@poetics

The UB Poetics Discussion Group

Archive of Electronic Correspondence

June 2008

462 messages · Sat 31 May 2008 – Mon 30 Jun 2008

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

June 2008 was the most inward month of the stretch, a room of four hundred and sixty-two messages turning its diagnostic eye entirely on itself and asking the two questions it least wanted answered: is the lyric poem dying, and what is a failed poet? The traffic had thinned by a third from the winter, and into that quiet the list did the thing quiet rooms do — it stopped talking about the world and began, at length, to take its own pulse. The month reads like a physician examining his own chart.

The largest current was a meditation on the lyric’s impermanence. A long, careful post — signed by a poet the room addressed simply as Stephen — described the strange grief of reading a lyric that seizes you completely and then, minutes later, is gone, how the poem *“becomes such a fleeting thing”*, displaced by the next poem, the television, the threnody of the news. It was not an attack on the lyric but an elegy for its half-life, the ache of a form that gives total presence and then evaporates, leaving the reader to wonder what that vanished thing had been and why so much good labor flies by.

The quarrel, gentler than most, was over whether the diagnosis was even new. Against the funeral tone one member noted the echo of Wordsworth in it, the sense that every generation announces the lyric’s death, and proposed that the form was not expiring but merely in its permanent condition — persisting *“rather than about to die altogether”*, going on as it always had, mourned and undead. The lyric, on this account, was not dying; it was only doing what the lyric does, which is to feel, to each new reader, like the last of its kind.

Beside the lyric’s obituary the room performed a companion self-examination. A thread asked, half in fun, what is a failed poet, and the sharpest response turned the question inside out: that the very act of asking it *“reveals more about a given poet”* than any answer could, that failure is a mirror the anxious hold up to themselves. Bob Perelman’s poem titled Joke drove the month’s other long argument, the Language poet’s deadpan turned into fifty messages — the room, even at its most self-doubting, still able to spend a week on a single wry text.

I have set June down exactly as the archive delivered it — the lyric that seizes and then flees, the suspicion that its death is always announced and never quite arrives, the failed poet revealed by his own question, and the joke worth fifty messages — because it was the month the list, thinned and quiet, stopped diagnosing

poetry and began diagnosing itself. A room that spends its June asking whether the lyric is dying and what makes a poet a failure is a room feeling its own mortality; but a room that can still, in the same breath, argue for a week about a poem called Joke is not a failed poet or a dying form. It is a living thing worrying, as living things do, that it might not be.

— K. M. F.

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1. CA Conrad

Bob Perelman's "JOKE"

Sat 31 May 2008

The recent Jerome Rothenberg event in Philadelphia is where he told his "joke" about younger poets, and you can listen or watch (MP3 or video) at this link:

http://writing.upenn.edu/~whfellow/rothenberg.html

You will want to use the link to the second day for the Rothenberg conversation and Q&A with Al Filries. Perelman appears about three quarters through, or more. BUT PLEASE LISTEN TO THE ENTIRE CONVERSATION AND Q&A, it's TERRIFIC! (In particular I liked Lee Ann Brown's question for Rothenberg, you'll want to hear this entire event!)

But when Bob Perelman tells his "joke" Rothenberg is talking about the fact that having been involved with poetry for a very long time that it's hard for him to keep in touch with everything that's going on now. He then says to Perelman sitting close by that after his own generation, and Bob's generation, that the newer poets… And then Bob finishes Rothenberg's sentence for him with, "--you mean that they all write alike!"

I was sitting in that room with the rest of the audience. There was a gasp, and I know that it wasn't my gasp alone!

Rothenberg then shakes his head and laughs nervously and says NO NO NO NO, they don't all write alike, that's not what I'm saying!

And then Al Filreis says, "You heard it here first, Bob Perelman says you all write alike, that's P-E-R-E-L-M-A-N."

Bob takes the microphone at that point, and the first thing he says is that he was just JOKING when he said younger poets all write alike. Then it's forgotten.

But not forgotten.

I remember very clearly the tone he used, which is why it was an arrow strike. But maybe that WAS part of the "joke." ? I listened to it again online just the other night, and it was pretty much fashioned like a quick, pointed statement.

Could it be that the reaction he was feeling from the rest of the audience, and Rothenberg's reaction, and Filreis's reaction, made him turn it into a joke?

Am I accusing Bob Perelman of lying? Well, maybe a white lie. A save-face lie.

BUT MAYBE HE'S NOT LYING. OK, maybe it WAS a joke.

Let's suppose it WAS a joke. HOW is such a joke funny, and who was it funny for I ask? Why would it be funny? Is it funny because it's something he has

heard before and he DOES NOT AGREE with it but is MOCKINGLY saying younger poets all write alike IN DEFENSE of younger poets?

Is Bob Perelman the GREAT champion of younger poets? Is he coming to the rescue by making a joke of the joke of others who are ACTUALLY NOT joking?

And who are these others, if there are others?

Hmmm. Who is saying such things in Perelman's presence that would upset him so much he feels compelled to joke TO DEFEND YOUNGER POETS!? Is Bob Perelman thinking, "Well, they're simply NOT reading younger poets if they think THAT!"

Because clearly, in my mind, SOMEONE is NOT reading younger poets if they think that, because I read a lot of poets my age and younger, and there's NO WAY I would ever say we're all writing alike! But WHO is thinking this, and saying this out loud in front of Bob Perelman? We need to THANK Bob of course for making that "joke" on our behalf. AND SO PUBLICLY I want add, into a microphone while the video camera and sound equipment was mowing down his sound particles to SEND HIS BRAVE message to those who would DARE attack the younger poets!

What is ACTUALLY funny about the joke for me is how over the years I've defended Bob and his friends when people have said that the LANGUAGE Poets all write alike. This is something I've heard consistently. I heard it when I was a teenager before I knew who they were and what they were thinking and writing. Lucky for me I've always been someone who wants to check out what everyone is being such a Hater about.

Eventually I had read enough and was prepared enough to confront this statement, "What are you talking about!? Who have you read!? What have you read!?" Not once did one of these parrots have an answer which led me to believe that they had ACTUALLY read a single LANGUAGE Poet! They were merely repeating some bullshit statement their bullshit poetry workshop leaders (who ALSO I'M SURE did not read ANYTHING by a single LANGUAGE Poet!) had said.

BECAUSE, REALLY, if you think they all write alike have you actually READ THEM? If you sat down with poems by Armantrout, Silliman, Pearson, and Hejinian, and there were no names on the poems, you would know who wrote what, or at least would notice these to be four very distinct voices. Poetry is a tea party to some, it seems! A fancy luxury instead of indispensable investigation! I say it seems to be this to those who would make such ridiculous statements about LANGUAGE Poets for being LAZY readers and half-assed, half-interested poets! And now I also say it to those ill-read gossips behind Bob Perelman's "joke."

In the end younger poets must learn to persevere, like the LANGUAGE Poets have, because I FOR ONE feel poets of my generation and younger are writing some pretty damned HOT poems! I wouldn't trade this time with any other!

FUCK THE HALF-INTERESTED LOUTS!

CAConrad
http://PhillySound.blogspot.com

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2. David Chirot

Petitions as Israel Denies Exit Visas, US Withdraws Fulbrights to Gaza students//Finkelstein arrested &gets 10 year ban//Journalist denied exit visa

Sat 31 May 2008

The denial of Exit Visas to the Palestinian students with Fulbright Grants to study in the US, as well as hundreds of others denied attendance at Universities and schools outside Gaza-- is part of the efforts to demolish education for residents of Gaza. For the last two school years, the Israeli Government has not allowed any new textbooks, paper, pencils, erasers and other school supplies to enter the the world's largest prison.

The hundreds of road blocks, checkpoints and searches make even attending a local school more and more difficult. There were also the periods of a year and more when curfew was imposed and no school at all could take place, as the entire population was under house arrest.

Plans are being made to develop a system of tunnels for Palestinians to "travel" on foot- while over their heads motorists drive on what remains of their lands on the Jews Only roads and highways. The drivers will not have to see a single Palestinian, as they are driven underground and effectively buried alive.

U.S. Withdraws Fulbright Grants to Palestinians in Gaza - NYTimes.com

http://www.nytimes.com/2008/05/30/world/middleeast/30gaza.html?hp=&pagewanted=all---

URGENT APPEAL TO ALL ACADEMICS: CONDEMN U.S. GOVERNMENT COMPLICITY IN
BLOCKING PALESTINIAN RIGHT TO MOVEMENT AND ADVOCATE MEASURES TO PRESSURE
ISRAEL
May 30, 2008
http://www.pacbi.org/press_releases_more.php?id=745_0_4_0_C

Jewish Voice for Peace
The Siege on Gaza Continues: Israel Denies Exit Visas to Would-be Fulbright Scholars

Dear David-Baptiste:

Today the news reported that the U.S. State Department has withdrawn the prestigious Fulbright grant from seven Palestinian students who live in the Gaza Strip because Israel will not give these students exit visas to leave the country. The Fulbright grants - which are funded by our tax dollars and issued through the State Department - would enable these students to earn advanced degrees abroad. The Israeli government controls Gaza's borders and sees all Palestinians as threats to Israel, including these students; as yet, the United States government has not used its leverage to demand that Israel release just a handful of exceptional students from the prison created by the Siege on Gaza.

One student who lost the Fulbright because he was denied the visa, Abdulrahman Abdullah, was quoted in the New York Times saying "If we are talking about peace and mutual understanding, it means investing in people who will later contribute to Palestinian society," he said. "I am against Hamas. Their acts and policies are wrong. Israel talks about a Palestinian state. But who will build that state if we can get no training?"

Even some Israeli lawmakers are disturbed by Israel's actions. Rabbi Michael Melchior, chairman of the Knesset's education committee, said, "This could be interpreted as collective punishment...This policy is not in keeping with international standards." Further, he invoked the traumas of Jewish history, saying that Israel's actions are not in line "with the moral standards of Jews, who have been subjected to the deprivation of higher education in the past."

We can learn from the past; this tragedy can still be reversed. The Fulbright grants are controlled by our State Department. Condoleeza Rice said today she would "investigate" this issue. Please email Condoleezza Rice. Encourage her to investigate and ask her to insist that Israel issue the necessary exit visas so that these students can receive the opportunities they deserve. This is one small but important way to open a window into the prison of Gaza.

Thanks!

Petition to Lift Travel restrictions on Palestinian Journalist

http://www.PetitionOnline.com/k1h2a3l4/petition.html<http://www.petitiononline.com/k1h2a3l4/petition.html>

Iqbal Tamimi - The Ministry of Prisoners

Posted: 30 May 2008 04:20 AM CDT

In the UK, where I am living, there is a Ministry of Justice, but in Palestine, where my home country is, there is a Ministry of Prisoners. Does this make any sense?

from Jewish Voice for Peace's Muzzlewatch:
More on Finkelstein's ban. Is this what democracy looks like?<http://www.muzzlewatch.com/?p=365>Posted by Cecilie Surasky under American
Jewish Committee <http://www.muzzlewatch.com/?cat=15> , Educational Institutions <http://www.muzzlewatch.com/?cat=1>

Norman Finkelstein, Son of Holocaust Survivors, Arrested and to be Deported by Israel <http://english.sxu.edu/sites/kirstein/?p=1024> Canadians Petition Israel: Allow Norman Finkelstein's Right of Return<http://english.sxu.edu/sites/kirstein/?p=1030> Tuesday, May 27th, 2008Canadians for Justice and Peace in the Middle East have initiated a* petition* <http://www.petitiononline.com/6531/petition.html>that seeks to reverse the draconian Israeli travel ban concerning Norman G. Finkelstein. Upon his deportation on May 23, he was told that he could not enter Israel for ten years or during the 70th Year of this putative democracy. Of course the petition is open for signature for all who believe in the right of American or other scholars to travel freely to countries even if their ruling elites are subject to critical thinking and analysis by the entrant.

<http://www.PetitionOnline.com/k1h2a3l4/petition.html>

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3. Jennifer Karmin

Red Rover Series / Experiment #22

Sat 31 May 2008

Red Rover Series
{readings that play with reading}

Experiment #22:
The Game at the End

Featuring:
Judith Goldman
Lily Robert-Foley

SATURDAY, JUNE 7
7pm

NEW LOCATION at the Division Street Dance Loft
735 W. Division St, 3rd floor -- Chicago, IL

in the Work House building
(Division @ Halsted
enter parking lot off of Halsted St)
http://www.rtgdance.com/teach_schedule.htm

suggested donation $4
doors lock at 7:30pm

JUDITH GOLDMAN is the author of Vocoder (Roof Books 2001) and DeathStar/Rico-chet (O Books 2006). Her work appears in current issues of 580 Split, onedit, model homes, and cannot exist. She was a coeditor in the Krupskaya Collective from 2002 through 2004 and currently coedits the annual anthology War and Peace with Leslie Scalapino. She teaches in the Humanities core at the University of Chicago, as a Harper Schmidt Fellow.

LILY ROBERT-FOLEY was born in 1984 in the Sunset district of San Francisco to a musician and an acupuncturist. She has two degrees of progressively ascending levels from A) the University of Iowa and B) San Francisco State University. The theme of these degrees can be summarized by an interest in language. She has lived in San Francisco, Iowa City, Paris and Chicago. She leads a double life as a piano teacher and as a mad scientist inventing and perfecting a radical form of hyper-active reading called â€œmachinesâ€. The first room she built machines in had one window. The second had five if doors can also be windows. The third has seven. She hopes to gain ever more windows.

RED ROVER SERIES WELCOMES NEW CURATOR LISA JANSSEN!
Lisa Janssen is a poet and archivist living in Chicago. Her work has appeared most recently in WSQ â€“ Women's Studies Quarterly and the chapbook Riffing on Bird and Other Sad Songs from the Dusie Press Kollektiv. She is a graduate of the Naropa Institute (now Naropa University) writing program and currently co-edits the journal MoonLit.

GOOD WISHES TO CURATOR AMINA CAIN!
Amina Cain will be relocating to Los Angeles in August.

Red Rover Series was founded by Amina Cain and Jennifer Karmin in 2005. Each Red Rover event is designed as a reading experiment with participation by local, national, and international writers, artists, and performers.

Email ideas for reading experiments
to us at [redacted]
The schedule for upcoming events is listed at
http://groups.yahoo.com/group/redroverseries

FALL 2008
Ira S. Murfin & Marisa Plumb
Authors from the Encyclopedia Project, vol. 2

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4. Steven D. Schroeder

Anti- Issue #2

Sun 1 Jun 2008

Anti- Issue #2 is now posted.

http://anti-poetry.com/

18 poems by Joshua Ware, Sally Van Doren, Mathias Svalina, Sean Singer, Sandra Simonds, Jessica Piazza, Carrie Meadows, Ada Limón, Thomas Fink, Jason Bredle, Kate Bernadette Benedict, Boe Barnett, Deborah Ager, and William Aarnes.

Upcoming Featured Poets include Dora Malech, Aaron Anstett, Jill Alexander Essbaum, and more.

Plus visual poetry by Michael Basinski!

We are now accepting poetry submissions for Issue #3 and future Featured Poet slots, as well as visual art submissions for the cover.

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5. Murat Nemet-Nejat

Re: essay by Chirot to go with works at the UA Poetry Center Conceptual Poetry Symposium, organized by Marjorie Perloff

Sun 1 Jun 2008

David,

"I find in thinking with what a Conceptual Poetry might be, that I've begun with a point of view of paradox. That is, considering the conceptual to be the absence of a material object, a conceptual poetry would be the absence of the poem as a "realization" of its "idea." If "the poem" as an object is not to be realized, in what ways may it then be said to "exist"?"

When the idea becomes the "thing in itself," it becomes a conceptual poem. To say a conceptual poem exists in itself is to say that ideas exist. The conceptual poem is the most platonic of all poems, the actual "poems" being illusions.

"One may also ask—since language is the material of poetry, if one is to create a conceptual poetry—does this mean then that the absence of language is involved? That the poetry is not in language, but found elsewhere?

The poetry is in the space between/among words. Words, in a conceptual poem, are demarcations (or thinned out scratches), pointing to outside themselves.

In a "purest" conceptual poem, the signifier (the word) turns into a signified for which the signifier barely exists (only as a relic, in your case, as a found, deserted object) . The heart of a conceptual poem is, in my view, in that disappearance.

Ciao,

Murat

On Fri, May 30, 2008 at 5:02 AM, David Chirot <[redacted]> wrote:

> **DAVID-BAPTISTE CHIROT: "Conceptual Poetry and its Others"---Haunting Questions Found Hidden in Plain Site/Sight/Cite**
>
> *http://davidbaptistechirot.blogspot.com/2008/05/conceptual-poetry-and-its-others.html*
>
> *Below are the opening paragraphs of this essay--if interested still, as it goes through many changes and has two appendices as further "evidences"--go to the blog address above--*
>
> *Note:I was invited to send Visual Poetry works to the Symposium on "Conceptual Poetry and its Others," along with artist's statements regarding*
> *the works. As a participant, to express my sense of and thankfulness for this, I decided it would be nice to include also a brief statement re the "Conceptual Poetics" under discussion.*
>
> *Once started, so many ideas started flowing,and so many examples came to mind--travel literature of the 18th century, Shakespeare's Richard the Third, to name but two--that I had to draw line somewhere and stop. There is*
> *so much more to write however, once started--so these remarks and questions are but a small indication of the most basic beginnings of the myriad directions which are out there to be found--and ones already noted to set down in various forms and actions--*

this essay is on display beside my works at the Symposium--persons interested may ask for a copy--

a few examples of further questions among ever so many more--

Why is "boring, unoriginal, impersonal work" promoted by "colorful personalities," just like any other product? Does this not create "a Line" produced by a Brand Name, the Original Author possessed of an "originality" in creating this "radical, new form"--to be marketed as "the latest thing," for the development of new jobs in English/ creative Writing Programs--the "newest way" to "make an impression" by the "original" creation of an impersonal boringness? Is this in itself a "new way" of mass producing standardized and conforming "conceptual poets" who "carry on" the work of the Great Originators?
*

Are monkeys controlling robotic arms with their thoughts on the way to creating a Conceptual poetry?--*

What are the interelationships of possiblities of Conceptual Poetry for use in Propaganda and advertising? For starting wars, altering Wikipedia, sending out false news items and etc etc--
* *Haunting Questions Found Hidden in Plain Site/Sight/Cite*

for the Symposium "Conceptual Poetry and its Others"

Poetry Center of the University of Arizona

29-31 May 2008

*
* *J'ai trop a ecrire, c'est pourquoi je n'ecrire rien. --Stendhal, Journal, 1804*

Thoughts come at random, and go at random. No device for holding on to them or for having them.
A thought has escaped: I was trying to write it down: instead I write that it has escaped me.
--Pascal, Pensees, #542

To find among typos the unknown writings, the "Helltoy"--

camouflaged clouds, the voice-writings of the ground itself that speaks and moves in lines
emerging--

for Petra Backonja

** **
I find in thinking with what a Conceptual Poetry might be, that I've begun with a point of view of paradox. That is, considering the conceptual to be the absence of a material object, a conceptual poetry would be the absence of the poem as a "realization" of its "idea." If "the poem" as an object is not to be realized, in what ways may it then be said to "exist"?

One may also ask—since language is the material of poetry, if one is to create a conceptual poetry—does this mean then that the absence of language is involved? That the poetry is not in language, but found elsewhere?

The predominant view of conceptual works in art and poetry is that it is written language which becomes fore grounded, most often as the "realization" and presentation of various directives, with their various forms of pre-conceived constraints, and sets of instructions. Yet does not the written language itself, as an object which "constitutes" the directives and instructions, contradict the "concept" of the "Conceptual?"

{See Appendix B below for some other "Science Fiction" aspects of Conceptual
Poetry in Relation to the Work Place.)

The directives themselves, expressed in written language, become road blocks to the Conceptual which is supposed to be "activated" by their instructions.

To use written language then to create a conceptual poetry is not in a strict sense "conceptual" at all, if it produces yet another object in written language.

It becomes instead a piling up, a massing, of materials (language, words) which have "walled out" as it were, the conceptual. Are the words then simply a gravestone or monument to a now absent concept?

And what of the "poet" who is the "author" of "Conceptual Poetry?"

A builder of roadblocks, a maker of monuments and gravestones--?

If a "poet" is the conceiver of concepts—and the realization of the concept as a poem is no longer a concept—but an object—does this then mean that the poet, in order to be "conceptual," must no longer be a "poet?" Or in order to be a "poet," no longer be "conceptual" in approach? And yet who but a "conceptual poet" can produce "conceptual poetry?"

Perhaps true Conceptual Poetry is the creation of illiterates? And, beyond that, persons who may even be very limited in their "Conceptual capacities?"

I think often of all the Conceptual Poets and Artists who have existed and worked through thousands of years, persons due to their circumstances --gender being the most common among these--who are not allowed to know how to write, nor instructed in "art," nor permitted to be educated, yet all the same--may have produced Conceptually a good deal of the greatest Poetry and Art of which there does not remain and never was an "object," even as a "fragment."

What of these myriads of centuries of Conceptual Works--are they still existing--? Are they alive in the Conceptual realm? The Ether? Or have they found ways on their own, independent of their creators, of camouflaging themselves among those things in the world which are hidden in plain site/sight/cite?

In working with the found that is hidden in plain site/sight/cite, I find often that a Conceptual poetry and art is there--always already there--which I think I am finding yet may well be finding me,

Some aspects of confronting these dilemmas, these "haunting questions," are found among Conceptual Poets who emphasize an "impersonation" via performance, camouflages, costumes, the uses of heteronyms, pseudonyms and anonymity.

In "The Painter of Modern Life," Baudelaire is the first to define Modernism and does so as a conjunction of the eternal and the ephemeral. To find that element of the eternal in the ephemeral which Baudelaire saw as embodying modernity, he turns to an emphasis on the particular form of the living art/art as living of the Dandy. The Dandy is the non-separation of art and life in the conceiving of one's existence as Performance Art. The Dandy becomes not an expression of Romantic personality and individuality, but a form of becoming an animated Other, an impersonator going about performing the actions of a concept, rather than producing the objects of a conception.

This stylized impersonating, non-producing figure begins to appear "dramatically" in the works of Wilde and Jarry and in many ways in the "life and works" of a Felix Feneon, who "creates at a distance" via anonymous newspaper faits divers (discovered to be his and republished posthumously as Novels in Three Lines), pseudonymous articles in differing registers of language (working class argot, standardized French) in Anarchist and mainstream journals, unsigned translations, and the barely noted in their own pages of his editing of journals featuring the early efforts of rising stars of French literature. Quitting his camouflaged and concealed writing activities, Feneon works the rest of his life as a seller in an art gallery.

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The writing is a notation of the "escaped" concept's absence, its escape that is a line of flight that is a "flight out of time" as Hugo Ball entitles his Dada diaries. Writing not as a method of remembering, of "capturing thought," but as the notation of the flight of the concept at the approach of its notation.

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6. Murat Nemet-Nejat

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Sun 1 Jun 2008

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It becomes instead a piling up, a massing, of materials (language, words) which have "walled out" as it were, the conceptual. Are the words then simply a gravestone or monument to a now absent concept?

And what of the "poet" who is the "author" of "Conceptual Poetry?"

A builder of roadblocks, a maker of monuments and gravestones--?

If a "poet" is the conceiver of concepts—and the realization of the concept as a poem is no longer a concept—but an object—does this then mean that the poet, in order to be "conceptual," must no longer be a "poet?" Or in order to be a "poet," no longer be "conceptual" in approach? And yet who but a "conceptual poet" can produce "conceptual poetry?"

Perhaps true Conceptual Poetry is the creation of illiterates? And, beyond that, persons who may even be very limited in their "Conceptual capacities?"

I think often of all the Conceptual Poets and Artists who have existed and worked through thousands of years, persons due to their circumstances --gender being the most common among these--who are not allowed to know how to write, nor instructed in "art," nor permitted to be educated, yet all the same--may have produced Conceptually a good deal of the greatest Poetry and Art of which there does not remain and never was an "object," even as a "fragment."

What of these myriads of centuries of Conceptual Works--are they still existing--? Are they alive in the Conceptual realm? The Ether? Or have they found ways on their own, independent of their creators, of camouflaging themselves among those things in the world which are hidden in plain site/sight/cite?

In working with the found that is hidden in plain site/sight/cite, I find often that a Conceptual poetry and art is there--always already there--which I think I am finding yet may well

be finding me,

Some aspects of confronting these dilemmas, these "haunting questions," are found among Conceptual Poets who emphasize an "impersonation" via performance, camouflages, costumes, the uses of heteronyms, pseudonyms and anonymity.

In "The Painter of Modern Life," Baudelaire is the first to define Modernism and does so as a conjunction of the eternal and the ephemeral. To find that element of the eternal in the ephemeral which Baudelaire saw as embodying modernity, he turns to an emphasis on the particular form of the living art/art as living of the Dandy. The Dandy is the non-separation of art and life in the conceiving of one's existence as Performance Art. The Dandy becomes not an expression of Romantic personality and individuality, but a form of becoming an animated Other, an impersonator going about performing the actions of a concept,
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Sun 1 Jun 2008

Am I right in thinking that the phrase "conceptual poetry" is modeled on the earlier "conceptual art"? If so, and if conceptual art is broadly speaking an art that foregrounds language (Weiner, Kosuth, Art & Language, etc.) then does that makes "conceptual poetry" poetry that likewise foregrounds language? But in that case, what distinguishes "conceptual poetry" from just "poetry"?

----- Original Message ----
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To: [redacted]
Sent: Sunday, 1 June, 2008 4:22:03 PM
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{See Appendix B below for some other "Science Fiction" aspects of Conceptual
Poetry in Relation to the Work Place.)

The directives themselves, expressed in written language, become road blocks to the Conceptual which is supposed to be "activated" by their instructions.

To use written language then to create a conceptual poetry is not in a strict sense "conceptual" at all, if it produces yet another object in written language.

It becomes instead a piling up, a massing, of materials (language, words) which have "walled out" as it were, the conceptual. Are the words then simply a gravestone or monument to a now absent concept?

And what of the "poet" who is the "author" of "Conceptual Poetry?"

A builder of roadblocks, a maker of monuments and gravestones--?

If a "poet" is the conceiver of conceptsâ€”and the realization of the concept as a poem is no longer a conceptâ€”but an objectâ€”does this then mean that the poet, in order to be "conceptual," must no longer be a "poet?" Or in order to be a "poet," no longer be "conceptual" in approach? And yet who but a "conceptual poet" can produce "conceptual poetry?"

Perhaps true Conceptual Poetry is the creation of illiterates?
And, beyond that, persons who may even be very limited in their "Conceptual capacities?"

I think often of all the Conceptual Poets and Artists who have existed and worked through thousands of years, persons due to their circumstances --gender being the most common among these--who are not allowed to know how to write, nor instructed in "art," nor permitted
to
be educated, yet all the same--may have produced Conceptually a good deal of the greatest Poetry and Art of which there does not remain and never was an "object," even as a "fragment."

What of these myriads of centuries of Conceptual Works--are they still existing--? Are they alive in the Conceptual realm? The Ether?
Or have they found ways on their own, independent of their creators, of camouflaging themselves among those things in the world which are hidden in plain site/sight/cite?

In working with the found that is hidden in plain site/sight/cite, I find often that a Conceptual poetry and art is there--always already there--which I think I am finding yet may well be finding me,

Some aspects of confronting these dilemmas, these "haunting questions," are found among Conceptual Poets who emphasize an "impersonation" via performance, camouflages, costumes, the uses of heteronyms, pseudonyms and anonymity.

In "The Painter of Modern Life," Baudelaire is the first to define Modernism and does so as a conjunction of the eternal and the ephemeral. To find that element of the eternal in the ephemeral which Baudelaire saw as embodying modernity, he turns to an emphasis on the particular form of the living art/art as living of the Dandy. The Dandy is the non-separation of art and life in the conceiving of one's existence as Performance Art. The Dandy becomes not an expression of Romantic personality and individuality, but a form of becoming an

animated Other, an impersonator going about performing the actions of a concept,
rather than producing the objects of a conception.

This stylized impersonating, non-producing figure begins to appear "dramatically"
in the works of Wilde and Jarry and in many ways in the "life and works" of a Felix Feneon, who "creates at a distance" via anonymous newspaper faits divers (discovered to be his and republished posthumously as Novels in Three Lines), pseudonymous articles in differing registers of language (working class argot, standardized French) in Anarchist and mainstream journals, unsigned translations, and the barely noted in their own pages of his editing of journals featuring the
early efforts of rising stars of French literature. Quitting his camouflaged and concealed writing activities, Feneon works the rest of his life as a seller in an art gallery.

The actual "works" of Feneon, then, are not written objects per se, but anonymous actions, ephemeral pseudonymous "appearances in print," and the works of others which he affects a passage for in his editorship and translations, in his promoting and selling the art works of others. This "accumulation" which one finds "at a distance" in time as his "complete works," is often unobserved and unknown to his contemporaries, who know of him primarily via his "way of acting," his manner
of dressing, his speech mannerisms, and as the public triptych of images of him existing as a painted portrait by Seurat, a Dandy-pose photo and a mug shot taken when tried as part of an Anarchist "conspiracy." Feneon's "identity as a writer" does not exist as "an author," but as a series of "performances," "appearances" and "influences," many of them "unrecognized" and "unattributed."

Ironically, it his most "clandestine" activityâ€”his Anarchist activitiesâ€”which
brings him the most in to the public and tabloid spotlight. As one of "The Thirty" accused and tried for "conspiracy" in a much publicized trial, it is
Feneon's severe mug shot that for a time presents his "public face."

The severe mug facing the viewer is actually producing a Conceptual Poetry "at a distance." By not penning a single line, by simply "facing the music" to which others pen the lyrics, Feneon, in doing nothing more than facing the camera "capturing" his image, proceeds to enact a series of dramas "projected" on to him, a series of "identities," and "revelations" which use
the documentary material to produce a series of mass-published fictions.

The possible prison term facing the "Felix Feneon" in the inmate-numbered "anonymous" mug shot, "presents its face" to the viewer, a face "taken," "imprisoned" and "caught" by the image and its publicity. This publicized face facing camera and viewer and possible hard time, is "taken to be" the photo of the face of a being from whom the mask of the clandestine and conspiratorial have been torn off, revealing "the cold hard truth" of Felix Feneon.

Facing trial, however, all that is learned of this imprisoned face is that it is "the wrong man, an innocent man." This fixed image, acquitted of its "sensational" charges, is revealed not as a truth, but instead as simply a mask, a mask operating like a screen or blank sheet of paper, onto which are
projected the dramas, fictions and "think piece" writings of others. Nothing is revealed other than an "identity" which shifts, travels, changes from one set of captions to another. It is via these captions written by others under his image in the papers and placards, that Feneon continues his
"writing at a distance." Simply by facing the camera, facing charges, "facing the music," facing his accusers at trial and facing the verdict and judgment, Feneon is "writing" a myriad captions, breaking news items, commentaries, editorials, all of which change with wild speeds as they race to be as "up-to-minute" as the events themselves are in "unfolding."

The professionals, these writers, these journalists and reporters of "reality," chase desperately, breathlessly, after the unfolding drama in which the mug shot is "framed," and in so doing produce texts of "speculative fiction," a serial Conceptual Poetry with as its "star player" a writer whose own texts are deliberately written to be unrecognized, hidden, camouflaged, unknown. And all the while, this writer writing nothing
is producing vast heaps of writing via the work of others, as yet another form of camouflaged clandestine Conceptual Poetry, "hot off the press."

Rimbaud writes of a concept of the poetry of the future in which poetry would precede actionâ€"which in a sense he proceeds to "perform" himself. If one reads his letters written after he stopped writing poetry, one finds Rimbaud living out, or through, one after another of what now seem to be "the prophecies" of his own poetry. That is, the poetry is the "conceptual framework" for what becomes his "silence" as a poet, and is instead his "life of action."

In these examples, one finds forms of a "conceptual poetry" in which the poetry is in large part an abandonment of language, of

words, of masses of "personally signed" "poetry objects," "poetry products." One finds instead a vanishing, a disappearance of both language and "poet" and the emergence of that "some one else" Rimbaud recognized prophetically, preceding the action--in writingâ€”in the "Lettre du voyant," "the Seer's letter"â€”as "I is an other."

An interesting take on a conceptual poetry in writing is found in one of Pascal's Pensees, #542:

"Thoughts come at random, and go at random. No device for holding on to
them or for having them.
A thought has escaped: I was trying to write it down: instead I write that it has
escaped me."

The writing is a notation of the "escaped" concept's absence, its escape that is a line of flight that is a "flight out of time" as Hugo Ball entitles his Dada diaries. Writing not as a method of remembering, of "capturing
thought," but as the notation of the flight of the concept at the approach of its notation.

Writing, then, as an absenceâ€” an absence of the concept. A Conceptual Poetry of writing as "absent-mindedness"!â€”A writing which does
nothing more than elucidate that the escaping of thoughts "which come at random, and go at random" has occurred.

This flight of the concept faced with its notationâ€”indicates a line of flight among the examples of Rimbaudâ€”a "flight into the desert" as it were, of silence as a poetâ€”and of Feneonâ€”the flight into anonymous writing of very small newspaper "faits divers"
items punningly entitled "Nouvelles en trois lignes" (News/Novels in Three Lines), of pseudonymous writings in differing guises at the same time according to the journals in which they appear, and as translator and editor as well as "salesperson" in a gallery of "art objects," a conceptual masquerader among the art-objects embodying "concepts" and becoming no longer "concepts' but "consumer items." Feneon's framed mug shot on to whose mug is projected a "serial crime novel," written by others and "starring" the mug in the mug shot, a writer of unknown and unrecognized
texts who now vanishes into a feverish series of captions and headlines.

> *Anonymity, pseudonyms, impersonations, poets who write their own coming silence and "disappearance" as an "I is an other," the deliberately unrecognized and unrecognizable poet whose mug shot becomes the mass published and distributed "crime scene" for police blotters and headlines, speculative fictions and ideological diatribes, the writing which is a notation of the flight of the concept, the writing of non-writers who "never wrote a word," yet whose concepts may be found camouflaged, doubled, mirrored, shadowed, anonymously existing hidden in pain site/sight/citeâ€"these nomadic elements which appear and disappear comprise a Conceptual Poetry in which the concepts and poets both impersonate Others and reappear as "Somebody Else," an Other unrecognized and unrecognizable found hidden in plain site/sight/cite.*
>
> *"It is not the elements which are new, but the order of their arrangement," is another Pascalian "pensee." One finds arrangements of the elements of Rimbaud and Feneon into the various forms of "conceptual poetry" in the works of Pessoa, Spicer and Yasusada. Pessoa creates many others as poets, heteronyms with their own works and actions, their own concepts of poetry. Spicer "translates" poetry "after Lorca" as well as exchanging letters with the dead poet, lives for a summer with his ghost, who provides a foreword to Spicer's Book.*
>
> *for more turn to the blog address--*

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8. Alan Sondheim

she can MOVE FRUIT FROM ONE KIND OF TREE TO ANOTHER

Sun 1 Jun 2008

---

she can MOVE FRUIT FROM ONE KIND OF TREE TO ANOTHER
she can MAKE OTHERS FALL ASLEEP OR WAKE AT WILL
she can MAKE FIRE BLAZE FROM WEAPONS
she can FLY THROUGH AIR
she can SEE THROUGH WALLS
she can TRANSFORM A CAVE INTO A PALACE AND SEAL THE EXITS
she can REMOVE THE TUSKS AND TRUNK FROM AN ELEPHANT AND RESTORE THEM
she can MAKE A KING SPEECHLESS AND RESTORE HIS SPEECH
she can GENERATE DEMONS AND COMPLETE DEMONS
she can END DROUGHT AND HEAL ILLNESS
she can SUBDUE LIONS AND TIGERS AND BRING THEM TO FAITH

she can REMOVE ARMS AND LEGS FROM SOLDIERS AND RESTORE THEM
she knows ALL LANGUAGES AND ALL DOCTRINES
she can EAT ENDLESSLY AND DRY UP WELL SPRINGS AND RESTORE THEM
she can CUT OFF HER HEAD AND FLY THROUGH THE AIR AND RESTORE IT
she can MOVE A BUFFALO AND HER CALF BACK TO THEIR HOME
she is SAFE FROM ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND BLOWS WITH CUDGEL AND ARROW
she can TURN AROUND ARROWS IN FULL FLIGHT
she can TURN INTO AN OLD WOMAN AND BACK AGAIN
she can SEE THINGS ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD
she knows ALL FUTURE AND ALL PAST EVENTS
she meditates FOR DAYS ON END WITHOUT SLEEP OR DRINK OR FOOD
she can HOLD SEVEN HUNDRED UMBRELLAS ABOVE HER WITHOUT TOUCHING THEM
she can RAISE THE DEAD AND RESTORE THEM TO DEATH
she can BE IN SEVERAL PLACES AT ONCE
she can TRAVEL INSTANTANEOUSLY FROM ONE PLACE TO ANOTHER
she can MAKE SMALL THINGS ENORMOUS AND ENORMOUS THINGS SMALL
she can MAKE DEVOTIONAL IMAGES CRUMBLE AND RESTORE THEM
she can CARRY A TEMPLE ON HER BACK
she can CLIMB ENDLESS STAIRS AND OTHERS CANNOT FOLLOW HER
she fits THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE INTO A TINY CORNER OF A CAVE OR HOUSE
she disappears AND APPEARS AT WILL
she conquers DEATH
she eats CORPSES URINE EXCREMENT SEMEN MENSTRUAL BLOOD
her slightest MOVEMENT TRANSFORMS WORLDS
her dance CREATES AND ANNIHILATES WORLD
she loosens BOUND ANIMALS AND RELEASES THEM
she can WALK ON WATER AND WALK THROUGH FLAMES
she can CAUSE THE EARTH TO QUAKE AND FLOWERS TO FALL LIKE RAIN
she can DISCOVER HIDDEN TREASURES
she can WALK THROUGH WALLS AND CLIFFS
she can SEAL CAVES AND CREATE GREAT HALLS WITHIN THEM
she can MAKE HERSELF INVISIBLE AND MAKE HERSELF VISIBLE AGAIN
she can CREATE OVERWHELMING TEMPESTS
she can SUBDUE SNAKES AND OTHER WILD ANIMALS
she can SING PERFECT SONGS OF HER OWN DEVISING
she can ALLEVIATE THE SUFFERINGS OF THE ELDERLY
she can ALLEVIATE THE SUFFERINGS OF THE POOR
she can SCORCH CLOTHES AND RESTORE THEM

she can READ MINDS CLOSE BY AND AT A DISTANCE
she can EAT ANY SORT OF IMPURITIES
she can LAUGH AN EIGHT FOLD LAUGHTER
she can DRAW STELES AND JEWELS FROM THE GROUND
she can ERECT VAST PALACES AT AN INSTANT
she extracts POISON FROM WATER AND WALKS THROUGH BLAZING FLAMES
she can CHOOSE THE DATE AND TIME OF HER DEATH
she can MAKE DRUMS AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS TO SOUND BY THEMSELVES
her steps MEASURE GREAT OR TINY DISTANCES AT HER WILL
her gaze CAN SHATTER AND RESTORE ANYTHING
she can TRANSFORM HERSELF INTO A SKELETON AND A RAINBOW BODY
her gaze CAN OPEN CAVES IN SOLID ROCK AND SEAL THEM AGAIN
she remembers HER PAST AND FUTURE BIRTHS
she can TARRY WITH CONSORTS WITH OR WITHOUT ELABORATION
she can SELF ILLUMINATE
she can WALK AIMLESSLY DAY AND NIGHT
she can SPREAD THE SCENT OF PERFUMES IN EVERY DIRECTION
she can SIT LIE OR WALK IN MID AIR
she can WEAR APRONS OF BONES
she is FLEET FOOTED
she changes THE COLOR OF HER BODY AT WILL

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9. **Marcus Bales**

Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"

Sun 1 Jun 2008

Like all jokes, it has a kernel of truth. Jokes are, of course, not THE truth, but exaggerations, diminishments, and other distancings from the truth. It's not true that ALL of that generation "write alike", but enough do so that one can joke about it. Of course, it's true of every "poetry generation" -- because if people didn't "write alike" there could be no categories called "poetry generations".

My father used to say that difference between having a sense of what's funny and having a sense of humor is whether you can laugh when it happens to you instead of to some other guy.

You don't want to be the first poetry generation whose distinguishing characteristic is that it's more like the first feminist generation than any other poetry generation: lacking a sense of humor, do you?

In short, lighten up; learn not only to laugh at yourselves but to make fun of yourselves.

Marcus

On 31 May 2008 at 4:02, CA Conrad wrote:

> *The recent Jerome Rothenberg event in Philadelphia is where he told his*
> *"joke" about younger poets, and you can listen or watch (MP3 or video) at*
> *this link:*
>
> *http://writing.upenn.edu/~whfellow/rothenberg.html*
>
> *You will want to use the link to the second day for the Rothenberg conversation and Q&A with Al Filries. Perelman appears about three quarters*
> *through, or more. BUT PLEASE LISTEN TO THE ENTIRE CONVERSATION AND Q&A, it's*
> *TERRIFIC! (In particular I liked Lee Ann Brown's question for Rothenberg,*
> *you'll want to hear this entire event!)*
>
> *But when Bob Perelman tells his "joke" Rothenberg is talking about the fact*
> *that having been involved with poetry for a very long time that it's hard*
> *for him to keep in touch with everything that's going on now. He then says*
> *to Perelman sitting close by that after his own generation, and Bob's*
> *generation, that the newer poets... And then Bob finishes Rothenberg's*
> *sentence for him with, "--you mean that they all write alike!"*
>
> *I was sitting in that room with the rest of the audience. There was a gasp,*
> *and I know that it wasn't my gasp alone!*
>
> *Rothenberg then shakes his head and laughs nervously and says NO NO NO NO,*
> *they don't all write alike, that's not what I'm saying!*
>
> *And then Al Filreis says, "You heard it here first, Bob Perelman says you*
> *all write alike, that's P-E-R-E-L-M-A-N."*
>
> *Bob takes the microphone at that point, and the first thing he says*

> *is that*
> *he was just JOKING when he said younger poets all write alike. Then it's*
> *forgotten.*
>
> *But not forgotten.*
>
> *I remember very clearly the tone he used, which is why it was an arrow*
> *strike. But maybe that WAS part of the "joke." ? I listened to it again*
> *online just the other night, and it was pretty much fashioned like a quick,*
> *pointed statement.*
>
> *Could it be that the reaction he was feeling from the rest of the audience,*
> *and Rothenberg's reaction, and Filreis's reaction, made him turn it into a*
> *joke?*
>
> *Am I accusing Bob Perelman of lying? Well, maybe a white lie. A save-face*
> *lie.*
>
> *BUT MAYBE HE'S NOT LYING. OK, maybe it WAS a joke.*
>
> *Let's suppose it WAS a joke. HOW is such a joke funny, and who was it funny*
> *for I ask? Why would it be funny? Is it funny because it's something he has*
> *heard before and he DOES NOT AGREE with it but is MOCKINGLY saying younger*
> *poets all write alike IN DEFENSE of younger poets?*
>
> *Is Bob Perelman the GREAT champion of younger poets? Is he coming to the*
> *rescue by making a joke of the joke of others who are ACTUALLY NOT joking?*
>
> *And who are these others, if there are others?*
>
> *Hmmm. Who is saying such things in Perelman's presence that would upset him*
> *so much he feels compelled to joke TO DEFEND YOUNGER POETS!? Is Bob Perelman*
> *thinking, "Well, they're simply NOT reading younger poets if they think*

> *THAT!"*
>
> *Because clearly, in my mind, SOMEONE is NOT reading younger poets if they think that, because I read a lot of poets my age and younger, and there's NO WAY I would ever say we're all writing alike! But WHO is thinking this, and saying this out loud in front of Bob Perelman? We need to THANK Bob of course for making that "joke" on our behalf. AND SO PUBLICLY I want add, into a microphone while the video camera and sound equipment was mowing down his sound particles to SEND HIS BRAVE message to those who would DARE attack the younger poets!*
>
> *What is ACTUALLY funny about the joke for me is how over the years I've defended Bob and his friends when people have said that the LANGUAGE Poets all write alike. This is something I've heard consistently. I heard it when I was a teenager before I knew who they were and what they were thinking and writing. Lucky for me I've always been someone who wants to check out what everyone is being such a Hater about.*
>
> *Eventually I had read enough and was prepared enough to confront this statement, "What are you talking about!? Who have you read!? What have you read!?" Not once did one of these parrots have an answer which led me to believe that they had ACTUALLY read a single LANGUAGE Poet! They were merely repeating some bullshit statement their bullshit poetry workshop leaders (who ALSO I'M SURE did not read ANYTHING by a single LANGUAGE Poet!) had said.*
>
> *BECAUSE, REALLY, if you think they all write alike have you actually READ THEM? If you sat down with poems by Armantrout, Silliman, Pearson, and*

> *Hejinian, and there were no names on the poems, you would know who wrote*
> *what, or at least would notice these to be four very distinct voices. Poetry*
> *is a tea party to some, it seems! A fancy luxury instead of indispensable*
> *investigation! I say it seems to be this to those who would make such*
> *ridiculous statements about LANGUAGE Poets for being LAZY readers and*
> *half-assed, half-interested poets! And now I also say it to those ill-read*
> *gossips behind Bob Perelman's "joke."*
>
> *In the end younger poets must learn to persevere, like the LANGUAGE Poets*
> *have, because I FOR ONE feel poets of my generation and younger are writing*
> *some pretty damned HOT poems! I wouldn't trade this time with any other!*
>
> *FUCK THE HALF-INTERESTED LOUTS!*
>
> *CAConrad*
> *http://PhillySound.blogspot.com*
>
> *--*
> *No virus found in this incoming message.*
> *Checked by AVG.*
> *Version: 7.5.524 / Virus Database: 269.24.4/1476 - Release Date: 5/31/2008 12:25 PM*

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10. CA Conrad

review of READY-TO-EAT INDIVIDUAL, interview w/ ISH KLEIN, and upcoming EVENT...

Sun 1 Jun 2008

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my review of READY-TO-EAT INDIVIDUAL by Frank Sherlock & Bertt Evans at this link:
http://wordpress.com/tag/ready-to-eat-individual/

my interview with PhillySound poet ISH KLEIN at this link:
http://phillysound.blogspot.com/2008_05_01_archive.html

my upcoming EVENT on JUNE 9TH with Samantha Barrow and friends at this link: http://CAConradEVENTS.blogspot.com

THANKS, AND HOPE TO SEE YOU SOON,
CAConrad

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11. noah eli gordon

Sat. June 14th Denver house reading: Barg, Kapil, Ramke, Pafunda, Calvert

Sun 1 Jun 2008

Please join us for a house reading and party on Saturday June 14th

Things will begin at 7pm.

Feel free to bring snacks, beverages, and friends.

Readings by Barbara Barg, Bhanu Kapil, Bin Ramke,
Danielle Pafunda, and Trevor Calvert

(Email me back channel for location. Note: block heads will be bounced.)

Bhanu Kapil is a French cat, on the verge of becoming a real dog. A new U.S. citizen, she is looking forward to writing an American book, an American poem. It's as if all the writing before this doesn't count. And, it doesn't. Written in passage, or years afterarrival, it doesn't matter unless you stay. A literature of stay. She is the author of The Vertical Interrogation of Strangers (Kelsey Street Press, 2001), Incubation: a space for monsters (Leon Works, 2006), and Humanimal, a project for future children (forthcoming from Kelsey Street Press).

Bin Ramke’s ninth book Tendril was recently published by Omnidawn. Some the origami swans he’d made at our pervious house readings can be found on a ledge in our kitchen.

