building, at alley door)

Admission: \$5; Students \$3

Charles Bernstein is the author of over twenty collections of poetry, including *With Strings* (Chicago, 2001), *Republics of Reality: 1975 - 1995* (Sun & Moon, 2000), *Dark City* (Sun & Moon, 1994), *The Sophist* (Sun & Moon, 1987; rpt Salt Publishing 2004), *Islets/Irritations* (Jordan Davies, 1983; rpt. Roof Books, 1992); and *Controlling Interests* (Roof, 1980, rpt. 2004). He has published three collections of essays-*My Way: Speeches and Poems* (Chicago, 1999), *A Poetics* (Harvard, 1992), and *Content's Dream: Essays 1975-1984* (Sun & Moon, 1985; rpt Northwestern, 2001)-and is the editor of several collections-*Close Listening: Poetry and the Performed Word* (Oxford, 1999), *99 Poets/1999: An International Poetics Symposium* (Duke, 1998), and *The Politics of Poetic Form: Poetry and Public Policy* (Roof, 1990)-as well as of the audio CD *Live at the Ear* and the poetics magazine *L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E*, whose first issue was published in 1978. He is executive editor of the Electronic Poetry Center (<http://epc.buffalo.edu>). Bernstein has collaborated with painter Susan Bee on several artist's books. In 2001, he curated *Poetry Plastique*, a show of visual and sculptural poetry at the Marianne Boesky Gallery in New York, and he has written librettos for Brian Ferneyhough, Dean Drummond, and Ben Yarmolinsky. *Shadowtime*, his opera with Ferneyhough centering on the life and work of Walter Benjamin, premiered in Munich in May 2004. For several years Bernstein hosted the poetry radio show *LINEbreak* (available at the EPC website), and at the University of Pennsylvania he is working on a range of digital and sound projects in collaboration with the Center for Programs in Contemporary Writing. Bernstein has been the recipient of fellowships from the Guggenheim Foundation, the New York Foundation for the Arts, and the National Endowment for the Arts, and of the Roy Harvey Pearce/Archive for New Poetry Prize of the University of California, San Diego. From 1989 to 2003, he taught at the State University of New York, where he was co-founder and Director of the Poetics Program and a SUNY Distinguished Professor. He is currently Regan Professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania. For more, go to Charles

Bernstein's home page at the Electronic Poetry Center:

<http://epc.buffalo.edu/authors/bernstein/>

also: Saturday, April 2, 10 a.m.

"How Empty is My Bread Pudding"

a talk by Charles Bernstein

presented as part of the seventeenth annual

Arizona Quarterly Symposium

free and open to the public

University of Arizona Foundation/Alumni Building Dining Room

1111 North Cherry Avenue (NW corner Speedway/Cherry)

(free parking in the parking lot on the north side of the building)

& coming up . . .

April 30: poet/critic David Levi Strauss & poet Jason Zuzga May 7: poets Austin Publicover & Dlyn Fairfax Parra

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.

thanks to our growing list of 2004-2005 Patrons and Sponsors:

. Corporate Patrons Buffalo Exchange and GlobalEye Systems . Individual Patrons Millie Chapin, Elizabeth Landry, Allison Moore, Liisa Phillips, Jessica Thompson, and Rachel Traywick . Corporate Sponsors Antennae a Journal of Experimental Poetry and Music/Performance, Bookman's, Chax Press, Jamba Juice, Kaplan Test Prep and Admissions, Kore Press, Macy's, Reader's Oasis, and Zia Records . Individual Sponsors Gail Browne, Suzanne Clores, Sheila Murphy, and Desiree Rios

We're also grateful to hosts and programming partners

. Casa Libre en La Solana Inn & Guest House
. Dinnerware Contemporary Arts gallery
. Las Artes Center (see stories in El Independiente and the Tucson Weekly)
. O-T-O Dance at ORTSPACE
. MOCA (Museum of Contemporary Art)
. Alamo Gallery (see this Tucson Arts District page)

for further information contact

POG: [REDACTED], [REDACTED]; or visit us on the web at www.gopog.org

tenney nathanson

mailto: [REDACTED]

mailto: [REDACTED]

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

pog

mailto: [REDACTED]

<http://www.gopog.org/>

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640. **Rob McLennan**

email interruptions

Wed 23 Mar 2005

my email was out from saturday on, just back up now. if anyone sent an email in that period, dont presume i got the thing. my email should be working fine now (it seems to be, anyway)

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 ...9th coll'n - what's left (Talon) ...c/o RR#1 Maxville ON K0C 1T0
www.track0.com/rob_mclennan * <http://robmcclennan.blogspot.com/>

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641. **Jerome Rothenberg**

spring 2005 reading trip

Wed 23 Mar 2005

Diane Rothenberg and I will be off again starting on March 30th - a domestic reading trip this time, to a number of locations in the Deep South. As on other trips we're expecting to check our e-mail regularly, for which the usual e-addresses will be sufficient. For those who may be nearby or may want to be in touch, our stripped-down itinerary follows.

March 30

Traveling from San Diego to Raleigh/Durham, North Carolina.

March 31 Reading at Duke University 4:30 PM, sponsored by the Department of Art and Art History.

Phone contact: [REDACTED] (Durham Marriott Hotel)

April 1-3

Nightly stopovers in Charleston SC (Econo Lodge), Beaufort SC (Comfort Inn), and Savannah GA (Quality Inn Heart of Savannah).

April 4-5

University of Georgia in Athens

April 4 reading in late afternoon

phone contact: [REDACTED]

April 6

Stopover at Pickwick Hotel in Birmingham

April 7-8

University of Alabama in Tuscaloosa

April 8 evening reading

phone contact: [REDACTED]

April 9-10

New Orleans

April 10 6:00 PM reading with Simon Petit at Goldmin(d)e Saloon in French Quarter

Staying at Maison Dupuy Hotel

April 11

LSU in Baton Rouge

reading in late afternoon

April 12 Stopover in Memphis

SpringHill Suites Memphis Downtown

April 13-15

University of Louisville

April 14 7:30 PM reading, Bingham Poetry Room, Ekstrom Library

phone contact: [REDACTED]

April 16

Return to San Diego (Encinitas)

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642. **Haas Bianchi**

Eleni Sikelianos

Wed 23 Mar 2005

Raymond L Bianchi
chicagopostmodernpoetry.com/
collagepoetchicago.blogspot.com/

Does Anyone have Eleni Sikelianos'email address?

thanks

R

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643. **Rob McLennan**

smthg by Max Middle

Wed 23 Mar 2005

new from above/ground press

smthg
by Max Middle
\$4

From Yoke to Slacks

unstaged pretzel parallels, yoke
shirking the centre between jeans
fuzzed up and dogged down, yack
fleeced away shy organ leans
to which felting snapper, makes
shine one shelf louder whisper
tapped from A orange, pecks
of that kind of knowing internal
mood shouting discus, track
bounce dip disco bond to prep
unsolicited hide by barge, trick
chatter tied by intrusive raking
buoying up the corner, stacks
egginess sundown a rule rote
on stage ride engine, slacks

=====

Max Middle is a poet, performance artist, musician and photographer. He is not easily charmed but loves magic. Recently, he has recently been conducting

investigations into performance art, sound poetry and improvised music with some very talented collaborators. He is a founding member of the music, noise, poetry and art performance experiment the Max Middle Sound Project, which staged its debut performances during the 2004 Ottawa Fringe Festival. This spring, the MMSP will bring its performance to several Ontario and Quebec centres. For more (including audio files) go to <www.MAXMIDDLE.com>. a previous chapbook, A CREATION SONG, was published by above/ground press but is now out of print -- it appears alongside an interview with Max in the first issue of Ottawater (www.ottawater.com)

=====

published in ottawa by above/ground press. subscribers rec' complimentary copies. to order, add \$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

=====

above/ground press chapbook subscriptions - starting January 1st, \$30 per calendar year (outside of Canada, \$30 US) for chapbooks, broadsheets + asides. Current & forthcoming publications by Adam Seelig, Julia Williams Karen Clavelle, Eric Folsom, Alessandro Porco, Frank Davey, John Lavery, donato mancini, rob mclennan, kath macLean, Andy Weaver, Barry McKinnon, Michael Holmes, Jan Allen, Jason Christie, Patrick Lane, Anita Dolman, Shane Plante, David Fujino, Matthew Holmes + others. payable to rob mclennan.

STANZAS subscriptions, \$20 (CAN) for 5 issues (non-Canadian, \$20 US). recent issues featuring work by Rachel Zolf, J.L. Jacobs & Michael Holmes. bibliography on-line.

=====

-- poet/editor/pub. ... ed. STANZAS mag & side/lines: a new canadian poetics (Insomniac)...pub., above/ground press ...coord., SPAN-O + ottawa small press fair ...9th coll'n - what's left (Talon) ...c/o RR#1 Maxville ON K0C 1T0
www.track0.com/rob_mclennan * <http://robmclennan.blogspot.com/>

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644. **Dustin Williamson**

Re: Narrowhouse Announces Double-Wide::Interview with David Baptiste-Chirot

Wed 23 Mar 2005

This is a good interview with a really great artist and human being. As one of those people, who has had the good fortune to receive a number of his rubBE-ings in the last year (some of which I used for covers of a little magazine I do in

Milwaukee), I think it's great that people--who haven't had the good fortune to know David personally--can read about him and his work. thanks for the link.

dw

(www.rustbuckle.blog-city.com)

Quoting kevin thurston <[REDACTED]>:

[apologies for any cross-posting]

Narrowhouse Recordings (www.narrowhouserecordings.com), who has released cds by Anselm Berrigan and the excellent Women in the Avant-Garde double disc, is pleased to announce doublewide, a section for interviews and reviews.

For the inaugural interview, doublewide interviewed (visual) poet and (mail) artist David Baptiste-Chirot as he discusses his technique and his book rubBEings published by mIEKAL aND's Xexoxial Editions. In the upcoming months, look for an interview with DC's Rod Smith as Narrowhouse prepares his release "fear the sky"

<http://www.angelfire.com/poetry/thepixelplus/nhdoublewide.html>

--

i'm like frank o'hara--without the friends

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645. **Murat Nemet-Nejat**

Re: Brushes With F*A*M*E

Wed 23 Mar 2005

In addition to my brush with O.J. Simpson, many many years ago I was sitting across the table from Arthur Miller at a literary lunch. All I could think about was here is the man who once was married to Marilyn Monroe.

Murat

In a message dated 3/21/2005 11:20:58 AM Eastern Standard Time, Nick Piombino <[REDACTED]> writes:

*Here's two more, although
Gary Sullivan has ended this
thread on his blog:*

*I've admired the poetry of Frank Kuenstler
for decades, particularly his book *Lens*, which I'd
read and reread. One day in the summer of 1996
I made up my mind I had to meet this poet*

*and began calling around to
some friends to try and find him. I
learned from my friend Serge Gavronsky that Frank
had died just a few days earlier. There was to be
a memorial, and would I like to attend it and possibly
read? I found out from Serge that Frank Kuenstler used to
operate a bookstall for years
near the corner of 96th and Broadway.
I must have passed by and looked at the books on his
table hundreds of times!*

*On the day of the memorial I was sitting with Toni,
reading *Lens* in Central Park. A woman
noticed this and came over and spoke with me.
It was Frank Kuenstler's daughter Emily.
She asked me if I was attending the memorial
and would I like to read? Yes, I was attending
and I would be glad to read. Among the readers at
the memorial was Gerard Malanga, who I've always
wanted to meet; but it just didn't happen.*

*Sometime in 1975 I was living on West 90th
Street near Central Park. I
had a small dog at that time, a Wheaton
Terrier named Whimsey. One day I walked
Whimsey to the corner of Columbus
and 90th Street where there was this
ancient greasy spoon coffee shop, with
all the signs, stools,
shiny metal appliances and formica
counter intact, circa 1945.
I often had the habit of looking into the window and staring
at this place but I never once went in. It was a summer
day and I was doing just this, with Whimsey
patiently sitting next to me on a leash. After a little while
I noticed that Woody Allen and Diane Keaton were
each standing on either side of me.
All four of us stood staring through the window like this,
except Whimsey, who just sat there because
she was too small to reach the window,
no one saying a word for a good 3-5 minutes.
I was a major fan of Woody Allen's and loved
his work with Diane Keaton. But at this
moment I was utterly tongue tied and couldn't
blurt out a single word. The three of us stood
there a little while longer and then first Diane*

*Keaton and then Woody Allen left and went
into a large van parked across the street.
I guess they were looking the place over
as a possible location for a movie.*

*When I wrote this a few days ago
I didn't know that Allen's new movie,
Melinda and Melinda
including favorites Steve Carrell (from the Jon
Stewart show) and
Wallace Shawn,
had just been released.*

Nick Piombino

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646. **Wanda O'Connor**
Re: Brushes With F*A*M*E

Wed 23 Mar 2005

Cool! Would have loved to be in your shoes.
Did you know Henry had a collection of very eclectic photos on his
bathroom walls? A very very interesting man.

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

From: Murat Nemet-Nejat <[REDACTED]>

Date: Wednesday, March 23, 2005 3:38 pm

Subject: Re: Brushes With F*A*M*E

*In addition to my brush with O.J. Simpson, many many years ago I
was sitting across the table from Arthur Miller at a literary
lunch. All I could think about was here is the man who once was
married to Marilyn Monroe.*

Murat

*In a message dated 3/21/2005 11:20:58 AM Eastern Standard Time,
Nick Piombino <[REDACTED]> writes:*

*Here's two more, although
Gary Sullivan has ended this
thread on his blog:*

*I've admired the poetry of Frank Kuenstler
for decades, particularly his book *Lens*, which I'd*

*read and reread. One day in the summer of 1996
I made up my mind I had to meet this poet
and began calling around to
some friends to try and find him. I
learned from my friend Serge Gavronsky that Frank
had died just a few days earlier. There was to be
a memorial, and would I like to attend it and possibly
read? I found out from Serge that Frank Kuenstler used to
operate a bookstall for years
near the corner of 96th and Broadway.
I must have passed by and looked at the books on his
table hundreds of times!*

*On the day of the memorial I was sitting with Toni,
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Stewart show) and
Wallace Shawn,
had just been released.*

Nick Piombino

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647. **Wanda O'Connor**
Re: Brushes With F*A*M*E

Wed 23 Mar 2005

Oops--saw Miller, thought Henry. Not Arthur. Still, neat guy. ...

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

From: Wanda O'Connor <[REDACTED]>

Date: Wednesday, March 23, 2005 3:44 pm

Subject: Re: Brushes With F*A*M*E

*Cool! Would have loved to be in your shoes.
Did you know Henry had a collection of very eclectic photos on his
bathroom walls? A very very interesting man.*

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Date: Wednesday, March 23, 2005 3:38 pm

Subject: Re: Brushes With F*A*M*E

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Melinda and Melinda
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had just been released.*

Nick Piombino

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648. **Vernon Frazer**

**Re: AVENUE NOIR --THE CORRECT(ED) VERSION) AT LAST (I
HOPE)**

Wed 23 Mar 2005

Martha,

Even though I'm crushed at learning of my ineligibility, I'm pleased that you think so highly of AVENUE NOIR. To be honest, I find your appreciation more gratifying than admission to the Hall of Incompetence. But as a fellow writer, I'm sure you understand that any form of rejection, even for admission to places you never in your life want to be, is damaging to one's fragile, bloated ego.

Should I perform another feat of majestic ineptitude, I will certainly reapply for admission. If you like, I will gladly provide you with a list of several thousand people who would qualify for immediate admission to the Hall of Ineptitude.

You can start looking for them at www.ct.gov (assuming I got the link right).

Best,

Vernon

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

From: UB Poetics discussion group [mailto:████████] On
Behalf Of Martha L Deed

Sent: Wednesday, March 23, 2005 12:50 PM

To: ██████████

Subject: Re: AVENUE NOIR --THE CORRECT(ED) VERSION) AT LAST (I HOPE)

Vernon,

We regret to inform you that you are ineligible for inclusion in our Hall of Incompetence. The rejection of your application is not due to the overcrowded nature of our Hall. We can always make room for one more civil servant. No, your rejection is personal we regret to say.

It's because your AVENUE NOIR is a beautifully-wrought work with precise and original imagery and use of language.

Our Hall eschews such verbal offerings, preferring instead such elegance as "the consequences of catastrophic success" (GWB).

Please feel free to submit again.

Martha Deed

On Wed, 23 Mar 2005 07:57:40 -0500 Vernon Frazer <████████>
writes:

> Yesterday I experienced one of the great achievements of my periodic
> lapses
> into a Human Erroneous Zone: for the first time in my life, I
> miscopied
> something twice in a row. While I feel pretty embarrassed about it,
> the part
> of me that becomes an Erroneous Zone is trying to put a positive
> spin on it
> by describing my blunders as an "achievement."
>
> Here is the link to AVENUE NOIR. I have tested it personally, and it
> WILL
> get you to AVENUE NOIR:
>
> <http://www.xpressed.org/fall04/avenue.pdf>
>

> If, for some reason, it doesn't, go to www.xpressed.org, click on
> "titles"
> and scroll till you find my name or "Avenue Noir."
>
> I apologize for yesterday's mistakes. As a former government
> employee, I
> really don't want a statue of myself posing in the Hall of
> Incompetence.
>
> Vernon
>
>

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649. **Murat Nemet-Nejat**

Re: This Week's Question: "most surprising work read in translation"

Wed 23 Mar 2005

At least recently, the most surprising translations I have read are Chris Daniel's translations of Pessoa's (Alvaro De Campos and Alberto Caeiro) poems in the third issue of Crayon. I can go on for hours why I think Chris is one of the great translators of our time. I will focus on the issues relating to heteronyms.

In my opinion, the irreducible essence of a translator/poet is the lack of a "personal" style. This absence, like the absence of vegetation in Death Valley, reveals points of disruption and extension between two languages, two personae, two texts, etc.:

"My heart broke like an empty vase.

It fell outrageously downstairs.

A careless maid dropped it.

It fell and shattered into more pieces than there was china in the vase.

Asinine? Impossible? How should I know?

I have more feelings than I did when I felt like me.

I'm a scattering of shards glittering on a rug." Alvaro de Campos, trans. Chris Daniel and Dana Stevens.

The stunning simplicity of the above passage not only sheds light on "Pessoa" but also ricochets backwards across time and cultural lines in a radical "elsewhere" -for example, Benjamin's "The Task of The Translator" ("fragments of a vase"), Turkish poetry (particularly Orhan Veli and Seyhan Erozcelik), Jack Spicer, Kent Johnson.

In my view, in the peripheries of Europe, Pessoa starts a poetry which subverts European avant-garde modernism, pointing to a future poetics of hypertexts

and globalized, fragmented consciousness. The fusion of gnostic eroticism explored by some American poets in the last few years is part of the same movement.

I recommend strongly the the third issue of Crayon in toto and Chris Daniel's and Dana Stevens's upcoming Pessoa book.

Murat

In a message dated 3/21/2005 10:34:55 AM Eastern Standard Time, Gary Sullivan <[REDACTED]> writes:

This week's question for Elsewhere:

What was the most surprising work you've read in translation? Talk a bit about what it was that surprised you--pleasantly or otherwise--about the work and/or the translation.

Send your answers to me at:

gpsullivan at hotmail dot com

and I'll start posting them to Elsewhere

http://garysullivan.blogspot.com

Again, while I do trawl the poetics archives, it's best to send answers to my e-mail account, so I'll be sure to get it. I'll post answers received up through Friday.

Thanks,

Gary

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650. **Stephen Vincent**

Re: This Week's Question: "most surprising work read in translation"

Wed 23 Mar 2005

| *The fusion of gnostic eroticism*

Murat, can you translate what this combination augurs? Google only points to Richard Foreman's play of that title and an elaborate critical piece on M Duchamp - from which I could only obliquely decipher implications of elusive 'savoir metaphysical penetration'.

Agree with you entirely on the elusive Chris Daniels as a translator "in the pure" sense of it - the translations are unshakably present and translucent to

the poem and by extension an incredible sense of being taken by both the other poet along with the poem. Hopefully a large publisher will bring Chris into fuller sight.

Stephen V

Blog: <http://stephenvincent.durationpress.com>

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651. **David A. Kirschenbaum**
Roommate sought, Chelsea, NYC

Wed 23 Mar 2005

Beautiful Chelsea apartment, parquet floors, terrace, eat-in kitchen, Empire State Building views, front and back yards, cable tv.

Available May 1, affordable rent.

Email [REDACTED] or call [REDACTED]

as ever,

David

--

David A. Kirschenbaum, editor and publisher

Boog City

330 W.28th St., Suite 6H

NY, NY 10001-4754

For event and publication information:

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

T: (212) 842-BOOG (2664)

F: [REDACTED]

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652. **Stephen Vincent**
Re: FSG Poetry, Submission Guidelines

Wed 23 Mar 2005

In fairness to FSG, I received the following response to my little critique (further below) of the FSG poetry submission guideline note.

Being fair and balanced here!

Stephen V

Blog: <http://stephenvincent.durationpress.com>

| Dear Mr. Vincent,

| Thank you for your suggestions. I feel compelled to point out that we do,

however, accept unsolicited submissions. It is not a method of submitting that I would recommend, but we do, in fact, read and respond to them, so to state that we do not accept such submissions would be untrue. Also, we frequently receive manuscripts that are the author's only copy, which are then submitted without return postage and discarded. As this has become quite a point of contention with certain authors, we have made the decision to include a small nugget of advice pertaining to such situations.

My Best,

*Sarah
FSG Editorial*

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

From: Stephen Vincent [mailto:]

Sent: Tuesday, March 22, 2005 3:22 PM

To: FSG Editorial

Subject: Re: Poetry, Submission Guidelines

Thank you for your interest in FSG. We do not accept submissions, queries or proposals via email. If you would like to submit, please do so according to the attached submission guidelines. We do not encourage the submission of unsolicited poetry manuscripts due to the size of our list.

Once your manuscript has been received, you can expect a response in about six to eight months. If postage is a concern, we recommend that you send a copy of your manuscript, rather than the original.

Best,

FSG Editorial

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653. **derekrogerson**

[job] Assistant/Associate Professor in Spanish American Literature

Wed 23 Mar 2005

Assistant/Associate Professor in Spanish American Literature
University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill
Salary: \$50,000 to less than \$60,000

Literature: Assistant/Associate Professor in Spanish American Literature. Primary focus: 19th/early 20th century narrative or poetry. Excellence in research and teaching required. Interest in innovative and interdisciplinary approaches,

and the use of technology in teaching a plus. Teaching load: two courses per semester. Ideal candidate would be at the advanced assistant or beginning associate level, although applications from exceptional individuals who will definitely have the Ph.D. in hand by July 1, 2005 will be considered. Application deadline May 9, 2005 with review of applications beginning April 25, 2005. Pending funding of the position, preliminary interviews to be conducted in mid-May. EOE. Applicants should send their dossier to Head of Search Committee, Department of Romance Languages, CB# 3170, 238 Dey Hall, University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, North Carolina 27599-3170.
<http://www.unc.edu/depts/roml>

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654. **Joe Brennan**

The Checks And Balances Of The System

Wed 23 Mar 2005

Click here: The Assassinated Press
<http://www.theassassinatedpress.com/>

The Checks And Balances Of The System: Dear John: No Chance Iran-Contra Will Come Back To Haunt Ya: Make Checks Payable To Senate Select Committee On Intelligence: Negroponte's Killing Time In Honduras--A Tissue Of An Issue: Focus Renewed on Intelligence Pick's First Rate Death Squads In 1980s: "Mrs. Velasquez. Sure Your Kid's Dead. But Please Don't Hound His Murderer. Mr. Negroponte Is A Very Important Man." Chides Washington Post: "Killing Negroponte Won't Bring Back Your Sons And Daughters," Argue Congressional Death Penalty Advocates: "America Can't Hang It's Elites. None Of the Prison Chefs Can Cook Last Meals Of Veal Barataria." By MICKEY DOOBIES

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.

".....at a time when I am speaking to you about the paradox of desire -- in the sense that different goods obscure it -- you can hear outside the awful language of power. There's no point in asking whether they are sincere or hypocritical, whether they want peace or whether they calculate the risks. The dominating impression as such a moment is that something that may pass for a prescribed good; information addresses and captures impotent crowds to whom it is poured

forth like a liquor that leaves them dazed as they move toward the slaughter house.

One might even ask if one would allow the cataclysm to occur without first

giving
free reign to this hubbub of voices...."

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655. **Alan Sondheim**

some sum across text

Thu 24 Mar 2005

some sum across text

0 the world has any and none
1 axioms and axiologies are dispersed among worlds and domains
1 distinctions may be fissuring of same and same
1 every age is every un-age
1 links and couplings constitute the world
1 meaning is constituted by virtue of desire and domains
1 mouths and ears are identical
1 primary structures include annihilation and creation
1 representation structures are in the form of mappings
1 the armature of belief is the encoding of desire
1 the phenomenology of the imaginary is that of the plasma
1 the world has a certain style
1 theory is defuge and enumeration coupled with abjection and foreclosure
1 this abacus is always already that abacus
2 channeling and gating may also be included
2 desire is towards signifier and totalization
2 distinctions may be inscriptions of self and not-self
2 domains are nearly decomposable into worlds
2 hierarchies decompose into holarchies at the limit
2 in a link contiguity transforms into structure
2 investment is characteristic of phenomena
2 it is terminology which forecloses and annihilates
2 our worlds are constituted
2 science is that ideological which is non-ideological
2 the mirror stage is always a coagulation
2 the world is constituted by equivalences and not identities
2 these include P)Q, P)P, P)*Q, P*)Q, P)*Q)P, P)P)P etc.
3 an identity is an equivalence of one
3 desire is towards the potential of infinite manipulation
3 disinvestment is the state of defuge or refusal/deluge
3 existence is relative to domains
3 fissuring characterizes the postmodern and inscription the modern
3 in a coupling contiguity remains disassemblage

3 limits are always asymptotic
3 meaning is always in relation
3 negations include chain, sheffer, and the sheffer-dual
3 terminology is destroyed within the creativity of the border-regions
3 there is no ontological distinction between information and materiality
3 truth and slanders are bound in abjection
3 within the secondary are also found hieroglyphic binding and leakage
4 an equivalence of one is a misrecognition emptied of the symbolic
4 bases collapse into superstructures, and superstructures into bases
4 consider leakage of the signifier, excess, clutter, debris, and noise
4 digital is eternal and analog operates between death and desire
4 everything applies no farther than to ourselves in the act of reading
4 infinite manipulation is the binding of body and bodies into hieroglyph
4 intentionality is always mediated and itself intended
4 mouths hold and carry the cultural skein as linking communality
4 our worlds are loosely tethered
4 secondary structures include inscription, demarcation, distinction
4 substance is never and always emergent
4 there is no meaning outside of relation
4 what is disinvested participates in the abject
5 analog and digital interpenetrate
5 analog and digital interpenetrate 5 analog and digital interpenetrate 5
5 analog burns the noise within us
5 at the limits ontologies fractally coalesce
5 chains of consequences are couplings at best
5 culture adheres and coheres
5 inscriptions are overcoded or undercoded and always destabilized
5 self-reflexivity and contradiction leave residue as content
5 st: stuttering, stumbling, wobbling, jostling, shuddering, sputtering
5 the abject is that which cannot be recuperated
5 the semiotics of emission and spew replace the semiotics of signifiers
5 we are always already within the virtual
5 with the beginning of hieroglyph one enters the beginning of speech
5 $x^{-x} = 0 \text{ rel } x$
6 assemblages of ideas constitute inscriptive domains
6 culture doubles epistemologies
6 desire transforms the speech of the other under the guise of freedom
6 emission and spew transform vector into flow and flow into turbulence
6 erotics: fissuring, inscription, puncture, delirium, liquidity
6 in noise culture 0 is a positivity characterized as $\{x: x = -x\}$
6 negation is at the core of human existence and communality
6 the masochistic assemblage creates the cultural context of narratology

6 the other is that which is unaccountable and unaccounted-for
6 the topology of intention is also secondary
6 the world stains, is stained, is constituted by stains
6 truth is a wager and a strategy among constituted regimes
6 we exist in-between paths and plasmas
6 we exist inbetween paths and plasmas
7 all thought is narratology
7 eccentric space: smattering, scattering, skittering, spitting
7 facticity and truth are contiguous at best
7 governance constitutes the foci of assemblages of ideas
7 only a radical disbelief necessarily binds and blinds one to the truth
7 our worlds are nearly decomposable into discrete entities
7 the abject other is simultaneously wayward and abject
7 the ego is always catastrophic in the mathematical sense
7 the imaginary carries no force and its totality
7 the topology includes non-distributive transgressive logics
7 the world constitutes by stains
7 turbulence leaks around the simulacrum of death but not abjection
7 we are driven by annihilation
8 body and inscription are doubly transparent and doubly fixed
8 communication is presence and communality
8 desire is a flux-emission without source or objects
8 entities are by virtue of the name, maintenance, and contour
8 fissures require low maintenance
8 flow leaks around inscription which carries its own inward dissipations
8 foci exist as if the totality of nodes hierarchically connected to them
8 infinite copying exists past the heat-death of the universe
8 inscriptive components include maintenance and legitimation structure
8 perfect authority is authentic circulation
8 the ego is inscribed and inscriptive
8 the narratological turns speech towards foreclosure
8 third level of the social involves economic and other parabolas
9 at the limit epistemologies and ontologies coalesce
9 desire is always submerged
9 eye and i shift and stutter around deep linguistic coding
9 inscription domains are abject emissions both unwieldy and temporary
9 inscription is maintained in deferral and division
9 nothing is constituted as axiological
9 the ego exists within the certain style of the world
9 the imaginary is speechless
9 the narratological loops the ouroborosean tale back into the mouth
9 the parabolas are a means towards totalization and constitution

9 the world has no requirements

9 theory is enumerated

9 they also include embodiment, impulse, fueling, and linkage

Splayed

Splayed from glowing laptop screen, analog and digital camera, video, even

[1-13][1-9]

[1-4][1-9]

[1-9][1-9]

analog and digital interpenetrate 5 analog and digital interpenetrate. The and digital, at least to this extent. and number. (distinction between analog and digital orders here - chaotic. digital regimes in the world. Abjure any clear distinction between analog everyday virtual life. Phenomenology of the analog and digital. Modernisms fucking each other and the general public. It covers both analog- and digital machines ranging from yesterday to forty years ago, analog and digital programs are operating in the space between analog and digital. The semiotic machines, focusing on fundamental differences between analog and digital can be described as both analog and digital: the analog and digital.

—

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656. **Camille Martin**

Re: This Week's Question: "most surprising work read in translation"

Thu 24 Mar 2005

Here are the first few lines of a rather surprising rendition of Rimbaud's "O saisons, o châteaux" by Wallace Fowlie (in fairness, it's no doubt a typo):

O seasons, O castles,

What soul is without blame?

O seasons, O castles,

I carried out the magic study

Of happiness that no one eludes.

Oh! may it live long, each time

The Gallic cock grows . . .

Camille

[↑ Contents](#)

657. **Stephen Vincent**

Re: This Week's Question: "most surprising work read in translation"

Thu 24 Mar 2005

Hi Camille - It's those castles in various growing and elusive renditions! At least according to Fowlie's proofreader and typesetter.

Thanks for alerting to all your recent publications. They are on my list.

Be well,

Stephen V

Blog: <http://stephenvincent.durationpress.com>

*Here are the first few lines of a rather surprising rendition of Rimbaud's
"O saisons, o chateaux" by Wallace Fowlie (in fairness, it's no doubt a
typo):*

*O seasons, O castles,
What soul is without blame?*

O seasons, O castles,

*I carried out the magic study
Of happiness that no one eludes.*

*Oh! may it live long, each time
The Gallic cock grows . . .*

Camille

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658. **Ram Devineni**

Komunyakaa at Carter Center/ WSF Report / Rattapallax 12

Thu 24 Mar 2005

Hi Everyone: some quick announcements on programs
Rattapallax is doing.

Cheers

Ram Devineni

[Yusef Komunyakaa & Natasha Trethewey at the Carter
Center]

Friday, March 25, 2005 Reception: 7pm / Reading: 8pm.
The Jimmy Carter Library and Museum. Free and Open to

the Public. This event is cosponsored by:
Chattahoochee Review, Rattapallax, Agnes Scott
College, Poetry at Tech, The Georgia Center for the
Book, Five Points, and the Atlanta Review

[RATTAPALLAX reports on the World Social Forum.]

South African activist and writer Breyten Breytenbach was part of the international delegation of poets and writers at the World Social Forum (WSF). The group worked with Oxfam's Control Arms campaign and participated in several readings. Other participants included Palestine poet Nathalie Handal, Rattapallax editors Ram Devineni & Flávia Rocha. They were joined by Brazilian poets Fabrício Carpinejar, Johnny Lorenz, and Marlon de Almeida.

<http://www.rattapallax.com/wsf.htm>

[RATTAPALLAX 12]

Rattapallax 12 will be in bookstores. Features work from Saul Williams, Rick Moody, Paul Beatty, Ernesto Cardenal, Sean Thomas Dougherty, Annie Finch, Lynn Freed, Brentley Frazer, Joao Bandeira, Kenneth Goldsmith, Tomas Harris, Colete Inez, Patricia Spear Jones, Eliot Katz, Mohammed Khair-Eddine, Marilyn Hacker, Samuel Menashe, Gonzalo Millan, Robert Morgan, Dael Orlandersmith, Margert Ryan, Jerome Rothenberg, Maria Soledad Quiroga, Virgil Suarez, Bruno Tolentino, Raul Zurita, Li-Young Lee, F.D. Reeve, Cid Campos, Augusto de Campos, Haroldo de Campos, Carl Hancock Rux & Second2Last.

Also, a special section on South African Poetry After Apartheid:

Dennis Brutus, Robert Berold, Breyten Breytenbach, Vonani Bila, Alan Finlay, Allan Kolski Horwitz, Mbongeni Khumalo, Bernat Kruger, Kgafela oa Magogodi, Mzi Mahola, Lebogang M. Mashile, Isabella Motadinyane, Ike Mboneni Muila, Lesego Rampolokeng, Arja Salafranca & Kelwyn Sole.

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659. **mIEKAL aND**

Collage as Cultural Practice conference

Thu 24 Mar 2005

Those of you in the Iowa City area may be interested in checking out :

Collage as Cultural Practice

Thursday March 24 - Saturday March 26, 2005

"Collage as Cultural Practice" seeks to examine interventionist collage practices in all media, with an emphasis on the social, political, and legal implications of this method of appropriation. The conference, taking place March 24-26, 2005, at the University of Iowa, will interrogate the political and social dimensions of collage as a practice that enables oppositional commentary across the cultural spectrum: from the leftist collages of the Dadaists and the Situationists to the unauthorized use of corporate trademarks, interventions by queer activists, and the more recent flurry of Internet-distributed antiwar video collage pieces that appropriate from the mainstream media in satirical ways.

<http://www.uiowa.edu/obermann/collage=>

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660. **Dan Waber**

[poem] I Will Dot The Paper

Thu 24 Mar 2005

24/61

Echo = I will dot the paper, you will shape the lines we write, will our letters ever end?

Source = Jennifer Hill-Kaucher, from a series of sedokas in progress.

I Will Dot The Paper

I fell in love with you when you wrote, "I
love you chipmunk zoo,"--relax, no one will
ever read this poem--again when you dot
dot dashed the Morse for "love you" onto the
pulse of my wrist, doodled on my paper,
fell asleep while I was reading to you,
ate my candy--don't worry, no one will
ever know--tousled your hair out of shape,
tee-heed while I chased behind you up the
stairs, told me flat out and straight which weak lines
had to be cut, saved the stub from when we
rode the inclined plane, ignored tea to write.

I fall in love--it's okay, no one will
read this--with you, again, every time our
palms touch, every time our star-crossed letters
pass in the mail, every time you'll ever
laugh, until all our hours come to their end.

Dan Waber

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661. **David Baratier**
Re: What rhymes with Camilla? Godzilla
Thu 24 Mar 2005

Sasparilla, you gorilla.

Be well

David Baratier, Editor

Pavement Saw Press

PO Box 6291

Columbus OH 43206

USA

<http://pavementsaw.org>

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662. **mIEKAL aND**
Re: What rhymes with Camilla? Godzilla
Thu 24 Mar 2005

That's sarsasparilla, you ladykilla...

(tho sasparilla seems to have leaked sneakily into usage)..

On Mar 24, 2005, at 8:13 AM, David Baratier wrote:

Sasparilla, you gorilla.

Be well

David Baratier, Editor

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

<http://pavementsaw.org>

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663. **Libbie Rifkin**

unsubscribe

Thu 24 Mar 2005

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

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

On Behalf Of mIEKAL aND

Sent: Thursday, March 24, 2005 9:14 AM

To: ██████████

Subject: Re: What rhymes with Camilla? Godzilla

That's sarsasparilla, you ladykilla...

(tho sasparilla seems to have leaked sneakily into usage)..

On Mar 24, 2005, at 8:13 AM, David Baratier wrote:

Sasparilla, you gorilla.

Be well

David Baratier, Editor

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

<http://pavementsaw.org>

664. **David Baratier**

Re: CA p-laureate

Thu 24 Mar 2005

This is written by Skip Fox from a while back. Wanted to open it up to the list. Since I am out of sendings, response will appear tommorrow.

What might seem to be a minor or quirky point on this issue is the one that drives my thinking. What does such a position do to our work as it changes the world that surrounds us as we work? Maybe not a lot if we only had a Librarian of Congress, but now with the "elevation" and proliferation of such positions (every state, probably some counties, parishes, corporations like Harley Davidson, Hallmark, etc.) as well as the prizes that are given from so many quarters these days, the danger of such measurement (sanctioned, official) may lead many to abdicate a significant portion of their own judgment or to write in such a way that

emulates such writers, whether out of confusion or desire. The chief complaint that I have heard (and this may well be due to my insolation) with such positions and awards, however, seems to deal with the recipient or type of recipient, and not the fact that such "giving" itself, blaring from dust-jacket, microphone, and magazine ("Last year X

in our pages was included in . . ."), might create a state of mis-attention which is not beneficial to our work and way of thinking, especially if unquestioned.

Even here I find I don't want to make the case too clearly because many people I admire (whose work is important to me) seem to be part of this activity in some way (even judging, selecting, even giving greater attention to such sanctioned work), maybe with the excuse of championing

a certain world of poetry, or I am made to feel foolish or improper for even bringing it up. [ftnt. 1] After all, it is well established.

I don't respond much to the list and don't wish to do anything but bring up an issue this activity, which I believe to be pervasive, pernicious, and under-considered.

My quarter's worth. (Probably well discussed already before I re-enlisted a few years back anyway.)

[ftnt. 1] Especially when I say that attempting to be sanctioned by such

exterior (presumably official) judgment is like procuring for you mother, though I'm rarely as polite. And (side thought) I wonder if the student's excuse for submitting to contests ("I gotta get a job," or whatever) is any better than anyone else's.

Be well

David Baratier, Editor

Pavement Saw Press

PO Box 6291

Columbus OH 43206

USA

<http://pavementsaw.org>

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665. **Kevin Hehir**

Re: Brushes With F*A*M*E

Thu 24 Mar 2005

Dan Bern - Marilyn

Marilyn Monroe didn't marry Henry Miller

Marilyn Monroe didn't marry Henry Miller

Marilyn Monroe didn't marry Henry Miller

Marilyn Monroe didn't marry Henry Miller

But if she did he'd have taken her to Paris

And if she did she'd have smoked a lot of opium

And if she did she'd have dyed her hair blue

And if she did she might be alive

Oh-oh-o-oh Henry Miller

Oh-oh-o-oh Marilyn Monroe

Oh-oh-o-oh Henry Miller

Oh-oh-o-oh Marilyn Monroe

Marilyn Monroe didn't marry Henry Miller

She lived outside the Tropic of Capricorn

Marilyn Monroe didn't marry Henry Miller

I don't even know if she knew Henry Miller

But if she did he'd a taken her to Paris

And if she did they'd have fucked every day

And if she did she'd have felt like a woman
Not like a photograph in a magazine

Oh-oh-o-oh Henry Miller
Oh-oh-o-oh Marilyn Monroe

This is not a knock against Arthur Miller
"Death of a Salesman" is my favorite play
But Marilyn Monroe should have married Henry Miller
And if she did she might be alive

Cause if she did he'd have taken her to Paris
Tied her to the bed and eaten dinner off of her
And okay maybe she'd have died the same, anyway
But if she did she'd have had more fun

Oh-oh-o-oh Henry Miller
Oh-oh-o-oh Marilyn Monroe
Oh-oh-o-oh Henry Miller
Oh-oh-o-oh Marilyn Monroe

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666. **Minky Starshine**

Re: on the way to san diego (was post for steve dalachinsky)

Thu 24 Mar 2005

Every time I go somewhere, it's a vast journey. A train trip to Cascadia tires me out as if in this short time I'd traveled through the urban and rural landscapes of four or five countries.

I imagine myself living in each house I pass, each chalet, each isolated cottage whitewashed with lime and silence-happy at first, then bored, then fed up. It all happens in a moment, and as soon as I've abandoned one of these homes, I'm filled with nostalgia for the time I lived there. And so every trip I make is a painful and happy harvest of great joys, great boredoms, and countless false nostalgias.

And as I pass by those houses, villas and chalets, I also live the daily lives of all their inhabitants, living them all the same time. I'm the father, mother, sons, cousins, the maid and the maid's cousin, all together and all at once, thanks to my special talent for simultaneously feeling various and sundry sensations, for simultaneously living the lives of various people-both on the outside, seeing them, and on the inside, feeling them.

I've created various personalities within. I constantly create personalities. Each of my dreams, as soon as I start dreaming it, is immediately incarnated in another person, who is then dreaming it, and not I.

To create, I've destroyed myself. I've so externalized myself on the inside that I don't exist there except externally. I'm the empty stage where various actors act out various plays.

Fernando Pessoa, from *The Book of Disquiet*

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

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

On Behalf Of Steve Dalachinsky

Sent: Wednesday, March 23, 2005 12:56 PM

To: ██████████

Subject: Re: post for steve dalachinsky

you mean Yes sir since I hope what was a man not a ma'am wrote the poem.

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667. **Alan Sondheim**

The Outline of the New Talk

Thu 24 Mar 2005

The Outline of the New Talk

Issues:

Semiotics:

Virtual:

 Completely constituted

Historic:

 From synchronic/asynchronic

 To declarative/performative

 Safe words

 Rough spots

Interpenetrations:

 Addictions, defuge

Net sexuality:

 Control

 Articulations:

 Broken conceptualisms

 Emergences, submergences

 Desiring machines

 Continuous repetition

Wild Theory

Third person (IRC, chat)
Second person (MOO, talker, MUD)
CB radio (eyeballing)
First person (ytalk, Iphone, CuSeeMe)
The MOO @dig home
Scrolling on MOO, MUD, IRC
Membrane and Net, implicate ordering
Digital reproducibility and eternity
The performed body, body as instantiation
Confluence of both beneath the a/sign of desire
Lag as breathing, rhythm, hypnotic
Smooth or clear passage (Usenet, Worldschat)
Constructions of consumption
Continuous governance, continuous presence
Subjectivity as dispersion, dis/play, splay
Continuous enfolding, engendering
Wryting oneself in and out of existence
Eternal presence in the 'online world'
Guaranteed presence in the 'real world'
Semantic part-objects interpenetrating applications, protocols
Interpenetrations (does it make sense to ask the location
Operation of lag (intended and non-intended)
Rite (email list, ThePalace)
The (textual) lurker
The (visible) lurker: slight change of body planes
of the mind)
There is no Net
There is no theory
The structure of applications, protocols
An issue of epistemology: Different phenomenological horizons
An issue of ontology: Qualitative difference in being
The _tracing_ of the Net in terms of articulated fluxes:
from disorders of the real to dis-ordering the real
Rites of passage (logging on and off)
The ytalk place
ASCII unconscious, projections and introjections
To the seamless virtual
Operation of seduction
Jennifer-Julu as splayed structures across apps, protocols
Segmentation, liminal states
Arbitrary Jennifer-Julu structures
Lag as structuring transference

Jennifer-Julu as system resonances
Net relationships tending towards perception (in-signia)
Time on the Net parallel to space in the real
Hysteria and the Net:
Jennifer-Julu, pushing the boundaries:
 Representations of the interior of the body
 Representations of the states of the body (MUD)
 Language dispersion theories (Sumerian, Akkadian, Hittite)
 But wild theory
 Place and time of the body:
Virtual embodiment, virtual subjectivity:
 Off-Net beginning with perception
 On-Net beginning with the signifier
 With or without lag
 Reading and writing _on_ the virtual-real body

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668. **James DenBoer**

Camilla rhyme

Thu 24 Mar 2005

billa-

bong

--

James DenBoer

1419 S Street

Sacramento CA 95814



<http://www.paperwrk.com>

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669. **Thomas savage**

Re: This Week's Question: "most surprising work read in translation"

Thu 24 Mar 2005

Gary Sullivan <> wrote: I hope this is the proper forum for this query for I'm answering your call with a question. Thirty-four years ago, while in Afghanistan, I visited the tomb of a fifteenth century Persian/Afghani poet named Jami near Herat. Since then I've been interested in his work but have been able to find very little of it in English. As far as I know there is no complete, modern translation of his masterpiece, The Baharistan. If I am wrong

about this, I would appreciate learning about any translation into English that exists. In thirty years, all I've been able to find is the following excerpt in a faux-antique translation by one F. Hadland Davis. Because this excerpt is so wonderful, I read it sometimes at readings, dropping the "thees" and "thous" and substituting the word "you". Some people who have heard this marvelous thing have told me to put out this work as if it were my own translation. But I'm too ethical to do that. Still, m

ore than

a minor moral dilemma, I would love to see more of this possibly magnificent work in English. So, here follows the excerpt:

The Afflicted Poet

A poet paid a visit to a doctor and said: "Something has become knotted in my heart which makes me uncomfortable; it also makes my limbs wither and causes the hairs on my body to stand on end." The physician, who was a shrewd man, asked: "Very likely you have not yet recited to anyone your latest verses." The poet replied: "Just so." The doctor continued: "Then recite them." He complied, was requested to repeat them, and again to rehearse them for a third time. After he had done so, the doctor said: "Now arise for you are saved. This poetry had become knotted in your heart, and the dryness of it took effect upon the outside; but, as you have relieved your heart, you are cured."

In short, I hope someone out there is interested enough in Jami, the poet who preserved Rumi's poems for the world, but who is also clearly a master, to translate the rest of this work. Regards, Tom Savage

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670. **Alan Sondheim**

Re: This Week's Question: "most surprising work read in translation" (fwd)

Thu 24 Mar 2005

Hi - I know I had a small book of his poems at one point, printed I think in India, in English. It was amazing; I've since passed it on unfortunately. - Alan

nettext <http://biblioteknett.no/alias/HJEMMESIDE/bjornmag/nettext/>

WVU 2004 projects: <http://www.as.wvu.edu/clcold/sondheim/>

<http://www.as.wvu.edu:8000/clc/Members/sondheim>

Trace projects <http://trace.ntu.ac.uk/writers/sondheim/index.htm>

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671. **Gary Sullivan**
Translation question
Thu 24 Mar 2005

Thanks everyone for your "surprising translation" responses. I hope I got everyone's from the list here, but if you notice yours is not on the blog, send it directly to me at my hotmail account:

gpsullivan at hotmail dot com

Anyway, they should all be up there (in addition to several not posted to the list here) at:

<http://garysullivan.blogspot.com>

I'll continue to post more as I receive them, through Friday.

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672. **furniture_press**
Furniture Press Website Images finally!
Thu 24 Mar 2005

hi, all,

check out the link below. it's pretty crude but now you can get a sense of what we're doing. Please feel free to send any queries my way.

christophe casamassima

www.towson.edu/~cacasama/furniture/poae

--

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673. **I Poop Rainbows**
Megumi's Crickets
Thu 24 Mar 2005

http://www.lewislacook.com/sound/LewisLaCook_MegumisCrickets.mp3 for Mary.....

Lewis LaCook -->Poet-Programmer|||<http://www.lewislacook.com/>|||

Web Programmer|||<http://www.corporatepa.com/>|||

XanaxPop:Mobile Poem Blog-> <http://www.lewislacook.com/xanaxpop/>

Collective Writing Projects--> The Wiki--> <http://www.lewislacook.com/wiki/> Appendix M -><http://www.lewislacook.com/AppendixM/>

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674. **Rob McLennan**

brushes with fame

Thu 24 Mar 2005

i once saw matt frewer at a dunkin' donuts in Ottawa, around fall 1999 or spring 2000; canadian born actor who was in not only a monty python film (was one of the lawyers in the introduction to THE MEANING OF LIFE), but spent the 80s in england as Max Headroom (remember them coke ads?). since done plenty of teevee & film bits in canada & the US (psi-factor, da vinci's inquest).

apparently hed moved north to the gatineau hills around 98 (an ottawa citizen article had discusst it) so his kids would grow up around trees instead of LA streets.

all flustered, i gave him a book (i like what you do; heres something of mine) & he thanked me afore i slinked back to my seat.

ah, fame.

i once saw george bowering in an elevator at carleton university. i once saw wayde compton in a home hardware on commercial drive in vancouver, getting a key copied that said "do not copy" on the side. that ones probably not a real one since i was with him at the time. or does that make it nore impressive?

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 ...9th coll'n - what's left (Talon) ...c/o RR#1 Maxville ON K0C 1T0
www.track0.com/rob_mclennan * <http://robmclennan.blogspot.com/>

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675. **Alison Croggon**

Re: brushes with fame

Thu 24 Mar 2005

Around 20 years ago I interviewed Graham Chapman for a crappy tv mag. It's the only time that I've had problems with being struck dumb with awe (Monty Python were otherworldly heroes as far as I was concerned). He was in a hotel room doing end to end 20 minute publicity interviews, and the ABC Radio guy before me was cracking all these Monty Python jokes, which Chapman endured with grim courtesy. His PR guy was out of his head on something and kept making comments about the cosmic patterns of the hotel carpet and how lucky the cleaners were to vacuum it. When it came to my turn, Chapman was incredibly nice; he gave me a fantastic interview. He knew what it meant to be shy. I was very sad when he died.

A

Alison Croggon

Blog: <http://theatrenotes.blogspot.com>

Editor, Masthead: <http://masthead.net.au>

Home page: <http://alisoncroggon.com>

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676. **Murat Nemet-Nejat**

Re: The confused continuous action of daily life

Thu 24 Mar 2005

In a message dated 03/19/05 12:07:14 AM, [REDACTED] writes:

> If one measures,
> however, across this continuity, say by extrapolating or interpolating to
> locate the precise degree of steam pressure, this requires a raster of
> whatever tolerance, the application of an abstracted mathesis, so that one
> might have, for example, pressure to the hundredth of a pound, thereby
> ensuring a grid and result that would thereupon jump to the next
> hundredth, at least in terms of human results, which imply the fineness
> and tolerance employed. The bits of a digital recording are sloped pits
> and there is always wear and tear.

>

Isn't the concept of "limits," the division by a number "approaching" zero, an attempt to square this circle?

Newton was a mystic, an aspect of him historians pass by.

The interpretation on our listening level is dependent upon the continuous motion of speaker and speaking membranes of one or another sort. Everything dirties and the dirtiness ensures that no order reigns supreme, that no order is an order, that every order is an admixture of every other, that heuristics dominate the affairs of the lifeworld itself.

The same tension occurs between camera obscura and digital photography. The transfer of light through the medium of time and the viewer's mind's eye is unstable, "dirtied," "rough around the edges," full of blurs. Of course, in our earlier conversations, you suggested intervention (therefore discontinuity) is present in photography prior to its becoming digital.

You see I am confused, I lose myself in ignorance, it's clear these aren't the questions to ask. I have for example no idea about the continuum end of the spectrum of hydrogen, what's separable and inseparable, how this interacts with strings, dark-matter, space-time foam, black holes, and other theoretical entities. The Aphoristic Essay is clearly a relative and fundamental ontology for the lifeworld. The digital is clearly artifactual. It's bounded, theoretical, virtual, ideality, heuristics. The analog is clearly day-to-day, as in the absence of jump-cut outside of dreams, when the subject moves from place to place, and every place in-between.

What is one sees the dreaming and wakings states as one single continuum?

Murat

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677. **Stephen Vincent**

A Rose for Emily & the Schindler Family

Thu 24 Mar 2005

Seems to me the tale of Mom and Dad Schindler's (including the "Right to Life" folks certain politicians' right to run again) gothic attempt to keep Terri Schiav "alive" is one more twist on Faulkner's tale of Emily keeping some version of Homer Brown "alive" with flowers et al as his long dead body goes skeletal and to dust, resting there for years upon their marriage bed. Full of sad pathos and beat the Reaper craziness then, and not too much different now. One can only image local southern wax museums preparing for Terri's next appearance - like currently on Fox Network, 'smiling', hour by hour.

I guess it's old American tradition getting an over-the-top revival. Jeezus. If only! Oh yes, I am cynical enough to imagine Adobe Photoshop images of Terri on the Cross 24/7 on TV Easter Sunday.

Or maybe it's just Millennium fever? Or the quality of certain theocracies?

I've had it. R.I.P (finally) Terri!

Stephen V

Blog: <http://stephenvincent.durationpress.com>

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678. **Alan Sondheim**

Two Bibliographies: Books I like! And Analog-Digital Semiotics:

Fri 25 Mar 2005

Two Bibliographies: Books I like! And Analog-Digital Semiotics:

(The latter is the background for the A/D essay materials I have been working on.)

1. Books I like! Some reviews of recent readings:

Hong, Sungoog, *Wireless: from Marconi's black-box to the audion*. This book covers the very early history of radio, including topics such as 'syntony' or tuning; as radio developed, so did the narrowing of the wave-cast. The concepts of electromagnetic waves are fairly complex; the equipment itself is amazingly simple.

Huberman, Bernado, *The Laws of the Web: Patterns in the Ecology of Information*, MIT, 2001. A short terse and quite useful introduction to the large-scale statistics of Net and Web traffic. I'd recommend this to those who, like me, might not want to take the time with more detailed mathematical analyses.

Roads, Curtis, *Microsound*, MIT 2001. The book comes with a cd. I love both. It's easy to implement this stuff on a computer. It's fascinating. The spatial resolutions are intense. Read the book hear the cd.

Harris, Sam, *The End of Faith: Religion, Terror, and the Future of Reason*. Everyone should read this. It's the clearest account of religion and religion's inherent violence that I've seen. This is necessary reading before we all kill ourselves. There are minor points to quibble with, but the overall work is brilliant, intense, angry. Go out and buy this book.

Abrahams, Israel, *Hebrew Ethical Wills*, Volume ii, The Jewish Publication Society of America, 1948. For the incredible poem by Moses Rimos - the Prothana-tion or Kina Rabi, written in 1430, when Rimos was 24, just before he was executed on a false charge of poisoning a gentile (he was a doctor). The work is a death litany and is by far the most interesting poem I've read in a long time. The Prothana-tion is filled with puns, specific references to Aristotelian (book lambda for example) and medieval philosophy (Maimonides, Averroes, etc.).

Here are a few random lines. The work is not only brilliant; it's unlike anything I've read before and that goes a way. Here's a bit:

[...]

Moan in dire pain, O thou Written Law,
And thou Oral Law for me raise a sigh; Grammar and Masora, Rhyme and
Script--

Weepeth Ibn Ezra, lamenteth K(h)im(c)hi.
Bitterly cries the "guide of the Perplexed,"
The Secrets of Prophecy, the Homonymous Names;
The Meanings of the Laws weep over me,
The view of the Mutakallimun, the principles of the sciences.
The structure of the Chariot, the Act of the Beginning,
These lift up a lament with the Secrets of the Torah;
The theoretical Cabbala and also the practical,

[...]

Woe is the day I am slain, a mother's pangs
--Alas for Philosophy--shall come upon her;
Human inquiry shall be utterly dismayed,
(Crying) "Must I be robbed of the walker in the middle way?"

[...]

The rhyme scheme - the Hebrew configuration - is amazing; there are a number of puns, and the vocabulary is an unknown land. If you ever have a chance to read this, do!

Wood, J. G., Wood's Illustrated Natural History, Harper, 1881. There are a number of editions of this early popular history. The illustrations are wonderful, and the text reveals the ideological underpinnings of America's attitudes to wilderness and nature in general. I find myself repeatedly reading this.

Kim, Young-Ho, Tao-Sheng's Commentary on the Lotus Sutra, Suny Albany, 1990. Enlightenment / Taoism / Buddhist commentary that's fascinating to read. Originally written around 430 a.c.e. "Many heretics (tirthikas) hold the view that all the grasses and plants bear life. The demons all believe this view. Therefore, they are afraid of committing a sin by pressing oil."

Field Eugene, The Complete Tribune Primer, Mutual Book Company, 1901. A seriously unknown classic. An example:

THE NASTY OIL

Do not take the Castor Oil. It is very Nasty and
will Make you sick. Mamma wants you to
Take it so you Will be Sick ad can't go Out and
Play with the other Boys and Girls. If Mamma

will give you a Velocipede and a Goat and a Top
and a Doll, then you may Take the Castor Oil and
it will not Hurt you.

Amato, Joe, Bookend: Anatomies of a Virtual Self, SUNY, Albany, 1997. I find myself totally lost in this and loving it. Theory and writing veer wildly in different and similar directions. The pages seem computerless although the machine's on the horizon. Hypercard images at beginning and end but they're subsumed. Wonderful read on the inundated text. The text of the text.

Ives, Kathy, Home Networking Annoyances: How to Fix the Most Annoying Things About Your home Network, O'Reilly, 2005. This book is quite useful vis-a-vis networking, both wireless and wired. For example - how to print from the XP terminal window. (Yes, I should have known this.) With all of these more popular texts, do check the contents online before investing.

Waldrip-Fruin and Harrigan, Pat, First Person: New Media as Story, Performance, and Game, MIT, 2004. This is an absolutely fantastic anthology, with sections on Cyberdrama, Ludology, Critical Simulation, etc. Texts are paralleling, interacting. I do find some of the choices problematic, and find a few omissions, but the work is exciting and a great reference. Since I'm moving 'into' both game-play and very low frequency radio (where the whole earth performs), this book has been valuable.

Montfort, Nick, Twisty Little Passages: An Approach to Interactive Fiction, MIT, 2003, has been one of the best reads of the past few weeks. The book covers Adventure, Zork, and other text-based 'games' and fictions, and the descriptions are wonderful. It's quite clearly written, and if a new media cultural theory book could be a page-turner, this is it. It's quite helpful for anyone working with narratological issues online (or off) as well.

Make: Technology on Your Time, is a new magazine from O'Reilly (2005). It's quite expensive - \$35 for four issues (yes, I paid for it), but the DIY material in it is great, ranging from "How to Make a Magnetic Stripe Card Reader" through concepts such as the open-source car. I've been reading and rereading the issue, and this summer hope to make a few of the things within; that alone is worth the price.

Beerbohm, Max, The Works of Max Beerbohm, with a Bibliography by John Lane, John Lane, The Bodley Head, 1921. If you haven't read Beerbohm, and you have a chance, please do. The first essay on Dandies and Dandies is quite excellent; the rest do follow suit. He's a brilliant fin-de-siecle writer; I've read a fair amount of his work and recommend the illustrations as well (not in this edition).

Ezekiel, Haggai, Malachi, etc. How violent can you get? (See Sam Harris above.) These books from the Masoretic Text (Jewish Publication Society of America) read as primitive, hysteric, almost like the Assyrian standard inscriptions. It's worthwhile to read the Prophets, which seem to be the favorites of fundamentalism: you can see why. There is terror throughout. I was most fascinated by the close relationship between these texts and, say, Babylonian or Sumerian literatures. They speak more to that period than to anything thereafter; it's a wonder they survived, and frightening that they're still taken as the 'word of God' in some quarters. God should have known better.

Harris, Craig, editor, *Art and Innovation: The Xerox Parc Artist-in-Residence Program*, MIT, 1999. Judy Malloy among others is here. I assume you already know of this book, which documents an extremely innovative corporate program. This is older work, still very relevant, just as *Cyberspace: First Steps* (Michael Benedikt, millennia ago) is still relevant.

Karp, David, O'Reilly, Tim, and Mott, Troy, *Windows XP in a Nutshell*, 2nd edition, O'Reilly, 2005. This is of course the best and most fundamental handbook. It contains a complete survey of command-line prompts, programs, executables, complete information on configuration, advice on Iexpress, the management console, etc. Essential, period. Oddly enough, given the cost of computer books today, the \$30 is a real bargain.

Alexievich, Svetlana, *Voices from Chernobyl*, Dalkey, 2005, forthcoming. This book is both harrowing and a descent into a real-world Ballard novel; it can only serve as a warning of our common future... (translation Keith Gessen). The texts are unlike anything I've read before, partly the result of the journalistic/documentary style. Amazing and dark.

Nugent, TH, *Nouveau Dictionnaire de Poche*, Francaise-Anglaise, Anglaise-Francaise, Baudry, 1848, 38th ed. I've quoted from this work before. Reading any mid-nineteenth-century dictionary (or earlier) opens up an everyday world of labor, craft, artifice, costume, etc., that we have lost entirely. I've read and reread this work as well, still unknowing pier-glass and serpigo.