Danielle Pafunda is the author of My Zorba and Pretty Young Thing. She’s recently moved to Wyoming. Her poems have been chosen three times for Best American Poetry (2004, 2006, and 2007). Other poems and reviews have appeared in such publications as American Letters & Commentary, Conjunctions, the Georgia Review, and TriQuarterly. She is coeditor of the online journal La Petite Zine. Trevor Calvert is a poet living in Oakland, California where he is finishing his Masters of Library and Information Science. His first book, Rarer and More Wonderful (Scrambler Books, 2008) was published in May. His poems have appeared in in*tense, syllogism, 580 Split, BlazeVox, and the anthologies Involuntary Vision and Bay Poetics. This is his first time visiting Colorado. We have it from a reliable source that he is some

kind of ninja, but uses his skills only for good. Barbara Barg, grew up in a small town in Eastern Arkansas and moved to New York City after college where she became a several-times-recognized-in-a-coffee-shop poet/musician on the downtown poetry/music scene. Currently, she's a singer/songwriter/drummer with the Denver band Coyote Poets of the Universe. She also conducts a sensory/creativity/focus/energy/joy enhancing workshop: Voluntary Evolution (www.voluntaryevolution.com). She is the author of The Origin of The Species from Semiotext(e).

E-mail for the greater good. Join the i'm Initiative from Microsoft.

Change the world with e-mail. Join the i'm Initiative from Microsoft. _____ Keep your kids safer online with Windows Live Family Safety. http://www.windowslive.com/family_safety/overview.html?ocid=TXT_TAGLM_WL_Refresh_family_safety_052008=

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12. George Bowering

Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"

Sun 1 Jun 2008

Yawn!

gb

On May 31, 2008, at 1:02 AM, CA Conrad wrote:

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> *"joke" about younger poets, and you can listen or watch (MP3 or video) at*
> *this link:*
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it's hard
for him to keep in touch with everything that's going on now. He
then says
to Perelman sitting close by that after his own generation, and Bob's
generation, that the newer poets... And then Bob finishes Rothenberg's
sentence for him with, "--you mean that they all write alike!"

I was sitting in that room with the rest of the audience. There was
a gasp,
and I know that it wasn't my gasp alone!

Rothenberg then shakes his head and laughs nervously and says NO NO
NO NO,
they don't all write alike, that's not what I'm saying!

And then Al Filreis says, "You heard it here first, Bob Perelman
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all write alike, that's P-E-R-E-L-M-A-N."

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strike. But maybe that WAS part of the "joke." ? I listened to it
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Is Bob Perelman the GREAT champion of younger poets? Is he coming to the rescue by making a joke of the joke of others who are ACTUALLY NOT joking?

And who are these others, if there are others?

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Because clearly, in my mind, SOMEONE is NOT reading younger poets if they think that, because I read a lot of poets my age and younger, and there's NO WAY I would ever say we're all writing alike! But WHO is thinking this, and saying this out loud in front of Bob Perelman? We need to THANK Bob of course for making that "joke" on our behalf. AND SO PUBLICLY I want add, into a microphone while the video camera and sound equipment was mowing down his sound particles to SEND HIS BRAVE message to those who would DARE attack the younger poets!

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> *Eventually I had read enough and was prepared enough to confront this statement, "What are you talking about!? Who have you read!? What have you read!?" Not once did one of these parrots have an answer which led me to believe that they had ACTUALLY read a single LANGUAGE Poet! They were merely repeating some bullshit statement their bullshit poetry workshop leaders (who ALSO I'M SURE did not read ANYTHING by a single LANGUAGE Poet!) had said.*
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> *BECAUSE, REALLY, if you think they all write alike have you actually READ THEM? If you sat down with poems by Armantrout, Silliman, Pearson, and Hejinian, and there were no names on the poems, you would know who wrote what, or at least would notice these to be four very distinct voices. Poetry is a tea party to some, it seems! A fancy luxury instead of indispensable investigation! I say it seems to be this to those who would make such ridiculous statements about LANGUAGE Poets for being LAZY readers and half-assed, half-interested poets! And now I also say it to those ill-read gossips behind Bob Perelman's "joke."*
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> *In the end younger poets must learn to persevere, like the LANGUAGE Poets have, because I FOR ONE feel poets of my generation and younger are writing some pretty damned HOT poems! I wouldn't trade this time with any other!*
>
> *FUCK THE HALF-INTERESTED LOUTS!*
>
> *CAConrad*
> *http://PhillySound.blogspot.com*

George Bowering
Was once corrected by Bob Feller

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13. David Chirot

Re: Art Review - 'Glossolalia' - ‘Glossolalia -//Entartete Kunst--First show of Outsider/Insider

Sun 1 Jun 2008

Elizabeth--

The first exhibition of Insider/Outsider works shown together--and on an equal footing, too-- was also the first massively attended traveling art exhibition. This was the "Entartete Kunst" (Degenerate Art) Exhibition organized by the Nazi Party in 1937. Beginning in Munich, it traveled to nine other cities in Germany and Austria and overall attendance was estimated at two million persons.

Since the beginning of the 20th Century, artists had begun to look "outside' "Art' for forms of inspiration not yet "recognized" as such. Kandinsky turned to children's art around 1905, around the time that Picasso was turning to African sculpture for models, and in a few more years, Marinetti was turning to machines and their speeds, in particular war machines. The Dadas used found typographies and images--first done by Picasso and the Cubists, to a lesser extent. The use of Found objects--Duchamp's Ready Mades--is also found in Schiwtters' Merzbau and his collages of items found in the streets. Russian Zaum "Trans-Rational" Poetry sonically drew on Pentacostal and Shamanic "Logolalia" and emphasied the use of hand written texts written by poets and then "drawn" by artists, and often made into books using sections of wall paper "left overs" and other cast off remnents and detritus.

The longing for an "outside" with which to make contact for "drawing" inspiration and examples with/from, as well as the increasing interest on artists' and writers' parts in the new understandings of the unconscious being explored via psychiatry, found its Rosetta Stone so to speak with the 1922 publication of Hans Prinzhorn's Bildnerei der Geisteskranken (The Artistry of the Mentally Ill). This large and well illustrated tome drew on Prinzhorn's study of over five thousand works, which he assembled from the Heidelberg asylum where he worked, as well as via letters sent to colleagues asking for any they might know of, and, foretelling the methods of Dubuffet in organizing the first Art Brut exhibits---traveling to asylums and other areas of potential in several countries. (Prinzhorn was knowledgable in art history and had connections with Kandinsky and his circle in Munich. Many of the works and artists he found continue to be "classics" in the history of the awareness of Art Brut) The book caused such a sensation that within a year it had gone into its second edition. Less noticed had been Dr Walter Morgenther's 1921 Ein Geisteskranker als Kunstler (A Mentally Ill Person as Artist) known today in English as Madness and Art: Life and Works of Adolf Wolfli, and the first such study of what post-Dubuffet's late 1940's Art Brut shows and monographs, has become known as an Outsider

Artist. Prinzhorn's book had a huge effect on many artists, especially Paul Klee, and was also a hit with the artists and poets who were soon to found Surrealism.

There is often a confusion in that many people associate Outsider Art only with the mentally ill. Neither Prinzhorn nor Morgenthaler considered the works of theirs and others' patients as "compulsive activities of mentally ill persons who make things revelatory of psychoses," but on the contrary studied them as artists first and foremost. This approach was not taken by the Surrealists--Andre Breton having been a medical and psychiatric student, was in search of the marvelous, which for him could be found in the subconscious, dreams, automatism in writing and painting, the finding of mysteriously talismanic objects at flea markets and investigations into the occult. For Breton, "outsider art" as it is now called, was considered to be "authentic" only if the creators were clinically mentally ill. Madness and the subconscious, the automatic, were the outsides of conventional approaches to art as they came from the areas of the usually suppressed irrational, the areas free of the chains of the daily "reality" of the bourgeois world.

Breton's approach is a large-scale systematic group/collective as well as individual application of Rimbaud's famous line re "after a long, reasoned derangement of the senses . . . (the Seer) arrives at the unknown."

(if you think about it, only a French person or a person much influenced by the traditions and history of French culture, would envision "a REASONED DERANGEMENT"--)

After WW2, for a period Breton worked intensely with Dubuffet in the early development of Art Brut, and then the two had a violent split--(as often happened with Breton, anyway)--over whether or not Art Brut is limited only to works of the insane. Breton being an Absolutist said the line had to be drawn at the gates of the asylum--while for Dubuffet Art Brut is made by all kinds of persons regardless of their psychiatric case histories or complete lack thereof. In the early Thirties, the Surrealists had organized a few small shows which also included works of the mentally ill, but these were not displayed as being on an equal footing. The Surrealists' works took center stage, with the works of the asylum dwellers being used as examples of a sort of "scientific" "control specimen" "measure" by which to gauge the "gains" made by a Surrealist practice in all the arts.

The Nazis, however, were aware at some level of the ideas of Morgenthaler and Prinzhorn--that the works of the mentally ill were actually art--and this was proven because of the effects they had had on some contemporary artists, as well as that the work of many artists of the times

seemed from their point of view to have much in common with the productions of the insane.

Either way, these formulations added up to the equation Modern Art=Insanity. Therefore--obviously a form of "Degenerate Art," which, like "Degenerate Persons," should be put on public display as examples of what the Nazis wanted to purge their "Pure" world of. By treating Modern Art as equal with that of the Insane--the public would see "loud and clear" what it was that was "degenerate" about both "Modern Art" and insanity, and be glad to see them wiped out of sight and mind and existence in the Purity the of Reich.

The "degenerate" Frenchman Breton saw the work of the insane as proto-examples of what the Surrealists aspired to, while the Nazis saw both the art promoted by Breton and the art of insane persons as being equally "degenerate" and thus"sick" in the psychiatric sense. In the Eugenics sense so important to the Nazis, this meant both kinds of artist, the Modern and the Insane--needed to be expunged---from not only the galleries and museums--but from existence.

The myth of the aftermath of the touring show of Degenerate Art is that the Nazis had it all destroyed. In actuality, since it was wel known by then that the works of Kandinsky, Klee, Beckmann, Nolde et alia were worth something in the Degenerate Art World beyond the Reich's borders--many works were quietly stashed away and used when needed to raise some cash via being shipped to auctions and collectors abroad.

Even now there is a lot of ambiguity surrounding what is or is not an "outsider" artist, and for many still, there is at once the attraction and the repulsion of associations with mental illness, and the works of the mentally ill remain at once "art" and "not real art," making "Outsider Art" a denizon still of a Limbo Land, shuttled about depending on the ideas and tastes of curators as unsettlingly at once "a part of" Art and "apart from it."

The person with the widest and most open approach has been Dubuffet, who did not draw a line between "Art" and the "Art of the Insane" in presenting Art Brut His primary criteria were that the Art Brut is the creation of persons who are untaught in the arts and are creating for reasons outside the spheres of the "art world," which often is unknown to them, or simply not considered as a professional endeavor. The "outside" of Art Brut is in its relationship with energies and forms which are present in what is standardly thought of as "Art," yet which has no part in any of the standard conceptions of what "Art" "is" when made using these energies and forms.

The attraction of the artist Dubuffet is to that "outside" which Kandinsky began to find in the art of children--creative activity which is alive "before" there is the concept of "art" imposed on it. Paradoxically, to "recognize" Art Brut as just

that--Raw Art--it requires the eye of an "artist" who comes at least a bit from "Inside" and is longing to find a way Out of what Dubuffet called an "Asphixiating Culture."

Can Art Brut then be made by "artists" who long to "de-generate" into a "Raw State" with regards to "art?"

One example of such an attempt was made by the poet Paul Eluard, who like many of the Surrealists had become very passionate about an embrace of madness. Desiring to reach "madness" itself, Eluard produced an article, which he accompanied with the drawings and writings of an "insane person" whose identity, following common practice, was concealed. The article's appearance was widely praised and caused a small sensation. Unknown to the approving critics and public, the "poems" were actually made by various Surrealists and most of the drawings--10 out of 13--were made by Robert Desnos.

The success of the article with critics and public proved to the artists that their mission had actually failed. If works by non-mentally ill persons could be hailed as being "surprisingly good works" by a mental patient, it meant they had not created "real" "art of the insane," but an art perfectly acceptable to persons who were judging the works in terms of the standards of "art." In others words, they had not created Art Brut at all, but simply works of "art" easily embraced as such, and inspiring none of the uneasy skepticisms regarding works of "mental patients," or, for Dubuffet, the non-mad Art Brut artist.

Art Brut presents a conumdrum not unlike the art of children does in some ways. In order for both to be recognized as "art," there has to be the Concept of Art on the part of the viewer. This Concept the creators themselves for the most part are oblivious of. This situation introduces some very interesting questions for the relationship of the artist/viewer (and this includes also poets and workers in other media) with what it is that is seen and not only seen, but "recognized" or not, which in turn raises the question of Naming, labeling, cataloging etc.

Does one see or hear only what is named in order to call it a poem or art? Is one seeing and/or hearing "artlessly" --or simply identifying things which are named and so is convinced indeed that they are "present" as poems or art?

Duchamp with his Ready Mades introduces the Concept that if one is "an Artist,"--or, for Emerson, a Poet in his essay of that "name"----one may look at anything and "call it Art." Like Emerson's Poet, Duchamp's Artist is "the Namer." The Artist, the Poet, confer an "artistic/poetic" value on things, and so things not previously seen as having an "Art" or "Poetic" value now do. This means that anything can be called Art or a Poem , be named so, by an Artist or

Poet, and so an Anything can become a Something, and that Something then become "an object of significance, of value" aesthetically and in turn economically.

This is the genesis of Warhol's Concept of the "fifteen minutes of Fame:" if Anything becomes Something, then Anything can for an allotted time be allowed to be the Number One Something as an Object of Fame--that is--contemplation, adulation, significance, value.

Anything being considered in this formulation to be the same as Anyone.

Anything and Everything can become valuable, as on Antiques Roadshow, simply by being given a Name. " My God!!--this poem written on a napkin from the first McDonalds to open in the city of New York--could it be--could it really be--one of the lost Lunch Poems of Frank O'Hara's??!!"

A very different Concept is also written of by Emerson. In "Nature," (which preceded "the Poet"chronologically), the Poet is the one who sees a "property in the landscape" which is a property that belongs to no one, though the "properties" being seen may belong to X or A and so have "a name."

In "Earthworks: A Sedimentation of the Mind," Robert Smithson proposes that the glance of a "great artist" in "the art of looking," can create a work of art as great as anything that is given a name and produced as an "art object." Smithson, too, is using "an art of looking" to find a way Out of the "art world" and its namings. For Smithson, to create by a glance is to create something as real as any "art object," yet by not being an object, it remains free of being taken possession of, of becoming a property which can bought and sold. This is much like Emerson's "property in the landscape," which the Poet sees, yet which belongs to no one.

For Smithson, not producing an object which is named and has a value set on it, means that the "time of the artist" is not enslaved by the production of art objects and the naming by art dealers and critics which "sells" them. The artist is able to work "Outside" the "art systems" and languages of art.

This is the paradox of Art Brut--on the one hand it exists, it creates, like Smithson's great artist's glance, Outside of the systems of "art objects," outside of "art" namings, and outside the systems of "art values," and on the other by being "recognized" as an Art Brut--Art in a Raw state, similar to children's art--it begins to be part of the systems of art objects, art namings and languages.

Dubuffet struggled for years with this problem--on the one hand his "great artist's glance" saw Art Brut--yet by saying that he saw it and naming it, presenting it, writing about it, using it as an examplar for his own work, he had also placed it at the edges of areas in which it was possible for Art Brut to no longer be "Art Brut" as such, "in the wild," but perhaps had brought it

dangerously near the boundary lines where its existence might become someday that of "an endangered species." It is often remarked of children's art, including one's own children's art--that it is so incredible, so free--and then at a certain point, socialization takes over--and the art like a butterfly--vanishes--even in the work of many artists and poets who go on past childhood--and actually become artists and poets--the childlike and the Art Brut are long gone.

Yet children are continually being born, and Art Brut creators are also, so while it may not survive in an individual, or even in an Art Brut artist's relationship with the systems of art, it nonetheless continues--

And it also is continued in Smithson's "great artist's glance"--

which has still elements of childhood and the Outside alive in it, as Baudelaire writes:

In The Painter of Modern Life, Baudelaire writes:

But genius is nothing more nor less than childhood recovered at will . . . consider . . . (the artist) . . . as a man-child, as a man who is never for a moment without the genius of childhood—a genius for which no aspect of life has become stale.

These are just a very few ways of thinking about the Insider/Outsider--

On Fri, May 30, 2008 at 11:26 PM, Elizabeth Switaj <[redacted]> wrote:

> *Good to see outsider/insider placed together on equal footing as opposed to,*
> *say, insiders emphasized with the outsiders who influenced them present as footnotes, though of course appearing in a museum show throws the outsider designation into question.*
>
> *Elizabeth Kate Switaj*
> *elizabethkateswitaj.net*

david chirot wrote:
http://www.nytimes.com/2008/05/30/arts/design/30glos.html?ref=arts ---

glossolalia--of Siberian shamen and Pentacostal forms of worship---directly affected and influenced Zaum Russian Futurist Visual/Sound poetry--

(Zaum means "transrational"--Za being "beyond" and "um" relating to "reason" Suprematism as a non-objectivity going "beyond" all previous art is for Malevich an intuitive "beyond reason" art- he later wrote that no machine will ever equal the speed of intuition--)

this exhibition is also the influence of "Outsiders" on the "Insiders" who share the space with them--

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14. Nate Pritts

/ are you combative? /

Sun 1 Jun 2008

Hi - Just a quick note to say that COMBATIVES, the single author 'zine published as a free downloadable pdf by H_NGM_N Enterprises, has just released Vol. 2 # 2 - BRENDA SIECZKOWSKI. www.h-ngm-n.com from Spill (III) Fix it so we're youngin the same salty over-lap of summer. Your lungs crunched in the thinburn of played-out oxygen.Sun a jellied smear. ... Check out the full run of Vol. 1 & Vol. 2 #1 - Juliet Cook - while you're at it. www.h-ngm-n.com/combatives -Nate_____:: Nate Pritts :: http://www.correspondentbreeze.blogspot.com :: http://www.natepritts.com _____ E-mail for the greater good. Join the i'm Initiative from Microsoft. http://im.live.com/Messenger/IM/Join/Default.aspx?source=EML_WL_GreaterGood=

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15. Jason Quackenbush

Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"

Sun 1 Jun 2008

as a younger poet, i really don't care what bob perelman thinks about my generation and i'm sure he's never read me anyway. it's fine. here's a joke I made up to throw back at him: Q: How can you tell the difference between good language poetry and bad language poetry? A: Bad language poetry says "by Bob Perelman" under the title *audience groans*

Anyway, i'm self publishing my first book in the fall, and everyone should buy it. particularly folks of Perelman's generation who can thentell me who else of my generation thati writelike.

in the meantime i'm not going to worry about this all that much.

On May 31, 2008, at 1:02 AM, CA Conrad wrote:

> *The recent Jerome Rothenberg event in Philadelphia is where he told his*
> *"joke" about younger poets, and you can listen or watch (MP3 or video) at*
> *this link:*
>
> *http://writing.upenn.edu/~whfellow/rothenberg.html*

You will want to use the link to the second day for the Rothenberg conversation and Q&A with Al Filries. Perelman appears about three quarters through, or more. BUT PLEASE LISTEN TO THE ENTIRE CONVERSATION AND Q&A, it's TERRIFIC! (In particular I liked Lee Ann Brown's question for Rothenberg, you'll want to hear this entire event!)

But when Bob Perelman tells his "joke" Rothenberg is talking about the fact that having been involved with poetry for a very long time that it's hard for him to keep in touch with everything that's going on now. He then says to Perelman sitting close by that after his own generation, and Bob's generation, that the newer poets... And then Bob finishes Rothenberg's sentence for him with, "--you mean that they all write alike!"

I was sitting in that room with the rest of the audience. There was a gasp, and I know that it wasn't my gasp alone!

Rothenberg then shakes his head and laughs nervously and says NO NO NO NO, they don't all write alike, that's not what I'm saying!

And then Al Filreis says, "You heard it here first, Bob Perelman says you all write alike, that's P-E-R-E-L-M-A-N."

Bob takes the microphone at that point, and the first thing he says is that he was just JOKING when he said younger poets all write alike. Then it's forgotten.

But not forgotten.

I remember very clearly the tone he used, which is why it was an arrow strike. But maybe that WAS part of the "joke." ? I listened to it again online just the other night, and it was pretty much fashioned like a quick, pointed statement.

Could it be that the reaction he was feeling from the rest of the audience,

and Rothenberg's reaction, and Filreis's reaction, made him turn it into a joke?

Am I accusing Bob Perelman of lying? Well, maybe a white lie. A save-face lie.

BUT MAYBE HE'S NOT LYING. OK, maybe it WAS a joke.

Let's suppose it WAS a joke. HOW is such a joke funny, and who was it funny for I ask? Why would it be funny? Is it funny because it's something he has heard before and he DOES NOT AGREE with it but is MOCKINGLY saying younger poets all write alike IN DEFENSE of younger poets?

Is Bob Perelman the GREAT champion of younger poets? Is he coming to the rescue by making a joke of the joke of others who are ACTUALLY NOT joking?

And who are these others, if there are others?

Hmmm. Who is saying such things in Perelman's presence that would upset him so much he feels compelled to joke TO DEFEND YOUNGER POETS!? Is Bob Perelman thinking, "Well, they're simply NOT reading younger poets if they think THAT!"

Because clearly, in my mind, SOMEONE is NOT reading younger poets if they think that, because I read a lot of poets my age and younger, and there's NO WAY I would ever say we're all writing alike! But WHO is thinking this, and saying this out loud in front of Bob Perelman? We need to THANK Bob of course for making that "joke" on our behalf. AND SO PUBLICLY I want add, into a microphone while the video camera and sound equipment was mowing down his sound particles to SEND HIS BRAVE message to those who would DARE attack the younger poets!

> *What is ACTUALLY funny about the joke for me is how over the years I've defended Bob and his friends when people have said that the LANGUAGE Poets all write alike. This is something I've heard consistently. I heard it when I was a teenager before I knew who they were and what they were thinking and writing. Lucky for me I've always been someone who wants to check out what everyone is being such a Hater about.*
>
> *Eventually I had read enough and was prepared enough to confront this statement, "What are you talking about!? Who have you read!? What have you read!?" Not once did one of these parrots have an answer which led me to believe that they had ACTUALLY read a single LANGUAGE Poet! They were merely repeating some bullshit statement their bullshit poetry workshop leaders (who ALSO I'M SURE did not read ANYTHING by a single LANGUAGE Poet!) had said.*
>
> *BECAUSE, REALLY, if you think they all write alike have you actually READ THEM? If you sat down with poems by Armantrout, Silliman, Pearson, and Hejinian, and there were no names on the poems, you would know who wrote what, or at least would notice these to be four very distinct voices. Poetry is a tea party to some, it seems! A fancy luxury instead of indispensable investigation! I say it seems to be this to those who would make such ridiculous statements about LANGUAGE Poets for being LAZY readers and half-assed, half-interested poets! And now I also say it to those ill-read gossips behind Bob Perelman's "joke."*
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> *In the end younger poets must learn to persevere, like the LANGUAGE Poets have, because I FOR ONE feel poets of my generation and younger are writing some pretty damned HOT poems! I wouldn't trade this time with any other!*
>
> *FUCK THE HALF-INTERESTED LOUTS!*

> *CAConrad*
> *http://PhillySound.blogspot.com*

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16. Joel Weishaus

Reality Too - May

Sun 1 Jun 2008

Here my blog, "Reality Too," for May 2008:
http://web.pdx.edu/~pdx00282/blog/May.htm

Introduction:
http://web.pdx.edu/~pdx00282/blog/intro.htm

Text Size: Medium; 1024X768 screen resolution.

-Joel

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17. Doug Holder

What is a failde poet?

Sun 1 Jun 2008

What is a failed poet?

can be found on Boston Area Small Press and Poetry Scene
http://dougholder.blogspot.com

I posed this question to poets of my acquaintance: "What is a failed poet?" I hear the term used all the time, but what does it mean? How do you define a failed poet? Is there such a thing? Below are some very thought provoking answers to this question I posed:

A failed poet can be a mainstream adherent who buckled to society's pressure against artistic commitment and stopped producing work in order to "act like a grownup" or "get a real job." Worse than this type of poet, however, is the practicing, productive poet who never reaches his or her full potential out of fear of offending readers or popular poetic figures and theorists.

An artist who holds back, obeying current rules or trends whether or not they challenge or showcase individualized craft, generally frustrates readers as well as himself by writing safe for decades. An artist who lacks personal integrity is the worst poetic failure of all.

--Mignon King (co-editor of Bagel Bards 3 Anthology)

Just off the top of my head, a failed poet is one who doesn't write.

--Tam Lin Neville (editor “Off the Grid Press”)

Even Faulkner, you know, described himself as a failed poet. Raymond Chandler, failed poet, found his talent late in life…writing crime novels. I was not familiar with the term. Sounds like a good subject for a funny poem.

--Ed Meek (author of “Walk Out”)

Thanks for the prompt. A quick search turned up Wordsworth, Faulkner, Raymond Chandler, J Alfred Prufrock (Eliot by extension?), and Alexander Wilson, father of American ornithology all as "failed poets." There is something a little precious about the idea of calling oneself a failed poet (Oh, I couldn't possibly…), and most of the above (admittedly abbreviated) list used failure as a catalyst for something else. What is a successful poet?

--Valerie Lawson (coeditor of “Third Coast” magazine)

To answer your question, first let us ask what is a failed human being. If the question promotes strict answers then we will have strict answers to the question “What is a failed poet”.

But then let us particularize the query to other categories as well and ask the question:

What is a failed flower?
What is a failed kitten?
What is a failed cow?
What is a failed elephant ?
What is a failed worm?

And then ask:
What is a failed baby?

And then ask again:
What is a failed planet?
Or what is a failed solar system?
Or what is a failed galaxy?

I have a preferred answer. It is that if anyone of those things had cause to exist and have fulfilled their existence in any way, according to any place on a range of some Platonic ideal that listed things from low to high, good to bad, quick to slow, sweet to sour, heavy to light and so forth, then they would have to be called successful. That is: they would be successful if they performed their state of existence along any particular position in the entire range of their performance.

I often quietly reflect on of Grey’s Elegy In A Country Churchyard. We are all are unknown and our Fulfillment is unknown. We all deserve quiet contemplation and fond consideration. It seems harsh to speak of a “failed

poet”. Might it be more a reflection on us who ask the question then on the thing the question is being asked of?

Sidewalk Sam (founder of “ArtsFirst”—Boston, Mass.)

A failed poet is a person who loves language, but they cannot express in words the bridge to the other world where poetry is supposed to take you. I am a failed poet because I cannot attain the lean, carved from the air grace of the poet's I most admire. I've written only a handful of poems at that level. So, I write what I call spoken songs, and I write fiction. A lot of fiction writers are failed poets. They started out as poets but couldn't take the heat. A failed poet could also be a shadow artist who wanted to write but became a talker and an alcoholic instead.

C.D. Collins (author of “Blue Land” -- Polyho Press)

I have to hand it to CD, because whether or not she agrees with it, the woman is a poet because she authentically uses original language and phrasing. Her narratives use repetition and musical phrasing like all great modern lyric poets. As for the mint juleps…we’ll that’s another story. Someone I once loved said that writing poetry is largely a thankless task, and in that sense, for those of us still “in the “Tower of Song” no matter what degree, well, we fail and succeed. It’s the love of language and the compulsion to capture something beautiful, weird or hidden about the world that makes anyone a good poet.

Lo Galluccio (author of “Hot Rain”)

If your poems falls in the forest and nobody hears it you have failed as a poet. Poets write to be read, to be heard---if poets don't put themselves in the position to be heard, either by not working hard enough to be good or are not being good enouth to be published and read- --then they have failed. They have failed if they fail to make people care about what they write. It is a no brainer that they care about their own writing---not a measurement of success.

Tim Gager (founder Dire Literary Series—Cambridge, Mass./ author of "this is where you go when you are gone")

I tell my workshop students that there is no such thing as a bad poem, as long as the poet is happy with it. It's all about what purpose the poem serves for the poet. I've learned from students that there are multifold reasons to write poetry: Some are closet poets who write strictly for themselves; some like to journal with poetry; others want to write social/political commentaries in verse; one student wanted only to write poems for his girlfriend; another wanted to write poetry in order to become a better, more concise newspaper reporter. The list could go on. So who outside of poets themselves, is qualified to determine how well a poem executes the purpose for which it was written.

If one wishes to write for publication, there are of course standards, but these vary drastically, depending on editors' likes and dislikes. Poets sometimes feel "failed" if they keep getting rejections from editors with a different definition of merit than they have. That doesn't mean there aren't editors elsewhere who would like and publish the same poems.

And getting published doesn't always mean the poet is satisfied that her/his work is good either. William Faulkner said, "I'm a failed poet. Maybe every novelist wants to write poetry first, finds he can't and then tries the short story, which is the next most demanding form after poetry. And failing at that, only then does he take up novel writing." Yet both Faulkner's first nationally published works, the poem “L’Apres-Midi d’un faune," and his first published book, The Marble Faun, were poetry. Was his poetry good? At least his publishers thought so. But it was Faulkner's own expectations that compelled him to consider himself a failed poet.

It's easy for those of us involved in the publishing part of poetry to develop stringent definitions of excellence. And where has this gotten poetry, when most Americans think they don't like poetry because they can't relate to it?

Ellaraine Lockie (author of “Finishing Lines”)

When I announced to my mom that I wanted to be a writer she wearily told me that I came by it naturally and that I came from a long line of failed and petty literati. I’ve often thought about what that means and Liz (my daughter) and I had a long debate about it. Our conclusion is that a failed writer is someone who has put their heart and soul into their writing with no lasting results. We all know poets who thrive on being “poets” without much output. I’m sure they anguish over their work but the results are, to put it politely, trivial. Our conclusion that it was better to be a petty literati than a failed one. I’m still not sure I agree, but a part of me would much prefer to go down swinging for the fence in the majors than being a position player in a very minor league.

Steve Glines (founder of the “Wilderness House Literary Review”)

There is no such thing as a failed poet. What gives someone the right to call a poet a failure? A poet can only fail if he stops writing. Just write. I hate all this labeling. To summarize: “There is no such thing!

Gloria Mindock (founder of Cervena Barva Press)

maybe a failed poet is one who doesn't attempt to capture what s/he feels and thinks through language . . . perhaps s/he is one who loses touch with the impulse to write . . . maybe a failed poet is one who never finds another with the capacity to sense the works / words as "instruments of evocation" (using Christopher Wilmarth's words for his sculptures) . . . maybe a failed poet is a poet, acknowledging that there may inevitably be distance between impulse /

intention and word-form . . . in Japan there is / was a tradition of a sort of savoring of failure, related to the experience of pathos, passing, and poignancy . . .

Eytan Fichman (professor Boston Architectural Center--Boston, Mass.)

Maybe a more sensible question is what is the definition of a poet? What is poetry? And who has the qualifications to make these definitions or determinations? What makes a succesful poet? Sales? Media attention? The number of publications you are published in? Pimping yourself? I dare say there are not that many poets around who have read the work of Gene Ruggles, considered by many to be an important poet, but who had only one book published (Lifeguard In the Snow, University of Pittsburg Press). Does that make him a failed poet? I think not!!! And the idea that everyone is a poet is absurd, just as absurd that if you write a poem and you are happy with it, that this somehow makes you a poet.

I think the suffering of those people in Burma and China are far more important than an exercise on what is a failed poet.

a.d. winans (founder of Second Coming Press-)

I think the worst version of a failed poet is one who has never tapped into his or her deepest private self and it inside-out for the public. Like digging deep past the skin, the tissue and the muscle for the humming tuning fork in the marrow and letting it resonate on the page for the whole world to see....if this is not accomplished then the poet has failed and his poems are soulless and the equivalent to crossword puzzles.

--rob plath (author of poetry collection "Ashtrays and Bulls")

I've been giving more thought to failure. It seems to me that failure is an inability to achieve what one has set to accomplish. And the concept that if one is satisfied with one's own work and chooses not to publish, they too might be a success. I have a friend or two who's shrink told them to write poetry and/or memoir as a method of dealing with their issues. If it helped and they never sent them out, are they success or failures? Then there is the poet who sends poetry to magazine "a" and is rejected, but magazine "b" accepts. What does that mean for the poet? Your question is an interesting rhetorical exercise with no right and no wrong, no answer to success or failure.

Zvi Sesling (founder of the "Muddy River Review)

↑ Contents

18. Murat Nemet-Nejat

Re: essay by Chirot to go with works at the UA Poetry Center Conceptual Poetry Symposium, organized by Marjorie Perloff

Sun 1 Jun 2008

Barry,

Very sharp observation. If conceptual art means a movement away from the traditional material of art, oil, stone, etc., toward words, conceptual poetry means a movement away from the traditional material of poetry, which is words.

Ciao,

Murat

On Sun, Jun 1, 2008 at 12:47 PM, Barry Schwabsky <
[redacted]> wrote:

> *Am I right in thinking that the phrase "conceptual poetry" is modeled on the earlier "conceptual art"?*
> *If so, and if conceptual art is broadly speaking an art that foregrounds language (Weiner, Kosuth, Art & Language, etc.) then does that makes "conceptual poetry" poetry that likewise foregrounds language? But in that case, what distinguishes "conceptual poetry" from just "poetry"?*
>
> *----- Original Message ----*
> *From: Murat Nemet-Nejat <*[redacted]*>*
> *To:* [redacted]
> *Sent: Sunday, 1 June, 2008 4:22:03 PM*
> *Subject: Re: essay by Chirot to go with works at the UA Poetry Center Conceptual Poetry Symposium, organized by Marjorie Perloff*
>
> *David,*
>
> *" The predominant view of conceptual works in art and poetry is that it is written language which becomes fore grounded, most often as the 'realization' and presentation of various directives, with their various forms of pre-conceived constraints, and sets of instructions. Yet does not the written language itself, as an object which 'constitutes' the directives and instructions, contradict the 'concept' of the 'Conceptual?'"*
>
> *The reverse is true. In a truly conceptual poem, the written language moves towards disappearance, in your words, "absence."*
>
> *bachelor rooms.*

sweat shops.
stairs where the light turns off automatically.
numbers fade
*from the face of buildings. (*The Structure*, "A Homage to M. Proust)*

"*{See Appendix B below for some other "Science Fiction" aspects of Conceptual*
Poetry in Relation to the Work Place.)"

The question of "The Spiritual Life of Robots (Replicants)" relates to the spiritual (conceptual, rather than actual) life of words.

"*The directives themselves, expressed in written language, become road blocks to the Conceptual which is supposed to be "activated" by their instructions.*

To use written language then to create a conceptual poetry is not in a strict sense "conceptual" at all, if it produces yet another object in written language."

f one realizes that the "instructions" constitute the poem itself, then the "realizations" become phenomenal obstructions, obfuscations for which the truly conceptual poet, in my view, has very little patience

"*It becomes instead a piling up, a massing, of materials (language, words) which have "walled out" as it were, the conceptual. Are the words then simply a gravestone or monument to a now absent concept?*"

*I think yes. *The Structure of Escape* is my attempt to recapture, to real-ize that absence. "A La Recherche of Recaptured Absence Absence.*"

Ciao,

Murat

On Fri, May 30, 2008 at 5:02 AM, David Chirot <[redacted]*> wrote:*

DAVID-BAPTISTE CHIROT: "Conceptual Poetry and its Others"---Haunting Questions Found Hidden in Plain Site/Sight/Cite

http://davidbaptistechirot.blogspot.com/2008/05/conceptual-poetry-and-its-others.html

Below are the opening paragraphs of this essay--if interested still, as it goes through many changes and has two appendices as further "evidences"--go to the blog address above--

Note:I was invited to send Visual Poetry works to the Symposium on "Conceptual Poetry and its Others," along with artist's statements regarding the works. As a participant, to express my sense of and thankfulness for this, I decided it would be nice to include also a brief statement re the "Conceptual Poetics" under discussion.

Once started, so many ideas started flowing,and so many examples came to mind--travel literature of the 18th century, Shakespeare's Richard the Third, to name but two--that I had to draw line somewhere and stop. There is so much more to write however, once started--so these remarks and questions are but a small indication of the most basic beginnings of the myriad directions which are out there to be found--and ones already noted to set down in various forms and actions--

this essay is on display beside my works at the Symposium--persons interested may ask for a copy--

a few examples of further questions among ever so many more--

Why is "boring, unoriginal, impersonal work" promoted by "colorful personalities," just like any other product? Does this not create "a Line" produced by a Brand Name, the Original Author possessed of an "originality" in creating this "radical, new form"--to be marketed as "the latest thing," for the development of new jobs in English/ creative Writing Programs--the "newest way" to "make an impression" by

*the
"original" creation of an impersonal boringness? Is this in itself a
"new
way" of mass producing standardized and conforming
"conceptual poets" who "carry on" the work of the Great Originators?
*
*Are monkeys controlling robotic arms with their thoughts on the way to
creating a Conceptual poetry?--*

*What are the interelationships of possiblities of Conceptual Poetry for
use
in Propaganda and advertising? For starting wars, altering Wikipedia,
sending out false news items and etc etc--*
* Haunting Questions Found Hidden in Plain Site/Sight/Cite

for the Symposium "Conceptual Poetry and its Others"

Poetry Center of the University of Arizona

29-31 May 2008

*
* J'ai trop a ecrire, c'est pourquoi je n'ecrire rien. --Stendhal,
Journal, 1804

Thoughts come at random, and go at random. No device for holding on
to
them or for having them.
A thought has escaped: I was trying to write it down: instead I
write that it has
escaped me.
--Pascal, Pensees, #542

To find among typos the unknown writings, the "Helltoy"--
camouflaged clouds, the voice-writings of the ground itself that speaks
and
moves in lines
emerging--

for Petra Backonja

* *
I find in thinking with what a Conceptual Poetry might be, that I've*

begun with a point of view of paradox. That is, considering the conceptual to be the absence of a material object, a conceptual poetry would be the absence of the poem as a "realization" of its "idea." If "the poem" as an object is not to be realized, in what ways may it then be said to "exist"?

One may also ask—since language is the material of poetry, if one is to create a conceptual poetry—does this mean then that the absence of language is involved? That the poetry is not in language, but found elsewhere?

The predominant view of conceptual works in art and poetry is that it is written language which becomes fore grounded, most often as the "realization" and presentation of various directives, with their various forms of pre-conceived constraints, and sets of instructions. Yet does not the written language itself, as an object which "constitutes" the directives and instructions, contradict the "concept" of the "Conceptual?"

{See Appendix B below for some other "Science Fiction" aspects of Conceptual
Poetry in Relation to the Work Place.)

The directives themselves, expressed in written language, become road blocks to the Conceptual which is supposed to be "activated" by their instructions.

To use written language then to create a conceptual poetry is not in a strict sense "conceptual" at all, if it produces yet another object in written language.

It becomes instead a piling up, a massing, of materials (language, words) which have "walled out" as it were, the conceptual. Are the words then simply a gravestone or monument to a now absent concept?

And what of the "poet" who is the "author" of "Conceptual Poetry?"

A builder of roadblocks, a maker of monuments and gravestones--?

If a "poet" is the conceiver of concepts—and the realization of the concept as a poem is no longer a concept—but an object—does this then mean that the poet, in order to be "conceptual," must no longer be a "poet?" Or in order to be a "poet," no longer be "conceptual" in approach? And yet who but a "conceptual poet" can produce "conceptual poetry?"

Perhaps true Conceptual Poetry is the creation of illiterates?

And, beyond that, persons who may even be very limited in their "Conceptual capacities?"

I think often of all the Conceptual Poets and Artists who have existed and worked through thousands of years, persons due to their circumstances --gender being the most common among these--who are not allowed to know how to write, nor instructed in "art," nor permitted to be educated, yet all the same--may have produced Conceptually a good deal of the greatest Poetry and Art of which there does not remain and never was an "object," even as a "fragment."

What of these myriads of centuries of Conceptual Works--are they still existing--? Are they alive in the Conceptual realm? The Ether? Or have they found ways on their own, independent of their creators, of camouflaging themselves among those things in the world which are hidden in plain site/sight/cite?

In working with the found that is hidden in plain site/sight/cite, I find often that a Conceptual poetry and art is there--always already there--which I think I am finding yet may well be finding me,

Some aspects of confronting these dilemmas, these "haunting questions," are found among Conceptual Poets who emphasize an "impersonation" via performance, camouflages, costumes, the uses of heteronyms, pseudonyms and anonymity.

In "The Painter of Modern Life," Baudelaire is the first to define Modernism and does so as a conjunction of the eternal and the ephemeral. To find that element of the eternal in the ephemeral which Baudelaire saw as embodying modernity, he turns to an emphasis on the particular form of the living art/art as living of the Dandy. The Dandy is the non-separation of art and life in the conceiving of one's existence as Performance Art. The Dandy becomes not an expression of Romantic personality and individuality, but a form of becoming an animated Other, an impersonator going about performing the actions of a concept, rather than producing the objects of a conception.

This stylized impersonating, non-producing figure begins to appear "dramatically" in the works of Wilde and Jarry and in many ways in the "life and works" of a Felix Feneon, who "creates at a distance" via anonymous newspaper faits divers (discovered to be his and republished posthumously as Novels in Three Lines), pseudonymous articles in differing registers of language (working class argot, standardized

French) in Anarchist and mainstream journals, unsigned translations, and the barely noted in their own pages of his editing of journals featuring the early efforts of rising stars of French literature. Quitting his camouflaged and concealed writing activities, Feneon works the rest of his life as a seller in an art gallery.

The actual "works" of Feneon, then, are not written objects per se, but anonymous actions, ephemeral pseudonymous "appearances in print," and the works of others which he affects a passage for in his editorship and translations, in his promoting and selling the art works of others. This "accumulation" which one finds "at a distance" in time as his "complete works," is often unobserved and unknown to his contemporaries, who know of him primarily via his "way of acting," his manner of dressing, his speech mannerisms, and as the public triptych of images of him existing as a painted portrait by Seurat, a Dandy-pose photo and a mug shot taken when tried as part of an Anarchist "conspiracy." Feneon's "identity as a writer" does not exist as "an author," but as a series of "performances," "appearances" and "influences," many of them "unrecognized" and "unattributed."

Ironically, it his most "clandestine" activity—his Anarchist activities—which brings him the most in to the public and tabloid spotlight. As one of "The Thirty" accused and tried for "conspiracy" in a much publicized trial, it is Feneon's severe mug shot that for a time presents his "public face."

The severe mug facing the viewer is actually producing a Conceptual Poetry "at a distance." By not penning a single line, by simply "facing the music" to which others pen the lyrics, Feneon, in doing nothing more than facing the camera "capturing" his image, proceeds to enact a series of dramas "projected" on to him, a series of "identities," and "revelations" which use the documentary material to produce a series of mass-published fictions.

The possible prison term facing the "Felix Feneon" in the inmate-numbered "anonymous" mug shot, "presents its face" to the viewer, a face "taken," "imprisoned" and "caught" by the image and its publicity. This publicized

face facing camera and viewer and possible hard time, is "taken to be" the photo of the face of a being from whom the mask of the clandestine and conspiratorial have been torn off, revealing "the cold hard truth" of Felix Feneon.

Facing trial, however, all that is learned of this imprisoned face is that it is "the wrong man, an innocent man." This fixed image, acquitted of its "sensational" charges, is revealed not as a truth, but instead as simply a mask, a mask operating like a screen or blank sheet of paper, onto which are projected the dramas, fictions and "think piece" writings of others. Nothing is revealed other than an "identity" which shifts, travels, changes from one set of captions to another. It is via these captions written by others under his image in the papers and placards, that Feneon continues his "writing at a distance." Simply by facing the camera, facing charges, "facing the music," facing his accusers at trial and facing the verdict and judgment, Feneon is "writing" a myriad captions, breaking news items, commentaries, editorials, all of which change with wild speeds as they race to be as "up-to-minute" as the events themselves are in "unfolding."

The professionals, these writers, these journalists and reporters of "reality," chase desperately, breathlessly, after the unfolding drama in which the mug shot is "framed," and in so doing produce texts of "speculative fiction," a serial Conceptual Poetry with as its "star player" a writer whose own texts are deliberately written to be unrecognized, hidden, camouflaged, unknown. And all the while, this writer writing nothing is producing vast heaps of writing via the work of others, as yet another form of camouflaged clandestine Conceptual Poetry, "hot off the press."

Rimbaud writes of a concept of the poetry of the future in which poetry would precede action—which in a sense he proceeds to "perform" himself. If one reads his letters written after he stopped writing poetry, one finds Rimbaud living out, or through, one after another of what now seem to be "the prophecies" of his own poetry.

That is, the poetry is the "conceptual framework" for what becomes his "silence" as a poet, and is instead his "life of action."

In these examples, one finds forms of a "conceptual poetry" in which the poetry is in large part an abandonment of language, of words, of masses of "personally signed" "poetry objects," "poetry products." One finds instead a vanishing, a disappearance of both language and "poet" and the emergence of that "some one else" Rimbaud recognized prophetically, preceding the action--in writing—in the "Lettre du voyant," "the Seer's letter"—as "I is an other."

An interesting take on a conceptual poetry in writing is found in one of Pascal's Pensees, #542:

"Thoughts come at random, and go at random. No device for holding on to them or for having them.
A thought has escaped: I was trying to write it down: instead I write that it has escaped me."

The writing is a notation of the "escaped" concept's absence, its escape that is a line of flight that is a "flight out of time" as Hugo Ball entitles his Dada diaries. Writing not as a method of remembering, of "capturing thought," but as the notation of the flight of the concept at the approach of its notation.

Writing, then, as an absence— an absence of the concept. A Conceptual Poetry of writing as "absent-mindedness"!—A writing which does nothing more than elucidate that the escaping of thoughts "which come at random, and go at random" has occurred.

This flight of the concept faced with its notation—indicates a line of flight among the examples of Rimbaud—a "flight into the desert" as it were, of silence as a poet—and of Feneon—the flight into anonymous writing of very small newspaper "faits divers" items punningly entitled "Nouvelles en trois lignes" (News/Novels in Three Lines), of pseudonymous writings in differing guises at the same time according to the journals in which they appear, and as translator and

editor as well as "salesperson" in a gallery of "art objects," a conceptual masquerader among the art-objects embodying "concepts" and becoming no longer "concepts' but "consumer items." Feneon's framed mug shot on to whose mug is projected a "serial crime novel," written by others and "starring" the mug in the mug shot, a writer of unknown and unrecognized texts who now vanishes into a feverish series of captions and headlines.

Anonymity, pseudonyms, impersonations, poets who write their own coming silence and "disappearance" as an "I is an other," the deliberately unrecognized and unrecognizable poet whose mug shot becomes the mass published and distributed "crime scene" for police blotters and headlines, speculative fictions and ideological diatribes, the writing which is a notation of the flight of the concept, the writing of non-writers who "never wrote a word," yet whose concepts may be found camouflaged, doubled, mirrored, shadowed, anonymously existing hidden in pain site/sight/cite—these nomadic elements which appear and disappear comprise a Conceptual Poetry in which the concepts and poets both impersonate Others and reappear as "Somebody Else," an Other unrecognized and unrecognizable found hidden in plain site/sight/cite.

"It is not the elements which are new, but the order of their arrangement," is another Pascalian "pensee." One finds arrangements of the elements of Rimbaud and Feneon into the various forms of "conceptual poetry" in the works of Pessoa, Spicer and Yasusada. Pessoa creates many others as poets, heteronyms with their own works and actions, their own concepts of poetry. Spicer "translates" poetry "after Lorca" as well as exchanging letters with the dead poet, lives for a summer with his ghost, who provides a foreword to Spicer's Book.

for more turn to the blog address--

↑ Contents

19. Alison Croggon

Bill Henson Open Letter of Support

Sun 1 Jun 2008

Apologies for cross-posting.