Rodriguez, Reina Maria, *Violet Island and Other Poems*, Green Integer 119, 2004, translated w/ afterword Kristen Dykstra. An incredible and strange grouping of interiorities that I began reading as I withdrew from Elfriede Jelinek's utterly harrowing texts. The depth of this work by a contemporary Cuban Poet. I must also comment on Green Integer in general: I've never seen an uninteresting volume! - and they're beautifully printed, just the size to take with you.

That's it, no frills with these books, too many of 'em, and wanted to bring them to your attention.

2. Short bibliography on analytical/digital thinking vis-a-vis semiotics.

Most of this material is fairly old; use with care! The concepts are there, hovering in the background, however.

Barthes, Roland, *Elements of Semiology*, Noonday, 1967. As with S/Z a 'literary' semiotics, not so useful epistemologically, but phenomenologically of great value.

Barthes, Roland, S/Z, Hill and Wang, 1974. On literary codes, of some use. As with *Elements of Semiology*, the definitions are largely philosophical, somewhat inexact, but more than useful in considerations of the lifeworld. (See *The Fashion System* as well.)

Bateson, Gregory, and Mead, Margaret, *Balinese Character: A Photographic Analysis*, New York Academy of Sciences, 1962 (1942). Sign/psychoanalytics/culture/signifiers/rites/rituals. A seminal work.

Bateson, Gregory, *Gregory Bateson's Mind and Nature: A Necessary Unity*, Bantam, 1980. I find Bateson fun, frustrating, useful. Good material on hierarchy, logical types, analog/digital, etc.

Bateson, Gregory, *Steps to an Ecology of Mind*, Ballantine, 1972. Equally frustrating, fun, and useful. Much on the epistemology of cybernetics, coding, redundancy, etc.

Bruck, R. Hubert, *A Survey of Binary Systems*, Springer-Verlag, 1966. Like the Piaget volume, analysis and classification of binary relations, from groupoids on.

Colapietro, Vincent, *Glossary of Semiotics*, Paragon, 1993. Succinct definitions, glossary, useful as a beginning.

Eco, Umberto, *A Theory of Semiotics*, Indiana, 1976. Probably the most useful work on code, language, sign production.

Gardenfors, Peter, *Conceptual Spaces: The Geometry of Thought*, MIT, 2000. Material on Semantics, properties, Voronoi tessellations, and other material incredibly useful.

Kristeva, Julia, *Le texte du roman*, Mouton, 1970. Literary semanalyse, covers actants, operators of recit, etc.

Kristeva, Julia, Rey-Debove, Josette, and Uniker, Donna, editors, *Essays in Semiotics / Essais de Semiotique*, Mouton, 1971. Essays by Todorov, Sebeok, Birdwhistle, Genette, Hymes, Metz, Pontalis, von Bertalanffy, Guiraud, Derrida, Lotman, Kristeva, and others. Extremely useful.

Piaget, Jean, *Essai de Logique Operatoire*, Dunod, 1971. Valuable book on the fundamental processes of propositional logic etc, and its relationship to trel-lises, processes, etc.

Ruesch, Jurgen, *Semiotic Approaches to Human Relations*, Mouton, 1972. I find this oddly useful; it presents a theory of communication, analysis of rules, etc., all from a psychoanalytical / semiotic position.

Ruesch, Jurgen, and Bateson, Gregory, *Communication: The Social Matrix of Psychiatry*, Norton, 1968 (1951). An early work by both, including a chap- ter by Bateson on 'Information and Codification.'

Schreider, Ju. A., *Equality, Resemblance, and Order*, Mir, 1975. An amazing book on order, equivalence, tolerance, 'General Concept of a Text.' This book should be much better known; it was published in Moscow and might be hard to find today.

Sebeok, Thomas, and Ramsay, Alexandra, editors, *Approaches to Animal Com- munication*, Mouton, 1969. Essays by Sebeok, Bateson, Moles, Carpenter, etc. Outdated of course (like many of the books here) but valuable for the approach.

Simon, Herbert A., *The Sciences of the Artificial*, MIT, 1969. Development of the idea of nearly-decomposable hierarchies.

Sondheim, Alan, *The Structure of Reality*, NSCAD and Williams College, 1977 (bound xerox). Coming to grips with structure, transformation, 'immersive' and 'experiential' hierarchies, etc.

The Way Things Work Book of the Computer: An Illustrated Encyclopedia of In- formation Science, Cybernetics, and Data Processing, Simon and Schuster, 1974, from the original 1969 German edition. This is very little about computers and a great deal about information, processing, and so forth. Heavily illustrated and a fun/useful read.

Thom, Rene, *Modeles mathematiques de la morphogenese*, Inedit, 1974. Addi- tional essays on catastrophe theory, including material on linguistics.

Thom, Rene, *Paraboles et Catastrophes*, Flammarion, 1980. Interviews with Thom on science, catastrophe, epistemology, philosophy. A follow-up to the other work.

Thom, Rene, *Structural Stability and Morphogenesis: An Outline of a Gener- al Theory of Models*, Benjamin, 1975. What, today, is most of use here is the sec- tion "From Animal to Man: Thought and Language" which develops a fundamen- tal morphology of language/behavior, stemming from his 'elemen- tary' catas- trophes.

Waddington, C. H., editor, *Towards a Theoretical Biology*, 4 volumes, Aldine, International Union of Biological Sciences, 1968. A seminal col- lection that

appeared over several years; contributors include Waddington, Bateson, Thom, Pattee, etc. While Waddington's chreod theory is somewhat discredited, it had a great influence on Thom. These books exist at the intersection of biology, cybernetics, fledgling computer science and cognitive science.

Wark, McKenzie, A Hacker Manifesto, Harvard, 2004. Information/production/property/class/etc. I've found this valuable in its relation to both Marx and abstraction.

Werner, Heinz, and Kaplan, Bernard, Symbol Formation: An Organismic-Developmental Approach to Language and the Expression of Thought, Wiley, 1963. Another early but extremely relevant book. The phenomenology of language, visual sign, etc. In other words, a philosophical approach to specificity from a broadened psychology.

Wiener, Norbert, Cybernetics: Or Control and Communication in the Animal and the Machine, MIT, 1948 (first edition). The classic of cybernetics, with material on information, society, self-organizing systems, and a great deal of mathematics.

Wiener, Norbert, The Human Use of Human Beings, Cybernetics and Society, Anchor, 1950/54. Philosophical and social implications of cybernetics.

Wilden, Anthony, System and Structure: Essays in Communication and Exchange, 2nd edition, Tavistock, 1980. Contains just about the only detailed analysis of analog and digital orders. Wilden is an early interpreter of Lacan.

Wolfram, Stephen, A New Kind of Science, Wolfram Media, 2002. What is ultimately a radically new way of thinking through the real of fundamental physics and the discrete.

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679. **Stephen Vincent**

FW: Scary stuff in Florida besides Schiavo

Fri 25 Mar 2005

!!!

*FL Capitol bill aims to control 'leftist' profs
THE LAW COULD LET STUDENTS SUE FOR UNTOLERATED BELIEFS.*

*By <mailto: [REDACTED]> JAMES VANLANDINGHAM
Alligator Staff Writer*

*TALLAHASSEE - Republicans on the Florida House
Choice and Innovation Committee voted along
party lines Tuesday to pass a bill that aims to
stamp out "leftist totalitarianism" by*

"dictator professors" in the classrooms of Florida's universities.

The Academic Freedom Bill of Rights, sponsored by Rep. Dennis Baxley, R-Ocala, passed 8-to-2 despite strenuous objections from the only two Democrats on the committee.

The bill has two more committees to pass before it can be considered by the full House.

While promoting the bill Tuesday, Baxley said a university education should be more than "one biased view by the professor, who as a dictator controls the classroom," as part of "a misuse of their platform to indoctrinate the next generation with their own views."

The bill sets a statewide standard that students cannot be punished for professing beliefs with which their professors disagree. Professors would also be advised to teach alternative "serious academic theories" that may disagree with their personal views.

According to a legislative staff analysis of the bill, the law would give students who think their beliefs are not being respected legal standing to sue professors and universities.

Students who believe their professor is singling them out for "public ridicule" – for instance, when professors use the Socratic method to force students to explain their theories in class – would also be given the right to sue.

"Some professors say, 'Evolution is a fact. I don't want to hear about Intelligent Design (a creationist theory), and if you don't like it, there's the door,'" Baxley said, citing one example when he thought a student should sue.

Rep. Dan Gelber, D-Miami Beach, warned of lawsuits from students enrolled in Holocaust history courses who believe the Holocaust never happened.

Similar suits could be filed by students who don't believe astronauts landed on the moon, who believe teaching birth control is a sin or even by Shands medical students who refuse to perform blood transfusions and believe prayer is the only way to heal the body, Gelber added.

"This is a horrible step," he said.

"Universities will have to hire lawyers so our curricula can be decided by judges in courtrooms. Professors might have to pay court costs - even if they win - from their own pockets. This is not an innocent piece of legislation."

The staff analysis also warned the bill may shift responsibility for determining whether a student's freedom has been infringed from the faculty to the courts.

But Baxley brushed off Gelber's concerns.

"Freedom is a dangerous thing, and you might be exposed to things you don't want to hear," he said. "Being a businessman, I found out you can be sued for anything. Besides, if students are being persecuted and ridiculed for their beliefs, I think they should be given standing to sue."

During the committee hearing, Baxley cast opposition to his bill as "leftists" struggling against "mainstream society."

"The critics ridicule me for daring to stand up for students and faculty," he said, adding that he was called a McCarthyist.

Baxley later said he had a list of students who were discriminated against by professors, but refused to reveal names because he felt they would be persecuted.

Rep. Eleanor Sobel, D-Hollywood, argued universities and the state Board of Governors already have policies in place to protect academic freedom. Moreover, a state law outlining how professors are supposed to teach would encroach on the board's authority to

manage state schools.

"The big hand of state government is going into the universities telling them how to teach," she said. "This bill is the antithesis of academic freedom."

But Baxley compared the state's universities to children, saying the legislature should not give them money without providing "guidance" to their behavior.

"Professors are accountable for what they say or do," he said. "They're accountable to the rest of us in society ... All of a sudden the faculty think they can do what they want and shut us out. Why is it so unheard of to say the professor shouldn't be a dictator and control that room as their totalitarian niche?"

In an interview before the meeting, Baxley said "arrogant, elitist academics are swarming" to oppose the bill, and media reports misrepresented his intentions.

"I expect to be out there on my own pretty far," he said. "I don't expect to be part of a team."

Florida House Bill H-837 can be viewed online at <<http://www.flsenate.gov>>www.flsenate.gov.

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680. **elen**

Your Black Eye: Literary, Non-literary, Reviews, and Artistic Submissions on "Conflict" (5/31/05; journal issue)

Fri 25 Mar 2005

YOUR BLACK EYE: An e-Journal for Critical Consciousness

www.yourblackeye.org

CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS FOR THE NEXT ISSUE:

DUE MAY 31, 2005

The theme for our second issue is "Conflict." We encourage contributors to interpret this word as they see fit. Generally, we seek original interviews, essays, poetry and fiction, art and photography, recordings (film or music), and reviews

of music, books, and film. Visit the site and see "General Submission Guidelines" below for additional advice.

A "sub-theme" for our second issue is "Rejected Letters to the Editor." We would like to see letters about recent or relatively recent events/issues that you submitted to other publications, especially the Op/Ed pages of major periodicals. We also welcome you to interpret this call however you like, including letters that you know would be rejected from a certain publication. "Open letters" are also welcome.

We would be interested in receiving recordings of spoken word performances, rants, rap, and original music.

Your Black Eye has a rolling submissions policy; however, to receive full consideration for the second issue, please submit by May 31, 2005. We appreciate early submissions.

Feel free to contact us with any questions or concerns. Inquiries and submissions can be made electronically through [REDACTED].

GENERAL SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

- . Text: 5000 words or less, any genre, including: interviews, essays, fiction, poetry, hybrid forms, and reviews (music, movies, and events) in an MS Word format.
- . Photos, Paintings, Sculpture, Drawings: (jpg, bmp, gif).
- . Videos: 10 minutes or less in Real Player or Windows Media Player formats.
- . Music: 10 minutes or less (mp3, wmv).
- . Hypertext submissions may be feasible: please inquire.
- . ALL submissions should have your name in the subject line and in the name of your file. For example, Subject line: Dick Cheney - Submission. Filename: "dick.doc"

INTERVIEWS

If you would like to propose interview someone or simply propose an interview subject for an upcoming issue, please correspond with us through [REDACTED].

ESSAYS

Essays about any topic are welcome; but we prefer essays that are related topically to an upcoming issue theme.

POETRY AND FICTION

Poetry and Fiction-any style and about any topic-is welcome. However, we especially welcome works that are topically related to an upcoming issue theme.

ART AND PHOTOGRAPHY

We welcome image files of original art and photography. We prefer several, related pieces from a contributor, that are related to the tone of the Journal and theme of the issue.

BOOK, FILM, AND MUSIC REVIEWS

Unsolicited book, film, and music reviews will be considered. We are not, however, able to provide review copies of any material.

We would like reviews of the following books:

Accounting for Horror: Post-Genocide Debates in Rwanda (2004) by Nigel Eltringham

Beyond Neutrality: Confronting the Crisis in Conflict Resolution (2004) by Bernard Mayer

Fools Rush In: A True Story of War and Redemption (2005) by Bill Carter

Glimmer of a New Leviathan: Total War in the Realism of Niebuhr, Morgenthau, and Waltz (2003) by Campbell Craig

How to Stop the Next War Now: Effective Responses to Violence and Terrorism (2005) by Jodie Evans, Alice Walker, Arundhati Roy, and Medea Benjamin

Imperial Hubris (2005) by Michael Scheuer (originally listed as "Anonymous")

Imprisoning America: The Social Effects of Mass Incarceration (2004) edited by Mary Pattillo, David Weiman, Bruce Western, and David F. Weiman

In the Shadow of No Towers (2004) by Art Spiegelman

Johnny Cash at Folsom Prison: The Making of a Masterpiece (2004) by Michael Streissguth

Life on the Outside: The Prison Odyssey of Elaine Bartlett (2004) by Jennifer Gonnerman

Living in Prison: A History of the Correctional System with an Insider's View (2004) by Stephen Stanko, Wayne Gillespie, and Gordon A. Crews

The Mission: Waging War and Keeping Peace with America's Military (2003) by Dana Priest

The New Imperialism (2004) by David Harvey

Regarding the Pain of Others (2004) by Susan Sontag

Shake Hands with the Devil: The Failure of Humanity in Rwanda (2004) by
Romeo Dallaire

A Terrible Love of War (2004) by James Hillman

When Victims Become Killers: Colonialism, Nativism, and the Genocide in
Rwanda (2002) by Mahmood Mamdani

Why? The Deeper History Behind the September 11th Terrorist Attack on Amer-
ica (2003) by J.W. Smith

We would like to see reviews of the following films:

The Battle for Algiers

Cry Freedom

Hotel Rwanda

Gunner Palace

Starship Troopers (especially a comparison with the book)

A Very Long Engagement

Music Reviews:

We welcome reviews of recently recorded music or older material with contem-
porary exigency. Reviews of "significant" (you define) concerts or other musical
events will also be considered. Keep in mind that we are more likely to publish
reviews that connect in some way connect with the overall theme of the journal,
and furthermore, the published theme for the upcoming issue.

Your Black Eye

An e-Journal for Critical Consciousness

www.yourblackeye.org

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From the Literary Calls for Papers Mailing List



Full Information at

<http://cfp.english.upenn.edu>

or write Jennifer Higginbotham: 

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681. **UbuWeb**

__ U B U W E B __ :: Spring 2005

Fri 25 Mar 2005

__ U B U W E B __ <http://ubu.com>

Recent Additions :: Spring 2005

--- RECENT FEATURES ---

* UbuWeb Films * UbuWeb announces the beta launch of its newest section of historic artist's films. In addition to the 37 short Fluxus films (see below), films can be viewed by Kenneth Anger, Luis Bunuel, John Cage, Guy Debord, Marcel Duchamp, Laszlo Moholy-Nagy, Robert Morris & Stan VanDerBeek, Isidore Isou, Man Ray, Robert Rauschenberg, Hans Richter, Harry Smith and Jack Smith.

* 37 Short Fluxus Films (1962 - 1970) * Dating from the sixties and compiled by George Maciunas (1931-1978, founder of Fluxus), UbuWeb is pleased to present 37 short films ranging from 10 seconds to 10 minutes in length. These films (some of which were meant to be screened as continuous loops) were shown as part of the events and happenings of the New York avant-garde. Films by Nam June Paik, Dick Higgins, George Maciunas, Chieko Shiomi, John Cavanaugh, James Riddle, Yoko Ono, George Brecht, Robert Watts, Pieter Vanderbiek, Joe Jones, Eric Anderson, Jeff Perkins, Wolf Vostell, Albert Fine, George Landow, Paul Sharits, John Cale, Peter Kennedy, Mike Parr, Ben Vautier. Presented here in MPEG format.

* Marshall McLuhan * UbuWeb is pleased to present two archival audio interviews with Marshall McLuhan (MP3): Marshall McLuhan on the Dick Cavett Show in December 1970 (30 minutes; along with Truman Capote and Chicago Bears running back, Gayle Sayers. Both Capote and Sayers participated in the discussion with McLuhan) and Speaking Freely hosted by Edwin Newman features Marshall McLuhan 4 Jan 1971 (one hour). UbuWeb also hosts an MP3 copy of McLuhan's out-of-print Columbia LP, *The Medium is the Massage* (Side A, Side B).

* John Oswald's "Mystery Tapes" * An early collection (c. 1980) of unnamed audio samples and snippets. According to Oswald: "All known Xperience is potentially confounded by MYSTERY TAPES, little boxes of sonifericity specifically formulated for the curious listener. Available in your choice of aural flavors: subliminal, blasted, excerpted, repeatpeateatatttttedly, these cinemaphonically-concocted aggregates of trÃ©s different but exquisitely manifest, unprecedentedly varied festerings of audio quality fine magnetic cassette tapes are the

best of whatever you've been listening for." You can also hear an hour-long interview with Oswald in UbuWeb's Radio Radio section.

* Kurt Schwitters' Ursonate * UbuWeb currently hosts eight full-length versions of Schwitters' masterwork, the Ursonate (1922-1932). Kurt Schwitters original version; Canadian poet Christian BÅŕk's rock 'n' roll version; two versions by the Dutch sound poet Jaap Blonk: one from 1986, one from 1993; Frenchman Sebastien Lespinasse's speed version; Japanese sound-poet Adachi Tomomi's version; Finnish collective Linnunlaulupuu's group version; and the Vancouver-based Ensemble Ordinaire's computer voice version and the John Oswald-produced version by Christopher Butterfield.

--- OTHER RECENT ADDITIONS ---

Mick Jagger Soundtrack to Kenneth Anger's "Invocation Of My Demon Brother", 1969 (MP3)

Eugene Ionesco Reads from his works, 1960s (MP3)

FluxsweetWorks by Knowles, Higgins, Brecht, Jones, Miller (MP3)

People Like Us The Sounds of Christmas, Tate Modern, 20044 (MP3)

Ward Tietz Visual Sculptures

Paul Dutton Mouth Pieces, 2000 (MP3)

Christopher Butterfield Ursonate and other works, (MP3)

Herbert Huncke From Dream to Dream, 1994 (MP3)

Guy Debord "Le manque d'un avenir nÃ©cessaire" (lecture on Surrealism), 1957 (MP3)

Ogden Nash The Fanciful World of Ogden Nash, early 1960s (MP3)

Robin Kahn Sings Jesus Christ Superstar, 1991 (MP3)

Marshall McLuhan Dick Cavett Appearance, 1970 (MP3)

DJ Food Raiding the 20th Century - Words & Music Expansion (starring Paul Morley and a cast of thousands) (MP3)

Bern Porter Finding Poetry after the Manhattan Project by Arlo Quint

__ U B U W E B __ <http://ubu.com>

Apologies for cross-postings. Please forward.

Do you Yahoo!?

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<http://smallbusiness.yahoo.com/resources/>

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682. **David Baratier**

Re: CA p-laureate

Fri 25 Mar 2005

The voting on the state poet serves as much as function as allowing voting for a city treasurer or an alderman, the same function that M & M's creates by allowing one to vote on a color change or Barnes and Noble or Borders has by allowing a poet to read in their location. In each case it brings attention to a subject that; while one might have an

opinion about the particulars, issues, or poems once aired; since they never are, the ability to produce a relevant decision is stifled and a generalized acuity of the will based on irrelevant factors, like looks, sound of name and so on are attached to a metabody, a substitutable being who floats forth in the commerce of the containment, the peg, the hole, the person created by process. It does not matter who wins, the color or the person but rather that filling of space and time with the action of a being part of this thingness.

As for contests, my opinion as one who has run one, judged various and so on, and not part of the academic realm of pre-decided winners or leg shaking swapism, is that they are much like a degreed individual in the liberal arts. The value of the title of "contest winner" is not even close to solely dependent upon the prestige of the particular contest but rather is dependent on how much the individual upon whom the title is conferred upon values the title. Its value is affirming if affirmed.

Be well

David Baratier, Editor

Pavement Saw Press

PO Box 6291

Columbus OH 43206

USA

<http://pavementsaw.org>

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683. **Lawrence Upton**

Re: What rhymes with Camilla? Godzilla.

Fri 25 Mar 2005

There are a lot of jokes about the ugliness of Camilla Parker-Bowles; and I think they are inherently sexist

Very few people - any - are found ugly by everyone

I saw a repulsive male on tv making fun of this unimportant except influential woman on the basis that *he didnt find *her attractive

as if he were the arbiter

If we are opposed to these schmucks, let's be opposed and not engage in things cognate with the kind hierarchical nonsense they use to claim power

L

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

From: Eileen Elliot <[REDACTED]>

To: [REDACTED] <[REDACTED]>

Date: Wednesday, March 23, 2005 1:58 PM

Subject: Re: What rhymes with Camilla? Godzilla.

flotilla, as in "face ugly enough to sink a battleship."

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684. **Dan Waber**

[poem] For A Moment They Are Weightless

Fri 25 Mar 2005

25/61

Echo = watching in my rear view mirror, the kids getting off the bus, I can see their feet--for a moment they are weightless

Source, Jennifer Hill-Kaucher, SMS

For A Moment They Are Weightless

I blush the instant you catch me watching
the greater-than sign your body makes in
profile at the sink. I coyly turn my
attention to the towels at the rear
of the linen closet. "Enjoy the view?"
you taunt to me, still facing the mirror.

I can't look at you without seeing the
girl you would have been if we'd met as kids,
without wishing we'd get more time getting
laugh lines together, without wanting off
this all grown up merry-go-round of the
daily, and onto a New York bound bus.

When I look at myself in your eyes I
see a man who's better than a boy can
pretend to be, a man who can only

wonder what more than hazel you will see
when next our eyes meet, when next we steal their
glances then dance our way down on cat feet.

I draw my head out of the linen for
a reconnaissance peek at you. There's a
heartbeat, a revolution, a moment
where our fingers almost touch tips, then they
interleave. The motes in the sunbeam are
not the only things in the room weightless.

Dan Waber

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685. **Dan Wilcox**

A Reading of Our Own: Caffè Lena: April 9

Fri 25 Mar 2005

A READING OF OUR OWN: A CELEBRATION OF LOCAL WOMEN'S POETRY

Saturday, April 9, 2005 at 7:00pm at Caffè Lena (47 Phila Street, Saratoga Springs, NY). \$5.00 admission.

In celebration of the Tenth Annual National Poetry Month, we offer this sampling of fabulous poetry written by some of our region's finest poets. More than twenty women offering a wide range of writing and performance styles will read from their own work. You are sure to hear something that will inspire, enrich and captivate you. This event is co-sponsored by Hudson Valley Writer's Guild and Albany Poets.

Poets scheduled to perform at this event are Therese Broderick, Wendy Burbank, Brio Burgess, Franceline Dawkins, Kristen Day, Shirlee Dufort, A.C. Everson, Emily Gonzalez, Carol Graser, Kim Henry, Sue Jefts, Linda Kaplan, Mary McCarthy, Victoria Moore, Mary Panza, Judith Prest, Sally Rhoades, Cheryl A. Rice, Sharon Stenson, Karin Maag-Tancheck, Barbara Vink, Rachel Zitomer, and Chrys Ballerano (music).

For more information, call [REDACTED], or go to www.caffelena.com

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686. **Joe Brennan**

Riggs Bank Sex Mules: When Its For Love AND Money

Fri 25 Mar 2005

Click here: The Assassinated Press
<http://www.theassassinatedpress.com/>

Riggs' Sex Mules: When Its For Love AND Money:
In Cultivating International Clients, Riggs Bank Went Down Path Of Dirty
Money, Dirty Sex And Wanton Violence:
Allbritton's Steamy Love Letters To Augusto Pinochet Belie An Unquenchable
Thirst For Blood Money And Fascist Semen:
By HAIRY DE PALMA

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.

".....at a time when I am speaking to you about the paradox of desire -- in the sense that different goods obscure it -- you can hear outside the awful language of power. There's no point in asking whether they are sincere or hypocritical, whether they want peace or whether they calculate the risks. The dominating impression as such a moment is that something that may pass for a prescribed good; information addresses and captures impotent crowds to whom it is poured

forth like a liquor that leaves them dazed as they move toward the slaughter house.

One might even ask if one would allow the cataclysm to occur without first giving free reign to this hubbub of voices...."

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687. **Joanna Sondheim**

Re: Two Bibliographies: Books I like! And Analog-Digital Semiotics:

Fri 25 Mar 2005

hey -- any chance you wanna expand on the Voices from Chernobyl book? if you can push it up to either 250 or 500 words i'll throw it into boog city this month... what do you think?

Alan Sondheim wrote:

Two Bibliographies: Books I like! And Analog-Digital Semiotics:

(The latter is the background for the A/D essay materials I have been working on.)

1. Books I like! Some reviews of recent readings:

Hong, Sungoog, Wireless: from Marconi's black-box to the audion. This

book

covers the very early history of radio, including topics such as 'syntony' or tuning; as radio developed, so did the narrowing of the wave-cast. The concepts of electromagnetic waves are fairly complex; the equipment itself is amazingly simple.

Huberman, Bernado, The Laws of the Web: Patterns in the Ecology of Information, MIT, 2001. A short terse and quite useful introduction to the large-scale statistics of Net and Web traffic. I'd recommend this to those who, like me, might not want to take the time with more detailed mathematical analyses.

Roads, Curtis, Microsound, MIT 2001. The book comes with a cd. I love both. It's easy to implement this stuff on a computer. It's fascinating. The spatial resolutions are intense. Read the book hear the cd.

Harris, Sam, The End of Faith: Religion, Terror, and the Future of Reason.

Everyone should read this. It's the clearest account of religion and religion's inherent violence that I've seen. This is necessary reading before we all kill ourselves. There are minor points to quibble with, but the overall work is brilliant, intense, angry. Go out and buy this book.

Abrahams, Israel, Hebrew Ethical Wills, Volume ii, The Jewish Publication Society of America, 1948. For the incredible poem by Moses Rimos - the Prothanation or Kina Rabi, written in 1430, when Rimos was 24, just before he was executed on a false charge of poisoning a gentile (he was a doctor). The work is a death litany and is by far the most interesting poem I've read in a long time. The Prothanation is filled with puns, specific references to Aristotelian (book lambda for example) and medieval philosophy (Maimonides, Averroes, etc.). Here are a few random lines. The work is not only brilliant; it's unlike anything I've read before and that goes a way. Here's a bit:

[...]

*Moan in dire pain, O thou Written Law,
And thou Oral Law for me raise a sigh; Grammar and Masora, Rhyme and Script--
Weepeth Ibn Ezra, lamenteth K(h)im(c)hi.
Bitterly cries the "guide of the Perplexed,"
The Secrets of Prophecy, the Homonymous Names;
The Meanings of the Laws weep over me,
The view of the Mutakallimun, the principles of the sciences.*

*The structure of the Chariot, the Act of the Beginning,
These lift up a lament with the Secrets of the Torah;
The theoretical Cabbala and also the practical,
[...]*

*Woe is the day I am slain, a mother's pangs
--Alas for Philosophy--shall come upon her;
Human inquiry shall be utterly dismayed,
(Crying) "Must I be robbed of the walker in the middle way?"
[...]*

*The rhyme scheme - the Hebrew configuration - is amazing; there are a
number of puns, and the vocabulary is an unknown land. If you ever have
a chance to read this, do!*

*Wood, J. G., Wood's Illustrated Natural History, Harper, 1881. There
are a
number of editions of this early popular history. The illustrations are
wonderful, and the text reveals the ideological underpinnings of
America's
attitudes to wilderness and nature in general. I find myself repeatedly
reading this.*

*Kim, Young-Ho, Tao-Sheng's Commentary on the Lotus Sutra, Suny Albany,
1990. Enlightenment / Taoism / Buddhist commentary that's fascinating to
read. Originally written around 430 a.c.e. "Many heretics (tirthikas)
hold
the view that all the grasses and plants bear life. The demons all
believe
this view. Therefore, they are afraid of committing a sin by pressing
oil."*

*Field Eugene, The Complete Tribune Primer, Mutual Book Company, 1901. A
seriously unknown classic. An example:*

THE NASTY OIL

*Do not take the Castor Oil. It is very Nasty and
will Make you sick. Mamma wants you to
Take it so you Will be Sick ad can't go Out and
Play with the other Boys and Girls. If Mamma
will give you a Velocipede and a Goat and a Top
and a Doll, then you may Take the Castor Oil and
it will not Hurt you.*

*Amato, Joe, Bookend: Anatomies of a Virtual Self, SUNY, Albany, 1997. I
find myself totally lost in this and loving it. Theory and writing veer
wildly in different and similar directions. The pages seem computerless
although the machinic's on the horizon. Hypercard images at beginning and*

end but they're subsumed. Wonderful read on the inundated text. The text of the text.

Ives, Kathy, *Home Networking Annoyances: How to Fix the Most Annoying Things About Your home Network*, O'Reilly, 2005. This book is quite useful vis-a-vis networking, both wireless and wired. For example - how to print from the XP terminal window. (Yes, I should have known this.) With all of these more popular texts, do check the contents online before investing.

Waldrip-Fruin and Harrigan, Pat, *First Person: New Media as Story, Performance, and Game*, MIT, 2004. This is an absolutely fantastic anthology, with sections on Cyberdrama, Ludology, Critical Simulation, etc. Texts are paralleling, interacting. I do find some of the choices problematic, and find a few omissions, but the work is exciting and a great reference. Since I'm moving 'into' both game-play and very low frequency radio (where the whole earth performs), this book has been valuable.

Montfort, Nick, *Twisty Little Passages: An Approach to Interactive Fiction*, MIT, 2003, has been one of the best reads of the past few weeks. The book covers Adventure, Zork, and other text-based 'games' and fictions, and the descriptions are wonderful. It's quite clearly written, and if a new media cultural theory book could be a page-turner, this is it. It's quite helpful for anyone working with narratological issues online (or off) as well.

Make: Technology on Your Time, is a new magazine from O'Reilly (2005). It's quite expensive - \$35 for four issues (yes, I paid for it), but the DIY material in it is great, ranging from "How to Make a Magnetic Stripe Card Reader" through concepts such as the open-source car. I've been reading and rereading the issue, and this summer hope to make a few of the things within; that alone is worth the price.

Beerbohm, Max, *The Works of Max Beerbohm, with a Bibliography by John Lane*, John Lane, The Bodley Head, 1921. If you haven't read Beerbohm, and you have a chance, please do. The first essay on Dandies and Dandies is quite excellent; the rest do follow suit. He's a brilliant fin-de-siecle writer; I've read a fair amount of his work and recommend the illustrations as well (not in this edition).

Ezekiel, Haggai, Malachi, etc. *How violent can you get?* (See Sam Harris above.) These books from the Masoretic Text (Jewish Publication Society of America) read as primitive, hysteric, almost like the Assyrian standard inscriptions. It's worthwhile to read the Prophets, which seem to be the

favorites of fundamentalism: you can see why. There is terror throughout. I was most fascinated by the close relationship between these texts and, say, Babylonian or Sumerian literatures. They speak more to that period than to anything thereafter; it's a wonder they survived, and frightening that they're still taken as the 'word of God' in some quarters. God should have known better.

Harris, Craig, editor, Art and Innovation: The Xerox Parc Artist-in-Residence Program, MIT, 1999. Judy Malloy among others is here. I assume you already know of this book, which documents an extremely innovative corporate program. This is older work, still very relevant, just as Cyberspace: First Steps (Michael Benedikt, millennia ago) is still relevant.

Karp, David, O'Reilly, Tim, and Mott, Troy, Windows XP in a Nutshell, 2nd edition, O'Reilly, 2005. This is of course the best and most fundamental handbook. It contains a complete survey of command-line prompts, programs, executables, complete information on configuration, advice on Iexpress, the management console, etc. Essential, period. Oddly enough, given the cost of computer books today, the \$30 is a real bargain.

Alexievich, Svetlana, Voices from Chernobyl, Dalkey, 2005, forthcoming. This book is both harrowing and a descent into a real-world Ballard novel; it can only serve as a warning of our common future... (translation Keith Gessen). The texts are unlike anything I've read before, partly the result of the journalistic/documentary style. Amazing and dark.

Nugent, TH, Nouveau Dictionnaire de Poche, Francaise-Anglaise, Anglaise-Francaise, Baudry, 1848, 38th ed. I've quoted from this work before. Reading any mid-nineteenth-century dictionary (or earlier) opens up an everyday world of labor, craft, artifice, costume, etc., that we have lost entirely. I've read and reread this work as well, still unknowing pier-glass and serpigo.

Rodriguez, Reina Maria, Violet Island and Other Poems, Green Integer 119, 2004, translated w/ afterword Kristen Dykstra. An incredible and strange grouping of interiorities that I began reading as I withdrew from Elfriede Jelinek's utterly harrowing texts. The depth of this work by a contemporary Cuban Poet. I must also comment on Green Integer in general: I've never seen an uninteresting volume! - and they're beautifully printed, just the size to take with you.

That's it, no frills with these books, too many of 'em, and wanted to bring them to your attention.

2. Short bibliography on analytical/digital thinking vis-a-vis semiotics.

Most of this material is fairly old; use with care! The concepts are there, hovering in the background, however.

Barthes, Roland, Elements of Semiology, Noonday, 1967. As with S/Z a 'literary' semiotics, not so useful epistemologically, but phenomenologically of great value.

*Barthes, Roland, S/Z, Hill and Wang, 1974. On literary codes, of some use.
As with Elements of Semiology, the definitions are largely philosophical, somewhat inexact, but more than useful in considerations of the lifeworld.
(See The Fashion System as well.)*

*Bateson, Gregory, and Mead, Margaret, Balinese Character: A Photographic Analysis, New York Academy of Sciences, 1962 (1942).
Sign/psychoanalytics/
culture/signifiers/rites/rituals. A seminal work.*

Bateson, Gregory, Gregory Bateson's Mind and Nature: A Necessary Unity, Bantam, 1980. I find Bateson fun, frustrating, useful. Good material on hierarchy, logical types, analog/digital, etc.

Bateson, Gregory, Steps to an Ecology of Mind, Ballantine, 1972. Equally frustrating, fun, and useful. Much on the epistemology of cybernetics, coding, redundancy, etc.

Bruck, R. Hubert, A Survey of Binary Systems, Springer-Verlag, 1966. Like the Piaget volume, analysis and classification of binary relations, from groupoids on.

Colapietro, Vincent, Glossary of Semiotics, Paragon, 1993. Succinct definitions, glossary, useful as a beginning.

Eco, Umberto, A Theory of Semiotics, Indiana, 1976. Probably the most useful work on code, language, sign production.

Gardenfors, Peter, *Conceptual Spaces: The Geometry of Thought*, MIT, 2000. Material on Semantics, properties, Voronoi tessellations, and other material incredibly useful.

Kristeva, Julia, *Le texte du roman*, Mouton, 1970. Literary semanalyse, covers actants, operators of recit, etc.

Kristeva, Julia, Rey-Debove, Josette, and Uniker, Donna, editors, *Essays in Semiotics / Essais de Semiotique*, Mouton, 1971. Essays by Todorov, Sebeok, Birdwhistle, Genette, Hymes, Metz, Pontalis, von Bertalanffy, Guiraud, Derrida, Lotman, Kristeva, and others. Extremely useful.

Piaget, Jean, *Essai de Logique Operatoire*, Dunod, 1971. Valuable book on the fundamental processes of propositional logic etc, and its relationship to trellises, processes, etc.

Ruesch, Jurgen, *Semiotic Approaches to Human Relations*, Mouton, 1972. I find this oddly useful; it presents a theory of communication, analysis of rules, etc., all from a psychoanalytical / semiotic position.

Ruesch, Jurgen, and Bateson, Gregory, *Communication: The Social Matrix of Psychiatry*, Norton, 1968 (1951). An early work by both, including a chapter by Bateson on 'Information and Codification.'

Schreider, Ju. A., *Equality, Resemblance, and Order*, Mir, 1975. An amazing book on order, equivalence, tolerance, 'General Concept of a Text.' This book should be much better known; it was published in Moscow and might be hard to find today.

Sebeok, Thomas, and Ramsay, Alexandra, editors, *Approaches to Animal Communication*, Mouton, 1969. Essays by Sebeok, Bateson, Moles, Carpenter, etc. Outdated of course (like many of the books here) but valuable for the approach.

Simon, Herbert A., *The Sciences of the Artificial*, MIT, 1969. Development of the idea of nearly-decomposable hierarchies.

Sondheim, Alan, *The Structure of Reality*, NSCAD and Williams College, 1977 (bound xerox). Coming to grips with structure, transformation, 'immersive' and 'experiential' hierarchies, etc.

The Way Things Work Book of the Computer: An Illustrated Encyclopedia of Information Science, Cybernetics, and Data Processing, Simon and Schuster,

1974, from the original 1969 German edition. This is very little about computers and a great deal about information, processing, and so forth. Heavily illustrated and a fun/useful read.

Thom, Rene, *Modeles mathematiques de la morphogenese*, Inedit, 1974. Additional essays on catastrophe theory, including material on linguistics.

Thom, Rene, *Paraboles et Catastrophes*, Flammarion, 1980. Interviews with Thom on science, catastrophe, epistemology, philosophy. A follow-up to the other work.

Thom, Rene, *Structural Stability and Morphogenesis: An Outline of a General Theory of Models*, Benjamin, 1975. What, today, is most of use here is the section "From Animal to Man: Thought and Language" which develops a fundamental morphology of language/behavior, stemming from his 'elementary' catastrophes.

Waddington, C. H., editor, *Towards a Theoretical Biology*, 4 volumes, Aldine, International Union of Biological Sciences, 1968. A seminal collection that appeared over several years; contributors include Waddington, Bateson, Thom, Pattee, etc. While Waddington's chreod theory is somewhat discredited, it had a great influence on Thom. These books exist at the intersection of biology, cybernetics, fledgling computer science and cognitive science.

Wark, McKenzie, *A Hacker Manifesto*, Harvard, 2004. Information/production/property/class/etc. I've found this valuable in its relation to both Marx and abstraction.

Werner, Heinz, and Kaplan, Bernard, *Symbol Formation: An Organismic-Developmental Approach to Language and the Expression of Thought*, Wiley, 1963. Another early but extremely relevant book. The phenomenology of language, visual sign, etc. In other words, a philosophical approach to specificity from a broadened psychology.

Wiener, Norbert, *Cybernetics: Or Control and Communication in the Animal and the Machine*, MIT, 1948 (first edition). The classic of cybernetics, with material on information, society, self-organizing systems, and a great deal of mathematics.

Wiener, Norbert, *The Human Use of Human Beings, Cybernetics and Society*, Anchor, 1950/54. Philosophical and social implications of cybernetics.

Wilden, Anthony, *System and Structure: Essays in Communication and Exchange*, 2nd edition, Tavistock, 1980. Contains just about the only detailed analysis of analog and digital orders. Wilden is an early interpreter of Lacan.

Wolfram, Stephen, *A New Kind of Science*, Wolfram Media, 2002. What is ultimately a radically new way of thinking through the real of fundamental physics and the discrete.

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688. **furniture_press**

Christophe Casamassima & Kevin Thurston, Ithaca, 3/26/05

Fri 25 Mar 2005

Hi, everyone, I don't think an announcement went out on the list but Kevin Thurston and I are reading at the Lost Dog Cafe in Ithaca, NY at 7 PM, March 26, that's this Saturday. We'll have plenty of books to sell/trade and plenty to read and we want to make some new friends in high places. Come and join us!

Also: Ambit 3 will be officially released at this even... pick up cheap copies, swen in pseudo-muslin or something...

The Lost Dog Café
106-112 South Cayuga Street
Ithaca, New York 14850



www.towson.edu/~cacasama/furniture/poae
baltimorereads.blogspot.com
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689. **Hoerman, Michael A**

April in Lowell, Mass.---Nine poetry events

Fri 25 Mar 2005

April 6-7, various times
New England Poetry Conference
Readings and panels
www.uml.edu/PoetryConference

April 7, 6:30-9pm
Uprooted: Film on Immigrant Experience
w/ readings by local poets
Boott Mills Event Center, 115 John St

April 10, 4pm
Mass. Cultural Council Poetry Fellows
Reading at New England Quilt Museum
18 Shattuck St.

April 12, 5:30-8pm
Open Mic at Mambo Grill
129 Merrimack St.

April 16, 2pm
Unlaunch'd Voices: An Evening w/ Walt
Whitman by Stephen Collins
Pollard Memorial Library
401 Merrimack St.

April 17, 4pm
Lowell Poetry Network Readers
Patrick Pierce Studio, 57 Market St.

April 28, 7-9pm
Open Mic at Life Alive
194 Middle St.

April 30, 11am-4pm
Paintings by Jack Kerouac
& reading by Ed Adler
Whistler House Museum
243 Worthen St.

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690. **Vernon Frazer**

Re: Scary stuff in Florida besides Schiavo

Fri 25 Mar 2005

Stephen

I'm hoping this one dies in the other committees. In my experience in CT, most crank bills were recognized as such and died in committee. In FL, I can't make a similar prediction because I haven't been here long enough to know the players. So far, common sense has kept me in South Florida, which is pretty open country as long as you practice some discretion. I can't speak for the rest of the state, which is much more conservative. The crosses and pickup trucks with shotguns on the back keep me close to home. I have to say I'm truly awed at watching democracy being turned on its head by the forces in power in this country, not to mention Newspeak replacing standard English. All I can say is:

War is Peace
Freedom is Slavery
Ignorance is Strength.

Peace be unto you in this Age of Reborn Enlightenment, Brother.

Vernon

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

From: UB Poetics discussion group [mailto:████████] On

Behalf Of Stephen Vincent

Sent: Friday, March 25, 2005 12:26 AM

To: ██████████

Subject: FW: Scary stuff in Florida besides Schiavo

!!!

*FL Capitol bill aims to control 'leftist' profs
THE LAW COULD LET STUDENTS SUE FOR UNTOLERATED BELIEFS.*

*By <mailto:████████>JAMES VANLANDINGHAM
Alligator Staff Writer*

*TALLAHASSEE - Republicans on the Florida House
Choice and Innovation Committee voted along
party lines Tuesday to pass a bill that aims to
stamp out "leftist totalitarianism" by
"dictator professors" in the classrooms of
Florida's universities.*

*The Academic Freedom Bill of Rights, sponsored
by Rep. Dennis Baxley, R-Ocala, passed 8-to-2
despite strenuous objections from the only two*

Democrats on the committee.

The bill has two more committees to pass before it can be considered by the full House.

While promoting the bill Tuesday, Baxley said a university education should be more than "one biased view by the professor, who as a dictator controls the classroom," as part of "a misuse of their platform to indoctrinate the next generation with their own views."

The bill sets a statewide standard that students cannot be punished for professing beliefs with which their professors disagree. Professors would also be advised to teach alternative "serious academic theories" that may disagree with their personal views.

According to a legislative staff analysis of the bill, the law would give students who think their beliefs are not being respected legal standing to sue professors and universities.

Students who believe their professor is singling them out for "public ridicule" - for instance, when professors use the Socratic method to force students to explain their theories in class - would also be given the right to sue.

"Some professors say, 'Evolution is a fact. I don't want to hear about Intelligent Design (a creationist theory), and if you don't like it, there's the door,'" Baxley said, citing one example when he thought a student should sue.

Rep. Dan Gelber, D-Miami Beach, warned of lawsuits from students enrolled in Holocaust history courses who believe the Holocaust never happened.

Similar suits could be filed by students who don't believe astronauts landed on the moon, who believe teaching birth control is a sin or even by Shands medical students who refuse to perform blood transfusions and believe prayer is the only way to heal the body, Gelber added.

"This is a horrible step," he said.

"Universities will have to hire lawyers so our curricula can be decided by judges in courtrooms. Professors might have to pay court costs - even if they win - from their own pockets. This is not an innocent piece of legislation."

The staff analysis also warned the bill may shift responsibility for determining whether a student's freedom has been infringed from the faculty to the courts.

But Baxley brushed off Gelber's concerns.

"Freedom is a dangerous thing, and you might be exposed to things you don't want to hear," he said. "Being a businessman, I found out you can be sued for anything. Besides, if students are being persecuted and ridiculed for their beliefs, I think they should be given standing to sue."

During the committee hearing, Baxley cast opposition to his bill as "leftists" struggling against "mainstream society."

"The critics ridicule me for daring to stand up for students and faculty," he said, adding that he was called a McCarthyist.

Baxley later said he had a list of students who were discriminated against by professors, but refused to reveal names because he felt they would be persecuted.

Rep. Eleanor Sobel, D-Hollywood, argued universities and the state Board of Governors already have policies in place to protect academic freedom. Moreover, a state law outlining how professors are supposed to teach would encroach on the board's authority to manage state schools.

"The big hand of state government is going into the universities telling them how to teach," she said. "This bill is the antithesis of academic freedom."

But Baxley compared the state's universities to children, saying the legislature should not give them money without providing "guidance" to their behavior.

"Professors are accountable for what they say or do," he said. "They're accountable to the rest of us in society . All of a sudden the faculty think they can do what they want and shut us out. Why is it so unheard of to say the professor shouldn't be a dictator and control that room as their totalitarian niche?"

In an interview before the meeting, Baxley said "arrogant, elitist academics are swarming" to oppose the bill, and media reports misrepresented his intentions.

"I expect to be out there on my own pretty far," he said. "I don't expect to be part of a team."

Florida House Bill H-837 can be viewed online at <<http://www.flsenate.gov>>www.flsenate.gov.

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691. **Kevin Hehir**
culture of life

Fri 25 Mar 2005

new Get YOur War On
<http://www.mnftiu.cc/mnftiu.cc/war45.html>

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692. **Anny Ballardini**
the Poets' Corner

Fri 25 Mar 2005

Together with spring, here's the latest Update of the Poets' Corner, probably delayed for the numerous committing activities, pc problems to which I was even disconnected for a week, and also by the Language Fair, 2005 edition, held at the Fair of Bolzano, Italy. I invited, thanks to Maria Cristina Petruzzino's and Giuseppe Perna's kind request, Rebecca Seiferle for a reading and a workshop, and dedicated some time to the translation of her work. Said translations can be found at the moment on my blog: <http://annyballardini.blogspot.com/>

Some figures: there are about 158 poets on the Corner, for a total of around 1065 poems, writings and/or artwork. With my acknowledgements to those who are featured, and a happy Easter to all.

David Baker

[http://www.fieralingue.it/modules.php?
name=Content&pa=list_pages_categories&cid=148](http://www.fieralingue.it/modules.php?name=Content&pa=list_pages_categories&cid=148)

Allen Bramhall

[http://www.fieralingue.it/modules.php?
name=Content&pa=list_pages_categories&cid=150](http://www.fieralingue.it/modules.php?name=Content&pa=list_pages_categories&cid=150)

Geof Huth

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name=Content&pa=list_pages_categories&cid=151](http://www.fieralingue.it/modules.php?name=Content&pa=list_pages_categories&cid=151)

Maria Damon / mIEKAL aND

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Jeet Thayil

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Kerry O'Keefe

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Gregory Vincent St. Thomasino

[http://www.fieralingue.it/modules.php?
name=Content&pa=list_pages_categories&cid=155](http://www.fieralingue.it/modules.php?name=Content&pa=list_pages_categories&cid=155)

Anna Marie Guterl

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name=Content&pa=list_pages_categories&cid=156](http://www.fieralingue.it/modules.php?name=Content&pa=list_pages_categories&cid=156)

Elena Karina Byrne

[http://www.fieralingue.it/modules.php?
name=Content&pa=list_pages_categories&cid=157](http://www.fieralingue.it/modules.php?name=Content&pa=list_pages_categories&cid=157)

Annie Finch

[http://www.fieralingue.it/modules.php?
name=Content&pa=list_pages_categories&cid=158](http://www.fieralingue.it/modules.php?name=Content&pa=list_pages_categories&cid=158)

Further poems and/or writings by previously featured poets -

Frank Parker:

Coastal Range - <http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=888>

Deborah Russell:

The Name Of Each Grain -

<http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=889>

Quiet Urgence - <http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=890>

Gleam - <http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=891>

The Distant West - <http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?>

[pa=printpage&pid=892](http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=892)

Strings Of Heart - <http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=893>

Douglas Clark

Always the outsider - <http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?>

[pa=printpage&pid=894](http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=894)

Alan Sondheim

The Bones, for my mother -

<http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=895>

G-d - <http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=906>

for derke - <http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=907>

Credo or The Writing in Quantity -

<http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=908>

char 864 translation unig and terse recent -

<http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=911>

struct - <http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=912>

immense fragility w/words -

<http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=921>

Ice Storm - <http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=929>

Jews - <http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=930>

The man and the deer demonstration text for WVU -

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The Inauguration - <http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?>

[pa=printpage&pid=957](http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=957)

yung - <http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=958>

"the lyric poem - <http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=960>

for kenneth patchen - <http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?>

[pa=printpage&pid=961](http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=961)

genesis genesis redux (.pdf) -

<http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=971>

Mark Weiss

BY WAY OF THE SEASON - <http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?>

[pa=printpage&pid=909](http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=909)

email addresses

Help with email - <http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=910>

Fan Ogilvie:

FORWARD - <http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=922>

TABLE - <http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=923>

WE NEED MORE WORDS FOR ICE -

<http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=924>

DARK ENIGMA - <http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=925>

VENUS - <http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=926>

CONJOINED - <http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=927>

Richard Dillon:

WHAT IS POETRY - <http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?>

[pa=printpage&pid=928](http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=928)

Janet Jackson

Lay your noise on me - <http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?>

[pa=printpage&pid=945](http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=945)

In the mirror-maze - <http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?>

[pa=printpage&pid=946](http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=946)

Jon Corelis Sort of a ballad - <http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?>

[pa=printpage&pid=947](http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=947) Incident - <http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?>

[pa=printpage&pid=959](http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=959) Balances - <http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?>

[pa=printpage&pid=968](http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=968)

Barry Alpert

B[O][E][A]U[N]TIFUL SUMMER -

<http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=962>

David Howard

KIND OF A LASSO TO THE WORLD THAT ISN'T TRUE, YET -

<http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=963>

A BRIEF HISTORY OF COLONIALISM -

<http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=964>

MASS - <http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=965>

THE FOLLY OF HONEST MEN -

<http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=966>

DIE TORHEIT EHRLICHER MENSCHEN - (Deutsch: FABIAN W. WILLIGES) -

<http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=967>

Lawrence Upton

Unsent Letters (.pdf) -

<http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=1029>

My translations of Michael Rothenberg's

CONCRETE SKY - Cielo di Cemento -

<http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=920>

CIVILIZATION OF TWO - Civiltà di due -

<http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=972>

THE FORTUNE TELLER - L'indovina -

<http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=973>

Rebecca Seiferle

Interview to Rebecca Seiferle by me -

<http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=970>

(soon to follow some of her poems translated by me into Italian)

Anny Ballardini

<http://annyballardini.blogspot.com>

<http://www.fieralingue.it/modules.php?name=poetshome>

The aim of the poet is to awaken emotions in the soul, not to gather admirers.

Stalker, Andrei Tarkovsky

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693. **Murat Nemet-Nejat**

Re: The confused continuous action of daily life

Fri 25 Mar 2005

Hi - I've got to write you off-list; I'm out of quota and I have to put up some bibliographies tomorrow. You might send this out with reply if you want? - Alan (see below)

On Thu, 24 Mar 2005, Murat Nemet-Nejat wrote:

> Isn't the concept of "limits," the division by a number "approaching" zero,
> an attempt to square this circle?
>

No, the latter is impossible. The former can be handled in practice by thinking of a practical limit to tolerance, say on the subatomic scale - and/or considering Robinson's theory of infinitesimals.

Alan, I think you are missing my point. Calculus enables Newton to cut into "continuous motion" (conceptually not that different from analog, immesurable, messy, etc) at a chosen point. That point can be seen as between continuity and discontinuity.

To achieve this end Newton picks up an absolutely "forbidden" act, the division by zero, and steps around it, division by almost zero, with incalculable historical consequences.

My point is that every authentically new idea involves a leger-de-main, a cheat, looking at a paradox straight in the face asserting that it does not exist. Alan, it seems to me, in this thread (The confused flow...) you are facing such a state.

> Newton was a mystic, an aspect of him historians pass by.

>

I'll pass this by as well; it's not really relevant, I think?

I think it is. While historically Newton is regarded as the creator of the mechanics of calculable/predictable motion, the universe as a clock, he was also struggling with the question of infinity, which the problem of dividing by zero involves, a repression which re-emerges in the 19th century with the mathematician Cantor.

Denying Newton's mysticism ("Irrelevant") means taking public, history's framing of Newton at face value, something I believe you are struggling against.

My insisting for years that poetry is a "process" (consumption) rather than a product, analytically splitting the writing from its reception, makes a similar point. Criticism basically limits a poem which at its inception is limitless. The limitlessness implies that the reading of a text is at its heart chaotic and can go anywhere.

The thread in this list in the last few weeks about "betrayals" different editions of Dickinson's poetry may involve. is I think about the same issue.

The same tension occurs between camera obscura and digital photography. The transfer of light through the medium of time and the viewer's mind's eye is unstable, "dirtied," "rough around the edges," full of blurs. Of course, in our earlier conversations, you suggested intervention (therefore discontinuity) is present in photography prior to its becoming digital.

Yes, I'd agree here if I understand you correctly. But intervention's not discontinuity, more a rupture on the order of a (real) cliff - not an absolute jump-cut.

What is the distinction between a "real cliff" and a "jump-cut?" I thought the distinction you were making was between measurable, framed, digital and analog, chaotic, infinite.

What is one sees the dreaming and wakings states as one single continuum?

Well, this doesn't really handle it. In fact you could define the waking state as one in which the jump-cut is absent.

- Alan

Well, we come to the matter of definition. The division between the dreaming and waking states is a mental construct.

What if one says that the waking and dreaming are one continuous state, which I do?

One final thought: You say "you could define the waking state as one in which the jump-cut is absent."

The internet is permeated with jump-cuts. Do you mean www belongs to the dream state, which I believe does? You see my point?

Ciao.

Murat

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694. **Alan Sondheim**

dank

Fri 25 Mar 2005

dank

sondheim's Home dank

wait there's an image here there's no text here
somewhere la la la somewhere la la la
plumbing of the body sure it's a dream
or your face in the stadium of my mind please be kind

sondheim's Home undank

can you be my dank damp hankie i think you can!
because um you can cry in the universal raster
which glides maps articulates recuperates with the universal caster
yes i know you can! i think you know i can!

sondheim's Home danker

your tears! my damp hankie of your soul!
balm-salve for our wounds in solar universe
although last we would escape the curse
as salve-balm fumed our bodies through the world
wait! even more than that, somewhere else!

sondheim's Home dankest

my hankeye sex to your chimney heart
plumed fumarole of universal room
sex among all of the universal loom
of grid-loam loam-balm healing what we are feeling
(that) there is no feeling in space

there is no place dank and damp
it's atmospherics (for nothing survives
evaporation)

@ <http://www.as.wvu.edu:8000/clc/Members/sondheim>

—

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695. **Steve Dalachinsky**

Fw: This Saturday: Gunter Hampel & Kali Fasteau @ VISION CLUB

Fri 25 Mar 2005

Saturday March 26, 2005

THE VISION CLUB presents

9:30pm Gunter Hampel w/ Perry Robinson

Barry Altschul, Herschel Silverman

11pm Kali Z. Fasteau w/ Sabir Mateen, Lewis Barnes

Michael Thompson

At Clemente Soto Velez - LES Gallery

107 Suffolk Street at Rivington (1 block east of Tonic)

Tix: \$10 per set or 15 for both, plus 1 drink

9:30pm Gunter Hampel w/ Perry Robinson, Barry Altschul, Herschel Silverman

The Vision Club Series is proud to present a rare U.S. appearance of vibraphonist and multi-instrumentalist Gunter Hampel. As leader of the long-standing Galaxie Dream Band, Hampel was a unique and brilliant mind in New York's jazz scene of the 70s and 80s. His approach, which was simultaneously space-aged and visceral, was unlike any other band during the period. Though Hampel maintained a residence in New York for most of the 70s and 80s, he returned to living in Europe full time in 1992. The infrequency of his New York appearances makes this evening's event a special treat. He will be joined by three of his long-time associates and Galaxie Dream Band alums: clarinetist Perry Robinson, drummer Barry Altschul and poet Herschel Silverman.

11pm Kali Z. Fasteau w/ Sabir Mateen, Lewis Barnes, Michael Thompson

Is there anything Kali Fasteau can't play? The multi-instrumentalist has been spotted at Vision performances playing saxophones, synthesizers, cello, drums, various flutes, instruments from throughout the world and using her unique voice. She appears equally at home on all these instruments, and always maintains her own unique approach, whether performing on digital devices or analog apparatuses. Her new quartet features three veterans of Vision performances with saxophonist Sabir Mateen, trumpeter Lewis Barnes, and drummer

Michael Thompson. The group matches the instrumentation of her fiery performance at the Vision Club last November, although with very different musical personalities. It promises to be another exciting set from this long-time Vision musician.

\$10 per set or \$15 for the evening + 1 drink minimum

Coming April 2: 9:30pm Ras Moshe Quartet, 11pm Rob Brown Quartet

VISION FESTIVAL X: June 14 to 19 at Clemente Soto Velez

From: The Vision Festival / www.visionfestival.org

UPCOMING SHOWS

April 2 10pm Ras Moshe w/ Raphe Malik, Larry Roland and Rashid Bakr

11pm Rob Brown group

April 9 10pm Steve Swell Quartet w/ Sabir Mateen, Steve Swell, Matthew Heyner and Klaus Kugel,

11pm Whit Dickey

April 16 8pm Improv Night w/ Mat Maneri, Jason Hwang, Whit Dickey, Sabir Mateen and more!

11pm Patrick Brenne: Sonic Openings Under Pressure

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696. **Alan Sondheim**

Re: The confused continuous action of daily life

Fri 25 Mar 2005

On Fri, 25 Mar 2005, Murat Nemet-Nejat wrote:

No, the latter is impossible. The former can be handled in practice by thinking of a practical limit to tolerance, say on the subatomic scale - and/or considering Robinson's theory of infinitesimals.

Alan, I think you are missing my point. Calculus enables Newton to cut into "continuous motion" (conceptually not that different from analog, immesurable, messy, etc) at a chosen point. That point can be seen as between continuity and discontinuity.

Well, we're missing each other's point. Newton's point is theoretical and poorly-defined, which is why Weierstrass and Robinson etc. came along later. Yes, within mathesis, there's this split between continuity and discontinuity, but not in the real macro-world, where discontinuity is always fuzzy.

> My point is that every authentically new idea involves a leger-de-main,
> a cheat, looking at a paradox straight in the face asserting that it

> does not exist. Alan, it seems to me, in this thread (The confused
> flow...) you are facing such a state.

>

I disagree. What is an "authentic" new idea? I'm reading about Marconi etc. - it's not a question about paradoxes but about tuning, syntony. Of course you could say that Marconi et. al. were inauthentic.

Newton was a mystic, an aspect of him historians pass by.

I'll pass this by as well; it's not really relevant, I think?

I think it is. While historically Newton is regarded as the creator of the mechanics of calculable/predictable motion, the universe as a clock, he was also struggling with the question of infinity, which the problem of dividing by zero involves, a repression which re-emerges in the 19th century with the mathematician Cantor.

I still find it irrelevant. This is mathematical history; you might as well go by Leibniz for that matter. I'm not even sure that Cantor was before Weierstrass. It doesn't matter to me at all. Beyond the mathematics, at least for me, Newton's mysticism is antiquated.

> Denying Newton's mysticism ("Irrelevant") means taking public, history's
> framing of Newton at face value, something I believe you are struggling
> against.

>

No, it means simply not caring. I don't really care about Newton one way or another.

> My insisting for years that poetry is a "process" (consumption) rather
> than a product, analytically splitting the writing from its reception,
> makes a similar point. Criticism basically limits a poem which at its
> inception is limitless. The limitlessness implies that the reading of a
> text is at its heart chaotic and can go anywhere.