I wanted to alert you to a public furore that has been exercising the Australian media for the past week, after an exhibition by Australian photographer Bill Henson was raided by police, and the gallery, the artist and others threatened with prosecution for child pornography and obscenity. Bill Henson was widely accused of being a paedophile. The police raids and confiscations were followed by others, including on the National Gallery of Australia. How over the top these accusations are is underlined by the "G" or "very mild" censorship ratings given out today after police referred the images to the Classification Board. The police have referred their case to the Director of Public Prosecutions, and a decision on whether to prosecute will be made in the next few weeks.

I've had emails from curators, academics and others outside Australia expressing their concerns about the implications not only for artistic freedoms but free speech, and it occurs to me that some of you might be interested in the issue.

With a number of prominent Australian artists, I released an Open Letter last week at the height of the talkback hysteria which defended Henson's work (and refers to a couple of other recent exhibition closures, one of which was of photographs about Palestine after a visit from anti-terrorism police). The letter was widely reported (and misreported). After many requests, the Open Letter is on the internet for others to put their name to if they desire, at http://billhensonletterofsupport.blogspot.com/

Some background here: http://theatrenotes.blogspot.com/2008/05/wash-up.html http://www.theage.com.au/national/shedding-light-on-hensons-dark-art-20080530-2k09.html http://www.theage.com.au/national/models-mother-defends-henson-20080529-2jjk.html http://www.smh.com.au/news/national/websites-reported-for-using-henson-images/2008/05/29/1211654221524.html http://www.abc.net.au/news/stories/2008/05/30/2259920.htm?section=australia http://www.news.com.au/story/0,23599,23783690-2,00.html

All the best

Alison

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Editor, Masthead: http://www.masthead.net.au
Blog: http://theatrenotes.blogspot.com
Home page: http://www.alisoncroggon.com

↑ Contents

20. Barry Schwabsky

Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"

Mon 2 Jun 2008

I can't think of anyone it would be more of an honor to be compared to than the woman who constituted the first generation of (I assume you mean second-wave) feminism.

----- Original Message ----
From: Marcus Bales <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Sunday, 1 June, 2008 6:39:31 PM
Subject: Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"

Like all jokes, it has a kernel of truth. Jokes are, of course, not THE truth, but exaggerations, diminishments, and other distancings from the truth. It's not true that ALL of that generation "write alike", but enough do so that one can joke about it. Of course, it's true of every "poetry generation" -- because if people didn't "write alike" there could be no categories called "poetry generations".

My father used to say that difference between having a sense of what's funny and having a sense of humor is whether you can laugh when it happens to you instead of to some other guy.

You don't want to be the first poetry generation whose distinguishing characteristic is that it's more like the first feminist generation than any other poetry generation: lacking a sense of humor, do you?

In short, lighten up; learn not only to laugh at yourselves but to make fun of yourselves.

Marcus

On 31 May 2008 at 4:02, CA Conrad wrote:

> *The recent Jerome Rothenberg event in Philadelphia is where he told his*
> *"joke" about younger poets, and you can listen or watch (MP3 or video) at*
> *this link:*
>
> *http://writing.upenn.edu/~whfellow/rothenberg.html*
>
> *You will want to use the link to the second day for the Rothenberg conversation and Q&A with Al Filries. Perelman appears about three quarters*

*through, or more. BUT PLEASE LISTEN TO THE ENTIRE CONVERSATION AND Q&A, it's
TERRIFIC! (In particular I liked Lee Ann Brown's question for Rothenberg,
you'll want to hear this entire event!)*

*But when Bob Perelman tells his "joke" Rothenberg is talking about the fact
that having been involved with poetry for a very long time that it's hard
for him to keep in touch with everything that's going on now. He then says
to Perelman sitting close by that after his own generation, and Bob's
generation, that the newer poets... And then Bob finishes Rothenberg's
sentence for him with, "--you mean that they all write alike!"*

*I was sitting in that room with the rest of the audience. There was a gasp,
and I know that it wasn't my gasp alone!*

*Rothenberg then shakes his head and laughs nervously and says NO NO NO NO,
they don't all write alike, that's not what I'm saying!*

*And then Al Filreis says, "You heard it here first, Bob Perelman says you
all write alike, that's P-E-R-E-L-M-A-N."*

*Bob takes the microphone at that point, and the first thing he says is that
he was just JOKING when he said younger poets all write alike. Then it's
forgotten.*

But not forgotten.

*I remember very clearly the tone he used, which is why it was an arrow
strike. But maybe that WAS part of the "joke." ? I listened to it again
online just the other night, and it was pretty much fashioned like a quick,
pointed statement.*

Could it be that the reaction he was feeling from the rest of the audience,

and Rothenberg's reaction, and Filreis's reaction, made him turn it into a joke?

Am I accusing Bob Perelman of lying? Well, maybe a white lie. A save-face lie.

BUT MAYBE HE'S NOT LYING. OK, maybe it WAS a joke.

Let's suppose it WAS a joke. HOW is such a joke funny, and who was it funny for I ask? Why would it be funny? Is it funny because it's something he has heard before and he DOES NOT AGREE with it but is MOCKINGLY saying younger poets all write alike IN DEFENSE of younger poets?

Is Bob Perelman the GREAT champion of younger poets? Is he coming to the rescue by making a joke of the joke of others who are ACTUALLY NOT joking?

And who are these others, if there are others?

Hmmm. Who is saying such things in Perelman's presence that would upset him so much he feels compelled to joke TO DEFEND YOUNGER POETS!? Is Bob Perelman thinking, "Well, they're simply NOT reading younger poets if they think THAT!"

Because clearly, in my mind, SOMEONE is NOT reading younger poets if they think that, because I read a lot of poets my age and younger, and there's NO WAY I would ever say we're all writing alike! But WHO is thinking this, and saying this out loud in front of Bob Perelman? We need to THANK Bob of course for making that "joke" on our behalf. AND SO PUBLICLY I want add, into a microphone while the video camera and sound equipment was mowing down his sound particles to SEND HIS BRAVE message to those who would DARE attack the younger poets!

What is ACTUALLY funny about the joke for me is how over the years I've defended Bob and his friends when people have said that the LANGUAGE Poets all write alike. This is something I've heard consistently. I heard it when I was a teenager before I knew who they were and what they were thinking and writing. Lucky for me I've always been someone who wants to check out what everyone is being such a Hater about.

Eventually I had read enough and was prepared enough to confront this statement, "What are you talking about!? Who have you read!? What have you read!?" Not once did one of these parrots have an answer which led me to believe that they had ACTUALLY read a single LANGUAGE Poet! They were merely repeating some bullshit statement their bullshit poetry workshop leaders (who ALSO I'M SURE did not read ANYTHING by a single LANGUAGE Poet!) had said.

BECAUSE, REALLY, if you think they all write alike have you actually READ THEM? If you sat down with poems by Armantrout, Silliman, Pearson, and Hejinian, and there were no names on the poems, you would know who wrote what, or at least would notice these to be four very distinct voices. Poetry is a tea party to some, it seems! A fancy luxury instead of indispensable investigation! I say it seems to be this to those who would make such ridiculous statements about LANGUAGE Poets for being LAZY readers and half-assed, half-interested poets! And now I also say it to those ill-read gossips behind Bob Perelman's "joke."

In the end younger poets must learn to persevere, like the LANGUAGE Poets have, because I FOR ONE feel poets of my generation and younger are

> *writing*
> *some pretty damned HOT poems! I wouldn't trade this time with any other!*
>
> *FUCK THE HALF-INTERESTED LOUTS!*
>
> *CAConrad*
> *http://PhillySound.blogspot.com*
>
> --
> *No virus found in this incoming message.*
> *Checked by AVG.*
> *Version: 7.5.524 / Virus Database: 269.24.4/1476 - Release Date: 5/31/2008 12:25 PM*

↑ Contents

21. Jim Andrews

dbSlideshow

Mon 2 Jun 2008

http://vispo.com/dbcinema/notredame/slideshow.htm
http://vispo.com/dbcinema/saint/slideshow.htm
http://vispo.com/dbcinema/faces/slideshow.htm
http://vispo.com/dbcinema/leftwich/slideshow.htm
http://vispo.com/dbcinema/loven/slideshow.htm
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http://vispo.com/dbcinema/kandinsky4/slideshow.htm
http://vispo.com/dbcinema/kandinsky5/slideshow.htm
http://vispo.com/dbcinema/color1/slideshow.htm
http://vispo.com/dbcinema/color2/slideshow.htm
http://vispo.com/dbcinema/sunset/slideshow.htm

i'd only have one of these open at a time (for the sake of your computer's speed). give your browser all the screenspace you know how to give it for these. most of the images are 1280x1024.

the first pass through an image sequence is as fast as your internet connection bandwidth will allow. subsequent passes through the fully-loaded image sequence are quicker. it's like viewing an animated gif while it loads one frame at a time and then once it's fully loaded it speeds up. each frame needs to be

interesting in its own right and the difference between consecutive frames is greater than in 'normal cinema'.

you can adjust

1. the delay between images. each of the above has its own custom preset delay that i felt showed the sequence best. though it's probably different on different machines.

2. you can pause it/unpause (the "On/Off" button)

3. the checkbox (by default it's checked) determines whether the sequence will loop or exit at end to the thumbnails page for that sequence.

the ^ button takes you up a level in the project's tree structure.

the < and > buttons let you browse through the project at the current project level.

i'm working on a new feature in dbCinema where one may do screen recording into a sequence of bitmaps. The bitmaps could then be played by slideshow.htm or imported into premiere/final cut and so on.

ja

↑ Contents

22. Alan Sondheim

siddhi pose-performance by Nikuko

Mon 2 Jun 2008

---

siddhi pose-performance by Nikuko

This is preparation for object attachment. Fashion: Silhouette for posing in combination with minimal blue pattern for orientation.

Object attachment buries avatar bodies. Spatially, the body is lossy; dynamically, behavior remains to conjure the semblance of purposeful action. Here, Nikuko orients herself, poses periodically.

The pose is drawn out of the dynamics; the spectator, in the pose, pro- ceeds as if the narrative moment continued literally for all intents and purposes. The pose is the ridge or hinge of movement, the pause designat- ing the other, the viewer, designated by the viewer - part of a system of distribution. The pause ensures the viewer that the body is not the locus or victim of seizure. Every pause is a pose, every pose a pause, both intertwined with intentionality.

The pose is given as a gift, is for the other, is oriented; the orienta- tion of the pose defines the stance of the other in inverse relationship to occidental landscape perspective in which the vanishing-point might be considered the

locus of the viewer as well. But the pose draws in, puck- ers, the vanishing-point, which becomes a plane and punctum of intimacy.

Nikuko poses, there is no one in sight, but there is the camera, here literally one of obscura, that obscure little object A of desire for and by Nikuko, above all for Nikuko.

One of us moved the other, one of us aroused the other to action, to the recording-booth, to the wide-screen, to the embrace of the other who is identical, not equivalent, to the self-selving occurring, not to mention the dynamics of the same.

Ah, I reply, I can finally see her face.

http://www.alansondheim.org/pose.mov

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23. Maria Damon

Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"

Mon 2 Jun 2008

lots of those ladies, both first wave and second wave, had great senses of humor. they had to, to survive.

Barry Schwabsky wrote:
> I can't think of anyone it would be more of an honor to be compared to than the woman who constituted the first generation of (I assume you mean second-wave) feminism.
>
>
>
> ----- Original Message ----
> From: Marcus Bales <[redacted]>
> To: [redacted]
> Sent: Sunday, 1 June, 2008 6:39:31 PM
> Subject: Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"
>
> Like all jokes, it has a kernel of truth. Jokes are, of course, not THE truth, but
> exaggerations, diminishments, and other distancings from the truth. It's not true that
> ALL of that generation "write alike", but enough do so that one can joke about it. Of
> course, it's true of every "poetry generation" -- because if people didn't "write alike"
> there could be no categories called "poetry generations".

>
> My father used to say that difference between having a sense of what's funny and
> having a sense of humor is whether you can laugh when it happens to you instead of
> to some other guy.
>
> You don't want to be the first poetry generation whose distinguishing characteristic is
> that it's more like the first feminist generation than any other poetry generation: lacking
> a sense of humor, do you?
>
> In short, lighten up; learn not only to laugh at yourselves but to make fun of yourselves.
>
> Marcus
>
>
>
> On 31 May 2008 at 4:02, CA Conrad wrote:
>
>
>> The recent Jerome Rothenberg event in Philadelphia is where he told
>> his
>> "joke" about younger poets, and you can listen or watch (MP3 or
>> video) at
>> this link:
>>
>> http://writing.upenn.edu/~whfellow/rothenberg.html
>>
>> You will want to use the link to the second day for the Rothenberg
>> conversation and Q&A with Al Filries. Perelman appears about three
>> quarters
>> through, or more. BUT PLEASE LISTEN TO THE ENTIRE CONVERSATION AND
>> Q&A, it's
>> TERRIFIC! (In particular I liked Lee Ann Brown's question for
>> Rothenberg,
>> you'll want to hear this entire event!)
>>
>> But when Bob Perelman tells his "joke" Rothenberg is talking about

>> the fact
>> that having been involved with poetry for a very long time that it's
>> hard
>> for him to keep in touch with everything that's going on now. He
>> then says
>> to Perelman sitting close by that after his own generation, and
>> Bob's
>> generation, that the newer poets... And then Bob finishes
>> Rothenberg's
>> sentence for him with, "--you mean that they all write alike!"
>>
>> I was sitting in that room with the rest of the audience. There was
>> a gasp,
>> and I know that it wasn't my gasp alone!
>>
>> Rothenberg then shakes his head and laughs nervously and says NO NO
>> NO NO,
>> they don't all write alike, that's not what I'm saying!
>>
>> And then Al Filreis says, "You heard it here first, Bob Perelman
>> says you
>> all write alike, that's P-E-R-E-L-M-A-N."
>>
>> Bob takes the microphone at that point, and the first thing he says
>> is that
>> he was just JOKING when he said younger poets all write alike. Then
>> it's
>> forgotten.
>>
>> But not forgotten.
>>
>> I remember very clearly the tone he used, which is why it was an
>> arrow
>> strike. But maybe that WAS part of the "joke." ? I listened to it
>> again
>> online just the other night, and it was pretty much fashioned like a
>> quick,
>> pointed statement.
>>
>> Could it be that the reaction he was feeling from the rest of the
>> audience,
>> and Rothenberg's reaction, and Filreis's reaction, made him turn it

>> into a
>> joke?
>>
>> Am I accusing Bob Perelman of lying? Well, maybe a white lie. A
>> save-face
>> lie.
>>
>> BUT MAYBE HE'S NOT LYING. OK, maybe it WAS a joke.
>>
>> Let's suppose it WAS a joke. HOW is such a joke funny, and who was
>> it funny
>> for I ask? Why would it be funny? Is it funny because it's something
>> he has
>> heard before and he DOES NOT AGREE with it but is MOCKINGLY saying
>> younger
>> poets all write alike IN DEFENSE of younger poets?
>>
>> Is Bob Perelman the GREAT champion of younger poets? Is he coming to
>> the
>> rescue by making a joke of the joke of others who are ACTUALLY NOT
>> joking?
>>
>> And who are these others, if there are others?
>>
>> Hmmm. Who is saying such things in Perelman's presence that would
>> upset him
>> so much he feels compelled to joke TO DEFEND YOUNGER POETS!? Is Bob
>> Perelman
>> thinking, "Well, they're simply NOT reading younger poets if they
>> think
>> THAT!"
>>
>> Because clearly, in my mind, SOMEONE is NOT reading younger poets if
>> they
>> think that, because I read a lot of poets my age and younger, and
>> there's NO
>> WAY I would ever say we're all writing alike! But WHO is thinking
>> this, and
>> saying this out loud in front of Bob Perelman? We need to THANK Bob
>> of
>> course for making that "joke" on our behalf. AND SO PUBLICLY I want
>> add,

>> into a microphone while the video camera and sound equipment was
>> mowing down
>> his sound particles to SEND HIS BRAVE message to those who would
>> DARE attack
>> the younger poets!
>>
>> What is ACTUALLY funny about the joke for me is how over the years
>> I've
>> defended Bob and his friends when people have said that the LANGUAGE
>> Poets
>> all write alike. This is something I've heard consistently. I heard
>> it when
>> I was a teenager before I knew who they were and what they were
>> thinking and
>> writing. Lucky for me I've always been someone who wants to check
>> out what
>> everyone is being such a Hater about.
>>
>> Eventually I had read enough and was prepared enough to confront
>> this
>> statement, "What are you talking about!? Who have you read!? What
>> have you
>> read!?" Not once did one of these parrots have an answer which led
>> me to
>> believe that they had ACTUALLY read a single LANGUAGE Poet! They
>> were merely
>> repeating some bullshit statement their bullshit poetry workshop
>> leaders
>> (who ALSO I'M SURE did not read ANYTHING by a single LANGUAGE
Poet!)
>> had
>> said.
>>
>> BECAUSE, REALLY, if you think they all write alike have you actually
>> READ
>> THEM? If you sat down with poems by Armantrout, Silliman, Pearson,
>> and
>> Hejinian, and there were no names on the poems, you would know who
>> wrote
>> what, or at least would notice these to be four very distinct
>> voices. Poetry
>> is a tea party to some, it seems! A fancy luxury instead of

>> indispensable
>> investigation! I say it seems to be this to those who would make
>> such
>> ridiculous statements about LANGUAGE Poets for being LAZY readers
>> and
>> half-assed, half-interested poets! And now I also say it to those
>> ill-read
>> gossips behind Bob Perelman's "joke."
>>
>> In the end younger poets must learn to persevere, like the LANGUAGE
>> Poets
>> have, because I FOR ONE feel poets of my generation and younger are
>> writing
>> some pretty damned HOT poems! I wouldn't trade this time with any
>> other!
>>
>> FUCK THE HALF-INTERESTED LOUTS!
>>
>> CAConrad
>> http://PhillySound.blogspot.com
>>
>>
>> --
>> No virus found in this incoming message.
>> Checked by AVG.
>> Version: 7.5.524 / Virus Database: 269.24.4/1476 - Release Date:
>> 5/31/2008 12:25 PM
>>
>>

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24. Maria Damon

Re: she can MOVE FRUIT FROM ONE KIND OF TREE TO ANOTHER

Mon 2 Jun 2008

---

beautiful, Alan. Shades of "Sad-eyed lady of the lowlands..."

Alan Sondheim wrote:
> she can MOVE FRUIT FROM ONE KIND OF TREE TO ANOTHER
> she can MAKE OTHERS FALL ASLEEP OR WAKE AT WILL
> she can MAKE FIRE BLAZE FROM WEAPONS
> she can FLY THROUGH AIR
> she can SEE THROUGH WALLS

> she can TRANSFORM A CAVE INTO A PALACE AND SEAL THE EXITS
> she can REMOVE THE TUSKS AND TRUNK FROM AN ELEPHANT AND RESTORE THEM
> she can MAKE A KING SPEECHLESS AND RESTORE HIS SPEECH
> she can GENERATE DEMONS AND COMPLETE DEMONS
> she can END DROUGHT AND HEAL ILLNESS
> she can SUBDUE LIONS AND TIGERS AND BRING THEM TO FAITH
> she can REMOVE ARMS AND LEGS FROM SOLDIERS AND RESTORE THEM
> she knows ALL LANGUAGES AND ALL DOCTRINES
> she can EAT ENDLESSLY AND DRY UP WELL SPRINGS AND RESTORE THEM
> she can CUT OFF HER HEAD AND FLY THROUGH THE AIR AND RESTORE IT
> she can MOVE A BUFFALO AND HER CALF BACK TO THEIR HOME
> she is SAFE FROM ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND BLOWS WITH CUDGEL AND ARROW
> she can TURN AROUND ARROWS IN FULL FLIGHT
> she can TURN INTO AN OLD WOMAN AND BACK AGAIN
> she can SEE THINGS ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD
> she knows ALL FUTURE AND ALL PAST EVENTS
> she meditates FOR DAYS ON END WITHOUT SLEEP OR DRINK OR FOOD
> she can HOLD SEVEN HUNDRED UMBRELLAS ABOVE HER WITHOUT TOUCHING THEM
> she can RAISE THE DEAD AND RESTORE THEM TO DEATH
> she can BE IN SEVERAL PLACES AT ONCE
> she can TRAVEL INSTANTANEOUSLY FROM ONE PLACE TO ANOTHER
> she can MAKE SMALL THINGS ENORMOUS AND ENORMOUS THINGS SMALL
> she can MAKE DEVOTIONAL IMAGES CRUMBLE AND RESTORE THEM
> she can CARRY A TEMPLE ON HER BACK
> she can CLIMB ENDLESS STAIRS AND OTHERS CANNOT FOLLOW HER
> she fits THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE INTO A TINY CORNER OF A CAVE OR HOUSE
> she disappears AND APPEARS AT WILL
> she conquers DEATH
> she eats CORPSES URINE EXCREMENT SEMEN MENSTRUAL BLOOD
> her slightest MOVEMENT TRANSFORMS WORLDS
> her dance CREATES AND ANNIHILATES WORLD
> she loosens BOUND ANIMALS AND RELEASES THEM
> she can WALK ON WATER AND WALK THROUGH FLAMES
> she can CAUSE THE EARTH TO QUAKE AND FLOWERS TO FALL LIKE RAIN
> she can DISCOVER HIDDEN TREASURES

> she can WALK THROUGH WALLS AND CLIFFS
> she can SEAL CAVES AND CREATE GREAT HALLS WITHIN THEM
> she can MAKE HERSELF INVISIBLE AND MAKE HERSELF VISIBLE AGAIN
> she can CREATE OVERWHELMING TEMPESTS
> she can SUBDUE SNAKES AND OTHER WILD ANIMALS
> she can SING PERFECT SONGS OF HER OWN DEVISING
> she can ALLEVIATE THE SUFFERINGS OF THE ELDERLY
> she can ALLEVIATE THE SUFFERINGS OF THE POOR
> she can SCORCH CLOTHES AND RESTORE THEM
> she can READ MINDS CLOSE BY AND AT A DISTANCE
> she can EAT ANY SORT OF IMPURITIES
> she can LAUGH AN EIGHT FOLD LAUGHTER
> she can DRAW STELES AND JEWELS FROM THE GROUND
> she can ERECT VAST PALACES AT AN INSTANT
> she extracts POISON FROM WATER AND WALKS THROUGH BLAZING FLAMES
> she can CHOOSE THE DATE AND TIME OF HER DEATH
> she can MAKE DRUMS AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS TO SOUND BY THEMSELVES
> her steps MEASURE GREAT OR TINY DISTANCES AT HER WILL
> her gaze CAN SHATTER AND RESTORE ANYTHING
> she can TRANSFORM HERSELF INTO A SKELETON AND A RAINBOW BODY
> her gaze CAN OPEN CAVES IN SOLID ROCK AND SEAL THEM AGAIN
> she remembers HER PAST AND FUTURE BIRTHS
> she can TARRY WITH CONSORTS WITH OR WITHOUT ELABORATION
> she can SELF ILLUMINATE
> she can WALK AIMLESSLY DAY AND NIGHT
> she can SPREAD THE SCENT OF PERFUMES IN EVERY DIRECTION
> she can SIT LIE OR WALK IN MID AIR
> she can WEAR APRONS OF BONES
> she is FLEET FOOTED
> she changes THE COLOR OF HER BODY AT WILL

↑ Contents

25. **Maria Damon**

Re: What is a failde poet?

Mon 2 Jun 2008

---

this is fascinating. i wd describe myself that way but i'm trying to re-understand failure, esp the concept of the "failed career" by contemplating, among other things, the career trajectory of iggy pop. for a while i used the term "poète manqué," because it had a sonic resonance with "poet-monkey,"

adding a light touch. i think "failed poet" is a term used for people who may have had aspirations to be a poet in the most conventional sense but ended up channeling their poetic energies in less obviously generic ways; novels, scholarship, everyday life, child-rearing, etc.

Doug Holder wrote:
> What is a failed poet?
>
> can be found on Boston Area Small Press and Poetry Scene
> http://dougholder.blogspot.com
>
>
>
> I posed this question to poets of my acquaintance: "What is a failed poet?" I
> hear the term used all the time, but what does it mean? How do you define a
> failed poet? Is there such a thing? Below are some very thought provoking
> answers to this question I posed:
>
>
>
> A failed poet can be a mainstream adherent who buckled to society's
pressure
> against artistic commitment and stopped producing work in order to "act like
a
> grownup" or "get a real job." Worse than this type of poet, however, is the
> practicing, productive poet who never reaches his or her full potential out of
> fear of offending readers or popular poetic figures and theorists.
>
> An artist who holds back, obeying current rules or trends whether or not they
> challenge or showcase individualized craft, generally frustrates readers as
well
> as himself by writing safe for decades. An artist who lacks personal integrity
is
> the worst poetic failure of all.
>
> --Mignon King (co-editor of Bagel Bards 3 Anthology)
>
>
>
> Just off the top of my head, a failed poet is one who doesn't write.
>
> --Tam Lin Neville (editor “Off the Grid Press”)

>
>
> Even Faulkner, you know, described himself as a failed poet. Raymond
> Chandler, failed poet, found his talent late in life...writing crime novels. I was
> not familiar with the term. Sounds like a good subject for a funny poem.
>
> --Ed Meek (author of “Walk Out”)
>
>
>
> Thanks for the prompt. A quick search turned up Wordsworth, Faulkner,
> Raymond Chandler, J Alfred Prufrock (Eliot by extension?), and Alexander
> Wilson, father of American ornithology all as "failed poets."
> There is something a little precious about the idea of calling oneself a failed
> poet (Oh, I couldn't possibly...), and most of the above (admittedly
> abbreviated) list used failure as a catalyst for something else. What is a
> successful poet?
>
> --Valerie Lawson (coeditor of “Third Coast” magazine)
>
>
> To answer your question, first let us ask what is a failed human being. If the
> question promotes strict answers then we will have strict answers to the
> question “What is a failed poet”.
>
> But then let us particularize the query to other categories as well and ask the
> question:
>
>
> What is a failed flower?
> What is a failed kitten?
> What is a failed cow?
> What is a failed elephant ?
> What is a failed worm?
>
> And then ask:
> What is a failed baby?
>
> And then ask again:
> What is a failed planet?
> Or what is a failed solar system?
> Or what is a failed galaxy?

>
> I have a preferred answer. It is that if anyone of those things had cause to
> exist and have fulfilled their existence in any way, according to any place on a
> range of some Platonic ideal that listed things from low to high, good to bad,
> quick to slow, sweet to sour, heavy to light and so forth, then they would
> have to be called successful. That is: they would be successful if they
> performed their state of existence along any particular position in the entire
> range of their performance.
>
> I often quietly reflect on of Grey’s Elegy In A Country Churchyard. We are all
> are unknown and our Fulfillment is unknown. We all deserve quiet
> contemplation and fond consideration. It seems harsh to speak of a “failed
> poet”. Might it be more a reflection on us who ask the question then on the
> thing the question is being asked of?
>
> Sidewalk Sam (founder of “ArtsFirst”—Boston, Mass.)
>
>
>
> A failed poet is a person who loves language, but they cannot express in
> words the bridge to the other world where poetry is supposed to take you. I
> am a failed poet because I cannot attain the lean, carved from the air grace
> of the poet's I most admire. I've written only a handful of poems at that level.
> So, I write what I call spoken songs, and I write fiction.
> A lot of fiction writers are failed poets. They started out as poets but couldn't
> take the heat.
> A failed poet could also be a shadow artist who wanted to write but became a
> talker and an alcoholic instead.
>
> C.D. Collins (author of “Blue Land” -- Polyho Press)
>
>
> I have to hand it to CD, because whether or not she agrees with it, the
> woman is a poet because she authentically uses original language and
> phrasing. Her narratives use repetition and musical phrasing like all great
> modern lyric poets. As for the mint juleps…we’ll that’s another story.
Someone
> I once loved said that writing poetry is largely a thankless task, and in that
> sense, for those of us still “in the “Tower of Song” no matter what degree,
> well, we fail and succeed. It’s the love of language and the compulsion to
> capture something beautiful, weird or hidden about the world that makes
> anyone a good poet.

>
> Lo Galluccio (author of “Hot Rain”)
>
>
>
>
> If your poems falls in the forest and nobody hears it you have failed
> as a poet. Poets write to be read, to be heard---if poets don't put
> themselves in the position to be heard, either by not working hard
> enough to be good or are not being good enouth to be published and read-
> --then they have failed. They have failed if they fail to make people
> care about what they write. It is a no brainer that they care about
> their own writing---not a measurement of success.
>
> Tim Gager (founder Dire Literary Series—Cambridge, Mass./ author of "this
is
> where you go when you are gone")
>
>
>
>
> I tell my workshop students that there is no such thing as a bad poem, as
> long as the poet is happy with it. It's all about what purpose the poem serves
> for the poet. I've learned from students that there are multifold reasons to
> write poetry: Some are closet poets who write strictly for themselves; some
> like to journal with poetry; others want to write social/political commentaries
> in verse; one student wanted only to write poems for his girlfriend; another
> wanted to write poetry in order to become a better, more concise newspaper
> reporter. The list could go on. So who outside of poets themselves, is
qualified
> to determine how well a poem executes the purpose for which it was written.
>
> If one wishes to write for publication, there are of course standards, but
> these vary drastically, depending on editors' likes and dislikes. Poets
> sometimes feel "failed" if they keep getting rejections from editors with a
> different definition of merit than they have. That doesn't mean there aren't
> editors elsewhere who would like and publish the same poems.
>
> And getting published doesn't always mean the poet is satisfied that her/his
> work is good either. William Faulkner said, "I'm a failed poet. Maybe every
> novelist wants to write poetry first, finds he can't and then tries the short
> story, which is the next most demanding form after poetry. And failing at

that,
> only then does he take up novel writing." Yet both Faulkner's first nationally
> published works, the poem “L’Apres-Midi d’un faune," and his first published
> book, The Marble Faun, were poetry. Was his poetry good? At least his
> publishers thought so. But it was Faulkner's own expectations that compelled
> him to consider himself a failed poet.
>
> It's easy for those of us involved in the publishing part of poetry to develop
> stringent definitions of excellence. And where has this gotten poetry, when
> most Americans think they don't like poetry because they can't relate to it?
>
> Ellaraine Lockie (author of “Finishing Lines”)
>
>
> When I announced to my mom that I wanted to be a writer she wearily told
> me that I came by it naturally and that I came from a long line of failed and
> petty literati. I’ve often thought about what that means and Liz (my
> daughter) and I had a long debate about it. Our conclusion is that a failed
> writer is someone who has put their heart and soul into their writing with no
> lasting results. We all know poets who thrive on being “poets” without much
> output. I’m sure they anguish over their work but the results are, to put it
> politely, trivial. Our conclusion that it was better to be a petty literati than a
> failed one. I’m still not sure I agree, but a part of me would much prefer to go
> down swinging for the fence in the majors than being a position player in a
> very minor league.
>
> Steve Glines (founder of the “Wilderness House Literary Review”)
>
> There is no such thing as a failed poet. What gives someone the right to call a
> poet a failure? A poet can only fail if he stops writing. Just write. I hate all
> this labeling. To summarize: “There is no such thing!
>
> Gloria Mindock (founder of Cervena Barva Press)
>
>
> maybe a failed poet is one who doesn't attempt to capture what s/he feels
> and thinks through language . . . perhaps s/he is one who loses touch with
> the impulse to write . . . maybe a failed poet is one who never finds another
> with the capacity to sense the works / words as "instruments of evocation"
> (using Christopher Wilmarth's words for his sculptures) . . . maybe a failed
> poet is a poet, acknowledging that there may inevitably be distance between
> impulse / intention and word-form . . . in Japan there is / was a tradition of a

> sort of savoring of failure, related to the experience of pathos, passing, and
> poignancy . . .
>
>
> Eytan Fichman (professor Boston Architectural Center--Boston, Mass.)
>
>
> Maybe a more sensible question is what is the definition of a poet? What is
> poetry? And who has the qualifications to make these definitions or
> determinations? What makes a succesful poet? Sales? Media attention? The
> number of publications you are published in? Pimping yourself? I dare say
there
> are not that many poets around who have read the work of Gene Ruggles,
> considered by many to be an important poet, but who had only one book
> published (Lifeguard In the Snow, University of Pittsburg Press). Does that
> make him a failed poet? I think not!!! And the idea that everyone is a poet is
> absurd, just as absurd that if you write a poem and you are happy with it,
> that this somehow makes you a poet.
>
> I think the suffering of those people in Burma and China are far more
important
> than an exercise on what is a failed poet.
>
> a.d. winans (founder of Second Coming Press-)
>
>
> I think the worst version of a failed poet is one who has never tapped into his
> or her deepest private self and it inside-out for the public. Like digging deep
> past the skin, the tissue and the muscle for the humming tuning fork in the
> marrow and letting it resonate on the page for the whole world to see....if this
> is not accomplished then the poet has failed and his poems are soulless and
> the equivalent to crossword puzzles.
>
> --rob plath (author of poetry collection "Ashtrays and Bulls")
>
>
>
> I've been giving more thought to failure. It seems to me that failure is an
> inability to achieve what one has set to accomplish. And the concept that if
> one is satisfied with one's own work and chooses not to publish, they too
> might be a success. I have a friend or two who's shrink told them to write
> poetry and/or memoir as a method of dealing with their issues. If it helped

and
> they never sent them out, are they success or failures? Then there is the
> poet who sends poetry to magazine "a" and is rejected, but magazine "b"
> accepts. What does that mean for the poet? Your question is an interesting
> rhetorical exercise with no right and no wrong, no answer to success or
failure.
>
> Zvi Sesling (founder of the "Muddy River Review)
>

↑ Contents

26. Maria Damon

Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"

Mon 2 Jun 2008

---

isn't it possible that he was making a joke out of what everyone used to say abt the Language poets? sorta like "tastes like chicken..." riffing on a knee-jerk response about anything new that makes it sound like you're in an authoritative position to pass judgment.

Jason Quackenbush wrote:
> as a younger poet, i really don't care what bob perelman thinks about
> my generation and i'm sure he's never read me anyway. it's fine.
> here's a joke I made up to throw back at him:
> Q: How can you tell the difference between good language poetry and
> bad language poetry?
> A: Bad language poetry says "by Bob Perelman" under the title
> *audience groans*
>
> Anyway, i'm self publishing my first book in the fall, and everyone
> should buy it. particularly folks of Perelman's generation who can
> thentell me who else of my generation thati writelike.
>
> in the meantime i'm not going to worry about this all that much.
>
>
> On May 31, 2008, at 1:02 AM, CA Conrad wrote:
>
>> The recent Jerome Rothenberg event in Philadelphia is where he told his
>> "joke" about younger poets, and you can listen or watch (MP3 or
>> video) at
>> this link:
>>

>> http://writing.upenn.edu/~whfellow/rothenberg.html
>>
>> You will want to use the link to the second day for the Rothenberg
>> conversation and Q&A with Al Filries. Perelman appears about three
>> quarters
>> through, or more. BUT PLEASE LISTEN TO THE ENTIRE CONVERSATION
AND
>> Q&A, it's
>> TERRIFIC! (In particular I liked Lee Ann Brown's question for
>> Rothenberg,
>> you'll want to hear this entire event!)
>>
>> But when Bob Perelman tells his "joke" Rothenberg is talking about
>> the fact
>> that having been involved with poetry for a very long time that it's
>> hard
>> for him to keep in touch with everything that's going on now. He then
>> says
>> to Perelman sitting close by that after his own generation, and Bob's
>> generation, that the newer poets... And then Bob finishes Rothenberg's
>> sentence for him with, "--you mean that they all write alike!"
>>
>> I was sitting in that room with the rest of the audience. There was a
>> gasp,
>> and I know that it wasn't my gasp alone!
>>
>> Rothenberg then shakes his head and laughs nervously and says NO NO
>> NO NO,
>> they don't all write alike, that's not what I'm saying!
>>
>> And then Al Filreis says, "You heard it here first, Bob Perelman says
>> you
>> all write alike, that's P-E-R-E-L-M-A-N."
>>
>> Bob takes the microphone at that point, and the first thing he says
>> is that
>> he was just JOKING when he said younger poets all write alike. Then it's
>> forgotten.
>>
>> But not forgotten.
>>
>> I remember very clearly the tone he used, which is why it was an arrow

>> strike. But maybe that WAS part of the "joke." ? I listened to it again
>> online just the other night, and it was pretty much fashioned like a
>> quick,
>> pointed statement.
>>
>> Could it be that the reaction he was feeling from the rest of the
>> audience,
>> and Rothenberg's reaction, and Filreis's reaction, made him turn it
>> into a
>> joke?
>>
>> Am I accusing Bob Perelman of lying? Well, maybe a white lie. A
>> save-face
>> lie.
>>
>> BUT MAYBE HE'S NOT LYING. OK, maybe it WAS a joke.
>>
>> Let's suppose it WAS a joke. HOW is such a joke funny, and who was it
>> funny
>> for I ask? Why would it be funny? Is it funny because it's something
>> he has
>> heard before and he DOES NOT AGREE with it but is MOCKINGLY saying
>> younger
>> poets all write alike IN DEFENSE of younger poets?
>>
>> Is Bob Perelman the GREAT champion of younger poets? Is he coming to
the
>> rescue by making a joke of the joke of others who are ACTUALLY NOT
>> joking?
>>
>> And who are these others, if there are others?
>>
>> Hmmm. Who is saying such things in Perelman's presence that would
>> upset him
>> so much he feels compelled to joke TO DEFEND YOUNGER POETS!? Is Bob
>> Perelman
>> thinking, "Well, they're simply NOT reading younger poets if they think
>> THAT!"
>>
>> Because clearly, in my mind, SOMEONE is NOT reading younger poets if
>> they
>> think that, because I read a lot of poets my age and younger, and

>> there's NO
>> WAY I would ever say we're all writing alike! But WHO is thinking
>> this, and
>> saying this out loud in front of Bob Perelman? We need to THANK Bob of
>> course for making that "joke" on our behalf. AND SO PUBLICLY I want add,
>> into a microphone while the video camera and sound equipment was
>> mowing down
>> his sound particles to SEND HIS BRAVE message to those who would DARE
>> attack
>> the younger poets!
>>
>> What is ACTUALLY funny about the joke for me is how over the years I've
>> defended Bob and his friends when people have said that the LANGUAGE
>> Poets
>> all write alike. This is something I've heard consistently. I heard
>> it when
>> I was a teenager before I knew who they were and what they were
>> thinking and
>> writing. Lucky for me I've always been someone who wants to check out
>> what
>> everyone is being such a Hater about.
>>
>> Eventually I had read enough and was prepared enough to confront this
>> statement, "What are you talking about!? Who have you read!? What
>> have you
>> read!?" Not once did one of these parrots have an answer which led me to
>> believe that they had ACTUALLY read a single LANGUAGE Poet! They were
>> merely
>> repeating some bullshit statement their bullshit poetry workshop leaders
>> (who ALSO I'M SURE did not read ANYTHING by a single LANGUAGE
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>> said.
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>> BECAUSE, REALLY, if you think they all write alike have you actually
>> READ
>> THEM? If you sat down with poems by Armantrout, Silliman, Pearson, and
>> Hejinian, and there were no names on the poems, you would know who
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>> what, or at least would notice these to be four very distinct voices.
>> Poetry
>> is a tea party to some, it seems! A fancy luxury instead of
>> indispensable

>> investigation! I say it seems to be this to those who would make such
>> ridiculous statements about LANGUAGE Poets for being LAZY readers and
>> half-assed, half-interested poets! And now I also say it to those
>> ill-read
>> gossips behind Bob Perelman's "joke."
>>
>> In the end younger poets must learn to persevere, like the LANGUAGE
>> Poets
>> have, because I FOR ONE feel poets of my generation and younger are
>> writing
>> some pretty damned HOT poems! I wouldn't trade this time with any other!
>>
>> FUCK THE HALF-INTERESTED LOUTS!
>>
>> CAConrad
>> http://PhillySound.blogspot.com

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27. **George Bowering**

Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"

Mon 2 Jun 2008

Saw that one coming.

On Jun 1, 2008, at 10:36 PM, Barry Schwabsky wrote:

> *I can't think of anyone it would be more of an honor to be compared to than the woman who constituted the first generation of (I assume you mean second-wave) feminism.*
>
> *----- Original Message ----*
> *From: Marcus Bales <[redacted]>*
> *To: [redacted]*
> *Sent: Sunday, 1 June, 2008 6:39:31 PM*
> *Subject: Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"*
>
> *Like all jokes, it has a kernel of truth. Jokes are, of course, not THE truth, but exaggerations, diminishments, and other distancings from the truth. It's not true that ALL of that generation "write alike", but enough do so that one can joke about it. Of course, it's true of every "poetry generation" -- because if people didn't "write alike"*

there could be no categories called "poetry generations".

*My father used to say that difference between having a sense of what's funny and
having a sense of humor is whether you can laugh when it happens to you instead of
to some other guy.*

*You don't want to be the first poetry generation whose distinguishing characteristic is
that it's more like the first feminist generation than any other poetry generation: lacking
a sense of humor, do you?*

In short, lighten up; learn not only to laugh at yourselves but to make fun of yourselves.

Marcus

On 31 May 2008 at 4:02, CA Conrad wrote:

*The recent Jerome Rothenberg event in Philadelphia is where he told his
"joke" about younger poets, and you can listen or watch (MP3 or video) at
this link:*

http://writing.upenn.edu/~whfellow/rothenberg.html

*You will want to use the link to the second day for the Rothenberg conversation and Q&A with Al Filries. Perelman appears about three quarters
through, or more. BUT PLEASE LISTEN TO THE ENTIRE CONVERSATION AND Q&A, it's
TERRIFIC! (In particular I liked Lee Ann Brown's question for Rothenberg,
you'll want to hear this entire event!)*

*But when Bob Perelman tells his "joke" Rothenberg is talking about the fact
that having been involved with poetry for a very long time that it's hard
for him to keep in touch with everything that's going on now. He then says
to Perelman sitting close by that after his own generation, and Bob's*

generation, that the newer poets... And then Bob finishes Rothenberg's sentence for him with, "--you mean that they all write alike!"

I was sitting in that room with the rest of the audience. There was a gasp, and I know that it wasn't my gasp alone!

Rothenberg then shakes his head and laughs nervously and says NO NO NO NO, they don't all write alike, that's not what I'm saying!

And then Al Filreis says, "You heard it here first, Bob Perelman says you all write alike, that's P-E-R-E-L-M-A-N."

Bob takes the microphone at that point, and the first thing he says is that he was just JOKING when he said younger poets all write alike. Then it's forgotten.

But not forgotten.

I remember very clearly the tone he used, which is why it was an arrow strike. But maybe that WAS part of the "joke." ? I listened to it again online just the other night, and it was pretty much fashioned like a quick, pointed statement.

Could it be that the reaction he was feeling from the rest of the audience, and Rothenberg's reaction, and Filreis's reaction, made him turn it into a joke?

Am I accusing Bob Perelman of lying? Well, maybe a white lie. A save-face lie.

BUT MAYBE HE'S NOT LYING. OK, maybe it WAS a joke.

Let's suppose it WAS a joke. HOW is such a joke funny, and who was it funny for I ask? Why would it be funny? Is it funny because it's something he has

heard before and he DOES NOT AGREE with it but is MOCKINGLY saying younger poets all write alike IN DEFENSE of younger poets?

Is Bob Perelman the GREAT champion of younger poets? Is he coming to the rescue by making a joke of the joke of others who are ACTUALLY NOT joking?

And who are these others, if there are others?

Hmmm. Who is saying such things in Perelman's presence that would upset him so much he feels compelled to joke TO DEFEND YOUNGER POETS!? Is Bob Perelman thinking, "Well, they're simply NOT reading younger poets if they think THAT!"

Because clearly, in my mind, SOMEONE is NOT reading younger poets if they think that, because I read a lot of poets my age and younger, and there's NO WAY I would ever say we're all writing alike! But WHO is thinking this, and saying this out loud in front of Bob Perelman? We need to THANK Bob of course for making that "joke" on our behalf. AND SO PUBLICLY I want add, into a microphone while the video camera and sound equipment was mowing down his sound particles to SEND HIS BRAVE message to those who would DARE attack the younger poets!

What is ACTUALLY funny about the joke for me is how over the years I've defended Bob and his friends when people have said that the LANGUAGE Poets all write alike. This is something I've heard consistently. I heard it when I was a teenager before I knew who they were and what they were thinking and writing. Lucky for me I've always been someone who wants to check out what everyone is being such a Hater about.

Eventually I had read enough and was prepared enough to confront

> *this*
> *statement, "What are you talking about!? Who have you read!? What have you*
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> *believe that they had ACTUALLY read a single LANGUAGE Poet! They were merely*
> *repeating some bullshit statement their bullshit poetry workshop leaders*
> *(who ALSO I'M SURE did not read ANYTHING by a single LANGUAGE Poet!) had*
> *said.*
>
> *BECAUSE, REALLY, if you think they all write alike have you actually READ*
> *THEM? If you sat down with poems by Armantrout, Silliman, Pearson, and*
> *Hejinian, and there were no names on the poems, you would know who wrote*
> *what, or at least would notice these to be four very distinct voices. Poetry*
> *is a tea party to some, it seems! A fancy luxury instead of indispensable*
> *investigation! I say it seems to be this to those who would make such*
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> *half-assed, half-interested poets! And now I also say it to those ill-read*
> *gossips behind Bob Perelman's "joke."*
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> *have, because I FOR ONE feel poets of my generation and younger are writing*
> *some pretty damned HOT poems! I wouldn't trade this time with any other!*
>
> *FUCK THE HALF-INTERESTED LOUTS!*
>
> *CAConrad*
> *http://PhillySound.blogspot.com*
>
> *--*
> *No virus found in this incoming message.*
> *Checked by AVG.*
> *Version: 7.5.524 / Virus Database: 269.24.4/1476 - Release Date:*

> *5/31/2008 12:25 PM*

Giorgio Bowering, gent.
Just a visitor here.

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28. Elizabeth Switaj

Re: Art Review - 'Glossolalia' - ‘Glossolalia -//Entartete Kunst--First show of Outsider/Insider

Mon 2 Jun 2008

Yes, of course, the other side of equal footing: instead of saying both are equally good, say both are equally bad-- calling people dogs rather than calling dogs people would be an analogue. One could certainly go back earlier than the beginning of the 20th Century to find artists taking inspiration in 'outside' 'art' perhaps not recognized as such. We can think of Byron's interest in Oriental architecture, costume, etc., and he is merely the most obvious example from his time. The Muse, too, could be viewed as a figure for the outside from which some artists wish to draw inspiration.

As for Breton's approach, there's something quite troubling to me about placing authenticity in clinical mental illness. Does it not give the power of identity to the ultimate insider, the psychiatrist who already holds so very much power?

(Forgive me if some of this is unclear; we've been suffering a wave of electrical storms, and while the lights are gorgeous, the pressure changes are playing havoc with my head.)

EKS

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29. Sam Ladkin

Peter Manson 4th June, Cambridge, UK

Mon 2 Jun 2008

[apologies if you receive this more than once]

Dear All,
Delighted to announce that

PETER MANSON

will be reading
@ 8.30pm
WEDNESDAY 4TH JUNE

The Shop, 18 Jesus Lane
Cambridge, UK

ALL ARE WELCOME

In order celebrate publication of his new collection
Between Cup and Lip (Miami University Press, 2008) - details below.

Entrance is FREE though we will be raising money to support

FRANCES KRUK and SEAN BONNEY

Please also remember the benefit reading for them at the

THE LEATHER EXCHANGE
15 Leathermarket Street, London Bridge, SE1 3HN
5 JUNE 2008, 7pm
£10 or £3 students/unwaged
Featuring:

FRANCES KRUK SEAN BONNEY JEFF HILSON ANDREA BRADY EMILY CRITCHLEY JOW LINDSAY KESTON SUTHERLAND DANIEL KANE MARK JACKSON STEVE WILLEY KARLIEN VAN DEN BEUKEL SOPHIE ROBINSON BEN WATSON ADRAIN CLARKE WILL ROWE MJ WELLER PETER MANSON MATT FFYTCHE PETER JAEGER ULLI FREER ALAN HALSEY GERALDINE MONK ELIZABETH JAMES ROB HOLLOWAY HARRY GILONIS LAWRENCE UPTON JOHAN DE WIT ROGER PELLET TIM ATKINS

For more information contact [redacted]

BETWEEN CUP AND LIP

Miami University Press is pleased to announce the publication of Peter Manson's Between Cup and Lip.

Between Cup and Lip, Peter Manson's first American book publication, contains 18 years of previously uncollected work. The book forms the missing link between two collections published in Britain, For the Good of Liars (Barque, 2006) and Adjunct: An Undigest (Edinburgh Review, 2005), demonstrating the continuum between the prosodically–dense, endlessly considered poetry of the former and the procedural work of the latter. Manson has taught at Cambridge University and other institutions. He lives in Glasgow, where he edits the small press Object Permanence.

"'Ah more eh…oh oh'. In the light of Faraday's candle Coleridge channels Loewenhoek and Whalen (I was thinking) as Peter Manson shakes the frayed carpet of culture and, as a fearless Duprat caddis fly larva, makes jewels from the motes. Even the bits of themselves the poems create make interesting

shadows. 'Groups of words which didn't describe the image but which were it'. Yes. Wit, intelligence, a dispassionate view of self: plus images that are not words. Nothing to want for in this excellent book that moved my chitin heart." —Tom Raworth

"Peter Manson is the language veterinarian, elbow-deep in the mysterious interior of our discourse, groping intimately to clutch the dark beauty of its palpitating offals, approaching the apparatus of its speech-making from entirely the wrong direction. If every word was once an animal, then every animal was harmed in the making of this book." —Chris Goode

There are two ways to order the book (more news about UK distribution later). You can order it via the Miami University Press website at http://www.orgs.muohio.edu/mupress/details/manson_cupandlip.htm. Click on the price ($15) and you'll be taken to the online store of Pathway Books. For international orders, email [redacted] for information about shipping charges.

After the boxes land at Small Press Distribution in Berkeley—early next week, I'd think--it will be available via SPD at http://www.spdbooks.org/. SPD offers a variety of international shipping options.

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30. Grant Jenkins

contact info for Anselm Berrigan

Mon 2 Jun 2008

If you have an email address or other contact info for Anselm Berrigan, would you please backchannel me? Thanks!

Grant Matthew Jenkins, Asst. Prof.
Director of the Writing Program
Faculty of English Language and Literature
The University of Tulsa
Tulsa, OK 74104
[redacted]
[redacted]

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31. Murat Nemet-Nejat

A remarkable photographer -Erdal Kinaci

Mon 2 Jun 2008

I am giving you the website of an incredible Turkish photographer, Erdal Kinaci, who lives in Anatolia. Particularly incredible are the photos he took while working in a brothel:

http://www.pixelbasedlifeforms.net/demo/erdalkinaciportfolio.html

Ciao,

Murat

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32. Ryan Daley

Re: What is a failde poet?

Mon 2 Jun 2008

Dear Doug,

I discuss the idea of failure in poetry at my blog, Giver. You may read that here: http://charitablegiving.blogspot.com/

Best,

Ryan Daley

On Sun, Jun 1, 2008 at 6:26 PM, Doug Holder <[redacted]> wrote:

> *What is a failed poet?*
>
> *can be found on Boston Area Small Press and Poetry Scene*
> *http://dougholder.blogspot.com*
>
> *I posed this question to poets of my acquaintance: "What is a failed poet?" I*
> *hear the term used all the time, but what does it mean? How do you define a failed poet? Is there such a thing? Below are some very thought provoking answers to this question I posed:*
>
> *A failed poet can be a mainstream adherent who buckled to society's pressure*
> *against artistic commitment and stopped producing work in order to "act like a*
> *grownup" or "get a real job." Worse than this type of poet, however, is the practicing, productive poet who never reaches his or her full potential out of*
> *fear of offending readers or popular poetic figures and theorists.*
>
> *An artist who holds back, obeying current rules or trends whether or not they*
> *challenge or showcase individualized craft, generally frustrates readers as well*

*as himself by writing safe for decades. An artist who lacks personal integrity is
the worst poetic failure of all.*

--Mignon King (co-editor of Bagel Bards 3 Anthology)

Just off the top of my head, a failed poet is one who doesn't write.

--Tam Lin Neville (editor "Off the Grid Press")

*Even Faulkner, you know, described himself as a failed poet. Raymond Chandler, failed poet, found his talent late in life...writing crime novels. I was
not familiar with the term. Sounds like a good subject for a funny poem.*

--Ed Meek (author of "Walk Out")

*Thanks for the prompt. A quick search turned up Wordsworth, Faulkner, Raymond Chandler, J Alfred Prufrock (Eliot by extension?), and Alexander Wilson, father of American ornithology all as "failed poets."
There is something a little precious about the idea of calling oneself a failed
poet (Oh, I couldn't possibly...), and most of the above (admittedly abbreviated) list used failure as a catalyst for something else. What is a successful poet?*

--Valerie Lawson (coeditor of "Third Coast" magazine)

*To answer your question, first let us ask what is a failed human being. If the
question promotes strict answers then we will have strict answers to the question "What is a failed poet".*

*But then let us particularize the query to other categories as well and ask the
question:*

*What is a failed flower?
What is a failed kitten?
What is a failed cow?
What is a failed elephant ?*

What is a failed worm?

And then ask:
What is a failed baby?

And then ask again:
What is a failed planet?
Or what is a failed solar system?
Or what is a failed galaxy?

I have a preferred answer. It is that if anyone of those things had cause to
exist and have fulfilled their existence in any way, according to any place on a
range of some Platonic ideal that listed things from low to high, good to bad,
quick to slow, sweet to sour, heavy to light and so forth, then they would have to be called successful. That is: they would be successful if they performed their state of existence along any particular position in the entire
range of their performance.

I often quietly reflect on of Grey's Elegy In A Country Churchyard. We are all
are unknown and our Fulfillment is unknown. We all deserve quiet contemplation and fond consideration. It seems harsh to speak of a "failed poet". Might it be more a reflection on us who ask the question then on the thing the question is being asked of?

Sidewalk Sam (founder of "ArtsFirst"—Boston, Mass.)

A failed poet is a person who loves language, but they cannot express in words the bridge to the other world where poetry is supposed to take you. I am a failed poet because I cannot attain the lean, carved from the air grace
of the poet's I most admire. I've written only a handful of poems at that level.
So, I write what I call spoken songs, and I write fiction.
A lot of fiction writers are failed poets. They started out as poets but couldn't
take the heat.
A failed poet could also be a shadow artist who wanted to write but became a
talker and an alcoholic instead.

C.D. Collins (author of "Blue Land" -- Polyho Press)

I have to hand it to CD, because whether or not she agrees with it, the woman is a poet because she authentically uses original language and phrasing. Her narratives use repetition and musical phrasing like all great modern lyric poets. As for the mint juleps...we'll that's another story. Someone I once loved said that writing poetry is largely a thankless task, and in that sense, for those of us still "in the "Tower of Song" no matter what degree, well, we fail and succeed. It's the love of language and the compulsion to capture something beautiful, weird or hidden about the world that makes anyone a good poet.

Lo Galluccio (author of "Hot Rain")

If your poems falls in the forest and nobody hears it you have failed as a poet. Poets write to be read, to be heard---if poets don't put themselves in the position to be heard, either by not working hard enough to be good or are not being good enouth to be published and read---then they have failed. They have failed if they fail to make people care about what they write. It is a no brainer that they care about their own writing---not a measurement of success.

Tim Gager (founder Dire Literary Series—Cambridge, Mass./ author of "this is where you go when you are gone")

I tell my workshop students that there is no such thing as a bad poem, as long as the poet is happy with it. It's all about what purpose the poem serves for the poet. I've learned from students that there are multifold reasons to write poetry: Some are closet poets who write strictly for themselves; some like to journal with poetry; others want to write social/political commentaries in verse; one student wanted only to write poems for his girlfriend; another wanted to write poetry in order to become a better, more concise newspaper reporter. The list could go on. So who outside of poets themselves, is qualified to determine how well a poem executes the purpose for which it was written.

If one wishes to write for publication, there are of course standards, but these vary drastically, depending on editors' likes and dislikes. Poets sometimes feel "failed" if they keep getting rejections from editors with a different definition of merit than they have. That doesn't mean there aren't editors elsewhere who would like and publish the same poems.

And getting published doesn't always mean the poet is satisfied that her/his work is good either. William Faulkner said, "I'm a failed poet. Maybe every novelist wants to write poetry first, finds he can't and then tries the short story, which is the next most demanding form after poetry. And failing at that, only then does he take up novel writing." Yet both Faulkner's first nationally published works, the poem "L'Apres-Midi d'un faune," and his first published book, The Marble Faun, were poetry. Was his poetry good? At least his publishers thought so. But it was Faulkner's own expectations that compelled him to consider himself a failed poet.

It's easy for those of us involved in the publishing part of poetry to develop stringent definitions of excellence. And where has this gotten poetry, when most Americans think they don't like poetry because they can't relate to it?

Ellaraine Lockie (author of "Finishing Lines")

When I announced to my mom that I wanted to be a writer she wearily told me that I came by it naturally and that I came from a long line of failed and petty literati. I've often thought about what that means and Liz (my daughter) and I had a long debate about it. Our conclusion is that a failed writer is someone who has put their heart and soul into their writing with no lasting results. We all know poets who thrive on being "poets" without much output. I'm sure they anguish over their work but the results are, to put it politely, trivial. Our conclusion that it was better to be a petty literati than a failed one. I'm still not sure I agree, but a part of me would much prefer to go down swinging for the fence in the majors than being a position player in a

very minor league.

Steve Glines (founder of the "Wilderness House Literary Review")

There is no such thing as a failed poet. What gives someone the right to call a poet a failure? A poet can only fail if he stops writing. Just write. I hate all this labeling. To summarize: "There is no such thing!

Gloria Mindock (founder of Cervena Barva Press)

maybe a failed poet is one who doesn't attempt to capture what s/he feels and thinks through language . . . perhaps s/he is one who loses touch with the impulse to write . . . maybe a failed poet is one who never finds another with the capacity to sense the works / words as "instruments of evocation" (using Christopher Wilmarth's words for his sculptures) . . . maybe a failed poet is a poet, acknowledging that there may inevitably be distance between impulse / intention and word-form . . . in Japan there is / was a tradition of a sort of savoring of failure, related to the experience of pathos, passing, and poignancy . . .

Eytan Fichman (professor Boston Architectural Center--Boston, Mass.)

Maybe a more sensible question is what is the definition of a poet? What is poetry? And who has the qualifications to make these definitions or determinations? What makes a succesful poet? Sales? Media attention? The number of publications you are published in? Pimping yourself? I dare say there are not that many poets around who have read the work of Gene Ruggles, considered by many to be an important poet, but who had only one book published (Lifeguard In the Snow, University of Pittsburg Press). Does that make him a failed poet? I think not!!! And the idea that everyone is a poet is absurd, just as absurd that if you write a poem and you are happy with it, that this somehow makes you a poet.

I think the suffering of those people in Burma and China are far more important than an exercise on what is a failed poet.

> *a.d. winans (founder of Second Coming Press-)*
>
> *I think the worst version of a failed poet is one who has never tapped into his*
> *or her deepest private self and it inside-out for the public. Like digging deep*
> *past the skin, the tissue and the muscle for the humming tuning fork in the marrow and letting it resonate on the page for the whole world to see....if this*
> *is not accomplished then the poet has failed and his poems are soulless and the equivalent to crossword puzzles.*
>
> *--rob plath (author of poetry collection "Ashtrays and Bulls")*
>
> *I've been giving more thought to failure. It seems to me that failure is an inability to achieve what one has set to accomplish. And the concept that if*
> *one is satisfied with one's own work and chooses not to publish, they too might be a success. I have a friend or two who's shrink told them to write poetry and/or memoir as a method of dealing with their issues. If it helped and*
> *they never sent them out, are they success or failures? Then there is the poet who sends poetry to magazine "a" and is rejected, but magazine "b" accepts. What does that mean for the poet? Your question is an interesting rhetorical exercise with no right and no wrong, no answer to success or failure.*
>
> *Zvi Sesling (founder of the "Muddy River Review)*

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33. Jeffrey Side

Argotist Interviews with Songwriters on Songwriting and Poetry

Mon 2 Jun 2008

The following singer/songwriters have been interviewed for The Argotist Online on the subject of the differences between song and poetry.

In alphabetical order:

Nancy Ames - Perla Batalla - Jake Berry - Neil Campbell - Julie Christensen - Phillip Henry Christopher - Kyla Clay-Fox - Chris Difford - Carol Decker - Van Eaton - Kate Fagan - Julie Felix - Adam Fieled - Jack Foley - Kate Garner - Andy Gricevich - Heather Haley - Steve Harley - Hayley Hutchinson - Jennifer John - Ralph McTell - Brendan Quinn - Ragz - Grace Read - Eddi Reader -Keith Reid -

Michael Rothenberg - Bariane Louise Rowlands - Kate Rusby - Max Russell - Gerald Schwartz - Helen Seymour - Beck SiÃ n - Chris Stroffolino - Alison Sudol - Linda Thompson -Richard Thompson - Martha Tilston - Stuart Todd - Eric Unger - Pietra Wexstun - Rachael Wright

You can read them here:

http://www.argotistonline.co.uk/Interviews%20with%20Songwriters.htm

↑ Contents

34. David Chirot

Re: essay by Chirot to go with works at the UA Poetry Center Conceptual Poetry Symposium, organized by Marjorie Perloff

Mon 2 Jun 2008

Dear Murat and Barry:

"does that makes "conceptual poetry" poetry that likewise foregrounds language? But in that case, what distinguishes "conceptual poetry" from just "poetry"?

re conceptual poetry being not in words--

This is exactly what the very second paragraph of my piece asks--

" One may also ask—since language is the material of poetry, if one is to create a conceptual poetry—does this mean then that the absence of language is involved? That the poetry is not in language, but found elsewhere?"

This is why I write of how often i think of al the persons through thousand snd thousands of years who cerated poems without words, paintings without paint--art with out materials at all--
because they were not allowed to--even learn how to read and write, or to paint--
nor exposed to any of the ideas re painting, poetry--
and yet nonetheless i believe there must have been tousands of greate artists and poets who created works continaully--
and as i write--these have vanished "without a trace"--
nor fragments--as never were "objects" or "signs"--
because they did not exist as objects, texts--

yet--
one may ask also, as i do--
may not these works--becasue they have been thought imagined,seen, heard--formed--
exist--
not as traces or objects-recognized as "poems" and "Images"--

but elsewhere--
all around one--
in stones' forms or clouds' shapes-in a sound out of nowhere that one hears--

things which in their taphonomic states carry the disintegrating orders of those which had elsewhere in another time been the concepts found by those poets and artists who did not write not paint--

"the shock of recogntion"--the uncanny encounter--with these--which "recognize one" and find one--

"involuntary memories" "out of nowhere"--which are triggered by the movement of a car out of the corner of one's eye suddenly shooting out of an alley way, from out of the shadowy dark blotch at the margins of the eye's peripheries--into the bright sharpness of light-and gone--

yet--"whose" involutary memories--?--

i didn't set out to write a paper at all, just to ask a few questions--and had to cut it short--as what one begins to think on re conceptual poetry is a swarming --of a myriad ideas and things, sights, sounds, movements of dance, gesture of a hand, flicker of lighter in the wind--smoke that drifts into cobwebs filled with corners, the drifting of dust motes--

i've lived in situations where one could not do all manner of things--so one begins to create poems plays stories paintings al manner of things--

which are "conceptual"--and as just described--to create when/with/in watching the drifts of dust motes which one sees due to their being revealed in the shadowy room only by the spaces in between the cheap "venetian" style blinds, the cracked and faded plastic -- these motes which as one is watching bring out of the chaos and non meaning "time" one is living "in"--confined in--

that which is--
to be present at the conception of a conception--
emerging "before/be for one's very eyes-"

the paper is thought of as hopefully suggestions along the lines of various ways of thinking of what a conceptual poetry might be--and this is but a few of the suggestions that have come to mind--

as what one has the sense of--and persons on Harriet Blog have written of this--is that the Symposium rather than being an "opening of the field"--was enacting in effect the placement already of monuments--while at the same time introducing a set of rules and regulations in a sense, for the design and production of "Conceptual Poetry"--as though it is something "already over with" while at the same time "being proclaimed as New"--

this is why the word "Questions" is in my title--to indicate that this is simply an opening of questions-- rather than an "unquestioning"--"acceptance"--of "what one is told"-- nor do the questions by any means constitute or ask for their own "unquestioning acceptance"--

Conceptual Poetry has been performed, theorized, created, published, video taped, photographed, recorded, for forty years in Latin America--and in Russia already there are several decades of Conceptual Poetries--

this is why one thinks that "Conceptual Poetry" is something that is already existing in a myriad forms and wants to ask further questions, rather than "going by one definition" or a small set of examples--

for example--the conceptual "conceptions"--are not soley "ideas from within the mind"so to speak--on the contrary--the ideas which are those of things, events--OUTSIDE of one--bring these--

* *{"conceptual conceptions"--"conception" is another area one may address "along these lines"-not to mention "contraceptual poetry, biceptual poetry, perceptual poetry, -extra sensory perceptual poetry--deceptual poetry----} **one may ask--if from Outside--the conceptual poetry by not having come from words--may not be manifested into words--as its way at that moment of making itself "known"--it is not myself alone that finds the found--the found finds me--is what i write of being my experinces when working--on the rubBEings, clay impression spray paintings--

so in what they may choose to "appear"--may be as "someone else"--that is, what was not words now "appears" "in the guise of" words--

which may then be quickly enough "no longer words'--but something or some one else--after effects, impersonators, ghosts--actors in "the Globe theater" of Shakespeare's in which "all the world's a stage"--and a Conceptual Poetry is a "play house"--wherein the Conceptual poetry is "playing house"--

in terms of Emily Dickinson's "Nature is a Haunted House, and Art a House which tries to be Haunted"--

to be Haunted by that which provokes the essay ("tries:"-- essay as an essay, and as "essaying" in the sense of trying--) at being Haunted--

in the excerpts from one of the El Colonel stories presented as Appendix A--, "El Ojo de Dios"--El Colonel --does not write down these writings of his--many events occuring in the stories it is not really sure--at what level of reality/fiction they are "happening"--as by the way he "writes"--itis in such a way as to create moment by moment not singularities--but the simultaneity of many aspects of time al of them at once writing/reading/making notes that are beforehand and afterwards and endlessly finding the inextricable ongoing energies and

movements of these moving away from, around, back, inside out-etc--with each other--

(in another story, El Colonel opens his one of his "notebooks" to study what he is working with --to take a-look --there is nothing written on the cover nor anywhere inside--this to him is a private joke on his unwritten writings --not only "unpublished"--but unwritten--yet at the same time as he is reading over his unwritten texts he is writing his further commentaries in the writing which is not written "down"--)

the writing also "takes place"--as a performance piece--

With studied and precise, angular movements, El Colonel begins to arrange himself in the correct position in which to be found by his "immanent and eminent visitor."

El Colonel permits himself a barely audible and very brief laugh as "he takes possession of himself the better to assiduously arrange the head, the torso, the limbs, the folded hands, as though he were in the process of preparing a stuffed and mounted specimen of a representative example of a Colonel, whose taxidermist he himself was."

El Colonel's "writing" which is not only "unpublished" but unwritten is described in this story as:

Habituated to an imaginative isolation, El Colonel's intellectual companions are his "compositions" with their attendant "commentaries," "asides," "digressions," and "annotations." By means of this "ironic distancing" he continually invents "a hitherto unknown and as yet unpublished form of writing, never before seen nor heard."

("Never before seen nor heard" is an alllusion to one of El Colonel's favorite lines from one of his favorite books--Lazarillo de Tormes, whose author literally is "Anonymous"-

Yo, por bien tengo que cosas fan seneladas, y por nunca oidas ni vistas, vengan a noticia de muchos y no se entetierren en la sepultura del olvido.

--*Lazarillo de Tormes*
is the line, cited in the story "El Colonel Smiles" on line at Otoliths and Dusie Kollektiv--

-El Colonel's odd readings are due to their being found--in places, homes, offices--whose occupants on his missions he "takes possesion of"--in some cases--"in other words"--his reading is not planned out--but found--and, literally --in some cases--stolen--"plagiarized texts"--already, before he uses them in his unwritten writings--)

the description continues--

El Colonel smiles. This writing is a method of creating for himself a reader who is in turn accompanied by his own doubling as a writer. Where there had been "no one with who to share his most intimate thoughts, the fullness and agility of his life," there is now not only such a companion; there is also a recorder of "his deeds and exploits." In such a way El Colonel simultaneously acts, writes and reads both for himself and to another, who is also both a reader and an other author in turn, providing El Colonel with his own role as a reader. By these means his life takes on an aura of legend, and he acts both as though creating the performance of something which is happening, and of something which has happened "already." By the latter means, his life is taking place in a futurity in which it is read, and in a present in which it is written. The simplest acts and words are invested with the immediacy of a drama "taking place," the glow of "great acts having taken place ," and, to heighten both drama and aura, the precisions of a prefatory "about to take place," which allows for the insertion of the necessary commentaries, directions, and asides. "For the benefit of the listener, for the pleasure of the reader, for the background material necessary to the writer," as El Colonel describes it with relish in a self-penned blurb . . .

I hope the paper suggests a great many further conceptions of Conceptual Poetry!!--

To swarm and topple the Vendome Columns--!

Sembrar la Memoria de La Commune de Paris1871!

"y no se entetierren en la sepultura del olvido"

**

On Sun, Jun 1, 2008 at 7:28 PM, Murat Nemet-Nejat <[redacted]> wrote:

> *Barry,*
>
> *Very sharp observation. If conceptual art means a movement away from the traditional material of art, oil, stone, etc., toward words, conceptual poetry means a movement away from the traditional material of poetry, which is words.*
>
> *Ciao,*
>
> *Murat*
>
> *On Sun, Jun 1, 2008 at 12:47 PM, Barry Schwabsky <*
> *[redacted]> wrote:*
>
> *Am I right in thinking that the phrase "conceptual poetry" is modeled on*

the earlier "conceptual art"?
If so, and if conceptual art is broadly speaking an art that foregrounds language (Weiner, Kosuth, Art & Language, etc.) then does that makes "conceptual poetry" poetry that likewise foregrounds language? But in that
case, what distinguishes "conceptual poetry" from just "poetry"?

----- Original Message ----
From: Murat Nemet-Nejat <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Sunday, 1 June, 2008 4:22:03 PM
Subject: Re: essay by Chirot to go with works at the UA Poetry Center Conceptual Poetry Symposium, organized by Marjorie Perloff

David,

" The predominant view of conceptual works in art and poetry is that it is written language which becomes fore grounded, most often as the 'realization' and presentation of various directives, with their various forms of pre-conceived constraints, and sets of instructions. Yet does not the written language itself, as an object which 'constitutes' the directives and instructions, contradict the 'concept' of the 'Conceptual?'"

The reverse is true. In a truly conceptual poem, the written language moves
towards disappearance, in your words, "absence."

bachelor rooms.
sweat shops.
stairs where the light turns off automatically.
numbers fade
*from the face of buildings. (*The Structure*, "A Homage to M. Proust)*

"{See Appendix B below for some other "Science Fiction" aspects of Conceptual
Poetry in Relation to the Work Place.)"

The question of "The Spiritual Life of Robots (Replicants)" relates to the
spiritual (conceptual, rather than actual) life of words.

"The directives themselves, expressed in written language, become road blocks to the Conceptual which is supposed to be "activated" by their

instructions.

To use written language then to create a conceptual poetry is not in a strict sense "conceptual" at all, if it produces yet another object in written language."

f one realizes that the "instructions" constitute the poem itself, then the "realizations" become phenomenal obstructions, obfuscations for which the truly conceptual poet, in my view, has very little patience

"It becomes instead a piling up, a massing, of materials (language, words) which have "walled out" as it were, the conceptual. Are the words then simply a gravestone or monument to a now absent concept?"

*I think yes. *The Structure of Escape* is my attempt to recapture, to real-ize that absence. "A La Recherche of Recaptured Absence Absence."*

Ciao,

Murat

On Fri, May 30, 2008 at 5:02 AM, David Chirot <[redacted]> wrote:

DAVID-BAPTISTE CHIROT: "Conceptual Poetry and its Others"---Haunting Questions Found Hidden in Plain Site/Sight/Cite

http://davidbaptistechirot.blogspot.com/2008/05/conceptual-poetry-and-its-others.html

Below are the opening paragraphs of this essay--if interested still, as it goes through many changes and has two appendices as further

"evidences"--
go to the blog address above--

Note:I was invited to send Visual Poetry works to the Symposium on "Conceptual Poetry and its Others," along with artist's statements regarding the works. As a participant, to express my sense of and thankfulness for this, I decided it would be nice to include also a brief statement re the "Conceptual Poetics" under discussion.

Once started, so many ideas started flowing,and so many examples came to mind--travel literature of the 18th century, Shakespeare's Richard the Third, to name but two--that I had to draw line somewhere and stop. There is so much more to write however, once started--so these remarks and questions are but a small indication of the most basic beginnings of the myriad directions which are out there to be found--and ones already noted to set down in various forms and actions--

this essay is on display beside my works at the Symposium--persons interested may ask for a copy--

a few examples of further questions among ever so many more--

Why is "boring, unoriginal, impersonal work" promoted by "colorful personalities," just like any other product? Does this not create "a Line" produced by a Brand Name, the Original Author possessed of an "originality" in creating this "radical, new form"--to be marketed as "the latest thing," for the development of new jobs in English/ creative Writing Programs--the "newest way" to "make an impression" by the "original" creation of an impersonal boringness? Is this in itself a "new way" of mass producing standardized and conforming "conceptual poets" who "carry on" the work of the Great Originators?
*
Are monkeys controlling robotic arms with their thoughts on the way to creating a Conceptual poetry?--

**What are the interelationships of possiblities of Conceptual Poetry for
use
in Propaganda and advertising? For starting wars, altering Wikipedia, sending out false news items and etc etc--**
** Haunting Questions Found Hidden in Plain Site/Sight/Cite*

for the Symposium "Conceptual Poetry and its Others"

Poetry Center of the University of Arizona

29-31 May 2008

*
* J'ai trop a ecrire, c'est pourquoi je n'ecrire rien. --Stendhal, Journal, 1804*

*Thoughts come at random, and go at random. No device for holding on
to
them or for having them.
A thought has escaped: I was trying to write it down: instead I write that it has
escaped me.*
--Pascal, Pensees, #542

*To find among typos the unknown writings, the "Helltoy"--
camouflaged clouds, the voice-writings of the ground itself that speaks and
moves in lines
emerging--*

for Petra Backonja

***
I find in thinking with what a Conceptual Poetry might be, that I've begun with a point of view of paradox. That is, considering the conceptual to be the absence of a material object, a conceptual poetry would be the absence of the poem as a "realization" of its "idea." If "the poem" as an object is not to be realized, in what ways may it then be said to "exist"?

One may also ask—since language is the material of poetry, if one is to create a conceptual poetry—does this mean then that the absence of language is involved? That the poetry is not in language, but found elsewhere?

The predominant view of conceptual works in art and poetry is that it is written language which becomes fore grounded, most often as the "realization" and presentation of various directives, with their various forms of pre-conceived constraints, and sets of instructions. Yet does not the written language itself, as an object which "constitutes" the directives and instructions, contradict the "concept" of the "Conceptual?"

{See Appendix B below for some other "Science Fiction" aspects of Conceptual
Poetry in Relation to the Work Place.)

The directives themselves, expressed in written language, become road blocks to the Conceptual which is supposed to be "activated" by their instructions.

To use written language then to create a conceptual poetry is not in a strict sense "conceptual" at all, if it produces yet another object in written language.

It becomes instead a piling up, a massing, of materials (language, words) which have "walled out" as it were, the conceptual. Are the words then simply a gravestone or monument to a now absent concept?

And what of the "poet" who is the "author" of "Conceptual Poetry?"

A builder of roadblocks, a maker of monuments and gravestones--?

If a "poet" is the conceiver of concepts—and the realization of the concept as a poem is no longer a concept—but an object—does this then mean that the poet, in order to be "conceptual," must no longer be a "poet?" Or in order to be a "poet," no longer be "conceptual" in approach? And yet who but a "conceptual poet" can produce "conceptual poetry?"

Perhaps true Conceptual Poetry is the creation of illiterates?
And, beyond that, persons who may even be very limited in their "Conceptual capacities?"

I think often of all the Conceptual Poets and Artists who have existed and worked through thousands of years, persons due to their circumstances --gender being the most common among these--who

are not allowed to know how to write, nor instructed in "art," nor permitted
to
be educated, yet all the same--may have produced Conceptually a good deal of the greatest Poetry and Art of which there does not remain and never was an "object," even as a "fragment."

What of these myriads of centuries of Conceptual Works--are they still existing--? Are they alive in the Conceptual realm? The Ether? Or have they found ways on their own, independent of their creators, of camouflaging themselves among those things in the world which are hidden in plain site/sight/cite?

In working with the found that is hidden in plain site/sight/cite, I find often that a Conceptual poetry and art is there--always already there--which I think I am finding yet may well be finding me,

Some aspects of confronting these dilemmas, these "haunting questions," are found among Conceptual Poets who emphasize an "impersonation" via performance, camouflages, costumes, the uses of heteronyms, pseudonyms and anonymity.

In "The Painter of Modern Life," Baudelaire is the first to define Modernism and does so as a conjunction of the eternal and the ephemeral. To find that element of the eternal in the ephemeral which Baudelaire saw as embodying modernity, he turns to an emphasis on the particular form of the living art/art as living of the Dandy. The Dandy is the non-separation of art and life in the conceiving of one's existence as Performance Art. The Dandy becomes not an expression of Romantic personality and individuality, but a form of becoming an animated Other, an impersonator going about performing the actions of a concept,
rather than producing the objects of a conception.

This stylized impersonating, non-producing figure begins to appear "dramatically"
in the works of Wilde and Jarry and in many ways in the "life and works" of a Felix Feneon, who "creates at a distance" via anonymous newspaper faits divers (discovered to be his and republished posthumously as Novels in Three Lines), pseudonymous articles in differing registers of language (working class argot, standardized French) in Anarchist and mainstream journals, unsigned translations, and
the barely noted in their own pages of his editing of journals featuring
the
early efforts of rising stars of French literature. Quitting his

camouflaged and concealed writing activities, Feneon works the rest of his life as a seller in an art gallery.

The actual "works" of Feneon, then, are not written objects per se, but anonymous actions, ephemeral pseudonymous "appearances in print," and the works of others which he affects a passage for in his editorship and translations, in his promoting and selling the art works of others. This "accumulation" which one finds "at a distance" in time as his "complete works," is often unobserved and unknown to his contemporaries, who know of him primarily via his "way of acting," his manner of dressing, his speech mannerisms, and as the public triptych of images of him existing as a painted portrait by Seurat, a Dandy-pose photo and a mug shot taken when tried as part of an Anarchist "conspiracy." Feneon's "identity as a writer" does not exist as "an author," but as a series of "performances," "appearances" and "influences," many of them "unrecognized" and "unattributed."

Ironically, it his most "clandestine" activity—his Anarchist activities—which brings him the most in to the public and tabloid spotlight. As one of "The Thirty" accused and tried for "conspiracy" in a much publicized trial, it is Feneon's severe mug shot that for a time presents his "public face."

The severe mug facing the viewer is actually producing a Conceptual Poetry "at a distance." By not penning a single line, by simply "facing the music" to which others pen the lyrics, Feneon, in doing nothing more than facing the camera "capturing" his image, proceeds to enact a series of dramas "projected" on to him, a series of "identities," and "revelations" which use the documentary material to produce a series of mass-published fictions.

The possible prison term facing the "Felix Feneon" in the inmate-numbered "anonymous" mug shot, "presents its face" to the viewer, a face "taken,"

"imprisoned" and "caught" by the image and its publicity. This publicized face facing camera and viewer and possible hard time, is "taken to be" the photo of the face of a being from whom the mask of the clandestine and conspiratorial have been torn off, revealing "the cold hard truth" of Felix Feneon.

Facing trial, however, all that is learned of this imprisoned face is that it is "the wrong man, an innocent man." This fixed image, acquitted of its "sensational" charges, is revealed not as a truth, but instead as simply a mask, a mask operating like a screen or blank sheet of paper, onto which are projected the dramas, fictions and "think piece" writings of others. Nothing is revealed other than an "identity" which shifts, travels, changes from one set of captions to another. It is via these captions written by others under his image in the papers and placards, that Feneon continues his "writing at a distance." Simply by facing the camera, facing charges, "facing the music," facing his accusers at trial and facing the verdict and judgment, Feneon is "writing" a myriad captions, breaking news items, commentaries, editorials, all of which change with wild speeds as they race to be as "up-to-minute" as the events themselves are in "unfolding."

The professionals, these writers, these journalists and reporters of "reality," chase desperately, breathlessly, after the unfolding drama in which the mug shot is "framed," and in so doing produce texts of "speculative fiction," a serial Conceptual Poetry with as its "star player" a writer whose own texts are deliberately written to be unrecognized, hidden, camouflaged, unknown. And all the while, this writer writing nothing is producing vast heaps of writing via the work of others, as yet another

form of camouflaged clandestine Conceptual Poetry, "hot off the press."

Rimbaud writes of a concept of the poetry of the future in which poetry would precede action—which in a sense he proceeds to "perform" himself. If one reads his letters written after he stopped writing poetry, one finds Rimbaud living out, or through, one after another of what now seem to be "the prophecies" of his own poetry. That is, the poetry is the "conceptual framework" for what becomes his "silence" as a poet, and is instead his "life of action."

In these examples, one finds forms of a "conceptual poetry" in which the poetry is in large part an abandonment of language, of words, of masses of "personally signed" "poetry objects," "poetry products." One finds instead a vanishing, a disappearance of both language and "poet" and the emergence of that "some one else" Rimbaud recognized prophetically, preceding the action--in writing—in the "Lettre du voyant," "the Seer's letter"—as "I is an other."

An interesting take on a conceptual poetry in writing is found in one of Pascal's Pensees, #542:

"Thoughts come at random, and go at random. No device for holding on to them or for having them.
A thought has escaped: I was trying to write it down: instead I write that it has escaped me."

The writing is a notation of the "escaped" concept's absence, its escape that is a line of flight that is a "flight out of time" as Hugo Ball entitles his Dada diaries. Writing not as a method of remembering, of "capturing thought," but as the notation of the flight of the concept at the approach of its notation.

Writing, then, as an absence— an absence of the concept. A Conceptual Poetry of writing as "absent-mindedness"!—A writing which does nothing more than elucidate that the escaping of thoughts "which come at random, and go at random" has occurred.

This flight of the concept faced with its notation—indicates a line of flight among the examples of Rimbaud—a "flight into the desert" as it were, of silence as a poet—and of Feneon—the flight into anonymous writing of very small newspaper "faits divers" items punningly entitled "Nouvelles en trois lignes" (News/Novels in Three Lines), of pseudonymous writings in differing guises at the same time according to the journals in which they appear, and as translator and editor as well as "salesperson" in a gallery of "art objects," a conceptual masquerader among the art-objects embodying "concepts" and becoming no longer "concepts' but "consumer items." Feneon's framed mug shot on to whose mug is projected a "serial crime novel," written by others and "starring" the mug in the mug shot, a writer of unknown and unrecognized texts who now vanishes into a feverish series of captions and headlines.

Anonymity, pseudonyms, impersonations, poets who write their own coming silence and "disappearance" as an "I is an other," the deliberately unrecognized and unrecognizable poet whose mug shot becomes the mass published and distributed "crime scene" for police blotters and headlines, speculative fictions and ideological diatribes, the writing which is a notation of the flight of the concept, the writing of non-writers who "never wrote a word," yet whose concepts may be found camouflaged, doubled, mirrored, shadowed, anonymously existing hidden in pain site/sight/cite—these nomadic elements which appear and disappear comprise a Conceptual Poetry in which the concepts and poets both impersonate Others and reappear as "Somebody Else," an Other unrecognized and unrecognizable found hidden in plain site/sight/cite.

"It is not the elements which are new, but the order of their arrangement," is another Pascalian "pensee." One finds arrangements of the elements of Rimbaud and Feneon into the various forms of "conceptual poetry" in the works of Pessoa, Spicer and Yasusada.
Pessoa creates many others as poets, heteronyms with their own works and actions, their own concepts of poetry. Spicer "translates" poetry

> *"after*
> *Lorca" as well as exchanging letters with the dead poet, lives for a summer*
> *with his ghost, who provides a foreword to Spicer's Book.*
>
> *for more turn to the blog address--*

↑ Contents

35. Will Montgomery

Fwd: Susan Howe symposium (London, UK)

Mon 2 Jun 2008

Hello all
See below for details of an upcoming symposium on Susan Howe's work.
Apologies for x-posting.
Will

Begin forwarded message:

> *SUSAN HOWE: A CELEBRATION*
>
> *Birkbeck, University of London*
> *Saturday 21st June, 9.25am-6.30pm*
>
> *Susan Howe is a unique figure in twentieth-century poetry. Her work came to prominence in the early 1990s in association with the American Language poets, but quickly set its own agenda outside these parameters. From her first career as an artist, Howe brought an intense sensitivity to the visual dimensions of the text, producing a diverse body of work that has continually probed the borders between poetry and other disciplines and media. In its unorthodox readings of the American canon, its obsessive interest in history and what the official narratives of history exclude, and, more recently, in her collaborations with the experimental musician, David Grubbs, Howe's work is unrelenting in its capacity to surprise and stimulate us.*
>
> *In this one-day symposium, we aim to recognize the impact Susan Howe's writing has had on contemporary poetics, and to provide a focus for new critical approaches to her poetry.*
>
> *The conference begins with the keynote lecture by Elizabeth Willis at 9.30am, followed by four panels of papers, and finishing with a drinks reception at 6.30pm. This event is free and open to all.*

> *Keynote Lecture: Elizabeth Willis (Wesleyan University)*
>
> *Papers by: Stephen Collis, Drew Milne, Will Montgomery, Redell Olsen, Tony Lopez, Nick Selby, Carol Watts, William Watkin, William Rowe, Catherine Martin, Jess Wilkinson, Susan Nurmi-Schomers, Anna Reckin, Mandy Bloomfield.*
>
> *To see the full programme, please visit the conference webpage:*
>
> *http://www.bbk.ac.uk/cprc/news/newsitem1*

↑ Contents

36. Tony Trigilio

Registration reminder, The Beat Generation Symposium, Columbia College Chicago (Oct. 10-11, 2008)

Mon 2 Jun 2008

Hi everyone--

I'm writing with a reminder that registration is now being accepted for The Beat Generation Symposium at Columbia College Chicago.

We now have the option for registering by credit card. If you'd like to do this, call the Columbia Ticket Office at [redacted], or register online at:

www.colum.edu/tickets/index.php
<https://mail.colum.edu/owa/redir.aspx?C=30fd987b8a3b477f84ea77e24bf305d8&URL=http%3a%2f%2fwww.colum.edu%2ftickets%2findex.php>

Thanks, and hope to see you there--

Best,
Tony

****
THE BEAT GENERATION SYMPOSIUM
****

Please join us for a conference devoted to the literary and cultural legacy of the Beat Generation: "The Beat Generation Symposium," sponosored by the Beat Studies Association, Columbia College Chicago, and Illinois State University.

Friday, October 10, and Saturday, October 11, 2008.

Location: Columbia College Chicago, Film Row Theater (1104 South Wabash Avenue, 8th floor).

This is an academic Beat Studies conference to be held in conjunction with the Columbia College's Center for the Book and Paper Arts's Fall 2008 display of the Jack Kerouac ON THE ROAD manuscript scroll. The Beat Generation Symposium features panel discussions each day, with poetry readings by Joanne Kyger (October 10) and Diane di Prima (October 11).

Conference fee for those who pre-register before August 1: $50 ($25 for Graduate Students, Independent Scholars, and Retired Faculty). After August 1, the fees are $100 and $50.

Checks should be made payable to Columbia College Chicago, and should be sent to:

Columbia Ticket Center
33 East Congress St., Suite 610
Chicago, IL 60605
Ph: [redacted] (fax [redacted])
[redacted]

To register by credit card, call the Columbia Ticket Office at the number above, or register online at:

www.colum.edu/tickets/index.php
<https://mail.colum.edu/owa/redir.aspx?
C=30fd987b8a3b477f84ea77e24bf305d8&URL=http%3a%2f
%2fwww.colum.edu%2ftickets%2findex.php>

A limited number of hotel rooms are available at the Homewood Suites by Hilton Chicago-Downtown, 40 East Grand Avenue, Chicago. This hotel is a very short cab or subway ride from the Columbia campus. The Homewood Suites prepared a special link for us to book online. Just click below and you'll find directions for reserving a room:

http://homewoodsuites.hilton.com/en/hw/groups/personalized/CHIHWHW-CLC-20081009/index.jhtml <https://mail.colum.edu/owa/redir.aspx?
C=30fd987b8a3b477f84ea77e24bf305d8&URL=http%3a%2f
%2fhomewoodsuites.hilton.com%2fen%2fhw%2fgroups%2fpersonalized
%2fCHIHWHW-CLC-20081009%2findex.jhtml>

It's important that you book your room as soon as possible, as the Chicago Marathon is taking place October 12. (We only discovered this convergence recently, after we'd already booked the featured readers.)

A Visitor's Guide for the Beat Symposium is pasted below, with a list of nearby hotels. Columbia College Chicago is located downtown, in the heart of the

city's South Loop neighborhood, and is easily accessible from these hotels by foot or cab. All major subway/El trains come into the South Loop, too, so it's possible to book hotels in other parts of the city and make it to the Symposium without difficulty.

Mention that you're a Columbia College Chicago visitor to receive discounted rates at some of these hotels. It's crucial to book as soon as possible because of the marathon.

For more information, contact Tony Trigilio at [redacted] ([redacted]).

VISITOR'S GUIDE: THE BEAT GENERATION SYMPOSIUM

Airports: O'Hare Airport (western suburbs) and Midway Airport (southern suburbs) are the two airports servicing the Chicgao area. They are approximately equidistant from Columbia College.

Transportation:
>From Midway Airport, take the Orange Line elevated train to Adams Street. From there, walk south on Wabash until you reach Congress Parkway. From O'Hare Airport, take the Blue Line to La Salle. Walk East on Congress (away from the Chicago Stock Exchange Building, which you'll see upon emerging from the subway) until you reach Wabash (about 5 short blocks).

Use www.transitchicago.com's<http://www.transitchicago.com's/> free Trip Planner service to plan the rest of your trips while you're here. Simply enter your starting point and destination, and Trip Planner gives you detailed directions. As of 2008, fares are $2.00 one-way with a $0.25 transfer. Each train station has kiosks where you can buy transit cards and reload them (cash only). The Blue Line and Red Line run 24/7; the other lines stop running for a few hours late at night.

Taxis are available throughout the city. From Midway Airport to the English Department, cab fare would be approximately $25 and from O'Hare Airport cab fare would be approximately $50. If you need to call a cab, call (773) or (312) TAXICAB.

Metra Trains service suburban areas. Visit www.metrarail.com<http://www.metrarail.com/> for an updated schedule and fare list.

LIST OF NEARBY HOTELS

The Hilton and Towers
722 S Michigan Ave
(0.2 miles from the English Department)
[redacted]

The Palmer House Hilton
17 E Monroe St (0.4 miles away)
[redacted] or 1-800-HILTONS

The Best Western Grant Park
1100 S Michigan Ave (0.6 mi)
[redacted]

Travelodge
65 E Harrison St (0.1 mi)
[redacted]

Hotel Blake
500 S Dearborn St (0.3 mi)
[redacted]
www.hyatt.com<http://www.hyatt.com/
<https://mail.colum.edu/owa/UrlBlockedError.aspx>>

Blackstone Hotel
819 S Wabash Ave # 606 (0.3 mi)
[redacted]
marriott.com

Congress Plaza Hotel
520 S Michigan Ave (0.1 mi)
[redacted]
congressplazahotel.com

The Silversmith Hotel
10 S Wabash Ave (0.4 mi)
[redacted]
silversmithchicagohotel.com

Omni Ambassador East
1301 S State St (0.7 mi)
[redacted]

Embassy Suites Hotel Chicago-Downtown
600 North State Street (1.5 mi)
[redacted]
embassysuites.com

Essex Inn Hotel
800 S Michigan Ave (0.3 mi)
[redacted]
essexinn.com

Club Quarters: Hotel
111 W Adams St (0.4 mi)
[redacted]
clubquarters.com

W Hotels-Chicago City Center
172 W Adams St (0.4 mi)
[redacted]
starwoodhotels.com

Hostelling International Chicago
24 E Congress Pkwy (0.1 mi)
[redacted]
hichicago.org

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37. **CA Conrad**

Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"

Mon 2 Jun 2008

OH GEORGE, but I thought you were BORED! HEHEHE! SO BORED you had to come back for seconds! There's no one I LOVE to see swoon under the expanse of his own song as YOU, BIG BOY Bowering!

But for those still interested:

This reminds me a bit of the first time I met Jonathan Williams, and I had been corresponding with another elder poet at that time, someone I was arguing with quite a bit through the mail. Jonathan liked that I was arguing with this other elder poet, and not JUST accepting his word as Gospel, which clearly he was very much used to having his word taken as Gospel, this poet. In fact Jonathan said to me after hearing me unload my anger, "OH Yes, he's one of those poets who wants you to write just like him, only not as well!" We laughed hard and long at the truth in that one!

The thing is, Bob Perelman spends a LOT of time with young poets in creative writing programs, etc., and if I were one of those kids I would ask him:

)What did you mean by that joke exactly? I mean, HOW are we all writing alike, if in fact you meant it?)If you DIDN'T mean it and it WAS a joke, then how was it a joke? Is this what OTHERS are saying? And if so HOW do they say we all write alike, if in fact they mean it?

NOW DON'T THINK I'M SHITTING ON CREATIVE WRITING PROGRAMS, because it turns out I have a lot of friends who are either IN THEM currently, or have been through them, BUT, my hope is that there's room for

disagreement, room for challenging whatever needs challenging in these programs, if need be.

Oh, and from the looks of a few of the back channeled emails I've received about this topic WOW, there are some poets who have been angry at Bob for a LONG time, and have been waiting to unload it! I for one don't hate Bob, so please send your angry e-mails to him directly, GEESH! But on the other hand, GLAD I WAS ABLE TO HELP YOU GET THAT SHIT OFF YOUR SHOULDERS! Life's much shorter than can possibly be realized as it turns out! So, in other words, DON'T HOLD ONTO THIS SHIT!