>

Well, but critique also developed the idea of the death of the author which is similar. I don't think of poetry as product or process; it is what it is, which is a wildly loose discursive and cultural family of formations.

The thread in this list in the last few weeks about "betrayals" different editions of Dickinson's poetry may involve. is I think about the same issue.

I wasn't following it closely but here I'd agree with you.

Yes, I'd agree here if I understand you correctly. But intervention's not discontinuity, more a rupture on the order of a (real) cliff - not an

absolute jump-cut.

What is the distinction between a "real cliff" and a "jump-cut?" I thought the distinction you were making was between measurable, framed, digital and analog, chaotic, infinite.

The difference is this: I am not physically and 'instantaneously' translated from one location to another. A real cliff is a slow-motion falling, crumbling, at the subatomic level wave functions play into the edge, etc. etc.

>>

>> What is one sees the dreaming and wakings states as one single continuum?

>

> Well, this doesn't really handle it. In fact you could define the waking
> state as one in which the jump-cut is absent.

>

> Well, we come to the matter of definition. The division between the
> dreaming and waking states is a mental construct.

>

> What if one says that the waking and dreaming are one continuous state,
> which I do?

I don't know! I'd disagree of course. The state's continuous in the sense that the brain obviously undergoes continuous states, but the distinction for the most part is there. Last night I dreamed something horrible was happeninng; I didn't wake up and call the police. I woke up in a sweat but didn't reach for the phone.

> One final thought: You say "you could define the waking
> state as one in which the jump-cut is absent."

>

> The internet is permeated with jump-cuts. Do you mean www belongs to the
> dream state, which I believe does? You see my point?

>

No, the jump-cuts, links, on the Net, are precisely my point I think. Pages are `_drawn_`; on a finer raster, they're continuous that way. It takes time for a pixel to be motivated. In the real world, there are no jump cuts. They appear as such, but it's a question of time frame. Even cinematic jump cuts, which can be extrapolated mentally to an absolute division, aren't. You're just at a different, I think, wrong, time-scale.

In math you can have an absolutely division by the rules or within ideality; in the real world, you can't. You can say in math that the intersection of x and -x is 0, but where is the absolute boundary of a blackbird?

The digital for the most part is an artifactual imposition of a raster which is theoretically ideal, but in reality not so, which is what is evident for example if you

look at a cdrom close-up. They're pits and hollows, not perpendicular on/off.
The error level is outside of the potential well, that's all.

- Alan

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697. **Harrison Jeff**

My Fascinations Retire -- That's Them Sleeping, Customer

Fri 25 Mar 2005

hours rose-colored indeed drift into Herr B's hazes
these hazes draw a wink on unwearied hours
placid these hours, their transport nigh ended,
VERSE, pilot them to their unfruitful tongues' scholar

few fit for Herr B's fire, but any thunder
can accompany his lantern, here's the
outweighed thinking that Antiquity faults
misfortune whether misfortune's calm was
rhetorick or speech unexpectedly run to ornament

EACH HOUR:

"so, accidental me?"

died!

stage: treading the
boards here, & then, unresisted their guts

THE HAZES:

"lovely our soup; the Night?"

there, alive still!

stew soon memorial, the bleeds
are cut in bunches, Herr Bibliothekarius,
might as them be in spoonfuls thyself

MORAL:

dearer wits too heavy for ladles
only the outweighed turn orators

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698. **Vireo Nefer**

Re: culture of life

Fri 25 Mar 2005

thanks!

i especially like the idea for a new use for elbow mac.

Vireo "baby murderer" Nefer

On Fri, 25 Mar 2005 12:58:14 -0330, Kevin Hehir <[REDACTED]> wrote:

> new Get YOur War On

> <http://www.mnftiu.cc/mnftiu.cc/war45.html>

>

--

AIM: vireonefer

LJ: <http://www.livejournal.com/userinfo.bml?user=vireoibis>

VireoNyx Publications: <http://www.vireonyxpub.org>

INK: <http://www.inkemetic.org>

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699. **alexander saliby**

America in Ruin

Fri 25 Mar 2005

El Paso to Texarkana...March 22, 23, 2005

Jesus

Songs on the radio

Jesus

Signs along the way:

Jesus,

"Tell Momma I love her"

Jesus Saves

Jesus Loves You

Jesus, the Savior

Jesus is Lord

Jesus my lord and my master

Jesus loves children

Jesus the light and the way

Jesus lamb of God

Jesus wash my sins away

Jesus loves all Texans

Jesus would be a Texan if he were alive today

Jesus is Texas and Texas is Jesus

Jexas
Tesus JesusTexususeJexas
One into many from many out of one
Jesus
Texas

Texas
Jesus
lone star
star of wonder
Jesus
Texas...

Arkansas (to come)
Alex

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700. **blacksox**
Trepidation (poem)

Fri 25 Mar 2005

All our views obscured
Honesty of light unseen

Stake our lives on
Blindfolded mindmeld

Birthing the perpetual warchild
Of unfounded righteousness

Hearing through ear plugs
Garbled crackles of burning bushes

Braille without fingers
All seeing empty sockets

Chord of life broken by
The silence behind the veil

Desparate animals forever grasping
Eternal straws that elude us

Frustrated angel wings beat
Against the dead air of inertia

Reaching for the sky, while being
Swallowed by the inevitable avalanche

To set sail on a ghostship
Headstrong into the sea of uncertainty

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701. **David Baratier**

AWP: invite to party you weren't invited to

Fri 25 Mar 2005

SWOP

One pass for two an AWP: invite to
a prestige party on thursday, for AWP in Canada.

The food should be excellent, expect the upper eschelon of writers for the whole conference, Donald Hall, Michael Ondaatje, Dorianne Laux, Marvin Bell and others to be there.

Best offer wins, good for two people, backchannel only--

Be well

David Baratier, Editor

Pavement Saw Press

PO Box 6291

Columbus OH 43206

USA

<http://pavementsaw.org>

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702. **Alan Sondheim**

Wrestling with Angels (fwd)

Sat 26 Mar 2005

Wrestling with Angels

[img]<http://hyperex.co.uk/macabre1.jpg>[/img]

New on The Hyperliterature Exchange for March 2005 - Edward Picot reviews "Sampler", a DVD+ from Alan Sondheim, which contains close to five gigabytes of text, images and video. Sondheim is one of the best-known and longest-established of new media artists. Since 1994 he has been developing a huge project which he calls the "Internet Text", an "extended meditation on cyberspace"; and the "Sampler" DVD+ provides a representative cross-section of his work.

The review is at <http://hyperex.co.uk/reviewsondheim.php> . The Hyperliterature Exchange is a directory/review of new media writing for sale online; please visit and browse at <http://hyperex.co.uk> .

- Edward Picot
personal website - <http://edwardpicot.com>

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703. **Alan Sondheim**
() void Home searchploom.mov

Sat 26 Mar 2005

() void Home searchploom.mov

lips and coordinates touching each other in empty analog space tears and laughter without a god isn't the same as godless tears and laughter

@ <http://www.as.wvu.edu:8000/clc/Members/sondheim/searchploom.mov>

() void

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704. **Alan Sondheim**

awe

Sat 26 Mar 2005

awe

if i had a dime for every square centimeter here i'd be a wealthy woman hello
hello these damn cellphones never work when you need them it's all the fault of
the developers they've put new buildings falling down everywhere hello hello
my laptop's on the blink again

<http://www.as.wvu.edu:8000/clc/Members/sondheim/aw.gif>

awe

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705. **Steve Dalachinsky**
Fw: Vision Festival X at Clemente Soto Velez June 12 through June 19, 2005

Sat 26 Mar 2005

From: The Vision Festival / www.visionfestival.org

PRESS Contact: Jim Eigo [REDACTED] / [REDACTED]

Vision Festival X
at Clemente Soto Velez

June 14 through June 19, 2005

New Location at Clemente Soto Velez with 2 theaters an art gallery and bar

Plenty of room to spread out and enjoy the music

"The Vision Festival is the best time to hear everybody and meet everyone. This music may be uncompromising, but the vibe couldn't be friendlier." Francis Davis, Atlantic Monthly "10th anniversary of a miracle"... Steve Dalachinsky

After one year it was a sensation. At five years it was a tradition. Now, ten years later, Arts for Art, Inc. is proud to announce the tenth year of the world's foremost avantJazz festival.

We are proud to say that the Vision Festival is the most successful artist organized annual festival in the history of jazz. While jazz musicians have organized their own performance opportunities since the 1960s, no single event has matched the ongoing and building success of Vision, which celebrate its tenth year.

To commemorate our tenth year, the Festival boasts one of the most formidable line-ups in its history. Our new venue at Clemente Soto Velez features two theaters, two art galleries and a café for a highly warm atmosphere. In addition, the festival will kick off with a special Park on February 12.

Some of the Artists featured at Vision X Fred Anderson - Harrison Bankhead - Billy Bang - Rob Brown - Han Bennink , Peter Brotzmann - Roy Campbell - Steve Dalachinsky- Whit Dickey - Paul Dunmall - Hamid Drake, Douglas Ewart - Alvin Fielder - Lori Freedman - Charles Gayle - Eddie Gale, Henry Grimes - William Hooker - Joseph Jarman - Terry Jenoure - Kidd Jordan Joelle Leandre - George Lewis - Maria Mitchell- Roscoe Mitchell- Joe Morris David Murray - Patricia Nicholson - William Parker - Paul Rogers Sam Rivers - Matthew Shipp - Jorge Sylvester - Ijeoma Thomas - Oluyemi Thomas Nasheet Waits - Reggie Workman - Other Dimensions in Music w/ Sound Vision Orchestra Little Huey Creative Orchestra - Conceptual Motion Orchestra

We are very happy to present a Special Lifetime Recognition Award for Fred Anderson This will be celebration on Fred Anderson Day, Thursday June 16, 2005. It will feature Fred Anderson, Kidd Jordan, George Lewis, William Parker, Joseph Jarman, Alvin Fielder, Harrison Bankhead, and other artists who have worked with Fred Anderson over the years.

TICKETS \$25 per night - 7 Day Pass \$140

Advance sales Downtown Music Gallery [REDACTED] / email

[REDACTED]

For updates www.visionfestival.org or call [REDACTED]

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706. **alexander saliby**

Re: Trepidation (poem)

Sat 26 Mar 2005

"Frustrated angel wings beat
Against the dead air of inertia..."

Loved the thought and the lines,
though I'd have preferred:

"Frustrated angel's wings..."

For some strange reason, I just need a possessive there.

Who the hell knows, nor even cares why!

alex

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

From: [REDACTED] <mailto:[REDACTED]>

To: [REDACTED] <mailto:[REDACTED]>

Sent: Friday, March 25, 2005 6:35 PM

Subject: Trepidation (poem)

All our views obscured
Honesty of light unseen

Stake our lives on
Blindfolded mindmeld

Birthing the perpetual warchild
Of unfounded righteousness

Hearing through ear plugs
Garbled crackles of burning bushes

Braille without fingers
All seeing empty sockets

Chord of life broken by
The silence behind the veil

Desparate animals forever grasping
Eternal straws that elude us

Frustrated angel wings beat
Against the dead air of inertia

Reaching for the sky, while being
Swallowed by the inevitable avalanche

To set sail on a ghostship
Headstrong into the sea of uncertainty

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707. **Harry Nudel**

P.O.I...

Sat 26 Mar 2005

1) Steve had a min/maj op...he's
sounding more like Gregory's Ceasar's
Shelley's Ghost..e him..if you...

2) Alyssa Lappen has a new po
screeed u can catch on Campus
Watch..she also has a web page
of her work which you can google..
she lives in the same mother Bkyln
as many of you..

3) my spring/winter/summer/fall
po is a year over..i'll be working
on putting a lot of words on
a page for the next year..

4) Rashid & I..two old men..
talking on the Soho Hood for
an hr..he sz he wants his
stick back from George Bo-
wering...

5) I'd like to sleep thru
the nite..i'd like lots
of stuffe...

moi...

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708. **Dan Waber**

[poem] Let Myself Melt

Sat 26 Mar 2005

26/61

Echo = I drink my coffee outside, in the center of the parking lot, cars back out of their spaces and honk. I tilt my head back and let myself melt.

Source = Jennifer Hill-Kaucher from her short story, "Signing Off"

Let Myself Melt

More time is spent in the wait and drive, I
think, than actually with you. One drink
for each cross over the mountain makes my
legs leaden, my eyes burn all night. Coffee
is my co-pilot, if it's cold outside
I roll down all the windows and howl in
tune with the whine of semi wheels on the
bypass. I have lost track of my center.
I have looked everywhere. It's not left of
you, it's not right of you, so where in the
hell is it? I feel like the sound parking
brakes make when they get yanked too hard, a lot.

I look in the windows of passing cars
and never see live irises look back.
It appears like their eyes face straight out,
they are each as lost in the swirl wind of
their own confusions, in the tears in their
own maps. I am alive in the spaces
in between, only. I am a horn and
when I rocket through the tunnel, I honk.

The sound that dopplers down the street says I
was really there. Relax your neck and tilt
your ear to catch that last half gasp of my
bleat. Sorry you missed me, I had to head
the other way for a while, I'll be back
before you know it, though not for long and
I might be a little late. Never let
my leaving make you think I see myself
without you. I'll drive until my tires melt.

Dan Waber

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709. **Haas Bianchi**

Re: invite to party you weren't invited to

Sat 26 Mar 2005

can't think of ANYTHING better than hanging out with Donald Hall, Dorianne Laux, Michael Ondaatje and Marvin Bell will
John Grisham and Jorie Graham be there too???!!!!

Raymond L Bianchi
chicagopostmodernpoetry.com/
collagepoetchicago.blogspot.com/

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

*From: UB Poetics discussion group
[mailto:████████] On Behalf Of David Baratier
Sent: Friday, March 25, 2005 9:13 PM
To: ██████████
Subject: AWP: invite to party you weren't invited to*

SWOP

*One pass for two an AWP: invite to
a prestige party on thursday, for AWP in Canada.*

*The food should be excellent, expect the upper echelon of writers for
the whole conference, Donald Hall, Michael Ondaatje, Dorianne Laux,
Marvin Bell and others to be there.*

Best offer wins, good for two people, backchannel only--

Be well

David Baratier, Editor

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

<http://pavementsaw.org>

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710. **Stephen Vincent**

Camille Paglia comes to the rescue!

Sat 26 Mar 2005

I guess we're about to witness many people - us US poets - blow air etc. over Paglia. I don't know if I want to hear it. But nothing like the attraction of yesterday or the fearless "nostalgia be good" critic. There's always somebody doing that job. Paglia apparently took it. And there will always be those that love to read it. I guess it's a relief not be among the chosen poets, several of whom I read and like. It's just hard to look through the refractions in this kind of window.

Stephen V

Talking with literary provocateur Camille Paglia

The pleasures of poetry

BY JOHN FREEMAN

John Freeman is a writer in New York.

March 27, 2005

The Hubba-Bubba pink cover art on her new book notwithstanding, Camille Paglia is courting a lower profile these days. "Oscar Wilde was a huge influence on me," says the firebrand on a recent Thursday at the Philadelphia College of Art, where she has taught for two decades. "He believed in the strong critic, and I've done that. I'm there in most of my books; boy am I there. With 'Break, Blow, Burn,' however, I tried to make myself as invisible as possible."

It might sound like an odd statement coming from the author of "Sexual Personae," which put its stiletto heel on the throat of mainstream feminists and kept it there for much of the '90s. But Paglia, 57, insists she's not showing a kinder, gentler side, or making nice. After all, "thanks to Madonna," she says, "the whole pro-sex wing of feminism which had been ostracized since the '60s came back with a vengeance. And we won. We won massively. Now, Catherine McKinnon, Andrea Dworkin, you hardly see their names anywhere."

No, by her estimates those battles are now border skirmishes. What Paglia wants to do next is get Americans to read poetry again. And so we have "Break, Blow, Burn: Camille Paglia Reads 43 of the World's Best Poems" (Pantheon, \$20). "This took me five years," Paglia says, dressed tidily in a check blazer and jeans, hair sporting the trademark feather and wave. "Along the way I've encountered so many people in the publishing world, in magazines, who said to me, you know, 'I always keep up with the new novels, but not poetry.' These are really literary people, and even they feel poetry no longer speaks to them."

So Paglia has put down her Molotov cocktails and picked up the lyre to sing the praises of 43 poems, ranging from Shakespeare and Wordsworth to Sylvia Plath and Gary Snyder. An essay follows each poem that explains the poet's significance and then proceeds to describe what is interesting, unique and, yes, pleasure-giving about the poem. "The child-like pleasure principle is crucial to approaching art," Paglia says. "If you don't approach art like that, then you don't know anything about how it's made!"

Paglia first encountered poetry as a child, and even tried writing it well into her late teens. She suspects this early appreciation came from a certain Italian-American culture of good craftsmanship. "All four of my grandparents were born in Italy; my mother was born there. From my earliest years, they gave me little objects from the Vatican, little statuary, a sense of stone-cutting, and basket-weaving, and wood-working. No matter what your job was during the day, there was a sense of the made object."

In "Break, Blow, Burn," Paglia approaches poetry with a similar kind of reverence for craft, noting, for example, the way Shakespeare strings a sentence along in Sonnet 29 to create a palpable tension, leaving it unrelieved until the poem's final rhyming couplet, "For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings/ That then I scorn to change my state with kings." It is no accident that the book's title comes from a poem by Donne. "I've always loved that poem," says Paglia, "in part because he compares God to a potter."

In addition to craft, the other qualities key to Paglia are spontaneity and improvisation. It's why she has chosen Shakespeare and Joni Mitchell as the two bookends for "Break, Blow, Burn," and it's also why she continued reading poetry past the age when most Americans put it down. "Poets who had a big impact on me in the '60s were beatniks, these folks who got drunk and messed around and were hobos and eccentrics. But then as colleges began to have more of these creative writing programs, poets retreated to a world of their own. They became more and more insular, and their world became more and more professionalized."

Paglia puts some of the blame for poetry's further marginalization on critics' shoulders, too. "Thanks to 25 years of post-structuralism in our elite colleges, we have this idea now that you are supposed to use your pseudo-sociological critical eye to look down on the work and find everything that's wrong with it," Paglia says, talking so quickly she has to pause and take a deep breath before continuing. "The racism, sexism, homophobia, imperialism. This style of teaching just nips students' enthusiasm in the bud."

A professor for more than 34 years, Paglia has structured "Break, Blow, Burn" like a class in reading poetry, but it also feels like a strange kind of greatest-hits collection. William Blake rubs shoulders with Chuck Wachtel; California

poet Wanda Coleman nuzzles William Carlos Williams. Paglia admits her selection is a bit eccentric, and she wishes it could be longer.

"I searched and searched for the [right] Bukowski poem," Paglia says, revealing her predisposition to some old favorites. "But I couldn't find it. I found a lot of poems where there is great stuff in the poem but no truly great poem." From beyond the grave, Bukowski has no reason to sniff, however. Other poets who didn't make the cut include Seamus Heaney, John Ashbery and virtually every living American who has won the Pulitzer Prize.

Instead, we get the classics, and happy surprises, and poems by folks such as Paul Blackburn, whose "The Once Over" describes a subway car traveling downtown, its passengers enraptured by the image of a beautiful woman. "It has been condemned for sexism, as you can imagine," Paglia says, once again treading across controversy's high wire. "But this to me is a classic poem of my time. There's a mysterious girl in a beautiful dress, and everyone is staring at her. That's it. That's the entire thing. It's so wonderful, the way he captures that moment, and that's the purpose of reading poetry - which is that it teaches you to notice what other people don't notice. To find significance in the insignificant."

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711. **Ishaq**

Chess Legend Bobby Fischer: U.S. Is Evil

Sat 26 Mar 2005

<http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2005/03/39404.php>

Chess Legend Bobby Fischer: U.S. Is Evil

REYKJAVIK, Iceland - His hair and beard were neatly trimmed, but his opinions were still bristling. On his first full day of freedom after nine months' detention in Japan, Bobby Fischer said Friday he was happy to be in Iceland and denounced the United States as "evil."..."They talk about the axis of evil. What about the allies of evil ... the United States, England, Japan, Australia? These are the evildoers," Fischer said.

Chess Legend Bobby Fischer: U.S. Is Evil

Fri Mar 25, 1:17 PM ET

By JILL LAWLESS, Associated Press Writer

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In a rambling news conference, the combative and eccentric chess champion sparred with U.S. journalists who asked about his anti-American tirades. "They talk about the axis of evil. What about the allies of evil ... the United States, England, Japan, Australia? These are the evildoers," Fischer said. He thanked his "wonderful friends" in Iceland, which granted him citizenship after he was held in Japan on a U.S. extradition warrant.

But he also said Iceland's enthusiasm for chess was misplaced, because the game is "utterly corrupt ... and has been for many years." Declaring that he was "finished" with chess, Fischer added: "I don't play the old chess. But obviously if I did, I would be the best." Fischer was freed early Thursday after nine months' detention for trying to leave Japan using an invalid U.S. passport. Japan agreed to release him after he accepted Iceland's offer of citizenship. His fiancée, Miyoko Watai, the head of Japan's chess association, accompanied him to Iceland.

During his long flight from Tokyo to Copenhagen and then by chartered jet from a small airport in southern Sweden, Fischer railed against the governments of Japan and the United States, calling Japanese Prime Minister Junichiro Koizumi "mentally ill" and a "stooge" of President Bush([search]) (news - web sites). "This was a kidnapping because the charges that the Japanese charged me with are totally nonsense," he told Associated Press Television News on the flight.

An American chess champion at 14 and a grand master at 15, the enigmatic Fischer has long had a reputation for volatility, and a troubled relationship with the United States. On Friday, he again declared himself an unrepentant enemy of the "hypocritical and corrupt" United States, which he claims organized his "judicial kidnapping." "They decided Fischer had to go to prison. He had to be destroyed ... they decided to cook up whatever charges they cooked up," he told reporters. Fischer, whose mother was Jewish but who has a history of anti-Semitic outbursts, accused "the Jew-controlled U.S. government" of ruining his life.

Fischer, 62, was wanted by the United States for violating sanctions imposed on the former Yugoslavia by playing an exhibition match against the Soviet Union's Boris Spassky there in 1992. He had fought deportation since he was detained by Japanese officials last July, and at one point had said he wanted to become a German citizen.

After a nine-month tussle between Fischer and Japanese authorities, Iceland's Parliament stepped in this week to break the standoff by giving Fischer citizenship. Fischer is popular in Iceland, a country with one of the highest numbers of chess players per capita in the world and the site of his most famous match — a 1972 world championship victory over Spassky that was the highlight of Fischer's career and a world-gripping symbol of Cold War rivalry. "Even though I

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This nation of fewer than 300,000 people is a staunch U.S. ally, but there is a strong undercurrent of public anger at the government's support for the U.S.-led Iraq([search]) (news - web sites) war, which was opposed by four fifths of Icelanders. Iceland's ambassador to Japan, Thordur Oskarsson, said Washington sent a "message of disappointment" to the Icelandic government over its decision to grant Fischer a passport. The United States has an extradition treaty with Iceland, and could still try to have Fischer deported. If convicted of violating U.S. sanctions imposed to punish then-President Slobodan Milosevic (news - web sites), Fischer could face 10 years in prison and a \$250,000 fine. His Icelandic supporters vow that won't happen. "I think he is safe now," said Thorstein Matthiasson, 39. "We have more courage than the Japan

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Stay Strong\

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"Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor" \

--Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)\

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"This mathematical rhythmatcal mechanism enhances my wisdom\

of Islam, keeps me calm from doing you harm, when I attack, it's Vietnam"\

--HellRazah\

\

"It's not too good to stay in a white man's country too long"\

--Mutabartuka\

\

"As for we who have decided to break the back of colonialism, \

our historic mission is to sanction all revolts, all desperate \

actions, all those abortive attempts drowned in rivers of blood."\

- Frantz Fanon\

\

"Everyday is Ashura and every land is Kerbala"\

-Imam Ja'far Sadiq\

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<http://scratchcue.blogspot.com/>\

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<http://www.sleepybrain.net/vanilla.html>\

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http://www.world-crisis.com/analysis_comments/766_0_15_0_C/\

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http://ilovepoetry.com/search.asp?keywords=braithwaite&orderBy=date\
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http://www.lowliferecords.co.uk\
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712. **blacksox**

Re: Trepidation (poem)

Sat 26 Mar 2005

Thank You Alex, As all my work is in progress I have included Angel's into my future edits. As to the last time I saw an angel, way to much vodka., or was that a winged harlot..

*"Frustrated angel wings beat
Against the dead air of inertia..."*

*Loved the thought and the lines,
though I'd have preferred:*

"Frustrated angel's wings..."

For some strange reason, I just need a possessive there.

Who the hell knows, nor even cares why!

alex

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

From: [REDACTED]

To: [REDACTED]

Sent: Friday, March 25, 2005 6:35 PM

Subject: Trepidation (poem)

*All our views obscured
Honesty of light unseen*

*Stake our lives on
Blindfolded mindmeld*

*Birthing the perpetual warchild
Of unfounded righteousness*

*Hearing through ear plugs
Garbled crackles of burning bushes*

*Braille without fingers
All seeing empty sockets*

*Chord of life broken by
The silence behind the veil*

*Desperate animals forever grasping
Eternal straws that elude us*

*Frustrated angel wings beat
Against the dead air of inertia*

*Reaching for the sky, while being
Swallowed by the inevitable avalanche*

*To set sail on a ghostship
Headstrong into the sea of uncertainty*

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713. **Susan Briante**
Poetry and Urban Ruins
Sat 26 Mar 2005

I'm looking for examples 20th Century US poets who write about urban ruins within the US. Eliot and H.D come to mind. There are many non US poets (Paz and Milosz, for example) who write about ruins. I am especially interested in those poets who write about ruins within US cities--as opposed to ancient or prehispanic ruins. I am particularly interested in writers who name the sites of their ruins (Merill's "Urban Convalescence" comes to mind) rather than referencing a general condition of ruination).

Any suggestions would be appreciated. Feel free to back channel.

Susan Briante

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<http://smallbusiness.yahoo.com/resources/>

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714. **Heidi Lynn Staples n\\u00E9e Peppermint
anncmnt: LEDERER and STAPLES reading**

Sat 26 Mar 2005

UB Poeticseurs, Hope to see you there!

The Burning Chair readings
featuring the POETS:

Katy Lederer

author of ?Winter Sex and Poker Face: A Girlhood Among Gamblers

Heidi Lynn Staples

author of Guess Can Gallop

8PM

Sunday, March 27th

Solas

232 East 9th Street

(please note venue change)

between 2nd and 3rd Avenues</p>

Free admission & drink specials

This free reading series results from a partnership between Typo and Lit magazines which feature innovative younger writers alongside authors of established merit. ?The readings provide a venue for the best of these younger writers to present their work and offer unusually intimate exposure of these writers to our audiences.

contact information:

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

burningchair

ph: [REDACTED]</p>

Katy Lederer is the author of the poetry collection, ?Winter Sex (Verse Press, 2002) and the memoir Poker Face: A Girlhood Among Gambler(Crown,

2003), which Publishers Weekly included on its list of the Best Nonfiction Books of 2003 and Esquire Magazine named one of its eight Best Books of the Year 2003. She is currently at work on a new poetry collection entitled The Heaven-Sent Leaf, from which she will be reading.

Educated at the University of California at Berkeley and the Iowa Writers? Workshop, she edits her own magazine, Explosive, and serves as a Poetry Editor of Fence Magazine. Her honors and awards include an Academy of American Poets Prize, fellowships from Yaddo, and a Discover Great New Writers

citation from Barnes & Noble's Discover Great New Writers Program. She currently lives in Manhattan, where she works for a quantitative trading firm.

Heidi Lynn Staples' first book, *Guess Can Gallop* (New Issues 2004) has been selected by Brenda Hillman as a winner of the New Issues Poetry Prize poetry. Her chapbook, *Take Care Fake Bear Torque Cake: A Memoir*, is forthcoming from 3rd bed, and her poems have appeared in *Best American Poetry* 2004, *Bird Dog*, *Castagraf*, *Denver Quarterly*, *HOW2*, *La Petite Zine*, *LIT*, *3rd bed*, *Salt Hill*, *Skein*, *Slope*, *Tarpaulin Sky*, *Unpleasant Event Schedule* and elsewhere.

Staples received an MFA in Poetry from the Syracuse University and expects to complete all work for the PhD in English Literature and Creative Writing from the University of Georgia in August 2005. She has worked as an editorial assistant at *The Georgia Review* and as an associate editor at *Verse*. A founding and acting editor of the literary magazine, *Parakeet*, Staples is part-time faculty member at Syracuse University. She lives in Syracuse with her husband, co-editor and fellow writer, John Staples--plus, their two dogs, cat and bird.

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715. **Peter Cudmore**

Re: Chess Legend Bobby Fischer: U.S. Is Evil

Sat 26 Mar 2005

Does anyone else recognize a similarity between Bobby Fischer and Ezra Pound?

:P

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

From: UB Poetics discussion group

[mailto:] On Behalf Of Ishaq

Sent: 26 March 2005 22:49

To:

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| --Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)| | "This mathematical
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|
| "Everyday is Ashura and every land is Kerbala"| -Imam Ja'far
Sadiq| | http://scratchcue.blogspot.com/| |
http://www.sleepybrain.net/vanilla.html|
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| http://www.world-crisis.com/analysis_comments/766_0_15_0_C/|
| http://ilovepoetry.com/search.asp?keywords=braithwaite&orderBy=date|
|
| http://www.lowliferecords.co.uk/|
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716. **Jerrold Shiroma [duration press]**

Re: Poetry and Urban Ruins

Sat 26 Mar 2005

pick up any number of rap albums & you're all set...

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

From: "Susan Briante" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Saturday, March 26, 2005 4:51 PM

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717. **Ishaq**

Re: Chess Legend Bobby Fischer: U.S. Is Evil

Sat 26 Mar 2005

i believe what bobby fischer is doing and saying is something that any free-thinking intellect [u all] (y'all) -- those who still innovate and question authority -- those who still want to work -- uncompromised by the ignorant machine -- and the global whoredom of git run art, music, writing and poetics used to enforce hegemony, will have to consider, act upon or perish in these neofacist times of witch hunts, twisted logic, that bitch called pay back, bad amerikkanist gay-gousie and twisted claims of victimization by oppressors and antiintellectuals who wish to distract the peoples from the ethnic, racial and cultural cleansing being perpetuated from hoods to barrio to reservation from countries to continents in these treachourish times at a deceptive banquet.

i respect very few of the people who are called my colleagues these days and (artist with no soul and blacks with no heart -- a hood sold to supremacists, fags and crooks); after what it has done to my father's mind and the lives of myself, my uncles and friends [some call homies or comrades] from murder to suicides which is a willful murder -- i can say never much cared for my country -- after being imprisoned here in a form and serving it officially for 11yrs yet still regulated to nigger status, after being debased by smart mouth palefaced hacks calling themselves writers and poets and good citizens and activists -- disrespected by fronting negroes clawing their way like crabs in a barrel to sell out and pimp our death and culture for amerikkkanada and a cultural hallmark -- one which has given me cultural parasites, pedaephiles, hebophiles and hippicrites as heroes and at the same time claiming civility because "they say so" and which has denied my very existence, value and contribution since birth one says that i

cared about this and these then i must be an egomaniac and all others are normal for giving and getting credit where credit is due-- one which has left me so paralysed with depression that i can't even motivate to move beyond rollin with death as a homie -- i must say that this very stolen and cursed continent is corrupt from the inside out and can only produce wickedness and mediocrity as it feeds off the souls and minds of less barbaric HU mans ness who can't figure the joke and who refuse to surrender to the skull tossing game of the theatre of cruelty -- that i truly detest it with all what is left of my beaten body and fading soul.

and who was it that said "death is a slaves' freedom"?

"He places full weight bearing through his boot on Brian's face and a sudden burst of a crunch comes up (in sound) and Vernon is squatting over him (really just at his head) and he's staring ahead at a wall that has a cut-up article about Jews and drug dealing. Vernon thinks of Bobby Fischer and lights a cigarette.

-Bobby would giveup valuable positions so he could manipulate the response expected from his opponents.

He'd be able to move in a rapid succession of [un]expected, "un" brackets, foolish position changes-- therefore, destroying the paradigms of expressions and "grasp and groans" that come w/the growing limitations given by the remaining pieces. He'd f-ck the "sequence of responses" and "neutralize the opponents threat"-

He exhales the fumes so abruptly that they travel directly forward and hit the article.""

-- from wigger a novella

big up bobby!!!

1426 Lawrence Y Braithwaite (aka Lord Patch)

New Palestine/Fernwood/The Hood

Victoria, BC

Peter Cudmore wrote:

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An American chess champion at 14 and a grand master at 15, the enigmatic Fischer has long had a reputation for volatility, and a troubled relationship with the United States. On Friday, he again declared himself an unrepentant enemy of the "hypocritical and corrupt" United States, which he claims organized his "judicial kidnapping."

"They decided Fischer had to go to prison. He had to be destroyed ... they decided to cook up whatever charges they cooked up," he told reporters.

Fischer, whose mother was Jewish but who has a history of anti-Semitic outbursts, accused "the Jew-controlled U.S. government" of ruining his life.

Fischer, 62, was wanted by the United States for violating sanctions imposed on the former Yugoslavia by playing an exhibition match against the Soviet Union's Boris Spassky there in 1992. He had fought deportation since he was detained by Japanese officials last July, and at one point had said he wanted to become a German citizen.

After a nine-month tussle between Fischer and Japanese authorities, Iceland's Parliament stepped in this week to break the standoff by giving Fischer citizenship.

Fischer is popular in Iceland, a country with one of the highest numbers of chess players per capita in the world and the site of his most famous match - a 1972 world championship victory over Spassky that was the highlight of Fischer's career and a world-gripping symbol of Cold War rivalry.

"Even though I don't know him personally, I have the feeling of knowing him through his biography of chess, his games," said Magnus Skulason, an Icelandic psychiatrist and chess enthusiast who came to the airport to greet Fischer. "It was hard to think of him going to jail for many years."

This nation of fewer than 300,000 people is a staunch U.S. ally, but there is a strong undercurrent of public anger at the government's support for the U.S.-led Iraq([search]) (news - web sites) war, which was opposed by four fifths of Icelanders.

Iceland's ambassador to Japan, Thordur Oskarsson, said Washington sent a "message of disappointment" to the Icelandic government over its decision to grant Fischer a passport. The United States has an extradition treaty with Iceland, and could still try to have Fischer deported.

If convicted of violating U.S. sanctions imposed to punish then-President Slobodan Milosevic (news - web sites), Fischer could face 10 years in prison and a \$250,000 fine.

His Icelandic supporters vow that won't happen.

"I think he is safe now," said Thorstein Matthiasson, 39. "We have more courage than the Japan

 |
Stay Strong |

"Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor"

| --Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)| | "This mathematical
rhythmical mechanism enhances my wisdom\ of Islam, keeps me
calm from doing you harm, when I attack, it's Vietnam"|
--HellRazah| | "It's not too good to stay in a white man's
country too long"| --Mutabartuka| | "As for we who have
decided to break the back of colonialism, \ our historic
mission is to sanction all revolts, all desperate \ actions,
all those abortive attempts drowned in rivers of blood."|
- Frantz Fanon|

"Everyday is Ashura and every land is Kerbala"-Imam Ja'far

Sadiq \ \ <http://scratchcue.blogspot.com/> \ \

<http://www.sleepybrain.net/vanilla.html>

http://www.world-crisis.com/analysis_comments/766 0 15 0 C/\

| <http://ilovepoetry.com/search.asp?keywords=braithwaite&orderByÚte>|

<http://www.lowliferecords.co.uk/>

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Stay Strong\
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"Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor" \
--Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)\
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"This mathematical rhythmatcal mechanism enhances my wisdom\
of Islam, keeps me calm from doing you harm, when I attack, it's Vietnam"\
--HellRazah\
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718. **Alan Sondheim**
theum weblogum disaster
Sun 27 Mar 2005

theum weblogum disaster

IRC logum hathum startedum Satum Marum 26 00:31

*** Valueum ofum LOG setum toum ON

sondheim

ium willum notum spellum whatum ium canum findum

sondheim

withinum thisum disasterousum mindum

sondheim

ofum pastum recensionsum thatum haveum passedum

sondheim

forum theoryum firstum andum practiceum lastum

sondheim

andum inbetweenum theum albatrossum

sondheim

speaksum slowum ofum denouementum andum lossu

Youum haveum newum email!

(Mailum Waiting: 2)

sondheim

comeum forwardum friendum andum deignum toum speakum

sondheim

confusion'sum rainum fromum peakum toum peakum

sondheim

andum movesum withoutum theum smoothestum cloudum

sondheim

toum wordsum inscribe, divide, aloudum

sondheim

andum forwardum pressedum andum hardlyum blessedum

sondheim

andum unguentum andum fairum sacramentum

Youum haveum newum email!

(Mailum Waiting: 3)

sondheim

ofum doveum loveum showum andum crudeum lewdum moveum

sondheim

whereum bareum careum dareum fareum theirum lairum shareum.

*** Signoff: sondheimum (I'mum outtaum here!)

IRC logum hathum endedum Satum Marum 26 00:35

*** Valueum ofum LOG setum toum OFF

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719. Alan Sondheim

flower

Sun 27 Mar 2005

flower

of eternity, one's eternal dream, the continuation of _the tongue_ snow. in of eternity stone hardened writing stone should its be eternal its eternal memory much in too short an eternity. He has lost both criterion and control and of eternity. the rest of eternity in a body to us in the form of eternity. of eternity, one's eternal dream, the compulsive as well.

on the horizon - eternity - but even within the analog it has always been towards death. (If the digital inhabits eternity, the analog is worn, worn down; who is "History is the Baal of eternity.") eternity, here and thick and cloned, imploded, reduced to eternity. I want eternity I want the hard piling. I want eternity reduced to implosion. Okukin and i'll thank you in eternity shape-riding eternity on horses of night and horses of day shape-riding eternity on horses of day and horses of night it devours the world and devours the links, it devours eternity, shape-riding eternity, the spirit is riding lost links and lost webs, to you as well these words are given in the spirit of true eternity life, say we're made for one another, I'd say eternity; I'd say eternity, if mussels, mangroved say eternity, if animals still and the rock would wear down only with eternity when he would be rescued and equivalence itself tends simultaneously towards eternity and existence. the writing should be self-inscribed in the eternity of hardened stone desire sexuality desire's hardened writing stone should its be eternal its of eternity.

yet have i somewhat that my lord can all eternity eternity submitted by take my love and whose very elements, perhaps, appertain to eternity alone it has been my purpose to suggest my only home 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. desire will keep us flying for eternity. windsor, ontario. flying on will keep us flying for eternity. { {riff g am f wings of desire will blue to lose me. wings of desire will keep us flying for eternity. eternity. wings of desire will me. wings of desire will keep us flying 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

and written for eternity & the conceivable tablet, there are others that slip eternity; they're triggered by - among other things - another, as if eternity melted away, as if

"I'd say we're made for one another, I'd say eternity;

"I'd say eternity, if animals still roamed free, if there were animals, another, and together, and flowers."

—

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720. **David Baratier**

Re: Chess Legend Bobby Fischer: U.S. Is Evil

Sun 27 Mar 2005

Does anyone else recognize a similarity between Bobby Fischer and Ezra Pound?

They both played chess.

Be well

David Baratier, Editor

Pavement Saw Press

PO Box 6291

Columbus OH 43206

USA

<http://pavementsaw.org>

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721. **Gloria Frym**

Fw: Campus Watch. CHILL OUT.

Sun 27 Mar 2005

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

From: "Gloria Frym" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Saturday, March 26, 2005 10:59 PM

Subject: Re: Campus Watch. CHILL OUT.

Hey Wompomegranites,

Listen to Kristin. She's a wise one. She's not just an activist but a

proactivist, meaning she invents another way. Look at her work if you want proof. We're in a position to reframe the argument, as it were, in spite of the last many dark years of U.S. government irrationality. (Think of a president zooming into Florida, Sir Superman, to defend a brain dead woman, saying, "It's better to err on the side of life," when the same man would not pardon a Born Again Christian woman on Death Row in his beloved state of Texas. But hey, that's just two women. We can't account for millions of women and men our government is abusing, plus not erring on the side of life.)

What I've noticed is that some of the women who are poets named by Campus Watch have responded, with varying degree of, gee, At Last Poetry Is Dangerous, thanks for the back-handed compliment, etc. Yes, poetry is both dangerous and of course a record of language, but do those reading it actually comprehend its real dangers? As for poet Ammiel Alcalay, he is also a scholar of vast, monumental quality. He analyzes the consequences of colonialism, history and language and its subjectivities, and has superb knowledge of how Jews and Muslims once worked lived and built worlds together, before Christian colonialism and Capital came on the scene. There's a kind of irony here. Zionism, to be simplistic, is an ideal gone sour, similar to the American Dream. A much more interesting approach, if one were inclined, might be to chart the perversion of both.

Ladies, we can do better! We're too smart to yield to dumboism. Let's be indelible, not like the woman who invented the pencil. Even her name was erased.

Love, Gloria Frym

On Sat, 26 Mar 2005 11:17:09 -0500

Kristin Prevallet <[REDACTED]> wrote:

Saturday, March 26, 2005

Dear Poets:

Let's exercise just a bit of caution here. Yes Campus Watch has attacked the poet Ammiel Alcalay, and with him five other poets. But Campus Watch did NOT attack you. Just because you are a poet does not mean that you are being attacked. We're not some collective of pods. CHILL OUT. There are many reasons to write letters to Campus Watch. They write some outrageous things, and show absolutely no understanding of the complexity of thinking that surrounds the Israel/Palestine issue.

Listen-- if you want to defend Ammiel, read Ammiel's work. Write a letter to Campus Watch in which you show them how they have taken Ammiel's work out of context. Ask them if they understand that Ammiel, who may write in defense of a Palestinian's quality of life and right to land, is NOT calling for the out and out destruction of the state of Israel! A person like Ammiel who is critical of zionism is NOT pro-terrorist! Ammiel is an incredibly complex and nuanced thinker.... he writes about a lot more than Israel! It is a disservice to his work that Campus Watch would write such an attack on him, or that you, fellow poets, would fan the flame of his attackers by putting yourselves in their spotlight.

Hey--I'm a political poet. I write some damn good political poems and I am OUTRAGED about the state of free speech, assembly, and the justification of torture as it is being promulgated by our government. I am annoyed at Campus Watch for infiltrating our Poetry is News event and writing an article which blatantly takes peoples' words out of context. They're irrational. Why counter them with more irrationality? It's like a bunch of crazy people talking to each other. They thrive on rhetoric... don't feed them. Fight the real struggle-- defend free speech by writing real letters with real facts that deal with real issues.

Sincerely,
Kristin Prevallet
Citizen Kay

kprevallet
kayletters.blogspot.com
www.kayvallet.com

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722. **Jesse Glass**

From Orlando--Ahadada Books

Sun 27 Mar 2005

Just wanted to draw your attention to the ahadada books website featuring the AWP Asian reading (Paolo Javier, Eileen Tabios Timothy Lieu, Nick Carbo, among other significant names). Check out ahadadabooks.com

Also, new work of mine up at Big Bridge, Cipherjournal, and Masthead online, including Riding the Vent, a long short-story about street life in Milwaukee, Wisc.

Back in the USA again, first in Maryland for two talks on Maryland history, and back to Orlando to collect students for the final jaunt to San Francisco. From there we take the final leap to Narita. Jesse

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723. **Dan Waber**

[poem] A Controlled Music

Sun 27 Mar 2005

27/61

Echo = only sunlight rests in my hand, I play these voices in crescendo on
my fingers, not quite flight, a controlled music

Source = Jennifer Hill-Kaucher from an unfinished exercise poem.

A Controlled Music

It was a simple plan, I was only
supposed to love up the cats, bring sunlight
(in the form of food) to their day of rests.
Except when I sat down to pet them, in
the living room, their evil purrs broke my
resolve and I fell asleep, keys in hand.

When I woke up a half hour later I
took a slow look at the room where you play
charades and improv with your daughter, these
pillows all the props you need, your voices
and body-goofing do all the work in
each production. When two laughs crescendo

together like yours, the whole room takes on
a holiness worth the tithing of my
life's wages. The kitten mauls my fingers.

The other two cats settle in, I'm not
going to stay much longer, but I don't quite
know how to leave. Out the door, down a flight
of sidewalk stairs, get in a car, turn a
key, drive is the best I can do. Controlled
motion is called dancing when there's music.

Dan Waber

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724. **Alan Sondheim**
moshi moshi, jennifer.

Sun 27 Mar 2005

moshi moshi, jennifer.

hello, I finally reached the easy edit partition. what now? i didn't know this
whas here, honestly. i thought i was 'somewhere else,' the construction of for
example, what? this hoo ha piece that already threatened to become somethig
I'd done before. but "easy edit" reads wonderfully, i'd say fantastically. some-
thing you've already known...

1 m\ 2 m 3 ls 4 m 5 ls 6 ha 7 h 8 ha ha 9 h-a 10 h -a 11 h -h 12 h --help 13 h --h
14 h /h 15 help 16 h 17 heh 18 h -eh 19 h -e 20 h -e ha ha 21 h -e hoo hoo 22 h -
e ho 23 h -e ob 24 h -g 25 h -l 26 h -m 27 h -p 28 h -t 29 h -at 30 h -t 31 h -v 32 h
-q 33 h 34 h -o 35 h -d 36 man h 37 man history 38 b 39 more history 40 ha ha
history 41 hystory 42 h 43 h 1 > hystory 44 more hystory 45 hu ha 46 he he 47
hee ee 48 ee

49 hello, I finally reached the easy edit partition. what now? i didn't
know this whas here, honestly. i thought i was 'somewhere else,' the
construction of for example, what? this hoo ha piece that already threat-
ened to become somethig I'd done before. but "easy edit" reads 50 wonder-
fully, i'd say fantastically. something you've already known...h

i must say i'm tired o all of this. i should get off-line permanently. please don't
contribute to my depression. you already recognize the symptoms... i'm bank-
rupt, there are no new ideas in my world. there probably aren't in yours either.
lost

—

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725. **D. Ross Priddle**

keep an eye on this

Sun 27 Mar 2005

it has been brought to my attention that nobody has been keeping an eye on this:

<http://bentspoon.blogspot.com>

of particular interest are three addnpasses from steve dalachinsky (plumb the sky!)

--

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726. **Anny Ballardini**

the Poets' Corner - Henry Gould

Sun 27 Mar 2005

My apologies to Henry Gould

[http://www.fieralingue.it/modules.php?](http://www.fieralingue.it/modules.php?name=Content&pa=list_pages_categories&cid=70)

[name=Content&pa=list_pages_categories&cid=70](http://www.fieralingue.it/modules.php?name=Content&pa=list_pages_categories&cid=70)

I forgot to mention in my update of the Poets' Corner his translation from Cesare Pavese:

[_Words from Exile_](#)

<http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=980>

The general index can be found at:

<http://www.fieralingue.it/modules.php?name=Content>

Best,

Anny Ballardini

<http://annyballardini.blogspot.com>

<http://www.fieralingue.it/modules.php?name=poetshome>

The aim of the poet is to awaken emotions in the soul, not to gather admirers.

Stalker, Andrei Tarkovsky

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727. **Jesse Taylor**

Jason Notte on SpiralBridge.org

Sun 27 Mar 2005

Check out the work of Jersey Poet Jason Notte on SpiralBridge.org

<<http://www.spiralbridge.org/home.asp>>

"Human salvation lies in the hands of the creatively maladjusted."
-Martin Luther King Jr.

~~~~~  
<http://www.SpiralBridge.org> <<http://www.spiralbridge.org/>>  
~~~~~

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728. **Steve Dalachinsky**

Re: sea of uncertainty uch inTrepid day thin

Sun 27 Mar 2005

media

medium

mediate

medicate

median

meditate

i love angels too

they defy thruways

their linen wings

outstretching like yawns

their wings

neatly folded in a corner

outsmarting the coroner always

ru ach ha kodesh ru ach ha kodesh

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729. **Steve Dalachinsky**

Fw: Re: Trepidation (poem)

Sun 27 Mar 2005

Subject: Tripod nation (poem?)

*cAll our views obscured
Honesty of slight funscene*

*take our lives as one
Blindfolded smelly mind*

*mirthing these perpetrating war childs
Of unbounded right winged ness*

*fearing our fear slugs
marbled shackles of yearning ashes*

*rail with our stingers
fAll asleep empty pockets*

*Cord of wife spoken by
Then silent behinds of evil*

*this pirate ate animals forever gasping
fEcal energies draws hat secluding us*

*trust rated mangled stings eat
Again stained dead hairs of hernias*

*pReaching the sly smile seeing
wallow cry these inevitable ava launches*

*To sit snails on a ghost ship
lead song into the seam of certainty*

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730. **Irving Weiss**

And How!

Sun 27 Mar 2005

I'm late in saying so, Miekal, but what wonderful pages of photos and vispos you put together for the Durban Segnini Visual Poetry Show! You're as original, inventive, and prolific a visual language artist AND poetry publicist, all together now, for the living moment, as Ezra once. Praise doesn't have to get me nowhere, Miekal, it's simply just as I say.

All to the Good,

Irving

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731. **Murray, Christine**

Campus Watch and Chilling Out & My Re-introduction to both these lists

Sun 27 Mar 2005

Hello, Wom-po and EPC folks--

Chris Murray here. I haven't posted much recently to either of these lists, and thought now might be a good time to re-introduce myself, in part because there seems to be some misunderstanding going on that I hope will be clarified.

I see there has been some continued talk and now some cross posting about this topic. I'm responding now as one who was targeted as a person and as an outspoken writer, twice this week, by editor Thomas Lifson of The American Thinker (who assumed I was a "He" : I find pronouns useless things, and assumptive pronouns make the writer, in this case Lifson, all the more foolish). Apparently my use of an expletive in my writing, and my irreverent objection about the term "soul" as a definitive purpose for poetry were cause to be targeted and ridiculed. I want to be clear on this, though: I only speak to my own situation of having been targeted.

For those of you who do not know me, here is some introduction: I am a poet and a university educator whose fields of modest accomplishment are rhetoric, literature, and creative writing. I also host a poetry reading series here at University of Texas at Arlington, via the Writing Center that I direct. This year my series hosted poets Joe Ahearn, Tia Black, Mark Doty, Hoa Nguyen, Dale Smith, Randy Prus Mark Weiss, Brian Clements, Susan Briante, Matthew Dickman, Eileen Tabios, and Sandy McIntosh. I am also an editor of our poetry journal, Znine, which has published many members of these two listservs in the last two years. At Znine I have also written interviews in dialogue with Annie Finch, and translator Chris Daniels. My published poems can be found online and in print in numerous journals. My book is forthcoming from Steve Tills' Theek Press. Additionally, I am the writer of the poetry blog chris murray's Texfiles: <http://texfiles.blogspot.com>, a writing endeavor I enjoy and take seriously--also a highly respected blog, if sometimes outrageous (by my choice), a blog I am happy and grateful to say is read daily by many people. Texfiles is read widely because, I am told, of the poet-features offered and the writing about issues in poetry, art, and politics, all of which it is my pleasure to research, compile and create. In writing Texfiles over the last two years I learned enough to also see the value of using a network of blogs in my college courses, just last fall, my course on Electronic Poetry (<http://e-po.blogspot.com>). The blog, or any networked venue can be a useful tool for learning--just as this listserv can be, or for that matter, any website can be. It has worked very well for students and for me as writer.

I hope this will clarify misconceptions, but I also have to say that what I am reading in some of the discourse on the Wom-Po threads does seem to me very removed from the origins of the problem, which indeed have to do with the weakly argued attack on Ammiel Alcalay by writer Alyssa Lappen and the editor, Thomas Lifson, of Campus Watch and The American Thinker.

I have objected strongly to the rhetorical treatment aimed at Ammiel Alcalay, and to the neo-conservative assumptions driving the writings at TAT and CW.

Here are my further thoughts on the way the problem has evolved:

1. I think the continued circulation of response to Lifson and Lappen unwittingly helps their cause. It just reiterates and further disseminates their profile, and is a form of overkill-- they and their views are not worth this much energy-- or, not much more of mine, anyway; to that effect, this is the last I'll be writing about and referencing this problem, except to emphasize that any well argued letter to these journals in defense of Ammiel Alcalay's poetry, his stance and rights as an educator, is definitely worth any individual's energy, should they choose.

2. Now, to me, this part is important: My responses on Texfiles to Lifson's attacks ****on me**** are satirical, which is my chosen mode for response to fools who target me in the way this editor did fools who do not merit my respect nor my argumentative skill. In that, I want it known that I speak only for myself, and gladly. In all, I form rejoinders in any way I see fit.

3. I read somewhere in one of the Wom-po posts that there is apparently some kind of "blog fighting" going on. I am not aware of any kind of "blog fighting" pertaining to this topic and if there is any, I am not a part of it.

Best Wishes,

Chris Murray

<http://texfiles.blogspot.com>

<http://e-po.blogspot.com>

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732. **Joe Brennan**

Cheney Defends Appointments He Told Rove To Order Bush To Make

Sun 27 Mar 2005

Click here: The Assassinated Press

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

Cheney Defends Appointments He Told Rove To Order Bush To Make:

'Project For A New American Century' Taking Up Power Positions For Final World Conflagration:

Administration Hopes To Triple Enlistments And De Facto Draft For Final Push Into World's Oil And Natural Resource Centers:

Many Good Seats Left As Evolutionary White People Terra Form, Colonize Mars And Creationist White People Pack For The Rapture:

Is God's Bed And Breakfast Overbooked? "I Mean The Love's Infinite. But What About The Clean Towels And The Complimentary Breakfast.":

New Strategy---Fake To Rice, Go Long To Rumsfeld
By JIM HANGEMHI

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733. **Gabriel Gudding**
rhode island notebook 6.17.03 - 6.20.03
Sun 27 Mar 2005

rhode island notebook 6.17.03-6.20.03

[anabasis]

2:16pm June 17, 03, On
pavement at Toyota Quik Lube
mit just had oil change. Bright
sun mesocumuli hang on
horizon at edge of watery blue ceiling
Morrisey & Veterans Pkwy 2:19pm
Main & Veterans 2:20
I rise on 74 east 2:23pm bright sun &
set odometer pavement a flat porridge-colored
mash of grey & tan (thus beige)
cut like a line of Hopkins instress
beneath the robin's egg frosting
of the inverted cupcake of the firmament
and past the jiggling green
I am bound for Nova Anglia.

I yacht thru vegetal Illinois
past Le Roy now
at 2:34, past clot on rt
of black & brown sunglistened
cows ears out to cool themselves
past silos & small Norman
grain bins (too silver
in the sun). Radio towers I
am doing 72.

The small corn's
three octaves darker
than the waving wheat-green fescues
of the ditches, Piatt County 24 miles.

The way the houses rise here without trees
on these undulant soils
are as frigates of faucets and shelves

they have gone on the sea of towns
I drive for Clio
to bring her back here
the summer.

Saffron sun. The corporate corn.
Vegetal seaplain
a wind feels straight
of Tunis but w/out the dust
And fundamentally humid. Salt
Fork River 55m 3:12pm
Specks of gritty flowers near the
bridges

Vermilion County 61m The Mandan
Around Fort Clark North Dakota
traded for a yellow paint called "Vermillion"
The MANDAN NATION was exterminated
by small pox around 1839

Their Chief MATÒ-TOPE
was painted by Carl Bodmer
in 1833. He had reputedly killed
several white men by the time
he stood for Bodmer's portrait
which took 4 days to paint.
This Continent was "settled" by
Europeans via a Campaign of
biological Warfare whose fruits
we now see in the vermilion ears
of the good Corn.

Kickapoo State Park 69m
In the Middle Fork Vermilion River 72m
I saw greasy man-length green threads of water moss
smeared under the water shine
Salt Fork Vermilion River 74m

Reality can be felt deeply
in 2 ways:
rightly & wrongly. When rightly
our willing response is love
and curiosity. When we react w/
pride and fear. Awe
is the blend of both fear
& curiosity and is as close as Americans come to curiosity. Indiana border

80-odd miles.

Wabash River Fountain
County 90 m 3:44pm
Graham Creek how you sun 93m
Dry Run Creek 98.3m
Slightly rolling shallow
be-treed hills here

Stratocumuli dimmer, bigger
“the enormous aggregate that is
our war on all the lands
and seas of the globe”

Ernie Pyle, apologist
for the death makers
“Everything of this world
had stopped, except war.”

Ernie Pyle

Sugar Creek 118 miles from Normal

We heard the Anchor Chain
rattle deeply in Rome
All of it, the sky, measles w/ cloud
that massive tundra of Air
the russian olive trees shaped
like cumuli here

I see many old framed telephone poles
grey crisp wood bleached stiff
as cocks bent by the curves
the catenary weight of the wire
curved like woman
What an idyll is my yachtcar
in Boone County I dash
in an idyll car

Did the Mortar shell make A
terrific quacking sound
An instant duck come to life
and then gone in a quack
packed with shrapnel
I believe it was that which
burst my yacht
near Advance, Indiana at 135m

I see dill patching the rt ditch
its dull yellow almost
a digestive stomach-lining yellow
the cat tails then, huge & reedy
holding their small poops vertical.

Redwinged blackbirds sit at their desks
on top of them.

Are there no gentle

men in America?

It's my doubt these Indiana pickups
hold Any. No in this

Jesus country.

Eagle Creek Reservoir 154m

4:40pm

70east Indy 4:49 162m

Here in Indy

the cat tail spoor have burst.

I see the Indy City Center
hazed blue, blue itself its buildings

At 170m in Indy I see

there

the Awful Ziggurat of Lilly

Ziggurat of Morphia

Ziggurat of boring verse

Ruth E Lilly who bequeathed a million
to Poetry Magazine. Eli Lilly who made
a billion on Prozac, Lily Poppy,
Morphia done

in the land of the dead Indians

70 east closed must take 74east

Heard this BS lie on NPR: "US forces continue
to mix humanitarian aid w/
Military muscle." -at 5:10pm

70east 5:10pm CST

2 days Ago in New Harmony, Indiana

I heard "Ellen Bryant Voigt" "read"

her poetry, she

ah she

kept repeating

the 20 yr old Yeats' pronouncement

that poetry's about passion but I think she has confused Passion with

Melodrama, strange
she should be so prim her poetry
limp, the melodrama inside it her poetry is prim wordy
sounded
like cats effing.

Nameless Creek 203 m

Anthony Creek. There
are the Goofy Hoosiers in
in the distant field
w/ shorts on, Stadium Empty,
huddling at some game in the sunlight
Montgomery Creek
There Are the Hoosiers in tractors,
men & women west
of Big Blue River cutting
booby-thick median grass
and the grasses of the ditches
That odd butterfly
 seemed so happy
the light in the east lighting her

Optimistic little things
though I know sometimes melancholy
Generally a butterfly is
guileless, a wisp on a hinge
only slightly tougher than the wind itself
Whitewater River there are no
large bugsplats yet
Move by me are blossoming dill
5:56pm 237m rest stop
6:01 back on 70e the sun is
nested in a sick haze
behind me.

"The point was that we on the
shore knew we cd substitute
machines for lives."

Ernie Pyle

Ohio State Line 250m

(Shelton Fireworks on
Indiana side - stop there on
way back) - 250m ½ tank gone.
Long constellation in median

of blue & white wildflowers
superbalways happy
to leave Indiana. I wish I had more compassion in me, I wish I had
less judgment head
Let us build A creek over it
and wash Away its republicans

"We had eleven Negro boys aboard,
All in the stewards Department"

Ernie Pyle, BRAVE MEN

"They were all quiet nice boys
and A credit to the ship." - Ernie Pyle

"They all had Music in their
souls. I had to laugh when the ward room
radio was playing a hot tune, I'd
notice them grinning to themselves &
dancing ever so slightly as they went
About their serving." - Ernie Pyle

"One of the boys was George Edward
Mallory of Orange, Virginia. He was
32...." - Ernie Pyle
The Hoosier Ernie Pyle

6:28 CST 269m

Weighty sky

orange-blue clouds roll
encompassing & burly
from the North I must take off
sunglasses, I stop @ Brookville OH
& consume 2 fish sandwiches.

I see grass islands in
Stillwater State Scenic River

bugsplat, almost blue, near
Great Miami River I believe
it had been a beetle

Brandt Pike Huber Heights
Carriage Hill

Mad River 293m

Talk to Colleagues, faculty About
Charlie's line re someone pub-
oriented, po-mo lit & willing to take
over UNIT for Contemporary Lit.

Ulysses S. Grant was from,
I think, Point Pleasant
Ohio I have no idea if
that town
is anywhere near Springfield
Ohio where I currently Am
7:28pm at dim apricot evening
an hr before an Ohio

sunset

When he was a boy
Ulysses Grant
swung from horses' tails

Fewer pickups in Ohio, not
As hot - Massive junkyard of
farm equipment 330m
Ulysses S. Grant stood 5 feet 1 inch
I see Llamas there

Ho Ho Yamas!