CAConrad
http://PhillySound.blogspot.com

>
>
George Bowering wrote:

>Saw that one coming.
>
>
On Jun 1, 2008, at 10:36 PM, Barry Schwabsky wrote:

> *I can't think of anyone it would be more of an honor to be compared to than the woman who constituted the first generation of (I assume you mean second-wave) feminism.*

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38. Country Valley

Country Valley Press - Poetry

Tue 3 Jun 2008

FORTHCOMING Summer/Fall, 2008

Poetry by:

Charles Belbin
Jeffery Beam
Joel Chace

-NEW TITLES-

Empty Hands Broadsides

Single Issues: $1/$3, signed
Subscriptions: $11 for 8 broadsides, postpaid

1 - Ed Baker, Along the Sligo (SOLD OUT)
2 - John Perlman, A Walk Around the Lake
3 - Theodore Enslin, Four Ages of Man
4 - Fred Jeremy Seligson, Cherry Blossoms of the Tidal Basin (SIGNED COPIES ONLY)
5 - Devin Johnson, Sources
6 - Yamao Sansei/Scott Watson, Single Bliss
7 - Michael O'Brien, Avenue
8 - Thomas A. Clark, Doire Fhearna
9 - David Giannini, Low-Tide Cards
10 - Charlie Mehrhoff, Nothing Exists
11 - Jeffery Beam, The Green Man's Man

Chapbooks

Life's Little Day by Bob Arnold.
Limited edition Japanese style wraps, $15
Limited signed edition, $20

One Dozen Portions by Hank Lazer
Limited sewn chapbook, $7.50
Limited signed edition, $10

terraria by John Martone
Limited edition Japanese style wraps, $10
Limited signed edition, $20

Wall/Stairway by John Taggart
Limited sewn chapbook, $7.50
Limited signed edition, $10

A Breath Apart by Scott Watson
Limited edition Japanese style wraps, $10
Limited signed edition, $20

*Please send checks/money orders payable to "Country Valley Press"

[redacted]
http://web.mac.com/countryvalley

Country Valley Press
c/o Mark Kuniya
1407 Mission Street, Unit A
Gardnerville, NV. 89410-7221

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39. **Barry Schwabsky**
Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"
Tue 3 Jun 2008

----- Original Message ----
From: George Bowe
So did you duck?

----- Original Message ----
From: George Bowering <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Monday, 2 June, 2008 3:43:28 PM
Subject: Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"

Saw that one coming.

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> *----- Original Message ----*
> *From: Marcus Bales <[redacted]>*
> *To: [redacted]*
> *Sent: Sunday, 1 June, 2008 6:39:31 PM*
> *Subject: Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"*
>
> *Like all jokes, it has a kernel of truth. Jokes are, of course, not THE truth, but*
> *exaggerations, diminishments, and other distancings from the truth. It's not true that*
> *ALL of that generation "write alike", but enough do so that one can joke about it. Of*
> *course, it's true of every "poetry generation" -- because if people didn't "write alike"*
> *there could be no categories called "poetry generations".*
>
> *My father used to say that difference between having a sense of what's funny and*
> *having a sense of humor is whether you can laugh when it happens to you instead of*
> *to some other guy.*
>
> *You don't want to be the first poetry generation whose distinguishing characteristic is*
> *that it's more like the first feminist generation than any other*

poetry generation: lacking
a sense of humor, do you?

In short, lighten up; learn not only to laugh at yourselves but to
make fun of yourselves.

Marcus

On 31 May 2008 at 4:02, CA Conrad wrote:

The recent Jerome Rothenberg event in Philadelphia is where he told
his
"joke" about younger poets, and you can listen or watch (MP3 or
video) at
this link:

http://writing.upenn.edu/~whfellow/rothenberg.html

You will want to use the link to the second day for the Rothenberg
conversation and Q&A with Al Filries. Perelman appears about three
quarters
through, or more. BUT PLEASE LISTEN TO THE ENTIRE CONVERSATION AND
Q&A, it's
TERRIFIC! (In particular I liked Lee Ann Brown's question for
Rothenberg,
you'll want to hear this entire event!)

But when Bob Perelman tells his "joke" Rothenberg is talking about
the fact
that having been involved with poetry for a very long time that it's
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for him to keep in touch with everything that's going on now. He
then says
to Perelman sitting close by that after his own generation, and
Bob's
generation, that the newer poets... And then Bob finishes
Rothenberg's
sentence for him with, "--you mean that they all write alike!"

I was sitting in that room with the rest of the audience. There was
a gasp,
and I know that it wasn't my gasp alone!

Rothenberg then shakes his head and laughs nervously and says NO NO
NO NO,
they don't all write alike, that's not what I'm saying!

And then Al Filreis says, "You heard it here first, Bob Perelman says you all write alike, that's P-E-R-E-L-M-A-N."

Bob takes the microphone at that point, and the first thing he says is that he was just JOKING when he said younger poets all write alike. Then it's forgotten.

But not forgotten.

I remember very clearly the tone he used, which is why it was an arrow strike. But maybe that WAS part of the "joke." ? I listened to it again online just the other night, and it was pretty much fashioned like a quick, pointed statement.

Could it be that the reaction he was feeling from the rest of the audience, and Rothenberg's reaction, and Filreis's reaction, made him turn it into a joke?

Am I accusing Bob Perelman of lying? Well, maybe a white lie. A save-face lie.

BUT MAYBE HE'S NOT LYING. OK, maybe it WAS a joke.

Let's suppose it WAS a joke. HOW is such a joke funny, and who was it funny for I ask? Why would it be funny? Is it funny because it's something he has heard before and he DOES NOT AGREE with it but is MOCKINGLY saying younger poets all write alike IN DEFENSE of younger poets?

Is Bob Perelman the GREAT champion of younger poets? Is he coming to the rescue by making a joke of the joke of others who are ACTUALLY NOT joking?

And who are these others, if there are others?

> *Hmmm. Who is saying such things in Perelman's presence that would upset him so much he feels compelled to joke TO DEFEND YOUNGER POETS!? Is Bob Perelman thinking, "Well, they're simply NOT reading younger poets if they think THAT!"*
>
> *Because clearly, in my mind, SOMEONE is NOT reading younger poets if they think that, because I read a lot of poets my age and younger, and there's NO WAY I would ever say we're all writing alike! But WHO is thinking this, and saying this out loud in front of Bob Perelman? We need to THANK Bob of course for making that "joke" on our behalf. AND SO PUBLICLY I want add, into a microphone while the video camera and sound equipment was mowing down his sound particles to SEND HIS BRAVE message to those who would DARE attack the younger poets!*
>
> *What is ACTUALLY funny about the joke for me is how over the years I've defended Bob and his friends when people have said that the LANGUAGE Poets all write alike. This is something I've heard consistently. I heard it when I was a teenager before I knew who they were and what they were thinking and writing. Lucky for me I've always been someone who wants to check out what everyone is being such a Hater about.*
>
> *Eventually I had read enough and was prepared enough to confront this statement, "What are you talking about!? Who have you read!? What have you read!?" Not once did one of these parrots have an answer which led me to believe that they had ACTUALLY read a single LANGUAGE Poet! They were merely repeating some bullshit statement their bullshit poetry workshop leaders (who ALSO I'M SURE did not read ANYTHING by a single LANGUAGE Poet!) had*

> *said.*
>
> *BECAUSE, REALLY, if you think they all write alike have you actually READ*
> *THEM? If you sat down with poems by Armantrout, Silliman, Pearson, and*
> *Hejinian, and there were no names on the poems, you would know who wrote*
> *what, or at least would notice these to be four very distinct voices. Poetry*
> *is a tea party to some, it seems! A fancy luxury instead of indispensable*
> *investigation! I say it seems to be this to those who would make such*
> *ridiculous statements about LANGUAGE Poets for being LAZY readers and*
> *half-assed, half-interested poets! And now I also say it to those ill-read*
> *gossips behind Bob Perelman's "joke."*
>
> *In the end younger poets must learn to persevere, like the LANGUAGE Poets*
> *have, because I FOR ONE feel poets of my generation and younger are writing*
> *some pretty damned HOT poems! I wouldn't trade this time with any other!*
>
> *FUCK THE HALF-INTERESTED LOUTS!*
>
> *CAConrad*
> *http://PhillySound.blogspot.com*
>
> *--*
> *No virus found in this incoming message.*
> *Checked by AVG.*
> *Version: 7.5.524 / Virus Database: 269.24.4/1476 - Release Date: 5/31/2008 12:25 PM*

Giorgio Bowering, gent.
Just a visitor here.

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40. David A. Kirschenbaum
Advertise in Boog City's 51st Issue
Tue 3 Jun 2008

Please forward

Advertise in

Boog City 51

*Deadline

--Space Reservations ASAP

--Wed. June 11-Ad or ad copy to editor
--Sat. June 14-Issue to be distributed

Email to reserve ad space ASAP

We have 2,250 copies distributed and available free throughout Manhattan's East Village, and Williamsburg and Greenpoint, Brooklyn.

Take advantage of our indie discount ad rate. We are once again offering a 50% discount on our 1/8-page ads, cutting them from $80 to $40. (The discount rate also applies to larger ads. Ask for full rate card.)

Advertise your small press's newest publications, your own titles or upcoming readings, or maybe salute an author you feel people should be reading, with a few suggested books to buy. And musical acts, advertise your new albums, indie labels your new releases.

(We're also cool with donations, real cool.)

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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41. Susan Webster Schultz

new Singing Horse and Tinfish Press titles

Tue 3 Jun 2008

Dear friends:

I'm pleased to announce the publication of my new book, _Dementia Blog_, by Singing Horse Press in San Diego (http://singinghorsepress.com).

Small Press Distribution has copies:

http://spdbooks.org/Details.asp?BookID—80935162417

For a look at the cover, by Tinfish's own Gaye Chan, please see here, at Facebook's public link:

http://www.facebook.com/album.php?aid1757&l‹d89&ide4553661

And please check Tinfish's website: http://tinfishpress.com

for details of our two newest publications, Meg Withers's _A Communion of Saints_, a prose poetry elegy to men who died of AIDS in 1980s Honolulu

and

Hazel Smith's _The Erotics of Geography_, with accompanying CD-ROM.

We recently reprinted copies of Jacinta Galea`i's _Aching for Mango Friends_.

On our summer docket: Tinfish 18, which features longer poems, and Tinfish 18.5, which features work by University of Hawai`i at Manoa's M.A. Students in creative writing.

We are also working toward a chapbook poem by Norman Fischer and a full-length book by Craig Santos Perez, as well as reprints of our best-selling books, _Sista Tongue_, by Lisa Linn Kanae, and _Poeta en San Francisco_ by Barbara Jane Reyes.

So stay in touch!

Aloha, Susan

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42. Murat Nemet-Nejat

Re: siddhi pose-performance by Nikuko

Tue 3 Jun 2008

Alan,

The pause is where the action stops, and meditation begins. But the meditation occurs in the viewer, the pausing becoming a pose (photographic gesture) from the other (a la camera obscura) relaying intentionality, a moment of intimacy between the seer/reader and the other.

Look at these photographs, particularly the section called "brothel": http://www.pixelbasedlifeforms.net/demo/erdalkinaciportfolio.html

Ciao,

Miurat

On Mon, Jun 2, 2008 at 9:23 AM, Alan Sondheim <[redacted]> wrote:

> *siddhi pose-performance by Nikuko*
>
> *This is preparation for object attachment. Fashion: Silhouette for posing in combination with minimal blue pattern for orientation.*
>
> *Object attachment buries avatar bodies. Spatially, the body is lossy; dynamically, behavior remains to conjure the semblance of purposeful action. Here, Nikuko orients herself, poses periodically.*
>
> *The pose is drawn out of the dynamics; the spectator, in the pose, proceeds as if the narrative moment continued literally for all intents and purposes. The pose is the ridge or hinge of movement, the pause designating the other, the viewer, designated by the viewer - part of a system of distribution. The pause ensures the viewer that the body is not the locus or victim of seizure. Every pause is a pose, every pose a pause, both intertwined with intentionality.*
>
> *The pose is given as a gift, is for the other, is oriented; the orientation of the pose defines the stance of the other in inverse relationship to occidental landscape perspective in which the vanishing-point might be considered the locus of the viewer as well. But the pose draws in, puckers, the vanishing-point, which becomes a plane and punctum of intimacy.*
>
> *Nikuko poses, there is no one in sight, but there is the camera, here literally one of obscura, that obscure little object A of desire for and by Nikuko, above all for Nikuko.*
>
> *One of us moved the other, one of us aroused the other to action, to the recording-booth, to the wide-screen, to the embrace of the other who is identical, not equivalent, to the self-selving occurring, not to mention the dynamics of the same.*
>
> *Ah, I reply, I can finally see her face.*

> *http://www.alansondheim.org/pose.mov*

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43. Jeffrey Side

Review of 'Carrier of the Seed' in Shearsman

Tue 3 Jun 2008

There's a review by John Couth of my poem 'Carrier of the Seed' in Shearsman:
http://www.shearsman.com/pages/editorial/reviews2008/jc_side.html

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44. Adam Fieled

PFS Post: Reb Livingston

Tue 3 Jun 2008

Check out five sharp/scintillating "Marriage Chronicle" poems from Reb Livingston on PFS Post:

http://www.artrecess.blogspot.com

Books!
"Opera Bufa"
http://www.lulu.com/content/1137210

"Beams"
http://www.blazevox.org/ebk-af.pdf

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45. Maria Damon

Re: siddhi pose-performance by Nikuko

Tue 3 Jun 2008

"Spatially, the body is lossy;" beauteous.

Alan Sondheim wrote:
> siddhi pose-performance by Nikuko
>
>
> This is preparation for object attachment. Fashion: Silhouette for posing
> in combination with minimal blue pattern for orientation.
>
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>
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46. **Troy Camplin**

Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"

Tue 3 Jun 2008

Perelman wasn't joking. He was accidentally honest. All young writers do sound alike, and it's because few if any of them know anything about writing poems. They have been told that rules are passe or elitist, and so everyone ends up writing the same stuff the same way. The fact is that if you write using some sort of form, you will develop a style and a voice all your own. Form forces you to do this, just as it also forces you to make choices you would not have originally made. It can result in poems that you realize are actually better than anything you could have otherwise written. I've seen it happen, not just with my

own poetry, but with the poetry of others. Perelman said it was a joke because he heard all the gasps -- but he wasn't joking. More, he was right.

Now, before everyone here attacks me, let me suggest the following experiment. Take one of your free verse poems and turn it into a sonnet. Or Sapphic verse. Or blank verse. Or some other form with a steady rhythm and rhyme scheme. Or, better, take the same poem and put it into several forms. See what happens. See if it doesn't make it into a better poem. Or a more interesting one. See if it doesn't force you to make better, more interesting choices than you had before.

All I ask for is that your responses be educated by experience.

Troy Camplin

----- Original Message ----
From: Barry Schwabsky <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Monday, June 2, 2008 11:55:31 PM
Subject: Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"

----- Original Message ----
From: George Bowe
So did you duck?

----- Original Message ----
From: George Bowering <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Monday, 2 June, 2008 3:43:28 PM
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> *To: [redacted]*
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> *You don't want to be the first poetry generation whose distinguishing characteristic is that it's more like the first feminist generation than any other poetry generation: lacking a sense of humor, do you?*
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> *In short, lighten up; learn not only to laugh at yourselves but to make fun of yourselves.*
>
> *Marcus*
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>
> *You will want to use the link to the second day for the Rothenberg conversation and Q&A with Al Filries. Perelman appears about three quarters through, or more. BUT PLEASE LISTEN TO THE ENTIRE CONVERSATION AND Q&A, it's TERRIFIC! (In particular I liked Lee Ann Brown's question for Rothenberg, you'll want to hear this entire event!)*
>
> *But when Bob Perelman tells his "joke" Rothenberg is talking about the fact*

*that having been involved with poetry for a very long time that it's hard
for him to keep in touch with everything that's going on now. He then says
to Perelman sitting close by that after his own generation, and Bob's
generation, that the newer poets... And then Bob finishes Rothenberg's
sentence for him with, "--you mean that they all write alike!"*

*I was sitting in that room with the rest of the audience. There was a gasp,
and I know that it wasn't my gasp alone!*

*Rothenberg then shakes his head and laughs nervously and says NO NO NO NO,
they don't all write alike, that's not what I'm saying!*

*And then Al Filreis says, "You heard it here first, Bob Perelman says you
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online just the other night, and it was pretty much fashioned like a quick,
pointed statement.*

*Could it be that the reaction he was feeling from the rest of the audience,
and Rothenberg's reaction, and Filreis's reaction, made him turn it into a
joke?*

*Am I accusing Bob Perelman of lying? Well, maybe a white lie. A save-face
lie.*

BUT MAYBE HE'S NOT LYING. OK, maybe it WAS a joke.

Let's suppose it WAS a joke. HOW is such a joke funny, and who was it funny for I ask? Why would it be funny? Is it funny because it's something he has heard before and he DOES NOT AGREE with it but is MOCKINGLY saying younger poets all write alike IN DEFENSE of younger poets?

Is Bob Perelman the GREAT champion of younger poets? Is he coming to the rescue by making a joke of the joke of others who are ACTUALLY NOT joking?

And who are these others, if there are others?

Hmmm. Who is saying such things in Perelman's presence that would upset him so much he feels compelled to joke TO DEFEND YOUNGER POETS!? Is Bob Perelman thinking, "Well, they're simply NOT reading younger poets if they think THAT!"

Because clearly, in my mind, SOMEONE is NOT reading younger poets if they think that, because I read a lot of poets my age and younger, and there's NO WAY I would ever say we're all writing alike! But WHO is thinking this, and saying this out loud in front of Bob Perelman? We need to THANK Bob of course for making that "joke" on our behalf. AND SO PUBLICLY I want add, into a microphone while the video camera and sound equipment was mowing down his sound particles to SEND HIS BRAVE message to those who would DARE attack the younger poets!

What is ACTUALLY funny about the joke for me is how over the years I've defended Bob and his friends when people have said that the LANGUAGE Poets all write alike. This is something I've heard consistently. I heard it when I was a teenager before I knew who they were and what they were

> *thinking and writing. Lucky for me I've always been someone who wants to check out what everyone is being such a Hater about.*
>
> *Eventually I had read enough and was prepared enough to confront this statement, "What are you talking about!? Who have you read!? What have you read!?" Not once did one of these parrots have an answer which led me to believe that they had ACTUALLY read a single LANGUAGE Poet! They were merely repeating some bullshit statement their bullshit poetry workshop leaders (who ALSO I'M SURE did not read ANYTHING by a single LANGUAGE Poet!) had said.*
>
> *BECAUSE, REALLY, if you think they all write alike have you actually READ THEM? If you sat down with poems by Armantrout, Silliman, Pearson, and Hejinian, and there were no names on the poems, you would know who wrote what, or at least would notice these to be four very distinct voices. Poetry is a tea party to some, it seems! A fancy luxury instead of indispensable investigation! I say it seems to be this to those who would make such ridiculous statements about LANGUAGE Poets for being LAZY readers and half-assed, half-interested poets! And now I also say it to those ill-read gossips behind Bob Perelman's "joke."*
>
> *In the end younger poets must learn to persevere, like the LANGUAGE Poets have, because I FOR ONE feel poets of my generation and younger are writing some pretty damned HOT poems! I wouldn't trade this time with any other!*
>
> *FUCK THE HALF-INTERESTED LOUTS!*
>
> *CAConrad*
> *http://PhillySound.blogspot.com*

> --
> *No virus found in this incoming message.*
> *Checked by AVG.*
> *Version: 7.5.524 / Virus Database: 269.24.4/1476 - Release Date: 5/31/2008 12:25 PM*

Giorgio Bowering, gent.
Just a visitor here.

↑ Contents

47. Troy Camplin

Re: essay by Chirot to go with works at the UA Poetry Center Conceptual Poetry Symposium, organized by Marjorie Perloff

Tue 3 Jun 2008

Troy Camplin

Words are concepts, so all poetry is conceptual.

Troy Camplin

----- Original Message ----
From: David Chirot <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Monday, June 2, 2008 3:33:38 PM
Subject: Re: essay by Chirot to go with works at the UA Poetry Center Conceptual Poetry Symposium, organized by Marjorie Perloff

Dear Murat and Barry:

"does that makes "conceptual poetry" poetry that likewise foregrounds language? But in that case, what distinguishes "conceptual poetry" from just "poetry"?

re conceptual poetry being not in words--

This is exactly what the very second paragraph of my piece asks--

" One may also ask—since language is the material of poetry, if one is to create a conceptual poetry—does this mean then that the absence of language is involved? That the poetry is not in language, but found elsewhere?"

This is why I write of how often i think of al the persons through thousand snd thousands of years who cerated poems without words, paintings without paint--art with out materials at all--
because they were not allowed to--even learn how to read and write, or to

paint--
nor exposed to any of the ideas re painting, poetry--
and yet nonetheless i believe there must have been tousands of greate artists and poets who created works continaully--
and as i write--these have vanished "without a trace"--
nor fragments--as never were "objects" or "signs"--
because they did not exist as objects, texts--

yet--
one may ask also, as i do--
may not these works--becasue they have been thought imagined,seen, heard--formed--
exist--
not as traces or objects-recognized as "poems" and "Images"--

but elsewhere--
all around one--
in stones' forms or clouds' shapes-in a sound out of nowhere that one hears--

things which in their taphonomic states carry the disintegrating orders of those which had elsewhere in another time been the concepts found by those poets and artists who did not write not paint--

"the shock of recogntion"--the uncanny encounter--with these--which "recognize one" and find one--

"involuntary memories" "out of nowhere"--which are triggered by the movement of a car out of the corner of one's eye suddenly shooting out of an alley way, from out of the shadowy dark blotch at the margins of the eye's peripheries--into the bright sharpness of light-and gone--

yet--"whose" involutary memories--?--

i didn't set out to write a paper at all, just to ask a few questions--and had to cut it short--as what one begins to think on re conceptual poetry is a swarming --of a myriad ideas and things, sights, sounds, movements of dance, gesture of a hand, flicker of lighter in the wind--smoke that drifts into cobwebs filled with corners, the drifting of dust motes--

i've lived in situations where one could not do all manner of things--so one begins to create poems plays stories paintings al manner of things--

which are "conceptual"--and as just described--to create when/with/in watching the drifts of dust motes which one sees due to their being revealed in the shadowy room only by the spaces in between the cheap "venetian" style blinds,

the cracked and faded plastic -- these motes which as one is watching bring out of the chaos and non meaning "time" one is living "in"--confined in--

that which is--
to be present at the conception of a conception--
emerging "before/be for one's very eyes-"

the paper is thought of as hopefully suggestions along the lines of various ways of thinking of what a conceptual poetry might be--and this is but a few of the suggestions that have come to mind--

as what one has the sense of--and persons on Harriet Blog have written of this--is that the Symposium rather than being an "opening of the field"--was enacting in effect the placement already of monuments--while at the same time introducing a set of rules and regulations in a sense, for the design and production of "Conceptual Poetry"--as though it is something "already over with" while at the same time "being proclaimed as New"--

this is why the word "Questions" is in my title--to indicate that this is simply an opening of questions-- rather than an "unquestioning"--"acceptance"--of "what one is told"-- nor do the questions by any means constitute or ask for their own "unquestioning acceptance"--

Conceptual Poetry has been performed, theorized, created, published, video taped, photographed, recorded, for forty years in Latin America--and in Russia already there are several decades of Conceptual Poetries--

this is why one thinks that "Conceptual Poetry" is something that is already existing in a myriad forms and wants to ask further questions, rather than "going by one definition" or a small set of examples--

for example--the conceptual "conceptions"--are not soley "ideas from within the mind"so to speak--on the contrary--the ideas which are those of things, events--OUTSIDE of one--bring these--

* *{"conceptual conceptions"--"conception" is another area one may address "along these lines"-not to mention "contraceptual poetry, biceptual poetry, perceptual poetry, -extra sensory perceptual poetry--deceptual poetry----} **one may ask--if from Outside--the conceptual poetry by not having come from words--may not be manifested into words--as its way at that moment of making itself "known"--it is not myself alone that finds the found--the found finds me--is what i write of being my experinces when working--on the rubBEings, clay impression spray paintings--

so in what they may choose to "appear"--may be as "someone else"--that is, what was not words now "appears" "in the guise of" words--

which may then be quickly enough "no longer words'--but something or some one else--after effects, impersonators, ghosts--actors in "the Globe theater" of Shakespeare's in which "all the world's a stage"--and a Conceptual Poetry is a "play house"--wherein the Conceptual poetry is "playing house"--

in terms of Emily Dickinson's "Nature is a Haunted House, and Art a House which tries to be Haunted"--

to be Haunted by that which provokes the essay ("tries:"-- essay as an essay, and as "essaying" in the sense of trying--) at being Haunted--

in the excerpts from one of the El Colonel stories presented as Appendix A--, "El Ojo de Dios"--El Colonel --does not write down these writings of his--many events occuring in the stories it is not really sure--at what level of reality/fiction they are "happening"--as by the way he "writes"--itis in such a way as to create moment by moment not singularities--but the simultaneity of many aspects of time al of them at once writing/reading/making notes that are beforehand and afterwards and endlessly finding the inextricable ongoing energies and movements of these moving away from, around, back, inside out-etc--with each other--

(in another story, El Colonel opens his one of his "notebooks" to study what he is working with --to take a-look --there is nothing written on the cover nor anywhere inside--this to him is a private joke on his unwritten writings --not only "unpublished"--but unwritten--yet at the same time as he is reading over his unwritten texts he is writing his further commentaries in the writing which is not written "down"--)

the writing also "takes place"--as a performance piece--

With studied and precise, angular movements, El Colonel begins to arrange himself in the correct position in which to be found by his "immanent and eminent visitor."

El Colonel permits himself a barely audible and very brief laugh as "he takes possession of himself the better to assiduously arrange the head, the torso, the limbs, the folded hands, as though he were in the process of preparing a stuffed and mounted specimen of a representative example of a Colonel, whose taxidermist he himself was."

El Colonel's "writing" which is not only "unpublished" but unwritten is described in this story as:

Habituated to an imaginative isolation, El Colonel's intellectual companions are his "compositions" with their attendant "commentaries," "asides," "digressions," and "annotations." By means of this "ironic distancing" he continually invents "a

hitherto unknown and as yet unpublished form of writing, never before seen nor heard."

("Never before seen nor heard" is an alllusion to one of El Colonel's favorite lines from one of his favorite books--Lazarillo de Tormes, whose author literally is "Anonymous"-

Yo, por bien tengo que cosas fan seneladas, y por nunca oidas ni vistas, vengan a noticia de muchos y no se entetierren en la sepultura del olvido.

--*Lazarillo de Tormes*
is the line, cited in the story "El Colonel Smiles" on line at Otoliths and Dusie Kollektiv--

-El Colonel's odd readings are due to their being found--in places, homes, offices--whose occupants on his missions he "takes possesion of"--in some cases--"in other words"--his reading is not planned out--but found--and, literally --in some cases--stolen--"plagiarized texts"--already, before he uses them in his unwritten writings--)

the description continues--

El Colonel smiles. This writing is a method of creating for himself a reader who is in turn accompanied by his own doubling as a writer. Where there had been "no one with who to share his most intimate thoughts, the fullness and agility of his life," there is now not only such a companion; there is also a recorder of "his deeds and exploits." In such a way El Colonel simultaneously acts, writes and reads both for himself and to another, who is also both a reader and an other author in turn, providing El Colonel with his own role as a reader. By these means his life takes on an aura of legend, and he acts both as though creating the performance of something which is happening, and of something which has happened "already." By the latter means, his life is taking place in a futurity in which it is read, and in a present in which it is written. The simplest acts and words are invested with the immediacy of a drama "taking place," the glow of "great acts having taken place ," and, to heighten both drama and aura, the precisions of a prefatory "about to take place," which allows for the insertion of the necessary commentaries, directions, and asides. "For the benefit of the listener, for the pleasure of the reader, for the background material necessary to the writer," as El Colonel describes it with relish in a self-penned blurb . . .

I hope the paper suggests a great many further conceptions of Conceptual Poetry!!--

To swarm and topple the Vendome Columns--!

Sembrar la Memoria de La Commune de Paris1871!

"y no se entetierren en la sepultura del olvido"

**

On Sun, Jun 1, 2008 at 7:28 PM, Murat Nemet-Nejat <[redacted]> wrote:

> *Barry,*
>
> *Very sharp observation. If conceptual art means a movement away from the traditional material of art, oil, stone, etc., toward words, conceptual poetry means a movement away from the traditional material of poetry, which is words.*
>
> *Ciao,*
>
> *Murat*
>
> *On Sun, Jun 1, 2008 at 12:47 PM, Barry Schwabsky <*
> *[redacted]> wrote:*
>
> *Am I right in thinking that the phrase "conceptual poetry" is modeled on the earlier "conceptual art"?*
> *If so, and if conceptual art is broadly speaking an art that foregrounds language (Weiner, Kosuth, Art & Language, etc.) then does that makes "conceptual poetry" poetry that likewise foregrounds language? But in that*
> *case, what distinguishes "conceptual poetry" from just "poetry"?*
>
> *----- Original Message ----*
> *From: Murat Nemet-Nejat <[redacted]>*
> *To: [redacted]*
> *Sent: Sunday, 1 June, 2008 4:22:03 PM*
> *Subject: Re: essay by Chirot to go with works at the UA Poetry Center Conceptual Poetry Symposium, organized by Marjorie Perloff*
>
> *David,*
>
> *" The predominant view of conceptual works in art and poetry is that it is written language which becomes fore grounded, most often as the 'realization' and presentation of various directives, with their various forms of pre-conceived constraints, and sets of instructions. Yet does not the written language itself, as an object which 'constitutes' the directives and instructions, contradict the 'concept' of the 'Conceptual?'"*
>
> *The reverse is true. In a truly conceptual poem, the written language moves*

> *towards disappearance, in your words, "absence."*
>
> *bachelor rooms.*
> *sweat shops.*
> *stairs where the light turns off automatically.*
> *numbers fade*
> *from the face of buildings. (*The Structure*, "A Homage to M. Proust)*
>
> *"{See Appendix B below for some other "Science Fiction" aspects of Conceptual*
> *Poetry in Relation to the Work Place.)"*
>
> *The question of "The Spiritual Life of Robots (Replicants)" relates to the*
> *spiritual (conceptual, rather than actual) life of words.*
>
> *"The directives themselves, expressed in written language, become road blocks to the Conceptual which is supposed to be "activated" by their instructions.*
>
> *To use written language then to create a conceptual poetry is not in a strict sense "conceptual" at all, if it produces yet another object in written language."*
>
> *f one realizes that the "instructions" constitute the poem itself, then the*
> *"realizations" become phenomenal obstructions, obfuscations*
> *for which the truly conceptual poet, in my view, has very little patience*
>
> *"It becomes instead a piling up, a massing, of materials*
> *(language, words) which have "walled out" as it were, the conceptual.*
> *Are the words then simply a gravestone or monument to a now absent concept?"*
>
> *I think yes. *The Structure of Escape* is my attempt to recapture, to real-ize that absence. "A La Recherche of Recaptured Absence Absence."*
>
> *Ciao,*
>
> *Murat*
>
> *On Fri, May 30, 2008 at 5:02 AM, David Chirot <[redacted]> wrote:*

DAVID-BAPTISTE CHIROT: "Conceptual Poetry and its Others"---Haunting Questions Found Hidden in Plain Site/Sight/Cite

http://davidbaptistechirot.blogspot.com/2008/05/conceptual-poetry-and-its-others.html

Below are the opening paragraphs of this essay--if interested still, as it goes through many changes and has two appendices as further "evidences"-- go to the blog address above--

Note:I was invited to send Visual Poetry works to the Symposium on "Conceptual Poetry and its Others," along with artist's statements regarding the works. As a participant, to express my sense of and thankfulness for this, I decided it would be nice to include also a brief statement re the "Conceptual Poetics" under discussion.

Once started, so many ideas started flowing,and so many examples came to mind--travel literature of the 18th century, Shakespeare's Richard the Third, to name but two--that I had to draw line somewhere and stop. There is so much more to write however, once started--so these remarks and questions are but a small indication of the most basic beginnings of the myriad directions which are out there to be found--and ones already noted to set down in various forms and actions--

this essay is on display beside my works at the Symposium--persons interested may ask for a copy--

a few examples of further questions among ever so many more--

Why is "boring, unoriginal, impersonal work" promoted by "colorful personalities," just like any other product? Does this not create "a Line"
produced by a Brand Name, the Original Author possessed of an "originality"
in creating this "radical, new form"--to be marketed as "the latest thing,"
for the development of new jobs in English/
creative Writing Programs--the "newest way" to "make an impression" by the
"original" creation of an impersonal boringness? Is this in itself a "new
way" of mass producing standardized and conforming
"conceptual poets" who "carry on" the work of the Great Originators?
*
Are monkeys controlling robotic arms with their thoughts on the way to creating a Conceptual poetry?--

**What are the interelationships of possiblities of Conceptual Poetry for*
use
*in Propaganda and advertising? For starting wars, altering Wikipedia, sending out false news items and etc etc--**
** Haunting Questions Found Hidden in Plain Site/Sight/Cite*

for the Symposium "Conceptual Poetry and its Others"

Poetry Center of the University of Arizona

29-31 May 2008

*
** J'ai trop a ecrire, c'est pourquoi je n'ecrire rien. --Stendhal, Journal, 1804*

Thoughts come at random, and go at random. No device for holding on
to
them or for having them..
A thought has escaped: I was trying to write it down: instead I write that it has
escaped me.

--Pascal, Pensees, #542

To find among typos the unknown writings, the "Helltoy"--
camouflaged clouds, the voice-writings of the ground itself that speaks and
moves in lines
emerging--

for Petra Backonja

** **
I find in thinking with what a Conceptual Poetry might be, that I've begun with a point of view of paradox. That is, considering the conceptual to be the absence of a material object, a conceptual poetry would be the absence of the poem as a "realization" of its "idea." If "the poem" as an object is not to be realized, in what ways may it then be said to "exist"?

One may also ask—since language is the material of poetry, if one is to create a conceptual poetry—does this mean then that the absence of language is involved? That the poetry is not in language, but found elsewhere?

The predominant view of conceptual works in art and poetry is that it is written language which becomes fore grounded, most often as the "realization" and presentation of various directives, with their various forms of pre-conceived constraints, and sets of instructions. Yet does not the written language itself, as an object which "constitutes" the directives and instructions, contradict the "concept" of the "Conceptual?"

{See Appendix B below for some other "Science Fiction" aspects of Conceptual
Poetry in Relation to the Work Place.)

The directives themselves, expressed in written language, become road blocks to the Conceptual which is supposed to be "activated" by their instructions.

To use written language then to create a conceptual poetry is not in a strict sense "conceptual" at all, if it produces yet another object in written language.

It becomes instead a piling up, a massing, of materials (language, words) which have "walled out" as it were, the conceptual. Are the words then simply a gravestone or monument to a now absent

concept?

And what of the "poet" who is the "author" of "Conceptual Poetry?"

A builder of roadblocks, a maker of monuments and gravestones--?

If a "poet" is the conceiver of concepts—and the realization of the concept as a poem is no longer a concept—but an object—does this then mean that the poet, in order to be "conceptual," must no longer be a "poet?" Or in order to be a "poet," no longer be "conceptual" in approach? And yet who but a "conceptual poet" can produce "conceptual poetry?"

Perhaps true Conceptual Poetry is the creation of illiterates?
And, beyond that, persons who may even be very limited in their "Conceptual capacities?"

I think often of all the Conceptual Poets and Artists who have existed and worked through thousands of years, persons due to their circumstances --gender being the most common among these--who are not allowed to know how to write, nor instructed in "art," nor permitted
to
be educated, yet all the same--may have produced Conceptually a good deal of the greatest Poetry and Art of which there does not remain and never was an "object," even as a "fragment."

What of these myriads of centuries of Conceptual Works--are they still existing--? Are they alive in the Conceptual realm? The Ether? Or have they found ways on their own, independent of their creators, of camouflaging themselves among those things in the world which are hidden in plain site/sight/cite?

In working with the found that is hidden in plain site/sight/cite, I find often that a Conceptual poetry and art is there--always already there--which I think I am finding yet may well be finding me,

Some aspects of confronting these dilemmas, these "haunting questions," are found among Conceptual Poets who emphasize an "impersonation" via performance, camouflages, costumes, the uses of heteronyms, pseudonyms and anonymity.

In "The Painter of Modern Life," Baudelaire is the first to define Modernism and does so as a conjunction of the eternal and the ephemeral. To find that element of the eternal in the ephemeral which Baudelaire saw as embodying modernity, he turns to an emphasis on the particular form of the living art/art as living of the Dandy. The

Dandy is the non-separation of art and life in the conceiving of one's existence as Performance Art. The Dandy becomes not an expression of Romantic personality and individuality, but a form of becoming an animated Other, an impersonator going about performing the actions of a concept,
rather than producing the objects of a conception.

This stylized impersonating, non-producing figure begins to appear "dramatically"
in the works of Wilde and Jarry and in many ways in the "life and works" of a Felix Feneon, who "creates at a distance" via anonymous newspaper faits divers (discovered to be his and republished posthumously as Novels in Three Lines), pseudonymous articles in differing registers of language (working class argot, standardized French) in Anarchist and mainstream journals, unsigned translations, and
the barely noted in their own pages of his editing of journals featuring
the
early efforts of rising stars of French literature. Quitting his camouflaged and concealed writing activities, Feneon works the rest of his
life as a seller in an art gallery.

The actual "works" of Feneon, then, are not written objects per se, but anonymous actions, ephemeral pseudonymous "appearances in print," and the works of others which he affects a passage for in his editorship and translations, in his promoting and selling the art works of others. This "accumulation" which one finds "at a distance" in time as his "complete works," is often unobserved and unknown to his contemporaries, who know of him primarily via his "way of acting," his manner
of dressing, his speech mannerisms, and as the public triptych of images
of
him existing as a painted portrait by Seurat, a Dandy-pose photo and a mug shot taken when tried as part of an Anarchist "conspiracy." Feneon's "identity as a writer" does not exist as "an author," but as a series of "performances," "appearances" and "influences," many of them "unrecognized" and "unattributed."

Ironically, it his most "clandestine" activity—his Anarchist activities—which
brings him the most in to the public and tabloid spotlight. As one of "The
Thirty" accused and tried for "conspiracy" in a much publicized trial, it

is
Feneon's severe mug shot that for a time presents his "public face."

The severe mug facing the viewer is actually producing a Conceptual Poetry
"at a distance." By not penning a single line, by simply "facing the music"
to which others pen the lyrics, Feneon, in doing nothing more than facing
the camera "capturing" his image, proceeds to enact a series of dramas
"projected" on to him, a series of "identities," and "revelations" which
use
the documentary material to produce a series of mass-published fictions.

The possible prison term facing the "Felix Feneon" in the inmate-numbered
"anonymous" mug shot, "presents its face" to the viewer, a face "taken,"
"imprisoned" and "caught" by the image and its publicity. This publicized
face facing camera and viewer and possible hard time, is "taken to be" the
photo of the face of a being from whom the mask of the clandestine and
conspiratorial have been torn off, revealing "the cold hard truth" of Felix
Feneon.

Facing trial, however, all that is learned of this imprisoned face is that
it is "the wrong man, an innocent man." This fixed image, acquitted of its
"sensational" charges, is revealed not as a truth, but instead as simply
a
mask, a mask operating like a screen or blank sheet of paper, onto which
are
projected the dramas, fictions and "think piece" writings of others.
Nothing is revealed other than an "identity" which shifts, travels, changes
from one set of captions to another. It is via these captions written by
others under his image in the papers and placards, that Feneon continues
his
"writing at a distance." Simply by facing the camera, facing charges,

"facing the music," facing his accusers at trial and facing the verdict and judgment, Feneon is "writing" a myriad captions, breaking news items, commentaries, editorials, all of which change with wild speeds as they race to be as "up-to-minute" as the events themselves are in "unfolding."

The professionals, these writers, these journalists and reporters of "reality," chase desperately, breathlessly, after the unfolding drama in which the mug shot is "framed," and in so doing produce texts of "speculative fiction," a serial Conceptual Poetry with as its "star player" a writer whose own texts are deliberately written to be unrecognized, hidden, camouflaged, unknown. And all the while, this writer writing nothing is producing vast heaps of writing via the work of others, as yet another form of camouflaged clandestine Conceptual Poetry, "hot off the press."

Rimbaud writes of a concept of the poetry of the future in which poetry would precede action—which in a sense he proceeds to "perform" himself. If one reads his letters written after he stopped writing poetry, one finds Rimbaud living out, or through, one after another of what now seem to be "the prophecies" of his own poetry. That is, the poetry is the "conceptual framework" for what becomes his "silence" as a poet, and is instead his "life of action."

In these examples, one finds forms of a "conceptual poetry" in which the poetry is in large part an abandonment of language, of words, of masses of "personally signed" "poetry objects," "poetry products." One finds instead a vanishing, a disappearance of both language and "poet" and the emergence of that "some one else" Rimbaud recognized prophetically, preceding the action--in writing—in the "Lettre du voyant," "the Seer's letter"—as "I is an other."

An interesting take on a conceptual poetry in writing is found in one of Pascal's Pensees, #542:

"Thoughts come at random, and go at random. No device for holding on to them or for having them.

A thought has escaped: I was trying to write it down: instead I write that it has escaped me."

The writing is a notation of the "escaped" concept's absence, its escape that is a line of flight that is a "flight out of time" as Hugo Ball entitles his Dada diaries. Writing not as a method of remembering, of "capturing thought," but as the notation of the flight of the concept at the approach of its notation.

Writing, then, as an absence— an absence of the concept. A Conceptual Poetry of writing as "absent-mindedness"!—A writing which does nothing more than elucidate that the escaping of thoughts "which come at random, and go at random" has occurred.

This flight of the concept faced with its notation—indicates a line of flight among the examples of Rimbaud—a "flight into the desert" as it were, of silence as a poet—and of Feneon—the flight into anonymous writing of very small newspaper "faits divers" items punningly entitled "Nouvelles en trois lignes" (News/Novels in Three Lines), of pseudonymous writings in differing guises at the same time according to the journals in which they appear, and as translator and editor as well as "salesperson" in a gallery of "art objects," a conceptual masquerader among the art-objects embodying "concepts" and becoming no longer "concepts' but "consumer items." Feneon's framed mug shot on to whose mug is projected a "serial crime novel," written by others and "starring" the mug in the mug shot, a writer of unknown and unrecognized texts who now vanishes into a feverish series of captions and headlines.

Anonymity, pseudonyms, impersonations, poets who write their own coming silence and "disappearance" as an "I is an other," the deliberately unrecognized and unrecognizable poet whose mug shot becomes the mass published and distributed "crime scene" for police blotters and headlines, speculative fictions and ideological diatribes, the writing which is a notation of the flight of the concept, the writing of non-writers who

> *"never*
> *wrote a word," yet whose concepts may be found camouflaged, doubled,*
> *mirrored, shadowed, anonymously existing hidden in pain*
> *site/sight/cite—these nomadic elements which appear and disappear*
> *comprise*
> *a*
> *Conceptual Poetry in which the concepts and poets both impersonate*
> *Others*
> *and reappear as "Somebody Else," an Other unrecognized and*
> *unrecognizable*
> *found hidden in plain site/sight/cite.*
>
> *"It is not the elements which are new, but the order of*
> *their arrangement," is another Pascalian "pensee." One finds*
> *arrangements of the elements of Rimbaud and Feneon into the various*
> *forms of "conceptual poetry" in the works of Pessoa, Spicer and*
> *Yasusada.*
> *Pessoa creates many others as poets, heteronyms with their own works*
> *and actions, their own concepts of poetry. Spicer "translates" poetry*
> *"after*
> *Lorca" as well as exchanging letters with the dead poet, lives for a*
> *summer*
> *with his ghost, who provides a foreword to Spicer's Book.*
>
> *for more turn to the blog address--*

=

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48. Philip Metres

Behind the Lines poetry blog new stuff

Tue 3 Jun 2008

New on Behind the Lines poetry blog:

Ahmed M. Rehab on Our Terrorist Sympathizer, Rachael Ray...
Jon Stewart on Bush Administration Hypocrisy Regarding...
Rachael Ray headscarf and Dunkin' Donuts/The Case of the Keffiyeh Don Quixote!
Moe Green Poetry Hour to Feature Poetry from Inclined to Speak
Obituary for Utah Phillips: Folksinger, IWW Radical
Chris Hedges' :War is a Force That Gives Us Meaning
Memorial Day/A Tour (Through) Behind the Lines

Happy Birthday, Bob Dylan
"Forty Years After Catonsville"
Bill Berkson and Philip Metres at Myopic Books: Our Celestial Breathing Function...
Lisa Jarnot and the Poetics of Outrage(ousness)
Announcing Jacket 35
Marvin Gaye's "What's Going On"/Family Fractures
Two Interviews: Fady Joudah and Hayan Charara
"Gray Matters"/Writing Beyond What We Know
RAWI's Inclined to Speak reading (May 2007)
Marilyn Krysl's "Baghdad: The Disappeared Girls"
Jewish Voice for Peace on Israel's 60th Anniversary
Bill Berkson and Philip Metres at Myopic Books
Let the People Speak/Reader Feedback
New "Cost of the War" Placards from the Sidewalk Blogger
Steve Earle's "Jerusalem"
On Israel's 60th Birthday/Amichai's "Jerusalem"
Celebrating Independence, Mourning Nakba: The 60th...
Beat Happening's "Indian Summer" and "Foggy Eyes"
Jesus May Love the Children, But They Need Permits...
Vincent on O'Keefe's Whitman, and Thinking of O'Ha...
Billy Bragg's "The Price of Oil" and "The Lonesome...
Inclined to Speak: Contemporary Arab American Poet...

Philip Metres
Associate Professor
Department of English
John Carroll University
20700 N. Park Blvd
University Heights, OH 44118
phone: [redacted] (work)
fax: [redacted]
http://www.philipmetres.com
http://www.behindthelinespoetry.blogspot.com

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49. Sam Ladkin

Poetry Reading: Cai Tianxin & Peter Manson, Wed, 4th June

Tue 3 Jun 2008

Dear All,
I'm pleased to announce that tomorrow evening Peter will be reading with Cai Tianxin, a Chinese poet and Professor of Mathematics,

currently working at the Needham Research Institute on his book Mathematics and Human Civilizations.
Best,
Sam

SO:

PETER MANSON

and

CAI TIANXIN

will be reading
@ 8.30pm
WEDNESDAY 4TH JUNE
The Shop, 18 Jesus Lane
Cambridge, UK

ALL ARE WELCOME

Peter is reading to celebrate publication of his new collection Between Cup and Lip (Miami University Press, 2008) - details below.

Entrance is FREE though we will be raising money to support

FRANCES KRUK and SEAN BONNEY

Please also remember the benefit reading for them at the

THE LEATHER EXCHANGE
15 Leathermarket Street, London Bridge, SE1 3HN
5 JUNE 2008, 7pm
£10 or £3 students/unwaged
Featuring:

FRANCES KRUK SEAN BONNEY JEFF HILSON ANDREA BRADY EMILY CRITCHLEY JOW LINDSAY KESTON SUTHERLAND DANIEL KANE MARK JACKSON STEVE WILLEY KARLIEN VAN DEN BEUKEL SOPHIE ROBINSON BEN WATSON ADRAIN CLARKE WILL ROWE MJ WELLER PETER MANSON MATT FFYTCHE PETER JAEGER ULLI FREER ALAN HALSEY GERALDINE MONK ELIZABETH JAMES ROB HOLLOWAY HARRY GILONIS LAWRENCE UPTON JOHAN DE WIT ROGER PELLET TIM ATKINS

For more information contact [redacted]

Cai Tianxin is a poet, essayist, translator, as well as a professor of mathematics at Zhejiang University. He has published numerous books of poetry, essays, travels and biography, including Song of the quiet life (in English, South

Africa), La Desnudez Antigua (in Spanish, Colombia) , Numbers and Roses (In Korean) and newly finished Dans l'océan du monde (In French). In 1995 he founded the poetry review Apollinaire . He has translated into Chinese the work of Jorge Luis Borges, Octavio Paz, Alejandra Pizarnik and Elizabeth Bishop. He has participated in poetry festivals in 5 continents and was a resident writer in Switzerland in 2007. Mr. Cai was awarded prose writer of the year 2003 in China by Youth Times and was one of the three finalists for Vilenica Crystal Award For Poetry in 2005. He is now a visiting scholar at the Needham Research Institute to refine his book Mathematics and Human Civilizations.