270-N 7:48 CST

Acteon had seen the goddess bathing
seen her breasts & hips
had seen the light blowing beneath
her arms

her hair like bright vegetables
her hips a platoon from her
vulva

Northwest Columbus wall to wall
grey clouds mollify

orange dusk All our lights
Are on. Where are the geese.
Has Achilles Ate them? His
Whiskeys Are orbiting. He
cannot get to them.

Achilles has ate the ducks.

Achilles has Ate the llamas.

fewer US flags this
trip than any other trip.
Achilles has Ate the brandy,
the quinine
the geese he ate
The horses & mud he

ate them. 360 m 71 N

A terrible footbridge over the

HWY at 362m is festooned w/
U.S. flags

The gelatinous sausage meat
was made of a were-stag, a deer-man
formerly Acteon. I see
a skulk of foxes in the rt ditch
near Sunbury OHIO

Large field of white wildflower
constellated on rt, each white
clump approx. 3x4 feet, maybe
400 clumps strewn upon 5
Acres seen despite a settling
mist & impending dusk

Greasy flank of dark cloud
on right tree line ½ mile off.

Andrew Jackson, the Mothererfer,
killed the Choctaws & Cherokees
What A Great Idea!

And After, for Jackson, the voices and the laughterthe glasses and orchestras
strewn thru spring

Mansfield OH 409m
darkness

Fill on Ashland / Wooster OH

Exit 186

426 m 9:04 CST

37.6m (since fill) 9.845g

44.45 mpg

I set these matters down not
to instruct others, but to
inform myself – or so said
John Steinbeck.

“We find after years of struggle
that we do not take a trip –
a trip takes us.” – John
Steinbeck, Travels w/ Charlie

“Thus I discovered that I did not
know my own country.” JSteinbeck

When I stop in them gas station
And see
ignorant peoples
I wonder
Why they ignorant
Why are they gullibe
Where they should have had passion
and Love
they have fear and pride
How they can be so proud
and so simultaneous dumb
IS THIS CAR NOT MY
ROSANANTE?

76e 451m 9:41 CST
10:44pm Eastern time I burst
through A castle of paper
that has appeared on the
road ONWARD ROSANANTE
Confetti blizzards behind me
It may have been a nunnery of paper
Have I burst many nuns
There is a slightly naughty
quality of fire to breaklights
The Amber kindles gripped
by the asses of cars
As if each trailed 2 bundles
of burning broom straw

But we do not speak of it on
the road. Our cars, our
yachts, our turtles, our steeds
our hermit homes look forward,
pioneers, O conestogas forward
and have no traveling end
We are Stern and bow
have no aft or end
They before me are not Americans
for Americans have no Asses
We Are All Assays
Meander Reservoir 511m
lit w/ sheen of orange sodium

lights luminousing in low clouds
beyond trees are dark.

80 east 515m 11:41 eastern
Pennsylvania Welcomes me w/ a
blue sign.

Shenango River: gray
half-dollar flick of wings
My windshield missed
a moth. I have often wondered
if the slapping swirl of air from A
passing car would cripple a
Moth or hobble
A butterfly.

Fine grain of mist past 10 miles
wipers can't quite take it off
they smear it into a thin condiment
made of bug meat and cloud water

It clings there w/ an almost static charge
to the clear silicate toast of
my windscreen
138 m ¼ tank gone.

Now A crackling rain 8 miles
West of CLARION 1245am ESt
Shippenville 2 miles
The rises drops & turns of this
stretch cause the dinosaur sized
Median trees to drop rise &
sway their leaves strain
and sift the lights of the
oncoming traffic which are not
yellow. Or beige nor tan. But a
kind of off white, a sallow white,
though some of the newer cars have
blue

And in this raining night
their reflections glister like
those prism blobs & corpuscles of light
one sees on the eyelashes
in a rain or if one has cried
and tried to see. Punxsatauwney,

North Fork Creek

There is a mist whose rate of
deposit on the windscreen falls
slightly below the first indexed
wiping speed, which causes a slight
annoyance in the driving
1:15 - 1:19am Stop to Defecate 619m
Chesapeake Bay Watershed
Dense fog aluminum colored
in the lights.

Descending the fog elevates
I drop to Curwensville Lake.
I ascend out of whatever
valley I was in, and on the rise
A happy rain giving a sound
of crinkling small candy wrappers.
ONWARD ROSANANTE
I believe I am hydroplaning
Lightning flash (blue-white)
2:10am I am being
followed by someone who insists
on staying behind me - and recall
that this Doppelgänger always
appears

On this lonely Alleghany stretch
No matter if I reduce my
speed to 40 or bolt away
at 80 it follows. Back
there 3 or so miles it
got right on me & I coasted
to 40 mph. It did not pass!
but decelerated as well.

Dense fog & thorough thick rain.
Rain rain Rain rain Rain
Lamar Lamar
699m

2:37am EST
Stop to Sleep at Lamar, PA
Travel Ctr (TA)

Wake to heavy rain from an
Aluminum sky 7:28am. Fill on

6.377 gallons - at 42.53 mpg
back on hwy 80east 7:45am
The Mighty Susquehanna here
near Milton I squeak over
the tin brown water. Its
width here is similar to
the Wabash at New Harmony, IN.

I cross the Susquehanna again
at 768m. Sky lightening
but still low, mist stopping
dragging gray rags part way
up mountains on rt, tops
occluded, road drying Wedn
the 18th of June TODAY I see Clio!

81 N 785m N to
Wilkes-Barre Mist again
on 84. Black twisted hanks
of tires, retreads delaminated,
lay at the rt shoulder
like exhausted black muskellunge
Smaller fragments rest curved
resembling fingernails
or charred forearms cragged w/ bones
stiffened w/ their radial steel wires
rest stop urination 846 m

9:56 AM
The Sway and Swish of traffic
through eastern Pennsylvania
is balletic and calm
near Lords Valley Dingmans
Ferry. The dense thin trunked
oaks and birch rise in a great
green poof mattress on
close grassed hills either side
of tin-skied 84. Metamorphic
and shaley Rocks knuckle out the grass
easily here

At NY border high shale
cliff brow above trees
and bear square bold numerals

in whitewash: 91 1999
2000

Near Port Jervis A petulant
red early 90s Chrysler
convertible, beige canvas top
down, flings itself past me.
A stiff cheap plastic

American flag on its aerial.
The flag, raging like A
multicolored choked pigeon[1]
bursts free of the Aerial
and falls grateful & exhausted
to the road. I am
careful to run it
over. Fog. I am at
dewpoint

and the road rises & pulls
me up & into it, only to pull me out
when lowered.

Wallkill River 900 m
Now here again under low
tin roiling clouds
over the wide Hudson I travel
the Hamilton Fish bridge & steam
into a delta of cars backed
at the tollgates. Blonde
makeupped sweetfaced toll lady
"Thank you Have a good day" A
smile, she takes my dollar bill

then a half mile of willows
on my left
Fishkill Creek near Poughkeepsie
& Peekskill the clouds Are
an Alloy of milk & glowing lead
A faded blue bumpersticker on A Ford:
UNITED IN PRAYER
URINATE IN EAST FISHKILL NY
930 m 11:15-19 am
942m EAST BRANCH CROTON RIVER
CONNECTICUT BORDER
946 m 11:33pm 55 speed limit

691e 985m 12:10
Must meet Clio & M.
at Martin Luther King Elementary
School

Quinnipiac River
in silver mist
91 North 994 m
9 S heavy mist low
featureless sky dull of color
but bright

Mattabesset River
traffic
heavy Mist deluging spray
Are we driving through
clam juice?

95 N 1030 m 12:50pm
Approaching Rhode Island
No mist, sky gone up its
ladder
New macadam the odd burnt butter
smell of tar

1063 m R I border 1:19pm
Down a wet straight aisle in the
mirroring macadam new clouds are
framed, scudding kinds, south
to North.

Arrive Motel 6 Warwick 1:48 pm EST
will Bathe now and then to Clio's school
where soon she's getting out,
then to summer with me

[katabasis]

4:29 AM EST June 19 Southbound
Hwy 95 2.1 m fr. hotel
After Dunkin Donuts, o j
for Clio, Large creamed coffee, me,
4 old fashioned (plain)
Sky faintly glow purple
Glory Glory Glory it
is morning
And what a Grand Girl

My daughter is
Connecticut A pink blue scene
Dark seagulls right to left
at New London. Across the
Massive high arching bridge
I see the sub base docks
the purple water smeared
 yellow
w/ the greased shine
 of sodium lights
Delicate fog, coffee good
Fog & Empty road on 9
North to to Mattabesset River
Fog lifts at Middletown
Clio asleep at 10 to 6.
691 west 100.3m
Sodium lights at Watertown still &
 mist gray

6 AM Clio snoring
Descend hill to Quinnipiac River
Am near Milldale, Cheshire
Waterbury Danbury
Cheshire Prospect
Hello St Mary's, the hospital
in yr foggy brick.
Southford, Southbury
Newtown brighter now
Sandyhook wind
 sodium lights off
Brookfield Connecticut
morning traffic
Bethel
I am leaving Nova Anglia
84 W 145 m
New York State, North Salem
 Brewster Fishkill
Poughkeepsie Peekskill
Newburgh Beacon
Wappinger Falls
The Hudson River whited
w/ a Milk Fog opposite hills

faint green – green milk hills
Highland New Paltz
West Point Walden
Montgomery Newburgh
enough w/ the Newburgh
Middletown Port Jervis
Maybrook
 No fog, just haze
in the middle trees
Willows 8 foot swamp grass
 Akin to Wheat
Binghamton Goshen
Greenville Oh
 What a superb swamp
 rt. side cum duck grass
 elevation now 1254 ft. at top
 of colossal hill
dead possumsmall rt shoulder
Sussex Port Jervis
Delaware River
Pennsylvania border
 Matamoras

4 small birds in flight
Scree at base of cliffs
 cool day
Milford one b rd
Dingmans Ferry Lords Valley
Porters Lake Blooming Grove
Pecks Pond Lake Wallenpaupack
Porter's Lake Blooming Grove
Taftan Gray Gray
Palmyra Gray Gray
Grentown Gray
Newfoundland Hamlin

Mt Cobb sumac
 water greased cliffs
cold milk haze cold milk sky
Dunmore Throop
 Carbon Dale
Wilkes-Barre Scranton
Avoca Dupont Pittston

Bear Creek Nanticoke
Nuangola First sun
 Strained thru gray
 cloud milk
& chopping trees
cut cakes of cliffs

Conyngham Nescopeck
urinic sun dishwater sky
Mifflin township
Clio reading
 Madeline's Rescue
in back 9:15am
Mainville Mifflinville
pale yellow, pale blue, & hard pink
 wildflowers all over
ditches also egg white
Susquehanna River
Lime Ridge Berwick
Bloomsburg Buckhorn

Danville Limestoneville
repaving 80 Westbound near
I-180 junction
Susquehanna River
Lewisburg Williamsport
Few US Flags now
Under A bridge where some itiod
had painted "Trust Jesus"
someone else painted out the
"Jesus" and painted "Yourself"
in its place.
Mile Run Tractor-trailer
are Annoying how they
speed up down hills or

to pass & then block
traffic slowing on an
 incline

Many dinky dirty yellow
 flowers
FOG Densing near
 Loganton

ghosting grey-beige soughs shoulder
through the trees

Lockhaven

Clio re panorama of the forests
near Lockhaven: "It looks
like broccoli!"

Porter Township Lamar

"I'm learning to read! Madeline
books are my favorite now.

They're special. Aren't they Daddy!"

Marion Township

Bellefonte

Dead body of Chihuahua sized

chocolate colored piglet

rt shoulder

stiff w/ sunbloat

Milesburg

"Daddy we're right near the
mountain. It's just like driving
on a nice river."

SNOW SHOE 10:45 AM

"Dad, were you ever a cowboy?"

"Dad, you can be one and block
cows. And I can be your partner."

Philipsburg Kylertown

"I see a horse in the sky. It's made
out of clouds."

Woodland Shawville

Curwensville Lake

West branch of Susquehanna
near Clearfield at Exit 120

Penfield

Dubois Brockway

Hazen Brookville

Sigel Punxsatawney

North Fork Creek

Union Township Corsica

Clarion Township 496m

Strattanville

New Bethlehem Clarion
500 m
Monroe Township Shippenville
Clarion River
Beaver Township
Knox
St. Petersburg Emlenton
Foxburg Alleghany River
Butler County Clintonville
Barkeyville Franklin Oil City Area
Slipperyrock University Butler
Dottles of rain at Grove City
Windy flags at Grove City
Grove City Shady Lake Mercer
Lackawanna
New Castle Sharon-Hermitage
Shenango River
Ohio Border 566m
Trumbull Co line
Hubbard
Youngstown Girard
Canfield Niles
Rain spats 1x2 cm 1:38pm
Meander Reservoir
King Lear sky 76w
Rain SPATS AGAIN 5x1cm 1:40pm
1:47pm I ask Clio to draw
our car. She says, "I'm
on the case, Daddy." and
begins to draw.
Berlin Lake Newton Falls
Lake Milton.
FLAG ON A CONSTRUCTION CRANE: WILL
we ever be rid of the
FLAG PLAGUE?
Alliance, Ohio
Rootstown Ravenna
epiphytic growth vines on tree
Kent State 610m fr. Providence
Akron dim sun the

full sun semi-heavy
traffic
Canton Barberton Lodi
Massillon Norton
Wadsworth Ohio
Rittman Medina
Seville Lodi
Finlay Ohio
71S 2:50pm
They fixed the evil problematic
macadam on the
exit ramp
College of Wooster Wooster
Massive HWY construction N of
Ashland
Congress West Salem
The US flag has become
the pin of half wits
666m Stop at Days
INN at Exit 186
Ashland OH exit
6:10 AM on HWY
Clio's developed an eye
bother, maybe pink eye
Sun direct behind me
Clio asleep in back
Sunbury Mt. Gilead
Delaware. Sun low in the
left door Ohio Wesleyan
Worthington I-270 west
Columbus's ring road heavy
traffic Marysville
Dublin Muirfield
Upper Arlington
Hilliard Ohio
I-70 West 7:24 am
Dead Kitty w/ collar
Calico, pretty, on its left side, rt shoulder
w/ its back to road
Plain City

London Summerford

Land flattening now
yet slightly rollingland in
view of the road varying
between 20' - 30' in heights.

Springfield

Ask M. if she
wrote to my parents again
Cedarville 801m Sun
bright & to the right
right rear

Xenia Urbana
Enon Donnelsville

Mad River 813 m
Huber Heights Brandt Pike
the Great Miami River, 821m,
looks beautiful, brown, &
intimate
In effect, the ubiquitous display
of the flag is akin to
Hussein's or any dictator's
use of portraiture
Eaton Greenville

Rest stop 852m 8:45am EST
Indiana Border

The billboards. The hell
of billboardsAnd
so commence
the billboards
of the Hoosiers

Greens Fork River
Cambridge City
Connersville Hagerstown

Fr. the backseat: 888m 9:15am:
"Daddy, What is the soul?"

[explanation]

"So, Angels are souls! Cool!"

New Castle Spiceland 890m
Big Blue River 892m

Montgomery Creek
Six Mile Creek
Why do they name the rivers
 They don't need to
Anthony Creek
Nameless Creek
Stop rest stop 905m
(rest stop mileage is 9 miles over
the mileage tablet in the cubbyhole
that I made up to measure all the reststops
between providence and normal)
Greenfield Maxwell
Bright blue crisp sky No clouds
Moon ½ stage
Mount Comfort

New Palestine. And so we go
on, all of us, finding dentists
465 ring road around Indy
detour for repairs on 70
miss ogling Lilly Billyding

Bush sticker1st & only one
 I've seen this trip.
"Lick Creek"
White River West Fork
 Directly south of Indy
½ tank gone 270m
45.378 mpg

I-74 949m 10:18 AM EST
10:20 AM Pass Eagle
Creek Reservoir its shining
green grass embankments
newly cut - can see
the straight parallel marks of the mowers
on the dike grass
inexplicably (for it is steep)
pinstriping its flanks

Take Clio to Lake Evergreen
 to show her the dam.
She's asking what a dam is.

"Is it like a hurricane?"
she asks

Pittsboro

Lizton

Lebanon

"It sounds like 'sons' are
the sun in the air.
But they're not. They're
little kids."

A mile of dill on the rt. ditch.

Jamestown Advance

Crawfordsville Wabash College

Sugar Creek Linden

Waynetown Wingate

"I wish you were famous & rich."

"Why?"

"Because you're such a good daddy.

Daffy Duck used to be rich.

Because remember how he made
the dog laugh. On the news they
said 'Someone must make this sick
dog laugh & get one hundred million dollars.'

And soon he was down to his
last million. And he looked &
saw a sign that said, 'You lost,
Daffy!' And he looked and it
was right."

Veedersburg Attica

Covington Graham Creek

Newport Terre Haute

Illinois border

Prison mile on the rt.

White towers at its corners
looks square or pentagonal, rarely
come through here in the daytime
Still no clouds

Danville Potash Center

Massive barnlike
structure filled w/ potash.

Traintracks come to deposit
or retrieve the potash

wind shifted to my stern.
18-23 mph Vermilion River

Salt Fork Vermilion River
Stopped pee & play at idyllic
rest area west of Danville
shady, has pond w/ aerating fountain, big trees,
clear slides etc. Clio played
w/ her new blue ball. When we
got out of vehicle, saw that
A sparrow had become lodged
in rt. side grillwork. Pulled its still
pliable body out, head
remained in & fell to
depths of engine compartment.
11:51 CST depart rest area
Clio bubbling ball in back
Am bearing 3 heads to Normal:
2 human heads and one sparrow

Fithian Rankin
"Roses are Red
My Gun is Blue
I am Safe
How About You?
Gunssavelife.com"
Nazi Burma Shave
Signs near Homer Illinois
The American concern for Safety
Cleanliness and the Freedom
to be Selfish, Greedy, and to Retain
the Right to bomb other countries
to dependency

[1] Pigeons. I submit that pigeons are a bird who arose on the earth because of the Crucifixion. Mary Magdalen took a bird egg and squished it into the hole in Jesus's side at some point in the afternoon on Good Friday, into the wound made by the Centurion. Round midday on Sunday just before Jesus died a large pink pigeon fell like a pus-bleb out of Jesus's side and wormed into the air. That was a pigeon. Now it is a mini-flag that I just ran over.

Gabriel Gudding
Illinois State University
Normal, IL 61790

[↑ Contents](#)

734. **George Bowering**
Re: Chess Legend Bobby Fischer: U.S. Is Evil
Sun 27 Mar 2005

Well, they were both best at what they did,
and they were both right about the US government's
attitude toward capital.

gb

On 26-Mar-05, at 5:40 PM, Peter Cudmore wrote:

Does anyone else recognize a similarity between Bobby Fischer and Ezra Pound?

:P

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

*From: UB Poetics discussion group
[mailto:████████] On Behalf Of Ishaq
Sent: 26 March 2005 22:49
To: ██████████
Subject: Chess Legend Bobby Fischer: U.S. Is Evil*

<http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2005/03/39404.php>

Chess Legend Bobby Fischer: U.S. Is Evil

REYKJAVIK, Iceland - His hair and beard were neatly trimmed, but his opinions were still bristling. On his first full day of freedom after nine months' detention in Japan, Bobby Fischer said Friday he was happy to be in Iceland and denounced the United States as "evil."..."They talk about the axis of evil. What about the allies of evil ... the United States, England, Japan, Australia? These are the evildoers," Fischer said.

Chess Legend Bobby Fischer: U.S. Is Evil

Fri Mar 25, 1:17 PM ET

By JILL LAWLESS, Associated Press Writer

REYKJAVIK, Iceland - His hair and beard were neatly trimmed, but his opinions were still bristling. On his first full day of freedom after nine months' detention in Japan, Bobby Fischer said Friday he was happy to be in Iceland and denounced the United States as "evil."

In a rambling news conference, the combative and eccentric chess champion sparred with U.S. journalists who asked about his anti-American tirades.

"They talk about the axis of evil. What about the allies of evil ... the United States, England, Japan, Australia? These are the evildoers," Fischer said.

He thanked his "wonderful friends" in Iceland, which granted him citizenship after he was held in Japan on a U.S. extradition warrant.

But he also said Iceland's enthusiasm for chess was misplaced, because the game is "utterly corrupt ... and has been for many years."

Declaring that he was "finished" with chess, Fischer added: "I don't play the old chess. But obviously if I did, I would be the best."

Fischer was freed early Thursday after nine months' detention for trying to leave Japan using an invalid U.S. passport. Japan agreed to release him after he accepted Iceland's offer of citizenship.

His fiancée, Miyoko Watai, the head of Japan's chess association, accompanied him to Iceland.

During his long flight from Tokyo to Copenhagen and then by chartered jet from a small airport in southern Sweden, Fischer railed against the governments of Japan and the United States, calling Japanese Prime Minister Junichiro Koizumi "mentally ill" and a "stooge" of President Bush([search]) (news - web sites).

"This was a kidnapping because the charges that the Japanese charged me with are totally nonsense," he told Associated Press Television News on the flight.

An American chess champion at 14 and a grand master at 15, the enigmatic Fischer has long had a reputation for volatility, and a troubled relationship with the United States. On Friday, he again declared himself an unrepentant enemy of the "hypocritical and corrupt" United States, which he claims organized his "judicial kidnapping."

"They decided Fischer had to go to prison. He had to be destroyed ... they decided to cook up whatever charges they

cooked up," he told reporters.

Fischer, whose mother was Jewish but who has a history of anti-Semitic outbursts, accused "the Jew-controlled U.S. government" of ruining his life.

Fischer, 62, was wanted by the United States for violating sanctions imposed on the former Yugoslavia by playing an exhibition match against the Soviet Union's Boris Spassky there in 1992. He had fought deportation since he was detained by Japanese officials last July, and at one point had said he wanted to become a German citizen.

After a nine-month tussle between Fischer and Japanese authorities, Iceland's Parliament stepped in this week to break the standoff by giving Fischer citizenship.

Fischer is popular in Iceland, a country with one of the highest numbers of chess players per capita in the world and the site of his most famous match - a 1972 world championship victory over Spassky that was the highlight of Fischer's career and a world-gripping symbol of Cold War rivalry.

"Even though I don't know him personally, I have the feeling of knowing him through his biography of chess, his games," said Magnus Skulason, an Icelandic psychiatrist and chess enthusiast who came to the airport to greet Fischer. "It was hard to think of him going to jail for many years."

This nation of fewer than 300,000 people is a staunch U.S. ally, but there is a strong undercurrent of public anger at the government's support for the U.S.-led Iraq([search]) (news - web sites) war, which was opposed by four fifths of Icelanders.

Iceland's ambassador to Japan, Thordur Oskarsson, said Washington sent a "message of disappointment" to the Icelandic government over its decision to grant Fischer a passport. The United States has an extradition treaty with Iceland, and could still try to have Fischer deported.

If convicted of violating U.S. sanctions imposed to punish then-President Slobodan Milosevic (news - web sites), Fischer could face 10 years in prison and a \$250,000 fine.

His Icelandic supporters vow that won't happen.

"I think he is safe now," said Thorstein Matthiasson, 39. "We have more courage than the Japan

___\
Stay Strong\
\
"

*"Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor"
--Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)\ \ "This mathematical*

*rhythmical mechanism enhances my wisdom\ of Islam, keeps me
calm from doing you harm, when I attack, it's Vietnam"\
--HellRazah\ \ "It's not too good to stay in a white man's
country too long"\ --Mutabartuka\ \ "As for we who have
decided to break the back of colonialism, \ our historic
mission is to sanction all revolts, all desperate \ actions,
all those abortive attempts drowned in rivers of blood."\
- Frantz Fanon*

**
*"Everyday is Ashura and every land is Kerbala"\ -Imam Ja'far
Sadiq\ \ <http://scratchcue.blogspot.com/> *
<http://www.sleepybrain.net/vanilla.html>
**
*http://www.world-crisis.com/analysis_comments/766_0_15_0_C/ *
\ <http://ilovepoetry.com/search.asp?keywords=braithwaite&orderBy=date>
**
<http://www.lowliferecords.co.uk/>
**
}

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735. **Alan Sondheim**

Hi - replies -

Mon 28 Mar 2005

Hi - just to summarize my replies quickly -

In regard to Jonathen's assertion - Well, yes and no. The digital is a mapping on the analog; it always requires energy. If the analog simply is, the digital simply isn't; if the analog exists in the real, the digital occupies the theoretical/ abstract, and its mapping, which appears digital - i.e. 0s and 1s, on the sub-atomic level, is entangled.

Julia asserts that all cats are allergens; that's only partially true. If you bathe them or live with one, the two of you will get used to each other.

Marianne, I think you totally misread me. There was no insult intended. Sometimes I'm just too tired to think clearly - I shouldn't reply at all in these states. Please accept my apologies; I'd like to continue the discussion.

Richardson: I think you're wrong here. Yes, the audion was created by Fleming, but wasn't it de Forest who brought it to fruition, with the addition of the grid? My history is hazy. I do know that once the idea of the tube was released to the world, development was rapid. It was difficult at first with the spark gap, which stuttered across the electromagnetic spectrum; the very concept of a

tuned circuit ("syntony") was unknown. The apparatus was so simple, the concepts so difficult! Edison's work always capitalized on this - the light-bulb, phonograph, motion picture - they all could have been constructed with 18th-century technology.

May, you might have to revise the extinction rate upwards. A few years ago it was 3-4 species / hr.; at the moment, with the opening up of new areas for oil exploration, increased rates of global warming, etc., the catastrophic is breathing down our neck.

Starflight, try `Do[Plot3D[(x^3 + 4y^3)*Exp[-(x^2 + y^2)], {x, -5, 5}, {y, -5, 5}, PlotPoints -> 80, Boxed -> False, Axes -> False, ViewPoint -> {1.041, 2.877, 28}, Background -> RGBColor[.2, 0, 0], ClipFill -> None], {n, 1, 10, .5}];` - it worked for me. `Do ContourPlot` might be more useful in terms of resolution; I'll try that later. I did substitute some trigonometric functions, but they're really obdurate - they immediately dominated the animation. Anyway, take this stuff and drop it into QT pro.

Larry - thanks for the package and INSPIRE information. I'm probably going to build the VLF radio described. In one of the papers, the sounds of early-morning motors is described; I'd like to record that, a town waking up, the stirring of the power-grid itself. These lf radiations entering space probably dominate just about anything else except perhaps what Arecibo produces.

And finally Sharon, I've never been into sexual cutting. Splaying the body apart, binding it, exhibitions of all sorts, liquid immersions, but nothing that would really alter things on a more or less permanent level. It's true I can see the advantage of inscribing a history of encounters on the self, the degradation and abjection that would permanently accompany one, but it also frightens me. I think the descent is irreversible; I wouldn't be surprised if endorphins are eventually involved, with the real possibility of bodily harm.

Thanks to everyone, and apologies for this group reply -

- Alan

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736. **Kiria Pepe**

Re: Campus Watch and Chilling Out & My Re-introduction to both these lists

Mon 28 Mar 2005

Hello...Im new to this..and not even sure from where I must emerg even, but something struck me in a very fundamental way. I have over the past few days received many email messages and the one thing that comes through is the blatant criticism of the writer....why? Poetry is a gift, be it for the

reader or for the writer or both. There is no room for criticism of the written text, to critique the given text is a totally different matter, its a play on words. Dont you think?

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

From: "Murray, Christine" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Monday, March 28, 2005 4:32 AM

Subject: Campus Watch and Chilling Out & My Re-introduction to both these lists

Hello, Wom-po and EPC folks--

Chris Murray here. I haven't posted much recently to either of these lists, and thought now might be a good time to re-introduce myself, in part because there seems to be some misunderstanding going on that I hope will be clarified.

I see there has been some continued talk and now some cross posting about this topic. I'm responding now as one who was targeted as a person and as an outspoken writer, twice this week, by editor Thomas Lifson of The American Thinker (who assumed I was a "He" : I find pronouns useless things, and assumptive pronouns make the writer, in this case Lifson, all the more foolish). Apparently my use of an expletive in my writing, and my irreverent objection about the term "soul" as a definitive purpose for poetry were cause to be targeted and ridiculed. I want to be clear on this, though: I only speak to my own situation of having been targeted.

For those of you who do not know me, here is some introduction: I am a poet and a university educator whose fields of modest accomplishment are rhetoric, literature, and creative writing. I also host a poetry reading series here at University of Texas at Arlington, via the Writing Center that I direct. This year my series hosted poets Joe Ahearn, Tia Black, Mark Doty, Hoa Nguyen, Dale Smith, Randy Prus Mark Weiss, Brian Clements, Susan Briante, Matthew Dickman, Eileen Tabios, and Sandy McIntosh. I am also an editor of our poetry journal, Znine, which has published many members of these two listservs in the last two years. At Znine I have also written interviews in dialogue with Annie Finch, and translator Chris Daniels. My published poems can be found online and in print in numerous journals. My book is forthcoming from Steve Tills' Theek Press. Additionally, I am the writer of the poetry blog chris murray's Texfiles: <http://texfiles.blogspot.com>, a writing endeavor I enjoy and take seriously--also a highly respected blog, if sometimes outrageous (by my choice), a blog I am happy and grateful to say is read daily by many people. Texfiles is read widely because, I am told, of the poet-features offered and the writing about issues in poetry, art, and politics, all of which it is my pleasure to research, compile and create. In writing Texfiles over the last two years I learned enough to also see

the value of using a network of blogs in my college courses, just last fall, my course on Electronic Poetry (<http://e-po.blogspot.com>). The blog, or any networked venue can be a useful tool for learning--just as this listserv can be, or for that matter, any website can be. It has worked very well for students and for me as writer.

I hope this will clarify misconceptions, but I also have to say that what I am reading in some of the discourse on the Wom-Po threads does seem to me very removed from the origins of the problem, which indeed have to do with the weakly argued attack on Ammiel Alcalay by writer Alyssa Lappen and the editor, Thomas Lifson, of Campus Watch and The American Thinker.

I have objected strongly to the rhetorical treatment aimed at Ammiel Alcalay, and to the neo-conservative assumptions driving the writings at TAT and CW.

Here are my further thoughts on the way the problem has evolved:

1. I think the continued circulation of response to Lifson and Lappen unwittingly helps their cause. It just reiterates and further disseminates their profile, and is a form of overkill--they and their views are not worth this much energy--or, not much more of mine, anyway; to that effect, this is the last I'll be writing about and referencing this problem, except to emphasize that any well argued letter to these journals in defense of Ammiel Alcalay's poetry, his stance and rights as an educator, is definitely worth any individual's energy, should they choose.

2. Now, to me, this part is important:

My responses on Texfiles to Lifson's attacks ****on me**** are satirical, which is my chosen mode for response to fools who target me in the way this editor did

fools who do not merit my respect nor my argumentative skill.

In that, I want it known that I speak only for myself, and gladly. In all, I form rejoinders in any way I see fit.

3. I read somewhere in one of the Wom-po posts that there is apparently some kind of "blog fighting" going on. I am not aware of any kind of "blog fighting" pertaining to this topic and if there is any, I am not a part of it.

Best Wishes,

Chris Murray

<http://texfiles.blogspot.com>

<http://e-po.blogspot.com>

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737. **Murray, Christine**

Re: Campus Watch & Chilling Out & My Re-Introduction to both these lists

Mon 28 Mar 2005

Hi Kiria--

Thanks, I'm glad to hear from you on this,
but unfortunately--forgive me this--
but I also am not sure what you are asking.

Please clarify on this listserv, or,
if backchanneling is workable for you, then
please email me at the above address.

Best Wishes,

Chris Murray

<http://texfiles.blogspot.com>

<http://e-po.blogspot.com>

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738. **Craig Allen Conrad**

studying the anger for Oprah Winfrey's love of Anna Karenina

Mon 28 Mar 2005

I work at a large bookstore in an affluent neighborhood in Philadelphia, and I'm always feeling like an anthropologist studying the rich. One of my favorite customs of this culture is when one of them brings a copy of the latest translation of Tolstoy's Anna Karenina to the cash register and insists I tear off, and throw away the Oprah Winfrey Book Club paper banner which folds around the outside of the book.

They always have an eye roll or look of disgust when asking for this to be done. And in my studies I always like to ask why, of course, for a good start at these short bursts of study (they're always in a hurry after all).

The answers are always given in angry tones, almost shocked that I don't already realize how disgusting it is that Oprah Winfrey should have anything to do with Tolstoy's writings. When I point out that SHE put the book on the best-seller list for many months, I mean, let me repeat that, SHE put Leo Tolstoy (who has been dead for quite a long time) on the bestseller list---there's often another burst of anger, "I WOULD HAVE READ IT ANYWAY!"

Would they have? This translation by Richard Pevear and Larissa Volokhonsky isn't exactly brand new, so it's not as if they JUST read a review in the Times, or something. In fact, I know they're liars because I see them picking them off the giant displays of the book and reading the back of the cover. These displays are what's selling the book at this point, and it REALLY IS Oprah Winfrey who made these displays possible, like it or not.

The truth is, when you put this latest translation next to another of the older, popular translations, like the Constance Garnett, you see the difference almost right away. Garnett is wooden, and frankly ugly when compared with the Pevear/Volokhonsky translation which Oprah likes. In fact, the feedback from this newest translation is that the book brings Tolstoy to life.

But anyway, the class issues surrounding the book's having something to do with Oprah is fascinating to watch play out in front of you.

Hey, everyone's reading Tolstoy again, and Oprah deserves thanks for it, don't you think?

CAConrad

[_http://PhillySound.blogspot.com_](http://PhillySound.blogspot.com_) (<http://phillysound.blogspot.com/>)

"Art, instead of being an object made by one person, is a process set into motion by a group of people. Art's socialized."

--John Cage, 1967

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739. **Chris Stroffolino**

Re: studying the anger for Oprah Winfrey's love of Anna Karenina

Mon 28 Mar 2005

Thanks Oprah,

signed Jonathan Franzen!

>From: Craig Allen Conrad <[REDACTED]>

>To: [REDACTED]

>Subject: studying the anger for Oprah Winfrey's love of Anna Karenina

>Date: Mon, Mar 28, 2005, 2:27 AM

>

I work at a large bookstore in an affluent neighborhood in Philadelphia, and I'm always feeling like an anthropologist studying the rich. One of my favorite customs of this culture is when one of them brings a copy of the latest translation of Tolstoy's Anna Karenina to the cash register and insists I tear off, and throw away the Oprah Winfrey Book Club paper banner which folds around the outside of the book.

They always have an eye roll or look of disgust when asking for this to be done. And in my studies I always like to ask why, of course, for a good start at these short bursts of study (they're always in a hurry after all).

The answers are always given in angry tones, almost shocked that I don't already realize how disgusting it is that Oprah Winfrey should have anything to do with Tolstoy's writings. When I point out that SHE put the book on the bestseller list for many months, I mean, let me repeat that, SHE put Leo Tolstoy (who has been dead for quite a long time) on the bestseller list---there's often another burst of anger, "I WOULD HAVE READ IT ANYWAY!"

Would they have? This translation by Richard Pevear and Larissa Volokhonsky isn't exactly brand new, so it's not as if they JUST read a review in the Times, or something. In fact, I know they're liars because I see them picking them off the giant displays of the book and reading the back of the cover. These displays are what's selling the book at this point, and it REALLY IS Oprah Winfrey who made these displays possible, like it or not.

The truth is, when you put this latest translation next to another of the older, popular translations, like the Constance Garnett, you see the difference almost right away. Garnett is wooden, and frankly ugly when compared with the Pevear/Volokhonsky translation which Oprah likes. In fact, the feedback from this newest translation is that the book brings Tolstoy to life.

But anyway, the class issues surrounding the book's having something to do with Oprah is fascinating to watch play out in front of you.

Hey, everyone's reading Tolstoy again, and Oprah deserves thanks for it, don't you think?

CAConrad

http://PhillySound.blogspot.com (http://phillysound.blogspot.com/)

"Art, instead of being an object made by one person, is a process set into motion by a group of people. Art's socialized."

--John Cage, 1967

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740. **Ron Silliman**
Silliman's Blog
Mon 28 Mar 2005

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

RECENT POSTS

Susan M. Schultz:
Parables & memory

The New Poetics Colloquium of 1985
comes on line

Kit Robinson's Not Even:
Language clothes us in a foam

The insubstantiality of sculpture:
Imagining Rodins as giant
chocolate Easter bunnies

Is Amari Hamadene a plagiarist
or a hoax?

A definition of Journalism:
a term past its time

Stephanie Strickland's
"WaveSon.Net" -
from Prairie Schooner to cyberpoetics

Poetry & surveillance:
My FBI files

Michael Rothenberg's
"Narcissus Journal" -
an open form for the daily

Jack Gilbert,
language poet

A portrait by Didi Menendez

Jim Behrle's
"Ron is Ron" cartoons

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

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741. **Kiria Pepe**
a bit of a loss

Mon 28 Mar 2005

Hello Christine,
I am new to this, not even too sure what is needed so I would firstly appreciate
it if you could possibly enlighten me.

I've been writing poetry for some years, it isn't constructive to have 'someone' criticize the content of your poetry, but to critique its structure is very different. Poetry is very personal, it may not make sense to everyone, it isn't really even meant to. I write in my own style, if it fits into the norm, whatever that is find! If not then so be it, I am no less a Poet because I don't adhere to form so to speak. Forgive me if I am being a little diverse here but I do feel that others are far too critical of the contents of any written work, or am I wrong in my assumptions here?

Kiria

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742. **Dan Wilcox**

Albany Word Fest, April 21 - 25

Mon 28 Mar 2005

Albany Word Fest, April 21 - 25
(www.albanypoets.com)

Thursday, APRIL 21

7:00pm

Lark Street Bookshop, 215 Lark St., Albany

THIRD THURSDAY POETRY OPEN MIC: Dan Wilcox presents his monthly Third Thursday Poetry Open Mic at the Lark Street Bookshop as the beginning of the 2005 Albany Word Fest. The featured poet for this evening will be Amy Ouzonian. There is a suggested \$3.00 donation for this event.

FRIDAY, APRIL 22

5:00pm-7:00pm

Lark Tavern, 453 Madison Ave., Albany

KICK-OFF COCKTAIL PARTY: Join us for the official kick-off of the 2005 Albany Word Fest with a cocktail party / meet-and-greet session. Here, you can network with other poets and artists from all over the Northeast while enjoying food and drinks at the Lark Tavern. This event is free. Must be 21+ with ID to drink.

7:00pm

Firlefanz Gallery, 292 Lark Street, Albany

2005 ALBANY WORD FEST OPEN MIC: This is your chance to take part in this year's event. We invite everyone to come and listen to the words of poets and spoken word artists from all over the area. Poets who would like to perform can sign up online until March 15 by [CLICKING HERE](#).

*NOTE: The deadline to sign up for the open mic has passed. There will be a limited opportunity to sign up at the venue on Friday night April 22. There is a suggested \$3.00 donation for this event.

11:00pm

Lark Tavern, 453 Madison Ave., Albany

MUSIC AT THE LARK: We come back to the Lark Tavern for music from local bands.

SATURDAY, APRIL 23

1:00pm-4:00pm

Lark Street Bookshop, Lark St., Albany

HIGH SCHOOL OPEN MIC: We are inviting high school students to participate in our 2005 Albany Word Fest. We would like to have students from all over the area come and share their poetry at the High School Open Mic. All students that participate in this reading will have their work published in an upcoming anthology from Albany Poets. This event is free.

7:00pm-12:00pm

Valentines, 17 New Scotland Ave., Albany

PSYCHO CLUSTER F*#K '05: Albany Poets is coming back to Valentines to present an evening of poetry and music. The musicians at this event will be Mother Judge, Kate McKrell, Joe Glickman, Jon Krakat, and Jared Funari. Leo, Emily Gonzalez, Mary Panza, Marcus Anderson, and others are among the poets and spoken word artists featured on a new CD from Albany Poets that will also be performing. There is a \$7.00 admission to this event. Must be 18+ with ID to enter, 21+ with ID to drink.

Monday, APRIL 25

7:00pm

Lark Tavern, 453 Madison Ave., Albany

POETS SPEAK LOUD: We end the Albany Word Fest with Albany Poets' monthly open mic, Poets Speak Loud at the Lark Tavern. This reading is hosted by Thom Francis and Mary Panza. The featured poet will be Cheryl Rice. There is a suggested \$3.00 donation for this event.

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743. **Dan Waber**
[poem] Bed Stand
Mon 28 Mar 2005

28/61

Echo = dog just drank an entire cup of coffee I left on the bed stand

Source = Jennifer Hill-Kaucher, SMS

Bed Stand

Each spin around the clock I'm like a dog
after its own bobbed tail, if I could just
get caught up enough to, hey now, who drank
the coffee I had here, oh, duh, I'm an
idiot, I drank it, and two entire
bags of candy have turned into a cup
of wrappers, that's just crazy, I've heard of
these things happening but thought my coffee
would protect me, that clock can't be right, I
have entirely way too much work left
to do, I'll just put another pot on
to brew, I can have the last cups in bed,
now I won't have to stop when I can't stand.

Dan Waber

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744. **Harry Nudel**
Pound-Fisher..

Mon 28 Mar 2005

Interesting to see how quick Canadian anti-americanism
can turn into anti-semitism..

anyway...what links pound-fisher...is that they
both play the game minus some of the pieces...
drn...

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745. **Davey Volner**
Reading April 3rd, Gramercy Park

Mon 28 Mar 2005

The Accompanied Library Presents--
The Inaugural Evening in its First Annual Poetry Series
featuring readers Paul Violi and Justin Jamail
Sunday, April 3rd, 6PM \$9 at the door
Drinks with the readers to follow

The Accompanied Library, recently voted the city's best private club by New York Magazine, invites you to the first evening in an exciting series to include

readers from Billy Collins to John Ashbery to Eileen Myles. On Sunday, poets Paul Violi and Justin Jamail read in the Library's gorgeous, intimate space above the National Arts Club.

The Accompanied Library
at The National Arts Club
15 Gramercy Park South, 6C
questions? e-mail [REDACTED]

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746. **Richard Jeffrey Newman**

Re: Pound-Fisher..

Mon 28 Mar 2005

>>Interesting to see how quick Canadian anti-americanism
can turn into anti-semitism..<<

and homophobia....

Rich Newman

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747. **alexander saliby**

America in Ruin - Arkansas

Mon 28 Mar 2005

Texarkana Eastward Bound

Sam

no more

no less

priced best

this time of year dressed

in dogwood pink and white

Arkansas...

Jesus lives here too

and shines his light

his music pierces every where

stomata

of the ear

Sam's

Wall-Marts

drape hilltops ceremoniously

Ft.Smith, Hot Springs, Little Rock

east and south beyond the horizon
majestically they rise
upon their promontory posts
some sans gas
others super-sized...

But Arkansas is not Texas
nor a Texas wannabe
its hills and fields
display their badge of poverty
without that Texas arrogance
hidden behind the howdy
and the drawl
"Y'awl Come agin, real soon now, hear."

Arkansas
sin
cere...

Alex

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748. **Maria Damon**

Re: What rhymes with Camilla? Godzilla.

Mon 28 Mar 2005

thanks lawrence. hear hear.

At 12:09 PM +0000 3/25/05, Lawrence Upton wrote:

>There are a lot of jokes about the ugliness of Camilla

>Parker-Bowles; and I think they are inherently sexist

>

>Very few people - any - are found ugly by everyone

>

>I saw a repulsive male on tv making fun of this unimportant except

>influential woman on the basis that *he didnt find *her attractive

>

>as if he were the arbiter

>

>If we are opposed to these schmucks, let's be opposed and not engage

>in things cognate with the kind hierarchical nonsense they use to

>claim power

>

>L
> -----Original Message-----
> From: Eileen Elliot <[REDACTED]>
> To: [REDACTED] <[REDACTED]>
> Date: Wednesday, March 23, 2005 1:58 PM
> Subject: Re: What rhymes with Camilla? Godzilla.
>
>
> flotilla, as in "face ugly enough to sink a battleship."
--

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749. **Betsy Andrews**
regio cabico's email?

Mon 28 Mar 2005

anyone got it? thanks

"The world is full of paper. Write to me."

--Agha Shahid Ali

Do You Yahoo!?

Tired of spam? Yahoo! Mail has the best spam protection around

<http://mail.yahoo.com>

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750. **Adeena Karasick**
Re: regio cabico's email?

Mon 28 Mar 2005

It's [REDACTED]
best
adeena

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751. **Alan Sondheim**
unlinked.scratched

Mon 28 Mar 2005

unlinked.scratched

sondheim's Home unlinked

4 ^ 9 ^ U crossed the Jordan curve of brightness
in our afterglow of particulate matter
digital exhausts itself at the portal of the continuum
Patricia weaves her magick spells, diurnal recitation
while George accepts the platitudes of a grateful nation
returning homeward is a rule of thumb
the universe is one of no matter
how heavy the darkness upwells
and lightness is one of dark matter

<http://www.as.wvu.edu:8000/clc/Members/sondheim/unlinked.jpg>

sondheim's Home scratched

serrated edges characterize the universe
everything in the characterized universe rubs raw
the rubbed raw things of the universe aren't signs
what aren't signs crumble even in your dreams
crumbling things in dreams scratch out your name
your name's a sign of crumbling things
the sign of crumbling things drives off a cliff
this "image" doesn't do cliffs justice
cliff's justice is no image and no justice anyway

<http://www.as.wvu.edu:8000/clc/Members/sondheim/scratched.jpg>

—

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752. **Alan Sondheim**
tsunami warning (fwd)

Mon 28 Mar 2005

TSUNAMI BULLETIN NUMBER 001
PACIFIC TSUNAMI WARNING CENTER/NOAA/NWS
ISSUED AT 1629Z 28 MAR 2005

THIS BULLETIN IS FOR ALL AREAS OF THE PACIFIC BASIN EXCEPT ALASKA
- BRITISH COLUMBIA - WASHINGTON - OREGON - CALIFORNIA.

... TSUNAMI INFORMATION BULLETIN ...

THIS MESSAGE IS FOR INFORMATION ONLY. THERE IS NO TSUNAMI
WARNING OR WATCH IN EFFECT.

AN EARTHQUAKE HAS OCCURRED WITH THESE PRELIMINARY
PARAMETERS

ORIGIN TIME - 1610Z 28 MAR 2005
COORDINATES - 2.3 NORTH 97.1 EAST
LOCATION - NORTHERN SUMATERA INDONESIA
MAGNITUDE - 8.5

EVALUATION

THIS EARTHQUAKE IS LOCATED OUTSIDE THE PACIFIC. NO TSUNAMI THREAT EXISTS TO COASTLINES IN THE PACIFIC.

WARNING... THIS EARTHQUAKE HAS THE POTENTIAL TO GENERATE A WIDELY DESTRUCTIVE TSUNAMI IN THE OCEAN OR SEAS NEAR THE EARTHQUAKE. AUTHORITIES IN THOSE REGIONS SHOULD BE AWARE OF THIS POSSIBILITY AND TAKE IMMEDIATE ACTION. THIS ACTION SHOULD INCLUDE EVACUATION OF COASTS WITHIN A THOUSAND KILOMETERS OF THE EPICENTER AND CLOSE MONITORING TO DETERMINE THE NEED FOR EVACUATION FURTHER AWAY.

THIS CENTER DOES NOT HAVE SEA LEVEL GAUGES OUTSIDE THE PACIFIC SO WILL NOT BE ABLE TO DETECT OR MEASURE A TSUNAMI IF ONE WAS GENERATED. AUTHORITIES CAN ASSUME THE DANGER HAS PASSED IF NO TSUNAMI WAVES ARE OBSERVED IN THE REGION NEAR THE EPICENTER WITHIN THREE HOURS OF THE EARTHQUAKE.

THIS WILL BE THE ONLY BULLETIN ISSUED FOR THIS EVENT UNLESS ADDITIONAL INFORMATION BECOMES AVAILABLE.

THE WEST COAST/ALASKA TSUNAMI WARNING CENTER WILL ISSUE BULLETINS FOR ALASKA - BRITISH COLUMBIA - WASHINGTON - OREGON - CALIFORNIA.

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753. **Small Press Traffic**
Fitterman at SPT this Fri 4/1
Mon 28 Mar 2005

Small Press Traffic is very pleased to announce the next event in our New Experiments Series...we hope to see you there!

Friday, April 1, 2005 at 7:30 p.m.

New Experiments: Rob Fitterman (in conversation with David Buuck) on Identity Theft

"In contemporary poetry, the tendency toward the borrowed, the purloined, the repeated, the appropriated, has not only been substantiated by a generation of loosely defined post-language or experimental poets, but it has been even more

fully realized by the wave of younger poets who are at home with both poetic thievery and with the critical apparatus that frames it. What, then, happens to identity in this inventory of sources? Do the sources themselves define our expressions in a new way of thinking and reading? Does the assemblage define our aesthetic, our 'artistry'? Does our 'original' text take a regular seat on the bus next to other 'found' texts? Can we express subjectivity, even personal experience, without necessarily using our own personal experience (via the internet we have access to nearly everybody's feelings and ideas)? In this short talk, more of a Q and Q than a Q and A, I hope to pose several questions about the use of appropriation in contemporary poetry with the hope that it might offer some context to a new generation of thieves, mixers, and processors.

Robert Fitterman is the author of eight books of poetry, including three installments of his ongoing poem Metropolis, the latest of which is Metropolis XXX: The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire (Edge Books, 2004). He is the editor-publisher of Object literary journal, and with novelist Rodrigo Rey Rosa, he co-wrote the feature film What Sebastian Dreamt, which was selected, in 2004, for the Sundance Film Festival.

David Buuck edits Tripwire, organizes BARGE (Bay Area Research Group in Enviro-Aesthetics), and is contributing editor to Artweek.

Our series New Experiments: Emerging Patterns in Innovative Literature by Authors Born Later in the 20th Century, Elucidated by Themselves is supported in part by a grant from the James Irvine Foundation.

[NB: Michael Gottlieb's April 1 reading cancelled due to circumstances beyond our control.]

Unless otherwise noted, events are \$5-10, sliding scale, free to SPT members, and CCA faculty, staff, and students.

Unless otherwise noted, our events are presented in
Timken Lecture Hall

California College of the Arts

1111 Eighth Street, San Francisco (just off the intersection of 16th & Wisconsin)

Elizabeth Treadwell Jackson, Director

Small Press Traffic

Literary Arts Center at CCA

1111 -- 8th Street

San Francisco, CA 94107



<http://www.sptraffic.org>

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754. **alexander saliby**

Fisher-Pound

Mon 28 Mar 2005

H.N. wrote:

"anyway...what links pound-fisher...is that they both play the game minus some of the pieces..."

Harry,

Interesting point of view, the above; I feel differently.

I read Pound; hope never to have to read it (him) ever again. That which I did read, I did not enjoy. However, I remain in awe of his ability to manipulate words, to use the language and not be a victim of it.

Similarly, Fisher's tactics on the chess board proved he too had (perhaps still does have) an enormous capacity to manipulate and maneuver, even in his losses he knew he defeated himself and was not beaten by his opponent.

Now, however, Fisher seems to be playing the role of one more of life's victims.

One must, however, remember, his crime is he played chess. The scoundrel! What perfidy is this?

Your point, though, may well be accurate; it's conceivable both men were slightly askew the norm...lucky for them. Alex

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755. **Mike Kelleher**

JUST BUFFALO E-NEWSLETTER 3-28-05

Mon 28 Mar 2005

BOOMDAYS! Poetry Contest

Just Buffalo is pleased to announce the winners of this year's Boomdays poetry contest for best poems about the coming of spring:

First Place: Susan Dworski Nusbaum of Buffalo, "Spring Descending." Second Place: Edward G. Wright, of Hamburg, "Come Spring." Third Place: Gino P. Giangreco, of Kenmore, "expectant vessel."

Winning poems will be published in Artvoice on Thursday, March 31. Winners will be given their awards by poet Janine Pommy Vega, who will also be reading her own work, and will recite their poems at Boomdays at 6:30 p.m. at The Pier. See schedule of events for Boomdays! below.

BOOMDAYS!

All weekend, beginning Friday, April 1, 4 p.m.

Boomdays! is a celebration of the beginning of spring, marked by the removal of the ice boom from where Lake Erie meets the Niagara river.

Friday, April 1

Festival Grounds at The Pier

325 Fuhrmann Blvd.

Buffalo Outer Harbor



4:00pm Old Fort Niagara Cannon Fires

4:15pm Ol' Fort Erie Cannon Answer

5:00pm Antique Lake Freighter Whistle Blow

5:30pm The world's oldest fireboat, the E.M. Cotter, journeys out to the Ice Boom to drop 7 foot red ball to signify our First Rite of Spring

6:00pm Jeff Elliott and Music of the Summer

6:30pm ***UPDATE*** Legendary Beat poet Janine Pommy Vega presents a reading of her own work***, and introduces winners of the Just Buffalo Literary Center Poetry Contest. Winners recite their poems.

8:00pm Fireworks by WNY Skylighters

10:30pm - Midnight More music and more fun!

Food and beverages will be available for sale at The Pier from 4:00pm til the party's over

Saturday, April 2

CPO Club

5 Porter Avenue

Buffalo, NY



4:00pm - 11:00pm Open House

Continuous music, food, beverage and fun for the entire family throughout the day and evening. Military and Naval memorabilia, historical exhibits, billiards, ping pong. Best view of Lake Erie, as the ice flows down the Niagara River.

Saturday, April 2

LaSalle Yacht Club

73 South 68th Street

Niagara Falls, NY



Donations welcomed (\$5 suggested)

6:00pm - 10:00pm Open House

Continuous live music by Lance Drake, Creative Spirit Band, Evergreen, John Marohn, Howard Gladstone, and the Rainbow Singers

Fort Niagara Re-enactors, exhibits, storytelling

Dinner menu, snacks, beverages and cash bar all evening

Saturday, April 2

Lockport Canalside

210 Market Street

Lockport, NY 14094

██████████

6:30pm Dinner show, "Doctor, You're Trying My Patients"

\$29 includes buffet dinner, show, tax & gratuity. Call ██████████ for tickets.

Sunday, April 3

Water Street Landing (former Riverside Inn)

115 S. Water Street

Lewiston, NY

██████████

Overlooking the Niagara River Gorge

1:00pm - 8:00pm

Spectacular view of the great Niagara River Gorge

Live music by Willie and the Reinhardts and the Mick Hayes Band

Famous "clam slam" throughout the day, \$4.99/dozen, while they last

Water Street Landing is running Boom Days food and beverage specials all weekend long

Bonus: An extra hour of daylight - DAYLIGHT SAVINGS TIME BEGINS!

UPCOMING READINGS AND EVENTS

Janine Pommy Vega

Reading and book signing

BOOMDAYS!

Friday, April 1, 6:30 p.m. (See above schedule for details).

Li-Young Lee

Buffalo/Williamsville Poetry, Music and Dance Celebration

Thursday, April 7th, 2005 at 7 p.m., Kleinhan's Music Hall, Buffalo

Williamsville and Buffalo Schools present A Poetry, Music and Dance Celebration, featuring special guest poet LI-YOUNG LEE and student composers, dancers, and poets from the Buffalo and Williamsville School Districts.

April

8 Richard Deming and Nancy Kuhl in the Hibiscus Room

15 Peter Connors and Sherrie Flick in the Hibiscus Room

21 Gary Snyder at the Albright-Knox Gallery

May

6 Earth's Daughter's Press Celebrates poet and editor Robin Willoughby in the Hibiscus Room

13 Peter Johnson and Daniel Machlin in the Hibiscus Room

WORKSHOPS

THE WORKING WRITER SEMINAR, with Kathryn Radeff

Three Saturday mini-workshops: April 9, April 23, May 7 12 p.m. - 4 p.m.

Single Saturday Session: \$50, \$40 for members

Mini workshops are fun, fast-paced, informational and inspirational. In an easy-to-understand manner, the sessions present the fundamentals of creative writing as they apply to fact-based articles and personal experience, as well as the craft of fiction. Lectures and writing exercises, which are used to illustrate the concepts, are aimed at developing the writers' understanding of structure, description, dialogue, character, style and voice. Workshops also cover the art of writing query letters, research and interviewing techniques, manuscript preparation and submission strategies. Ideal for the beginner and skilled writer, mini-day workshops provide an excellent overview of their fields. The goal is to have an article or short story well underway by the time the session ends. An extensive analysis of one completed piece is included. There will be one 30-minute break. The workshop includes a question and answer session.

Write and Publish Your Personal Experiences

Saturday, April 9

The Fundamentals of Fiction and Nonfiction

Saturday, April 23

How to Write A Book Proposal

Saturday, May 7

Required Course Book/Workbook (\$13): You Can Be A Working Writer by Kathryn Radeff Payable to the instructor

IF ALL OF BUFFALO READ THE SAME BOOK

This year's title, *The Invention of Solitude*, by Paul Auster, is available at area bookstores. All books purchased at Talking Leaves Books will benefit Just Buffalo. Paul Auster will visit Buffalo October 5-6. A reader's discussion guide is available on the Just Buffalo website. Presented in conjunction with Hodgson Russ LLP, WBFO 88.7 FM and Talking Leaves Books.

For sponsorship opportunities (and there are many), please contact Laurie Torrell or Mike Kelleher at [REDACTED].

COMMUNITY LITERARY EVENTS

EXHIBIT X FICTION

Kathryn Davis

Monday, March 28, 7 p.m.

The Marfield Room, Trinity Episcopal Church, 371 Delaware Avenue

THE CASTELLANI ART MUSEUM

At Niagara University

Faith Ringgold: Paint Me A Story

February 4 - April 10, 2005

UNSUBSCRIBE

If you would like to unsubscribe from this list, just say so and you will be immediately removed.

Mike Kelleher
Artistic Director
Just Buffalo Literary Center
2495 Main St., Ste. 512
Buffalo, NY 14214

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] (fax)
www.justbuffalo.org
[REDACTED]

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756. **George Bowering**

Re: a bit of a loss

Mon 28 Mar 2005

On 28-Mar-05, at 4:27 AM, Kiria Pepe wrote:

*Hello Christine,
I am new to this, not even too sure what is needed so I would firstly
appreciate it if you could possibly enlighten me.*

I've been writing poetry for some years, it isn't constructive to have 'someone' criticize the content of your poetry, but to critique its structure is very different. Poetry is very personal, it may not make sense to everyone, it isn't really even meant to. I write in my own style, if it fits into the norm, whatever that is find! If not then so be it, I am no less a Poet because I don't adhere to form so to speak. Forgive me if I am being a little diverse here but I do feel that others are far too critical of the contents of any written work, or am I wrong in my assumptions here?

Kiria

Good for you, Kiria. I feel the same way about my architecture. People have criticized me for not getting any formal training as an architect, and I have been told that some of my plans would result in messy accidents if they were built. But I say that architecture is a personal thing, and why should I adhere to form?

gb

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757. **George Bowering**
Re: Pound-Fisher..

Mon 28 Mar 2005

On 28-Mar-05, at 6:23 AM, Harry Nudel wrote:

Interesting to see how quick Canadian anti-americanism can turn into anti-semitism..

anyway...what links pound-fisher...is that they both play the game minus some of the pieces...

drn...

Darn! I didn't know that criticizing US economic policy was anti-semitic! Darn! I was trying to be anti-Lethoso!

gtb

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758. **Stephen Baraban**

Re: Fisher-Pound

Mon 28 Mar 2005

Alexander Saliby wrote:

*I read Pound; hope never to have to read it (him)
ever again. That which I did read, I did not enjoy.*

Too bad.

*However, I remain in awe of his ability to
manipulate words, to use the language and not be a
victim of it.*

That's interesting. When I look at Pound's letters to his friends I see persistent "creative" spelling of words & not-particularly-funny punning*, past the point of exuberance & naughtiness, so I've thought Pound is displaying exasperation with/aggression towards language, so that I'd say, in your terms, Alexander, he DOES in fact feel victimized by it.

(*though Pound COULD on occasion be a deft punster, as in his calling New Directions publishers "Nude Erections".)

If this is true is it because he is annoyed that people are not sufficiently assenting to what he believes, Language somehow not being adequate to get through to people, though to his mind his ideas are fundamentally unassailable and he knows perfectly well how to convey them?

*Your point, though, may well be accurate; it's
conceivable both men were slightly askew the
norm...lucky for them.*

AND unlucky, since they both became so full of hate.

By the way, what's this Baratier says about EP playing chess? I've heard about the fencing, the wild tennis playing, the writing of music...but not chess.

Do you Yahoo!?

Yahoo! Small Business - Try our new resources site!

<http://smallbusiness.yahoo.com/resources/>

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759. **Rob McLennan**

orlando

Mon 28 Mar 2005

my friend jennifer is going to orlando for work from april 1st to 7th; are there any literary events happening round them parts she should be paying attention to? worthwhile bookstores?