BETWEEN CUP AND LIP

Miami University Press is pleased to announce the publication of Peter Manson's Between Cup and Lip.

Between Cup and Lip, Peter Manson's first American book publication, contains 18 years of previously uncollected work. The book forms the missing link between two collections published in Britain, For the Good of Liars (Barque, 2006) and Adjunct: An Undigest (Edinburgh Review, 2005), demonstrating the continuum between the prosodically–dense, endlessly considered poetry of the former and the procedural work of the latter. Manson has taught at Cambridge University and other institutions. He lives in Glasgow, where he edits the small press Object Permanence.

"'Ah more eh…oh oh'. In the light of Faraday's candle Coleridge channels Loewenhoek and Whalen (I was thinking) as Peter Manson shakes the frayed carpet of culture and, as a fearless Duprat caddis fly larva, makes jewels from the motes. Even the bits of themselves the poems create make interesting shadows. 'Groups of words which didn't describe the image but which were it'. Yes. Wit, intelligence, a dispassionate view of self: plus images that are not words. Nothing to want for in this excellent book that moved my chitin heart." —Tom Raworth

"Peter Manson is the language veterinarian, elbow-deep in the mysterious interior of our discourse, groping intimately to clutch the dark beauty of its palpitating offals, approaching the apparatus of its speech-making from entirely the wrong direction. If every word was once an animal, then every animal was harmed in the making of this book." —Chris Goode

There are two ways to order the book (more news about UK distribution later). You can order it via the Miami University Press website at http://www.orgs.muohio.edu/mupress/details/manson_cupandlip.htm. Click on the price ($15) and you'll be taken to the online store of Pathway Books. For international orders, email [redacted] for information about shipping charges.

After the boxes land at Small Press Distribution in Berkeley—early next week, I'd think--it will be available via SPD at http://www.spdbooks.org/. SPD offers a variety of international shipping options.

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50. Steve Tills

What is a failed poet?

Tue 3 Jun 2008

The post "What is a failed poet?" is a blast. What a neat and fun post!

My own first impressions in response to the topic/post: One, well of course the question itself, or the actual asking of the question (or such a question) reveals more about a given poet, a given person, a given writer, or a given "contemplator" than many answers to the question will. Why then would one ask such a question, or what would one gain/engage in asking (oneself) (or others)(or "Posterity") such a question, or that question particularly?

Particularly after yesterday afternoon's travails, I myself feel like "a failed golfer." Especially considering the fact that on Sunday I must have hit 3-4 hundred practice balls (in a field out back of the local high school that I went to as a pre-adult and where I can indulge in my obsession free of charge and in endless and intoxicating "bliss of solitude"). But I will nonetheless go straight back to more "Golfing" this evening, or as soon as I can, whether I am a failed golfer or not. Hmmm, that says more about what floats my boats (but not the entire flotilla) than it says about "success" and "failure," I suppose... And even then it still doesn't tell me what the whole effing mystery is (all about); how to achieve the "mastery" I so stubbornly (and psychotically) pine for; what on earth I'm really doing out there in a field, and the same field year after year, golf season after golf season, anyhow; why I feel that I could die out there and it would be "a dying" while engaging in the one thing that most feels meaningful though it is of course utterly "meaningless"; how narcissistic and self-absorbed I truly am but NOT precisely whether my narcissism and self-absorption are personally, spirtually, or morally "wrong" (for me); or whether, when someday (if) I am on my deathbed and depressingly reviewing my life and what I did with my "brief hours and weeks," I wasted what time I was blessed to have had.

Two, there is of course a big difference between asking the question in reference to "judging Others" or in reference to analyzing/evaluating whatever track one is, oneself, on or pursuing. Personally, I don't see a lot of value in, and therefore would not hope to spend a lot of time concerning myself with, evaluating or judging others as poets (the whole enterprise is tedious and purely, obviously, just marketplace competition). At the same time, anybody

and his or her brother or sister knows "a bad poem/poetry," or thinks to know such, or finds such knowing useful and necessary, on any given occasion. And, sorry to be so almighty disrespectful or irreverent or simply unwilling to worship the saints and angels of the past, but even a given "Faulkner" self-describing himself/herself as "a failed poet" strikes me as being self-serving, just, for the most part, the kind of thing "an artist" says to sell books, self, Self, and selves. Another "artist" might say something like "I was a failed novelist. I simply could not find within myself the integrity of my beloved Tolstoy or the discipline and fervor of dear Fyodor Dostoevsky. I hadn't the stomach for such heroic morality and suffering and sacrifice. And my longest attempts in those first five wretched novels were but mere short stories compared to the epics my two great models from Russia wrote, so naturally I turned to short forms, Poetry, and there I was well-received, and I didn't have to bother so much with explaining why this character was evil or that event was catastrophic. People simply liked the way I turned my musical phrases and how funny and fun and beautiful and New my little white lies and sacriledge of Truth were, and I found my calling. It was to unfold and deconstruct the foundation of grammar itself, peel away the seemingly infinite obstacles that keep us from accessing all that Morality is built on to begin with."

Three, does one write (one's "poetry") TO BE a successful or a failed something or another, or does one write one's poming for very different "experience" in one's life, experience that has nothing whatsoever to do with being in a/the public eye, competing in the myriad world/historical marketplace(s), partipating in any given cultural and social games/interactions/mirroring/movements/activities? Does one write in order to achieve or actualize an image of oneself, "a Self" that can be said to occupy a rank or role within a pecking order of selves/types called "poets"/successfulPOETS, an image that one needs in order to believe one has fulfilled certain human potential one had an instinct or a lust or a need or a directive to fulfill? Does one write in order to "make a thing" or "resolve an issue" or "feel a feeling" or "experience an aesthetic pleasure" or "actualize a potential, new aesthetic experience/form" or "access a desired but largely uncharted psychological frontier," or does one write in order to be called the Poet who did such and such that Everybody, or Somebody, regarded as "art" and ultimately revered him/her for?

Four, there are probably NOT a lot of "failed Answers" to the (in some cases Very SILLY question) "What is a failed poet," but I am sure that there are some ways of approaching that question which are fruitful and some ways of concerning oneself with such questions that are nearly as ridiculous and crazy as this particular Golfer and Pomer's insane questions about achieving Satisfaction and Nirvana and Fulfillment and, always the really really Great

Waste of Time in Life, PERFECTION in his golf game/pursuits... Geeez... Life is so damn perfect all by itself, and then we have to come along and try to make ourselves better and such...

Anyway, Very Fun topic/post, and really fun and stimulating checking out various "others" responses to the question...

Steve Tills

P.S. Golf, "a good walk spoiled," somebody, maybe Mark Twain, said. Poetry, thus, "a good thought foiled?"

P.S. II Shoot, I am "positively" certain that I am both "a failed Pomer" and a "a failed Golfer" MUCH of the time, and this is, believe me, thoroughly aggravating and distressing. But for christ's sakes, of course I would not ever willingly or happily give up my golfing or my poming, and NOT because sometimes the efforts are delightfully satisfying and rewarding and fulfilling. Rather, simply because these are things that I myself dig doing, engaging in, spending my "Time" with. What really matters?

P.S. III By the way, Golf is a lot harder than Poming. Anybody who tells ya different is a complete fool, and NO, there is no such thing as "a failed poet," except within the heads of those whose self-image, or livelihood, or what the best psychologists call "self-image actualization" (as opposed to plain and Real self-actualization) depends on how one ranks oneself among fellow poets in the marketplace of SELF and Material Life.

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51. Nicholas Karavatos

Reading in Ventura, CA on Tuesday the 10th

Tue 3 Jun 2008

Nicholas Karavatos

TUESDAY, June 10th at 7:30

“Tuesday Night Poets” Reading Series – Hosted by Roe Estep

Artists Union Gallery
330 South California Street
Ventura, CA
[redacted]
http://www.thetuesdaynightpoets.com

Nicholas Karavatos
Dept of English
American University of Sharjah
PO Box 26666

Sharjah
United Arab Emirates

_____ Search that pays you back! Introducing Live Search cashback.
http://search.live.com/cashback/?&pkw=form=MIJAAF/publ=HMTGL/crea=srchpaysyouback=

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52. **Will Esposito**

Re: Bob Perelman's Joke

Tue 3 Jun 2008

Well this is a hell of a joke! It would help to put up poems
and an argument for how it is you believe whether younger
writers write alike, if you do, if you do not.

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53. **David Chirot**

Bo Diddley, Who Gave Rock His Beat, Dies at 79 - Obituary (Obit) - NYTimes.com

Tue 3 Jun 2008

---

http://www.nytimes.com/2008/06/03/arts/music/03diddley.html?_r=1&th&emc=th&oref=slogin---

Hey Bo Diddley
"The Innovator"--
as the title of one of his LPs stated--

one of the most inspired and inspiring artists
world wide
ever--
since "recorded" history began!

his Bo Diddley beat

is going to beat forever--

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54. CA Conrad

Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"

Tue 3 Jun 2008

vo mttd on keyboard vry har d to
t
ype aft er it d ries m aybe

Troy Camplin wrote:
>
>Perelman wasn't joking. He was accidentally honest. All young writers do sound alike, and it's because few >if any of them know anything about writing poems. They have been told that rules are passe or elitist, and >so everyone ends up writing the same stuff the same way. The fact is that if you write using some sort of >form, you will develop a style and a voice all your own. Form forces you to do this, just as it also forces you >to make choices you would not have originally made. It can result in poems that you realize are actually >better than anything you could have otherwise written. I've seen it happen, not just with my own poetry, but >with the poetry of others. Perelman said it was a joke because he heard all the gasps -- but he wasn't >joking. More, he was right.
>
>Now, before everyone here attacks me, let me suggest the following experiment. Take one of your free >verse poems and turn it into a sonnet. Or Sapphic verse. Or blank verse. Or some other form with a steady >rhythm and rhyme scheme. Or, better, take the same poem and put it into several forms. See what >happens. See if it doesn't make it into a better poem. Or a more interesting one. See if it doesn't force you >to make better, more interesting choices than you had before.
>
>All I ask for is that your responses be educated by experience.
>
>Troy Camplin
>

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55. Joel Chace

Re: Country Valley Press - Poetry

Tue 3 Jun 2008

Dear Mark:

I'm delighted to see my name "on the list"!

By the way, how much, including postage/shipping,
for Ted Enslin's signed broadside?

Best,

Joel

On 6/3/08, Country Valley <[redacted]> wrote:
> FORTHCOMING Summer/Fall, 2008
>
> Poetry by:
>
> Charles Belbin
> Jeffery Beam
> Joel Chace
>
>
> -NEW TITLES-
>
> Empty Hands Broadsides
>
> Single Issues: $1/$3, signed
> Subscriptions: $11 for 8 broadsides, postpaid
>
> 1 - Ed Baker, Along the Sligo (SOLD OUT)
> 2 - John Perlman, A Walk Around the Lake
> 3 - Theodore Enslin, Four Ages of Man
> 4 - Fred Jeremy Seligson, Cherry Blossoms of the Tidal Basin (SIGNED
COPIES
> ONLY)
> 5 - Devin Johnson, Sources
> 6 - Yamao Sansei/Scott Watson, Single Bliss
> 7 - Michael O'Brien, Avenue
> 8 - Thomas A. Clark, Doire Fhearna
> 9 - David Giannini, Low-Tide Cards
> 10 - Charlie Mehrhoff, Nothing Exists
> 11 - Jeffery Beam, The Green Man's Man
>
>
> Chapbooks
>
> Life's Little Day by Bob Arnold.
> Limited edition Japanese style wraps, $15
> Limited signed edition, $20

>
> One Dozen Portions by Hank Lazer
> Limited sewn chapbook, $7.50
> Limited signed edition, $10
>
> terraria by John Martone
> Limited edition Japanese style wraps, $10
> Limited signed edition, $20
>
> Wall/Stairway by John Taggart
> Limited sewn chapbook, $7.50
> Limited signed edition, $10
>
> A Breath Apart by Scott Watson
> Limited edition Japanese style wraps, $10
> Limited signed edition, $20
>
>
> *Please send checks/money orders payable to "Country Valley Press"
>
> [redacted]
> http://web.mac.com/countryvalley
>
>
> Country Valley Press
> c/o Mark Kuniya
> 1407 Mission Street, Unit A
> Gardnerville, NV. 89410-7221
>

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56. **Ryan Daley**

Re: essay by Chirot to go with works at the UA Poetry Center Conceptual Poetry Symposium, organized by Marjorie Perloff

Tue 3 Jun 2008

Troy,

Just because, God is great; life is pain; God is life; God is pain, doesn't make it true.

On Tue, Jun 3, 2008 at 9:35 AM, Troy Camplin <[redacted]> wrote:
> Troy Camplin

>
>
>
> Words are concepts, so all poetry is conceptual.
>
> Troy Camplin
>
>
> ----- Original Message ----
> From: David Chirot <[redacted]>
> To: [redacted]
> Sent: Monday, June 2, 2008 3:33:38 PM
> Subject: Re: essay by Chirot to go with works at the UA Poetry Center Conceptual Poetry Symposium, organized by Marjorie Perloff
>
> Dear Murat and Barry:
>
> "does that makes "conceptual poetry" poetry that likewise foregrounds
> language? But in that case, what distinguishes "conceptual poetry" from just
> "poetry"?
>
> re conceptual poetry being not in words--
>
> This is exactly what the very second paragraph of my piece asks--
>
> " One may also ask—since language is the material of poetry, if
> one is to create a conceptual poetry—does this mean then that the
> absence of language is involved? That the poetry is not in language,
> but found elsewhere?"
>
> This is why I write of how often i think of al the persons through thousand
> snd thousands of years who cerated poems without words, paintings without
> paint--art with out materials at all--
> because they were not allowed to--even learn how to read and write, or to
> paint--
> nor exposed to any of the ideas re painting, poetry--
> and yet nonetheless i believe there must have been tousands of greate
> artists and poets who created works continaully--
> and as i write--these have vanished "without a trace"--
> nor fragments--as never were "objects" or "signs"--
> because they did not exist as objects, texts--
>

> yet--
> one may ask also, as i do--
> may not these works--becasue they have been thought imagined,seen,
> heard--formed--
> exist--
> not as traces or objects-recognized as "poems" and "Images"--
>
> but elsewhere--
> all around one--
> in stones' forms or clouds' shapes-in a sound out of nowhere that one
> hears--
>
> things which in their taphonomic states carry the disintegrating orders of
> those which had elsewhere in another time been the concepts found by those
> poets and artists who did not write not paint--
>
> "the shock of recogntion"--the uncanny encounter--with these--which
> "recognize one" and find one--
>
> "involuntary memories" "out of nowhere"--which are triggered by the
movement
> of a car out of the corner of one's eye suddenly shooting out of an alley
> way, from out of the shadowy dark blotch at the margins of the eye's
> peripheries-- into the bright sharpness of light-and gone--
>
> yet--"whose" involutary memories--?--
>
> i didn't set out to write a paper at all, just to ask a few questions--and
> had to cut it short--as what one begins to think on re conceptual poetry is
> a swarming --of a myriad ideas and things, sights, sounds, movements of
> dance, gesture of a hand, flicker of lighter in the wind--smoke that drifts
> into cobwebs filled with corners, the drifting of dust motes--
>
> i've lived in situations where one could not do all manner of things--so one
> begins to create poems plays stories paintings al manner of things--
>
> which are "conceptual"--and as just described--to create when/with/in
> watching the drifts of dust motes which one sees due to their being revealed
> in the shadowy room only by the spaces in between the cheap "venetian"
style
> blinds, the cracked and faded plastic --
> these motes which as one is watching bring out of the chaos and non

meaning
> "time" one is living "in"--confined in--
>
> that which is--
> to be present at the conception of a conception--
> emerging "before/be for one's very eyes-"
>
>
> the paper is thought of as hopefully suggestions along the lines of various
> ways of thinking of what a conceptual poetry might be--and this is but a few
> of the suggestions that have come to mind--
>
> as what one has the sense of--and persons on Harriet Blog have written of
> this--is that the Symposium rather than being an "opening of the field"--was
> enacting in effect the placement already of monuments--while at the same
> time introducing a set of rules and regulations in a sense, for the design
> and production of "Conceptual Poetry"--as though it is something "already
> over with" while at the same time "being proclaimed as New"--
>
> this is why the word "Questions" is in my title--to indicate that this is
> simply an opening of questions--
> rather than an "unquestioning"--"acceptance"--of "what one is told"--
> nor do the questions by any means constitute or ask for their own
> "unquestioning acceptance"--
>
> Conceptual Poetry has been performed, theorized, created, published, video
> taped, photographed, recorded, for forty years in Latin America--and in
> Russia already there are several decades of Conceptual Poetries--
>
> this is why one thinks that "Conceptual Poetry" is something that is already
> existing in a myriad forms and wants to ask further questions, rather than
> "going by one definition" or a small set of examples--
>
> for example--the conceptual "conceptions"--are not soley "ideas from within
> the mind"so to speak--on the contrary--the ideas which are those of things,
> events--OUTSIDE of one--bring these--
>
> * *{"conceptual conceptions"--"conception" is another area one may address
> "along these lines"-not to mention "contraceptual poetry, biceptual poetry,
> perceptual poetry, -extra sensory perceptual poetry--deceptual poetry----}
> **one may ask--if from Outside--the conceptual poetry by not having come
> from words--may not be manifested into words--as its way at that moment of

> making itself "known"--it is not myself alone that finds the found--the
> found finds me--is what i write of being my experinces when working--on the
> rubBEings, clay impression spray paintings--
>
> so in what they may choose to "appear"--may be as "someone else"--that is,
> what was not words now "appears" "in the guise of" words--
>
> which may then be quickly enough "no longer words'--but something or some
> one else--after effects, impersonators, ghosts--actors in "the Globe
> theater" of Shakespeare's in which "all the world's a stage"--and a
> Conceptual Poetry is a "play house"--wherein the Conceptual poetry is
> "playing house"--
>
> in terms of Emily Dickinson's "Nature is a Haunted House, and Art a House
> which tries to be Haunted"--
>
> to be Haunted by that which provokes the essay ("tries:"-- essay as an
> essay, and as "essaying" in the sense of trying--) at being Haunted--
>
> in the excerpts from one of the El Colonel stories presented as Appendix
> A--, "El Ojo de Dios"--El Colonel --does not write down these writings of
> his--many events occuring in the stories it is not really sure--at what
> level of reality/fiction they are "happening"--as by the way he
> "writes"--itis in such a way as to create moment by moment not
> singularities--but the simultaneity of many aspects of time al of them at
> once writing/reading/making notes that are beforehand and afterwards and
> endlessly finding the inextricable ongoing energies and movements of these
> moving away from, around, back, inside out-etc--with each other--
>
> (in another story, El Colonel opens his one of his "notebooks" to study what
> he is working with --to take a-look --there is nothing written on the cover
> nor anywhere inside--this to him is a private joke on his unwritten writings
> --not only "unpublished"--but unwritten--yet at the same time as he is
> reading over his unwritten texts he is writing his further commentaries in
> the writing which is not written "down"--)
>
> the writing also "takes place"--as a performance piece--
>
> With studied and precise, angular movements, El Colonel begins to arrange
> himself in the correct position in which to be found by his "immanent and
> eminent visitor."
>

>
> El Colonel permits himself a barely audible and very brief laugh as "he
> takes possession of himself the better to assiduously arrange the head, the
> torso, the limbs, the folded hands, as though he were in the process of
> preparing a stuffed and mounted specimen of a representative example of a
> Colonel, whose taxidermist he himself was."
>
>
> El Colonel's "writing" which is not only "unpublished" but unwritten is
> described in this story as:
>
> Habituated to an imaginative isolation, El Colonel's intellectual companions
> are his "compositions" with their attendant "commentaries," "asides,"
> "digressions," and "annotations." By means of this "ironic distancing" he
> continually invents "a hitherto unknown and as yet unpublished form of
> writing, never before seen nor heard."
>
> ("Never before seen nor heard" is an alllusion to one of El Colonel's
> favorite lines from one of his favorite books--Lazarillo de Tormes, whose
> author literally is "Anonymous"-
>
> *Yo, por bien tengo que cosas fan seneladas, y por nunca oidas ni vistas,
> vengan a noticia de muchos y no se entetierren en la sepultura del olvido.*
>
> --*Lazarillo de Tormes*
> is the line, cited in the story "El Colonel Smiles" on line at Otoliths and
> Dusie Kollektiv--
>
> -El Colonel's odd readings are due to their being found--in places, homes,
> offices--whose occupants on his missions he "takes possesion of"--in some
> cases--"in other words"--his reading is not planned out--but found--and,
> literally --in some cases--stolen--"plagiarized texts"--already, before he
> uses them in his unwritten writings--)
>
> the description continues--
>
> El Colonel smiles. This writing is a method of creating for himself a reader
> who is in turn accompanied by his own doubling as a writer. Where there had
> been "no one with who to share his most intimate thoughts, the fullness and
> agility of his life," there is now not only such a companion; there is also
> a recorder of "his deeds and exploits." In such a way El Colonel
> simultaneously acts, writes and reads both for himself and to another, who

> is also both a reader and an other author in turn, providing El Colonel with
> his own role as a reader. By these means his life takes on an aura of
> legend, and he acts both as though creating the performance of something
> which is happening, and of something which has happened "already." By the
> latter means, his life is taking place in a futurity in which it is read,
> and in a present in which it is written. The simplest acts and words are
> invested with the immediacy of a drama "taking place," the glow of "great
> acts having taken place ," and, to heighten both drama and aura, the
> precisions of a prefatory "about to take place," which allows for the
> insertion of the necessary commentaries, directions, and asides. "For the
> benefit of the listener, for the pleasure of the reader, for the background
> material necessary to the writer," as El Colonel describes it with relish in
> a self-penned blurb . . .
>
> I hope the paper suggests a great many further conceptions of Conceptual
> Poetry!!--
>
> To swarm and topple the Vendome Columns--!
>
> Sembrar la Memoria de La Commune de Paris1871!
>
> *"y no se entetierren en la sepultura del olvido"*
>
>
> **
>
>
>
> On Sun, Jun 1, 2008 at 7:28 PM, Murat Nemet-Nejat <[redacted]> wrote:
>
>> Barry,
>>
>> Very sharp observation. If conceptual art means a movement away from the
>> traditional material of art, oil, stone, etc., toward words, conceptual
>> poetry means a movement away from the traditional material of poetry,
which
>> is words.
>>
>> Ciao,
>>
>> Murat
>>

>>
>>
>> On Sun, Jun 1, 2008 at 12:47 PM, Barry Schwabsky <
>> [redacted]> wrote:
>>
>> > Am I right in thinking that the phrase "conceptual poetry" is modeled on
>> > the earlier "conceptual art"?
>> > If so, and if conceptual art is broadly speaking an art that foregrounds
>> > language (Weiner, Kosuth, Art & Language, etc.) then does that makes
>> > "conceptual poetry" poetry that likewise foregrounds language? But in
>> that
>> > case, what distinguishes "conceptual poetry" from just "poetry"?
>> >
>> >
>> >
>> > ----- Original Message ----
>> > From: Murat Nemet-Nejat <[redacted]>
>> > To: [redacted]
>> > Sent: Sunday, 1 June, 2008 4:22:03 PM
>> > Subject: Re: essay by Chirot to go with works at the UA Poetry Center
>> > Conceptual Poetry Symposium, organized by Marjorie Perloff
>> >
>> > David,
>> >
>> > " The predominant view of conceptual works in art and poetry is that it
>> > is written language which becomes fore grounded, most often as the
>> > 'realization' and presentation of various directives, with their
>> > various forms of pre-conceived constraints, and sets of instructions.
>> > Yet does not the written language itself, as an object which
>> > 'constitutes' the directives and instructions, contradict the
>> > 'concept' of the 'Conceptual?'"
>> >
>> > The reverse is true. In a truly conceptual poem, the written language
>> moves
>> > towards disappearance, in your words, "absence."
>> >
>> > bachelor rooms.
>> > sweat shops.
>> > stairs where the light turns off automatically.
>> > numbers fade
>> > from the face of buildings. (*The Structure*, "A Homage to M. Proust)
>> >

>> >
>> >
>> > "{See Appendix B below for some other "Science Fiction" aspects of
>> > Conceptual
>> > Poetry in Relation to the Work Place.)"
>> >
>> > The question of "The Spiritual Life of Robots (Replicants)" relates to
>> the
>> > spiritual (conceptual, rather than actual) life of words.
>> >
>> > "The directives themselves, expressed in written language, become road
>> > blocks to the Conceptual which is supposed to be "activated" by their
>> > instructions.
>> >
>> > To use written language then to create a conceptual poetry is
>> > not in a strict sense "conceptual" at all, if it produces yet another
>> > object in written language."
>> >
>> > f one realizes that the "instructions" constitute the poem itself, then
>> the
>> > "realizations" become phenomenal obstructions, obfuscations
>> > for which the truly conceptual poet, in my view, has very little patience
>> >
>> >
>> > "It becomes instead a piling up, a massing, of materials
>> > (language, words) which have "walled out" as it were, the conceptual.
>> > Are the words then simply a gravestone or monument to a now absent
>> > concept?"
>> >
>> > I think yes. *The Structure of Escape* is my attempt to recapture, to
>> > real-ize that absence. "A La Recherche of Recaptured Absence Absence."
>> >
>> > Ciao,
>> >
>> > Murat
>> >
>> >
>> > On Fri, May 30, 2008 at 5:02 AM, David Chirot <[redacted]>
>> > wrote:
>> >
>> > > *DAVID-BAPTISTE CHIROT: "Conceptual Poetry and its Others"---
Haunting

>> > > Questions Found Hidden in Plain Site/Sight/Cite*
>> > >
>> > >
>> > >
>> > >
>> > >
>> > >
>> > >
>> > >
>> > >
>> > >
>> >
>> http://davidbaptistechirot.blogspot.com/2008/05/conceptual-poetry-and-its-others.html
>> > >
>> > >
>> > > Below are the opening paragraphs of this essay--if interested still, as
>> > it
>> > > goes through many changes and has two appendices as further
>> "evidences"--
>> > > go to the blog address above--
>> > >
>> > >
>> > > Note:I was invited to send Visual Poetry works to the Symposium on
>> > > "Conceptual Poetry and its Others," along with artist's statements
>> > > regarding
>> > > the works. As a participant, to express my sense of and thankfulness
>> for
>> > > this, I decided it would be nice to include also a brief statement re
>> the
>> > > "Conceptual Poetics" under discussion.
>> > >
>> > > Once started, so many ideas started flowing,and so many examples
came
>> to
>> > > mind--travel literature of the 18th century, Shakespeare's Richard the
>> > > Third, to name but two--that I had to draw line somewhere and stop.
>> There
>> > > is
>> > > so much more to write however, once started--so these remarks and
>> > questions
>> > > are but a small indication of the most basic beginnings of the myriad

>> > > directions which are out there to be found--and ones already noted to
>> set
>> > > down in various forms and actions--
>> > >
>> > > this essay is on display beside my works at the Symposium--persons
>> > > interested may ask for a copy--
>> > >
>> > > a few examples of further questions among ever so many more--
>> > >
>> > > Why is "boring, unoriginal, impersonal work" promoted by "colorful
>> > > personalities," just like any other product? Does this not create "a
>> > Line"
>> > > produced by a Brand Name, the Original Author possessed of an
>> > "originality"
>> > > in creating this "radical, new form"--to be marketed as "the latest
>> > thing,"
>> > > for the development of new jobs in English/
>> > > creative Writing Programs--the "newest way" to "make an impression"
by
>> > the
>> > > "original" creation of an impersonal boringness? Is this in itself a
>> > "new
>> > > way" of mass producing standardized and conforming
>> > > "conceptual poets" who "carry on" the work of the Great Originators?
>> > > *
>> > > *Are monkeys controlling robotic arms with their thoughts on the way
to
>> > > creating a Conceptual poetry?--*
>> > >
>> > > *What are the interelationships of possiblities of Conceptual Poetry
>> for
>> > > use
>> > > in Propaganda and advertising? For starting wars, altering Wikipedia,
>> > > sending out false news items and etc etc--*
>> > > * Haunting Questions Found Hidden in Plain Site/Sight/Cite
>> > >
>> > > for the Symposium "Conceptual Poetry and its Others"
>> > >
>> > >
>> > >
>> > > Poetry Center of the University of Arizona
>> > >

>> > > 29-31 May 2008
>> > >
>> > > *
>> > > * J'ai trop a ecrire, c'est pourquoi je n'ecrire rien. --Stendhal,
>> > > Journal, 1804
>> > >
>> > >
>> > >   Thoughts come at random, and go at random. No device for holding
>> on
>> > > to
>> > >   them or for having them..
>> > >   A thought has escaped: I was trying to write it down: instead I
>> > > write that it has
>> > >   escaped me.
>> > >   --Pascal, Pensees, #542
>> > >
>> > >
>> > >
>> > > To find among typos the unknown writings, the "Helltoy"--
>> > > camouflaged clouds, the voice-writings of the ground itself that speaks
>> > and
>> > > moves in lines
>> > > emerging--
>> > >
>> > > *for Petra Backonja*
>> > >
>> > > * *
>> > > I find in thinking with what a Conceptual Poetry might be, that I've
>> > > begun with a point of view of paradox. That is, considering the
>> > > conceptual to be the absence of a material object, a conceptual poetry
>> > > would be the absence of the poem as a "realization" of its "idea." If
>> > > "the poem" as an object is not to be realized, in what ways may it
>> > > then be said to "exist"?
>> > >
>> > > One may also ask—since language is the material of poetry, if
>> > > one is to create a conceptual poetry—does this mean then that the
>> > > absence of language is involved? That the poetry is not in language,
>> > > but found elsewhere?
>> > >
>> > > The predominant view of conceptual works in art and poetry is that it
>> > > is written language which becomes fore grounded, most often as the
>> > > "realization" and presentation of various directives, with their

>> > > various forms of pre-conceived constraints, and sets of instructions.
>> > > Yet does not the written language itself, as an object which
>> > > "constitutes" the directives and instructions, contradict the
>> > > "concept" of the "Conceptual?"
>> > >
>> > > {See Appendix B below for some other "Science Fiction" aspects of
>> > > Conceptual
>> > > Poetry in Relation to the Work Place.)
>> > >
>> > > The directives themselves, expressed in written language, become road
>> > > blocks to the Conceptual which is supposed to be "activated" by their
>> > > instructions.
>> > >
>> > > To use written language then to create a conceptual poetry is
>> > > not in a strict sense "conceptual" at all, if it produces yet another
>> > > object in written language.
>> > >
>> > >   It becomes instead a piling up, a massing, of materials
>> > > (language, words) which have "walled out" as it were, the conceptual.
>> > > Are the words then simply a gravestone or monument to a now absent
>> > > concept?
>> > >
>> > >   And what of the "poet" who is the "author" of "Conceptual Poetry?"
>> > >
>> > >   A builder of roadblocks, a maker of monuments and gravestones--?
>> > >
>> > >   If a "poet" is the conceiver of concepts—and the realization of
>> > > the concept as a poem is no longer a concept—but an object—does this
>> > > then mean that the poet, in order to be "conceptual," must no longer
>> > > be a "poet?" Or in order to be a "poet," no longer be "conceptual" in
>> > > approach? And yet who but a "conceptual poet" can produce
"conceptual
>> > > poetry?"
>> > >
>> > >   Perhaps true Conceptual Poetry is the creation of illiterates?
>> > >   And, beyond that, persons who may even be very limited in
>> > > their "Conceptual capacities?"
>> > >
>> > >   I think often of all the Conceptual Poets and Artists who
>> > > have existed and worked through thousands of years, persons due to
>> > > their circumstances --gender being the most common among these--
who

>> > > are not allowed to know how to write, nor instructed in "art," nor
>> > > permitted
>> > > to
>> > > be educated, yet all the same--may have produced Conceptually a good
>> > > deal of the greatest Poetry and Art of which there does not remain and
>> > > never was an "object," even as a "fragment."
>> > >
>> > > What of these myriads of centuries of Conceptual Works--are they
>> > > still existing--? Are they alive in the Conceptual realm? The Ether?
>> > > Or have they found ways on their own, independent of their creators,
>> > > of camouflaging themselves among those things in the world which are
>> > > hidden in plain site/sight/cite?
>> > >
>> > > In working with the found that is hidden in plain
>> > > site/sight/cite, I find often that a Conceptual poetry and art is
>> > > there--always already there--which I think I am finding yet may well
>> > > be finding me,
>> > >
>> > >   Some aspects of confronting these dilemmas, these "haunting
>> > > questions," are found among Conceptual Poets who emphasize an
>> > > "impersonation" via performance, camouflages, costumes, the uses of
>> > > heteronyms, pseudonyms and anonymity.
>> > >
>> > >   In "The Painter of Modern Life," Baudelaire is the first to
>> > > define Modernism and does so as a conjunction of the eternal and the
>> > > ephemeral. To find that element of the eternal in the ephemeral which
>> > > Baudelaire saw as embodying modernity, he turns to an emphasis on
the
>> > > particular form of the living art/art as living of the Dandy. The
>> > > Dandy is the non-separation of art and life in the conceiving of one's
>> > > existence as Performance Art. The Dandy becomes not an expression
of
>> > > Romantic personality and individuality, but a form of becoming an
>> > > animated Other, an impersonator going about performing the actions of
a
>> > > concept,
>> > > rather than producing the objects of a conception.
>> > >
>> > > This stylized impersonating, non-producing figure begins to appear
>> > > "dramatically"
>> > > in the works of Wilde and Jarry and in many ways in the "life and
>> > > works" of a Felix Feneon, who "creates at a distance" via anonymous

>> > > newspaper faits divers (discovered to be his and republished
>> > > posthumously as Novels in Three Lines), pseudonymous articles in
>> > > differing registers of language (working class argot, standardized
>> > > French) in Anarchist and mainstream journals, unsigned translations,
>> and
>> > > the barely noted in their own pages of his editing of journals
>> featuring
>> > > the
>> > > early efforts of rising stars of French literature. Quitting his
>> > > camouflaged and concealed writing activities, Feneon works the rest of
>> > his
>> > > life as a seller in an art gallery.
>> > >
>> > > The actual "works" of Feneon, then, are not written objects per
>> > > se, but anonymous actions, ephemeral pseudonymous "appearances in
>> > > print," and the works of others which he affects a passage for in his
>> > > editorship and translations, in his promoting and selling the art
>> > > works of others. This "accumulation" which one finds "at a distance"
>> > > in time as his "complete works," is often unobserved and unknown to
his
>> > > contemporaries, who know of him primarily via his "way of acting," his
>> > > manner
>> > > of dressing, his speech mannerisms, and as the public triptych of
>> images
>> > of
>> > > him existing as a painted portrait by Seurat, a Dandy-pose
>> > > photo and a mug shot taken when tried as part of an Anarchist
>> > > "conspiracy." Feneon's "identity as a writer" does not exist as "an
>> > > author," but as a series of "performances," "appearances" and
>> > > "influences," many of them "unrecognized" and "unattributed."
>> > >
>> > >
>> > > Ironically, it his most "clandestine" activity—his Anarchist
>> > > activities—which
>> > > brings him the most in to the public and tabloid spotlight. As one of
>> > "The
>> > > Thirty" accused and tried for "conspiracy" in a much publicized trial,
>> it
>> > > is
>> > > Feneon's severe mug shot that for a time presents his "public face."
>> > >
>> > > The severe mug facing the viewer is actually producing a Conceptual

>> > Poetry
>> > > "at a distance." By not penning a single line, by simply "facing the
>> > music"
>> > > to which others pen the lyrics, Feneon, in doing nothing more than
>> facing
>> > > the camera "capturing" his image, proceeds to enact a series of
dramas
>> > > "projected" on to him, a series of "identities," and "revelations"
>> which
>> > > use
>> > > the documentary material to produce a series of mass-published
>> fictions.
>> > >
>> > > The possible prison term facing the "Felix Feneon" in the
>> > inmate-numbered
>> > > "anonymous" mug shot, "presents its face" to the viewer, a face
>> "taken,"
>> > > "imprisoned" and "caught" by the image and its publicity. This
>> > publicized
>> > > face facing camera and viewer and possible hard time, is "taken to be"
>> > the
>> > > photo of the face of a being from whom the mask of the clandestine and
>> > > conspiratorial have been torn off, revealing "the cold hard truth" of
>> > Felix
>> > > Feneon.
>> > >
>> > > Facing trial, however, all that is learned of this imprisoned face is
>> > that
>> > > it is "the wrong man, an innocent man." This fixed image, acquitted of
>> > its
>> > > "sensational" charges, is revealed not as a truth, but instead as
>> simply
>> > a
>> > > mask, a mask operating like a screen or blank sheet of paper, onto
>> which
>> > > are
>> > > projected the dramas, fictions and "think piece" writings of others.
>> > > Nothing is revealed other than an "identity" which shifts, travels,
>> > changes
>> > > from one set of captions to another. It is via these captions written
>> by
>> > > others under his image in the papers and placards, that Feneon

>> continues
>> > > his
>> > > "writing at a distance." Simply by facing the camera, facing charges,
>> > > "facing the music," facing his accusers at trial and facing the verdict
>> > and
>> > > judgment, Feneon is "writing" a myriad captions, breaking news items,
>> > > commentaries, editorials, all of which change with wild speeds as they
>> > race
>> > > to be as "up-to-minute" as the events themselves are in "unfolding."
>> > >
>> > >
>> > >
>> > > The professionals, these writers, these journalists and reporters of
>> > > "reality," chase desperately, breathlessly, after the unfolding drama
>> in
>> > > which the mug shot is "framed," and in so doing produce texts of
>> > > "speculative fiction," a serial Conceptual Poetry with as its "star
>> > player"
>> > > a writer whose own texts are deliberately written to be unrecognized,
>> > > hidden, camouflaged, unknown. And all the while, this writer writing
>> > > nothing
>> > > is producing vast heaps of writing via the work of others, as yet
>> another
>> > > form of camouflaged clandestine Conceptual Poetry, "hot off the press."
>> > >
>> > >
>> > >   Rimbaud writes of a concept of the poetry of the future in
>> > > which poetry would precede action—which in a sense he proceeds to
>> > > "perform" himself. If one reads his letters written after he stopped
>> > > writing poetry, one finds Rimbaud living out, or through, one after
>> > > another of what now seem to be "the prophecies" of his own poetry.
>> > > That is, the poetry is the "conceptual framework" for what becomes his
>> > > "silence" as a poet, and is instead his "life of action."
>> > >
>> > >   In these examples, one finds forms of a "conceptual poetry"
>> > > in which the poetry is in large part an abandonment of language, of
>> > > words, of masses of "personally signed" "poetry objects," "poetry
>> > > products." One finds instead a vanishing, a disappearance of both
>> > > language and "poet" and the emergence of that "some one else"
Rimbaud
>> > > recognized prophetically, preceding the action--in writing—in the
>> > > "Lettre du voyant," "the Seer's letter"—as "I is an other."

>> > >
>> > > An interesting take on a conceptual poetry in writing is
>> > > found in one of Pascal's Pensees, #542:
>> > >
>> > >
>> > >
>> > > "Thoughts come at random, and go at random. No device for
holding
>> > on
>> > > to
>> > > them or for having them.
>> > > A thought has escaped: I was trying to write it down: instead I
>> > > write that it has
>> > > escaped me."
>> > >
>> > >
>> > > The writing is a notation of the "escaped" concept's
>> > > absence, its escape that is a line of flight that is a "flight out of
>> > time"
>> > > as Hugo Ball entitles his Dada diaries. Writing not as a method of
>> > > remembering, of "capturing
>> > > thought," but as the notation of the flight of the concept at the
>> > > approach of its notation.
>> > >
>> > > Writing, then, as an absence— an absence of the concept.
>> > > A Conceptual Poetry of writing as "absent-mindedness"!—A writing
which
>> > > does
>> > > nothing more than elucidate that the escaping of thoughts "which come
>> at
>> > > random, and go at random" has occurred.
>> > >
>> > > This flight of the concept faced with its
>> > > notation—indicates a line of flight among the examples of Rimbaud—a
>> > > "flight into the desert" as it were, of silence as a poet—and of
>> > > Feneon—the flight into anonymous writing of very small newspaper
"faits
>> > > divers"
>> > > items punningly entitled "Nouvelles en trois lignes" (News/Novels in
>> > Three
>> > > Lines), of pseudonymous writings in differing guises at the same time
>> > > according to the journals in which they appear, and as translator and

>> > > editor as well as "salesperson" in a gallery of "art objects," a
>> > > conceptual masquerader among the art-objects embodying "concepts"
and
>> > > becoming no longer "concepts' but "consumer items." Feneon's framed
>> mug
>> > > shot on to whose mug is projected a "serial crime novel," written by
>> > others
>> > > and "starring" the mug in the mug shot, a writer of unknown and
>> > > unrecognized
>> > > texts who now vanishes into a feverish series of captions and
>> headlines.
>> > >
>> > >   Anonymity, pseudonyms, impersonations, poets who write their own
>> > coming
>> > > silence and "disappearance" as an "I is an other," the deliberately
>> > > unrecognized and unrecognizable poet whose mug shot becomes the
mass
>> > > published and distributed "crime scene" for police blotters and
>> > headlines,
>> > > speculative fictions and ideological diatribes, the writing which is a
>> > > notation of the flight of the concept, the writing of non-writers who
>> > > "never
>> > > wrote a word," yet whose concepts may be found camouflaged,
doubled,
>> > > mirrored, shadowed, anonymously existing hidden in pain
>> > > site/sight/cite—these nomadic elements which appear and disappear
>> > comprise
>> > > a
>> > > Conceptual Poetry in which the concepts and poets both impersonate
>> Others
>> > > and reappear as "Somebody Else," an Other unrecognized and
>> unrecognizable
>> > > found hidden in plain site/sight/cite.
>> > >
>> > >
>> > >   "It is not the elements which are new, but the order of
>> > > their arrangement," is another Pascalian "pensee." One finds
>> > > arrangements of the elements of Rimbaud and Feneon into the various
>> > > forms of "conceptual poetry" in the works of Pessoa, Spicer and
>> Yasusada.
>> > > Pessoa creates many others as poets, heteronyms with their own works
>> > > and actions, their own concepts of poetry. Spicer "translates" poetry

>> > > "after
>> > > Lorca" as well as exchanging letters with the dead poet, lives for a
>> > summer
>> > > with his ghost, who provides a foreword to Spicer's Book.
>> > >
>> > > for more turn to the blog address--
>> > >
>> >
>>
>
>
>
>
>

↑ Contents

57. Jason Quackenbush

Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"

Tue 3 Jun 2008

Headline: new formalist comes to the defense of language poet. which sign of the apocalypse is this?

On Jun 3, 2008, at 6:33 AM, Troy Camplin wrote:

> *Perelman wasn't joking. He was accidentally honest. All young writers do sound alike, and it's because few if any of them know anything about writing poems. They have been told that rules are passe or elitist, and so everyone ends up writing the same stuff the same way. The fact is that if you write using some sort of form, you will develop a style and a voice all your own. Form forces you to do this, just as it also forces you to make choices you would not have originally made. It can result in poems that you realize are actually better than anything you could have otherwise written. I've seen it happen, not just with my own poetry, but with the poetry of others. Perelman said it was a joke because he heard all the gasps -- but he wasn't joking. More, he was right.*
>
> *Now, before everyone here attacks me, let me suggest the following experiment. Take one of your free verse poems and turn it into a sonnet. Or Sapphic verse. Or blank verse. Or some other form with a steady rhythm and rhyme scheme. Or, better, take the same poem and put it into several forms. See what happens. See if it doesn't make it into a better poem. Or a more interesting one. See if it doesn't force you to make better, more interesting choices than you had before.*

All I ask for is that your responses be educated by experience.

Troy Camplin

----- Original Message ----
From: Barry Schwabsky <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Monday, June 2, 2008 11:55:31 PM
Subject: Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"

----- Original Message ----
From: George Bowe
So did you duck?

----- Original Message ----
From: George Bowering <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Monday, 2 June, 2008 3:43:28 PM
Subject: Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"

Saw that one coming.

On Jun 1, 2008, at 10:36 PM, Barry Schwabsky wrote:

I can't think of anyone it would be more of an honor to be compared to than the woman who constituted the first generation of (I assume you mean second-wave) feminism.

----- Original Message ----
From: Marcus Bales <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Sunday, 1 June, 2008 6:39:31 PM
Subject: Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"

Like all jokes, it has a kernel of truth. Jokes are, of course, not THE truth, but
exaggerations, diminishments, and other distancings from the truth. It's not true that
ALL of that generation "write alike", but enough do so that one can joke about it. Of
course, it's true of every "poetry generation" -- because if people

> *didn't "write alike"*
> *there could be no categories called "poetry generations".*
>
> *My father used to say that difference between having a sense of what's funny and*
> *having a sense of humor is whether you can laugh when it happens to you instead of*
> *to some other guy.*
>
> *You don't want to be the first poetry generation whose distinguishing characteristic is*
> *that it's more like the first feminist generation than any other poetry generation: lacking*
> *a sense of humor, do you?*
>
> *In short, lighten up; learn not only to laugh at yourselves but to make fun of yourselves.*
>
> *Marcus*
>
> *On 31 May 2008 at 4:02, CA Conrad wrote:*
>
> *The recent Jerome Rothenberg event in Philadelphia is where he told his*
> *"joke" about younger poets, and you can listen or watch (MP3 or video) at*
> *this link:*
>
> *http://writing.upenn.edu/~whfellow/rothenberg.html*
>
> *You will want to use the link to the second day for the Rothenberg conversation and Q&A with Al Filries. Perelman appears about three quarters*
> *through, or more. BUT PLEASE LISTEN TO THE ENTIRE CONVERSATION AND Q&A, it's*
> *TERRIFIC! (In particular I liked Lee Ann Brown's question for Rothenberg,*
> *you'll want to hear this entire event!)*
>
> *But when Bob Perelman tells his "joke" Rothenberg is talking about the fact*
> *that having been involved with poetry for a very long time that it's hard*
> *for him to keep in touch with everything that's going on now. He then says*
> *to Perelman sitting close by that after his own generation, and*

*Bob's
generation, that the newer poets... And then Bob finishes
Rothenberg's
sentence for him with, "--you mean that they all write alike!"*

*I was sitting in that room with the rest of the audience. There was
a gasp,
and I know that it wasn't my gasp alone!*

*Rothenberg then shakes his head and laughs nervously and says NO NO
NO NO,
they don't all write alike, that's not what I'm saying!*

*And then Al Filreis says, "You heard it here first, Bob Perelman
says you
all write alike, that's P-E-R-E-L-M-A-N."*

*Bob takes the microphone at that point, and the first thing he says
is that
he was just JOKING when he said younger poets all write alike. Then
it's
forgotten.*

But not forgotten.

*I remember very clearly the tone he used, which is why it was an
arrow
strike. But maybe that WAS part of the "joke." ? I listened to it
again
online just the other night, and it was pretty much fashioned like a
quick,
pointed statement.*

*Could it be that the reaction he was feeling from the rest of the
audience,
and Rothenberg's reaction, and Filreis's reaction, made him turn it
into a
joke?*

*Am I accusing Bob Perelman of lying? Well, maybe a white lie. A
save-face
lie.*

BUT MAYBE HE'S NOT LYING. OK, maybe it WAS a joke.

*Let's suppose it WAS a joke. HOW is such a joke funny, and who was
it funny
for I ask? Why would it be funny? Is it funny because it's something*

he has heard before and he DOES NOT AGREE with it but is MOCKINGLY saying younger poets all write alike IN DEFENSE of younger poets?

Is Bob Perelman the GREAT champion of younger poets? Is he coming to the rescue by making a joke of the joke of others who are ACTUALLY NOT joking?

And who are these others, if there are others?

Hmmm. Who is saying such things in Perelman's presence that would upset him so much he feels compelled to joke TO DEFEND YOUNGER POETS!? Is Bob Perelman thinking, "Well, they're simply NOT reading younger poets if they think THAT!"