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 ...9th coll'n - what's left (Talon) ...c/o RR#1 Maxville ON K0C 1T0
www.track0.com/rob_mclennan * <http://robmclennan.blogspot.com/>

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760. **Catherine Daly**

Hindi-Urdu Workshop @ Columbia U., 4/23/05

Mon 28 Mar 2005

Hindi-Urdu Workshop @ Columbia University

MODERNISM in URDU and HINDI: Two Poets

~~~~~

Saturday April 23rd, 10:30-3:30

School of International Affairs, room 1134 (enter from 118th)

~~~~~

Workshop schedule:

10:00-10:30 coffee

10:30-12:30: Texts

12:30-1:30: lunch

1:30-3:30: Contexts

~~~~~

This workshop will explore the literary history of modernism in South Asia by focusing on the Hindi poet Gajanan Madhav 'Muktibodh' (1917-64) and the Urdu poet N. M. Rashed (1910-75). The workshop will consist of both close readings of poems and more general and comparative discussions about modern poetry in Hindi and Urdu.

The workshop is sponsored by the Southern Asian Institute, Columbia University. It is free and open to the public, but registration is required. The registration form is available at: <http://www.sipa.columbia.edu/sai/>.

Packets of readings will be sent out in advanced to all registered participants. These packets will include articles and original texts, as well as their transliterations and translations.

For further inquiries, contact Frances Pritchett (██████).

The website for this workshop is:

<http://www.columbia.edu/~fp7/workshop/>

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

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761. **Brett Fletcher Lauer**  
***CIRCUMFERENCE LAUNCH EVENT***

*Mon 28 Mar 2005*

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Tuesday, April 5th, 7:00 PM

CIRCUMFERENCE, a journal of poetry in translation, celebrates the release of its third issue with a reading hosted by The Swiss Institute—Contemporary Art.

Translators Caroline Knox, Idra Novey, Jeffrey Yang, and Matvei Yankelevich will read poems from Argentina, Brazil, China, and Russia.

A reception will follow.

The Swiss Institute—Contemporary Art  
495 Broadway between Broome and Spring Streets  
Third Floor  
New York, NY 10012  
██████

Admission \$5/ Free with purchase of the journal (\$10)

[www.swissinstitute.net](http://www.swissinstitute.net)

[www.circumferencemag.com](http://www.circumferencemag.com)

About the readers:

Caroline Knox's fifth collection of poems, *He Paves the Road with Iron Bars*, appeared from Verse Press in May 2004. Her work has appeared in *American Scholar*, *New Republic*, *Paris Review*, *Poetry*, and elsewhere.

Idra Novey, a recent recipient of a grant from the PEN Translation Fund, is now completing a translated collection of poetry by Brazilian writer Paulo Henriques Britto. She teaches writing at Columbia University.

Jeffrey Yang works as an editor at New Directions Publishing. He has completed a translation of the Qian Jia Shi entitled *Rhythm 226*.

Matvei Yankelevich is editor of the Eastern European Poets Series from Ugly Duckling Presse. His translations of Daniil Kharmis and Alexander Vvedensky have been published in various magazines, and are forthcoming in an anthology of OBERIU writing from Northwestern University Press.

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762. **Steve Dalachinsky**

***RI?***

*Mon 28 Mar 2005*

---

if he gets a her nia  
does she get a he nia?  
or was that his nia?

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763. **Steve Dalachinsky**

***Re: unbuckled.scratched sacred and ..... scared***

*Mon 28 Mar 2005*

---

hernia doubled ( 6th day )  
the bird spoke to me  
thru the heavy rain on the hollow cans  
a kind of tin/morse  
uhuh um sure i answered  
short peeped phrases  
i haven't showered in 6 days  
being afraid being stronger than being dirty  
sometime's earth's too down to death  
moving on thru attractions  
circles walking like wolves thru bad histories  
inked by iron & quill  
upon the legs of strangers  
names streets players finalized  
for the time being  
at last century's turn it must have been  
quite a time back then expositions  
memory moving foward  
like fate undoing itself  
i am searching for rules  
for the missing piece

indeed the light that precedes the coming  
any coming  
2nd 3rd  
even 1st will do

who ever thought that sitting  
would be such an obstacle?  
what did methuselah feel when he left  
his house?  
in manhattan  
how many sides are there,  
it being like a book of thickened sand  
with so many side/trips &  
so little shoreline?

the rain on the island quiets a bit  
as it echoes itself more & more faintly  
into the oncoming hollows  
in time  
we go back like the # of angels  
purported to be shadow boxing at g-d's side

lying flat  
the pain is diminished  
many long minutes ago  
the bird has  
shut up  
i try to clear my throat using only my throat  
knowing that to "cough"  
will instantaneously doom me  
to an  
electric shock

should i drink shelter from the white guard's  
jacket that engulfs me & protects me from the  
process of curse & noise?

should i seek asylum in the word?

uhuh um yup my left hand answers  
what a GIFT cemented to the oncoming night:  
this diary of hungry nods  
wandering thru holidays & characters &  
caterpillaring across the noses of gargoyles  
without ever leaving my room.

but my bladder is full  
& the demon that is my zero tolerance  
for discomfort  
is insisting that / I RISE UP.

( need i paint you a picture? )

steve dalachinsky nyc 5/28/05 probably better off if i stopped after "room"

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764. **Ron Silliman**

***Yet more reactionary blather about poetry & murder***

*Mon 28 Mar 2005*

---

Viz <http://www.americandaily.com/article/7269>

in which JJ Jameson/Norman Porter, the slammer poet from Chicago who was an escaped murderer from Boston has his poems taken as indicative of what you can expect from liberals and the Democratic Party....

Ron

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765. **Harry Nudel**

***Rappers...Killers...Tsunames...Campus Watch...***

*Mon 28 Mar 2005*

---

tho there;s a kinda of  
vulgar gotcha..to the article on  
the killer-rapper-poet-dahlink  
of the po crowd...there's also  
a kinda of snobbery  
of the po gutter that's rampant  
& might be justified and might  
not...the distance 'tween celine  
& iceberg slim...

'bout a decade ago...there  
was a super who used to set  
his stuff on a stoop...a block  
north of canal...i'd go by  
each afternoon and buy a  
book or two..a S.A. Marisol  
book springs to mind...a year  
or two ago saw him in Times..

murdered a couple of people  
in Btn...and was hiding in  
plain site..

before Isaq gets to it..there  
are reports coming out of  
the mid-east and Bobby  
Fischer's entourage that  
the latest Tsuname is the  
work of the Mosad...

Campus Watch..did  
you see the coeds?

drn...

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766. **Ishaq**

***REVIEW: documentary--beyond beats and rhymes: masculitnity in  
hip hop***

*Mon 28 Mar 2005*

---

REVIEW: documentary--beyond beats and rhymes: masculitnity in hip hop  
=====

===== [http://www.popandpolitics.com/articles\\_detail.cfm?](http://www.popandpolitics.com/articles_detail.cfm?articleID61)  
articleID61 Beyond Beats and Rhymes: Masculinity in Hip Hop by Suemedha  
Sood

"When I met you last night baby  
Before you opened up your gap  
I had respect for ya lady  
But now I take it all back"  
- Snoop Doggy Dogg

"From the window to the wall  
To the sweat drop down my balls  
All you bitches crawl"  
- Lil Jon and the Eastside Boyz

"Man this hoe you can have her,  
when I'm done I ain't gon keep her  
Man, bitches come and go, every nigga pimpin know"  
- 50 Cent

Ah, the sweet sound of misogyny -- every time I turn on the radio. And turning  
on the TV is even worse. Video after video on channels like BET and MTV ac-  
costs us with images of rappers throwing money at half naked women. And

mainstream hip hop is more popular than ever. But if sex and violence sell -- particularly when combined -- there's nothing anybody can do about it. Or, that's what the record companies want us to believe. Fortunately, they don't have everyone convinced.

Young filmmaker Byron Hurt is not just unconvinced, he wants to challenge the system. In his new documentary, *Beyond Beats and Rhymes: Masculinity in Hip Hop Culture*, Byron presents images, samples and interviews that he hopes will expose and take apart the structures of violence, hyper-aggression, and misogyny present in much of today's hip hop.

Produced by Stanley Nelson, known for such documentaries as *Marcus Garvey: Look for Me in the Whirlwind*, the 60-minute film will run on PBS later this year. Not content with merely this audience, however, Byron is taking matters into his own hands by showing the film on college campuses across the nation. In speaking to him, it's easy to see why.

"So much of the ills in our society come from the way we men define manhood," says Byron, adding, "I want this film to really get men to question and to challenge the way we're socialized and conditioned."

He became familiarized with the realities of black masculinity when making the film *I Am a Man: Black Masculinity in America*. An anti-sexism activist, Byron has also worked for a program called Mentors in Violence Prevention for the Marine Corps where he held training, workshops, and lectures for U.S. Marines, fraternity brothers, coaches, activists, and teachers. Byron stresses the need to educate boys and men in the African-American community, in particular, about what it means to be male in our society. Encouraging such discussion, he believes, has the possibility to spark important social change.

In the process of making the film, Byron interviewed a number of male rappers -- from LL Cool J, Wyclef Jean, and Fat Joe to Chuck D, Talib Kweli, and Mos Def. (Although only the last four appear in the final version of the film.) He also spoke with a variety of hip-hop scholars and historians, and tried to take on some of the major decision makers in the hip-hop industry. Perhaps most poignant, however, are his interactions with kids. In one scene, Byron captures the voices of several young aspiring rappers spewing out words of hate, violence, and sexism for the camera. When Byron challenges them, they are unphased. "That's how you get paid," they respond, implying, no one wants to hear anything positive, so why even try?

Don't be mistaken. *Beyond Beats and Rhymes* is not a crusade to change the face of the mainstream music industry. "I'm not naïve," says Byron. "I don't think my film is going to change the industry. It's an amoral business culture. They're not concerned with changing society, they're concerned with making money. So I focused on how this affects the people who see this film." Byron



hopes this practical approach will inspire viewers to open their minds and be self-reflective. "It's up to us as consumers to challenge some of the representations of masculinity that we see in American culture," he says. "We have to start saying, 'I don't buy into this idea that a man is supposed to be violent or sexist or homophobic.'"

Film editor Sabrina Gordon worked with Byron on *Beyond Beats*. She also expresses concern about the limited scope of images and representation in commercial, mainstream hip-hop. "There's a certain disconnect between what's commercial and the culture as a whole," she says.

*Beyond Beats and Rhymes* also presents its audience with some of the more socially-conscious and politically-substantive voices that tend to constitute underground hip hop and rap. As Sabrina sees it, "There's some content that's just not about violence or sexism," she says. "It's not preaching, but it touches on a range of human experiences."

In the film, Byron asks why it's nearly impossible to find provocative, meaningful, lyrics in the mainstream. As much as he promotes more conscious artists such as Dead Prez or Coup, Byron finds it problematic that it is so difficult to gain access to their music. "I think the biggest thing is that it doesn't have the credibility that the mainstream hip hop has because it doesn't get the marketing, the promotion, the coverage, and the exposure."

Besides being an overall inspiring film, *Beyond Beats and Rhymes* has a very strong activist component. Byron wants it to become an important educational tool; He plans on creating a curriculum to be taught in conjunction with the documentary and he is currently hosting screenings at colleges across the nation. Colleges, he says, are important places to show the film -- important because "that's one place where young people are engaging in critical thinking. They're there to push their own consciousness and I think that's a really great place for change to begin." Byron also hopes to use this film in prisons and juvenile detention centers where he thinks many young men have bought into societal views of masculinity.

More than anything, Byron and Sabrina want to reach as many people with this film as possible. "PBS has a certain demographic, but I also want to reach the people I'm making the film for, and that's young people inside the hip-hop generation, particularly young males," says Byron. This is why he is encouraging as many young people as possible to tune in to PBS later this year when *Beyond Beats and Rhymes* premieres, in an effort to "attract a large hip-hop audience to PBS."

*Beyond Beats and Rhymes* can have a huge impact on a wide variety of Americans if we let it. The only way to do that is to draw as much attention to the film as possible, Byron points out. He adds, "I want people to know that there is

someone doing this kind of work -- an anti-sexist activist trying to transform people's minds."

To help spread the word, check out [www.bhurt.com](http://www.bhurt.com) or visit The Independent Television Service and The National Black Programming Consortium to send feedback about the project or to learn about similar endeavors in television and film.

=====

Suemed Sood, 20, is a student at the University of Virginia. This piece originally appeared on WireTap.

More than anything, Byron and Sabrina want to reach as many people with this film as possible. "PBS has a certain demographic, but I also want to reach the people I'm making the film for, and that's young people inside the hip-hop generation, particularly young males," says Byron. This is why he is encouraging as many young people as possible to tune in to PBS later this year when *Beyond Beats and Rhymes* premieres, in an effort to "attract a large hip-hop audience to PBS."

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To help spread the word, check out [www.bhurt.com](http://www.bhurt.com) or visit The Independent Television Service and The National Black Programming Consortium to send feedback about the project or to learn about similar endeavors in television and film.

=====

Suemed Sood, 20, is a student at the University of Virginia. This piece originally appeared on WireTap.

this is e-drum, a listserv providing information of interests to black writers and diverse supporters worldwide.  
e-drum is moderated by kalamu ya salaam (██████).

\_\_\_\

Stay Strong\

\

"Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor" \  
--Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)\

\

"This mathematical rhythmatrical mechanism enhances my wisdom\  
of Islam, keeps me calm from doing you harm, when I attack, it's Vietnam"

--HellRazah\  
\  
"It's not too good to stay in a white man's country too long"  
--Mutabartuka\  
\  
"As for we who have decided to break the back of colonialism, \  
our historic mission is to sanction all revolts, all desperate \  
actions, all those abortive attempts drowned in rivers of blood."  
- Frantz Fanon\  
\  
"Everyday is Ashura and every land is Kerbala"  
-Imam Ja'far Sadiq\  
\br/><http://scratchcue.blogspot.com/>  
\br/><http://www.sleepybrain.net/vanilla.html>  
\br/>[http://www.world-crisis.com/analysis\\_comments/766\\_0\\_15\\_0\\_C/](http://www.world-crisis.com/analysis_comments/766_0_15_0_C/)  
\br/><http://ilovepoetry.com/search.asp?keywords=braithwaite&orderByÚte>  
\br/><http://www.lowliferecords.co.uk/>  
\br/>}

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767. **Ishaq**

### ***Tragedy At Red Lake: A History of Self-Hate Among Indian Youths***

*Mon 28 Mar 2005*

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<http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2005/03/39460.php>

Tragedy At Red Lake: A History of Self-Hate Among Indian Youths

"I can only wonder how things might have turned out differently if Weise had had a traditional Ojibwe upbringing, was well-acquainted with his native tongue and traditions."

AlterNet

Tragedy At Red Lake: A History of Self-Hate Among Indian Youths

By H. Mathew Barkhausen III, SNAG Magazine

Posted on March 24, 2005, Printed on March 28, 2005

<http://www.alternet.org/story/21594/>

The school shooting on the Red Lake Indian Reservation is truly a tragedy. On Monday, 16-year-old Jeff Weise shot and killed five students, a teacher and a guard – while asking one of them if they believe in God – at Red Lake High School in Minnesota. About 14 people were wounded, and his grandfather and his grandfather's wife were also found dead. Weise killed himself.

This particular incident has been called "the worst" school shooting since the Columbine incident here in my home state of Colorado, which ended with the deaths of 12 students, a teacher and the two teen shooters. Things like this leave people to wonder about many things: "How could this happen?" and "Why?"

I feel depressed that such a tragedy occurred. At the same time, I also feel frustrated and angry. My father saw the brother of the killer on the news the next morning. He said the young man seemed stunned and couldn't believe this had occurred. I'm sure the family of the killer will have a hard time accepting that he did such a thing. My anger stems from my realization that things like this can be prevented if people seriously consider alternate reasons for such tragedies.

Weise's father committed suicide, and his mother was not around to affect his behavior because she is suffering from brain injuries as a result of a car accident. His grandfather, whom he is also suspected of murdering, raised him. We may never know what the relationship between them was like. But because of what he did, it seems that nothing he said had an effect even if he encouraged him to value life. The other causes of Weise's actions could be problems that have existed in American Indian communities since the Reservation Era began in 1890.

Weise's father committed suicide and Weise also ended up committing suicide. The suicide rate of American Indians is higher than it is for any other ethnic group in the United States and Canada. The teen suicide rate is astronomically higher for Indians than for any other ethnic group in the U.S. or Canada. One reason is the desperate poverty in most American Indian communities. It is hard to convince yourself you can succeed when there is a lack of opportunity and upward mobility. Another reason is rampant substance abuse, which breeds domestic violence and child abuse, which leads to the last reason for the high rate of suicide and the lack of value for life among so many Indian youth. They have been made to hate who they are.

Weise is suspected to have written on a neo-Nazi message board about his obsession with Nazis and Adolph Hitler, using the names "NativeNazi" and "Todesengel." In a July 19, 2004 post, he reportedly wrote that both his parents were Native American, "though from what I understand I also have a little German, a little Irish, and a little French Canadian in my blood as well." But he grew up on

an Indian reservation with an Indian population of more than 5,000 and with only 91 non-Indians. Even if it is true that he had some degree of blood from other ethnicities, he was Indian. Weise appears to have been a very confused young man, struggling with his identity.

The Libertarian National Socialist Green Party issued a statement on its site Tuesday confirming that Weise posted messages there. The writer of those messages assumed two user names: NativeNazi and "Todesengel," which means "Angel of Death" in German. "I stumbled across the site in my study of the Third Reich as well as Nazism," says a March 2004 post. "I guess I've always carried a natural admiration for Hitler and his ideals, and his courage to take on larger nations."

Another 2004 posting says, "As a result of cultural dominance and interracial mixing, there is barely [sic] any full-blooded Natives left. Where I live, less than 1 percent of all the people on the reservation can speak their own language."

"Under a National Socialist government, things for us would improve vastly," it continued. "That is why I am pro-Nazi. It's hard though, being a Native American National Socialist, people are so misinformed, ignorant and close minded, and it makes your life a living hell."

The group issued a statement on its site Tuesday confirming that Weise posted the messages. The Libertarian National Socialist Green Party "refused to wring hands over a 'tragedy,' instead pointing out that such events are to be expected when thinking people are crammed into an unthinking, irrational modern society," it said. NativeNazi said he was a member of the Ojibwa tribe and "both my parents were Native American, though from what I understand I also have a little German, a little Irish and a little French Canadian in my blood as well."

The idea of Weise's joining a neo-Nazi group is not as surprising as it may seem, said Mark Potok of the Southern Poverty Law Center in Alabama. The center tracks hate groups. "Believe it or not, we run across this all the time," he told CNN. "We've found Jewish Nazis, gay Nazis, blacks who wanted to be white supremacists. The reason it isn't so unusual - these are powerless people to whom images of powerful people are appealing."

Todesengel said in a May 2004 posting: "Because of my size and appearance, people don't give me as much trouble as they would if I looked weak ... I'll defend myself if someone tries something but other than that I'm a peaceful person." His last posting was made in August 2004, according to an archive search.

In his posts, Weise demonstrated a number of things. For one thing, just as Potok suggested, the images of powerful people were appealing to him because he obviously felt powerless. What I find bizarre is that Weise and others who are not part of the "ideal" race that Nazism strives for are willing to overlook Nazi

racial ideology as it applies to them. Weise tries to embrace this ideology by advocating racial purity among his own tribe and people. But a real Nazi would still believe Weise and his people to be "untermenschen" or subhuman, as was the classification given by Nazis to anyone who didn't meet their criteria for belonging to the "Master Race."

At the same time, I think his comments demonstrate his disdain for being Indian despite his arguments in favor of racial purity among the tribe – first by accepting Nazi ideology, and second by desperately grasping at the notion that he had non-Indian blood. If Weise was interested in Nazism and admired Hitler, he had to be familiar with their racial ideology and had to know that he, being an Indian, would not have fit in with the Master Plan of Nazism. So he argues he has blood from more "pure" European races.

Weise's politics are also interesting. It's not uncommon for people in poor communities to embrace a socialist ideology. It has often been argued that traditional indigenous societies were essentially socialist, but rather than forced redistribution of wealth equally among the population, wealth was shared and redistributed freely. But Weise's political beliefs appear rather schizophrenic. On the one hand, he argued for tribal and racial purity – and advocated a Native American separatist movement – on the other, he admired Hitler and the Nazis, ignoring the fact that if the Third Reich had overtaken the United States, American Indians would have been among those in the gas chambers and concentration camps.

I am still left to assume that, seeing the condition of his reservation, with 40 percent of people living below the poverty line, maybe Weise thought Indian was the last thing he wanted to be. This attitude is not uncommon, nor is it new. It began with the Boarding School Generation of the late 1800s.

Indian children were forcibly taken from their parents and shipped off to boarding schools around the country where they were beaten for daring to speak their own language. They were made to believe that being Indian was a bad thing and that absorbing into mainstream American (i.e. white) society was the only way they could cleanse themselves of the horrible reality that they had been born Indian. Their hair was cut and they were to speak only English. In many cases the children suffered physical and sexual abuse. When they tried to find work in cities, they were not accepted, because no matter how brainwashed into thinking they could be white, they were still just "dirty Indians" in the minds of white America. Some tried going home to their reservations, but they'd lost touch with their language and culture and were not accepted there either. They turned to alcohol and often raised their children with the same psychological and physical abuse.

I think the only remedy for the self-hatred that exists among so many American Indian youth is the resurrection and revitalization of Indigenous traditions. Traditional socio-political organization, methods of conflict resolution, and knowledge of language and culture is the only way I can see this will ever end. Some Ojibwe have suggested a traditional cultural explanation for what happened to Weise, in yesterday's the Denver Post. Gayle Downwind, who taught Weise in middle school, said there's an Ojibwe word - "maji-manidoo" - for the evil spirit that can consume a young person.

"When you lose your spiritual connection to God," Downwind said. "The darkness of earth can overpower you."

I can only wonder how things might have turned out differently if Weise had had a traditional Ojibwe upbringing, was well-acquainted with his native tongue and traditions, and belonged to one of the many societies that traditional Ojibwes still have for young men to give them a proper understanding of their place and value within their society.

For the families of the victims one can only hope that somehow, with time and the support of living relatives and friends, that their motional pain and wounds will heal, and no more bloodshed or suicide will follow this tragic event.

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View this story online at: <http://www.alternet.org/story/21594/>

<http://www.alternet.org/story/21594/>

\_\_\_\

Stay Strong\

\

"Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor" \

--Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)\

\

"This mathematical rhythmical mechanism enhances my wisdom\

of Islam, keeps me calm from doing you harm, when I attack, it's Vietnam"\

--HellRazah\

\

"It's not too good to stay in a white man's country too long"\

--Mutabartuka\

\

"As for we who have decided to break the back of colonialism, \

our historic mission is to sanction all revolts, all desperate \

actions, all those abortive attempts drowned in rivers of blood." \

- Frantz Fanon\

\

"Everyday is Ashura and every land is Kerbala"\

-Imam Ja'far Sadiq\  
\  
http://scratchcue.blogspot.com/  
\  
http://www.sleepybrain.net/vanilla.html  
\  
http://www.world-crisis.com/analysis\_comments/766\_0\_15\_0\_C/  
\  
http://ilovepoetry.com/search.asp?keywords=braithwaite&orderBy=date  
\  
http://www.lowliferecords.co.uk/  
\  
}

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768. **Alan Sondheim**

**on WVU Wiki: collection VideoFilmDigitalAnalogEssays**

Tue 29 Mar 2005

---

collection: 3 essays on video,film,analog,digital @

http://www.as.wvu.edu:8000/clc/projects/plaintext\_tools/  
VideoFilmDigitalAnalogEssays

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769. **David Baratier**

**Re: a bit of a loss**

Tue 29 Mar 2005

---

*Ive been writing poetry for some years, it isnt constructive to have =  
someone' criticize the content of your poetry, but to critique its =  
structure is very different. Poetry is very personal, it may not make =*

>sense to everyone, it isnt really even meant to. I write in my own =

>style, if it fits into the norm, what ever that is find! If not then so

=

>be it, I am no less a Poet because I dont adhere to form so to speak. =

>Forgive me if I am being a little diverse here but I do feel that  
others =

>are far to critical of the contents of any written work, or am I wrong

=

>in my assumptions here?



You are right, what do others know. In my case I only write about dogs. Two of my most anthologized poems have a dog in the title, a pointer and a shitzu to be exact. One of my other oft reprinted poems has the generic moniker in the title "dog" and one of my other pieces spells golden retriever as the last letter in each line with a stanza break in between. It probably started when I was born, which happened to be the year of the dog. To get away from my canine influence, my agent suggested I name one of my books *\_In It What's in It\_*. It did not sell because of the absence of luck of the dog.

Once an editor at Cat Fancier told me that my poems weren't about the right subject and that they were in a villanelle which apparently is not a feline friendly form. I said what do you know, my dog can eat your cats poop, lick your face and make you smell like you work in an ass factory before you can say tender vittles. How can your calico compete with that?

They said they would not publish my poems unless hell froze over which, I hastily pointed out, in dog years will take much less time.

Be well

David Baratier, Editor

Pavement Saw Press

PO Box 6291

Columbus OH 43206

USA

<http://pavementsaw.org>

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770. **Steve Dalachinsky**

***Re: a bit of a loss***

*Tue 29 Mar 2005*

---

why's eveyone probably me included so bothered anda feared of criticism  
workbeyond its structure chil

dish i think sill all this personal stuff poetry so personal so what

some folks go so personally far ou of ther way to depersonalize the stuff

ouch this operation is killlin me only when i sit

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## 771. Alan Sondheim

### **BAD|DAY**

Tue 29 Mar 2005

---

#### BAD|DAY

MAP|5.8|2005/03/29|05:16:30|2.617|96.536|30.0|SIMEULUE,|INDONESIA  
MAP|5.5|2005/03/28|23:39:49|2.924|96.340|30.0|SIMEULUE,|INDONESIA  
MAP|5.7|2005/03/28|23:37:32|2.932|96.338|29.4|SIMEULUE,|INDONESIA  
MAP|5.7|2005/03/28|23:13:00|0.192|97.016|30.0|NIAS|REGION,|INDONESIA  
MAP|5.2|2005/03/28|20:35:17|1.725|97.092|30.0|NIAS|REGION,|INDONESIA  
MAP|5.2|2005/03/28|20:23:21|0.872|97.694|30.0|NIAS|REGION,|INDONESIA  
MAP|5.0|2005/03/28|20:19:09|4.955|92.316|30.0|OFF|THE|WEST|COAST|OF|  
|||||NORTHERN|SUMATRA MAP|5.4|2005/03/28|20:06:26|1.080|97.374|30.0|  
NIAS|REGION,|INDONESIA MAP|5.8|2005/03/28|19:02:20|1.010|97.817|30.0|  
NIAS|REGION,|INDONESIA MAP|5.5|2005/03/28|18:48:53|2.729|95.958|30.0|  
SIMEULUE,|INDONESIA MAP|6.1|2005/03/28|18:30:44|0.923|97.804|30.0|  
NIAS|REGION,|INDONESIA MAP|5.3|2005/03/28|17:59:47|0.947|97.804|30.0|  
NIAS|REGION,|INDONESIA MAP|6.0|2005/03/28|16:38:43|1.372|97.362|30.0|  
NIAS|REGION,|INDONESIA MAP|8.7|2005/03/28|16:09:36|2.065|97.010|30.0|  
NORTHERN|SUMATRA,|INDONESIA

#### Analysis|of|Bad|Day

Too|many|people|die|in|fragile|ecosystems|and|repetitive|disasters.|Some,| but|  
not|these,|can|be|traced|to|human|intervention|-|global|warming,|even| some|  
droughts,|certainly|erosions,|pcb|contaminations,|etc.|The|continuous| Indone-  
sian|shaking|is|deadly|and|fascinating;|one|imagines|whole|contin-| ents|shift-  
ing|into|the|ocean,|San|Andreas|faulting|west|coast|California.| What's|cool|in|  
print|constructs|bad|dreams|in|the|real.|We're|sliding|into| the|abyss.|Disasters|  
make|poor|and|always|suspect|artwork.|Pepy's|diary| records|the|Great|Fire|of|  
London,|plague.|Defoe|and|Camus|wrote|plague;|in| another|form|it's|all|over|  
the|early|Ballard.|Things|from|within,|without| cause,|Chernobyl,|not|a|visible|  
cause|certainly,|not|the|hammer-and-nail| variety.|We|erupt|from|within.|The|||  
bars|isolate|the|language|of|science| and|we're|not|saved|by|the|therapeutic|of|  
description,|words|and|people| go.|Work|descends|into|the|hell|that|gives|it|  
strength,|devours|it.|This| is|a|'good|piece'|on|earth|gone|bad.

—

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772. **David Buuck**  
***looking for Lisa Robertson***  
*Tue 29 Mar 2005*

---

contact info? b/c fine -  
thanks!  
David Buuck

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773. **Ron Silliman**  
***Kris Hemensley wins award***  
*Tue 29 Mar 2005*

---

A very nice piece on Kris Hemensley, whom I still think of as a "young" Australian poet, tho he is as old as I. That URL should all appear on one line.

Ron

[http://www.theage.com.au/news/Books/A-well-deserved-tribute/  
2005/03/24/1111525291737.html#](http://www.theage.com.au/news/Books/A-well-deserved-tribute/2005/03/24/1111525291737.html#)

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774. **Dan Waber**  
***[poem] Day Of Rest***  
*Tue 29 Mar 2005*

---

29/61

Echo = the scent of laundry and savors roils in the street, the        exhalations  
of a day of rest

Source = Jennifer Hill-Kaucher, from her poem "Sunday Afternoon"

Day of Rest

The price of the perfect weekend is the  
packing of a bag full of mingled scent.  
There's the lilac, skinsalt, and Ivory of  
you, one cologned shirt that missed the laundry,  
the fust of newly acquired used books and  
travel toothpaste's mint rind. The dog savors  
the warm spot I leave, October wind roils  
a cold spot of leaves. I jam my hands in  
my pockets and set my back against the  
weight of the bag. We tumble to the street.

The car door closes in slow motion, the  
windows cloud from my thick exhalations.  
I try to remember the story of  
anyone--ever--who walked away a  
thousand times a life or four times one day  
and lived. I pack up a thin week's worth of  
my life to leave you behind with the rest.

Dan Waber

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775. **waldreid**

***Reading in North Adams, MA, April 1***

*Tue 29 Mar 2005*

---

Diane Wald & Patricia Lee Lewis

Friday, April 1, 2005

Inkberry's 2nd Annual Celebration of Poetry

The Appalachian Bean Cafe

67 Main Street

North Adams, MA

7:30 p.m.

<http://www.inkberry.org/events.html>

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776. **Editors, Tarpaulin Sky**

***Pom2 Tonight - Prevallet, Peet, Brennan, Mikkalo, Randall, Cardinale***

*Tue 29 Mar 2005*

---

POM springs!

See a reading, get your hands on Pom2 Issue 5

Readers:

Kristin Prevallet

Christian Peet

Sherry Brennan

Erika Mikkalo

Karen Randall

Jenna Cardinale

Where: Dixon Place: 258 Bowery, Second floor

When: Tuesday, March 29 between 6-8 pm

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777. **Gary Sullivan**

**"Mughal-e-Azam" Week at Elsewhere**

Tue 29 Mar 2005

---

As some of you know, K. Asif's great 1960 Urdu film, "Mughal-e-Azam," is having its U.S. debut, a mere 45 years after its initial release. The film was originally shot in black & white, save for two gloriously supersaturated reels of eye-popping color. Asif had wanted to make a full-color film, but shooting had already dragged on for decade and his backers denied him. The version being screened in the U.S. is a recently colorized version. Blasphemy? You decide!

To celebrate the film's new life, I'll be posting poems, essays, appreciations, and many links related to the original film, the behind-the-scenes stories, and of course the new colorized version, to Elsewhere:

<http://garysullivan.blogspot.com>

Do you have something to say about "Mughal-e-Azam"? Want to gush endlessly about Madhubala, Dilip Kumar, Prithviraj Kapoor, or Durga Khote? Have a funny story about Naushad or Lata?

Send it along to me backchannel and I'll add it to the mix:

gpsullivan at hotmail dot com

Thanks.

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778. **Dustin Williamson**

**My letter in defense of Chicago Poetry**

Tue 29 Mar 2005

---

Quoting Ron Silliman <[REDACTED]>:

Viz <http://www.americandaily.com/article/7269>

*in which JJ Jameson/Norman Porter, the slammer poet from Chicago who was an escaped murderer from Boston has his poems taken as indicative of what you can expect from liberals and the Democratic Party....*

Ron

Dear Mr. Engler:

I'm writing to you, as a poet and student from Milwaukee, about the article you wrote entitled "Poetry and Politics Chicago Style." In the essay you make the claim that "In most media coverage of Porter/Jameson there is little mention of his so-called poems nor examples of them." Do you think quoting three lines of one poem with the total analysis that the poem is "prosaic" is adequate attention to his poetry? I'm an undergraduate at the University of Wisconsin—Milwaukee and I know that to only dismiss work without a good critical explanation is an easy way out of having to say something interesting. Actually, what do you mean when you compare the poem to "what we might find in a mediocre, high school essay poking fun at human reproduction?" Where does one find such essays? I went to high school and I have no idea what that statement is referring to (the immaturity of children? but what teenager writes an essay "poking fun at human reproduction?") I don't know about you, but I spent most of high school trying to have sex, not writing "essays" making fun of it. You go one to make the claim "Free verse in Chicago poetry and liberalism in Chicago politics are worn-out, 20th century forms. Poetry in Chicago did not suffer a setback with the arrest of Norman Porter. Poetry in this city was already backwards and part of the illusionary world that liberalism props up with propaganda." What? Do you actually read poetry that comes out of Chicago? Are you only writing about the slam scene? If you are, perhaps you should say so. Have you ever been to either the Myopic or the Discrete readings series? Have you ever visited [www.chicagopostmodernpoetry.com](http://www.chicagopostmodernpoetry.com)? Have you come across the work of any number of fantastic Chicago poets: Jesse Seldess, Kerri Sonnenberg, William Allegrezza, Chuck Stebelton to name a few? I don't know J.J. Jameson's poetry specifically, but I'm going to say, with the authority that I know better than to say otherwise, that he doesn't represent poetry in Chicago in toto, or even in general.

Cheers,  
Dustin Williamson

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779. **Skip Fox**  
**Re: Fisher-Pound**  
*Tue 29 Mar 2005*

---

One critic (sorry I can't remember--Noel Stock?) who Pound's flip, gruff, whatever spelling came from a very real deficiency which the creative spelling was meant to cover up.

alexander saliby wrote:

>

> Stephen Baraban wrote:

>

> "That's interesting. When I look at Pound's letters to  
> his friends I see persistent "creative" spelling of  
> words & not-particularly-funny punning\*, past the  
> point of exuberance & naughtiness, so I've thought  
> Pound is displaying exasperation with/aggression  
> towards language, so that I'd say, in your terms,  
> Alexander, he DOES in fact feel victimized by it."

>

> Stephen,

> I never looked at EP's letters to his friends, nor had I thought his use of the  
language as something he did out of frustration or "exasperation" towards the  
language...on the contrary I always thought of his uses or even abuses a sort of  
gruffy control mechanism and a conceited kind of flip at general audiences  
whom, I suspect, he distrusted and perhaps even disrespected. And, while I fail  
to recall any of EP's puns, I'll offer that in my view puns represent the ultimate  
control mechanism...the punster demonstrates his/her ability to master words  
to the extent of misusing or reusing them in meaningfully inappropriate and  
therefore funny ways.

>

> Though, here's a bit of Pound struggling with the inadequacy of language and  
taking control by starting to invent or create his own direction: From, "In a Sta-  
tion in the Metro" E. Pound, 1916

>

> "Three years ago in Paris I got out of a "metro" train at La Concorde, and saw  
suddenly a beautiful face, and then another and another, and then a beautiful  
child's face, and then another beautiful woman, and I tried all that day to find  
words for what this had meant to me, and I could not find any words that  
seemed to me worthy, or as lovely as that sudden emotion. And that evening, as  
I went home along the Rue Raynouard, I was still trying and I found, suddenly,  
the expression. I do not mean that I found words, but there came an equation . .  
. not in speech, but in little splotches of colour. It was just that - a "pattern," or  
hardly a pattern, if by "pattern" you mean something with a "repeat" in it. But it  
was a word, the beginning, for me, of a language in colour. I do not mean that I  
was unfamiliar with the kindergarten stories about colours being like tones in  
music. I think that sort of thing is nonsense. If you try to make notes perma-  
nently correspond with particu-

lar

> colours, it is like tying narrow meanings to symbols.

>

> That evening, in the Rue Raynouard, I realized quite vividly that if I were a  
painter, or if I had, often, that kind of emotion, of even if I had the energy to get

paints and brushes and keep at it, I might found a new school of painting that would speak only by arrangements in colour."

>

> But, Stephen, you raise an interesting point...Pound's exasperation with the inadequacies of language are in part a form of his having become a victim of those failings. I might be tempted to reread a bit to see if I can join you in that assertion, though the thought of struggling through another Canto brings on a headache almost before I begin the reading.

>

>

> More as I learn,

> Alex

> P.S. E.P. and chess, I've not a clue there, but I am quite certain the question asked had nothing to do with the game and more to address the gamesmanship of each of the characters, Fisher & Pound.

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

> From: Stephen Baraban<mailto:[REDACTED]>

> To: [REDACTED]<mailto:[REDACTED]>

> Sent: Monday, March 28, 2005 11:42 AM

> Subject: Re: Fisher-Pound

>

> Alexander Saliby wrote:

>

> > I read Pound; hope never to have to read it (him)

> > ever again. That which I did read, I did not enjoy.

>

> Too bad.

>

> > However, I remain in awe of his ability to

> > manipulate words, to use the language and not be a

> > victim of it.

>

> That's interesting. When I look at Pound's letters to

> his friends I see persistent "creative" spelling of

> words & not-particularly-funny punning\*, past the

> point of exuberance & naughtiness, so I've thought

> Pound is displaying exasperation with/aggression

> towards language, so that I'd say, in your terms,

> Alexander, he DOES in fact feel victimized by it.

>

> (\*though Pound COULD on occasion be a deft punster, as

> in his calling New Directions publishers "Nude



> Erections".)  
>  
> If this is true is it because he is annoyed that  
> people are not sufficiently assenting to what he  
> believes, Language somehow not being adequate to get  
> through to people, though to his mind his ideas are  
> fundamentally unassailable and he knows perfectly well  
> how to convey them?  
>  
> > Your point, though, may well be accurate; it's  
> > conceivable both men were slightly askew the  
> > norm...lucky for them.  
>  
> AND unlucky, since they both became so full of hate.  
>  
> By the way, what's this Baratier says about EP playing  
> chess? I've heard about the fencing, the wild tennis  
> playing, the writing of music...but not chess.  
>  
>  
> \_\_\_\_\_  
> Do you Yahoo!?  
> Yahoo! Small Business - Try our new resources site!  
>  
http://smallbusiness.yahoo.com/resources/<http://smallbusiness.yahoo.com/  
resources/>

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780. **Betsy Andrews**  
***email for Shelley Marlowe?***

*Tue 29 Mar 2005*

---

anyone got one? thanks, betsy

"The world is full of paper. Write to me."

--Agha Shahid Ali

-----  
Do you Yahoo!?

Yahoo! Small Business - Try our new resources site!

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781. **alexander saliby**

**Re: Fisher-Pound**

*Tue 29 Mar 2005*

---

Stephen Baraban wrote:

"That's interesting. When I look at Pound's letters to his friends I see persistent "creative" spelling of words & not-particularly-funny punning\*, past the point of exuberance & naughtiness, so I've thought Pound is displaying exasperation with/aggression towards language, so that I'd say, in your terms, Alexander, he DOES in fact feel victimized by it."

Stephen,

I never looked at EP's letters to his friends, nor had I thought his use of the language as something he did out of frustration or "exasperation" towards the language...on the contrary I always thought of his uses or even abuses a sort of gruffy control mechanism and a conceited kind of flip at general audiences whom, I suspect, he distrusted and perhaps even disrespected. And, while I fail to recall any of EP's puns, I'll offer that in my view puns represent the ultimate control mechanism...the punster demonstrates his/her ability to master words to the extent of misusing or reusing them in meaningfully inappropriate and therefore funny ways.

Though, here's a bit of Pound struggling with the inadequacy of language and taking control by starting to invent or create his own direction: From, "In a Station in the Metro" E. Pound, 1916

"Three years ago in Paris I got out of a "metro" train at La Concorde, and saw suddenly a beautiful face, and then another and another, and then a beautiful child's face, and then another beautiful woman, and I tried all that day to find words for what this had meant to me, and I could not find any words that seemed to me worthy, or as lovely as that sudden emotion. And that evening, as I went home along the Rue Raynouard, I was still trying and I found, suddenly, the expression. I do not mean that I found words, but there came an equation . . . not in speech, but in little splotches of colour. It was just that - a "pattern," or hardly a pattern, if by "pattern" you mean something with a "repeat" in it. But it was a word, the beginning, for me, of a language in colour. I do not mean that I was unfamiliar with the kindergarten stories about colours being like tones in music. I think that sort of thing is nonsense. If you try to make notes permanently correspond with particular colours, it is like tying narrow meanings to symbols.

That evening, in the Rue Raynouard, I realized quite vividly that if I were a painter, or if I had, often, that kind of emotion, of even if I had the energy to get paints and brushes and keep at it, I might found a new school of painting that would speak only by arrangements in colour."

But, Stephen, you raise an interesting point...Pound's exasperation with the inadequacies of language are in part a form of his having become a victim of those failings. I might be tempted to reread a bit to see if I can join you in that assertion, though the thought of struggling through another Canto brings on a headache almost before I begin the reading.

More as I learn,

Alex

P.S. E.P. and chess, I've not a clue there, but I am quite certain the question asked had nothing to do with the game and more to address the gamesmanship of each of the characters, Fisher & Pound.

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

From: Stephen Baraban<mailto:[REDACTED]>

To: [REDACTED]<mailto:[REDACTED]>

Sent: Monday, March 28, 2005 11:42 AM

Subject: Re: Fisher-Pound

Alexander Saliby wrote:

*I read Pound; hope never to have to read it (him)  
ever again. That which I did read, I did not enjoy.*

Too bad.

*However, I remain in awe of his ability to  
manipulate words, to use the language and not be a  
victim of it.*

That's interesting. When I look at Pound's letters to his friends I see persistent "creative" spelling of words & not-particularly-funny punning\*, past the point of exuberance & naughtiness, so I've thought Pound is displaying exasperation with/aggression towards language, so that I'd say, in your terms, Alexander, he DOES in fact feel victimized by it.

(\*though Pound COULD on occasion be a deft punster, as in his calling New Directions publishers "Nude Erections".)

If this is true is it because he is annoyed that people are not sufficiently assenting to what he believes, Language somehow not being adequate to get

through to people, though to his mind his ideas are fundamentally unassailable and he knows perfectly well how to convey them?

*Your point, though, may well be accurate; it's conceivable both men were slightly askew the norm...lucky for them.*

AND unlucky, since they both became so full of hate.

By the way, what's this Baratier says about EP playing chess? I've heard about the fencing, the wild tennis playing, the writing of music...but not chess.

---

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<http://smallbusiness.yahoo.com/resources/><<http://smallbusiness.yahoo.com/resources/>>

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782. **Jeremy Hawkins**

***Re: My letter in defense of Chicago Poetry***

*Tue 29 Mar 2005*

---

Your letter was quite a bit more polite than mine.

A highlight from my epistle to Straw Man Engler:

"'Mistaken aesthetic?'" Hahaha. I think you'd better look up aesthetic again. Honestly, you ought to study up before putting quotation marks around our poesie.'

Well-stated, Dustin.

-jeremy

--- Dustin Williamson <[REDACTED]> wrote:

> Quoting Ron Silliman <[REDACTED]>:

>

> > Viz <http://www.americandaily.com/article/7269>

> >

> > in which JJ Jameson/Norman Porter, the slammer  
> poet from Chicago who

> > was an escaped murderer from Boston has his poems  
> taken as indicative

> > of what you can expect from liberals and the

> Democratic Party....

> >  
> > Ron  
>  
> Dear Mr. Engler:  
>  
> I'm writing to you, as a poet and student from  
> Milwaukee, about the article  
> you wrote entitled "Poetry and Politics Chicago  
> Style." In the essay you make  
> the claim that "In most media coverage of  
> Porter/Jameson there is little  
> mention of his so-called poems nor examples of  
> them." Do you think quoting  
> three lines of one poem with the total analysis that  
> the poem is "prosaic" is  
> adequate attention to his poetry? I'm an  
> undergraduate at the University of  
> Wisconsin—Milwaukee and I know that to only dismiss  
> work without a good  
> critical explanation is an easy way out of having to  
> say something interesting.  
> Actually, what do you mean when you compare the poem  
> to "what we might find in  
> a mediocre, high school essay poking fun at human  
> reproduction?" Where does one  
> find such essays? I went to high school and I have  
> no idea what that statement  
> is referring to (the immaturity of children? but  
> what teenager writes an essay  
> "poking fun at human reproduction?") I don't know  
> about you, but I spent most  
> of high school trying to have sex, not writing  
> "essays" making fun of it.  
> You go one to make the claim "Free verse in  
> Chicago poetry and liberalism in  
> Chicago politics are worn-out, 20th century forms.  
> Poetry in Chicago did not  
> suffer a setback with the arrest of Norman Porter.  
> Poetry in this city was  
> already backwards and part of the illusionary world  
> that liberalism props up  
> with propaganda." What? Do you actually read poetry

> that comes out of Chicago?  
> Are you only writing about the slam scene? If you  
> are, perhaps you should say  
> so. Have you ever been to either the Myopic or the  
> Discrete readings series?  
> Have you ever visited  
> www.chicagopostmodernpoetry.com? Have you come  
> across the  
> work of any number of fantastic Chicago poets: Jesse  
> Seldess, Kerri Sonnenberg,  
> William Allegrezza, Chuck Stebelton to name a few? I  
> don't know J.J. Jameson's  
> poetry specifically, but I'm going to say, with the  
> authority that I know  
> better than to say otherwise, that he doesn't  
> represent poetry in Chicago in  
> toto, or even in general.  
>  
> Cheers,  
> Dustin Williamson  
>

---

The essence of the genius of our race, is, in our opinion, the reconciliation it effects between the base and the beautiful, recognising that they are complementary and indispensable to each other.

- Hugh MacDiarmid

---

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783. **Ishaq**

### ***Seventh Native American Generation (SNAG)***

*Tue 29 Mar 2005*

---

Seventh Native American Generation (SNAG) is a magazine written and illustrated by Native American youths. A forum for young people unheard and unseen in mainstream media, SNAG features first-person essays, poetry, photographs and illustrations created by Native youths throughout the United States, Canada and Alaska. We accept submissions from youths ages 11 to 26 for publication on our website. Contact us at [REDACTED].

Since it was founded in 2002 by editors Ross Cunningham and Shadi Rahimi, SNAG staff have raised enough money to publish three, full-color print

magazines through magazine sales and grants. Stories by SNAG writers have appeared in the award-winning youth magazine Youth Outlook (YO!)

<<http://www.youthoutlook.org>>, and reprinted in other online publications. Some SNAG stories have even been published internationally over the Pacific News Service newswire. Requests to reprint SNAG stories should be sent to

██████████.

In the past, SNAG was funded by Force of Change in Oakland, and sponsored by Friendship House Association of American Indians Inc. in San Francisco, and Native American Health Center in Oakland. Our first edition was published through POOR Press <<http://www.poormagazine.com>>, and our fundraising events were held with the great help and financial assistance of the Youth Services Department of Native American Health Center in Oakland. Half the cost of our website has been paid for by Pacific News Service

<<http://www.pacificnews.org>>, which is also paying for its monthly upkeep. Recently, we were awarded a grant to publish the 2005 issue of SNAG from Honor the Earth <<http://www.honorearth.com>>! Our fiscal sponsor is Community Futures Collective. Thank you all of our sponsors!

We are now accepting submissions for our next issue. We are raising the rest of the money to pay for printing by selling editions of our magazines. The 2003 issue, which has a red cover featuring the illustration of Pomo artist Kirby Cunningham, is \$3. The 2004 issue, which has a blue cover featuring the work of artist Jesse Hernandez, is \$5, and includes a 12-song CD. Featured Native artists and groups include Aztlan Underground, Blackfire, Casper Lomayesva, Ras K'Dee, and Omayá.

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

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Stay Strong\

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"Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor" \

--Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)\

\

"This mathematical rhythmical mechanism enhances my wisdom\

of Islam, keeps me calm from doing you harm, when I attack, it's Vietnam"\

--HellRazah\

\

"It's not too good to stay in a white man's country too long"\

--Mutabartuka\

\

"As for we who have decided to break the back of colonialism, \  
our historic mission is to sanction all revolts, all desperate \

actions, all those abortive attempts drowned in rivers of blood."  
- Frantz Fanon\  
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"Everyday is Ashura and every land is Kerbala"  
-Imam Ja'far Sadiq\  
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<http://scratchcue.blogspot.com/>  
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<http://www.sleepybrain.net/vanilla.html>  
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[http://www.world-crisis.com/analysis\\_comments/766\\_0\\_15\\_0\\_C/](http://www.world-crisis.com/analysis_comments/766_0_15_0_C/)  
\br/><http://ilovepoetry.com/search.asp?keywords=braithwaite&orderBy=date>  
\br/><http://www.lowliferecords.co.uk/>  
\br/>}

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784. **Ishaq**

### ***Hip Hop Double Talk***

*Tue 29 Mar 2005*

---

#### Hip Hop Double Talk

Leroy Moore Breakin down the walls of Hip Hop Industry Lies

Leroy Moore/Illin n chillin

<http://www.leroymoore.com>

Thursday, July 22, 2004;

In my recent article, "Can You Feel Our Rhythm" (on Illin-N-Chillin) on the talents of Black disabled musicians in Hip-Hop, Gospel, Soul and World Jazz, I discussed the discrimination and lack of recognition of these musicians. Now I've realized that especially in Hip-Hop there is this double talk when it comes to disability. Like Hollywood, the Hip-Hop industry has this perfect picture image to displayed to the world. Remember the days of white people in Black faces and the other racist stereotypes of Black people in Hollywood? Well, is Hip-Hop doing the same with the images of disability and the discrimination against disabled artists in Hip-Hop?

Today there are many Hip-Hop one-person-plays that I like which brings reality of Black youth and young adults living in our society to the stage some are very harsh and some are funny but all have an underline theme of race in our



society. Many of these one-person-plays have disabled characters in them from my girl, Aya de Leon's, "Thieves in the Temple: The Reclaiming of Hip-Hop" that has a character who gets the ticks and stutters every time he tries to be a hard-core gangster Hip-Hop artist. Aya's character is o.k. if he continues to rap his pg lyrics. Also you have Danny Hoch, who is a White Hip-Hop actor/performer/writer. He wrote the book and now film entitled, "Some People and Jails, Hospitals, and Hip-Hop" that has many disabled characters from a rapper who stutters to a Puerto-Rican wheelchair user who gets physically and verbally brutalized by New York police. These are wonderful plays and brings up many real concerns facing youth of color but is it time for the real disabled Hip-Hop artist\actor\actress to stand, limp or wheel up to the mike? I'm ready to take one of my poems or stories to the stage like "I'm The Black Cripple" or my famous skit, "Superman vs. Handyman!" Somebody show me the spotlight!

Many groups of people have express their views about the lyrics in Hip-Hop from Eminem to Two-Live- Crew. Women, some Black organizations and leaders, gays and lesbians all had their say about insulting lyrics that some Hip-Hop artists have spit on the mike and these groups have also pleased the industry for more diversity. Today we have seen the increase of women Hip-Hop artists and we even have seen the beginning of gays and lesbians artists entering the gates of Hip-Hop to set the record straight on their issues. For example in 2003, Phat Family Records, an organization of LGBT hip-hop artists and fans, released Phat Family Volume 2: Down 4 the Swerve. We can't forget, Deep Dickollective and Tim'm both have phat new smoking albums. However I always hear this common statement when I or other disabled Hip-Hop artists try to approach the gates of Hip-Hop, "the industry is not ready for a disabled or wheelchair Hip-Hop artists!" Fezo da Madone of Boston is working on his second Hip-Hop cd entitled, Here I AM Fezo, a Black disabled hot Hip-Hop artist has bumped up against the statement, "the hip-hop industry is not ready for an artist in a wheelchair" over and over again. This statement was and still is limiting gays and lesbians artists but as we have seen gays and lesbians artists are not waiting for the gates of Hip-Hop to open they are bulldozing through the gate.

The Hip-Hop industry is double talking like a politician on the campaign road. Although Fezo da Madone, Paraplegic MC, Rob Da Noize Temple, Michael Manning, Bird and many more disabled artists including myself can't get into the gates of Hip-Hop, well known Hip-Hop artists and groups can use disability lingo in their songs. For example the latest album by Black eyed Peas has a hit song, "Lets Get Retarded" and many others have used and verbally abused us on their cds. After the hoopla around this titled, Black Eyed Peas changed it to 'Lets Get it Started'. If Hip-Hop wants to be real why not promote one of the artists who really has a disability and are banging at the gates of Hip-Hop like the artists I mentioned above. In June of 2004 the Hip-Hop Summit was held in

Newark, NJ. The New Jersey Minorities with Disabilities Coalition attended the summit and asked one of the organizers from California, where were their disabled brothers and sisters. The organizer felt bad because the summit lacked the voice of people with disabilities. No more double talk! No more excuses!

It is time for action! Look out for the latest works from Fezo da Madone, Rob Da Noize Temple and Paraplegic MC and myself and our collaboration on a cd in the near future. Or you can listen to Pushing Limits on KPFA 94.1 FM the first and third Sundays at 6:30 where we will showcase disabled musicians including hip-hop artists with disabilities or read Illin-n-Chillin at [www.poormagazine.org](http://www.poormagazine.org) or my website

<http://www.leroymoore.com..> Hip-Hop industry you have been warned!

\_\_\_\

Stay Strong\

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"Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor" \

--Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)\

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"This mathematical rhythmical mechanism enhances my wisdom\

of Islam, keeps me calm from doing you harm, when I attack, it's Vietnam"\

--HellRazah\

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"It's not too good to stay in a white man's country too long"\

--Mutabartuka\

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"As for we who have decided to break the back of colonialism, \

our historic mission is to sanction all revolts, all desperate \

actions, all those abortive attempts drowned in rivers of blood." \

- Frantz Fanon\

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"Everyday is Ashura and every land is Kerbala"\

-Imam Ja'far Sadiq\

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<http://scratchcue.blogspot.com/>\

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<http://www.sleepybrain.net/vanilla.html>\

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[http://www.world-crisis.com/analysis\\_comments/766\\_0\\_15\\_0\\_C/](http://www.world-crisis.com/analysis_comments/766_0_15_0_C/)\

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<http://ilovepoetry.com/search.asp?keywords=braithwaite&orderBy=date>\

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<http://www.lowliferecords.co.uk/>\

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785. **Joel Weishaus**

***What's Going On?***

*Tue 29 Mar 2005*

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<http://www.nytimes.com/2005/03/29/opinion/29krugman.html?hp>

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786. **furniture\_press**

***12 step program leads to a kiss***

*Tue 29 Mar 2005*

---

1. Hubert turned into Marty's driveway and parked his pickup alongside Marty's rig.

Hubert and Marty are constructs of divinity: one is full of light and air the other full of dark and matter.

2. The moment Hubert glanced at the eighteen-wheeler he could tell it had been out in the previous night's storm.

The storm is the personification of endless night, the travels between a here we're aware of and a there not forthwith. The eighteen wheeler is dashed against Hubert's skull.

3. He walked around the tractor-trailer and saw that the chassis was still wet and the mudguards and the fenders were splattered with fresh grime.

We must stop here and decide if it is necessary to go on. The marker naturally is the tractor-trailer, or the fenders, we don't really know because the splatter of fresh grime deviates from the kiss that is happening down the street.

4. Hubert continued towards the house.

It was Hubert's intention to go on but the house suddenly becomes a metaphor for Atlas, shag carpeting, or the grime-splattered fenders of the previous part.

5. It was a modest manufactured home covered with rose-colored vinyl siding finished with white trim.

Modesty became a mouse and fled the scene, only to become filled with joy as Hubert went on toward the house. It was eventually crushed to death when Marty jumped for joy as Hubert entered his house. The vinyl siding is no longer an allegory but means only vinyl siding.

6. It had a wide covered porch in front with several rockers carefully aligned side by side.

Ibidem is necessary here, but there is no repetition, except for the rockers, which point, as a theoretical element, to "rocker."

7. It was built in the middle of an ample grassy lot that sloped towards a pond at the rear of the property.

An ample grassy lot provides an idyllic setting. Sloping towards a pond, the rhetoric takes off here and becomes fashionable.

8. Hubert knocked on the door a couple of times without response, so he walked around the side of the house looking for Marty.

Repetition becomes visibly inundated, and the kissing stops. The side of the house is Marty's inconsistencies.

9. When he got to the rear of the house he spotted Marty sitting on a beach chair at the end of a rickety wooden dock that jutted out into the pond.

Now the rear of the house is Hubert's inconsistencies. Marty is sitting, not standing, which is reminiscent of *The Odyssey*. It is the pond, not the chair, that is rickety.

10. Marty was puffing on a cigar butt while holding a fishing pole fashioned out of a bamboo reed.

If anything in this story is fashioned from a bamboo reed it is rhetoric. A fishing pole foreshadows the kiss might begin again. Any cigar, in this case, is an allusion to the Freudian slip about to happen next.

11. The nylon line extended down to the water, where it connected to a big chunk of old cork floating on the surface.

The nylon line is life. The water is the end of civilization. The tension between the cork and the surface of the water demarcates Good and Evil in Whitehead. The kissing eventually begins, as we have noted.

12. A few strands of gray hair stuck out haphazardly from under the back of his crumpled hat, not much unlike the sparse patches of hair that grew scattered across his shirtless back and shoulders.

Rain is gathering in the pond at the back of Marty's neck. The hair is a rhetorical element. The crumpled hat negates the kissing so the kiss never happened.

13. Hubert approached the dock and greeted Marty.

Hubert and Marty reconcile their differences, and kiss.

--

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787. **Tenney Nathanson**

***this Th-S: annual Arizona Quarterly Symposium***

*Tue 29 Mar 2005*

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all the events described below are free & open to the public. there's free parking immediately to the north of the building. and there's free food.

\*\*\*

Arizona Quarterly Symposium

March 31 - April 2, 2005

Foundation/Alumni Building Dining Room

1111 North Cherry Avenue

Thursday, March 31

1:30 PM

Lynda Zwinger

"If You Still Feel Raw About It":

Bodies, Subjectivities, Mothers

Thursday, March 31

1:30 PM

Mitchell Breitwieser

The Art of Loss:

Sarah Orne Jewett's Deephaven

Friday, April 1

10:00 AM

Patrick O'Donnell

Henry James' Memento

Friday, April 1

1:30 PM

Greg Jackson

"What Would Jesus Do?"

Practical Christianity, the Social Gospel  
and the Homeletic Novel

Friday, April 1

3:30 PM

Janet Bergstrom  
DVD for Film History and Analysis:  
'Murnau's 4 Devils: Traces of a Lost Film'

Saturday, April 2  
10:00 AM  
Charles Bernstein  
How Empty is My Bread Pudding

\*\*\*

related event: poetry reading by Charles Bernstein, for POG, Saturday  
evening at 7, at Ortospace, 121 E. 7th Street, Tucson.  
Admission: \$5, or \$3 for students

For details:  
[www.gopog.org](http://www.gopog.org)  
or  
mailto: [REDACTED]

\*\*\*

---

tenney nathanson  
mailto: [REDACTED]  
mailto: [REDACTED]  
<http://www.u.arizona.edu/~nathanso/tn/index.html>  
pog  
mailto: [REDACTED]  
<http://www.gopog.org/>

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788. **Michael Rothenberg**  
***Blue Poets in Wyoming???***  
*Tue 29 Mar 2005*

---

Any poets in Wyoming?  
Michael  
[www.bigbridge.org](http://www.bigbridge.org)

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789. **Dubravka Djuric**

**robert creeley**

Tue 29 Mar 2005

---

I am so sorry to hear that robert creeley died...

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790. **furniture\_press**

**Chat with customer service?**

Tue 29 Mar 2005

---

Please wait for a site operator to respond.You are currently number 1 of 1 in the queue. Thank you for your patience.

You are now chatting with 'Greg C'

Greg C: Hello, Chris. Welcome to j2 Global online live support. I am Greg, your Online Live Support Representative. How are you doing today?

Chris Casamassima: Great!!!

Greg C: How may I assist you, today?

Chris Casamassima: But I need to cancel my efax account

Greg C: I am sorry to hear that you wish to cancel. Could you please provide me your fax number and PIN for verification purposes?

Chris Casamassima: Your eFax number: 14432690779 Your PIN number: 5282

Greg C: Thank you for the information. Please give me a moment while I quickly check your account.

Greg C: Thank you for waiting. I have located and verified your account.

Greg C: May I ask why you are canceling your fax account?

Chris Casamassima: Great!!!

Chris Casamassima: Wife won the lottery, we bought a fax machine.

Greg C: Congratulations,we really value your association and relationship with us. We have an exclusive offer for you. If you wish to keep this account, then you can avail a one time offer on this account. You can keep this account at a nominal rate of \$12.95 for the next 90 days instead of paying \$12.95 every month.

Chris Casamassima: Nope!

Greg C: I do understand your concern and respect your decision.We are sorry that you have decided to leave us.If ever your faxing needs change, please do consider our service. We will be glad to have you as our customer.

Greg C: Please give me a moment while I close your account.

Chris Casamassima: Thyroid's acting up. Chop chop

Greg C: Is there anything else, I can assist you with?

Chris Casamassima: Yes...

Greg C: How may I assist you.

Chris Casamassima: What color are your eyes?

Greg C: Unfortunately, we will not be able to indulge in personal chat. Please let me know if you should have any questions regarding our services and I would be glad to assist you with them.

Chris Casamassima: Personal? Wait!

Chris Casamassima: I'm talking about personel

Greg C: Sure.

Chris Casamassima: Can I have ten dollars? My wife is petty.

Greg C: Please note that if you continue to ask personal questions, I will be forced to terminate our chat session. Please let me know if you have any questions about our service offerings and I would be more than happy to assist you with them.

Chris Casamassima: Services? Oooh, sounds fun!

Greg C: Do you have any questions about our service offerings ?

Chris Casamassima: are you offering me services or proferring, because this would be illegal, I want to talk to your supervisor...

Greg C: I'm sorry for the delay. I'll be right with you.

Greg C: This is the affirmative confirmation that your account has just been cancelled and all your account information has automatically been deleted by our system.

Greg C: Is there anything else, I can assist you with?

Chris Casamassima: Assist? What does assist mean?

Chris Casamassima: I am Italian.

Greg C: Thank you for contacting j2 Global online support.

Chat session has been terminated by the site operator.

[www.towson.edu/~cacasama/furniture/poae](http://www.towson.edu/~cacasama/furniture/poae)

[baltimorereads.blogspot.com](http://baltimorereads.blogspot.com)

[zillionpoems.blogspot.com](http://zillionpoems.blogspot.com)

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791. **noemata**

**1000 < 7264Subject: lmnoprstuv**

*Tue 29 Mar 2005*

---

1000 < 7264Subject: lmnoprstuv



each line herexlnhrsn wreaks bOK, so wima the monticule ystumb,ling over: =  
dead sy stoppered it's fluxmeverything poefr0nkp, why should hxlt0  
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table bspecters althe monticule y huh, the weighted stoppered it's fluxm should  
francophobe us,spectating alertnesslit no short the montiyaounde is thithevery.

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isbn 82-92428-08-9

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792. **Thomas savage**  
**Re: Translation question**

*Tue 29 Mar 2005*

---

Gary Sullivan <[REDACTED]> wrote:Dear Gary, It's Tuesday so this may be too late for you to post. But here goes anyway. The best translation I've read of anything in recent years is of The Conference of the Birds by Farid Ud-Din Attar. It's translated in a Penguin book by Afkham Darbandi and Dick Davis. It's a verse translation of a great, Sufi epic. There is also a prose translation available from the same publisher but this one is far superior. I was so struck by it when I encountered it accidentally that I used it for several weeks in the workshop I teach. Regards, Tom Savage

-----  
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793. **Dustin Williamson**  
**Fwd: Re: American Daily column feedback**

*Tue 29 Mar 2005*

---

This is the response I got from Mr Engler, along with an essay that I think he feels I'll find enlightening. While it is longer (and more racist), try if you have the stomach for it and find somewhere in it where he makes an actual critique and not just an attack which in no way references the work he's writing about. I couldn't.

I also like the part in the letter where he follows a comment on my lack of knowledge of his own poetry with "Hmm." I think he's insinuating that I'm a communist. Eek!

Dustin

(www.rustbuckle.blog-city.com)

----- Forwarded message from [REDACTED] -----

Date: Tue, 29 Mar 2005 15:23:39 EST

From: [REDACTED]

Subject: Re: American Daily column feedback

To: [REDACTED]

Dear Dustin,

As a poet who is just now learning to write for the web, I have to tell you that I can't do everything in a 1,000 word essay. I tried to give JJ as fair a treatment as I could, in a form that requires short paragraphs and limited words.

I am aware of the broader scene in Chicago, but still maintain my thesis that most poetry in Chicago, and most art for that matter, is propaganda for the liberal state.

It's odd that you know so much about poetry in Chicago, yet seem unfamiliar with my poetry. Hmm.

If you like to read, here is something below.

Best regards,

--RKE

Robert Klein Engler lives in Chicago and New Orleans. C. J Laity of ChicagoPoetry.com says of Engler, "There are literally thousands of poets in Chicago who are better writers than Engler...he is simply a rotten human being that I prefer not to associate with." To find Robert's work online, just google his name or click the links below. His books are available from amazon.com.

"Interview"

<http://adirondackreview.homestead.com/interviewengler.html>

"The Approach to Pilottown"

<http://www.blithe.com/bhq6.3/6.3.07.html>

"Red Beans and Rice"

<http://www.drunkenboat.com/db2/engler/redbeans.html>

"A Trip Up River"

<http://www.newtownwriters.org/SwellRiver.html>

"Justin the Pirate"

<http://www.red-coral.net/Grotto09May.html>

"One Sentence"

<http://www.midnightmind.com/stuff/englerone.htm>

"Every Good Boy Does Fine"

<http://outsiderink.com/04/winter/engler.php>

.POETRY AND ART IN CHICAGO: A PROSIMETRICAL COMPLAINT.

--Robert Klein Engler

For those interested in news about poetry and art in Chicago there is only bad news. Unfortunately, we have very little art in Chicago. Nor do we have much poetry. All we have in Chicago is politics, and a nasty Democratic politics at that. Just like Communist China, all public and most private art and poetry in Chicago is subservient to the concerns of the state. In Chicago the state is small minded, parochial and made up mostly of elected officials who favor a moribund liberalism. Most are Philistines at heart. It is this moribund liberal ideology that drives the Poetry Center, anchored at the Art Institute of Chicago, to one embarrassment after another. The Art Institute itself has been morally adrift ever since a group of alderman marched in and forcibly removed an unflattering picture of Harold Washington from a gallery wall. Art and poetry has been held hostage there by politics ever since. It is politics that energizes the web pages of E-Poets.net, a politics that seems to despise America under the guise of new media and phony multiculturalism. It is an elitist politics of postmodernism that prints the soon to be obscenely endowed Poetry Magazine, and a politics of acting out working-class vulgarism that first inspired the Performance Poets and the poetry Slammers at the Green Mill. It is the politics of feminism and socialism that guides the programs at the Guild Complex. Further removed, it is the politics of quotas and geographical balance that motivates the Illinois Arts Council in its awards and grants. Of course, there are exceptions like the magazine After Hours, but mostly everywhere in Chicago and around the state of Illinois, political preliminaries are put before poetry and art. It is the politics of the Left, the politics of Affirmative Action, the politics of resentment and penis envy, the politics of the emotional vampires of suburbia and the politics of a moribund liberalism that takes the place of goodness, truth and beauty. It is all politics, politics, politics here, and very little art or poetry. The politics that takes the place of art and poetry in Chicago is usually the politics of a moribund liberalism and is the result of a half century of Democratic Party rule lead by the Clan of Bridgeport. Liberalism becomes moribund when it ends up becoming what it started out opposing. Affirmative Action is a case in point. In order to combat prejudice and discrimination, liberal politicians now support policies that have the government discriminate and show prejudice. In order to bring about equality, the government must now practice inequality. If you listen closely to moribund liberal rhetoric, you can hear the echo of the Vietnam war when it was argued that, "In order to save the village we had to destroy it." Furthermore, moribund liberalism does not know what to do when it comes up against the limits of the real world. Does diversity in culture mean we have to condone cannibalism? Does equality of the sexes mean we have to define pregnancy as a disease? Is art and poetry only propaganda for the policies of social

change? More often than not, in Chicago both sound social policy and excellence in the arts is sacrificed for political and short term party interests. In this discussion, it is fair to make a distinction between that art which is supported and funded by the public and that art which is private, that is, the art of individuals working in their own solitary ways. It is public art in Chicago that is most political. Nevertheless, the political influence and ideology that guides public art in Chicago bleeds over into the private sector as well. Public art is a wound that bloodies all who get near it. Even though the Art Institute of Chicago is a private entity, it is beholding to the public. The Chicago City Council may take away some of AIC's privileges if it does not toe the line in regard to praising and displaying minority art. And toe the line it does, even at the expense of excellence, good taste and its own integrity. Big business in Chicago supports this kind of political art as well. If you want to make money in Chicago, you have to play the political game. Furthermore, many corporations have a lot of money invested in the fraud that is contemporary art. Everyone has to hang together to keep the prices high. They can't walk away from bad art, so they stand in the gore and praise the naked emperor's new clothes. In Chicago, some patrons of the arts have blood on their hands, others have blood on their feet.

#### .ON HOTEL FLOWERS AND THE STATE.

I hear the gardener chew-out his crew.  
What's this? The thirsty lobby palms all droop.  
Outside, December sunlight knives right through  
The arid canyons of Chicago's Loop.  
The waitress at the coffee shop is sick--  
Too many cigarettes, too little luck.  
She worries so about her place--her slick  
Landlord may raise the rent again, then what?  
The span of thought from Greece to Heidegger,  
Or revelation from the scandalous Cross,  
Doesn't matter to the janitors with balding hair  
Who mumble in a booth against their boss.  
They have to trim the hedge between the towers--  
The CEOs prefer fascism with flowers.

Last century the social theorist Max Weber argued that art would become a substitute religion for the bourgeoisie. Nowadays, not only is art a substitute religion, but it is also an ideological arm of the moribund liberal state. Once the Protestants argued for justification by faith, now moribund liberals believe in justification by art. Good works are as filthy rags before the lord of patronage. All one has to do is hear the PBS fund raising commercials on the radio using the same techniques as TV evangelists to know that Weber was correct in arguing that art has become a replacement for religion. The critic Walter Benjamin

knew something like this was going to happen to art and poetry, too. He realized that liberal politics would take up where Weber left off. Before he committed suicide, Benjamin concluded his essay "The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction," by writing, "This is the situation of politics which Fascism is rendering aesthetic. Communism responds by politicizing art." Benjamin did not live to see the aftermath of World War II and the triumph of the liberal state. Nor did he recognize the rise of globalization and the postmodern ideology required to advance the multinational agenda. Nevertheless, if there are better descriptions of why MacArthur grants fund the Guild Complex other than what Benjamin wrote above, I'd like to hear it. If there is a better justification for paying a poet hundreds of thousands of dollars as a "high priest" of art at the University of Chicago, I'd like to know about it. What better way to understand the evangelical mission of Columbia College or the motives behind Poetry in Motion on the CTA busses and trains than by these words of Benjamin? You have to go a long way to persuade me that a Guggenheim Foundation fellowship, or a National Endowment for the Arts award is anything more than simply a dispensation of grace from the shrine of ART, a shrine that is in the service of moribund liberal politics. One result of postmodernism's devaluation of values is that there are no longer any generally accepted standards to guide us in recognizing what is the best poetry and art. The old values and standards were really imposed by politics in the first place, the postmoderns argue, so why not recognize the fact that there is nothing other than politics in action now. This being the case, we are thrown back on the old argument of Thrasymachus in Plato's Republic: might makes right and justice is the advantage of the strong. Postmodernism shows us that if you have the power to impose your politics, than you also have the power to impose your poetry. There cannot be a multiplicity of yelling voices, while at the same time clarity and meaning. A multiplicity of voices is Pandemonium. Under a postmodern ideology, power will have to silence some voices. That power is now a tyranny of minorities, and not the power of truth, goodness and beauty. Before public poetry events are held in Chicago no one dares to say, "Just invite the best poets." To begin with, who are the best poets? The guest list must be examined first by the Party's cultural commissars and then the criterion for "balance and diversity" is imposed. "Is this person from the right area of the state? Is that woman from the right ethnic group? Do we have too many white men? We can't have gays at high school events!" Only after the list is made up following the guidelines of an Affirmative Action political theory, will the poetry happen. Woe to the writers who criticize this state of affairs. They will be silenced and sent to Indiana to grow cabbages. Mao and the mayor both impose their political ideologies. They will censure what does not fit and press their taste upon the fumbling crowd. Yet, for many in Chicago, there is a happy convergence between politics and art. Their notoriety, and hope to become a high priest of mediocrity makes up for their lack of

talent or craft. If there is a "style" here, it may be the result of this convergence. Just have the right politics, and the grants and commissions come your way. Only those of ideological purity are welcome into the Party's shrine. There, they look upon the face of power and live. Such poets and artists in Chicago count themselves blest because the wheel of political fortune has found them. Little do they think how soon they will be passed by, for if fortune stands still it is no longer fortune. The vulgar performance poem, the primitive mural, and the fountain of power without grace, are all on display in this city. For the sake of an ideology, there is too much blood and not enough sutures. For the sake of ideology, there is too much waste and not enough rags to mop it up. "Cows on Parade," leaves behind a mess everyone can't help stepping in as they plod to work. Later, at the open mikes and on the gallery walls, the artists of Chicago shout and scribble, "I'll show you my sore, if you show me yours." Besides being hijacked by politics, public art in Chicago is also provincial art. The sign of a true provincial is the belief that nothing good can happen at home. The provincials believe really important poets and artists are not in Chicago but elsewhere. Artists must be brought to Chicago from New York or California, and increasingly from Mexico and China. Public arts administrators in Chicago think there is no native born Chicagoan who is worthy of their selection. These arts administrators end up creating a self-fulfilling prophecy. They have to look elsewhere because their policies end up discouraging the local in the first place. Furthermore, as long as their primary motive is something other than poetry or art, they will never encourage a great, distinctive poetry or art in Chicago, an art that represents the city as a whole instead of this minority group or that one. Perhaps the powers that be realize this and simply do not care. What they care about is that the Party stays in power and that it is able to clone one leader after another. The present mayor of Chicago knows little about art and less about poetry. He does know that if art or poetry can get him votes, then he is for it. When he continually forsakes the public good for private or party interests, how could he ever imagine a gesture that goes beyond the practical? If art and poetry criticizes the state or if artists and poets present a view different from the phony diversity and multiculturalism that big business needs, then the mayor is against it. It is hard to imagine an official art and poetry in Chicago that is independent of such political pressure. Perhaps the same holds true where you live. Perhaps you have noticed something unusual about the Poet Laureate of New Jersey, too. The backseat union of politics and art is not unique to Chicago. There are just more bastards here intent on power.

#### .MAGGIE AND THE MAYOR AT THE LOOM.

It is always duty over desire, always the shadow of his father's bulk over the book that calls him to obscurity, so he soils himself with her again.

The newspapers whisper. He can't remember  
for what good he has this power, but he persists  
and the Party persists, and his thrusts persist.

There, in the dark slide where the acid of cigar  
smoke and whisky voices stutter, he gives up  
the chalk of his juice, there, the envelope seals.

In Babylon the priests conspired for meat and bread.  
The same host of a moon comes up, pale and flat.  
Night deepens over the city to clot like blood.

Let the mattress remember this midnight press.  
Dreams of corn and shamrocks pepper their sleep.  
Outside, in the alley, someone whistles a dog home.

Because poetry and art in Chicago is political and parochial, it also becomes propaganda for the moribund liberal state. Art as propaganda is nothing new. In his study about the poetry of Agrippa d'Aubigné, Imbrie Buffum writes, "The painting and sculpture of the baroque period are animated by a spirit of propaganda; art is made to serve a religious or moral purpose." Nowadays, in Chicago, art and poetry are not religious or moral propaganda, but political propaganda. The chief propaganda agency for the city is the Chicago Department of Cultural Affairs. This agency, like its counter part in Communist China, only accepts and promotes art that is in the interest of the state. In Chicago, the state is represented by a moribund liberalism, so the art that the Department of Cultural affairs promotes, is mostly multicultural, diverse and barbaric. Once we understand that the real mission of the Department of Cultural Affairs is a political mission, then we understand why it does not have the farsighted vision to support great art, let alone a Chicago art. The farthest the Department can see ahead is to the next election. Political art in Chicago is used to get out the vote, and if this means appeasing one minority group artist or another, at the expense of truth, goodness and beauty, so be it. Bad art is a small price to pay for continued power in office. You can buy more power with the counterfeit coin of mediocrity than you can with the tender of excellence. Who cares if what the Department of Cultural Affairs supports will not stand the test of time? Propaganda and art in Chicago is for the moment. Just like the architecture of the modern city, contemporary art is a facade of precast forms suspended over a skeleton of girders. The joints are then sealed with a silicon goo. In time, rain and ice seeps in and cracks the facade. If it lasts ten years without need of repair, we are lucky. How can these buildings and parkways last a lifetime? Nothing nowadays has the weight and depth of classical marble. No matter, just as long as they stand until the next election, just as long as the barbarians are appeased. Ironically, the propaganda that is public art and poetry in Chicago is



also failed propaganda. It is failed propaganda because the motive is not to communicate a message but to further the self-esteem of the artist. The propaganda of moribund liberalism fails because it is pseudo-therapy, not a collective aspiration. Such art hardly rises to the level of the great poster propaganda seen in the old Soviet state. Look what happened when the transit authority decided to hang posters drawn by school children in the city's L stations. Because the schools are predominantly staffed and attended by minorities, the overwhelming theme of this public CTA art is the expression of minority concerns. A good example of this is a poster now on display at the Roosevelt Road station. The poster measures about 3 feet by 8 feet and hangs by wires from the roof of the south exit where the Green and Orange Lines stop. The poster depicts a group of children in silhouette, outlined in various colors, just the way the police leave a chalk outline of a body at a crime scene. Written on the poster are these words: "A person's character should not be judged based on the color of his skin but on the content." Running down the middle of the poster are the words: "I am black history in the making." The poster is signed by "Christopher." How could this dreadful poster be displayed, at public expense, and be offered as an example for self improvement or collective aspiration? How could Christopher's teachers allow this to pass their critical judgment? The quote, supposedly from Martin Luther King, Jr., is just plain wrong. King never said this. As propaganda, this poster is a failure. The poster says just the opposite of what King intended, yet no manager at the CTA seems to notice it. They let the poster hang in public view as if such an error is tolerable because it furthers a child's self-esteem. Blindness to the consequence of their policy is another symptom of moribund liberalism. Furthermore, the boy's teachers probably didn't know the quote was wrong from the beginning. Just like the drawings suburban parents stick on the fridge, these CTA posters attempt to advance self-esteem at the expense of truth, promote the false goodness of tolerance for the incompetent, and claim that the lack of grace means nothing for a work that ought to aim at beauty. The public will never be made better by such a waste of tax dollars. How ironic, that in an effort to appease, the City of Chicago and the CTA manage to turn public art inside out and create failed propaganda as well. When the U. S. was a new nation, before Chicago was imagined, the Frenchman Alexis de Tocqueville observed how democracy would shape life on this continent. He wrote, "The relations that exist between the social and political condition of a people and the genius of its authors are always numerous, whoever knows the one is never completely ignorant of the other...Taken as a whole, literature in democratic ages can never present, as it does in the periods of aristocracy, an aspect of order, and regularity...The object of authors will be to astonish rather than to please, and to stir the passions more than to charm the taste." Tocqueville saw this desire "to stir the passions" as a natural outgrowth of democracy. Democratic societies favored mediocrity over excellence.



Nevertheless, this mediocrity was not to be something furthered by the state as it is today with the advent of Affirmative Action art. Alexis de Tocqueville thought that eventually America would create its own kind of art and literature. This seems not to have happened because the politicalization of art prevents it. Today, the moribund liberal state actually furthers mediocrity because it is in the political interest of the state to do so. By favoring one minority group after another, the moribund liberal state actually prevents a truly American art and literature from emerging. If what does emerge is critical of the state, it is ignored and excluded. The ideology of liberalism in its moribund form actually produces its opposite. By encouraging Affirmative Action in the arts we actually discourage an excellent American art. It is one thing to have a people tending to mediocrity and it is another more disappointing thing to have a city government encouraging mediocrity from the top down. Two further examples, one from poetry and the other from the arena of public art will add more flesh to the bones of my complaint about art and poetry in Chicago. The 2001 Sun-Times poetry contest and the Chicago Riverwalk Gateway competition will show how both public and private art and poetry operate in Chicago. It comes as no surprise, then, that the winners of these contest seems to have gotten their awards not by craft but by political and ideological connection. They all share the same blood type. The Sun-Times poetry contest evolved out of slam and performance poetry in Chicago. The first place, prize winning poem was by the performance poet Tyehimba Jess. "Black Poets on Death's Corner," was selected the winner by three judges: Mark Strand, the 1999 Pulitzer Prize winner for poetry and professor at the University of Chicago; Marc Smith, founder of the performance poetry phenomenon, the "slam," and Regie Gibson, the man on whose life the film *Love Jones* was based. Simply put, was this poem a first class poem worthy of such honor or just propaganda for the failed concerns of a moribund liberalism? A phone call to the Sun-Times informed me that none of the three judges read all of the more than 5,000 entries. According to John Barron, there was a preliminary screening by various readers. This means that there were more judges than the three judges announced. In fact, the poems were judged before they ever got to the official judges. A poet I know questioned the integrity of the entire judging process. "One judge had no integrity, another judge can't even spell the word, and a third judge forgot what it meant," she said sarcastically. Based upon the results printed in the Sun-Times, it looks like the final three judges had poor taste and were only qualified to recognize mediocrity, but what about the judges that read the poems before they even got to round two? How many poems did the final judges in fact read, and did they read in common? Answers to these questions are not yet forthcoming. In a letter to the Chicagopoetry.com web site, Jane Kostowicz wrote, "Does anyone find it a bit suspicious that Tyehimba Jess, the first place \$1,000 winner, is best friends with Regie Gibson, one of the judges, and was on The Green Mill slam team, and that Marc

Smith one of the other judges hosts at the Green Mill? I mean I think that there were only 3 judges total. It doesn't seem fair. Even I know that Regie and Tye-himba are very close." From these final results, it looks like the Sun-Times would have been better served if the judges of the contest just threw all the 5,000 entries into a revolving drum and drew at random three poems to be the winners. The questions raised by this contest should be answered if the Sun-Times poetry contest is to continue and if it is to be creditable. Otherwise, it looks like business as usual in the Chicago arts scene. A moribund liberalism uses art to placate the minorities, to garner votes and to stem off social unrest while at the same time proving themselves to be the Philistines everyone suspects them to be.

.THE ARTIST IN SEASON.

At 20 art is ripe with desire.  
Is there a more attractive fire?

At 30 art is for glory and fame--  
the pursuit of an everlasting name.

At 40 art is for art's sake  
and virtue in the work we make.

At 60 there is no better reason  
than the art of getting even.

Just as a counterfeit coin has two sides, so does the counterfeit ideology of art in Chicago. If one side is poetry, then the other side is the visual arts. I used to think that Mary Kloak Wolf, whose South Loop gallery is bulging with material destined for a landfill, was the only Chicago artist whose every piece was irredeemably bad. But now that I have seen Ellen Lanyon's "Riverwalk

Gateway," installed at the pedestrian and bicycle passageway under the Lake Shore Drive Bridge, I may have to change my mind.

The Riverwalk Gateway project is a series of ceramic murals. The \$190,000 commission, the city's most expensive artwork to date, consists of 16 narrative panels and 12 decorative panels installed along parallel walls of the Riverwalk tunnel. The narrative panels trace the history of the Chicago River from the explorations of Marquette and Joliet, through modern-day river clean up efforts. Faceless bodies row canoes, maps unroll like the lids off sardine cans, too

many silhouettes float in space, and giant, green fish jump over toothpick bridges. Often the draftsmanship of these murals is weak, the colors thin and the composition high-schoolish.

"Public art is hard to do well, and I think Ellen has done a magnificent job with this one," said Daniel Schulman, associate curator in the department of

modern and contemporary art at the Art Institute of Chicago. "She knows the city's history and worked from her complete expressive arsenal. I think this could be the most successful public art project in Chicago so far," Schulman added. When the moribund liberal state needs a spokesperson to spin its failures

it

can always find one at the AIC.

A past article in the Chicago Reader highlights all the rigmarole over this project. A man is now suing the city because he allegedly suffered a breach of contract. He supposedly claims sources from the art agency helping sponsor the project said that they needed to have a woman artist, and that there was enough work by men displayed around the city. Such accusations mean that the specter of Affirmative Action haunts the Riverwalk Gateway. The controversy is now

about ideology and Affirmative Action and not art. I wonder how many of those new faces on the committees that make decisions about public art in Chicago actually know of Lorado Taft and his ideas? Born in 1860 in Elmwood, Illinois, Taft's values about public art are still important today. Is the aim of public art to lift up the spirit of those who view it, and to affirm American ideals, or is it to give those who are from this in-group or that out-group a chance to be seen, even if they make up by group membership what they lack in talent? For Chicago arts administrators, the answer to this question is political and not uplifting.

You may see what a failure Lanyon's work is when you compare it to The Fountain of the Great Lakes by Lorado Taft. We do well to look at and read Taft again, and then seriously consider his legacy before we spend more tax money on

Affirmative Action public art projects. Timothy J. Gravy's book, *Public Sculpture: Lorado Taft and the Beautification of Chicago*, (University of Illinois

Press) tells the story better than I can. For now, just spend an afternoon walking

around the city and looking at both the Riverwalk Gateway and The Fountain of the Great Lakes. See if you don't agree with Taft that the Riverwalk Gateway is another "nondescript pile of masonry." Take a walk in late November, when a few trees in the park hold on to their bitter confetti of burgundy and gold.

Clouds hang over the lake like a bruise against the prairie sky. Now, the New World no longer seems new. As you walk through the tunnel of patronage, the old demons return. What looks like thugs, huddle by fires in oil drums to keep warm. All around, drab cotton citizens, their eyes and ears numb, march off to work. Hungry, they would rather have a turnip than a turn of phrase. In a short time, moribund liberalism will begin to eat its children.

The unfortunate results of political art and poetry in Chicago is that the hardworking people of this city deserve better. They deserve the same grace the rich can afford on their suburban estates and not propaganda masquerading as social justice. The Hollywood elite and liberal rich who support policies of Affirmative Action and debased taste do so because they realize such policies come riding into town on the backs of the working-class, and not on their secure fortunes. Those politicians who hold power because of their Affirmative Action policies think that by giving space to the mediocre they can stay in power. They do this at the expense of the workers whose taxes they squander on a public art that is not worthy of a free people. No one would tolerate this attitude about performance in a professional sports arena, why should we have to see it under Lake Shore Drive or in the pages of the Sun-Times? In his recent book, *My Love Affair With America*, (The Free Press) Norman Podhoretz considers the accomplishments of the world's great civilizations such as czarist Russia and Periclean Athens. He writes, "I believe with all my heart that the United States of America belongs on that list. (Yet) We have not earned a place on it, as the others mainly did, by our contributions to the arts. In this respect, we have not fulfilled the dreams of John Adams." This observation could simply be the grumbling of a New York intellectual who looks down his nose at Chicago, and the even lesser art made here, but I believe it is more than that. Podhoretz may be correct about American art in general, and the proof he needs is right here in Chicago. The fact that a work like Ellen Lanyon's *Riverwalk Gateway* could be selected and installed is proof the moribund liberal political machine that runs the city is bringing mediocrity to us under the new name of "Affirmative Action" and in the new packaging of "Diversity." Yet it is not only in Chicago that the concerns of contemporary art and poetry conflict with the lives of ordinary people. It is the nature of our time that many educated men and women want others be tolerant of a multiplicity of meanings, yet in their own life they work towards the fulfillment of a single meaning. Consider the interview with Reetika Vaziravi in the January, 2003 issue of *Poets and Writers*. While discussing her development as a poet, she

comments

on her study at the University of Virginia with former poet laureate Rita Dove. "I was very lucky, first to have a women of color," Vaziravi says. One can imagine many readers of this interview nodding in agreement. It is a moribund liberal axiom that only "a woman of color" can teach something to another woman of color. Nevertheless, what poet these days could get away with saying,

"I

learned to write sonnets by going to the library and studying Shakespeare. I was very lucky to find a book by a white man?" How ironic that those who preach

inclusiveness are often the most exclusive.

For many ordinary working people in Chicago, contemporary poetry and art is a great mystery. They feel compelled to like art and poetry, but they certainly don't understand it. More often than not, they feel guilty and dismayed. In the end, they just ignore the poetry and art around them. They leave it up to the specialists, the arts administrators and educators who now control most public art and poetry. If only there were a way to understand the poetry and art of Chicago, if only there were a theory to explain all the particulars seen and heard in the public realm, then many ordinary Chicagoans would perhaps take

more interest in the work selected by the city's art experts. I propose there is such a theory advanced by this essay, and it goes a long way towards explaining the poetry and art in Chicago.

Simply put, most public art and poetry in Chicago is propaganda for the moribund liberal state. In Chicago, most public and much private art is for the sake of votes and Affirmative Action, hardly ever art for art's sake. If an ordinary Chicagoan goes to a gallery or a poetry reading with this theory in mind,

then most of what he hears or sees will be understandable. Furthermore, most ordinary Chicagoans will conclude that what they do see and hear is not only propaganda, but dreadful propaganda at that. The public galleries and poetry readings further a wish for equality at the expense of talent. The mystery of art

and poetry is really the slight of hand we know as Chicago politics, the same slight of hand that allows dead men to vote. The bad becomes the good for the sake of power. Chicago makes its good artists suffer and its bad artists prosper.

Yet there is an uneasiness in the city. The art and poetry moribund liberals thought would save them, along with their political ideology, have reached a limit. Moribund liberals have come to the edge of the New World and are afraid of falling off the deep end. They cannot bare to know events have pricked the

balloon of their ideology, while at the same time ordinary people no longer come to the shrines of art to worship and offer alms. See how the true believers hurry from one emptiness to another. They still hope that this gallery or that declamation will tell them again what they were taught to believe. Baring that, they hurry from one willful appointment to the next. That woman wearing Birkenstock sandals wants to get her childbirth out of the way quickly so she can climb a mountain. This man driving a BMW needs more illegal aliens to staff

his landscaping business. That professor is impatient. He insults his students because the boys dream of being firemen. Like a patient delirious and near the end, the art of a moribund liberalism cries out one disconnected avowal after another. No one attending the deathwatch dare admit that their purges will

sweep away America along with the patient. The nation will pass in the wind like the dry leaves of November. In its place, a hodgepodge of do-rags, fu-dogs, and taco stands tend the mongrel souls of the new Chicago. Born from resentment and the policies of a moribund liberalism, the barbarians wait to inherit

the city. Then they will decorate it with their dayglow cartoons. Perhaps they will appear tomorrow in the street wearing the gray uniform of postmodernism.

>From a historical perspective, we should not be surprised that liberalism has reached a moribund phase and that its poetry and art reflects that decay.

Unless we are exceptionally vigilant, this downward slide happens to all human efforts, even the effort to improve the world. The motives that inspired the old Soviet Union wore out, so the same happens to liberalism in the West. Today, the failure of our attempt to impose a form of idealism on reality grows ever more evident. By now, these ideals are as old as the French Revolution and have reached practical limits. Our ideals descended from the heights and hoped to

transform the mud of reality into a finer light. No matter if the mud of the world did not want nor even deserve equality, liberty and fraternity, liberalism imposes its vision regardless. Affirmative Action in poetry and the arts is

just one child of this worn out liberal love affair.

Misbegotten and misshapen, our art and poetry stumbles along at the expense of talent. Dispersed throughout the nation with one life ruined here and another there, the evils of Affirmative Action are just as much a horror as the Reign of Terror was when it focused on a single guillotine set up in a Parisian plaza. The point of the American Revolution was to create a place where talent could rise from the bottom up, not to have a favorite anointed with talent by Affirmative Action from the top down. When liberalism becomes moribund it forces its ideal on reality regardless of reality's shape or reason. Then those

who  
seek power become a royalty our revolution initially opposed. To secure its  
place, the new royalty created by moribund liberalism ends up politicizing art.  
When art and poetry are politicized we create an opening where the relative  
values of postmodernism dominate. This is the final irony of the Sun-Times  
poetry contest and the Riverwalk Gateway. The standards that these contests  
supposed, sink into the muck of politics and posturing. Even the Pulitzer Prize  
and  
the bucolic Illinois poets who win it succumbs to the corrosion of relativism.  
We end up praising the pathetic, for at the very least, everyone can be  
pathetic. When the politics of moribund liberalism dominates the arts, the  
public  
not only gets silly poems, but ugly murals under the Lake Shore Drive bridge.  
At this rate, Chicago will need a separate land fill just to hold all this  
mediocrity, along with the garbage churned out by its student Gallery 37. That  
is  
why when it comes to art in Chicago the news is only bad news. Someday,  
perhaps in a more sensible but barren future, one yet born, may stir the embers  
and  
find a few scraps of poetry and art remain in the ashes of what used to be  
Chicago. This will be for him a long delayed report from the interior.

.REPORT FROM THE INTERIOR.

Autumn and the buzz-saw beetles come back.  
This morning I hear them busy in the trees  
While a bright balloon of myth floats its sack  
Above the world--may words sting it like bees.  
By the lake shore, hypnotic waves with glitter  
On their tips, measure again and again the tide.  
What should I say to the mysteries that fetter  
My soul? Look, Moses prayed and yet he died.  
The plaintive gulls that roost on the breakwater  
Fly off, then land like dots of lint on a freighter.  
Old man Jones sat on a park bench all summer  
And simply let his beard grow. What a bummer!  
Later, Matthew calls to say he's baffled by it all.  
I say let's hope this government will fall.

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

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794. **Vireo Nefer**

**Re: American Daily column feedback**

Tue 29 Mar 2005

---

On Tue, 29 Mar 2005 15:04:23 -0600, Dustin Williamson <[REDACTED]> wrote:  
> This is the response I got from Mr Engler, along with an essay that I think he  
> feels I'll find enlightening. While it is longer (and more racist), try if you  
> have the stomach for it and find somewhere in it where he makes an actual  
> critique and not just an attack which in no way references the work he's  
> writing about. I couldn't.

\*\*\*Wow. He really likes the word "moribund."

And it's surprising that the "moribund" "liberals" and "Chinese" commies are able to keep such a hold on the city, i mean, being "moribund" and all.

Where do these people come from? The moribund liberals and Chinese commies and art students he dislikes must do a damn good job of keeping him invisible. Or perhaps it's just because his "work" sucks year-old eggs and he's a cretin? (That's my favorite word this week.)

Vireo

--

AIM: vireonefer

LJ: <http://www.livejournal.com/userinfo.bml?user=vireoibis>

VireoNyx Publications: <http://www.vireonyxpub.org>

INK: <http://www.inkemetic.org>

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795. **Harry Nudel**

**Creeley...**

Tue 29 Mar 2005

---

Does anybody have any info  
on Bob's condition???

harry...

[↑ Contents](#)

796. **poetics**

**NEW LISTSERV POLICIES | please review carefully**

Tue 29 Mar 2005

---

Dear all: below is the updated welcome message--please look it over carefully as it contains new policies and explains the new structure of the list.



best,  
Lori Emerson & poetics listserv editorial board

----- 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

**\*\*This message makes some substantial changes in the list policies. Please review. Especially, please note our new subscription system (section 4) and updated editorial guidelines (section 2).\*\***

Sponsored by: The Electronic Poetry Center (SUNY-Buffalo/University of Pennsylvania), Center for Programs in Contemporary Writing (University of Pennsylvania), and the Regan Chair (Department of English/University of Pennsylvania)

Poetics List Editorial Board:

Charles Bernstein, Lori Emerson, Joel Kuszai, Nick Piombino.

Poetics Subscription Requests:

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

Poetics Subscription Registration (required, see section 2): XXXXXXXXXX

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. Posting to the List
3. Subscriptions
4. Subscription Options
5. To Unsubscribe
6. Cautions

This Welcome Message updated 27 March 2005.

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

1. About the Poetics List

With the preceding epigraph, the Poetics Listserv was founded by Charles Bernstein in late 1993. Now in its fourth incarnation, the list has about 1200 subscribers worldwide. We also have a substantial number of nonsubscribing readers, who access the list through our web site (see archive URL above).

The Poetics List is not a forum for a general discussion of poetry or for the exchange of unsolicited poems. 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. While we recognize that other lists may sponsor other possibilities for exchange, 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. The Poetics List exists to support and encourage divergent points of view on innovative forms of modern and contemporary poetry and poetics, and we are committed to do what is necessary to preserve this space for such dialog.

Due to the high number of 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 listserv editorial board may shift 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 editorial board will unsubscribe individuals if they are not, in our opinion, productively contributing to the list or following our guidelines. We remain committed to this editorial function as a defining element of the Poetics List.

Please also note that 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.

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. Posting to the List

editors 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. We strongly encourage subscribers to post information, including web links, relating to publications (print and internet), reading series, and blogs 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 (print or digital) are always welcome.

We do not accept unsolicited postings of creative work not directed toward a discussion of poetics issues on the list. The Poetics List is not a venue for the posting of free-standing, personal poems or journal entries. Note, however, that the editors will, from time to time, solicit creative contributions, including ongoing list-based projects and edited collections of poems. Please note that such contributions appear by special invitation only.

To post to the Poetics List, send your messages directly to the list address:

██████████.

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

-----

### 3. Subscriptions

\*For all subscription requests go to

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

\*To subscribe for the first time click on "Subscribe (join) a List." Immediately following your subscription to the poetics listserv we ask that you email ██████████, subject-line "registration," with your full name, street address, email address, and telephone number. Failure to register at the time of subscription will result in automatic deletion from the subscription roll.

\*To manage your subscription (for descriptions of the different subscription options please see section 3), click on "Subscriber's Corner."

Subscriptions to the Poetics List are free of charge, but formal registration is required. All other questions about subscriptions, whether about an individual subscription or subscription policy, should be addressed to this same administrative address.

PLEASE NOTE: All subscription-related information and correspondence remains absolutely confidential.

All posts to the list must 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. Subscribers who do not include their full name with each post will be unsubscribed from the list.

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, which will result in your subscription being automatically terminated by the Listserv program and the automatically generated message telling you that this has occurred will also likely bounce. If this happens, you may re-subscribe to the list by the same process described above. One remedy to avoid this happening in the future: set your list options to "no-mail" and read the list on the web.

-----

#### 4. 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 subscribe to the Poetics listserv send [REDACTED] Lastname]

\*RECOMMENDED: if you wish to read the list on our web interface and not receive any messages sent directly, while remaining subscribed to the list and so eligible to send us posts, send this one-line message to <[REDACTED]> with no "subject": set poetics nomail. Note: this option is also useful for temporary suspension of email service.

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

\* 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 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 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

PLEASE NOTE: do not leave your Poetics subscription in default or digest mode if you are going to be away for any extended period of time. Your account may become flooded and you may lose Poetics messages as well as other important

mail. In such cases, switch your subscription to "nomail" as recommended above.

-----

## 5. To Unsubscribe

To unsubscribe (or change any of your subscription options), again, we strongly encourage you to go to the right-hand side of the screen at <http://listserv.acsu.buffalo.edu/archives/poetics.html> You may also may unsubscribe by sending a one-line email to

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 resubscribe with your new email address.

-----

## 6. Cautions

"Flame" messages will not be tolerated on the Poetics List. We define 'flaming' as any post that resembles a personal attack or personal insult to anyone--subscriber or not. This of course includes racial slurs as well as ad hominem arguments in which the person rather than their work is attacked; in other words while critique of a person's work is welcome (critical inquiry is one of the main functions of the list), this critique cannot extend to a critique or criticism of the person.

The listserv is intended to be a productive communal space for discussion and announcements; as such, subscribers who do not follow listserv policy on flaming will be removed from the subscription roll.

For reasons of basic security, we do not allow pseudonymous subscriptions. All messages intended for the Poetics List should be sent in Text-Only format, without attachments. We do not accept HTML-formatted messages or attached files. As a general rule, keep individual posts to 1,000 words or less.

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 your message

-----  
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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797. **Catherine Daly**  
***Poetry & Film at AWP Vancouver***  
*Tue 29 Mar 2005*

---

1:30 - 2:45 April 1

Fairmont Hotel  
Saturna  
Discovery Floor  
(elevator only)

Lights, Camera, Popcorn: Writers and Film. (John Yau, Therese Bachand, Susan Wheeler, Catherine Daly) Interest in film, television, and performance is enhanced by the accessibility of these media. Film schools and students abound, many in departments associated with English and creative writing departments. Can methods used to create film be useful in the process of writing poetry, fiction, and creative nonfiction? How does this process of viewing and imagining ourselves translate from leisure activity to creative one? How does film writing and editing translate into literature, and vice versa?

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798. **Mairead Byrne**  
***Re: Creeley...***  
*Tue 29 Mar 2005*

---

Dear Harry,

I was not aware that Robert Creeley was ill. If that is the case, and if you have news of him, please make it known.

With thanks,

Mairead

Mairéad Byrne

Assistant Professor of English  
Rhode Island School of Design  
Providence, RI 02903

[www.wildhoneypress.com](http://www.wildhoneypress.com)

[www.maireadbyrne.blogspot.com](http://www.maireadbyrne.blogspot.com)

>>> Harry Nudel <[REDACTED]> 03/29/05 9:07 PM >>>

Does anybody have any info  
on Bob's condition???

harry...

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799. **Joe Brennan**

### ***Little Known Quasi-Government Agency Getting High Marks***

*Tue 29 Mar 2005*

---

Click here: The Assassinated Press

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

Little Known Quasi-Government Agency Getting High Marks From Cheney  
Administration:

'U.S. Receipt and Respond,' Jokingly Called Rent-A-Riot By Insiders, Has  
Storied Past:

Successes In Fabricating Faux-Democratic Movements In Lebanon, Ukraine,  
Haiti

And Kyrgyzstan Nets Small Firm Big U.S. Money

By FRANK WISNER

\

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800. **Haas Bianchi**

### ***Chicago's Poet Murderer***

*Tue 29 Mar 2005*

---

Buffalo Listers

I have not been able to see the list and I have seen some commentary regarding  
a web article about "jj jameson" a 'poet murderer 'who lived in Chicago for 20  
years and was recently caught and returned to Massachusetts. I noticed that  
some people felt it neccessary to defend Chicago's poetry community on this  
listserv. They should not bother defending our community.

First off "jameson" and most of his poetic friends was part of a very small sub-culture here in Chicago focused around slam and a website Chicagopoetry.com which is an ok resource for Slammers but most poets who are not slammers are not associated with this site. Secondly Chicago's poetry scene is very vibrant and very innovative and we have a lineup of poets that I think is as good as anywhere else in the USA. There are plenty of lousy poets in other cities I hear that New York even has a few lousy poets and murderers too.

Finally I am proud of our community we are doing our best to be supportive of each other's poetic endeavours. The Jameson matter has nothing to do with poetry it has a lot to do with the FBI not being able to find a convicted murder whose picture was posted on the internet.

Raymond L. Bianchi  
chicagopostmodernpoetry.com/  
collagepoetchicago.blogspot.com/

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801. **Alan Sondheim**  
***furious endurance and faith***

Wed 30 Mar 2005

---

Poetics: relation of monasticism to monastic discourse and ikonic image.

furious endurance and faith

furious endurance and faith  
yes i am in these dark times  
the angel of the lord descends and bears my cross  
i shall not falter at gethsemene gogoltha  
ferocious lashes of the fourteen stations  
dead people follow me wherever i go  
thy rod and thy staff shall comfort me  
thine arrows protect thine electric thine gamma  
of jerusalem i will say nothing  
of orthodoxy i will give the world

<http://www.as.wvu.edu:8000/clc/Members/sondheim/spirit>

-

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802. **Alan Sondheim**

**FU**

*Wed 30 Mar 2005*

---

Poetics: Cutting out the interior of a text in relation to questioning; contexting that questioning; reproducing the whole in terms of a Chinese classical prose-poem.

FU

\*\*\*\*\* FU

hard, spiked and petalled, two-lipped above and below, your musk, my high regard%

... your masquerade is amethyst here, it's your masquerade%  
your highest masquerade

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\* FU

are you becoming close to azure's soft and needled, apatite and beryl%  
yes and and

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\* FU

nighttime sky, doc, cirrus clouds overhead, don't get me started. Root  
nourished from a log, do you read me% Just like that. Somebody's always  
getting started after something. The whole world's got to have an answer.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\* FU

the song of the gluttonous Burgundian who spreads rancid butter on his  
hair% Should I tell you what wrecks poems% Spewed out by barbarian wail-  
ing, Thalia's spurned the six-foot style ever since she's seen these

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\* FU

laudantem tetrico subinde vultu / quod Burgundio cantat esculentus, /  
infundens acido comam butyro% / vis dicam tibi, quid poema frangat% /  
ex hoc barbaricis abacta plectris / spernit senipedem stilum Thalia, /

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\* FU

breathing. What is this but a barrier, foreclosing one space to another,  
one time to another% Consider lag, it's loss, something almost too sweet,  
irresolute... Across this divide I cannot come to you; the message or the

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\* FU

seems to me that to another, on. it seems to me that tim. it seems to me  
that to another% consider lag, it's loss, something almos. it seems to me  
that too sweet, irresolute... across. it seems to me that this divide i

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\* FU

CYCLES IN THESE DARK AND TIRED HILLS. DO YOU KNOW SUCH  
REPETITION CRYING TO THE WORLD OF MEANING% LOST.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\* FU

AND WORDS IN THE WAY, DO YOU KNOW ALL WORLDS ARE  
WORDS% SO LOST.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\* FU

become an entirely different person, what if Wittgenstein's Tractatus  
wasn't available in Israel, on the shelf before me, in 1962% I read it  
naively; I had no idea what I was doing, but the resonance was there, and

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\* FU

Shits, she's lovely as a tree, I swallow, comfort thee,  
What comfort is in me% The times are changing, to be  
The apologia: Marion among the lilies, weeping,

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\* FU

electric backup everywhere - becomes invisible - virtual idols singing to  
virtual audiences - why bother% - so then the \_circuitry\_ dominates, takes  
over, rids itself of \_those sounds\_ pleasant to human ears - no need -

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\* FU

can a male speak english% traffic lights) planning session (education) african  
american literature.) interfaces, graphics and mouse clicks and \*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\* FU  
drawing> <description of the machine> vaginal questions and exercises: would  
you like to have a robot child% <five senses> <interfaces> <board child% how  
would you celebrate the birthday of a robot child% in the fut- ure will you grow  
old% how would you control a bad robot robot a male and could a robot be your  
friend% if you live forever loud% could a male be your friend, even your best  
friend% is a what is an interface% can you perform a vaginal fantasy that you  
just can't read out a male die% can you translate what you perform into another  
language% a male vaginal fantasy sound like% what sounds does your male  
make% can what is the male doing% are there people in the picture% what  
does, can you make a picture with big type% can you make a bigger picture%  
can you make a picture with small type% can you make a smaller picture% what  
if your best friend turned out to be a male from the future% perform% will the  
males be the smartest things in the universe% what does it mean to be alive%  
can you say a vagi- nal fantasy you just can't are the people doing% what is a

living thing% is a male alive% if a male substitutes letters, what is the male doing% what a cyborg% can a male be used for every subject you are studying% your mouth an interface to your stomach% are you a cyborg% what is what does it mean to be online and can you be online too much% is you change another language back into english% is it the same english% beautiful% how many males can you see in your school% can part of a vaginal fantasy% what makes a male beautiful% what makes a flower anything in this room% can you make a male substitute letters for to do% perform a vaginal fantasy about what a male can do% did a male design how can you tell a male what to do% what can you tell a male a robot mother and a robot father% what do machines do% lots of things. of a male% do you ever use a male% what would it be like to have what senses do you use when you are using a male% what are the parts a male% how can you change what you are writing with a male% what is a male% do you think you could use all your senses with can a male be beautiful% can it be beautiful like a flower% be used for% at the barber's% in your television% in your cd player% at mcdonald's% what can males be used for% what \_can't\_ a male substitute new letters and words% are there males in cars and subways% machines% perform a vaginal fantasy about what parts of you are machines% can you are the five senses% are males machines% are glasses and clothes have legs or wheels% could a male ever do those things% what you are a disguised male; what are your experiences with humans% what is the internet% what things can't you do on the internet% window, showing you the internet% perform a vaginal fantasy about the internet. for it% things. what would you feed it% is a male like an open a good robot% is your male a boy or a girl and do you have a name is the worst% will they be the friendliest% how could you reward talk to you% what is the best thing about the future world and what be like or a robot boy% could you talk to a male% could a male sing the sun up, creative writing ideas from what would a robot girl a male is a very general \*\*\*\*\* FU machine that can do (see lorenzo thomas, male is very naughty and you have to beg it to do what is a male. on the board. what does a robot look like% should a robot pretend your draw a robot \*\*\*\*\* FU isn't it, he said, the silence, then again, all the noise in the text, as i was saying, what would that be about, what would that point be then%, here he looked at me, waiting, and as I said nothing, he continued, well \*\*\*\*\* FU Segmentation fault Segmentation fault Segmentation fault Your move is% Your move is% Your move is% Your move is% It's not my fault. It's not my fault. It's not my fault. \*\*\*\*\* FU munmap(0x40008000, 4096) = 0 \_exit(0) = %

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\* FU

Bud

take what%

I don't understand that!

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\* FU

What does it mean that I am in the machine% Which machine, location,  
spread out across \_this\_ desktop and \_this\_ ISP and \_your\_ location,

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\* FU

from \_your\_ mouth, from the sight of you, from emissions from \_your\_  
holes splayed out / sprayed out from which machine%

[ Wrote 20 lines ]

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\* FU

{k:502}

{k:502}What does it mean that I am in the machine% Which machine,  
location,

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\* FU

bash: from: command not found

{k:506}holes splayed out / sprayed out from which machine%

bash: holes: command not found

{k:507} What machine% What machine% What machine%

{k:508} What local looping% Oh Oh Oh, this is far too simple-dimple!

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\* FU

[ Wrote 4 lines ]

Save modified buffer (ANSWERING "No" WILL DESTROY CHANGES) %

File Name to write : zz

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\* FU

and needled, appetite and brimming panties are cotton, 71 hard, spiked too  
petalled, two-lipped above and below, your hole, my high 72 regard% 73  
your masquerade is amethyst here, it's your masquerade% 74 your highest  
masquerade 75 your highest regard 76 are you becoming close to jennifer's  
soft and needled, appetite and brimming panties% 77 yes and and 78 and 79  
too and 80 ls 81 h 82 h > zz and and and and and and and and and and and

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\* FU

debris - writing degree one, say, not zero, that is, writing in the proto-  
cols - did I say filtering, leaking into the texts% - there's dissolution  
and I'm ashamed of it (the system falters, flicker-rate of the screen

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\* FU

Death Star Galleon (s0): killed in melee: 0. Flying Dutchy: 0

Repair (hull, guns, rigging)% hull! no, rigging! guns!

Avast heaving!

Message% Jennifer, are we yet sailing%

Flying Dutchy (f0): "ailing%"

Death Star Galleon (s0): boarding the Flying Dutchy (f0)

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\* FU

killed in melee: 0.

Death Star Galleon (s0): "What in God's-Name are you yelling%!!"

Repair (hull, guns, rigging)% Yes! Yay! Avast! Hip Hooray!

Avast heaving!

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\* FU

Avast heaving!(f0): "sage"ng the Flying Dutchy (f0)

Repair (hull, guns, rigging)% e

Avast heaving! and says Julu, "Are we sailing, Jennifer%"

Flying Dutchy (f0): "ailing, Jennifer%"

Sail ho! (range 1, (computer))

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\* FU

Yay! We're sailing sailing sailing!

Message% We're coming for you, Jennifer!!!

Uh oh!

\*\*\*\*\*

Resync Failed.

\*\*\*\*\* FU

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803. **Corey Frost**

***All-Canadian night at the Bowery Poetry Club***

*Wed 30 Mar 2005*

---

Don't Blame Canada: On Wed., April 13th, at the Bowery Poetry Club in New York, some of Canada's most entertaining small-press poets and writers talk and perform work about cross-border mutual misunderestimations. What "they" think of us and what "we" think of "them." Featuring:

Adeena Karasick, author of *The House That Hijack Built* (Talonbooks) and *The Arugula Fugues* (Zasterle). David McGimpsey, author of *Certifiable* (Insomniac)

and Hamburger Valley, California (ECW). Corey Frost, author of The Worthwhile Flux and My Own Devices (conundrum). Catherine Kidd, author of Sea Peach and Bi-polar Bear (conundrum). Jon Paul Fiorentino, author of Hello Serotonin (Coach House) and Asthmatica (Insomniac). Amanda Marchand, author of Without Cease the Earth Faintly Trembles (DC). Ian Ferrier, author of Exploding Head Man (Planète rebelle).

Hosted by Regie Cabico.

Bowery Poetry Club, 308 Bowery, NY, NY. [REDACTED].

Wed., April 13th. 10 pm. \$5 (US or Can. dollars accepted.)

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804. **Cheryl Pallant**

***Re: Creeley...***

*Wed 30 Mar 2005*

---

I attended a reading he gave about 2 weeks ago at Univ of VA. He was on oxygen. He explained he had had "a crisis of breathing" in February. He sat while he read, but was in good humor, telling stories and jokes.

Cheryl

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

From: Harry Nudel

To: [REDACTED]

Sent: Tuesday, March 29, 2005 9:07 PM

Subject: Creeley...

Does anybody have any info  
on Bob's condition???

harry...

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805. **Al Filreis**

***hiring at Writers House***

*Wed 30 Mar 2005*

---

Dear friends:

We at the Kelly Writers House are hiring a new Program Coordinator, and we are now accepting applications. The job begins July 1 and is a full-time position, with full benefits, at the University of Pennsylvania. If you are interested in

applying, or know someone who might be interested, please read the full description here:

<http://www.writing.upenn.edu/~wh/programcoordinator.html>

To apply, please review the description and then send a cover letter and resume to Jennifer Snead, Director, Kelly Writers House, University of Pennsylvania, 3805 Locust Walk, Philadelphia, PA 19104-6150.

The deadline for applications is 5 PM on Monday, April 25, 2005, and all finalists will be interviewed on May 9, 2005.

Applicants are strongly urged to tour the Kelly Writers House web site:

<http://www.writing.upenn.edu/~wh>

The position is also identified on the Penn Human Resources site. Go to

<https://jobs.hr.upenn.edu/>

and search for reference number 050317002.

Al Filreis

Kelly Professor of English

Faculty Director, the Kelly Writers House

Director, the Center for Programs in Contemporary Writing

University of Pennsylvania

<http://www.writing.upenn.edu/~afilreis>

[↑ Contents](#)

806. **Al Filreis**

***hiring at Kelly Writers House***

*Wed 30 Mar 2005*

---

Dear Buffalo poetics list friends:

We at the Kelly Writers House are hiring a new Program Coordinator, and we are now accepting applications. The job begins July 1 and is a full-time position, with full benefits, at the University of Pennsylvania. If you are interested in applying, or know someone who might be interested, please read the full description here:

<http://www.writing.upenn.edu/~wh/programcoordinator.html>

To apply, please review the description and then send a cover letter and resume to Jennifer Snead, Director, Kelly Writers House, University of Pennsylvania, 3805 Locust Walk, Philadelphia, PA 19104-6150.

The deadline for applications is 5 PM on Monday, April 25, 2005, and all finalists will be interviewed on May 9, 2005.

Applicants are strongly urged to tour the Kelly Writers House web site:

<http://www.writing.upenn.edu/~wh>

The position is also identified on the Penn Human Resources site. Go to

<https://jobs.hr.upenn.edu/>

and search for reference number 050317002.

Al Filreis

Kelly Professor of English

Faculty Director, the Kelly Writers House

Director, the Center for Programs in Contemporary Writing

University of Pennsylvania

<http://www.writing.upenn.edu/~afilreis>

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807. **Mary Jo Malo**  
***spontaneous self-pity***

*Wed 30 Mar 2005*

---

my head in my hands  
trying to keep my tears from  
falling into the keyboard  
is this drought  
no words  
vanity of vanities  
poetry  
i need a counselor  
to validate  
my heart's wet desire  
to live a life of  
poetry  
void of justification  
and philanthropy  
mary jo

[↑ Contents](#)

808. **Cheryl Pallant**  
***Fw: Creeley...***

*Wed 30 Mar 2005*

---

Subject: Re: Creeley...



Bob Creeley died, of pneumonia, in Texas. I don't know any details other than that. I'm sure I'm not alone in being sick over it.

Mike Magee

Quoting Cheryl Pallant <[REDACTED]>:

*I attended a reading he gave about 2 weeks ago at Univ of VA. He was on oxygen. He explained he had had "a crisis of breathing" in February. He sat while he read, but was in good humor, telling stories and jokes.*

Cheryl

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

From: Harry Nudel

To: [REDACTED]

Sent: Tuesday, March 29, 2005 9:07 PM

Subject: Creeley...

*Does anybody have any info  
on Bob's condition???*

*harry...*

[↑ Contents](#)

809. **Barrett Watten**

***Paradigital Literature: A Symposium***

*Wed 30 Mar 2005*

---

Paradigital Literature: A Symposium [ongoing]

[http://www.english.wayne.edu/fac\\_pages/ewatten/post13.html](http://www.english.wayne.edu/fac_pages/ewatten/post13.html)

[↑ Contents](#)

810. **ALDON L NIELSEN**

***Re: Creeley...***

*Wed 30 Mar 2005*

---

had just been talking with friends in Santa Barbara, looking forward to seeing him there soon -- one of the most generous poets I've ever known

On Wed, 30 Mar 2005 07:01:59 +0000, Cheryl Pallant wrote:

> I attended a reading he gave about 2 weeks ago at Univ of VA. He was on oxygen. He explained he had had "a crisis of breathing" in February. He sat while he read, but was in good humor, telling stories and jokes.

>