Because clearly, in my mind, SOMEONE is NOT reading younger poets if they think that, because I read a lot of poets my age and younger, and there's NO WAY I would ever say we're all writing alike! But WHO is thinking this, and saying this out loud in front of Bob Perelman? We need to THANK Bob of course for making that "joke" on our behalf. AND SO PUBLICLY I want add, into a microphone while the video camera and sound equipment was mowing down his sound particles to SEND HIS BRAVE message to those who would DARE attack the younger poets!

What is ACTUALLY funny about the joke for me is how over the years I've defended Bob and his friends when people have said that the LANGUAGE Poets all write alike. This is something I've heard consistently. I heard it when I was a teenager before I knew who they were and what they were thinking and writing. Lucky for me I've always been someone who wants to check out what everyone is being such a Hater about.

Eventually I had read enough and was prepared enough to confront this statement, "What are you talking about!? Who have you read!? What have you read!?" Not once did one of these parrots have an answer which led me to believe that they had ACTUALLY read a single LANGUAGE Poet! They were merely repeating some bullshit statement their bullshit poetry workshop leaders (who ALSO I'M SURE did not read ANYTHING by a single LANGUAGE Poet!) had said.

BECAUSE, REALLY, if you think they all write alike have you actually READ THEM? If you sat down with poems by Armantrout, Silliman, Pearson, and Hejinian, and there were no names on the poems, you would know who wrote what, or at least would notice these to be four very distinct voices. Poetry is a tea party to some, it seems! A fancy luxury instead of indispensable investigation! I say it seems to be this to those who would make such ridiculous statements about LANGUAGE Poets for being LAZY readers and half-assed, half-interested poets! And now I also say it to those ill-read gossips behind Bob Perelman's "joke."

In the end younger poets must learn to persevere, like the LANGUAGE Poets have, because I FOR ONE feel poets of my generation and younger are writing some pretty damned HOT poems! I wouldn't trade this time with any other!

FUCK THE HALF-INTERESTED LOUTS!

CAConrad
http://PhillySound.blogspot.com

--
No virus found in this incoming message.
Checked by AVG.

> *Version: 7.5.524 / Virus Database: 269.24.4/1476 - Release Date: 5/31/2008 12:25 PM*
>
> *Giorgio Bowering, gent.*
> *Just a visitor here.*

↑ Contents

58. **Ryan Daley**

Re: Bob Perelman's Joke

Tue 3 Jun 2008

Billy Collins is my father. That's why we sound alike.

On Tue, Jun 3, 2008 at 12:16 PM, Will Esposito <[redacted]> wrote:
> Well this is a hell of a joke! It would help to put up poems
> and an argument for how it is you believe whether younger
> writers write alike, if you do, if you do not.
>

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59. **David Chirot**

Proofsheets of Reality-Nostalgia"--Kentucky Yard Sale Find: Weegee Photos and Correspondance--(NY Times)-

Tue 3 Jun 2008

---

http://www.nytimes.com/pages/arts/design/index.html ---

The Anarekeyology of the Found Hidden in Plain Site/Sight/Cite--

continuously is turning up such "treasures troves"--
the recent book on the history of the Arbus "trove" found --
the finding recently of a Fifties Painting "treasure" in the trash--
the film "Who the F---is Jackson Pollock?" on the Pollock (or not) found at yard sale--
a Van Gogh that had sat "unnoticed as such" for years on a mantelpiece in Milwaukee--
no longer the sole provenance of the garbage dumps of the ancient worlds --

yard sales, dumpsters, "conventional homes," barns--
are "producing Major Finds"--

of the very recent past already having a status and value with any of those of the very remote pasts--

while eBay and "Antiques Roadshow" help create whole new categories of increasingly valuable "collectables," "original
versions," "first run model series" --

these are the "Happy Faces" of cultures which can find the treasures of their own backyards and attics--
the dumpster down the street--the yard sale on a peaceful afternoon --

the more things which can be produced with built in obsolesence, the more structures demolished for new condos--
the more communities converted into prisons--

the more such Happy Finds will be made--"close to home"--
the more nostalgia there is created--

the more valuable becomes an object which "embodies" the moments of its "original" sentiments--

nostalgia, being hazy--requires a "clear image," a "real object" to bring itself into focus--
to "demonstrate" and "prove" the reality of its existence--

a sign of an increasing "amnesia"?--
a tribute to the continual revisioning effects of increasingly mediatized "history"--?

is the "past" one "remembers"--
one's own memory of it--or one now provided for it--

requiring the possesion of an object from that past-
to reassuure one that what one remembered was actually something "really there"--?
and reassuring one that one oneself also was "really there"--?

If the New Worlds can yield such treasure via their own detritus-- what about the Old, thought to have been "used up" as it were--?

Rather than waiting for centuries for the Old Dumps to yield New treasures- why not simply create whole new areas, countries, of New Dumps in Old Places--

for the finding of Old "treasures" both New and "Anew"--

the more landscapes bombed into craters-
the more people displaced--disappeared--

the more destruction there is--
the more disappearance of once mass produced and popular items--
in deliberately dismantled societies--

the more scarcity created--
the more desperation--

the more valuable ever more recent things will become--
as well as the things of remote pasts already found and "to be found"--
New and "Anew" alike--

not only on the Black Markets for locals--
and Security forces--
--but in the Global markets for collectors--

In Iraq, the farmers whose lands are being destroyed are put to work digging them up in search of "treasures" for the collectors of the world-- when the farmers are thought not trustworthy enough--privatized security forces employ imported laborers in a form of near-slavery-- to dig up the "treasures" of an annihilated culture-- for the pleasure of eyes of investors in the war machines and security corporations--

the NY Times runs "heart warming" photo-stories of Palestinian children digging out of the rubble objects they can resell for the survival of their families-- the very same bombs and bulldozers that destroyed their homes-- now provide the homeless with "employment"-- and an increased value in things previously commonly found--

as the landscape they live in steadily disappears--
and they themselves disappear--

"Old New Orleans" begins to produce things of value for the decoration of the new condos--
while former residents are scattered to the soup kitchen winds--

To destroy, to make intentionally temporary--
becomes not at all a "waste"--
but the creation of ever more markets of "collectibles," "treasures," "nostalgia items," for every occaision and every situation--
the home, the dashboard, the gallery, the museum, the private yacht, the corporate board room--
the office desk top paper weight--

To purchase and posses the signs that in a world ever more rapidily vanishing--
one not only exists now, but has indeed been existing--
through times one "seems to remember"--

histories one is told and shown "that happened"--

(not unlike the situation of person's in Orwell's 1984--whose "reality" and "history" is changed daily--so that it appears to have always been exactly what one is told that it has been--)

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60. J.P. Craig
Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"
Tue 3 Jun 2008

OK. So maybe Troy's recommending the new formalism. But I'm going to act as if he weren't. Then the proposition makes some sort sense. At least the proposition that form forces decisions on a poet. I'm considering poetic procedures as form here, not just villanelles and pantsuits and those other forms that I was encouraged to try in workshop.

My initial response was bilious too, but if I pretend I didn't hear the "young poets write alike" bit, then I can make something useful of the comment.

I taught three sections of intro to poetry this semester for a total of something like 96 students. I assigned two creative projects, two poems. In each case, there were some fairly large groups of people I could say were writing "the same." That is, I could easily categorize poems. I noticed that it was an urge to dismiss that led to categorization. I got tired of reading about the agony of adolescent love, the joys of beer, the profundity of the personal experience of Jesus Christ. What I wanted to dismiss was accounts of experiences that don't interest me. Yet those are of great immediacy for the people writing and reading them, since I take the audience of the poems to be the other students in the class.

I can't read Perelman's mind, but maybe it was a similar urge to dismiss, a similar impatience, that inspired his "joke."

I caught myself today sneering about students in general elective courses at my institution, sneering at them for not being as literate as I'd like. It was a pretty low point and a low blow. But it's a blow born of frustration and ideals. Maybe Perelman's outburst was an inverted advocacy. Maybe not. JP

On Jun 3, 2008, at 12:42 PM, CA Conrad wrote:

> *vo mttd on keyboard vry har d to*
> *t*
> *ype aft er it d ries m aybe*
>
> *Troy Camplin wrote:*

> *Perelman wasn't joking. He was accidentally honest. All young writers do sound alike, and it's because few >if any of them know anything about writing poems. They have been told that rules are passe or elitist, and >so everyone ends up writing the same stuff the same way. The fact is that if you write using some sort of >form, you will develop a style and a voice all your own. Form forces you to do this, just as it also forces you to make choices you would not have originally made. It can result in poems that you realize are actually >better than anything you could have otherwise written. I've seen it happen, not just with my own poetry, but >with the poetry of others. Perelman said it was a joke because he heard all the gasps -- but he wasn't >joking. More, he was right.*
>
> *Now, before everyone here attacks me, let me suggest the following experiment. Take one of your free >verse poems and turn it into a sonnet. Or Sapphic verse. Or blank verse. Or some other form with a steady rhythm and rhyme scheme. Or, better, take the same poem and put it into several forms. See what >happens. See if it doesn't make it into a better poem. Or a more interesting one. See if it doesn't force you >to make better, more interesting choices than you had before.*
>
> *All I ask for is that your responses be educated by experience.*
>
> *Troy Camplin*

JP Craig
http://jpcraig.blogspot.com/

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61. **amy king**

Re: Country Valley Press - Poetry

Tue 3 Jun 2008

Is this an all-male press?

Just wonderin'...

Amy

_____

Recent
http://www.tarpaulinsky.com/Reviews/kiss-me.html
http://cutbankpoetry.blogspot.com/2008/04/im-man-who-loves-you-by-amy-king.html

Alias
http://www.amyking.org

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62. amy king

Saturday, June 7, 2008 - Marshmallow Roast - Tao Lin - Amy King - Elisa Gabbert - Mike Young - Leigh Stein

Tue 3 Jun 2008

Join us for a poetry reading in the backyard at Harrison Space as part of the Bushwick Arts Festival. There will be fire and there will be marshmallows. Poets will be encouraged to read with flashlights. Drinks provided. Bring your own friends.

Tao Lin is the author of the poetry-collection, COGNITIVE-BEHAVIORAL THERAPY (Melville House, 2008), and a few other books. http://reader-of-depressing-books.blogspot.com

Elisa Gabbert, a poet living in Boston, is the author of Thanks for Sending the Engine (Kitchen Press, 2007) and, with Kathleen Rooney, That Tiny Insane Voluptuousness (Otoliths Books, 2008).

Mike Young co-edits NOÖ Journal, and his poetry chapbook MC Oroville's Answering Machine is forthcoming from Transmission Press. http://noojournal.com

Amy King is the author of I’m the Man Who Loves You and Antidotes for an Alibi, both from BlazeVOX Books, The People Instruments (Pavement Saw Press), and most recently, Kiss Me With the Mouth of Your Country (Dusie Press). http://amyking.org

Leigh Stein is the author of many chapbooks, including How to Mend a Broken Heart with Vengeance (Dancing Girl Press '08). She was recently nominated for Best New Poets. http://leighstein.blogspot.com

Directions: take L train to Morgan stop. Exit station at Bogart. Walk down street immediately ahead. Look for golden bomb shelter doors in the ground about 1/2 block up on your right.

Come early & look at art. Stay late & listen to music.

http://artsinbushwick.org

Saturday, June 7, 2008
9:00pm - 10:00pm
Harrison Space
14 Harrison Pl
Brooklyn, NY

Directions: take L train to Morgan stop. Exit station at Bogart. Walk down street immediately ahead. Look for golden bomb shelter doors in the ground about 1/2 block up on your right.

_____

Recent
http://www.tarpaulinsky.com/Reviews/kiss-me.html
http://cutbankpoetry.blogspot.com/2008/04/im-man-who-loves-you-by-amy-king.html

Alias
http://www.amyking.org

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63. Tony Trigilio

How to register online for The Beat Generation Symposium

Tue 3 Jun 2008

Hi everyone--

I'm sorry for all the posting the past couple days on this, but I should've written more explicit guidelines for how to register online for The Beat Generation Symposium.

I've pasted, below, instructions from the Columbia College Ticket Office. Thanks--

Best,
Tony

_____

How to register for The Beat Generation Symposium online:

1. Go to www.colum.edu/tickets and click on the orange “Buy” button. 2. Select the “Beat Generation Symposium” radio button. 3. Select your registration category by selecting the number “1” under the appropriate pull-down menu: $50 for individuals; $25 for graduate students, retired faculty, and independent scholars. Status will be verified upon sign-in at the conference. PLEASE NOTE: Although the system allows you to purchase more than one ticket at one time at this point, please only select “1.” Conference updates will only be sent to the account email address, so everyone must register individually in order to receive updates and important information. 4. Choose “Add to cart.” 5. On the next screen, review your order and click “Check out.” 6. Register for a new account, fill out your information, and purchase tickets.

NOTE: Sometime in June, the Columbia College Ticket Center will be updating its web interface to better accommodate conferences. At that point, the above instructions will no longer apply, but the interface itself will be more user-friendly. Updated instructions will be forwarded at that point.

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64. **CA Conrad**

Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"

Tue 3 Jun 2008

(for those who have written, no I'm not sick, that's very sweet of you. but no, that was me being obnoxious, I'm only sick with my own sarcasm.)

But really, Troy, c'mon!

Grant's call to KILL the wild buffalo was an investment in taming Native Americans. The systematic slaughter of millions of people and animals was done in the name of words like
EXPANSION and
PROGRESS
but expanding and progressing by pulling back and killing what is living free Outside acceptable and respectable boundaries is rather illogical.

I prefer the word "illogical" in such matters for its marvelous prefix. A prefix even I would fondle in front of my not so subtle mother.

We're to write in the same forms so our poems can be different you say? Neo-Formalism has always bothered me, I mean, what is it? The New Old? New at being Old? Huh? In the end to me it's nothing more than new words for old weapons. THIS is where poetry is NOTHING but political to me! We might as well be talking about genocide!

I would rather write the letter "R" and NOTHING ELSE from now on! R!

rrr r R!

r r r r r r r r r r rr r r r r

CAConrad
http://PhillySound.blogspot.com

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65. Troy Camplin

Re: essay by Chirot to go with works at the UA Poetry Center Conceptual Poetry Symposium, organized by Marjorie Perloff

Tue 3 Jun 2008

You are making claims that are unprovable, such as the nature (or even existence) of God. Also, you haven't proven your premises.

However, words are names for concepts. Poems are made of words. Thus poems are made of concepts, making poetry conceptual.

Show me where this is wrong.

Troy

----- Original Message ----
From: Ryan Daley <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Tuesday, June 3, 2008 12:15:28 PM
Subject: Re: essay by Chirot to go with works at the UA Poetry Center Conceptual Poetry Symposium, organized by Marjorie Perloff

Troy,

Just because, God is great; life is pain; God is life; God is pain, doesn't make it true.

On Tue, Jun 3, 2008 at 9:35 AM, Troy Camplin <[redacted]> wrote:
> Troy Camplin
>
>
>
> Words are concepts, so all poetry is conceptual.
>
> Troy Camplin
>
>
> ----- Original Message ----
> From: David Chirot <[redacted]>
> To: [redacted]

> Sent: Monday, June 2, 2008 3:33:38 PM
> Subject: Re: essay by Chirot to go with works at the UA Poetry Center Conceptual Poetry Symposium, organized by Marjorie Perloff
>
> Dear Murat and Barry:
>
> "does that makes "conceptual poetry" poetry that likewise foregrounds
> language? But in that case, what distinguishes "conceptual poetry" from just
> "poetry"?
>
> re conceptual poetry being not in words--
>
> This is exactly what the very second paragraph of my piece asks--
>
> " One may also ask—since language is the material of poetry, if
> one is to create a conceptual poetry—does this mean then that the
> absence of language is involved? That the poetry is not in language,
> but found elsewhere?"
>
> This is why I write of how often i think of al the persons through thousand
> snd thousands of years who cerated poems without words, paintings without
> paint--art with out materials at all--
> because they were not allowed to--even learn how to read and write, or to
> paint--
> nor exposed to any of the ideas re painting, poetry--
> and yet nonetheless i believe there must have been tousands of greate
> artists and poets who created works continaully--
> and as i write--these have vanished "without a trace"--
> nor fragments--as never were "objects" or "signs"--
> because they did not exist as objects, texts--
>
> yet--
> one may ask also, as i do--
> may not these works--becasue they have been thought imagined,seen,
> heard--formed--
> exist--
> not as traces or objects-recognized as "poems" and "Images"--
>
> but elsewhere--
> all around one--
> in stones' forms or clouds' shapes-in a sound out of nowhere that one
> hears--

>
> things which in their taphonomic states carry the disintegrating orders of
> those which had elsewhere in another time been the concepts found by those
> poets and artists who did not write not paint--
>
> "the shock of recogntion"--the uncanny encounter--with these--which
> "recognize one" and find one--
>
> "involuntary memories" "out of nowhere"--which are triggered by the
movement
> of a car out of the corner of one's eye suddenly shooting out of an alley
> way, from out of the shadowy dark blotch at the margins of the eye's
> peripheries-- into the bright sharpness of light-and gone--
>
> yet--"whose" involutary memories--?--
>
> i didn't set out to write a paper at all, just to ask a few questions--and
> had to cut it short--as what one begins to think on re conceptual poetry is
> a swarming --of a myriad ideas and things, sights, sounds, movements of
> dance, gesture of a hand, flicker of lighter in the wind--smoke that drifts
> into cobwebs filled with corners, the drifting of dust motes--
>
> i've lived in situations where one could not do all manner of things--so one
> begins to create poems plays stories paintings al manner of things--
>
> which are "conceptual"--and as just described--to create when/with/in
> watching the drifts of dust motes which one sees due to their being revealed
> in the shadowy room only by the spaces in between the cheap "venetian"
style
> blinds, the cracked and faded plastic --
> these motes which as one is watching bring out of the chaos and non
meaning
> "time" one is living "in"--confined in--
>
> that which is--
> to be present at the conception of a conception--
> emerging "before/be for one's very eyes-"
>
>
> the paper is thought of as hopefully suggestions along the lines of various
> ways of thinking of what a conceptual poetry might be--and this is but a few
> of the suggestions that have come to mind--

>
> as what one has the sense of--and persons on Harriet Blog have written of
> this--is that the Symposium rather than being an "opening of the field"--was
> enacting in effect the placement already of monuments--while at the same
> time introducing a set of rules and regulations in a sense, for the design
> and production of "Conceptual Poetry"--as though it is something "already
> over with" while at the same time "being proclaimed as New"--
>
> this is why the word "Questions" is in my title--to indicate that this is
> simply an opening of questions--
> rather than an "unquestioning"--"acceptance"--of "what one is told"--
> nor do the questions by any means constitute or ask for their own
> "unquestioning acceptance"--
>
> Conceptual Poetry has been performed, theorized, created, published, video
> taped, photographed, recorded, for forty years in Latin America--and in
> Russia already there are several decades of Conceptual Poetries--
>
> this is why one thinks that "Conceptual Poetry" is something that is already
> existing in a myriad forms and wants to ask further questions, rather than
> "going by one definition" or a small set of examples--
>
> for example--the conceptual "conceptions"--are not soley "ideas from within
> the mind"so to speak--on the contrary--the ideas which are those of things,
> events--OUTSIDE of one--bring these--
>
> * *{"conceptual conceptions"--"conception" is another area one may address
> "along these lines"-not to mention "contraceptual poetry, biceptual poetry,
> perceptual poetry, -extra sensory perceptual poetry--deceptual poetry----}
> **one may ask--if from Outside--the conceptual poetry by not having come
> from words--may not be manifested into words--as its way at that moment of
> making itself "known"--it is not myself alone that finds the found--the
> found finds me--is what i write of being my experinces when working--on the
> rubBEings, clay impression spray paintings--
>
> so in what they may choose to "appear"--may be as "someone else"--that is,
> what was not words now "appears" "in the guise of" words--
>
> which may then be quickly enough "no longer words'--but something or some
> one else--after effects, impersonators, ghosts--actors in "the Globe
> theater" of Shakespeare's in which "all the world's a stage"--and a
> Conceptual Poetry is a "play house"--wherein the Conceptual poetry is

> "playing house"--
>
> in terms of Emily Dickinson's "Nature is a Haunted House, and Art a House
> which tries to be Haunted"--
>
> to be Haunted by that which provokes the essay ("tries:"-- essay as an
> essay, and as "essaying" in the sense of trying--) at being Haunted--
>
> in the excerpts from one of the El Colonel stories presented as Appendix
> A--, "El Ojo de Dios"--El Colonel --does not write down these writings of
> his--many events occuring in the stories it is not really sure--at what
> level of reality/fiction they are "happening"--as by the way he
> "writes"--itis in such a way as to create moment by moment not
> singularities--but the simultaneity of many aspects of time al of them at
> once writing/reading/making notes that are beforehand and afterwards and
> endlessly finding the inextricable ongoing energies and movements of these
> moving away from, around, back, inside out-etc--with each other--
>
> (in another story, El Colonel opens his one of his "notebooks" to study what
> he is working with --to take a-look --there is nothing written on the cover
> nor anywhere inside--this to him is a private joke on his unwritten writings
> --not only "unpublished"--but unwritten--yet at the same time as he is
> reading over his unwritten texts he is writing his further commentaries in
> the writing which is not written "down"--)
>
> the writing also "takes place"--as a performance piece--
>
> With studied and precise, angular movements, El Colonel begins to arrange
> himself in the correct position in which to be found by his "immanent and
> eminent visitor."
>
>
> El Colonel permits himself a barely audible and very brief laugh as "he
> takes possession of himself the better to assiduously arrange the head, the
> torso, the limbs, the folded hands, as though he were in the process of
> preparing a stuffed and mounted specimen of a representative example of a
> Colonel, whose taxidermist he himself was."
>
>
> El Colonel's "writing" which is not only "unpublished" but unwritten is
> described in this story as:
>

> Habituated to an imaginative isolation, El Colonel's intellectual companions
> are his "compositions" with their attendant "commentaries," "asides,"
> "digressions," and "annotations." By means of this "ironic distancing" he
> continually invents "a hitherto unknown and as yet unpublished form of
> writing, never before seen nor heard."
>
> ("Never before seen nor heard" is an alllusion to one of El Colonel's
> favorite lines from one of his favorite books--Lazarillo de Tormes, whose
> author literally is "Anonymous"-
>
> *Yo, por bien tengo que cosas fan seneladas, y por nunca oidas ni vistas,
> vengan a noticia de muchos y no se entetierren en la sepultura del olvido.*
>
> --*Lazarillo de Tormes*
> is the line, cited in the story "El Colonel Smiles" on line at Otoliths and
> Dusie Kollektiv--
>
> -El Colonel's odd readings are due to their being found--in places, homes,
> offices--whose occupants on his missions he "takes possesion of"--in some
> cases--"in other words"--his reading is not planned out--but found--and,
> literally --in some cases--stolen--"plagiarized texts"--already, before he
> uses them in his unwritten writings--)
>
> the description continues--
>
> El Colonel smiles. This writing is a method of creating for himself a reader
> who is in turn accompanied by his own doubling as a writer. Where there had
> been "no one with who to share his most intimate thoughts, the fullness and
> agility of his life," there is now not only such a companion; there is also
> a recorder of "his deeds and exploits." In such a way El Colonel
> simultaneously acts, writes and reads both for himself and to another, who
> is also both a reader and an other author in turn, providing El Colonel with
> his own role as a reader. By these means his life takes on an aura of
> legend, and he acts both as though creating the performance of something
> which is happening, and of something which has happened "already." By the
> latter means, his life is taking place in a futurity in which it is read,
> and in a present in which it is written. The simplest acts and words are
> invested with the immediacy of a drama "taking place," the glow of "great
> acts having taken place ," and, to heighten both drama and aura, the
> precisions of a prefatory "about to take place," which allows for the
> insertion of the necessary commentaries, directions, and asides. "For the
> benefit of the listener, for the pleasure of the reader, for the background

> material necessary to the writer," as El Colonel describes it with relish in
> a self-penned blurb . . .
>
> I hope the paper suggests a great many further conceptions of Conceptual
> Poetry!!--
>
> To swarm and topple the Vendome Columns--!
>
> Sembrar la Memoria de La Commune de Paris1871!
>
> *"y no se entetierren en la sepultura del olvido"*
>
>
> **
>
>
>
> On Sun, Jun 1, 2008 at 7:28 PM, Murat Nemet-Nejat <[redacted]> wrote:
>
>> Barry,
>>
>> Very sharp observation. If conceptual art means a movement away from the
>> traditional material of art, oil, stone, etc.., toward words, conceptual
>> poetry means a movement away from the traditional material of poetry,
which
>> is words.
>>
>> Ciao,
>>
>> Murat
>>
>>
>>
>> On Sun, Jun 1, 2008 at 12:47 PM, Barry Schwabsky <
>> [redacted]> wrote:
>>
>> > Am I right in thinking that the phrase "conceptual poetry" is modeled on
>> > the earlier "conceptual art"?
>> > If so, and if conceptual art is broadly speaking an art that foregrounds
>> > language (Weiner, Kosuth, Art & Language, etc.) then does that makes
>> > "conceptual poetry" poetry that likewise foregrounds language? But in
>> that

>> > case, what distinguishes "conceptual poetry" from just "poetry"?
>> >
>> >
>> >
>> > ----- Original Message ----
>> > From: Murat Nemet-Nejat <[redacted]>
>> > To: [redacted]
>> > Sent: Sunday, 1 June, 2008 4:22:03 PM
>> > Subject: Re: essay by Chirot to go with works at the UA Poetry Center
>> > Conceptual Poetry Symposium, organized by Marjorie Perloff
>> >
>> > David,
>> >
>> > " The predominant view of conceptual works in art and poetry is that it
>> > is written language which becomes fore grounded, most often as the
>> > 'realization' and presentation of various directives, with their
>> > various forms of pre-conceived constraints, and sets of instructions.
>> > Yet does not the written language itself, as an object which
>> > 'constitutes' the directives and instructions, contradict the
>> > 'concept' of the 'Conceptual?'"
>> >
>> > The reverse is true. In a truly conceptual poem, the written language
>> moves
>> > towards disappearance, in your words, "absence."
>> >
>> > bachelor rooms.
>> > sweat shops.
>> > stairs where the light turns off automatically.
>> > numbers fade
>> > from the face of buildings. (*The Structure*, "A Homage to M. Proust)
>> >
>> >
>> >
>> > "{See Appendix B below for some other "Science Fiction" aspects of
>> > Conceptual
>> > Poetry in Relation to the Work Place.)"
>> >
>> > The question of "The Spiritual Life of Robots (Replicants)" relates to
>> the
>> > spiritual (conceptual, rather than actual) life of words.
>> >
>> > "The directives themselves, expressed in written language, become road

>> > blocks to the Conceptual which is supposed to be "activated" by their
>> > instructions.
>> >
>> > To use written language then to create a conceptual poetry is
>> > not in a strict sense "conceptual" at all, if it produces yet another
>> > object in written language."
>> >
>> > f one realizes that the "instructions" constitute the poem itself, then
>> the
>> > "realizations" become phenomenal obstructions, obfuscations
>> > for which the truly conceptual poet, in my view, has very little patience
>> >
>> >
>> > "It becomes instead a piling up, a massing, of materials
>> > (language, words) which have "walled out" as it were, the conceptual.
>> > Are the words then simply a gravestone or monument to a now absent
>> > concept?"
>> >
>> > I think yes. *The Structure of Escape* is my attempt to recapture, to
>> > real-ize that absence. "A La Recherche of Recaptured Absence Absence."
>> >
>> > Ciao,
>> >
>> > Murat
>> >
>> >
>> > On Fri, May 30, 2008 at 5:02 AM, David Chirot <[redacted]>
>> > wrote:
>> >
>> > > *DAVID-BAPTISTE CHIROT: "Conceptual Poetry and its Others"---
Haunting
>> > > Questions Found Hidden in Plain Site/Sight/Cite*
>> > >
>> > >
>> > >
>> > >
>> > >
>> > >
>> > >
>> > >
>> > >
>> > >

>> >
>> http://davidbaptistechirot.blogspot..com/2008/05/conceptual-poetry-and-its-
others.html
>> > >
>> > >
>> > > Below are the opening paragraphs of this essay--if interested still, as
>> > it
>> > > goes through many changes and has two appendices as further
>> "evidences"--
>> > > go to the blog address above--
>> > >
>> > >
>> > > Note:I was invited to send Visual Poetry works to the Symposium on
>> > > "Conceptual Poetry and its Others," along with artist's statements
>> > > regarding
>> > > the works. As a participant, to express my sense of and thankfulness
>> for
>> > > this, I decided it would be nice to include also a brief statement re
>> the
>> > > "Conceptual Poetics" under discussion.
>> > >
>> > > Once started, so many ideas started flowing,and so many examples
came
>> to
>> > > mind--travel literature of the 18th century, Shakespeare's Richard the
>> > > Third, to name but two--that I had to draw line somewhere and stop.
>> There
>> > > is
>> > > so much more to write however, once started--so these remarks and
>> > questions
>> > > are but a small indication of the most basic beginnings of the myriad
>> > > directions which are out there to be found--and ones already noted to
>> set
>> > > down in various forms and actions--
>> > >
>> > > this essay is on display beside my works at the Symposium--persons
>> > > interested may ask for a copy--
>> > >
>> > > a few examples of further questions among ever so many more--
>> > >
>> > > Why is "boring, unoriginal, impersonal work" promoted by "colorful
>> > > personalities," just like any other product? Does this not create "a

>> > Line"
>> > > produced by a Brand Name, the Original Author possessed of an
>> > "originality"
>> > > in creating this "radical, new form"--to be marketed as "the latest
>> > thing,"
>> > > for the development of new jobs in English/
>> > > creative Writing Programs--the "newest way" to "make an impression"
by
>> > the
>> > > "original" creation of an impersonal boringness? Is this in itself a
>> > "new
>> > > way" of mass producing standardized and conforming
>> > > "conceptual poets" who "carry on" the work of the Great Originators?
>> > > *
>> > > *Are monkeys controlling robotic arms with their thoughts on the way
to
>> > > creating a Conceptual poetry?--*
>> > > >
>> > > *What are the interelationships of possiblities of Conceptual Poetry
>> for
>> > > use
>> > > in Propaganda and advertising? For starting wars, altering Wikipedia,
>> > > sending out false news items and etc etc--*
>> > > * Haunting Questions Found Hidden in Plain Site/Sight/Cite
>> > > >
>> > > > for the Symposium "Conceptual Poetry and its Others"
>> > > >
>> > > >
>> > > >
>> > > Poetry Center of the University of Arizona
>> > > >
>> > > 29-31 May 2008
>> > > >
>> > > *
>> > > *   J'ai trop a ecrire, c'est pourquoi je n'ecrire rien. --Stendhal,
>> > > Journal, 1804
>> > > >
>> > > >
>> > > >   Thoughts come at random, and go at random. No device for holding
>> on
>> > > to
>> > > >   them or for having them..

>> > > A thought has escaped: I was trying to write it down: instead I
>> > > write that it has
>> > > escaped me.
>> > > --Pascal, Pensees, #542
>> > >
>> > >
>> > >
>> > > To find among typos the unknown writings, the "Helltoy"--
>> > > camouflaged clouds, the voice-writings of the ground itself that speaks
>> > and
>> > > moves in lines
>> > > emerging--
>> > >
>> > > *for Petra Backonja*
>> > >
>> > > * *
>> > > I find in thinking with what a Conceptual Poetry might be, that I've
>> > > begun with a point of view of paradox. That is, considering the
>> > > conceptual to be the absence of a material object, a conceptual poetry
>> > > would be the absence of the poem as a "realization" of its "idea." If
>> > > "the poem" as an object is not to be realized, in what ways may it
>> > > then be said to "exist"?
>> > >
>> > > One may also ask—since language is the material of poetry, if
>> > > one is to create a conceptual poetry—does this mean then that the
>> > > absence of language is involved? That the poetry is not in language,
>> > > but found elsewhere?
>> > >
>> > > The predominant view of conceptual works in art and poetry is that it
>> > > is written language which becomes fore grounded, most often as the
>> > > "realization" and presentation of various directives, with their
>> > > various forms of pre-conceived constraints, and sets of instructions.
>> > > Yet does not the written language itself, as an object which
>> > > "constitutes" the directives and instructions, contradict the
>> > > "concept" of the "Conceptual?"
>> > >
>> > > {See Appendix B below for some other "Science Fiction" aspects of
>> > > Conceptual
>> > > Poetry in Relation to the Work Place.)
>> > >
>> > > The directives themselves, expressed in written language, become road
>> > > blocks to the Conceptual which is supposed to be "activated" by their

>> > > instructions.
>> > >
>> > > To use written language then to create a conceptual poetry is
>> > > not in a strict sense "conceptual" at all, if it produces yet another
>> > > object in written language.
>> > >
>> > >   It becomes instead a piling up, a massing, of materials
>> > > (language, words) which have "walled out" as it were, the conceptual.
>> > > Are the words then simply a gravestone or monument to a now absent
>> > > concept?
>> > >
>> > >   And what of the "poet" who is the "author" of "Conceptual Poetry?"
>> > >
>> > >   A builder of roadblocks, a maker of monuments and gravestones--?
>> > >
>> > >   If a "poet" is the conceiver of concepts—and the realization of
>> > > the concept as a poem is no longer a concept—but an object—does this
>> > > then mean that the poet, in order to be "conceptual," must no longer
>> > > be a "poet?" Or in order to be a "poet," no longer be "conceptual" in
>> > > approach? And yet who but a "conceptual poet" can produce
"conceptual
>> > > poetry?"
>> > >
>> > >   Perhaps true Conceptual Poetry is the creation of illiterates?
>> > >   And, beyond that, persons who may even be very limited in
>> > > their "Conceptual capacities?"
>> > >
>> > >   I think often of all the Conceptual Poets and Artists who
>> > > have existed and worked through thousands of years, persons due to
>> > > their circumstances --gender being the most common among these--
who
>> > > are not allowed to know how to write, nor instructed in "art," nor
>> > > permitted
>> > > to
>> > > be educated, yet all the same--may have produced Conceptually a good
>> > > deal of the greatest Poetry and Art of which there does not remain and
>> > > never was an "object," even as a "fragment."
>> > >
>> > > What of these myriads of centuries of Conceptual Works--are they
>> > > still existing--? Are they alive in the Conceptual realm? The Ether?
>> > > Or have they found ways on their own, independent of their creators,
>> > > of camouflaging themselves among those things in the world which are

>> > > hidden in plain site/sight/cite?
>> > >
>> > > In working with the found that is hidden in plain
>> > > site/sight/cite, I find often that a Conceptual poetry and art is
>> > > there--always already there--which I think I am finding yet may well
>> > > be finding me,
>> > >
>> > >   Some aspects of confronting these dilemmas, these "haunting
>> > > questions," are found among Conceptual Poets who emphasize an
>> > > "impersonation" via performance, camouflages, costumes, the uses of
>> > > heteronyms, pseudonyms and anonymity.
>> > >
>> > >   In "The Painter of Modern Life," Baudelaire is the first to
>> > > define Modernism and does so as a conjunction of the eternal and the
>> > > ephemeral. To find that element of the eternal in the ephemeral which
>> > > Baudelaire saw as embodying modernity, he turns to an emphasis on
the
>> > > particular form of the living art/art as living of the Dandy. The
>> > > Dandy is the non-separation of art and life in the conceiving of one's
>> > > existence as Performance Art. The Dandy becomes not an expression
of
>> > > Romantic personality and individuality, but a form of becoming an
>> > > animated Other, an impersonator going about performing the actions of
a
>> > > concept,
>> > > rather than producing the objects of a conception.
>> > >
>> > > This stylized impersonating, non-producing figure begins to appear
>> > > "dramatically"
>> > > in the works of Wilde and Jarry and in many ways in the "life and
>> > > works" of a Felix Feneon, who "creates at a distance" via anonymous
>> > > newspaper faits divers (discovered to be his and republished
>> > > posthumously as Novels in Three Lines), pseudonymous articles in
>> > > differing registers of language (working class argot, standardized
>> > > French) in Anarchist and mainstream journals, unsigned translations,
>> and
>> > > the barely noted in their own pages of his editing of journals
>> featuring
>> > > the
>> > > early efforts of rising stars of French literature. Quitting his
>> > > camouflaged and concealed writing activities, Feneon works the rest of
>> > his

>> > > life as a seller in an art gallery.
>> > >
>> > > The actual "works" of Feneon, then, are not written objects per
>> > > se, but anonymous actions, ephemeral pseudonymous "appearances in
>> > > print," and the works of others which he affects a passage for in his
>> > > editorship and translations, in his promoting and selling the art
>> > > works of others. This "accumulation" which one finds "at a distance"
>> > > in time as his "complete works," is often unobserved and unknown to
his
>> > > contemporaries, who know of him primarily via his "way of acting," his
>> > > manner
>> > > of dressing, his speech mannerisms, and as the public triptych of
>> images
>> > of
>> > > him existing as a painted portrait by Seurat, a Dandy-pose
>> > > photo and a mug shot taken when tried as part of an Anarchist
>> > > "conspiracy." Feneon's "identity as a writer" does not exist as "an
>> > > author," but as a series of "performances," "appearances" and
>> > > "influences," many of them "unrecognized" and "unattributed."
>> > >
>> > >
>> > > Ironically, it his most "clandestine" activity—his Anarchist
>> > > activities—which
>> > > brings him the most in to the public and tabloid spotlight. As one of
>> > "The
>> > > Thirty" accused and tried for "conspiracy" in a much publicized trial,
>> it
>> > > is
>> > > Feneon's severe mug shot that for a time presents his "public face."
>> > >
>> > > The severe mug facing the viewer is actually producing a Conceptual
>> > Poetry
>> > > "at a distance." By not penning a single line, by simply "facing the
>> > music"
>> > > to which others pen the lyrics, Feneon, in doing nothing more than
>> facing
>> > > the camera "capturing" his image, proceeds to enact a series of
dramas
>> > > "projected" on to him, a series of "identities," and "revelations"
>> which
>> > > use
>> > > the documentary material to produce a series of mass-published

>> fictions..
>> > >
>> > > The possible prison term facing the "Felix Feneon" in the
>> > inmate-numbered
>> > > "anonymous" mug shot, "presents its face" to the viewer, a face
>> "taken,"
>> > > "imprisoned" and "caught" by the image and its publicity. This
>> > publicized
>> > > face facing camera and viewer and possible hard time, is "taken to be"
>> > the
>> > > photo of the face of a being from whom the mask of the clandestine and
>> > > conspiratorial have been torn off, revealing "the cold hard truth" of
>> > Felix
>> > > Feneon.
>> > >
>> > > Facing trial, however, all that is learned of this imprisoned face is
>> > that
>> > > it is "the wrong man, an innocent man." This fixed image, acquitted of
>> > its
>> > > "sensational" charges, is revealed not as a truth, but instead as
>> simply
>> > a
>> > > mask, a mask operating like a screen or blank sheet of paper, onto
>> which
>> > > are
>> > > projected the dramas, fictions and "think piece" writings of others.
>> > > Nothing is revealed other than an "identity" which shifts, travels,
>> > changes
>> > > from one set of captions to another. It is via these captions written
>> by
>> > > others under his image in the papers and placards, that Feneon
>> continues
>> > > his
>> > > "writing at a distance." Simply by facing the camera, facing charges,
>> > > "facing the music," facing his accusers at trial and facing the verdict
>> > and
>> > > judgment, Feneon is "writing" a myriad captions, breaking news items,
>> > > commentaries, editorials, all of which change with wild speeds as they
>> > race
>> > > to be as "up-to-minute" as the events themselves are in "unfolding."
>> > >
>> > >

>> > >
>> > > The professionals, these writers, these journalists and reporters of
>> > > "reality," chase desperately, breathlessly, after the unfolding drama
>> in
>> > > which the mug shot is "framed," and in so doing produce texts of
>> > > "speculative fiction," a serial Conceptual Poetry with as its "star
>> > player"
>> > > a writer whose own texts are deliberately written to be unrecognized,
>> > > hidden, camouflaged, unknown. And all the while, this writer writing
>> > > nothing
>> > > is producing vast heaps of writing via the work of others, as yet
>> another
>> > > form of camouflaged clandestine Conceptual Poetry, "hot off the press."
>> > >
>> > >
>> > >   Rimbaud writes of a concept of the poetry of the future in
>> > > which poetry would precede action—which in a sense he proceeds to
>> > > "perform" himself. If one reads his letters written after he stopped
>> > > writing poetry, one finds Rimbaud living out, or through, one after
>> > > another of what now seem to be "the prophecies" of his own poetry.
>> > > That is, the poetry is the "conceptual framework" for what becomes his
>> > > "silence" as a poet, and is instead his "life of action."
>> > >
>> > >   In these examples, one finds forms of a "conceptual poetry"
>> > > in which the poetry is in large part an abandonment of language, of
>> > > words, of masses of "personally signed" "poetry objects," "poetry
>> > > products." One finds instead a vanishing, a disappearance of both
>> > > language and "poet" and the emergence of that "some one else"
Rimbaud
>> > > recognized prophetically, preceding the action--in writing—in the
>> > > "Lettre du voyant," "the Seer's letter"—as "I is an other."
>> > >
>> > >   An interesting take on a conceptual poetry in writing is
>> > > found in one of Pascal's Pensees, #542:
>> > >
>> > >
>> > >
>> > >   "Thoughts come at random, and go at random. No device for
holding
>> > on
>> > > to
>> > >   them or for having them.

>> > > A thought has escaped: I was trying to write it down: instead I
>> > > write that it has
>> > > escaped me."
>> > >
>> > >
>> > > The writing is a notation of the "escaped" concept's
>> > > absence, its escape that is a line of flight that is a "flight out of
>> > time"
>> > > as Hugo Ball entitles his Dada diaries. Writing not as a method of
>> > > remembering, of "capturing
>> > > thought," but as the notation of the flight of the concept at the
>> > > approach of its notation.
>> > >
>> > > Writing, then, as an absence— an absence of the concept.
>> > > A Conceptual Poetry of writing as "absent-mindedness"!—A writing
which
>> > > does
>> > > nothing more than elucidate that the escaping of thoughts "which come
>> at
>> > > random, and go at random" has occurred.
>> > >
>> > > This flight of the concept faced with its
>> > > notation—indicates a line of flight among the examples of Rimbaud—a
>> > > "flight into the desert" as it were, of silence as a poet—and of
>> > > Feneon—the flight into anonymous writing of very small newspaper
"faits
>> > > divers"
>> > > items punningly entitled "Nouvelles en trois lignes" (News/Novels in
>> > Three
>> > > Lines), of pseudonymous writings in differing guises at the same time
>> > > according to the journals in which they appear, and as translator and
>> > > editor as well as "salesperson" in a gallery of "art objects," a
>> > > conceptual masquerader among the art-objects embodying "concepts"
and
>> > > becoming no longer "concepts' but "consumer items." Feneon's framed
>> mug
>> > > shot on to whose mug is projected a "serial crime novel," written by
>> > others
>> > > and "starring" the mug in the mug shot, a writer of unknown and
>> > > unrecognized
>> > > texts who now vanishes into a feverish series of captions and
>> headlines.

>> > >
>> > > Anonymity, pseudonyms, impersonations, poets who write their own
>> > coming
>> > > silence and "disappearance" as an "I is an other," the deliberately
>> > > unrecognized and unrecognizable poet whose mug shot becomes the
mass
>> > > published and distributed "crime scene" for police blotters and
>> > headlines,
>> > > speculative fictions and ideological diatribes, the writing which is a
>> > > notation of the flight of the concept, the writing of non-writers who
>> > > "never
>> > > wrote a word," yet whose concepts may be found camouflaged,
doubled,
>> > > mirrored, shadowed, anonymously existing hidden in pain
>> > > site/sight/cite—these nomadic elements which appear and disappear
>> > comprise
>> > > a
>> > > Conceptual Poetry in which the concepts and poets both impersonate
>> Others
>> > > and reappear as "Somebody Else," an Other unrecognized and
>> unrecognizable
>> > > found hidden in plain site/sight/cite.
>> > >
>> > >
>> > > "It is not the elements which are new, but the order of
>> > > their arrangement," is another Pascalian "pensee." One finds
>> > > arrangements of the elements of Rimbaud and Feneon into the various
>> > > forms of "conceptual poetry" in the works of Pessoa, Spicer and
>> Yasusada.
>> > > Pessoa creates many others as poets, heteronyms with their own works
>> > > and actions, their own concepts of poetry. Spicer "translates" poetry
>> > > "after
>> > > Lorca" as well as exchanging letters with the dead poet, lives for a
>> > summer
>> > > with his ghost, who provides a foreword to Spicer's Book.
>> > >
>> > > for more turn to the blog address--
>> > >
>> >
>>
>
>

>
>
>

↑ Contents

66. **Troy Camplin**

Re: Bob Perelman's Joke

Tue 3 Jun 2008

Read any issue of Poetry Magazine -- they almost all sound alike. They all deal with the same issues in the same ways, investigating little in way of language or expression. Most of it is prose with line breaks.

Troy Camplin

----- Original Message ----
From: Will Esposito <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Tuesday, June 3, 2008 11:16:24 AM
Subject: Re: Bob Perelman's Joke

Well this is a hell of a joke! It would help to put up poems
and an argument for how it is you believe whether younger
writers write alike, if you do, if you do not.

↑ Contents

67. **Nigel Beale**

Audio Interview with John Hollander by Nigel Beale

Tue 3 Jun 2008

Born in 1929 in New York, educated at Columbia, John Hollander is a poet and literary critic. He has written more than a dozen books of poetry, and seven books of criticism, including Rhyme's Reason of which Harold Bloom said: "[it is] on all questions of schemes, patterns, forms, meters, rhymes of poetry in English, the indispensible authority." and why I was so keen to interview him. According to New York Times, Hollander stresses the importance of hearing poems out loud: "A good poem satisfies the ear. It creates a story or picture that grabs you, informs you and entertains you."

His honors include the Bollingen Prize, the Levinson Prize, and fellowships from the Guggenheim Foundation, the MacArthur Foundation, and the National Endowment for the Arts. A former Chancellor of the Academy of American Poets he is the current poet laureate of Connecticut, and has taught at many different universities, including Yale.

We met recently at the Philadelphia Book Festival. I spend most of this interview relentlessly and unsuccessfully trying to badger him into identifying, comparing and describing the differences between great and bad poems. To name names. We do get to some of the great (Rossana Warren, Shakespeare, Browning, Swinburne, Rossetti, for example) but he will not go anywhere near the bad. Toward the end, clearly tired from the day's activities and my uncalled for bullying, he reads a beautifully funny and thoughtful poem, based on a quote taken from Boswell's Life of Johnson, found in his most recent collection, A draft of Light.

Please listen here:

http://nigelbeale.com/?p=907

Thank you.

Nigel Beale
Writer, Broadcaster, Bibliophile
306-21 Durham Private
Ottawa, ON
K1M 2H8

Tel: [redacted]

email: [redacted]
internet: www.nigelbeale.com

Nigel Beale is a writer/broadcaster who specializes in literary journalism. In his role as host of The Biblio File he has interviewed Nobel, Man Booker, IMPAC, and many other Award and Prize winning authors; plus publishers, booksellers, editors, book collectors, librarians, conservators, illustrators...

" I never desire to converse with a man who has written more than he has read. " Samuel Johnson

↑ Contents

68. ALDON L NIELSEN

Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"

Tue 3 Jun 2008

joining in late here, so pardon me if I repaet what others have said --

it is certainly true that "turning your free verse poem" into some other form can be an interesting experiment (see EXERCISES IN STYLE by Queneau) -- but there are huge flaws in the reasoning here, beginning with the assumption that it will make a "better" poem -- try the Red Wheel Barrow as a sonnet -- though I guess that's not free verse in the first place -- so try Song of Myself as a Miltonic free verse poem -- better?

and where does this idea come from that it's the same poem in another form?

likewise, I doubt that LET ME NOT TO THE MARRIAGE OF TRUE MINDS ADMIT IMPEDIMENT would be better off in trimeter -- Geroge Starbuck I think it was had a riotous good time rerendering famous translations of poems -- like: Where's last year's snows?