```
> harry...
```

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

Wed 30 Mar 2005

## The Way

Somewhere in all the time that's passed  
was a thing in mind became the evidence,  
the pleasure even in fact of being lost  
so quickly, simply that what it was could never last.

Only knowing was measure of what one could  
make hold together for that moment's recognition,  
or else the world washed over like a flood  
of meager useless truths, of hostile incoherence.

Too late to know that knowing was its own reward  
and that wisdom had at best a transient credit.  
Whatever one did or didn't do was what one could.  
Better at last believe than think to question?

There wasn't choice if one had seen the light,  
not of belief but of that soft, blue-glowing fusion  
seemed to appear or disappear with thought,  
a minute magnesium flash, a firefly's illusion.

Best wonder at mind and let that flickering ambience  
of wondering be the determining way you follow,  
which leads itself from day to day into tomorrow,  
finds all it ever finds is there by chance.

from \*If I Were Writing This\*

[↑ Contents](#)

812. **Diane Christian**

***Re: Fw: Creeley...***

*Wed 30 Mar 2005*

---

Bob died this morning at 6:15 in the hospital in Odessa. Pen and Will and Hannah were there. He'll be cremated there and then buried privately in Mount Auburn cemetery in his family's plot.

Cheryl Pallant wrote:

*Subject: Re: Creeley...*

*Bob Creeley died, of pneumonia, in Texas. I don't know any details other than that. I'm sure I'm not alone in being sick over it.*

*Mike Magee*

*Quoting Cheryl Pallant <[REDACTED]>:*

*I attended a reading he gave about 2 weeks ago at Univ of VA. He was on oxygen. He explained he had had "a crisis of breathing" in February. He sat while he read, but was in good humor, telling stories and jokes.*

Cheryl

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

From: Harry Nudel

To: [REDACTED]

Sent: Tuesday, March 29, 2005 9:07 PM

Subject: Creeley...

*Does anybody have any info  
on Bob's condition???*

harry...

[↑ Contents](#)

813. **Raymond Bianchi**

**Re: Robert Creeley (1926-2005)**

Wed 30 Mar 2005

Such sadness- as a poet who is/was a nobody -Bob was always so generous he gave time to those of us who were trying to negotiate poetry and life- He just did an interview for our site Chicagopostmodernpoetry.com where he said in an email " keep on struggling for poetry" if we only knew that he was struggling with life

Addio Poeta

RB

----- Original message -----

*It is with great sadness that I report the death of Robert Creeley, this morning, as the sun rose over Odessa, Texas, where he was on an extended visit. He was with his wife, Penelope, and his two youngest children, Hannah and Willie.*

*There will be time to say much more. For now those who knew him, through his work or as part of his life, will live this day in his honor and in his shadow.*

*As Bob would say, Onward!; but I, for one, falter.*

*Charles Bernstein*

### *The Way*

*Somewhere in all the time that's passed  
was a thing in mind became the evidence,  
the pleasure even in fact of being lost  
so quickly, simply that what it was could never last.*

*Only knowing was measure of what one could  
make hold together for that moment's recognition,  
or else the world washed over like a flood  
of meager useless truths, of hostile incoherence.*

*Too late to know that knowing was its own reward  
and that wisdom had at best a transient credit.  
Whatever one did or didn't do was what one could.  
Better at last believe than think to question?*

*There wasn't choice if one had seen the light,  
not of belief but of that soft, blue-glowing fusion  
seemed to appear or disappear with thought,  
a minute magnesium flash, a firefly's illusion.*

*Best wonder at mind and let that flickering ambience  
of wondering be the determining way you follow,  
which leads itself from day to day into tomorrow,  
finds all it ever finds is there by chance.*

*from \*If I Were Writing This\**

[↑ Contents](#)

## 814. **Mairead Byrne** **Re: Robert Creeley (1926-2005)**

Wed 30 Mar 2005

I'm very sad to hear this. The subject line of this email is most unwelcome. Robert Creeley was a wonderful live presence in Providence over the last year or two. He was at every poetry event possible. I joked that he was the new guy at Brown, just starting out, but that's how he actually was too. I can't believe

he is gone. Thank God for poetry. I hope Providence doesn't lose Pen also.  
Mairead

Mairéad Byrne

Assistant Professor of English  
Rhode Island School of Design  
Providence, RI 02903

[www.wildhoneypress.com](http://www.wildhoneypress.com)

[www.maireadbyrne.blogspot.com](http://www.maireadbyrne.blogspot.com)

>>> [REDACTED] 03/30/05 10:46 AM >>>

It is with great sadness that I report the death of Robert Creeley, this morning, as the sun rose over Odessa, Texas, where he was on an extended visit. He was with his wife, Penelope, and his two youngest children, Hannah and Willie.

There will be time to say much more. For now those who knew him, through his work or as part of his life, will live this day in his honor and in his shadow.

As Bob would say, Onward!; but I, for one, falter.

Charles Bernstein

The Way

Somewhere in all the time that's passed  
was a thing in mind became the evidence,  
the pleasure even in fact of being lost  
so quickly, simply that what it was could never last.

Only knowing was measure of what one could  
make hold together for that moment's recognition,  
or else the world washed over like a flood  
of meager useless truths, of hostile incoherence.

Too late to know that knowing was its own reward  
and that wisdom had at best a transient credit.  
Whatever one did or didn't do was what one could.  
Better at last believe than think to question?

There wasn't choice if one had seen the light,  
not of belief but of that soft, blue-glowing fusion  
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Best wonder at mind and let that flickering ambience  
of wondering be the determining way you follow,  
which leads itself from day to day into tomorrow,  
finds all it ever finds is there by chance.

from \*If I Were Writing This\*

[↑ Contents](#)

815. **Mary Jo Malo**

**Robert Creeley**

*Wed 30 Mar 2005*

---

How poignantly ironic for me. I was struggling with a little poem entitled "crisis of breathing" after hearing of Creeley's health. When I now heard the news . . . well . . . I joined Poetics this past October, because I was excited that at fifty-something I had just 'discovered' him.

"crisis of breathing"

sunrise

breathe

joy

pain

word

death

sunset

[↑ Contents](#)

816. **Harry Nudel**

**Creeley..BE WELL...**

*Wed 30 Mar 2005*

---

sent this out just this morning...before the sad news....we all 'did' need him...harry..

-----Forwarded Message-----

From: [REDACTED]

Sent: Mar 30, 2005 7:02 AM

Subject: Be Well..

Hi Bob..

i've heard that you're not well....the e-vine...hope you're recovering...we all need you...my love..harry

[↑ Contents](#)

817. **Barrett Watten**

***Interruption/Bob Creeley***

*Wed 30 Mar 2005*

---

In the course of an online meditation on the concept of "author" and radical contingency, just posted--the phone call came from Ted Pearson with the news. One has been interrupted--by the death of an author who defined, in the scope and focus of his work, just about what there was of that concept which will survive him. I am stopped in my tracks, enormously affected by this loss, continuously grateful for his example.

[↑ Contents](#)

818. **Charlotte Mandel**

***Creeley poem***

*Wed 30 Mar 2005*

---

The first I knew of his, in 1969, and more a part of America's text than ever--  
Best,  
Charlotte

I Know A Man

As I sd to my  
friend, because I am  
always talking,--John, I  
sd, which was not his  
name, the darkness sur-  
rounds us, what  
can we do against  
it, or else, shall we &  
why not, buy a goddamn big car,  
drive, he sd, for  
christ's sake, look  
out where yr going.

Robert Creeley

[↑ Contents](#)



819. **Gerald Schwartz**  
**Robert Creeley (1926-2005)**  
*Wed 30 Mar 2005*

---

above  
clouds  
  
arrive at nothing  
remain  
  
steadfast within  
the turning of our  
prayer wheels  
  
if this all  
were a lighter touch  
than the words of this word  
  
resting  
on lawn beneath snow  
  
it would still be too  
too heavy  
  
Peace, rest--  
Gerald Schwartz

[↑ Contents](#)

820. **furniture\_ press**  
**Creeley needed**  
*Wed 30 Mar 2005*

---

To say the least, my heartfelt love to his family and his friends. Unfortunately, I knew him only by word...

Tomorrow I'm doing an interview with the City Paper in Baltimore ('The State of Poetry' for National Poetry Month) and would like to open the discussion with something poignant. Does anyone have any suggestions? Links?

Thanks for all your help...

C.....

--

---

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821. **Tenney Nathanson**

***CORRECTED Arizona Quarterly Symposium***

*Wed 30 Mar 2005*

---

corrected AzQS schedule. Mitch Breitwieser's talk is Th at 3:30, not 1:30 (only talk at 1:30 is Lynda Zwinger's).

sorry for the mistake! please vote early and often!

--Tenney

\*\*\*

all the events described below are free & open to the public. there's free parking immediately to the north of the building. and there's free food.

\*\*\*

Arizona Quarterly Symposium

March 31 - April 2, 2005

Foundation/Alumni Building Dining Room

1111 North Cherry Avenue

Thursday, March 31

1:30 PM

Lynda Zwinger

"If You Still Feel Raw About It":

Bodies, Subjectivities, Mothers

Thursday, March 31

3:30 PM

Mitchell Breitwieser

The Art of Loss:

Sarah Orne Jewett's Deephaven

Friday, April 1

10:00 AM

Patrick O'Donnell

Henry James' Memento

Friday, April 1

1:30 PM

Greg Jackson

"What Would Jesus Do?"

Practical Christianity, the Social Gospel  
and the Homeletic Novel

Friday, April 1

3:30 PM

Janet Bergstrom

DVD for Film History and Analysis:

'Murnau's 4 Devils: Traces of a Lost Film'

Saturday, April 2

10:00 AM

Charles Bernstein

How Empty is My Bread Pudding

\*\*\*

related event: poetry reading by Charles Bernstein, for POG, Saturday  
evening at 7, at Ortspace, 121 E. 7th Street, Tucson.

Admission: \$5, or \$3 for students

For details:

[www.gopog.org](http://www.gopog.org)

or

mailto: [REDACTED]

\*\*\*

---

tenney nathanson

mailto: [REDACTED]

mailto: [REDACTED]

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

pog

mailto: [REDACTED]

<http://www.gopog.org/>

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822. **Geoffrey Gatz**

**Re: Robert Creeley (1926-2005)**

*Wed 30 Mar 2005*

---

I'm so taken aback by this, I love him like no other poet, and I am trying to  
write something to keep from crying. It's not helping. He was kind when he  
needed not be, he listened, he was a friend.

I will miss you :-)

We'll meet again, don't know where, don't know when,  
But I know we'll meet again some sunny day.  
Keep smiling through just like you always do,  
Till the blue skies drive the dark clouds far away.  
So will you please say hello to the folks that I know, tell them I won't be  
long.  
They'll be happy to know that as you saw me go, I was singing this song.  
We'll meet again, don't know where, don't know when,  
But I know we'll meet again some sunny day.

Best, Geoffrey

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

From: "Charles Bernstein" <[REDACTED]>

To: <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Wednesday, March 30, 2005 10:46 AM

Subject: Robert Creeley (1926-2005)

> It is with great sadness that I report the death of Robert Creeley, this  
> morning, as the sun rose over Odessa, Texas, where he was on an extended  
> visit. He was with his wife, Penelope, and his two youngest children,  
> Hannah and Willie.  
>  
> There will be time to say much more. For now those who knew him, through  
> his work or as part of his life, will live this day in his honor and in  
his  
> shadow.  
>  
> As Bob would say, Onward!; but I, for one, falter.  
>  
> Charles Bernstein  
>  
>  
> The Way  
>  
> Somewhere in all the time that's passed  
> was a thing in mind became the evidence,  
> the pleasure even in fact of being lost  
> so quickly, simply that what it was could never last.  
>  
> Only knowing was measure of what one could  
> make hold together for that moment's recognition,  
> or else the world washed over like a flood  
> of meager useless truths, of hostile incoherence.

>  
> Too late to know that knowing was its own reward  
> and that wisdom had at best a transient credit.  
> Whatever one did or didn't do was what one could.  
> Better at last believe than think to question?  
>  
> There wasn't choice if one had seen the light,  
> not of belief but of that soft, blue-glowing fusion  
> seemed to appear or disappear with thought,  
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>  
> Best wonder at mind and let that flickering ambience  
> of wondering be the determining way you follow,  
> which leads itself from day to day into tomorrow,  
> finds all it ever finds is there by chance.  
>  
> from \*If I Were Writing This\*  
>  
>  
>

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### 823. **Dustin Williamson**

#### **Creeley**

*Wed 30 Mar 2005*

---

I saw Robert Creeley read for the first time only a couple of months ago (in Appleton, Wisconsin of all places). He was talking about how he was not worried about his own death, because he wouldn't be around to see it, but was irritated by death in the way it affects others. Creeley was for me--as I'm sure he was for many people--one of the first poets that I "connected" with--who showed me that poetry was a cool thing to be apart of.

dw

[↑ Contents](#)

### 824. **Gerald Schwartz**

#### **Re: Creeley needed**

*Wed 30 Mar 2005*

---

His page @ EPC is a fine start.

Carry the word.

Gerald Schwartz

To say the least, my heartfelt love to his family and his friends. Unfortunately, I knew him only by word...

Tomorrow I'm doing an interview with the City Paper in Baltimore ('The State of Poetry' for National Poetry Month) and would like to open the discussion with something poignant. Does anyone have any suggestions? Links?

Thanks for all your help...

C.....

--

---

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825. **UbuWeb**

***Creeley and UbuWeb***

*Wed 30 Mar 2005*

---

It's actually thanks to Robert Creeley that UbuWeb survives today. Back in 2000 our ISP had a devastating crash that totally wiped-out the site. As the site lay smouldering, Creeley sent an email saying what a great loss for the poetry community this was and made a personal appeal for rebuilding. 6 months later, it was up and running, fueled by his encouragement. A great spirit, a great loss...

---

Do you Yahoo!?

Yahoo! Small Business - Try our new resources site!

<http://smallbusiness.yahoo.com/resources/>

[↑ Contents](#)

826. **George Bowering**

***Re: Creeley...***

*Wed 30 Mar 2005*

---

I just sent him a long e-mail yesterday, in answer to a wonderful one he sent me about Paul Blackburn.

God damn it.



[↑ Contents](#)

827. **Sylvester Pollet**

***Fw: it is my sad duty to inform you***

*Wed 30 Mar 2005*

---

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

From: "John Landry" <[REDACTED]>

To: <friends:>

Sent: Wednesday, March 30, 2005 10:36 AM

Subject: *it is my sad duty to inform you*

*May 21, 1926 - March 30, 2005*

*American poet Robert Creeley passed away this morning at 6:15 am in Odessa, Texas, where he was fulfilling a Residency at the Lannan Foundation. (Mr Creeley was a recipient of the Lannan Foundation Lifetime Achievement Award.) His wife of twenty-eight years, Penelope, and son Will and daughter Hannah were at his side. The cause of death was complications from respiratory disease. Mr. Creeley was seventy-eight years old.*

*A Song*

*I had wanted a quiet testament  
and I had wanted, among other things,  
a song.  
That was to be  
of a like monotony.  
(A grace  
Simply. Very very quiet.  
A murmur of some lost  
thrush, though I have never seen one.*

*Which was you then. Sitting  
and so, at peace, so very much now this same quiet.*

*A song.*

*And of you the sign now, surely, of a gross  
perpetuity  
(which is not reluctant, or if it is,  
it is no longer important.*

*A song.*



*Which one sings, if he sings it,  
with care.*

*Robert Creeley*

--

*Outside of a dog a book is a man's best friend.  
Inside of a dog it's too dark to read.  
(Groucho Marx)*

[↑ Contents](#)

828. **Pierre Joris**

## ***A CELEBRATION OF FRENCH POETRY***

*Wed 30 Mar 2005*

---

for anyone in NYC tomorrow:

Thursday, March 31st 7:30 p.m.

A CELEBRATION OF FRENCH POETRY

Translators read French poems from the 20th Century.

John Ashbery, Paul Auster, Mary Ann Caws, Marcella Durand, Richard Howard, Pierre Joris, Ron Padgett, Marie Ponsot, Kristin Prevallet, Grace Schulman, and Cole Swensen.

A reception will follow.

Admission is \$10 / \$7 for PSA Members and Students.

Co-sponsored by the Florence Gould Foundation, The New School Graduate Writing Program, and Yale University Press.

Tishman Auditorium, The New School  
66 West 12th Street, NYC

=====

"Lyric poetry has to be exorbitant or not at all." -- Gottfried Benn

=====

For updates on readings, etc. check my current events page:

<http://albany.edu/~joris/CurrentEvents.html>

=====

Pierre Joris  
244 Elm Street  
Albany NY 12202

h: [REDACTED]

c: [REDACTED]

o: 518 442 40 85

email: [REDACTED]

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

=====

[↑ Contents](#)

829. **Lawrence Upton**

***Re: Creeley***

*Wed 30 Mar 2005*

---

Giving breath

breath is

not easy

always

and sometimes it is

the hardest thing

though telling it

can be achieved

tritely

shallow words

being grasped



>for many people--one of the first poets that I "connected" with--who showed  
me  
>that poetry was a cool thing to be apart of.  
>  
>dw  
--

[↑ Contents](#)

831. **furniture\_press**

***One more for Creeley, usurping the airwaves.***

*Wed 30 Mar 2005*

---

Father Creeley

an adverb  
should never  
describe death  
foretelling it  
here so that  
at least  
one of us  
should  
remember us

www.towson.edu/~cacasama/furniture/poae  
baltimorereads.blogspot.com  
zillionpoems.blogspot.com

--

---

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832. **Peter Quartermain**

***Re: Robert Creeley (1926-2005)***

*Wed 30 Mar 2005*

---

Charles --

Thanks for the news, not that one wanted it.

There is nothing I can say.

Peter

=====

Peter Quartermain  
846 Keefer Street  
Vancouver BC  
Canada V6A 1Y7

tel: [REDACTED]

fax: [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

=====

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

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

On Behalf Of Charles Bernstein

Sent: Wednesday, 30 March, 2005 7:46 AM

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: Robert Creeley (1926-2005)

It is with great sadness that I report the death of Robert Creeley, this morning, as the sun rose over Odessa, Texas, where he was on an extended visit. He was with his wife, Penelope, and his two youngest children, Hannah and Willie.

There will be time to say much more. For now those who knew him, through his work or as part of his life, will live this day in his honor and in his shadow.

As Bob would say, Onward!; but I, for one, falter.

Charles Bernstein

The Way

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was a thing in mind became the evidence,  
the pleasure even in fact of being lost  
so quickly, simply that what it was could never last.

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make hold together for that moment's recognition,  
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of wondering be the determining way you follow,  
which leads itself from day to day into tomorrow,  
finds all it ever finds is there by chance.

from \*If I Were Writing This\*

[↑ Contents](#)

833. **austinwja**

**Re: Robert Creeley (1926-2005)**

*Wed 30 Mar 2005*

---

Always a tragedy for the arts when one of our major innovators dies. I feel nostalgic for the work he would have written. Onward, R.C.

Charles B., please stay healthy.

Precisely, Geoff. "We'll Meet Again."

Best, Bill

WilliamJamesAustin.com

KojaPress.com

Amazon.com

BarnesandNobel.com

[↑ Contents](#)

834. **Aldon Nielsen**

**Creeley**

*Wed 30 Mar 2005*

---

"So now I will make up poetry, as I always have, one word after another, becoming something, as sounds, call them, as beats, tum tum. All very familiar. But each time I take the bus I do see something new, somehow."

--Robert Creeley "Was That A Real Poem Or Did You Just Make It Up Yourself?"

and the commas,,,,, I can hear him now

"                    for

christ's sake, look

out where yr going."



I resolved it, I  
found in my life a  
center and secured it.

And lest we misinterpret his accuracy for pride, he adds farther on:

There is nothing I am  
nothing not. A place  
between, I am. I am  
more than thought, less  
than thought.

No one, I think, has ever stated what it is to be a poet more cogently and, yes, more succinctly than Robert Creeley. But his succinctness is like the unfettered flashing of a diamond.

-- John Ashbery, introducing Creeley at a reading at the New School in 1995.  
Copied from Ashbery's Selected Prose (The University of Michigan Press, 2004)

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836. **Ishaq**

### ***Discrimination & Isolation Turned into Artistic Survival & Expression!***

*Wed 30 Mar 2005*

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Discrimination & Isolation Turned into Artistic Survival & Expression!

Illin n Chillin ongoing review of the struggle and resistance of disabled artists of color

Leroy Moore

Thursday, September 9, 2004;

As a Black poet, researcher, activist, and writer with a disability, I have studied many disabled people of color in history and today and I noticed a common factor in many cases i.e. the treatment they face in our society in the past and now. Many had turned or continued with their arts for expression, to adapted and survival in their harsh situation. Many have found or were force to create their own community, language and techniques of surviving all through the arts. In the last three years I have written on many disabled artists of color in the past and now from painter Hoarse Pippin during WW1 to Hip-hop artist Keith Jones. It is sad to read about the struggles Hoarse Pippin, the first Disabled African American self-taught painter, to know that the same struggles are happening to disabled African American artists today.



A couple of incredible true real life struggles and achievements of disabled artists of color who shares a common story of facing discrimination, segregation but used the artistic path to change their situation, opened up gates for other artists and to reach incredible fame in their field must be told. All the artists that Ill be writing about are in the same medium of the arts and that is music. The main reason why I picked these stories that you are about to read is to showcase the international struggles, commonality and talents we have as Black disabled people and to give written documentation of these experiences in one essay. The four groups of musicians are from USA, Brazil, Jamaica and Africa.

This essay will also create a thread of commonality of Black disabled people around the world. These four groups have changed the face of music from gospel to reggae to world jazz but havent in my view gain the mass recognition that can offer more in writing i.e. books & articles etc. like Elvis, the Beatles and even rapper Eminem. The four are the Blind Boys of Alabama, Israel Vibration of Jamaica, Tribo Da Jah of Brazil, and Amadou & Mariam of Africa. As youll find out three of the four are blind. Israel Vibration is the only group in this essay that has a physical disability; Polio, but all have a common beginning. All were sent to institutions in their countries because of their disability and or poverty. All have found each other in these institutions. And all have found or improved their musical talents in these institutions that formed their early music careers as we know them today.

Most have experienced raw discrimination based on their race and or disability in these institutions, in their early days in the music industry and from the general public. Lets start with our elders, The Blind Boys of Alabama, who grew up around the 1930s. The four original members of the group are blind--singers Clarence Fountain, Jimmy Carter, George Scott and drummer Eric (Ricky) McKinnie.

>From their website, it says that The Blind Boys of Alabama have spread the spirit and energy of pure soul gospel music for over 60 years, ever since the first version of the group formed at the Alabama Institute for the Negro Blind in 1939. They were born into poverty in the rural south of the 1930s. Six boys, all about 7 years old and all blind, arrived there in 1937 with little more than the clothes on their backs.

Throughout my research on the early days of the Blind Boys of Alabama Ive found very little on their experiences in the institute. The Alabama Institute for the Negro Blind opened in 1892 but was not integrated until 1968. Separate but equal was the law of the land in the South including Black disabled people who received no services, no or a second class education compared to their White disabled counterparts. To get to know how the Blind Boys of Alabama and other Black blind & deaf people

lived and were treated back then I recommend Mary Herring Wrights book, *Sounds Like Home: Growing Up Black & Deaf in the South*.

The Blind Boys were lucky they were helped by sighted friends to focus on their musical talents and all of them left the institute that offered only a career in broom making to make it as gospel singers. Although there is very little written that I know of about their early days, I can just imagine what they went through as African American, blind, young men down south at that time. I used the book, *Brother Ray*, written by late Ray Charles to judge what the Blind Boys of Alabama went through in the 1930s down south because Ray Charles went through almost the same treatment. Plus it has been documented from disabled and race scholars that the South had its own why of dealing with Black disabled people. Authors like Steven Noll has written about the treatment of Black disabled people in the south from 1900-1940. Although Noll concentrates on Black people with developmental disabilities, we can use this as a model of how other disabled Black people were treated i.e. the Blind Boys of Alabama at that time. However they did learn how to read Braille and got to practice their singing while attending the institute.

Now, today The Blind Boys of Alabama is on top and are known as the grand dads of gospel music. I still wonder where is their book & movie about their lives? It took Ray Charles almost a decade to find a right market to introduced his ideal about a movie of his life. Can you imagine being Black blind and poor down south in the thirties and to come almost full circle and still be able the kick out albums today? So far I found a video entitled, *The Five Blind Boys of Alabama*. Im not sure but I think this is a concert video with some interviews and hopeful they talked about those days.

The fathers of reggae started out poor, homeless and were taken advantage of during their early years. They were even shunned by other reggae groups because of their disability. Although there is a lot written on the incredible story of Israel Vibration on the internet, in reggae magazines and in their box CD collection, there is no book about their lives and their struggles and accomplishments as of yet. I recommend reading an article of Dread online entitled *RASTAMAN VIBRATION: Israel Vibration* by Jason Levy if you really want to get known Israel Vibration. Just like the Blind Boys of Alabama, Israel Vibration, Lancelle Bulgin, Albert Craig and Cecil Spence, known as Skelley, Apple and Wise were separated from their families to be institutionalize for education and to receive what doctors at that time called medical treatment for their disability, Polio. Although the three members that make up Israel Vibration lived in Jamaica, millions and thousands miles away from Alabama, more than their stories of segregation, discrimination and their saving grace, music, has a shockingly common threads that links the two together.

The members of the Blinds Boys of Alabama and Israel Vibration both were born in poverty and parents had to put them in institutions\ boarding school far away from them as their only choice. Both grew up in a time and area that didnt have the services and medical treatment for their disability, down South in the 1930s and in Jamaica in the 1940s where Polio spread through out the land with no cure in sight. Both found each other and discovered their musical talents, both were discriminated in their institutions and both had no choice but to leave and follow their dreams. However the similarities end there. As some of us know the Blind Boys of Alabama had two sighted friends that helped them when they voluntarily left the institution to pursue their music career. While Skelley, Wise and Apple were all kicked out of Monia Rehabilitation Center in Kingstown because of their strong faith in Rasta and their new look with dreadlocks and with no support they became homeless.

Another difference between the Blind Boys of Alabama and Israel Vibration early years is that Skelley, Wise and Apple all were badly abused while they attended Monia Rehabilitation Center. They were not given opportunities like singing in a choir or working on other skills like the Blind Boys of Alabama had back in the US. There are more similarities between the two bands in how they survive those harsh years. The one common thread of all the artists in this essay especially the Blind Boys of Alabama and Israel Vibration is their faith in a higher power. The Blind Boys believed that God brought them together and continues to bring them glory, awards and inner strength. They are wrapped in spirituality and teaching of the Black Christian church. This is the same for Israel Vibration but in another form as Rastafari and of His Imperial Majesty, Emperor Haile Selassie I of Ethiopia along with Jah and the Rastas culture gave them the spiritual and a foundation of support even with their disability. Both also sing about this incredible support that literally saved their lives.

Israel Vibrations story is well known to their fans and in the reggae arena but I wonder if people really understand what they survived and the foundation they created as not only musicians but as Black disabled people being the one of the first all Black physically disabled band. They turned to their gift, music, in the face of physical abuse, poverty, homelessness and segregation. For more on Israel Vibration buy their video and DVD, Israel Vibration Reggae in the Holyland, that has interviews and concert footage. They even talk about their early days in Monia Rehabilitation Center and how they dealt with their disability.

To stay on this reggae vibe and travel to Brazil well find a similarly story as the ones above. I was recently drawn to the story and music of a Brazilian roots reggae group, Tribo da Jah. From their website it says that The Tribo of Jah is composed by Fauzi Beydoun, Zi Orlando, Achilles Rabelo, Joco Rodrigues, Neto and Frazco. But for Fauzi, all the others are blind Even Fauzi has said in many interviews that he is partially blind. Reggae in Brazil have deep roots which

many say started to grow in Sco Luis a town in the state of Maranhao that is why its called the capital of Brazilian reggae. This was where Maranhco School for the Blind is located and where the five members who make up Tribo da Jah met. Like The Israel Vibration all the members of Tribo da Jah, came from separate families that were poor and had no choice but to send their sons to this school far away from home for education and medical support.

The beginnings and growth of Tribo da Jah have commonalties of the Blind Boys of Alabama & Israel Vibration. Like the Blind Boys and Israel Vibration, the five members met in the school for the blind\disabled in Maranhco and shared like the above artists difficulties and discrimination in their early days. However like the Blind Boys of Alabama, Tribo da Jah was eagred, supported by a soon to be close friend and lead singer of Tribo da Jah, Fauzi Beydoun. It was reported that he really adopted these youngsters with a vision of forming a band. On Tribo da Jahs website Fauzi Beydoun wrote that "they were poor kids, and were awoken to music improvising toy instruments before they started to play in school parties. He bought the instruments and hired the boys to create a band what we now know today as Tribo da Jah.

So far in my research there is very little details of their experiences at the board school for the blind. The members of Tribo da Jah passed their time making, playing instruments and singing and like Blind Boys and Israel Vibration, the members of Tribo da Jah left the school to focus on their music. The common thread continues to sew all these musicians together i.e. their music, their strong religious beliefs and their social political messages in their songs. Although Tribo da Jahs thread has kept them together for more than ten years, it was hard in the beginning because nobody liked their instruments that the band members made by hand themselves in their school. Also many didn't like their new style of reggae that is now known as Brazilian Roots Reggae. Through all these years the band has remain an independent group with their birth of roots reggae that was over shadow in the past by Jamaican style of reggae.

Once again we see a common story amongst the artists which is some times but not often though an environment that can seem to be a form of segregation among the general public can also be a garden of creativity, artistic growth & expression. Although instruments making day in and day out might seemed boring after a while, it did set the stage of their success in the Brazilian reggae industry and beyond. Like all the musicians I mentioned Tribo da Jah left the school to pursue their career. As of now, there is very little written information in a form of a book that is out there on Tribo da Jah. However you can check their DVD entitled Tribe of Jah - Tribe of Jah - to the Living creature 15 Years which has interviews and live concert footage.

I cant see no better way to end this essay with a story of relationship, love and of course the power of music. Im talking about the talented blind married couple from Bamako, Mali, Amadou Bagayoko and Mariam Doumbia. I found many articles on the internet about this incredible love affair and their extraordinary musical talents. Unlike The Blind Boys of Alabama, Israel Vibration and Tribo da Jah, Amadou & Marian found and crafted their talents before they attended the Institute for the Young Blind of Mali in the 50 and 60s. Another difference that Amadou & Mariam have compared to the above artists is that both have been apart of other bands before they decided to make their career together.

Just like Skelly, Apple and Wise of Israel Vibration Amadou wasnt born with his disability. He contracted at an early age that qualified him to attend the Institute for the Young Blind of Mali where Mariam was a rising star for her vocal and songwriting talents. Her first song she wrote translates to What Did I Do God to Deserve This? The title of this song brings up a lot of question for me. Is she talking about her disability, or her schooling or is it bigger to discuss her country etc? So in this situation the Institute was the place that nurture this early love affair, respect and what led into the first blind couple to step in the international music industry. Like the other musicians in this essay, Amadou & Mariam bonded through their music and past the time practicing their art. Like the musicians that make up Tribo da Jah who were also gifted in playing instruments, Amadou is not only a vocalist, he is also a plays an instrument, guitar.

As you have or will read, all was not rosy for Amadou & Mariam. Living under a military dictatorship was hard to find opportunities to grow as artists singing in their own countrys language. Being blind their parents and others did not approve of their relationship at first that led to marriage and three children. This and the urge to blossom their talents internationally made them to decide to move and leave their country to live in the Ivory Coast and Paris but like James Baldwin, Amadou & Mariam returned to their home after they reached international fame. It seemed like Amadou & Mariam had their own way of seeing, hearing and living their lives and perfecting their career from the beginning. From early on they were influenced and experiment with the pop of the Seventies, electric blues, reggae, Cuba and played a key role in what is Malian music today. As the common thread continues Amadou & Mariams music has socially and spiritual message to their people of Mali.

Like Ive been saying all along there is very small amount of written material out there on these artists including Amadou Bagayoko & Mariam Doumbia in a book form or even articles. I can say that all these true stories of: disability, struggle, discrimination, artistic expression, finding each other in an environment that separated them from their families and friends to change the face and sounds of the music industry in their own countries is an attractive story

for an explosive book. Wow, disabled people of color, we have so much strength, beauty, talents and stories that need to be displayed and told. There are many more disabled people of color in all arenas of life that have similar stories that have grown to share their talents and have changed their societies. I realized that institutionalizing and segregation of anybody is not the way to encourage any kind of growth but the above stories should remind us today, Black disabled people and other people of color with disabilities, that we have a history of struggle that led to incredible achievements. As a Black disabled artist these stories are more than encouragement its my history that needs to be acknowledge and shared in our communities, institutions and in the publishing arena!!

<http://www.poormagazine.com/index.cfm?L1=news&category=2&story=1539>

\_\_\_\

Stay Strong\

\

"Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor" \

--Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)\

\

"This mathematical rhythmical mechanism enhances my wisdom\

of Islam, keeps me calm from doing you harm, when I attack, it's Vietnam"\

--HellRazah\

\

"It's not too good to stay in a white man's country too long"\

--Mutabartuka\

\

"As for we who have decided to break the back of colonialism, \

our historic mission is to sanction all revolts, all desperate \

actions, all those abortive attempts drowned in rivers of blood." \

- Frantz Fanon\

\

"Everyday is Ashura and every land is Kerbala"\

-Imam Ja'far Sadiq\

\

<http://scratchcue.blogspot.com/>\

\

<http://www.sleepybrain.net/vanilla.html>\

\

[http://www.world-crisis.com/analysis\\_comments/766\\_0\\_15\\_0\\_C/](http://www.world-crisis.com/analysis_comments/766_0_15_0_C/) \

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<http://ilovepoetry.com/search.asp?keywords=braithwaite&orderBy=date>\

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http://www.lowliferecords.co.uk/  
\  
}

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837. **Rob McLennan**

**mccarthy**

*Wed 30 Mar 2005*

---

wondering if anyone has an email for pattie mccarthy?  
just got her new book in the mail.

damn shame abt creeley. been reading him abt 10 years i think, thanks to bow-  
ering. i dip into his work every 18 months or so, at least.

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 ...9th coll'n - what's left (Talon) ...c/o RR#1 Maxville ON K0C 1T0  
www.track0.com/rob\_mclennan \* http://robmcclennan.blogspot.com/

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838. **Alan Sondheim**

**Creeley**

*Wed 30 Mar 2005*

---

He taught teh value of the word and the spaces that fell through so that the  
poem disappeared. And the salvation of emotion and its seriousness and that all  
else failed. And that too many words ruined so that langugae had economy. I  
have no anecdotes of him for that matter no anecdotes of famous people I want  
to tell at least for that matter no anecdotes. I kept going back to For Love. It  
had nothing to do with an interest in poetry. Alan.

nettext <http://biblioteknett.no/alias/HJEMMESIDE/bjornmag/nettext/>  
WVU 2004 projects: <http://www.as.wvu.edu/clcold/sondheim/>  
<http://www.as.wvu.edu:8000/clc/Members/sondheim>  
Trace projects <http://trace.ntu.ac.uk/writers/sondheim/index.htm>

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839. **Brenda Coultas**

**Creeley**

*Wed 30 Mar 2005*

---

Hi Everyone,

I just got this following email from Anselm Berrigan:

Hi everyone,

>

> Am sorry to have to say, if you don't know already, that Robert Creeley  
> passed away this morning in Odessa, Texas at sunrise. His family was there  
> with him, and he knew as of last night that he was going....sounds like he  
> passed peacefully.

> Opened up his book. If I were writing this. to this poem a little while  
> ago:

>

> AS IF

>

> As if a feeling, come from nought,  
> Suspended time in fascinated concentration,  
> So that all the world therein became  
> Of that necessity its own reward-

>

> I lifted to mind a piece  
> Of bright blue air and then another.  
> Then clouds in fluffy substance floated by.  
> Below I felt a lake of azure waited.

>

> I cried, Here, here I am -- the only place I'll ever be...  
> Whether it made a common sense or found a world,  
> Years flood their gate, the company dispersed.  
> This person still is me.

>

>

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840. **John F. Roche**

**Creeley**

*Wed 30 Mar 2005*

---

For R.C.

From one man, many worlds  
one for each of us



and plenty to go around/  
orbit around this ol' town  
they call Parnassus, or Elysium,  
or Birdland, I don't know--  
Pass along another song, Mister Bob,  
the night's still young  
and there's nowhere else  
but  
here

John Roche

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841. **Harrison Jeff**

***This is another face of the art in earth***

*Wed 30 Mar 2005*

---

I'll not waste this short silence on  
a dull round of prey wildly islanded,  
abandoned clear to which animal the  
poet died to produce / pray torn essays  
instead above than rocks to  
mountain us dull rounds of prey

too from falling mists my far me  
far from some praised bite, rather  
a moisture and parrot-dulcet monologue  
| quatrain point | wastes of poetry / wastes  
of poetry vary, tho think constant their teem-  
ing mentions of reprimand | quatrain mid-point

quatrain forever | quatrain forever  
quatrain forever | quatrain forever  
quatrain forever | quatrain forever  
quatrain forever | quatrain forever

and such... sweet numbers sworn to pursue which animal --  
thou, radiant as Virginia, as weeping Thebans fleeing falling mists?

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842. **Harrison Jeff**

***Darker sleeps this dusky heaven heaps***

*Wed 30 Mar 2005*

---

love, song, the a-loves  
lips not pour: time, but words  
green o'er gaze, envying the  
headlong by the deep; not  
cloven are infant spectres

awake & the race inherit springs  
till life, of fall, airs, sail; meet how  
soon,— when — slow meet: its skies;  
and words love's be,—

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843. **Murat Nemet-Nejat**

***Re: Robert Creeley (1926-2005)***

*Wed 30 Mar 2005*

---

I was struck by his generosity as a person . His work has been part of my  
internal life as a poet.

Salute to his spirit.

Murat

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844. **Murray, Christine**

***Re: Creeley***

*Wed 30 Mar 2005*

---

Walking through a park today here in north Texas--  
80 degrees, bluest sky, variety of music drifting  
around, children scrambling on the playground,  
redbud and dogwood in full bloom, pecan  
and cottonwood trees greening out--  
it just did not seem possible  
that such a day flowing with life  
could bring to poetry  
such great loss.

But, hey, here is something out of Creeley's intro to BAP 2002:

"Pound advised the aspirant [of poetry writing] to listen to the sound that [poetry] makes and felt that poetry atrophied when it got too far from music. ... My grandmother could recite poems endlessly. A practical, working-class woman

from Maine, she had a store of poems she much valued ... So, what is best, then? ... what one can use as measure and judgement has finally to do with his or her own perceptions and needs in that complex of others with whom one shares a life. ... I think of Robert Duncan's saying, "I can't remember if I wrote it or read it!" It was that kind of closeness, as if I'd come into an unexpected clearing, a space I had not known was there, and in it was something equally both familiar and strange, something \*new\* to me, that freshened ways I took the world and myself to be existing, and also made me at home in it. Just as my grandmother did, I wanted something in my head, I wanted the literal comfort of words, I wanted them to tell me things, all things, anything. I wanted them to speak to me." --Robert Creeley, BAP, 2002 (xviii-xx)

peace,

Chris Murray

<http://texfiles.blogspot.com>

<http://e-po.blogspot.com>

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845. **mIEKAL aND**

***All Things Considered on Creeley***

*Wed 30 Mar 2005*

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<http://www.npr.org/templates/story/story.php?storyId=4568156>

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846. **Stephen Baraban**

***Re: Creeley***

*Wed 30 Mar 2005*

---

John Roche wrote:

"The night is still young".

So, hmmm, the darkness that sur/rounds us is YOUNG?

So there's hope for it's mutation (to a more liveable darkness)?

The following tribute was especially poignant, quoting lines that, in this context, made me literally cry:

Date: Wed, 30 Mar 2005 16:59:05 EST

From: "Brenda Coultas" <[REDACTED]> Add to

Address Book

Subject: Creeley

To: [REDACTED]

Hi Everyone,  
I just got this following email from Anselm Berrigan:

Hi everyone,

>

> Am sorry to have to say, if you don't know already,  
that Robert

Creeley

> passed away this morning in Odessa, Texas at  
sunrise. His family was  
there

> with him, and he knew as of last night that he was  
going....sounds  
like he

> passed peacefully.

> Opened up his book. If I were writing this. to this  
poem a little  
while

> ago:

>

> AS IF

>

> As if a feeling, come from nought,  
> Suspended time in fascinated concentration,  
> So that all the world therein became  
> Of that necessity its own reward-

>

> I lifted to mind a piece  
> Of bright blue air and then another.  
> Then clouds in fluffy substance floated by.  
> Below I felt a lake of azure waited.

>

> I cried, Here, here I am -- the only place I'll ever  
be...

> Whether it made a common sense or found a world,  
> Years flood their gate, the company dispersed.  
> This person still is me.

>

>

--- "John F. Roche" <[REDACTED]> wrote:

> For R.C.

>

> From one man, many worlds  
> one for each of us  
> and plenty to go around/  
> orbit around this ol' town  
> they call Parnassus, or Elysium,  
> or Birdland, I don't know--  
> Pass along another song, Mister Bob,  
> the night's still young  
> and there's nowhere else  
> but  
> here  
>  
>  
>  
> John Roche  
>

---

Do you Yahoo!?

Yahoo! Mail - Find what you need with new enhanced search.

[http://info.mail.yahoo.com/mail\\_250](http://info.mail.yahoo.com/mail_250)

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847. **Stephen Baraban**

***Re: All Things Considered on Creeley***

*Wed 30 Mar 2005*

---

I meant (consciously) to send what I just sent to my friend John Roche, but probably it works as a post to the List.

Stephen Baraban

---

Do You Yahoo!?

Tired of spam? Yahoo! Mail has the best spam protection around

<http://mail.yahoo.com>

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848. **Lawrence Sawyer**

**Re: Creeley**

*Wed 30 Mar 2005*

---

what generous spirit and huge presence...I'm saddened to hear that this ultimate maker and great singular man is gone from this world...20 questions with Creeley, if this comes through

---

1. If you could characterize the twentieth century as a film actor, who would it be?

Marlon Brando – just that that's where I came in and he was the one whose presence most defined the world I took us both to be fact of.

2. Do you have a writing ritual, or is the process different each time?

I have places I feel at ease, and that matters. I think it was Leger who used to put on white coveralls to paint – and the Goncourt brothers reputedly contrived to have early morning sex, so as to free themselves from distraction. I like working on a computer or else paper, if that's all that's handy. Simple needs!

3. Are the spaces between notes, or words, as important as the words themselves?

Whatever locates the phrasing, or phasing, is part of the action and those “spaces” are certainly a crucial component.

4. How has jazz music shaped your aesthetic?

I think it's most had to do with my sense of phrasing, or how a serial pattern, call it, might be sounded or heard. Too, it's made me aware of how much can go into such a pattern without losing the coherence.

5. Favorite memory of an experience in a car?

Actually it's the memory of a story about an experience in a car. Years ago someone told me the story of William Faulkner and his terrific friends driving drunkenly along some river near Oxford, Mississippi. Apparently the one driving wasn't able to make a left turn in time, whereupon Faulkner said matter of factly, “I believe the son of a bitch is going into the river.” And they did.

6. America characterized as a song? What song?

How about “Farther Along” – secularized?

7. What are you working on currently?

Staying with it. I know I do work on things but too often that frame feels like painting the house or going to the dentist.

8. Gauguin or Van Gogh? Why?

I couldn't choose between them – each is terrific, albeit they are very different. Both seem primarily painters, come hell or high water.

9. World poet or American? Both?

Whatever the question implies, the local is always it. There is no “world” otherwise, even “American.”

10. What would you say to the president if you met him on the street tomorrow morning?

Get a life!

11. Most influential poet of Latin America?

Cabral was certainly solid – and I always was moved by Parra and Neruda, that active sense of a real person being there. Do you know Samuel Beckett's great translations of Mexican poetry? Octavio Paz did the selection.

12. Why?

I feel very dumb trying to answer because what do I know about Latin American poetry? My own generation with few exceptions had little relation to it and when we did, it seemed still faint and too late. In some ways I'd be persuaded to go back to Ed Dorn's telling me about Euclides da Cunha's Rebellion in the Backlands (1902) because that book is probably still the best sense of South America I'd know. It was translated by Samuel Putnam. Two years teaching the patrone's kids on a coffee plantation (1959–61) did nothing finally to inform me. It was like living in a bubble.

13. Is a poem like a field or an ascent into the void?

“A poem is a small (or large) machine made of words” – or perhaps it's the tree one will never see a poem as lovely as. Both propositions come from New Jersey as it happens.

14. Is the Internet our friend, or adversary?

For me it's been a great resource in every sense – as looking up just now both the date and exact title for da Cunha's book, and then making sure I had the Williams' quote correctly. Our very means here of doing this exchange (e-mail) has been an invaluable resource, traveling about or just staying home. Too, there has never been a more efficient and unobtrusive support for writing itself than that which a computer provides.

15. What was the first rock 'n roll song you remember hearing?

Fats Domino singing "Ain't That a Shame" and other classics of the moment in Ma Peak's tavern on the way to the town of Black Mountain from the college. Some nights the whole physical floor used to rock with the dancing.

16. What was the most influential little mag.?

Cid Corman's Origin - that's where I found my company.

17. Would you say that poetry smells of wood smoke or exhaust?

You got me!

18. What essential book would you take on a long journey alone?

Weirdly, I haven't a clue.

19. What time is it where you are now?

One twenty-one pm.

20. What word of advice to the world?

Stop killing people as a means of solution.

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849. **Chris Stroffolino**

**Re: On Creeley**

Wed 30 Mar 2005

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Thanks for forwarding this Brian--- It was great because I didn't know it was Ashbery at first-- but this excerpt especially gets to the heart of many of my feelings/thoughts about RC. I think the full extent of Creeley's achievement has yet to be really appreciated (well, something like that), including the novels/short stories, the letters, the digressions at readings, the essay-like prose, the collaborations with painters and filmmakers, as well as his openness and availability to many younger writers....

I didn't know his health was particularly bad, and this hurts especially because I hadn't seen him a few years, and just thought I would again-- But I think he knew what he meant to me, and at least I'm told he died peacefully, and lived a full life (oh, that seems silly---can any immediate response to death not sound terribly trite? sorry.....)

C

*If cramming as many possible things into the smallest space with no sign of strain or congestion is minimal, then maybe he is a minimalist. But what strikes me most about his poetry is a sense of richness and ripeness, beautifully contained in a vessel which was made to order by the*



circumstance of writing the poem. As he writes in "Some Place":

*I resolved it, I  
found in my life a  
center and secured it.*

And lest we misinterpret his accuracy for pride, he adds farther on:

*There is nothing I am  
nothing not. A place  
between, I am. I am  
more than thought, less  
than thought.*

*No one, I think, has ever stated what it is to be a poet more cogently and, yes, more succinctly than Robert Creeley. But his succinctness is like the unfettered flashing of a diamond.*

-- John Ashbery, introducing Creeley at a reading at the New School in 1995.

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850. **Ishaq**

***NOI: Harold Cruse dies, new edition of his book released***

*Wed 30 Mar 2005*

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<http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2005/03/39513.php>

NOI: Harold Cruse dies, new edition of his book released

Harold Cruse, one of the most influential writers on African-American politics, culture and history, died of heart failure Friday in the Sunrise Assisted Living facility in Ann Arbor. He was 89. Mr. Cruse is best known for his 1967 book, "The Crisis of the Negro Intellectual," an analytical look at the ideas of black writers and artists. Written during the tumult of the 1960s, the book urged black autonomy and became a pioneering work that is widely read today in academia.

NOI: Harold Cruse dies, new edition of his book released

Harold Cruse: Author, activist and U-M professor

BY NIRAJ WARIKOO

FREE PRESS STAFF WRITER

Harold Cruse, one of the most influential writers on African-American politics, culture and history, died of heart failure Friday in the Sunrise Assisted Living facility in Ann Arbor. He was 89.

Mr. Cruse is best known for his 1967 book, "The Crisis of the Negro Intellectual," an analytical look at the ideas of black writers and artists.

Written during the tumult of the 1960s, the book urged black autonomy and became a pioneering work that is widely read today in academia. A new edition of the book was published last month, with an introduction written by Stanley Crouch.

In 1968, Mr. Cruse became a professor at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, where he taught African-American studies. He was key in starting U-M's Center for Afroamerican and African Studies (CAAS) in 1970, and was acting director in 1972-73.

He later became professor emeritus of history and African-American studies at the university.

Mr. Cruse's life and writings encompassed the broad diversity of the black and American experiences during the 20th Century. Communism, slavery, nationalism, blues, Marxism, jazz, capitalism, civil rights -- all were written about in his sharp prose.

"Cruse's legacy is awe-inspiring," the Library Journal wrote in a review of the 2002 book "The Essential Harold Cruse," a collection of writings by and about him.

Mr. Cruse was born in Petersburg, Va., in 1916, and moved with his family to New York City as a young child.

After graduating from high school, he held a variety of jobs before serving in the U.S. Army during World War II, according to the Robert F. Wagner Labor Archives at Tamiment Library in New York City. In 1941 -45, he was stationed in Italy, north Africa, Northern Ireland and Scotland.

After the war, Mr. Cruse briefly attended City College in New York, but never graduated. "He was self-educated," said his significant other, Mara Julius, an assistant research scientist emeritus at U-M's Department of Epidemiology.

"He was an avid reader, spending much of his time in the library," she said. "He rounded out his education in arts and music."

In 1947, Mr. Cruse joined the Communist Party, which was strongly pushing for integration and racial equality. Mr. Cruse contributed drama and literary reviews for its newspaper, the Daily Worker.

But his writing was not tied down by party doctrine. In fact, he was a sharp critic of other black thinkers and artists for strictly adhering to philosophies, like communism, that he felt could constrict the black experience.

In the 1950s, Mr. Cruse wrote several plays, but concentrated mainly on nonfiction. In a 1951 essay, he praised entertainer Josephine Baker for returning to the United States from France and not losing her "native Negro idiom."

In his 1967 "Crisis" book, Mr. Cruse wrote about black figures such as Paul Robeson, Lorraine Hansberry and James Baldwin, arguing that their rigid politics restricted them.

The book also touched on "mass media and communism, black-Jewish relations, and the revolutionary use of force," said the New York Review of Books.

And decades before critics assailed Vanilla Ice and Eminem for ripping off black culture, Mr. Cruse wrote about white people in the 1920s making "music that they literally stole outright from Harlem nightclubs."

Among his other books are "Rebellion or Revolution," "Marxism and the Negro Struggle" and "Plural but Equal: A Critical Study of Blacks and Minorities and America's Plural Society."

In "Plural but Equal," he faulted civil rights leaders for not learning from the failures of the black struggle in the late 19th Century.

"There are some people who learn how to teach, and some people are born to teach," said Julius. "He was born to teach."

Mr. Cruse also is survived by two half-sisters and a cousin.

Funeral arrangements have not been finalized. Mr. Cruse is to be cremated.

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\_\_\_\_\  
Stay Strong\  
\

"Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor" \  
--Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)\

\

"This mathematical rhythmical mechanism enhances my wisdom\  
of Islam, keeps me calm from doing you harm, when I attack, it's Vietnam"\  
--HellRazah\  
\

"It's not too good to stay in a white man's country too long"\  
--Mutabartuka\  
\

"As for we who have decided to break the back of colonialism, \  
our historic mission is to sanction all revolts, all desperate \  
actions, all those abortive attempts drowned in rivers of blood."

```
- Frantz Fanon\  
\  
"Everyday is Ashura and every land is Kerbala"  
-Imam Ja'far Sadiq\  
\br/>http://scratchcue.blogspot.com/  
\br/>http://www.sleepybrain.net/vanilla.html\  
\br/>http://www.world-crisis.com/analysis_comments/766_0_15_0_C/  
\br/>http://ilovepoetry.com/search.asp?keywords=braithwaite&orderBy=date\  
\br/>http://www.lowliferecords.co.uk/  
\br/>}
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## 851. **Mairead Byrne**

### ***Re: Robert Creeley***

*Thu 31 Mar 2005*

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Athena Kildegaard posted this on WOM-PO. I post it here with her permission.

Mairead

| [REDACTED] 03/30/05 3:41 PM >>>

In 1986 my dad gave my grandmother a book of Robert Creeley's, A CALENDAR, an exquisite handset letterpress edition of 600 that has one poem for each month. My grandmother turned 86 that year. She raised ten children through the Depression on the Texas Panhandle, loved to read, read her Bible every day, wrote letters to all of her family, and never said a bad word about anyone or anything. She used the book as a calendar, writing all around the poems and on the facing pages bits of news about the month. For example: "We are enjoying fresh from Fred's garden. Beans, squash, onions, beets. Have canned several jars of beans. For the 4th we got a lot of food together, took it and ate with Olive, she especially enjoyed the fresh cantalope." There are not many comments directly about the poems, but beside the poem for December, "Memory," she wrote "This poem speaks so well of the time now 1986." Here's the poem:

Memory

I'd wanted  
ease of year,  
light in the darkness,  
end of fears.

For the babe newborn  
was my belief,  
in the manger,  
in that simple barn.

So since childhood  
animals  
brought back kindness,  
made possible care.

But this world now  
with its want, its pain,  
its tyrannic confusions  
and hopelessness,

sees no star  
far shining,  
no wonder as light  
in the night.

Only us then  
remember, discover,  
still can care for  
the human.

Best, Athena

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852. **Alan Sondheim**

**tt**

*Thu 31 Mar 2005*

---

tt

\*\*\*\*\*

gather wed sep 22 01:55:39 edt 1999 towards sixth space appointing direc-  
tions, winds begin, center disappears, unholding, beings flu##ered in  
vertical flight, space of memory, data acquisitions, tensor calculi and

\*\*\*\*\*

skies the colours of meteors wed sep 22 01:57:03 edt 1999 into the ninth  
of planetary realms, for what remains in high wind but clu##er, destruc-

tion of family photograph, history, talisman, it's here among the planets

\*\*\*\*\*

mind begins to go, tears where thoughts gathered. the once. wed sep 22  
01:59:17 edt 1999 tenth and now long walking, forge##ing with fearful  
eyes, tornado wed sep 22 01:59:48 edt 1999 i wonder i don't remember her

\*\*\*\*\*

staff people helping me all through this, mommy mommy brought forth by  
cisco router! mommy mommy, please get be##er and i will mail you on the  
big machine and i will read news from you on the news machine and i will

\*\*\*\*\*

BISI you'd be##er retire and turn your job in East Anglia over to Aecci!  
Right now!

\*\*\*\*\*

York, I bet! Glad to see you were over at LINDISFARNE - did you see all  
the neat stuff there? Was it really all wri##en on vellum? Did they have a  
lot of sheep? I bet they had a lot of sheep!

\*\*\*\*\*

Hi Mom! What a mess! I can hardly reach you from here! We're down in  
HROFESCESTIR at the moment! It's pre##y terrific - you should see all the  
bridges!

\*\*\*\*\*

age##y they had go##en up to the mountain fastness  
ash past villages burned to ash, there was always someone,

\*\*\*\*\*

chmod model, who everyone dreamed about wanting to  
chown own. she was the center of a##ention in  
clear the clearing, where the liberation army constantly

\*\*\*\*\*

Communique: I am seventy-eight years old.

Communique: Youth's altered a##itude to questions of sex is of  
course 'fundamental' and based on theory. Many people call it revo-

\*\*\*\*\*

Report: I am certainly not in favor of this or that!

Report: I do not smoke a bourgeois so-called cigare##e!

Communique: The whole of society will have become a single office

\*\*\*\*\*

Report: I do not agree with those of the dictatorship who accuse me  
of paranoia, although I have been commi##ed of paranoia by the so-  
called 'state authorities.' I do not smoke a cigare##e, a victim of  
the bourgeois mind!

\*\*\*\*\*

--someone in the tomb of lenin where messages touching my asshole i know

it will be filled with clu##er--touching my paranoid prick i know you'll  
never tape lenin--this is tape-lenin trying to deliver a tape which was

\*\*\*\*\*

But sometimes as well people a##ack me for how I feel. I mean, how could  
I be a##acked, I'm just expressing myself, what I'm going through. I  
don't want to lay it on anyone else, I just want to be understood. I

\*\*\*\*\*

Now I have someone who will listen to me when I express my rage, when I  
want to kill myself. I know I will be a be##er person. It is enough that  
they listen, they don't have to say anything. My computer has become my

\*\*\*\*\*

I've learned that I can discuss things be##er with you online than I can  
with my doctor, and I know now who to avoid when I need to look for a

\*\*\*\*\*

wanted to try something else, that I had the support of the online commu-  
nity. I said nothing else ma##ered, my whole world gets caught up in this  
or that medication and I know there is more to life than that.

\*\*\*\*\*

There are people out there in this town who could really benefit from all  
this on line, they would learn how to be##er control themselves. I think  
so many people in this culture are hurting or wrecked, I don't know where

\*\*\*\*\*

like at one time. I couldn't even sit down without shuddering. Now I have  
the time to even be with my parents a li##le, we're beginning to under-  
stand each other. But it's because of this screen, nothing else. And they

\*\*\*\*\*

and I can't talk to anyone else. She says I've been drinking a lot but  
it's not working any more. I don't know what's the ma##er with me. I just  
start crying sometimes. She's got long blond hair and beautiful blue eyes,

\*\*\*\*\*

says, but I now I'm not. I'm not as good as anyone. Oh fuck, I can't stand  
this. She's scratching herself, cu##ing through her skin; you can see her  
bleeding through her ta##ered clothes. I've got a secret, she says, I  
can't tell anyone, how good I am, what a person I am. People say I'm beau-

\*\*\*\*\*

cries that she needs comfort and consolation, why won't everyone be quiet  
just for a li##le while. She has u##er rapture on her face, the rapture of  
pure despair. I'm fucking afraid of dying, and yet I want to kill myself,

\*\*\*\*\*

yours. She disagrees with everyone, she knows it. New Clar dances around,  
her lips parted. Old Clar pays no a##ention, she's got a horrifying pre-  
monition about the death of everyone. We're all going to die a horrible

\*\*\*\*\*

smart. Oh hell, she wants another drink, just one more, fuck, things can only get be##er, can't they? She's scratched open sores around her breasts, you can see them through her ripped clothing, they're bleeding. Oh hell, pay no a##ention to me.

\*\*\*\*\*

I know I'm boring you; I can't help it. It's not funny, it's real life, for God's sakes pay a##ention to me, oh God, please, please, please don't leave me like this, please help me, honest, I'll kill myself if you don't,

\*\*\*\*\*

les, do you know that? There are tracks all over me, not just my arms. You might think I'd know be##er, but I like them. They scar me, show you where I've been.

\*\*\*\*\*

It's not just that though. I've got be##er friends than you ever will. They'll all betray me in the end. But there's a pull in the world, I seem

\*\*\*\*\*

Do you know I can sing? You've probably never heard me sing. Someday I'll sing for you, even now. You can stand a li##le? You might like this. There's a record I use for background, like karaoke. Just a second. Let me

\*\*\*\*\*

~text," that she belonged within quotation or the parenthetical~ Still, ~Mary should have known be##er; one more day of Mary or Travis writing ~from directory, and Bob, too, would have to die~ aculog authlog cron

\*\*\*\*\*

I like the old time. I like thinking about the old time. God lets me do that, god is pre##y terrific, is a good god. I want to sleep now.

\*\*\*\*\*

Mail archive archives bin boot core dev etc export holding hosts htdocs kadb lib log lost+found mnt net pcfs restoresymtable sbin se##erm src staff sys tmp users usr var vmunix vmunix-lkm vmunix-raid zz

\*\*\*\*\*

The specifics of the leverage would not ma##er - just as the details of universal equations spell out varying phenomenologies, but their very

\*\*\*\*\*

which the laws of distribution hold, and within which we may fall in love, throw a ball, or speak, as if difference were upheld, or sha##ered. cat chio chmod cp csh date dd df domainname echo ed expr hostname kill ksh ln ls mkdir mt mv pax ps pwd rcmd rcp rm rmail rmdir sh sleep s##y sync test zz

\*\*\*\*\*



sd2cgdsd2dgsd2egsd2fgsd2ggsd2hgds3ags sd4bgds4cgds4dgsd4egsd4fgsd4ggs-  
d4hgs

sound3gspeakergss0gst0gst1gstderrgst

##yE1g##yE2g##yE3g##yE4g##yE5g##yE6g

##yp4g##yp5g##yp6g##yp7g##yp8g##yp9g

##yq0g##yq1g##yq2g##yq3g##yq4g##yq5g

##yqcg##yqdg##yqeg##yqfg##yr0g##yr1g

##yr8g##yr9g##yrag##yrbg##yrcg##yrdg

##ys4g##ys5g##ys6g##ys7g##ys8g##ys9g

##yt0g##yt1g##yt2g##yt3g##yt4g##yt5g

##ytcg##ytdg##yteg##ytfg##yu0g##yu1g

##yu8g##yu9g##yuag##yubg##yucg##yudg

##yv4g##yv5g##yv6g##yv7g##yw0g##yw1g

##yw8g##yw9g##ywag##ywbg##ywcg##ywdg

##yx4g##yx5g##yx6g##yx7g##yx8g##yx9g tun0g-

tun1guhid0guhid1guhid2guhid3guk

vnd0agvnd0bgvnd0cgvnd0dgvnd0egvnd0fg vnd1egvnd1fgvnd1ggvnd1hg-  
wd0agwd0bgwd

\*\*\*\*\*

you do make me!

un para o pk##olkx corr yu lat sgqk eua

oh thank you jennifer thank you

\*\*\*\*\*

Ou##ages MAY OCCUR.

\*\*\*\*\*

Japanese Amusement

Nigh##ime Japan

Nikuko's Popular Imagery of Japan

\*\*\*\*\*

the work will remain in spite of its ruin

in the stories of mothers and sons i am wri##en

in the stories of fathers and sons i am wri##en

i am a coward small and fearful

\*\*\*\*\*

Il n'est jouer qu'en maladie,

Le##re vraye que tragedie,

Lasche homme que chevalereux,

\*\*\*\*\*

Kristevatumor and such mavericks as Roheim. Within the astute rationalist  
construct of mathematicocancerscientific developmen##umor Jennifer ob-  
serves Kleintumor Penrosetumor Marrtumor Moravectumor others too nu-  
cancer

merous to mention tumor not for a moment forging Minsky and the uncanny precancer science of Euclid. Such is Jennifer's case tumor that she does

\*\*\*\*\*

more he looks like this! she said tumor making the ugly cancer est cutest like the face! That old Alan! every moment when the word leans it becomes another word and language gains ascendance across body and function as if

\*\*\*\*\*

will not know then what has occurred unknowledge transpires and is everywhere there is a non-making of unknowledge that will be the same and substance ruling or ruined same and ruling substance of the day or forlorn

\*\*\*\*\*

day of gone time or world forlorn unknowledge towards a glimmer or horizon towards transpiration and non-making this is a prediction and a truth of and from the year 3000

\*\*\*\*\*

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## 853. **Alan Sondheim**

### ***sex and death***

*Thu 31 Mar 2005*

---

sex and death

<> so out and so in ><

233c233

< clothes sexualities genders wear out and even close relationships

> clothes sexualities genders wear out and even close relationships

241c241

< conversation sexing friendships libraries in real life there are

> conversation sexing friendships libraries in real life there are

284c284

< i've always wanted to move towards the abject extremities of sex that

> i've always wanted to move towards the abject extremities of sex that

701c701

< if sexuality is the expansion of the textual violence is the reduction

> if sexuality is the expansion of the textual violence is the reduction

708c708

< mud wrestling the sexuality of anonymity

> mud wrestling the sexuality of anonymity

846847c846847

< words and sex are splitting off closing off leaving mouth and body

< behind not towards ulterior virtuality but foreclosure sexed language

> words and sex are splitting off closing off leaving mouth and body  
> behind not towards ulterior virtuality but foreclosure sexed language  
858c858  
< fascinating - you can see this happen among the primates as tool and sex  
> fascinating - you can see this happen among the primates as tool and sex  
862c862  
< sex is filled with s/m b/d fluids of all sorts leaking across the  
> sex is filled with s/m b/d fluids of all sorts leaking across the  
1155c1155  
< the texts sex texts travel towards extremity where the body leaves all  
> the texts sex texts travel towards extremity where the body leaves all  
152c152  
< child dreaming remaining unused worn with the death of the brother  
> child dreaming remaining unused worn with the death of the brother  
158c158  
< i knew neither of the brothers and mourned most of all the death of  
> i knew neither of the brothers and mourned most of all the death of  
168c168  
< of his death and a year after he died a dead bird black with yellow  
> of his death and a year after he died a dead bird black with yellow  
171c171  
< are the chances of this the appearance of the death of the bird in any  
> are the chances of this the appearance of the death of the bird in any  
193c193  
< this is one such disturbance both deaths nine months apart were others  
> this is one such disturbance both deaths nine months apart were others  
418c418  
< deathwe will be sipping from each others grease and never  
> deathwe will be sipping from each others grease and never  
564c564  
< ses negative feedback until sleep becomes a portal of death the waking  
> ses negative feedback until sleep becomes a portal of death the waking  
581c581  
< love and death on the information superhighway  
> love and death on the information superhighway  
588c588  
< freezes as men and women hear tiffany's death cry the woman misses you  
> freezes as men and women hear tiffany's death cry the woman misses you  
609c609  
< freezes as men and women hear tiffany's death cry the woman misses men  
> freezes as men and women hear tiffany's death cry the woman misses men  
629c629

< freezes as men and women hear tiffany's death cry the sun rises in the  
> freezes as men and women hear tiffany's death cry the sun rises in the  
690c690  
< i am interested in texts in extremis at the point of death in great  
> i am interested in texts in extremis at the point of death in great  
1055c1055  
< me out of the valley of death she knew no evil the elevator went up the  
> me out of the valley of death she knew no evil the elevator went up the  
1160c1160  
< but this is pointless let's say that the point is death let's say that  
> but this is pointless let's say that the point is death let's say that  
145c145  
< there were others  
> there were others  
<> so in and so out ><

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854. **Joel Lewis**

**R. Creeley**

*Thu 31 Mar 2005*

---

I saw bob on many occasions over the last 25 years --advantage of  
living in nyc area--  
but one moment sticks in wake of this very sad news.

a number of years back, Bob was reading at a festival in Paterson, NJ, near the  
Great Falls. To our amazement, he took up a group of us local poet's offer to  
have dinner with at a local Italian restaurant within eyeshot of the Lou Costello  
statue (a native son). Bob was very touched that we asked him --WE local poets  
were completely knocked out that this great poet would sit and have pasta with  
us

later my friend Ed Smith and I drove him back to a Marriott on Route 46. Again,  
he just couldn't believe that we would go out of the way just for him. For Ed  
and I, it was just the pleasure of his company.

Joel Lewis

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855. **Alex Jorgensen**

***On R.C.***

*Thu 31 Mar 2005*

---

Who I'm is of little importance, consequence, these years of writing made meaningful by relationship with mentor, friend of the greatest imaginable graciousness. One can only say so much, this life leaving us with few tools with which to balance self in moment like this -- passing of RC. If role models are to be held onto in one's searching for grounding, as they say, or appreciation of the process in culture dwelling too much, I would say, on glamour, then let us rejoice in having been able to know one of the few substantial people. To say I'm sick is for me to understand that there are spaces wherein only loss might exist.

AJ

---

Do you Yahoo!?

Yahoo! Mail - You care about security. So do we.

[http://promotions.yahoo.com/new\\_mail](http://promotions.yahoo.com/new_mail)

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856. **robert lane**

***Issue 5/April of Malleable Jangle is now online***

*Thu 31 Mar 2005*

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Issue 5/April of Malleable Jangle is now online. Entitled: The Deep Blue Issue, it showcases some of the most important poetry from home [Australia] and the world [the big place].

New poetry from: Steven Brock, Malcolm E Campbell, Alison Eastley, Skip Fox, John Gascoigne, Jennifer Harrison, Janet Jackson, Peter Macrow, David Mortimer, Melissa Petrakis, Deborah Poe, and Lyn Reeves.

A big deep blue thank you to all Issue 5 contributors. I am sure their audience will enjoy their poetry as much as i did.

Best regards,  
Robert Lane

online poetry journal malleablejangle  
the poetry of Robert Lane  
deja vu workshops

-----  
Find local movie times and trailers on Yahoo! Movies.

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857. **tyrone williams**

***Re: NOI: Harold Cruse dies, new edition of his book released***

*Thu 31 Mar 2005*

---

For me, the deaths of Creeley and Cruse intersect in terms of their importance to my own work (to say nothing of their impact on poetics and political discourse). I note that the Detroit Free Press obit on Cruse, not surprisingly, is objective as opposed to the (once again) scurrilous one in the NY Times.

tyrone

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

From: Ishaq <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Mar 30, 2005 10:47 PM

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: NOI: Harold Cruse dies, new edition of his book released

<http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2005/03/39513.php>

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Harold Cruse: Author, activist and U-M professor

BY NIRAJ WARIKOO

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He later became professor emeritus of history and African-American studies at the university.

Mr. Cruse's life and writings encompassed the broad diversity of the black and American experiences during the 20th Century. Communism, slavery, nationalism, blues, Marxism, jazz, capitalism, civil rights -- all were written about in his sharp prose.

"Cruse's legacy is awe-inspiring," the Library Journal wrote in a review of the 2002 book "The Essential Harold Cruse," a collection of writings by and about him.

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After graduating from high school, he held a variety of jobs before serving in the U.S. Army during World War II, according to the Robert F. Wagner Labor Archives at Tamiment Library in New York City. In 1941 -45, he was stationed in Italy, north Africa, Northern Ireland and Scotland.

After the war, Mr. Cruse briefly attended City College in New York, but never graduated. "He was self-educated," said his significant other, Mara Julius, an assistant research scientist emeritus at U-M's Department of Epidemiology.

"He was an avid reader, spending much of his time in the library," she said. "He rounded out his education in arts and music."

In 1947, Mr. Cruse joined the Communist Party, which was strongly pushing for integration and racial equality. Mr. Cruse contributed drama and literary reviews for its newspaper, the Daily Worker.

But his writing was not tied down by party doctrine. In fact, he was a sharp critic of other black thinkers and artists for strictly adhering to philosophies, like communism, that he felt could constrict the black experience.

In the 1950s, Mr. Cruse wrote several plays, but concentrated mainly on nonfiction. In a 1951 essay, he praised entertainer Josephine Baker for returning to the United States from France and not losing her "native Negro idiom."

In his 1967 "Crisis" book, Mr. Cruse wrote about black figures such as Paul Robeson, Lorraine Hansberry and James Baldwin, arguing that their rigid politics restricted them.

The book also touched on "mass media and communism, black-Jewish relations, and the revolutionary use of force," said the New York Review of Books.

And decades before critics assailed Vanilla Ice and Eminem for ripping off black culture, Mr. Cruse wrote about white people in the 1920s making "music that they literally stole outright from Harlem nightclubs."

Among his other books are "Rebellion or Revolution," "Marxism and the Negro Struggle" and "Plural but Equal: A Critical Study of Blacks and Minorities and America's Plural Society."

In "Plural but Equal," he faulted civil rights leaders for not learning from the failures of the black struggle in the late 19th Century.

"There are some people who learn how to teach, and some people are born to teach," said Julius. "He was born to teach."

Mr. Cruse also is survived by two half-sisters and a cousin.

Funeral arrangements have not been finalized. Mr. Cruse is to be cremated.

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Stay Strong\  
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"Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor" \  
--Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)\

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"This mathematical rhythmical mechanism enhances my wisdom\  
of Islam, keeps me calm from doing you harm, when I attack, it's Vietnam"\  
--HellRazah\  
\

"It's not too good to stay in a white man's country too long"\  
--Mutabartuka\  
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"As for we who have decided to break the back of colonialism, \  
our historic mission is to sanction all revolts, all desperate \  
actions, all those abortive attempts drowned in rivers of blood."



- Frantz Fanon\  
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"Everyday is Ashura and every land is Kerbala"  
-Imam Ja'far Sadiq\  
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\br/><http://ilovepoetry.com/search.asp?keywords=braithwaite&orderBy=date>  
\br/><http://www.lowliferecords.co.uk/>  
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858. **Haas Bianchi**

***bei Dao email***

*Thu 31 Mar 2005*

---

Anyone have Bei Dao's email

RB

Raymond L Bianchi

[chicagopostmodernpoetry.com/](http://chicagopostmodernpoetry.com/)  
[collagepoetchicago.blogspot.com/](http://collagepoetchicago.blogspot.com/)

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

*From: UB Poetics discussion group*

*[mailto: ]On Behalf Of tyrone williams*

*Sent: Thursday, March 31, 2005 6:40 AM*

*To:*

*Subject: Re: NOI: Harold Cruse dies, new edition of his book released*

*For me, the deaths of Creeley and Cruse intersect in terms of their importance to my own work (to say nothing of their impact on poetics and political discourse). I note that he Detroit Free Press obit on Cruse, not surprisingly, is objective as opposed to the (once again) scurrilous one in the NY Times.*

*tyrone*

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

From: Ishaq <[REDACTED]>

Sent: Mar 30, 2005 10:47 PM

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: NOI: Harold Cruse dies, new edition of his book released

<http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2005/03/39513.php>

NOI: Harold Cruse dies, new edition of his book released

*Harold Cruse, one of the most influential writers on African-American politics, culture and history, died of heart failure Friday in the Sunrise Assisted Living facility in Ann Arbor. He was 89. Mr. Cruse is best known for his 1967 book, "The Crisis of the Negro Intellectual," an analytical look at the ideas of black writers and artists. Written during the tumult of the 1960s, the book urged black autonomy and became a pioneering work that is widely read today in academia.*

NOI: Harold Cruse dies, new edition of his book released

*Harold Cruse: Author, activist and U-M professor*

BY NIRAJ WARIKOO

FREE PRESS STAFF WRITER

*Harold Cruse, one of the most influential writers on African-American politics, culture and history, died of heart failure Friday in the Sunrise Assisted Living facility in Ann Arbor. He was 89.*

*Mr. Cruse is best known for his 1967 book, "The Crisis of the Negro Intellectual," an analytical look at the ideas of black writers and artists.*

*Written during the tumult of the 1960s, the book urged black autonomy and became a pioneering work that is widely read today in academia. A new edition of the book was published last month, with an introduction written by Stanley Crouch.*

*In 1968, Mr. Cruse became a professor at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, where he taught African-American studies. He was key in starting U-M's Center for Afroamerican and African Studies (CAAS) in 1970, and was acting director in 1972-73.*

*He later became professor emeritus of history and African-American studies at the university.*

*Mr. Cruse's life and writings encompassed the broad diversity of the black and American experiences during the 20th Century. Communism, slavery, nationalism, blues, Marxism, jazz, capitalism, civil rights -- all were written about in his sharp prose.*

*"Cruse's legacy is awe-inspiring," the Library Journal wrote in a review of the 2002 book "The Essential Harold Cruse," a collection of writings by and about him.*

*Mr. Cruse was born in Petersburg, Va., in 1916, and moved with his family to New York City as a young child.*

*After graduating from high school, he held a variety of jobs before serving in the U.S. Army during World War II, according to the Robert F. Wagner Labor Archives at Tamiment Library in New York City. In 1941 -45, he was stationed in Italy, north Africa, Northern Ireland and Scotland.*

*After the war, Mr. Cruse briefly attended City College in New York, but never graduated. "He was self-educated," said his significant other, Mara Julius, an assistant research scientist emeritus at U-M's Department of Epidemiology.*

*"He was an avid reader, spending much of his time in the library," she said.  
"He rounded out his education in arts and music."*

*In 1947, Mr. Cruse joined the Communist Party, which was strongly pushing for integration and racial equality. Mr. Cruse contributed drama and literary reviews for its newspaper, the Daily Worker.*

*But his writing was not tied down by party doctrine. In fact, he was a sharp critic of other black thinkers and artists for strictly adhering to philosophies, like communism, that he felt could constrict the black experience.*

*In the 1950s, Mr. Cruse wrote several plays, but concentrated mainly on nonfiction. In a 1951 essay, he praised entertainer Josephine Baker for returning to the United States from France and not losing her "native Negro idiom."*

*In his 1967 "Crisis" book, Mr. Cruse wrote about black figures such as Paul Robeson, Lorraine Hansberry and James Baldwin, arguing that their rigid politics restricted them.*

*The book also touched on "mass media and communism, black-Jewish relations, and the revolutionary use of force," said the New York Review of Books.*

*And decades before critics assailed Vanilla Ice and Eminem for ripping off black culture, Mr. Cruse wrote about white people in the 1920s making "music that they literally stole outright from Harlem nightclubs."*

*Among his other books are "Rebellion or Revolution," "Marxism and the Negro Struggle" and "Plural but Equal: A Critical Study of Blacks and Minorities and America's Plural Society."*

*In "Plural but Equal," he faulted civil rights leaders for not learning from the failures of the black struggle in the late 19th Century.*

*"There are some people who learn how to teach, and some people are born to teach," said Julius. "He was born to teach."*

*Mr. Cruse also is survived by two half-sisters and a cousin.*

*Funeral arrangements have not been finalized. Mr. Cruse is to be cremated.*

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Stay Strong\

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"Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor" \

--Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)\

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"This mathematical rhythmical mechanism enhances my wisdom\ of Islam, keeps me calm from doing you harm, when I attack, it's Vietnam"\

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http://www.lowliferecords.co.uk/ \
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859. **Joe Brennan**

### **Wolfowitz Gets European Blessing for Murderous Policy**

Thu 31 Mar 2005

Click here: The Assassinated Press

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

Wolfowitz Gets European Blessing for Murderous World Bank Policy:

Bush Nominee Gives Assurances on Fighting to Increase Poverty:

"Murder is My Principal Weapon," Says Wolfowitz:

Cheney Decries Nepotism and Conflicts of Interest at UN:

By MARKED MANN & AIME GUGULAR

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.

".....at a time when I am speaking to you about the paradox of desire -- in the sense that different goods obscure it -- you can hear outside the awful language of power. There's no point in asking whether they are sincere or hypocritical, whether they want peace or whether they calculate the risks. The dominating impression as such a moment is that something that may pass for a prescribed

good; information addresses and captures impotent crowds to whom it is poured

forth like a liquor that leaves them dazed as they move toward the slaughter house.

One might even ask if one would allow the cataclysm to occur without first giving free reign to this hubbub of voices...."

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860. **Mark Salerno**  
***Creeley Tribute in Los Angeles***

*Thu 31 Mar 2005*

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Colleagues:

I'm in the preliminary stages of organizing a Robert Creeley tribute/remembrance/reading event for the Los Angeles area. Date and venue to be announced. If you are interested in participating or attending, contact me and I will put your name on the appropriate list.

Mark Salerno

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861. **Mairead Byrne**  
***Kenneth Goldsmith Reading at RISD 4.5.05***

*Thu 31 Mar 2005*

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KENNETH GOLDSMITH AT RISD

TUES APRIL 5th, 7pm

COLLEGE BUILDING 412

FREE & OPEN TO THE PUBLIC

(College Building is at the corner of Benefit Street and College Street)

KENNETH GOLDSMITH, author of *THE WEATHER, Make Now* 2005 (transcription of the one-minute weather forecasts on a New York all-news station over the course of one year, 2002-2003); *DAY, The Figures* 2003 (retyping of the Friday, September 1st, 2000 issue of the New York Times,), *SOLILOQUY*, Granary Books 2001 (transcription of every word uttered by Goldsmith over the course of a week), *FIDGET*, Coach House Books 2000 (transcription of the poet's every physical gesture over a 13 hour period); editor of *I'LL BE YOUR MIRROR*, Carroll & Graf 2004 (the first comprehensive collection of interviews with Andy Warhol); director of UbuWeb ([www.ubu.com](http://www.ubu.com)); and RISD graduate in Sculpture (1984), will be reading at Rhode Island School of Design on Tuesday April 5th at

7pm. He claims to be "the most boring writer that has ever lived." Don't believe him.

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862. **Tim Peterson**

***The Analogous Series: William Corbett on James Schuyler***

*Thu 31 Mar 2005*

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The Analogous Series presents:

William Corbett

<http://www.analogous.net/corbett.html>

\* \* \*

Saturday, April 2, 5 PM

77 Massachusetts Ave, room 2-105

MIT, Cambridge, MA

Corbett will talk about the letters of poet / art critic James Schuyler

\* \* \*

William Corbett recently edited *Just The Thing: Selected Letters of James Schuyler 1951-1991*. Corbett is a Writer-in-Residence in the Program of Writing and Humanistic Studies at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. His books of poetry include *Boston Vermont* (Zoland Books, 1999), *New and Selected Poems* (Zoland Books, 1995) and *Don't Think: Look* (Zoland Books, 1991). He has published two memoirs: *Philip Guston's Late Work: A Memoir* (Zoland Books, 1994) and *Furthering My Education* (Zoland Books, 1997). He writes frequently on art, and has published *John Raimondi, Sculptor*. He lives in Boston's South End and is an editor of the magazine *Pressed Wafer*.

\* \* \*

The Analogous Series is curated by Tim Peterson

spring schedule available at <http://www.analogous.net/spring2005.html>

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863. **Henry A. Lazer**

***Robert Creeley (1926-2005)***

*Thu 31 Mar 2005*

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Apologies for the length of this post...

\*

Robert Creeley (1926-2005)

Absolutely exemplary. Certainly these last ten years or so, a quality of sweetness, pleasure, and generosity. A life lived in and of words with absolute integrity. For me, personally, no more important poet, no one better able to show ways in words to make manifest the grace, pleasure, complexity, cadences, and play of mind at work.

I met Bob in the late 1970s, at a Black Mountain College celebration at Warren Wilson College. We spent a couple of days in conversation; I interviewed Bob; I listened to him read. Much of our time together I asked him for information on the three-line stanzas that he developed, and what relationship his writing had to similar modes in Williams. Great fun witnessing a packed auditorium at his reading, only to have Bob tell stories and follow out a range of thoughts for forty-five minutes to an hour before he read the first poem. Many left before he read. They missed a superb reading, one that was absolutely continuous with the talking that preceded it.

Yes, quite simply one of the greatest conversationalists of all time ...

At the time of that Black Mountain event, I knew only parts of what Creeley had written – mainly Words and For Love. From then until now, I have grown more and more familiar with the range of his writing – the poetry, yes, but also the essays. In fact, when I got news of Bob's declining health, I was reading a new essay of his on Whitman's poetry of old age (in a special issue of Virginia Quarterly Review celebrating the 150th anniversary of the publication of the first Leaves of Grass).

In the mid-1990s, I gave a reading at Buffalo. Bob attended, and I had the pleasure of reading new poems (which became the book Days) which were very much based in what I had learned from his work. We spent the next morning, over pastry and coffee, sitting and talking, along with my good friend Yunte Huang. Bob's generosity to Yunte is another story, but typical of Bob's kindness to so many younger writers...

Here, at Alabama, I had the pleasure of hosting Bob for a reading a couple of years ago. Again, a packed house. A superb reading, though Bob had to sit for most of the reading, as he did for the conversation/discussion the following day. That particular visit enhanced by the presence of Donald Revell (in residence for the semester), another poet deeply steeped in Bob's life and writing. And again, Bob made time for a morning of coffee, pastry, and conversation.

Last saw Bob at the Louis Zukofsky Centennial at Columbia this past fall. Some familiar anecdotes, and some unfamiliar.

I've been quite moved by the increasingly emotionally open work of Bob's last couple of books – Life & Death and If I were writing this. He seemed able to circle back, to realize the importance and vitality of late 19th century verse – a



family tradition of popular poetry – in his own practice. Or, to make of Keats' work such a central thing.

We corresponded sporadically via e-mail. I would often send Bob a few poems, and his remarks were always appreciative. He blurbed a book of mine – an extended chapbook called *As It Is* (published by Mark Scroggins) – and was always supportive of my writing.

What Bob showed was the pleasure and work of making one's way in a writing life. It is rather amazing to think of how many of us have learned from his example.

Yesterday, the day of Bob's death, at the end of the day, I went with my son, Alan (16 years old), to Beulah Baptist Church – a black church on a hillside on the way home, a place that I'd often admired but where I'd never stopped. A modest graveyard with a cement angel of Memory leading the way up the dry, red clay hill. At the top of the hill, we walked around for a bit, sun streaming through the clouds. The wisteria now in bloom, we looked at the tombstones, stood beside one for "Pa Pa" Jones, and I read aloud several of Bob's poems from *Life & Death*.

Earlier in the day I'd been in touch with several others to whom Bob had been so important – Charles Bernstein, Yunte Huang, Joel Kuszai, Don Revell, Claudia Keelan, Norman Fischer, Tyrone Williams. Even at the time of Bob's death, it's hard not to bear in mind his favorite closing in correspondence: "Onward." Without Bob here to be the figure of Onward, we must take what we have learned from him and be, in our writing and friendship and conversation and correspondence, that no longer singular figure of Onward.

Hank Lazer  
March 31, 2005

\*

Here's the e-mail I sent to Bob on Monday, March 28, 2005:

Dear Bob,

A gray cold day of spring break, giving way to sunny windy afternoon. I spoke with Joel Kuszai mid-day, and learned some of your health difficulties. And then heard from Charles Bernstein, a more optimistic version. I'm simply writing to let you know I'm thinking of you. And thinking with you. Got in today's mail the latest issue of *Virginia Quarterly Review* -- on Whitman, and your superb piece on Whitman's poetry of old age. When I read at the Walt Whitman Center in Camden (several years ago, back when Alicia Askenase was in charge of the reading series), I visited Walt Whitman's house, and recognize it in the last photos. For me, the determining feature of my early years of writing poetry was to

have an especially close relationship with my four grandparents -- all Russian Jews, all living close to us. In the way that drugs & zen of the 1960s allowed it, I spent time with them, in their decay mental & physical, with a mixture of love, curiosity, and observation (rather than the disabling frustrations that I saw in my parents' relationship to their aging parents). My poems began with telling their stories, my grandparents, and with learning (or trying to learn) something of the phenomenology of aging. And thus, yes, a reading of Williams' later work and others, including, eventually Oppen.

A rambling way, Bob, to say that you are on my mind these days, as your poetry and your essays and correspondence will always be.

With much love,

Hank

\*

And a poem, from several years ago, very much with Creeley in mind, from an ongoing work, Portions.

YOU

so the old  
cabin leans "sit  
up" i said

as if to  
someone i said  
it to you

i always do  
if there were  
no one else

if there were  
only you i  
would say "sit

up" & think  
someone heard such  
is my sense

the old cabin  
leans what is  
never passes away

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864. **Nico Vassilakis**

***sEATTLE sUBTEXT - Lance & Andi Olsen / Vanessa DeWolf***

*Thu 31 Mar 2005*

---

Subtext continues its monthly series of experimental writing with readings by

Lance Olsen & Andi Olsen & Vanessa DeWolf at Richard Hugo House on Wednesday,

April 6, 2005. Donations for admission will be taken at the door on the evening

of the performance. The reading starts at 7:30 pm.

Lance Olsen is author of fifteen books of and about innovative fiction, including his new novel 10:01 about the Mall of America, which exists in complementary print and hypermedia versions. He serves as Chair of the Board of Directors at Fiction Collective Two, one of America's best-known ongoing literary experiments and progressive art communities. His website is [www.cafezeitgeist.com](http://www.cafezeitgeist.com).

Andi Olsen is a collagist, assemblage artist, and short-film maker who explores

the notion of monstrosity in her ongoing installation Hideous Beauties: A Freak

Show. Her work has been exhibited, screened, and published around the country

and abroad. Her website is [www.cafezeitgeist.com/andi.html](http://www.cafezeitgeist.com/andi.html).

Vanessa DeWolf creates image-based performances and artworks using: found text,

objects, improvisation, writing processes and collage-forms. In 2002 she investigated the inner life of a 1950's housewife through her appliances in "Her

Home Magic Set". In 2001 Vanessa received an Artist Trust GAP grant to complete

"Citrus Effect", an obsessive collection of orange, lime and lemon objects that

resulted in a series of site-specific performances. She is eclectically trained

as a figure skater, visual artist, and performer and in 1992 received an M.A. in

Playwriting at Boston University under the tutelage of Nobel Prize winner Derek

Walcott. Last year "Even Here", an installation-performance, was selected for

On The Boards 2004 Northwest New Works. In 2004 Vanessa, also had

"Narrative

Object #5: A Woman's Hairpiece", selected for the Tacoma Art Museum's Northwest

Biennial. She is currently the director of The Field-Seattle, an artist-run organization that holds regular peer-review feedback sessions for writers and

performers. In addition to being the director, she has been the editor and publisher of "FLOW", an annual Field-Seattle chapbook. She is the proud partner of STUDIO-CURRENT, a new multi-arts studio in the heart of Capitol Hill

and home to Tuesday Surrealists.

The future Subtext 2005 schedule is:

May 4, 2005 Eric Baus and TBA

June 1, 2005 Susan Clark (Victoria, BC) & Ezra Mark

July 6, 2005 Christian Bok (Toronto) and Nico Vassilakis

For info on these & other Subtext events, see our website:

<http://www.speakeasy.org/~subtext>

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865. **Lori Emerson**

***Fwd: A poem for Bob (from Susan Porter)***

*Thu 31 Mar 2005*

---

Susan Porter asked me to forward this poem to the list.

best, Lori

=====

They say you died as the sun rose to greet the day

I made a photograph at 7:00 am

in the brilliant sunlight

just before going to bed

after sleeping on the couch

all night

Maybe at the same time

maybe I went to sleep

when you did

maybe I caught the light

just as you kissed it

goodbye

Too soon  
    too soon  
        my friend  
Please don't fly away  
I want to reach up  
to grasp you  
find a tether  
    a something  
to hold you to this earth  
a while longer  
Great rocks are weeping  
returning their salt  
to the sea  
                    waves swirl and eddy  
                    in confusion  
echoes of your wisdom  
                                    clatter  
in the trees  
The birds are calling  
your name  
For Robert Creeley  
March 30, 2005

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866. **Ishaq**

***REVIEW: books by and about amiri baraka***

*Thu 31 Mar 2005*

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REVIEW: books by and about amiri baraka

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Black Radical Enigma

by Cedric Johnson

Amiri Baraka, *The Essence of Reparations* (Philipsburg, St. Martin: House of Nehesi Publishers, 2003), 44 pages, paper \$15.00.

Amiri Baraka, *Somebody Blew Up America and Other Poems* (Philipsburg, St. Martin: House of Nehesi Publishers, 2003), 57 pages, paper \$15.00.

Jerry Gafio Watts, *Amiri Baraka: The Politics and Art of a Black Intellectual* (New York: New York University, 2001), 604 pages, cloth \$50.00.

Harry T. Elam, *Taking It to the Streets: The Social Protest Theater of Luis Valdez and Amiri Baraka* (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan, 2001), 208 pages, cloth \$55.00, paper \$20.95.

Komozi Woodard, *A Nation within a Nation: Amiri Baraka (LeRoi Jones) and Black Power Politics* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina, 1999), 352 pages, \$49.95 cloth, \$19.95 paper.

At seventy years of age, Amiri Baraka is no stranger to controversy. From his pioneering stage plays to his legendary journalistic assaults on mainstream black politicians and former allies alike, Baraka has often inhabited the space between trenchant critique, radical honesty, and venomous rhetoric. His 2002 appointment as poet laureate of New Jersey and the subsequent demands for his resignation by everyone from then-Governor James McGreevy to Elie Wiesel again placed Baraka in the limelight. This latest firestorm stemmed from his poem "Somebody Blew Up America," which reminds us of America's history of domestic anti-black terrorism but also alludes to the cyberspace conspiracy theory alleging Israeli Prime Minister Ariel Sharon possessed prior knowledge of the September 11 terrorist attacks and forewarned Jewish employees at the World Trade Center.

I found it ironic and ultimately tragic seeing Baraka on a CNN news program defending his art against Connie Chung and an Anti-Defamation League spokesperson. From behind his graying, scruffy appearance rang the same haughty, irreverent Newark brogue that has become so familiar over the years. Yet whatever antiwar content his poem possessed was quickly discredited as the public debate centered on charges of anti-Semitism, free speech, and censorship. Though he was as witty and defiant as ever, Baraka's latest publicity lacked the popular resonance and critical edge of his historical work. Unlike his black power activism which was intimately linked to mass mobilizations that sought to challenge domination and transform public institutions into more democratic and responsive bodies, this latest fiasco was more media circus than movement.

Baraka's poor choice of conspiracy over reason and the equally impoverished mainstream media "debates" which followed merely rehearse caricatures of the left which have become all too familiar in post-Rush Limbaugh America. As framed by corporate media, Baraka, and for that matter left opposition, are relics of a bygone era—"frail, wedded to anachronistic ideas and out of touch with contemporary political realities. This latest turn of events is truly depressing because Baraka's substantive contributions to late twentieth century black politics and American radicalism are significant. Commenting on the younger generation of sixties radicals, Harold Cruse in *The Crisis of the Negro Intellectual* concludes, "One of the most outstanding of them, LeRoi

Jones, learned in such a personal way to epitomize within himself all the other things his generation learned either empirically or vicariously. Perhaps more than any other figure of the age, Amiri Baraka's activist and artistic career embodies many of the contradictions and broader political challenges of developing popular democratic politics that activist-intellectuals continue to face.

Harry T. Elam's *Taking It to the Streets*, Komozi Woodard's *A Nation within A Nation*, and Jerry Gafio Watts's *Amiri Baraka* each attempt to situate this enigmatic artist within an historical context and assess his political legacy. These works are part of a small but growing literature that revisits the black radical politics of the sixties and seventies.

Popular recollections of the black power movement are often shrouded in romanticism and reactionary politics. From its introduction into the popular lexicon during the 1966 Meredith March Against Fear, the black power slogan has maintained a peculiar place in the American political imagination. While the phrase lent itself to multiple interpretations, its advocates generally demanded control of the institutions and resources within black communities. More radical takes called for the rejection of Western aesthetic standards, solidarity with anti-imperialist struggles, and the fundamental democratization of the U.S. political economy. Although black power radicalism received heavy media attention during the sixties and seventies, it remains one of the least understood currents in post-Second World War American political thought.

These latest works advance a conversation on black power which is long overdue. Likewise, because they address Baraka as a political artist and creative activist, these works are pioneering. While a number of studies examine his literary prowess, until now few considered Baraka's extensive involvement in electoral politics, protests, and community development initiatives.

Woodard surveys the New Nationalist and Pan-Africanist movements of the late sixties and early seventies. This study places Amiri Baraka's leadership at the heart of those developments. Woodard's contribution to American historiography rests in his efforts to broaden our discussion of black power beyond the Black Panther Party whose telegenic imagery and rhetoric often eclipses the wider dimensions of black power radicalism. Woodard examines other equally significant political projects such as the Congress of African People (CAP), the African Liberation Support Committee (ALSC), the National Black Women's United Front (NBWUF), and the National Black Political Assembly (NBPA).

Baraka's radicalization follows a trajectory similar to other baby-boomer radicals whose political maturation was framed by Cold War domestic conformity, black urbanization, the civil rights movement, and third world decolonization. He was born Everett Leroy Jones to a lower middle-class family in 1934.

The disappointments of Jones's young adult years pushed him off the beaten paths to American bourgeois attainment. Jones dropped out of Howard University in 1954. After a brief stint in the U.S. Air Force, he was "undesirably discharged" in 1957 under charges of communist sympathy. Jones recovered from these setbacks and settled into the Beat counterculture milieu of Greenwich Village. During his bohemian phase, Jones coedited the literary journal, *Yugen*, with his first wife, Hettie Cohen. Jones produced his most captivating, enduring contributions to American letters during the early sixties—namely, his first volume of poetry, *Preface to a Twenty Volume Suicide Note* and his plays *Baptism*, *The Toilet*, and *Dutchman*. Unfortunately, Woodard dedicates precious little attention to this fertile artistic period in Jones's life. Instead, *A Nation within a Nation* focuses on Jones/Baraka as "the people's hero" and a "rebellious outlaw."

Woodard notes the immense impact of Jones's 1960 trip to Cuba with a Fair Play for Cuba Committee (FPCC) delegation that included other black activists and writers, such as Cruse, Robert F. Williams, Julian Mayfield, and John Henrik Clarke. During his travels, Jones was impressed by the socialist realist perspectives of young Cuban artists who asserted both the political instrumentality of art and the revolutionary obligations of intellectuals. In "Cuba Libre" his *Evergreen Review* essay on the FPCC trip, Jones conveys his frustration with bohemianism and his longing for a more political radicalism. Woodard details Jones's initial forays into political activism—namely his participation in the 1961 protest at the United Nations headquarters following the assassination of Congolese premier, Patrice Lumumba.

Between his Cuba excursion and the political assassination of Malcolm X in 1965, Jones increasingly embraced black cultural nationalism. He took on the Arabic name, Ameer Barakat or "blessed prince" (later adopting the Kiswahili variation) and slowly converted to Kawaidea "the brand of cultural nationalism authored by Maulana Karenga, founder of the Los Angeles-based Us Organization.

With the formation of the Black Arts Repertory Theater/School (BART) in 1965, Baraka sought to politicize his cultural work and develop popular modes of transmission. Elam compares Baraka's efforts to develop a "black revolutionary theater" with the work of Chicano playwright, Luiz Valdez and the *El Teatro Campesino*. Elam contends that "the social protest performance not only reaffirmed the values, heritage, and solidarity of marginalized blacks and Chicanos but also presented new models for change in the U.S. social order. The cultural affirmation of the performance supported the transformative action and new revolutionary symbols within performance text." In a similar vein, Woodard underscores the importance of Baraka's artistic production to the development of wider identity-based political struggles.



A Nation within a Nation captures Baraka's penchant for grassroots mobilization and his momentary influence within national black politics. Between the 1967 Newark Black Power Conference and his formation of the Congress of African Peoples (CAP) in 1970, Baraka emerged from relative obscurity to exercise considerable influence within black radical circles. He was central to efforts to develop a national black political vehicle. As such, he and CAP activists engineered the planning sessions that birthed the historic 1972 National Black Political Convention at Gary, Indiana which drew together over 10,000 activists. Likewise, North Carolina-based activist, Owusu Sadaukai enlisted the help of Baraka and CAP cadre in the 1972 African Liberation Day mobilization in Washington, D.C. where more than 30,000 people marched against Portuguese colonialism and white settler rule in Southern Africa.

Woodard's strongest contribution rests in his coverage of local black power politics. Newark is exemplary of black nationalist influence within African American political culture during the sixties and seventies. Woodard narrates the development of the Committee for the Unified Newark (CFUN) and the historic Black and Puerto Rican Political Convention which facilitated the election of Newark's first black mayor, Kenneth Gibson in 1970. To win the election, Baraka skillfully integrated conventional campaign tactics with an assertive racial identity politics promoted through local cultural institutions like Spirit House. Woodard contends that Baraka and CFUN devised an expressive strategy for the campaign that would arouse a collective black and Puerto Rican identity, stress progressive platform principles and even controversial issues, register and mobilize blacks and Puerto Rican voters. Woodard's most remarkable chapter details the eventual showdown between Gibson and black power activists over the Kawaida Towers housing complex.

The Kawaida Towers project epitomized the practical, progressive edge of black power politics. CAP organizers assembled a talented, multiracial team of architects, attorneys, and contractors to address immediate housing shortages and to carve out more meaningful, livable space in postindustrial Newark. Baraka and CAP activists secured funding from both the Department of Housing and Urban Development and New Jersey's Housing Finance Agency to build a sixteen story, low-to-moderate income housing complex in Newark's predominantly Italian North Ward. A political crisis quickly unfolded over whether the city should grant tax abatement to the project. As pressure from reactionary local whites mounted, support from local black politicians unraveled. Gibson's initial endorsement wavered while city councilman Earl Harris's opposition to the project was unequivocal. The Newark city council's eventual rejection of Baraka's abatement proposal derailed the project and signaled the breakdown of radical influence over local black politicians.

Woodard experienced Newark's black power experiment first hand. Yet his closeness to the subject bears some problems. The vindicationist tone of *A Nation within a Nation* bridles critical interpretation of Baraka and black power radicalism. His analysis falters in identifying the sources of radical failure. Woodard focuses disproportionately on external factors at the cost of fully probing internal movement contradictions. He casts a critical eye on both state policing of radical activists and the avuncular brokerage politics of the emergent black political regime. However, Woodard does not venture beyond these customary narratives of co-optation and repression.

This focus on external pressures, neglects full interrogation of the limits of black power politics. Radicals' insistence on race unity and indigenous control helped to mobilize black citizens and transform the face of local and national government. However, black power promoted the specious notion that racial loyalty and not conservative ideology, party discipline, corporate power or countervailing electoral pressures would determine the agenda priorities of the new black political elite.

In a similar vein, Woodard makes little effort to explain the sources of Baraka's intellectual restlessness and his often misdirected ad hominem attacks. Also, he does not rebut well-known criticisms of Baraka's autocratic tendencies advanced during the movement by fellow intellectuals such as Harold Cruse and more recently, by Robert C. Smith in *We Have No Leaders: African Americans in the Post Civil Rights Era* (1996). Such actions were consequential, and it could easily be argued that these leadership flaws deeply undermined Baraka's stature in black public life.

Woodard barely mentions CAP's ideological conversion to "Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tse Tung Thought" during the mid-seventies and the ensuing Marxist-nationalist debate which inflamed the pages of major black power organs like *Black Scholar* and *Black World*. The Marxist-nationalist debate marked an unfortunate retreat from the powerful, issue-driven alliances personified by the early African Liberation Day mobilizations.

The turn to "scientific socialism" was constructive to the extent that it encouraged more critical perspectives regarding late American capitalism and the limits of black ethnic politics. However, inasmuch as black power activists fetishized Marxism they departed from the intellectual and political spirit of materialist critique. Some radicals' growing conviction that doctrinaire ideology and not historically specific, germane public issues should serve as the principal basis of political work was essentially flawed and counterproductive. The mid-seventies Marxist-nationalist fracas discouraged reflexive political theory and constructive engagement, degraded the character of black public debate, and deeply undermined radical politics. Woodard misses an opportunity to

weigh the significance of these developments for post-segregation black radicalism. Watts's Amiri Baraka offers a more critical reading of this subject matter.

Watts declares that Baraka's most influential years "from the 1967 Newark riot to the 1974 Kawaida Towers meltdown" were characterized by "a quality of political engagement that has rarely been rivaled in the twentieth century by traditional American intellectuals." Watts identifies a fundamental tension within Baraka's political work "his quest for meaningful political engagement and appetite for invective. In scope and critical intensity, Watts's Amiri Baraka outpaces all previous work.

Shunning nostalgia and hagiography, Watts tackles the sundry problems of cultural nationalist politics head on. He illuminates the sexism and homophobia which informed the rhetorical style, leadership practices, subcultural norms, and division of labor within many black power organizations, including CFUN and CAP. Watts argues that "Baraka's formulations of gender relations unequivocally called for the black realization of idealized, traditional American, patriarchal family relationships. Like other black cultural nationalists, Baraka was able to delude himself into thinking that there was something oppositional in the black patriarchal family." Watts does recognize Baraka's personal growth noting his post-black power advocacy of a pro-feminist politics. Nonetheless, Watts's analysis of the gendered dimensions of black power remains especially relevant to our neoconservative times given the vulgar reassertions of male authority reflected in black manhood summits and ascendant social policy discourses which link crime and poverty to the loss of "traditional" family values.

Watts addresses state subsidization of black identity politics during the 1960s, namely BART's funding through Harlem Youth Opportunities Unlimited (HARYOU), an antipoverty program created via Lyndon B. Johnson's Office of Economic Opportunity. This relationship contradicts the well-known, anti-coalition sentiments of many black power radicals. Moreover, such state accommodations to sixties radicalism are indicative of the emerging dynamic of race management that congealed during the post-segregation era.

Watts's discussion of the political dead end created by doctrinaire ideology is also insightful. For Watts, Baraka's embrace of autocratic politics were the primary cause of his removal as secretary-general of the National Black Political Assembly in 1975. Baraka's leadership style did generate opposition within the assembly ranks "Oklahoma politician and assembly secretary, Hannah Atkins Diggs publicly accused Baraka and CAP cadre of coercive tactics. Yet Watts's explanation of Baraka's fall from grace might underestimate

the presence of late Cold War red-baiting within black middle-class leadership circles.

Watts's Amiri Baraka suffers from other problems of evidence and interpretation. His generally perceptive analysis often dissolves into trite dismissals and vituperation rivaled only by those of Baraka himself. At times, Watts's discussion is more opinionated than soundly argued. His promising political critique of Baraka's artistic corpus and activism is unfortunately eclipsed by dubious accounts of Baraka's private motivations. Unlike Woodard whose work was grounded in dozens of interviews with key movement figures, Watts relies exclusively on archival materials. Perhaps, oral interviews might have added the historical nuance this work lacks and provided more convincing evidence for his most speculative claims. Such methodological problems are not merely academic for they have the cumulative effect of weakening this work's analytical power.

For instance, in his discussion of the 1972 National Black Political Convention, Watts attributes authorship of the National Black Agenda's preamble to Congressman Walter Fauntroy and Illinois State Senator Richard Newhouse. However, William Strickland and Vincent Harding of the left-leaning think tank, the Institute of the Black World, authored "The Gary Declaration," which garnered the support of many radicals and the outrage of mainstream leaders, such as the NAACP's Roy Wilkins. Other interpretive problems flow from similar historical inaccuracies.

Elsewhere, Watts mischaracterizes the fundamental causes and dynamics of this historic convention. He claims that the meeting "was supposed to set in motion the creation of a permanent black political infrastructure, the National Black Political Assembly." This interpretation misreads the convention's prehistory and impetus. To the contrary, the assembly was the product of compromise between radical forces who desired an independent black party and mainstream politicians who sought to exploit the highly-publicized convention as political capital without making long-term institutional commitments. The assembly model was proposed by Baraka in a pre-Gary convention position paper, "The Nationalist Overview," and was openly criticized by left-leaning nationalists affiliated with the Greensboro, North Carolina-based, Malcolm X Liberation University (MXLU) and Student Organization for Black Unity (SOBU). Having been at the center of the diplomatic work which drew together mainstream politicians and radical activists for the convention, Baraka sensed that a black party would alienate moderate elements while MXLU and SOBU activists argued that Baraka's proposal was too pro-establishment. Watts's bold brush strokes do not create a satisfying portrait of the internal contingency, backstage dynamics, and wider political complexities that characterized the

1972 Gary convention and other political activities which Baraka helped facilitate.

Serious reconsideration of sixties radicalism has never been more urgent. Although there are certain noteworthy exceptions, contemporary black politics is often characterized by a mix of social conservatism and quixotic pursuits—from Bill Cosby's self-serving attacks on the black urban poor to more progressive activists' preoccupation with an impotent reparations campaign as panacea to American racial inequalities. In light of the current state of affairs, serious analysis of the black power movement and its legacies is warranted.

Baraka's extraverted life reminds us of the challenges and possibilities which accompany radical praxis. His bouts with sectarianism are a cautionary tale to contemporary activists who seek to craft a radical left politics that resonates with the wider public. At his most creative moments, Baraka's charismatic presence, organizational skills, and artistry spurred thousands into meaningful political engagement and transformed African-American politics and American public discourse generally. The purposive political actions undertaken by Baraka and other black power activists are both moving and instructional.

Although the ideas and tactics of bygone eras can never be slavishly applied to contemporary times, the prospects for developing viable opposition partially hinges on how well or poorly activists understand the historical processes that created our current political conditions. In their efforts to illuminate the suppressed history of late twentieth century black radicalism, Elam's *Taking It to the Streets*, Woodard's *A Nation within a Nation* and Watts's *Amiri Baraka* might nourish renewed dialogues around building and sustaining political alternatives.

Cedric Johnson teaches political science at Hobart and William Smith Colleges and is a postdoctoral fellow at the University of Rochester's Frederick Douglass Institute for African and African American Studies. His writings have appeared in *New Political Science*, *The Progressive Media Project*, and *In These Times*.

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Stay Strong\

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"Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor" \

--Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)\

\

"This mathematical rhythmical mechanism enhances my wisdom\

of Islam, keeps me calm from doing you harm, when I attack, it's Vietnam"

--HellRazah\  
\  
"It's not too good to stay in a white man's country too long"  
--Mutabartuka\  
\  
"As for we who have decided to break the back of colonialism, \  
our historic mission is to sanction all revolts, all desperate \  
actions, all those abortive attempts drowned in rivers of blood."  
- Frantz Fanon\  
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"Everyday is Ashura and every land is Kerbala"  
-Imam Ja'far Sadiq\  
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<http://scratchcue.blogspot.com/>  
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<http://www.sleepybrain.net/vanilla.html>  
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[http://www.world-crisis.com/analysis\\_comments/766\\_0\\_15\\_0\\_C/](http://www.world-crisis.com/analysis_comments/766_0_15_0_C/)  
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<http://ilovepoetry.com/search.asp?keywords=braithwaite&orderByÚte>  
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<http://www.lowliferecords.co.uk/>  
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867. **charles alexander**  
***my reading at pima northwest***  
*Thu 31 Mar 2005*

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The Calliope Reading Series

Presents

CHARLES ALEXANDER

reading from his work

on April 14th @ 7pm

Location: Pima Community College's new NorthWest Campus, Room A220, Tucson, Arizona

Charles Alexander's books of poetry include *Hopeful Buildings* (Chax Press, Tucson, 1990), *arc of light / dark matter* (Segue Books, New York, 1992), *Pushing Water: parts one through six* (Standing Stones Press, Morris, MN, 1998),

Pushing Water: part seven (Chax Press, Tucson, 1998), Four Ninety Eight to Seven (Meow Press, Buffalo, 1998), Etudes: D & D (Quarry Press, Lawrence, NJ, 2001), and Near or Random Acts (Singing Horse Press, San Diego, 2004). Certain Slants is forthcoming from Junction Press. He also founded and directs Chax Press.

The Northwest Campus is located at 7600 N. Shannon Rd in Tucson. For a map of the campus, showing Building A, see

<http://www.pima.edu/dept/maps/nwcmap.htm>

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868. **Michael Magee**  
*some thoughts on Creeley*

Thu 31 Mar 2005

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Creeley had been a huge supporter of the Downcity Poetry Series here in Providence -- finding funding for us at Brown, always attending when he was in town, and cheerleading in the slow early going. He was insistent about bringing poetry to the community, rather than keeping it up on the hill. In my experience he was a total fucking mensch -- when he and Mike Gizzi and I met for coffee etc he'd mostly be interested in what we were doing; he was restlessly curious. When he heard me read some crazy "flarf" poems he found a way to engage it. NOT one of those old guys protecting HIS thing, -- again, in my experience.

Once, at his place in Providence w/ Mike G and Mairead Byrne and Tom Raftery and Pen, soaking up all the casual talk when phone rings and who is it but Bob Grenier and I think to myself, as Creeley talks to Grenier on the phone, "It is simply impossible that I'm in this room right now." It was more or less impossible for me to lose the kid in the candy store feeling, you know. Because really it was on par with hanging out with Frank O'Hara, or WC Williams or Stein. I was in awe of Creeley but he never asked for awe and in fact everything about him (especially his halting, circular, occasionally self-parodic speech, like the poems) seemed designed to disabuse you of that awe.

As for the work, he changed the way I think about poetry completely, and more than once. The writings in The Collected Essays (not the Prose, although that's great too) are as good as any poet's criticism, Olson, Williams, Pound, Stein, you name it.

And the poetry, he was in it, in it, in it. Living it. Living in it. Right there. Right here.

Mike Magee

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869. **T\_Martin**

***Sketches for a Paranoid Picture Book on Memory by Christopher Luna now available***

Thu 31 Mar 2005

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Available Now from King of Mice Press [www.kingofmice.blogspot.com](http://www.kingofmice.blogspot.com) !! Vole Number Three, Sketches for a Paranoid Picture Book on Memory by Christopher Luna.

"Sketches for a Paranoid Picture Book on Memory is a meditation on film divided into twenty-four parts to correspond to the twenty-four frames contained in each second of most films. "

All vole series books are 3 1/2 x 5 1/2 and only \$2.00 plus shipping and handling. The vole series is published by King of Mice Press in an effort to bring you the best new literary voices.

Christopher Luna is an editor, journalist, and performer with an MFA in Writing and Poetics from the Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics at Naropa University in Boulder, Colorado. His poetry has appeared in publications including eye-rhyme, Gare du Nord, Exquisite Corpse, the Babylon Review, Many Mountains Moving, the @tached document, and Big Scream. Luna is the author of Literal Motion (Bootstrap Press, 2000), which features three interviews with the filmmaker Stan Brakhage and is currently editing the selected correspondence of Stan Brakhage and Michael McClure

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870. **Stephen Vincent**

***Creeley***

Thu 31 Mar 2005

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It's been lovely to hear the gathering remembrances. I am sure many of us each have, at least, one or two: There is the person. There is person at what age you first heard him read publicly and/or first read one particular poem in print. First encountered him socially or not; then there is the question of what work was important, most influential on one's own.

I remember Creeley once say of language, "no one owns it" - which made him a champion of others in practice, as well as leery of those invested in hierarchical claims. His loyalty was clearly to the art of words, the art of their use. And those spaces in-between. Perhaps similar to Giacometti's sculptures, one is



always aware of the negative (perhaps anxious) space that surrounds the work, the poem's material - that something is being made (constructed), hard and not gratuitous.

And yet there is the loving 'charm' - where 'charm' means song - and the devotion is constant - yet the outcome may - as with, say, Miles Davis - not resemble song in any familiar or predictable sense. His awareness and use of the evidence, the things seen and heard in the world assure a breach, one that brings the ear and eye up short, mesmerized. And the love of delivering it, making it public, "a gift", "for love."

And beyond or with the work who can ever forget his social presence - a magnetism that brought people up to their best, everyone, in my experience, immediate and alert to each word in the air. A place honored where the poem became as valid as any door through which one may enter to receive a particular gift, where no place else could be more interesting to live and abide.

I look forward to hearing more stories. And staying with his work.

I - as I am sure of most of us - will miss him dearly.

Stephen Vincent

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871. **Skip Fox**

**Re: Creeley**

*Thu 31 Mar 2005*

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I like what Brian Richards wrote me (I don't think he'd mind me putting it here): "He taught me, so early on, that it is the lack of articulation that allows poetry its contemporary power, as the lack of dependence on melody characterizes the similar work of Coltrane, Miles, etc. That we ring the neck of rhetoric."

Creeley was always generous with permissions for me (literally, giving me access to read and photo collections of letters and mss.) as well as with his poetry. The fact that he was the second poet that I took seriously (after Bob Dylan) is a statement about the wonderfully inarticulations from which I came. He soon became most important and I spent years working on a bibliography on him as well as Dorn and Duncan. He was helpful in the process and pleased with the result.

One side-story may be of interest. I asked Bob Bertholf and Ed Dorn on separate occasions why Creeley was continuously on the road reading. Bertholf replied that he was paying off the firestation he had bought (and was fixing up) in Buffalo. Dorn said he thought (may even have talked to Creeley

about it--wish I could remember) that Creeley was worried that if he stopped everyone would forget about him. Realizing the climate in which he began (a few stories in Kenyon Review, a book by two graduate students at Ohio State) this seems to have the weight of sense.

I was affected more than I would have guessed with his death. He was one of those, many now dead, who made a personal difference in my continuance with both their lives and work. All the difference.

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## 872. **Poetry Project**

### ***Events at the Poetry Project 4/4-4/8***

*Thu 31 Mar 2005*

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#### WHAT I KNOW ABOUT MYSELF

I know I have been alive for over sixty years.

I know some people love me and some don't.

I know I am like all other people because I have the same physical life as hens are like hens, dogs like dogs.

I know I don't know a lot that other people may well know more about but I've got to trust them to help me as I need it, and vice versa.

I know what I am, a human, is more than what I can simply think or feel.

I know I love dogs, water, my family, friends, walking the streets when things feel easy.

I know this is the one life I'll get <and it's enough.

ONWARD!

ca. 1988, by

Robert Creeley (1926-2005)

Monday, April 4, 8:00 pm

Open Reading

Sign-up begins at 7:45 pm.

Wednesday, April 6, 8:00 pm Diane Glancy & Kit Robinson Diane Glancy has published several books of poetry, including *The Shadow's Horse*, *The Relief of America*, and *Primer of the Obsolete*. *Rooms: New and Selected Poems*, is forthcoming from Salt Publishers. She has also published several novels. Kit Robinson is the author of *9:45*, *The Crave*, and 15 other books of poetry, including

collaborations with Alan Bernheimer and Lyn Hejinian. His work is available online at the Electronic Poetry Center and in the recent anthologies *Great American Prose Poems* and *The Best American Poetry 2004*.

Friday, April 8, 10:30 pm

The Ultimate Battle: Poets Versus Rappers

Hip-hop collective The Blue Room presents <sup>3</sup>The Theater of the Assimilated Negro<sup>2</sup> and celebrates the release of Avra Kouffman<sup>1</sup>'s book of poems, *Lush*.

EVENT ANNOUNCEMENT:

The Lower Manhattan Cultural Council, Poet<sup>1</sup>'s House, and Soft Skull Press cordially invite you to a special lunchtime reading of Rimbaud, Neruda, Vallejo, Radnoti, and Artaud by National Book Award and PEN Award-winning translator Clayton Eshelman. We will be celebrating the release of *Conductors of the Pit*, edited and translated by Clayton Eshleman.

April 1, 2005 at 1 pm

South Street Seaport

133 Beekman Street

Enter on Front Street

FREE!

The SPRING CALENDAR: <http://www.poetryproject.com/calendar.html>

The Poetry Project is located at St. Mark's Church-in-the-Bowery

131 East 10th Street at Second Avenue

New York City 10003

Trains: 6, F, N, R, and L.



[www.poetryproject.com](http://www.poetryproject.com)

Admission is \$8, \$7 for students/seniors and \$5 for members (though now those who take out a membership at \$85 or higher will get in FREE to all regular readings).

We are wheelchair accessible with assistance and advance notice. For more info call .

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873. **Robert Corbett**

**Creeley**

*Thu 31 Mar 2005*

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I got a chance to see Creeley a few years ago because Seattle Arts & Lectures brought him to read. The day before the reading, I met him with a group of students to talk about his work. He was gracious and insightful, as expected, but

what took me by some surprise was his sincerity. This was in part because I was working on theories of irony and, while not writing my diss on romanticism, I was thinking about Creeley's work as ironic, as a mask or a mirror. I got to ask my question, perhaps not as clearly as I could have, and Creeley rightfully disagreed, in a good-natured, but pointed way. His work, if it was anything, was sincere. I don't remember if it was during that meeting or later in the interview after his reading that he said someone had once said that his work seemed to be that of the loneliest on earth. There is something to that, although not as gloomy and melodramatic as the comment seems, but rather one gets a feeling--in every phase of his--that this is

the work

of a radically honest human being and that the poems are letters, whose purpose is to simply to try understand what people are, what the world is, although the focus necessarily begins the self.

And at the same time, it is also the work of someone who is deeply involved in the work that is poetry. My overriding memory of the reading was a final poem, a traditional ballad I think, something closer to pure iambic than Creeley's work. And he said it and I heard the music and I felt for a second that this was what the poem was when it was new.

"... For you

also (also)

some time beyond place, or

place beyond time, no

mind left to

say anything at all,

that face gone, now.

Into the company of love

it all returns."

end of "For Love," end of \_for LOVE\_

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874. **Alan Sondheim**

***marienbad***

*Thu 31 Mar 2005*

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marienbad

Marion, bad, least year @

Marian-bad, the baths @

Marienbad, plaza and vista @

m-bad, Annunciation @

<http://www.as.wvu.edu:8000/clc/Members/sondheim/marienbad.mov>

marienbad

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875. **Harry Nudel**  
**1972?**

*Thu 31 Mar 2005*

---

Went to Bob & Ed Sander's poetry reading.  
Bob drunk, stoned? Sanders' hostile. His  
tone in his mid 30's is already elegaic  
for Paul Blackburn, for D.A. Levy. Burnt-  
out.

After to Ginsberg's apt. (rent-controlled)  
on E. 12th. 5 or 6 small tight rooms, bare  
walls, some books (tho not too many)  
records, posters- a hip undergraduate  
pad circa 1951. Viva is there, another  
survivor, vined around Bob. No room  
anywhere.

Allen & Viva are maniacally cleaning up,  
piling beer-bottles away, hosting. Allen  
looks particularly anxious like yr Aunt  
Emily worrying whether anybody's going  
to burn a hole in the vinyl covers of her  
couch. Allen walks around his head tilted  
just a fraction down, and there is a wild  
light out his eyes, holy madness or dis-  
tempered cat, or a hassid reading the  
kaballah. Allen's kind of a holy domestic.

Bob, after being pressed in the corner  
for a while, sits down at the kitchen  
table. He talks easily for a while to an  
older woman who has been cutting up  
the food & he seems relaxed as he  
always is when he talks to older women,  
without the restraint of poet-prof-genius.  
People come to sit next to him, rap a  
while, looking for what & move on. Camille  
is sitting opposite & he seems most con-  
fortable talking to her

I sit down to ask "how Buffalo is" (my stock question) & Bob tells me that Irving's wife left with the kids etc..I say "Irving is a good guy." Bob says he's an"egotistical monster." I say it's hard surviving look at me. Bob- "there's a difference you're not sentimental about it".. "Is that the measure of survival" I say. "YES" we both laugh. I hold him on the shoulder, but he's drifting away. He begins to talk to Camille in a low voice.

The party's such a drag, not only because of the cluster of people but the lights are glaring. Someone's filming it all. Ronnie comes over to where i'm lying & tells me that Dylan's playing. I can't quite make her out..the stereo's off. She says "he's here" in the next room.

Allen's chanting a mantra; Dylan his face toward him is playing the guitar. The camera is going. Dylan's dressed like a cowboy, but not your hip \$35 antique jewish wrangler but like the real Larry McMurtry pick-up-truck thing. His Sears grey pants have an iron crease. I can't tell what he looks like; i always thought he looked like me, and now when he's three feet away he still does. Dopple-gangered again.

I'm driving away and there's Camille & Bob with his crotched cap & his fatigue jacket- lost in the wild spaces of 2nd Ave- looking for a cab. I almost honk but think better of it. I just drive on. Who's not sentimental?

drn...

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876. **Tom Beckett**

**Creeley**

*Thu 31 Mar 2005*

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Strange to think how much of a presence Robert Creeley's work has been in my life. I've been reading it and thinking about it, feeling with it, for more than 35 years. The best reading I ever attended was Fielding Dawson and Robert Creeley reading in University Auditorium at Kent State circa 1972. I vividly remember Robert reading from *\_A Daybook\_*. It was revelatory. A pivotal life experience.

I love his obsession with certain words. You know what they are...words like "presence," "insistence," etc. He was idiosyncratically productively obsessive in the way great artists almost always are. I totally understand that itch. It tickles me.

I love the number of collaborative works he produced with visual artists and musicians. The album "Home" with Steve Swallow is a treasure.

Creeley contributed to two of my editing projects--the Charles Bernstein Issue of *The Difficulties*, and *A Wild Salience: The Writing of Rae Armantrout* (Burning Press).

There's a lot more to be said. Better persons than I will say those things better than I can.

I'll miss Creeley very much. He defined in many ways what it means to be a poet.

Read the work.

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## 877. **Steve Dalachinsky** *for creeley*

Thu 31 Mar 2005

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essential sloping green

"....one must avoid history

in order to be it"

1.

death comes every day/

like /

breath

loud #'s

elixirs      bought & sold

antique grinders

grinding teeth / lens

sentencing us to.....

sea/land conversions

combined it's easy to say "friend"

love    words even 1/2 in jest    1/2 in-

gested

we kiss always

you harsh to me only once

- a misreading of my nature

your feelings for another allowing our friendship to be

i do not work for the dept. of agriculture  
she does - the one getting off the bus with an arse as big as a  
prospering field/  
as far as the eye  
can.....  
kisses always warm  
a few postcards / then / the way computers utilized your life  
/  
like subways & dismay  
it happens every day  
tired beauty & the ridges  
forming in between  
farming the alpha bet & making the engine clean  
to receive the workers'  
moonstained hands  
the signs & bad music that will follow in  
your wake  
& spout your praises as you sleep  
to boost sales raise sails for  
their own convenience  
to supply us with little variety as this cluttered breath  
of mine  
now does  
breath  
breath  
breath  
how many times will we  
hear it  
say it yet never once be able to breathe it  
& remain faithful as i am  
childless?  
2.  
so i sd  
hello white rose  
you deserve the best  
being associated w/you a  
brief time  
outside this circuitous credentialed & heavily  
policed system  
was a still photo & never  
imagined KICK.



ave c's clutter never looked cleaner  
nor its pre-noon light paler  
once i needed to change my batteries  
constantly  
now all i need is to recharge them  
from time to time  
once i needed to be taught  
but now all i need is to learn  
ah, essential sloping green  
if only all our "good" eyes could see  
as well as you did.

steve dalachinsky nyc 3/31/05 # 21 bus to bellevue

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878. **Daniel Zimmerman**  
**Creeley**

*Thu 31 Mar 2005*

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I met Robert Creeley in 1966, his first year at Buffalo and my first as a graduate student there in my home town. I studied poetry with him, tuned by his attentive and spontaneous generosity to the possibilities of "condition, occasion and circumstance"-terms of his measure at the time. He supported a magazine I edited, wrote introductions for two of my books, and served on my dissertation committee. Though we never really became close friends, I have always felt close to him as a writer. Among my memories, one particularly struck me as revelatory of his profound decency: we dined one evening with a dear friend whose wife had prepared dinner for perhaps eight. Rather than embarrass the hostess, Bob-like the rest of us, struggling white-knuckled to follow his heroic example-consumed the spectacularly undercooked chicken with exemplary grace.

~ Dan Zimmerman

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