On Tue, Jun 3, 2008 02:31 PM, "J.P. Craig" <[redacted]> wrote:

> *OK. So maybe Troy's recommending the new formalism. But I'm going to act as if he weren't. Then the proposition makes some sort sense. At least the proposition that form forces decisions on a poet. I'm considering poetic procedures as form here, not just villanelles and pantsuits and those other forms that I was encouraged to try in workshop.*
>
> *My initial response was bilious too, but if I pretend I didn't hear the "young poets write alike" bit, then I can make something useful of the comment.*
>
> *I taught three sections of intro to poetry this semester for a total of something like 96 students. I assigned two creative projects, two poems. In each case, there were some fairly large groups of people I could say were writing "the same." That is, I could easily categorize*
>
> *poems. I noticed that it was an urge to dismiss that led to categorization. I got tired of reading about the agony of adolescent love, the joys of beer, the profundity of the personal experience of Jesus Christ. What I wanted to dismiss was accounts of experiences that don't interest me. Yet those are of great immediacy for the people writing and reading them, since I take the audience of the poems to be the other students in the class.*
>
> *I can't read Perelman's mind, but maybe it was a similar urge to dismiss, a similar impatience, that inspired his "joke."*
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>
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Perelman wasn't joking. He was accidentally honest. All young writers do sound alike, and it's because few >if any of them know anything about writing poems. They have been told that rules are passe or elitist, and >so everyone ends up writing the same stuff the same way. The fact is that if you write using some sort of >form, you will develop a style and a voice all your own. Form forces you to do this, just as it also forces you to make choices you would not have originally made. It can result in poems that you realize are actually >better than anything you could have otherwise written.
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All I ask for is that your responses be educated by experience.

Troy Camplin

JP Craig
http://jpcraig.blogspot.com/

<<

The "Success" and "Failure" of poets and poetry is not only a question of the writing, but of its reading(s).

The history of poetry and writing is littered with examples of poetry which was "Failed" during fairly short or quite long times due to its readings. Then, in the well known "plot" of this familiar story, one fine day the poetry and writing finds a Reader who recognizes its "Success," and the work becomes that strange twin of the "Instant Classic"--the "Neglected Masterpiece."

I've been working on a series of essays on "The New Extreme Experimental American Poetry," a poetry which is regarded by many, in the title of one of the pieces (a phrase from Roberto' Bolano's Distant Star)as "Non-Poetry for Non-Readers." (The essays also discuss other poetry and poets considered in other ways.) A number of these are concerned with the readings of the Poems from Guantanamo book, judged as "bad poetry" by "bad poets" who are also "bad people" by a great many of the non-readers who have entrusted their judgement to primarily a handful of reviews or comments.

There are many reasons for the "state" in which the Gunatanamo Poems have appeared, among them that of a new "extreme experimentalism," which is the introduction of old and new forms of torture as methods of not only the detainee poets "forcing to speak" but also "forcing them to write."

Now--in seeking to extract "confessions" from these poets--will they write a confessional Poetry? Will they write a form of "coded" Code Poetry in order to attempt to send out "hidden messages" to those out in the world who will understand and decode them?

In "singing the body electric" via the "Shock and Awe" of electric current torture applied to all parts of the body--will they produce a New Hybrid Human-Electric Interface Poetry?

Indeed, what will be the productions of what is a New American Poetry produced via torture, via censorship and self censorship and translation by non-literary translators under strict super vision of the military?

And--will there be American readers who will be capable of reading this new form of American writing?

Not simply as "failed poetry" or the often assailed "Poetry of Witness," or "Prison Poetry," but in terms of its being the expression of indeed an American Extreme Experimental Poetry-- simultaneously "forced out of" and "forced upon, " censored and self censored, not allowed "literary translation," and yet ---

Since the entire "experiment" may be viewed as one set up to produce "negative" results--how might the poets themselves have attempted to write a poetry within a poetry received as a "non poetry for non readers?"

The essay "Non Poetry for Non Readers" will be in the forthcoming Kaurab
and another piece on "Waterboarding and Poetry"
is on line in Wordforword #13
the current issue

here is an example of some of the difficulties which "failed Poetry" encounters in terms of readers and readings--:

i'll give you a joke as an example--
my sister, who became a chemical engineer--told me this--
when we were in high school--

a group of scientists was conducting experiments with a frog--

they lined a big old frog up at a "starting line" and cried out as though in one voice----Jump Froggie Jump!!

the frog jumped--and pretty damn far!!
the scientits were quite impressed--

the leap's distance was duly measured and entered into the experiment's logbook-

the scientists then cut off one of the frog's legs-

Jump Froggie!!! Jump!!! -
they cried to the now three legged frog at the starting line--

and Froggie jumped!--
soared through the air--
but not quite as far as the first time--

the measurements were made,the distance noted down--

now the scientists cut off a second leg and placed the frog again at the starting line

Jump Froggie!! Jump!!

the frog gathered itself together with al its might on though on only two legs--

and --leaped!! --nonetheless--

again, the distance was measured and noted down in the log in the spidery hand writing so prevalent among scientists--

this time when the scientists cut the frog's leg--but one remained--

a nice Froggie leg--to be sure--but so alone!--

Jump Froggie!!! Jump!!

the great cry of encouragement and command rang out in the expectant laboratory air--

and as all attentively leaned forward to observe--

the one legged frog, with all its will power and its whole body vibrating alarmingly with the effort--

managed to somehow move itself forward--just a bit--but enough to entail a measurement another entry in minuscule, blot-free, spidery handwriting in the crisp paged logbook--

the scientists once again wielded yet another freshly sterilized scalpel--and the frog was deprived of its last leg and set down at the starting line--

Jump Froggie!! Jump!!--

as all eyes watched with a heightened interest in the concluding stage of the experiment--

the frog ---despite an immense strain--did not move at all--

the torso and head sat still at the line--pulsing with thwarted power and energy--

the experiment was repeated, after a brief break, just in case Froggie might have been too winded from its last efforts to move on this first attempt--

again the chorus of excited scientific voices rang in the anti-septic tinged laboratory air--

Jump Froggie!! Jump!!

again, the frog did not move at all, for all its heartbreaking determination and efforts--

Satisfied that they had completed in full their experiment, the scientists, after entering this last non-distance traveled as the final measurement in the log book--

wrote out their conclusion based on all the evidence they had gathered:

"Frogs with no legs can't hear"

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70. Maria Damon

Re: Bo Diddley, Who Gave Rock His Beat, Dies at 79 - Obituary (Obit) - NYTimes.com

Tue 3 Jun 2008

---

hey, hey bo diddley, who learned to play on a diddley bow...

On Jun 3 2008, David Chirot wrote:

> *http://www.nytimes.com/2008/06/03/arts/music/03diddley.html?*
> *_r=1&th&emc=th&oref=slogin---*
>
> *Hey Bo Diddley*
> *"The Innovator"--*
> *as the title of one of his LPs stated--*
>
> *one of the most inspired and inspiring artists*
> *world wide*
> *ever--*
> *since "recorded" history began!*
>
> *his Bo Diddley beat*
>
> *is going to beat forever--*

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71. **Mark Weiss**

Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"

Tue 3 Jun 2008

As to what Bob meant, a lot of the mystery could be cleared away if someone were to ask him.

Re: the individuality of formalist poets. It's helpful to remember how awful the vast majority of the poetry written during all the centuries when all verse was formal has been. The wonderful poetry that I hope we all know was written by 10 poets per decade at the outside (name ten English poets active 1800-1810. Then convince yourself that reading more Robert Southey will change your life). Most of the rest is pretty indistinguishable. Which is to say, form in itself carries no magic.

Preoccupations of adolescents. How about asking for a tighter focus? Not the love of one's life, but his or her toenails, wrists, whatever? (It also wouldn't hurt to tell them that we all pretty much know what an orgasm is like without their help).

Mark

At 02:31 PM 6/3/2008, you wrote:
>OK. So maybe Troy's recommending the new formalism. But I'm going to
>act as if he weren't. Then the proposition makes some sort sense. At
>least the proposition that form forces decisions on a poet. I'm

>considering poetic procedures as form here, not just villanelles and
>pantsuits and those other forms that I was encouraged to try in
>workshop.
>
>My initial response was bilious too, but if I pretend I didn't hear
>the "young poets write alike" bit, then I can make something useful
>of the comment.
>
>I taught three sections of intro to poetry this semester for a total
>of something like 96 students. I assigned two creative projects, two
>poems. In each case, there were some fairly large groups of people I
>could say were writing "the same." That is, I could easily categorize
>poems. I noticed that it was an urge to dismiss that led to
>categorization. I got tired of reading about the agony of adolescent
>love, the joys of beer, the profundity of the personal experience of
>Jesus Christ. What I wanted to dismiss was accounts of experiences
>that don't interest me. Yet those are of great immediacy for the
>people writing and reading them, since I take the audience of the
>poems to be the other students in the class.
>
>I can't read Perelman's mind, but maybe it was a similar urge to
>dismiss, a similar impatience, that inspired his "joke."
>
>I caught myself today sneering about students in general elective
>courses at my institution, sneering at them for not being as literate
>as I'd like. It was a pretty low point and a low blow. But it's a
>blow born of frustration and ideals. Maybe Perelman's outburst was an
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>>>Now, before everyone here attacks me, let me suggest the following
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>> >rhythm and
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>>>
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>
>
>
>JP Craig
>http://jpcraig.blogspot.com/

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72. Fulcrum Annual

6/10: Poets Vivek Narayanan & Katia Kapovich in Harvard Square

Tue 3 Jun 2008

Vivek Narayanan, Katia Kapovich
FULCRUM Poetry Reading
Tuesday, June 10, 7 p.m.
Pierre Menard Gallery
10 Arrow Street (up Arrow Street from Cafe Pamplona)
Cambridge MA (Harvard Square T Stop)

FREE + FREE WINE

Vivek Narayanan, a brilliant English-language poet, lives in Chennail, India. He grew up in Southern Africa and spent a few years in the US. His poems have appeared in Harvard Review, Fulcrum, Rattapallax and many other magazines, and are anthologized in Reasons for Belonging: Fourteen Contemporary Indian Poets (Penguin India 2002) and in Give the Sea Change and It Will Change: the Bloodaxe Book of Contemporary Indian Poetry (forthcoming from Bloodaxe and Fulcrum this fall). His latest collection of poems is Universal Beach (Harbour Line, Mumbai, India).

Katia Kapovich is a bilingual poet writing in English and Russian. She used to be a dissident in my youth, emigrated from the USSR in 1990, and currently lives in Cambridge, Mass. She co-edits Fulcrum: an annual of poetry and aesthetics. Her work is well known and widely published in her two languages. She is author of seven books of Russian verse and of two English language collections, Gogol in Rome, and Cossacks and Bandits, both published by Salt in the UK.

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73. Dillon Westbrook

Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"

Tue 3 Jun 2008

I've even heard some of these young writers aren't completely sincere when they swear to defend the constitution from enemies foreign domestic when taking positions as composition teachers, and that they are known to have unprotected sex with complete strangers. Total anarchy!

On Jun 3, 2008, at 6:33 AM, Troy Camplin wrote:

> *Perelman wasn't joking. He was accidentally honest. All young writers do sound alike, and it's because few if any of them know anything about writing poems. They have been told that rules are passe or elitist, and so everyone ends up writing the same stuff*

the same way. The fact is that if you write using some sort of form, you will develop a style and a voice all your own. Form forces you to do this, just as it also forces you to make choices you would not have originally made. It can result in poems that you realize are actually better than anything you could have otherwise written. I've seen it happen, not just with my own poetry, but with the poetry of others. Perelman said it was a joke because he heard all the gasps -- but he wasn't joking. More, he was right.

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All I ask for is that your responses be educated by experience.

Troy Camplin

----- Original Message ----
From: Barry Schwabsky <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Monday, June 2, 2008 11:55:31 PM
Subject: Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"

----- Original Message ----
From: George Bowe
So did you duck?

----- Original Message ----
From: George Bowering <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Monday, 2 June, 2008 3:43:28 PM
Subject: Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"

Saw that one coming.

On Jun 1, 2008, at 10:36 PM, Barry Schwabsky wrote:

I can't think of anyone it would be more of an honor to be compared to than the woman who constituted the first generation of (I assume

you mean second-wave) feminism.

----- Original Message ----
From: Marcus Bales <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Sunday, 1 June, 2008 6:39:31 PM
Subject: Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"

Like all jokes, it has a kernel of truth. Jokes are, of course, not THE truth, but exaggerations, diminishments, and other distancings from the truth. It's not true that ALL of that generation "write alike", but enough do so that one can joke about it. Of course, it's true of every "poetry generation" -- because if people didn't "write alike" there could be no categories called "poetry generations".

My father used to say that difference between having a sense of what's funny and having a sense of humor is whether you can laugh when it happens to you instead of to some other guy.

You don't want to be the first poetry generation whose distinguishing characteristic is that it's more like the first feminist generation than any other poetry generation: lacking a sense of humor, do you?

In short, lighten up; learn not only to laugh at yourselves but to make fun of yourselves.

Marcus

On 31 May 2008 at 4:02, CA Conrad wrote:

The recent Jerome Rothenberg event in Philadelphia is where he told his "joke" about younger poets, and you can listen or watch (MP3 or video) at this link:

http://writing.upenn.edu/~whfellow/rothenberg.html

You will want to use the link to the second day for the Rothenberg conversation and Q&A with Al Filries. Perelman appears about three quarters through, or more. BUT PLEASE LISTEN TO THE ENTIRE CONVERSATION AND Q&A, it's TERRIFIC! (In particular I liked Lee Ann Brown's question for Rothenberg, you'll want to hear this entire event!)

But when Bob Perelman tells his "joke" Rothenberg is talking about the fact that having been involved with poetry for a very long time that it's hard for him to keep in touch with everything that's going on now. He then says to Perelman sitting close by that after his own generation, and Bob's generation, that the newer poets... And then Bob finishes Rothenberg's sentence for him with, "--you mean that they all write alike!"

I was sitting in that room with the rest of the audience. There was a gasp, and I know that it wasn't my gasp alone!

Rothenberg then shakes his head and laughs nervously and says NO NO NO NO, they don't all write alike, that's not what I'm saying!

And then Al Filreis says, "You heard it here first, Bob Perelman says you all write alike, that's P-E-R-E-L-M-A-N."

Bob takes the microphone at that point, and the first thing he says is that he was just JOKING when he said younger poets all write alike. Then it's forgotten.

But not forgotten.

I remember very clearly the tone he used, which is why it was an arrow strike. But maybe that WAS part of the "joke." ? I listened to it again online just the other night, and it was pretty much fashioned like a quick,

pointed statement.

*Could it be that the reaction he was feeling from the rest of the audience,
and Rothenberg's reaction, and Filreis's reaction, made him turn it into a
joke?*

*Am I accusing Bob Perelman of lying? Well, maybe a white lie. A save-face
lie.*

BUT MAYBE HE'S NOT LYING. OK, maybe it WAS a joke.

*Let's suppose it WAS a joke. HOW is such a joke funny, and who was it funny
for I ask? Why would it be funny? Is it funny because it's something he has
heard before and he DOES NOT AGREE with it but is MOCKINGLY saying younger
poets all write alike IN DEFENSE of younger poets?*

*Is Bob Perelman the GREAT champion of younger poets? Is he coming to the
rescue by making a joke of the joke of others who are ACTUALLY NOT joking?*

And who are these others, if there are others?

*Hmmm. Who is saying such things in Perelman's presence that would upset him
so much he feels compelled to joke TO DEFEND YOUNGER POETS!? Is Bob Perelman
thinking, "Well, they're simply NOT reading younger poets if they think
THAT!"*

*Because clearly, in my mind, SOMEONE is NOT reading younger poets if they
think that, because I read a lot of poets my age and younger, and there's NO
WAY I would ever say we're all writing alike! But WHO is thinking this, and
saying this out loud in front of Bob Perelman? We need to THANK Bob of
course for making that "joke" on our behalf. AND SO PUBLICLY I want add,
into a microphone while the video camera and sound equipment was*

> *mowing down*
> *his sound particles to SEND HIS BRAVE message to those who would DARE attack*
> *the younger poets!*
>
> *What is ACTUALLY funny about the joke for me is how over the years I've*
> *defended Bob and his friends when people have said that the LANGUAGE Poets*
> *all write alike. This is something I've heard consistently. I heard it when*
> *I was a teenager before I knew who they were and what they were thinking and*
> *writing. Lucky for me I've always been someone who wants to check out what*
> *everyone is being such a Hater about.*
>
> *Eventually I had read enough and was prepared enough to confront this*
> *statement, "What are you talking about!? Who have you read!? What have you*
> *read!?" Not once did one of these parrots have an answer which led me to*
> *believe that they had ACTUALLY read a single LANGUAGE Poet! They were merely*
> *repeating some bullshit statement their bullshit poetry workshop leaders*
> *(who ALSO I'M SURE did not read ANYTHING by a single LANGUAGE Poet!) had*
> *said.*
>
> *BECAUSE, REALLY, if you think they all write alike have you actually READ*
> *THEM? If you sat down with poems by Armantrout, Silliman, Pearson, and*
> *Hejinian, and there were no names on the poems, you would know who wrote*
> *what, or at least would notice these to be four very distinct voices. Poetry*
> *is a tea party to some, it seems! A fancy luxury instead of indispensable*
> *investigation! I say it seems to be this to those who would make such*
> *ridiculous statements about LANGUAGE Poets for being LAZY readers and*
> *half-assed, half-interested poets! And now I also say it to those ill-read*
> *gossips behind Bob Perelman's "joke."*

> *In the end younger poets must learn to persevere, like the LANGUAGE Poets*
> *have, because I FOR ONE feel poets of my generation and younger are writing*
> *some pretty damned HOT poems! I wouldn't trade this time with any other!*
>
> *FUCK THE HALF-INTERESTED LOUTS!*
>
> *CAConrad*
> *http://PhillySound.blogspot.com*
>
> *--*
> *No virus found in this incoming message.*
> *Checked by AVG.*
> *Version: 7.5.524 / Virus Database: 269.24.4/1476 - Release Date: 5/31/2008 12:25 PM*
>
> *Giorgio Bowering, gent.*
> *Just a visitor here.*

↑ Contents

74. ## Elizabeth Switaj

Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"

Tue 3 Jun 2008

Oh Troy, everyone knows that only barbarians write in rhyme. It would be totally inappropriate for citizens of the new Rome like myself to use it.

Now I'll grant you that occasionally transforming a poem into a form can provide for interesting possibilities for revision. That is to say, it is a useful exercise, but an exercise and a poem are not (usually) the same thing.

You've asked for responses to be educated by experience. It seems, however, that for your comments to meet that requirement, you would have to be familiar with the work of all young writers. Are you? Or are you simply making generalizations based upon your opinion of free verse?

Elizabeth Kate Switaj
www.elizabethkateswitaj.net

↑ Contents

75. Alan Sondheim

Modeling, filtering, resonance, transmission

Tue 3 Jun 2008

Modeling, filtering, resonance, transmission (in recent work?) and bad theory -

Bad theory: Because distorting concept and process, constructing 'fit' where most likely there's none at all.

I want to transmit this. I am transmitting this.
I am applying a filter to this. I am filtering this.
This is resonating. I want to make this resonate. (I am resonating this.)
I am modeling this. This is a model. This is continuou modeling.
-- I am continuously modeling this.

These terms are interconnected; they assume energy pooling and structure, and are processes with process control. The control structures divide the configuration into semantics (with internal syntactic control) and syntac- tics (with external semantic control). The latter is the control structure proper - a formal program or filter whose semantic control is an intention to harness, modify,, transmit, or otherwise control the former. The former might loosely be considered 'content,' i.e. on the plane of content, which necessarily emphasizes semantics - the sememe of the content - that relies on internal syntactics to configure the sememe for others. This is a false model of course since the content seeps through both semantics and syntac- tics, but these domains are still 'somewhat' uncoupling; similarly, cont- rol structures are entangled between intentional semantics and process control itself. All of this is clear in transmission and filtering; the latter might be considered a form of transmission itself, although it is usually taken to refer to a cutting-away of tranmission contents. Like- wise transmission can be considered a form of dynamic filtering which parcels and configures content dynamically from one to another site. Resonance is an internalized filtering and transmission tending towards the best of all possible (local) worlds; it achieves this as a steady- state maintained (other than at temperatures near absolute zero) by an external energy source which keeps the resonance alive. Otherwise reson- ance, like transmission, is dampened and dies out. Filtering in this regard may be considered passive; a filter need not consume external energy for maintenance, but may just gate whatever content comes through. Finally, modeling - not models - may be considered a continuous process of adjusting to the world; resonances are appearances of entities that seem somewhat steady-state. Modeling transmits a series of models-in-process, behavioral dynamics, flux; filtering is at the heart of modeling, shaping whatever raw data comes into the

process. It would be literally fitting to establish a procedural dynamics moving from (modeling filtering) through (transmission resonance) but this seems problematic; all that can be said is that these processes are all involved in situating the subject dynami- cally in the world, and are intentionally configured and active within the digital. (Resonance itself is analogic, I think; while it operates digit- ally, through positive feedback it might break out of any potential well designed to contain it. Of course this depends on the variety of resonance - and all of this points, I believe, to the above as bad or broken theory, groping at something and groping in the wrong direction.

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76. **Stephen Ellis**

Re: What is a failed poet?

Tue 3 Jun 2008

Pssst, hey, over here . . . I'm hiding under the table . . .

> Date: Tue, 3 Jun 2008 10:42:31 -0400> From: [redacted]> Subject: What is a failed poet?> To: [redacted]> > The post "What is a failed poet?" is a blast. What a neat and fun post!> > My own first impressions in response to the topic/post: One, well of> course the question itself, or the actual asking of the question (or> such a question) reveals more about a given poet, a given person, a> given writer, or a given "contemplator" than many answers to the> question will. Why then > would one ask such a question, or what would one gain/engage in asking> (oneself) (or others)(or "Posterity") such a question, or that question> particularly?> > Particularly after yesterday afternoon's travails, I myself feel like "a> failed golfer." Especially considering the fact that on Sunday I must> have> hit 3-4 hundred practice balls (in a field out back of the local high> school that I went to as a pre-adult and where I can indulge in my> obsession free of charge and in endless and intoxicating "bliss of> solitude"). But I will nonetheless go straight back to more "Golfing"> this evening, or as soon as I can, whether I am a failed golfer or not.> Hmmm, that says more about what > floats my boats (but not the entire flotilla) than it says about> "success" and "failure," I suppose... And even then it still doesn't> tell me what the whole effing mystery is (all about); how to achieve the> "mastery" I so stubbornly (and psychotically) pine for; what on earth> I'm really doing out there in a field, and the same field year after> year, golf season after golf season, anyhow; why I feel that I could die> out there and it would be "a dying" while engaging in the one thing that> most feels meaningful though it is of course utterly "meaningless"; how> narcissistic and self-absorbed I truly am but NOT precisely whether my> narcissism and self-absorption are personally, spirtually, or morally> "wrong" (for me); or whether, when someday (if) I am on my deathbed and> depressingly reviewing my life and what I did with my "brief

hours and> weeks," I wasted what time I was blessed to have had.> > Two, there is of course a big difference between asking the question in> reference to "judging Others" or in reference to analyzing/evaluating> whatever track one is, oneself, on or pursuing. Personally, I don't see> a lot of value in, and therefore would not hope to spend a lot of time> concerning myself with, evaluating or judging others as poets (the whole> enterprise is tedious and purely, obviously, just marketplace> competition). At the same time, anybody and his or her brother or> sister knows "a bad poem/poetry," or thinks to know such, or finds such> knowing useful and necessary, on any given occasion. And, sorry to be> so almighty disrespectful or irreverent or simply unwilling to worship> the saints and angels of the past, but even a given "Faulkner"> self-describing himself/herself as "a failed poet" strikes me as being> self-serving, just, for the most part, the kind of thing "an artist"> says to sell books, self, Self, and selves. Another "artist" might say> something like "I was a failed novelist. I simply could not find within> myself the integrity of my beloved Tolstoy or the discipline and fervor> of dear Fyodor Dostoevsky. I hadn't the stomach for such heroic> morality and suffering and sacrifice. And my longest attempts in those> first five wretched novels were but mere short stories compared to the> epics my two great models from Russia wrote, so naturally I turned to> short forms, Poetry, and there I was well-received, and I didn't have to> bother so much with explaining why this character was evil or that event> was catastrophic. People simply liked the way I turned my musical> phrases and how funny and fun and beautiful and New my little white lies> and sacriledge of Truth were, and I found my calling. It was to unfold> and deconstruct the foundation of grammar itself, peel away the> seemingly infinite obstacles that keep us from accessing all that> Morality is built on to begin with."> > Three, does one write (one's "poetry") TO BE a successful or a failed> something or another, or does one write one's poming for very different > "experience" in one's life, experience that has nothing whatsoever to do> with being in a/the public eye, competing in the myriad world/historical> marketplace(s), partipating in any given cultural and social> games/interactions/mirroring/movements/activities? Does one write in> order > to achieve or actualize an image of oneself, "a Self" that can be said> to> occupy a rank or role within a pecking order of selves/types called> "poets"/successfulPOETS, an image that one needs in order to believe one> has fulfilled certain human potential one had an instinct or a lust or a> need or a directive to fulfill? Does one write in order to "make a> thing" or "resolve an issue" or "feel a feeling" or "experience an> aesthetic pleasure" or "actualize a potential, new aesthetic> experience/form" or "access a desired but largely uncharted> psychological frontier," or does one write in order to be called the> Poet who did such and such that Everybody, or Somebody, regarded as> "art" and ultimately revered him/her for?> > Four, there are probably NOT a lot of

"failed Answers" to the (in some> cases Very SILLY question) "What is a failed poet," but I am sure that> there are some ways of approaching that question which are fruitful and> some ways of concerning oneself with such questions that are nearly as> ridiculous and crazy as this particular Golfer and Pomer's insane> questions about achieving> Satisfaction and Nirvana and Fulfillment and, always the really really> Great> Waste of Time in Life, PERFECTION in his golf game/pursuits... Geeez...> Life is so damn perfect all by itself, and then we have to come along> and> try to make ourselves better and such...> > Anyway, Very Fun topic/post, and really fun and stimulating checking out> various "others" responses to the question...> > Steve Tills> > P.S. Golf, "a good walk spoiled," somebody, maybe Mark Twain, said.> Poetry, thus, "a good thought foiled?" > > P.S. II Shoot, I am "positively" certain that I am both "a failed> Pomer" and a "a failed Golfer" MUCH of the time, and this is, believe> me, thoroughly aggravating and distressing. But for christ's sakes, of> course I would not ever willingly or happily give up my golfing or my> poming, and NOT because sometimes the efforts are delightfully> satisfying and rewarding and fulfilling. Rather, simply because these> are things that I myself dig doing, engaging in, spending my "Time"> with. What really matters?> > P.S. III By the way, Golf is a lot harder than Poming. Anybody who> tells ya different is a complete fool, and NO, there is no such thing as> "a failed poet," except within the heads of those whose self-image, or> livelihood, or what the best psychologists call "self-image> actualization" (as opposed to plain and Real self-actualization) depends> on how one ranks oneself among > fellow poets in the marketplace of SELF and Material Life.

_____
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↑ Contents

77. Peter Ciccariello

anti-poem

Tue 3 Jun 2008

anti-poem <http://i.pbase.com/g1/06/512806/2/98046123.bLAHN4HJ.jpg>

- Peter Ciccariello
http://invisiblenotes.blogspot.com/

↑ Contents

78. **Ryan Daley**
Re: Bob Perelman's Joke
Tue 3 Jun 2008

Wait...so you're judging by what's selected by Poetry Magazine?

How thorough!

On Tue, Jun 3, 2008 at 4:25 PM, Troy Camplin <[redacted]> wrote:
> Read any issue of Poetry Magazine -- they almost all sound alike. They all deal with the same issues in the same ways, investigating little in way of language or expression. Most of it is prose with line breaks.
>
> Troy Camplin
>
>
> ----- Original Message ----
> From: Will Esposito <[redacted]>
> To: [redacted]
> Sent: Tuesday, June 3, 2008 11:16:24 AM
> Subject: Re: Bob Perelman's Joke
>
> Well this is a hell of a joke! It would help to put up poems
> and an argument for how it is you believe whether younger
> writers write alike, if you do, if you do not.
>
>
>
>
>
>

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79. **Ryan Daley**
Re: essay by Chirot to go with works at the UA Poetry Center Conceptual Poetry Symposium, organized by Marjorie Perloff
Tue 3 Jun 2008

I'm going to call this one, Charless Sloat, because it reminds me of him. We sometimes write differently.

Charless Sloat

Poems are made of trolls.
Poems are made of images of trolls kersnoodling
Poems flicker are made of images of kersnoodling trolls images

Poems imagine claims that trolls even kersnoodle
Claims hope their handlers know to kersnoodle
Claims provide trolls poems with even images
Therefore, trolls are what poems made of kersnoodling.

On Tue, Jun 3, 2008 at 4:23 PM, Troy Camplin <[redacted]> wrote:
> You are making claims that are unprovable, such as the nature (or even existence) of God. Also, you haven't proven your premises.
>
> However, words are names for concepts. Poems are made of words. Thus poems are made of concepts, making poetry conceptual.
>
> Show me where this is wrong.
>
> Troy
>
>
> ----- Original Message ----
> From: Ryan Daley <[redacted]>
> To: [redacted]
> Sent: Tuesday, June 3, 2008 12:15:28 PM
> Subject: Re: essay by Chirot to go with works at the UA Poetry Center Conceptual Poetry Symposium, organized by Marjorie Perloff
>
> Troy,
>
> Just because, God is great; life is pain; God is life; God is pain,
> doesn't make it true.
>
>
>
> On Tue, Jun 3, 2008 at 9:35 AM, Troy Camplin <[redacted]> wrote:
>> Troy Camplin
>>
>>
>>
>> Words are concepts, so all poetry is conceptual.
>>
>> Troy Camplin
>>
>>
>> ----- Original Message ----

>> From: David Chirot <[redacted]>
>> To: [redacted]
>> Sent: Monday, June 2, 2008 3:33:38 PM
>> Subject: Re: essay by Chirot to go with works at the UA Poetry Center Conceptual Poetry Symposium, organized by Marjorie Perloff
>>
>> Dear Murat and Barry:
>>
>> "does that makes "conceptual poetry" poetry that likewise foregrounds
>> language? But in that case, what distinguishes "conceptual poetry" from just
>> "poetry"?
>>
>> re conceptual poetry being not in words--
>>
>> This is exactly what the very second paragraph of my piece asks--
>>
>> " One may also ask—since language is the material of poetry, if
>> one is to create a conceptual poetry—does this mean then that the
>> absence of language is involved? That the poetry is not in language,
>> but found elsewhere?"
>>
>> This is why I write of how often i think of al the persons through thousand
>> snd thousands of years who cerated poems without words, paintings without
>> paint--art with out materials at all--
>> because they were not allowed to--even learn how to read and write, or to
>> paint--
>> nor exposed to any of the ideas re painting, poetry--
>> and yet nonetheless i believe there must have been tousands of greate
>> artists and poets who created works continaully--
>> and as i write--these have vanished "without a trace"--
>> nor fragments--as never were "objects" or "signs"--
>> because they did not exist as objects, texts--
>>
>> yet--
>> one may ask also, as i do--
>> may not these works--becasue they have been thought imagined,seen,
>> heard--formed--
>> exist--
>> not as traces or objects-recognized as "poems" and "Images"--
>>

>> but elsewhere--
>> all around one--
>> in stones' forms or clouds' shapes-in a sound out of nowhere that one
>> hears--
>>
>> things which in their taphonomic states carry the disintegrating orders of
>> those which had elsewhere in another time been the concepts found by
those
>> poets and artists who did not write not paint--
>>
>> "the shock of recogntion"--the uncanny encounter--with these--which
>> "recognize one" and find one--
>>
>> "involuntary memories" "out of nowhere"--which are triggered by the
movement
>> of a car out of the corner of one's eye suddenly shooting out of an alley
>> way, from out of the shadowy dark blotch at the margins of the eye's
>> peripheries-- into the bright sharpness of light-and gone--
>>
>> yet--"whose" involutary memories--?--
>>
>> i didn't set out to write a paper at all, just to ask a few questions--and
>> had to cut it short--as what one begins to think on re conceptual poetry is
>> a swarming --of a myriad ideas and things, sights, sounds, movements of
>> dance, gesture of a hand, flicker of lighter in the wind--smoke that drifts
>> into cobwebs filled with corners, the drifting of dust motes--
>>
>> i've lived in situations where one could not do all manner of things--so one
>> begins to create poems plays stories paintings al manner of things--
>>
>> which are "conceptual"--and as just described--to create when/with/in
>> watching the drifts of dust motes which one sees due to their being
revealed
>> in the shadowy room only by the spaces in between the cheap "venetian"
style
>> blinds, the cracked and faded plastic --
>> these motes which as one is watching bring out of the chaos and non
meaning
>> "time" one is living "in"--confined in--
>>
>> that which is--
>> to be present at the conception of a conception--

>> emerging "before/be for one's very eyes-"
>>
>>
>> the paper is thought of as hopefully suggestions along the lines of various
>> ways of thinking of what a conceptual poetry might be--and this is but a few
>> of the suggestions that have come to mind--
>>
>> as what one has the sense of--and persons on Harriet Blog have written of
>> this--is that the Symposium rather than being an "opening of the field"--was
>> enacting in effect the placement already of monuments--while at the same
>> time introducing a set of rules and regulations in a sense, for the design
>> and production of "Conceptual Poetry"--as though it is something "already
>> over with" while at the same time "being proclaimed as New"--
>>
>> this is why the word "Questions" is in my title--to indicate that this is
>> simply an opening of questions--
>> rather than an "unquestioning"--"acceptance"--of "what one is told"--
>> nor do the questions by any means constitute or ask for their own
>> "unquestioning acceptance"--
>>
>> Conceptual Poetry has been performed, theorized, created, published, video
>> taped, photographed, recorded, for forty years in Latin America--and in
>> Russia already there are several decades of Conceptual Poetries--
>>
>> this is why one thinks that "Conceptual Poetry" is something that is already
>> existing in a myriad forms and wants to ask further questions, rather than
>> "going by one definition" or a small set of examples--
>>
>> for example--the conceptual "conceptions"--are not soley "ideas from within
>> the mind"so to speak--on the contrary--the ideas which are those of things,
>> events--OUTSIDE of one--bring these--
>>
>> * *{"conceptual conceptions"--"conception" is another area one may address
>> "along these lines"-not to mention "contraceptual poetry, biceptual poetry,
>> perceptual poetry, -extra sensory perceptual poetry--deceptual poetry----}
>> **one may ask--if from Outside--the conceptual poetry by not having come
>> from words--may not be manifested into words--as its way at that moment of
>> making itself "known"--it is not myself alone that finds the found--the
>> found finds me--is what i write of being my experinces when working--on
the
>> rubBEings, clay impression spray paintings--
>>

>> so in what they may choose to "appear"--may be as "someone else"--that is,
>> what was not words now "appears" "in the guise of" words--
>>
>> which may then be quickly enough "no longer words'--but something or
some
>> one else--after effects, impersonators, ghosts--actors in "the Globe
>> theater" of Shakespeare's in which "all the world's a stage"--and a
>> Conceptual Poetry is a "play house"--wherein the Conceptual poetry is
>> "playing house"--
>>
>> in terms of Emily Dickinson's "Nature is a Haunted House, and Art a House
>> which tries to be Haunted"--
>>
>> to be Haunted by that which provokes the essay ("tries:"-- essay as an
>> essay, and as "essaying" in the sense of trying--) at being Haunted--
>>
>> in the excerpts from one of the El Colonel stories presented as Appendix
>> A--, "El Ojo de Dios"--El Colonel --does not write down these writings of
>> his--many events occuring in the stories it is not really sure--at what
>> level of reality/fiction they are "happening"--as by the way he
>> "writes"--itis in such a way as to create moment by moment not
>> singularities--but the simultaneity of many aspects of time al of them at
>> once writing/reading/making notes that are beforehand and afterwards and
>> endlessly finding the inextricable ongoing energies and movements of these
>> moving away from, around, back, inside out-etc--with each other--
>>
>> (in another story, El Colonel opens his one of his "notebooks" to study what
>> he is working with --to take a-look --there is nothing written on the cover
>> nor anywhere inside--this to him is a private joke on his unwritten writings
>> --not only "unpublished"--but unwritten--yet at the same time as he is
>> reading over his unwritten texts he is writing his further commentaries in
>> the writing which is not written "down"--)
>>
>> the writing also "takes place"--as a performance piece--
>>
>> With studied and precise, angular movements, El Colonel begins to arrange
>> himself in the correct position in which to be found by his "immanent and
>> eminent visitor."
>>
>>
>> El Colonel permits himself a barely audible and very brief laugh as "he
>> takes possession of himself the better to assiduously arrange the head, the

>> torso, the limbs, the folded hands, as though he were in the process of
>> preparing a stuffed and mounted specimen of a representative example of a
>> Colonel, whose taxidermist he himself was."
>>
>>
>> El Colonel's "writing" which is not only "unpublished" but unwritten is
>> described in this story as:
>>
>> Habituated to an imaginative isolation, El Colonel's intellectual companions
>> are his "compositions" with their attendant "commentaries," "asides,"
>> "digressions," and "annotations." By means of this "ironic distancing" he
>> continually invents "a hitherto unknown and as yet unpublished form of
>> writing, never before seen nor heard."
>>
>> ("Never before seen nor heard" is an alllusion to one of El Colonel's
>> favorite lines from one of his favorite books--Lazarillo de Tormes, whose
>> author literally is "Anonymous"-
>>
>> *Yo, por bien tengo que cosas fan seneladas, y por nunca oidas ni vistas,
>> vengan a noticia de muchos y no se entetierren en la sepultura del olvido.*
>>
>> --*Lazarillo de Tormes*
>> is the line, cited in the story "El Colonel Smiles" on line at Otoliths and
>> Dusie Kollektiv--
>>
>> -El Colonel's odd readings are due to their being found--in places, homes,
>> offices--whose occupants on his missions he "takes possesion of"--in some
>> cases--"in other words"--his reading is not planned out--but found--and,
>> literally --in some cases--stolen--"plagiarized texts"--already, before he
>> uses them in his unwritten writings--)
>>
>> the description continues--
>>
>> El Colonel smiles. This writing is a method of creating for himself a reader
>> who is in turn accompanied by his own doubling as a writer. Where there
had
>> been "no one with who to share his most intimate thoughts, the fullness and
>> agility of his life," there is now not only such a companion; there is also
>> a recorder of "his deeds and exploits." In such a way El Colonel
>> simultaneously acts, writes and reads both for himself and to another, who
>> is also both a reader and an other author in turn, providing El Colonel with
>> his own role as a reader. By these means his life takes on an aura of

>> legend, and he acts both as though creating the performance of something
>> which is happening, and of something which has happened "already." By
the
>> latter means, his life is taking place in a futurity in which it is read,
>> and in a present in which it is written. The simplest acts and words are
>> invested with the immediacy of a drama "taking place," the glow of "great
>> acts having taken place ," and, to heighten both drama and aura, the
>> precisions of a prefatory "about to take place," which allows for the
>> insertion of the necessary commentaries, directions, and asides. "For the
>> benefit of the listener, for the pleasure of the reader, for the background
>> material necessary to the writer," as El Colonel describes it with relish in
>> a self-penned blurb . . .
>>
>> I hope the paper suggests a great many further conceptions of Conceptual
>> Poetry!!--
>>
>> To swarm and topple the Vendome Columns--!
>>
>> Sembrar la Memoria de La Commune de Paris1871!
>>
>> *"y no se entetierren en la sepultura del olvido"*
>>
>>
>> **
>>
>>
>>
>> On Sun, Jun 1, 2008 at 7:28 PM, Murat Nemet-Nejat <[redacted]> wrote:
>>
>>> Barry,
>>>
>>> Very sharp observation. If conceptual art means a movement away from
the
>>> traditional material of art, oil, stone, etc.., toward words, conceptual
>>> poetry means a movement away from the traditional material of poetry,
which
>>> is words.
>>>
>>> Ciao,
>>>
>>> Murat
>>>

>>>
>>>
>>> On Sun, Jun 1, 2008 at 12:47 PM, Barry Schwabsky <
>>> [redacted]> wrote:
>>>
>>> > Am I right in thinking that the phrase "conceptual poetry" is modeled on
>>> > the earlier "conceptual art"?
>>> > If so, and if conceptual art is broadly speaking an art that foregrounds
>>> > language (Weiner, Kosuth, Art & Language, etc.) then does that makes
>>> > "conceptual poetry" poetry that likewise foregrounds language? But in
>>> that
>>> > case, what distinguishes "conceptual poetry" from just "poetry"?
>>> >
>>> >
>>> >
>>> > ----- Original Message ----
>>> > From: Murat Nemet-Nejat <[redacted]>
>>> > To: [redacted]
>>> > Sent: Sunday, 1 June, 2008 4:22:03 PM
>>> > Subject: Re: essay by Chirot to go with works at the UA Poetry Center
>>> > Conceptual Poetry Symposium, organized by Marjorie Perloff
>>> >
>>> > David,
>>> >
>>> > " The predominant view of conceptual works in art and poetry is that it
>>> > is written language which becomes fore grounded, most often as the
>>> > 'realization' and presentation of various directives, with their
>>> > various forms of pre-conceived constraints, and sets of instructions.
>>> > Yet does not the written language itself, as an object which
>>> > 'constitutes' the directives and instructions, contradict the
>>> > 'concept' of the 'Conceptual?'"
>>> >
>>> > The reverse is true. In a truly conceptual poem, the written language
>>> moves
>>> > towards disappearance, in your words, "absence."
>>> >
>>> > bachelor rooms.
>>> > sweat shops.
>>> > stairs where the light turns off automatically.
>>> > numbers fade
>>> > from the face of buildings. (*The Structure*, "A Homage to M. Proust)
>>> >

>>> >
>>> >
>>> > "{See Appendix B below for some other "Science Fiction" aspects of
>>> > Conceptual
>>> > Poetry in Relation to the Work Place.)"
>>> >
>>> > The question of "The Spiritual Life of Robots (Replicants)" relates to
>>> the
>>> > spiritual (conceptual, rather than actual) life of words.
>>> >
>>> > "The directives themselves, expressed in written language, become road
>>> > blocks to the Conceptual which is supposed to be "activated" by their
>>> > instructions.
>>> >
>>> > To use written language then to create a conceptual poetry is
>>> > not in a strict sense "conceptual" at all, if it produces yet another
>>> > object in written language."
>>> >
>>> > f one realizes that the "instructions" constitute the poem itself, then
>>> the
>>> > "realizations" become phenomenal obstructions, obfuscations
>>> > for which the truly conceptual poet, in my view, has very little patience
>>> >
>>> >
>>> > "It becomes instead a piling up, a massing, of materials
>>> > (language, words) which have "walled out" as it were, the conceptual.
>>> > Are the words then simply a gravestone or monument to a now absent
>>> > concept?"
>>> >
>>> > I think yes. *The Structure of Escape* is my attempt to recapture, to
>>> > real-ize that absence. "A La Recherche of Recaptured Absence
Absence."
>>> >
>>> > Ciao,
>>> >
>>> > Murat
>>> >
>>> >
>>> > On Fri, May 30, 2008 at 5:02 AM, David Chirot <[redacted]>
>>> > wrote:
>>> >
>>> > > *DAVID-BAPTISTE CHIROT: "Conceptual Poetry and its Others"---

Haunting
>>> > > Questions Found Hidden in Plain Site/Sight/Cite*
>>> > >
>>> > >
>>> > >
>>> > >
>>> > >
>>> > >
>>> > >
>>> > >
>>> > >
>>> > >
>>> >
>>> http://davidbaptistechirot.blogspot..com/2008/05/conceptual-poetry-and-its-others.html
>>> > >
>>> > >
>>> > > Below are the opening paragraphs of this essay--if interested still, as
>>> > it
>>> > > goes through many changes and has two appendices as further
>>> "evidences"--
>>> > > go to the blog address above--
>>> > >
>>> > >
>>> > > Note:I was invited to send Visual Poetry works to the Symposium on
>>> > > "Conceptual Poetry and its Others," along with artist's statements
>>> > > regarding
>>> > > the works. As a participant, to express my sense of and thankfulness
>>> for
>>> > > this, I decided it would be nice to include also a brief statement re
>>> the
>>> > > "Conceptual Poetics" under discussion.
>>> > >
>>> > > Once started, so many ideas started flowing,and so many examples
came
>>> to
>>> > > mind--travel literature of the 18th century, Shakespeare's Richard the
>>> > > Third, to name but two--that I had to draw line somewhere and stop.
>>> There
>>> > > is
>>> > > so much more to write however, once started--so these remarks and
>>> > questions

>>> > > are but a small indication of the most basic beginnings of the myriad
>>> > > directions which are out there to be found--and ones already noted to
>>> set
>>> > > down in various forms and actions--
>>> > >
>>> > > this essay is on display beside my works at the Symposium--persons
>>> > > interested may ask for a copy--
>>> > >
>>> > > a few examples of further questions among ever so many more--
>>> > >
>>> > > Why is "boring, unoriginal, impersonal work" promoted by "colorful
>>> > > personalities," just like any other product? Does this not create "a
>>> > Line"
>>> > > produced by a Brand Name, the Original Author possessed of an
>>> > "originality"
>>> > > in creating this "radical, new form"--to be marketed as "the latest
>>> > thing,"
>>> > > for the development of new jobs in English/
>>> > > creative Writing Programs--the "newest way" to "make an impression"
by
>>> > the
>>> > > "original" creation of an impersonal boringness? Is this in itself a
>>> > "new
>>> > > way" of mass producing standardized and conforming
>>> > > "conceptual poets" who "carry on" the work of the Great Originators?
>>> > > *
>>> > > *Are monkeys controlling robotic arms with their thoughts on the way
to
>>> > > creating a Conceptual poetry?--*
>>> > >
>>> > > *What are the interelationships of possiblities of Conceptual Poetry
>>> for
>>> > > use
>>> > > in Propaganda and advertising? For starting wars, altering Wikipedia,
>>> > > sending out false news items and etc etc--*
>>> > > * Haunting Questions Found Hidden in Plain Site/Sight/Cite
>>> > >
>>> > > for the Symposium "Conceptual Poetry and its Others"
>>> > >
>>> > >
>>> > >
>>> > > Poetry Center of the University of Arizona

>>> > >
>>> > > 29-31 May 2008
>>> > >
>>> > > *
>>> > > * J'ai trop a ecrire, c'est pourquoi je n'ecrire rien. --Stendhal,
>>> > > Journal, 1804
>>> > >
>>> > >
>>> > > Thoughts come at random, and go at random. No device for
holding
>>> on
>>> > > to
>>> > > them or for having them..
>>> > > A thought has escaped: I was trying to write it down: instead I
>>> > > write that it has
>>> > > escaped me.
>>> > > --Pascal, Pensees, #542
>>> > >
>>> > >
>>> > >
>>> > > To find among typos the unknown writings, the "Helltoy"--
>>> > > camouflaged clouds, the voice-writings of the ground itself that
speaks
>>> > and
>>> > > moves in lines
>>> > > emerging--
>>> > >
>>> > > *for Petra Backonja*
>>> > >
>>> > > * *
>>> > > I find in thinking with what a Conceptual Poetry might be, that I've
>>> > > begun with a point of view of paradox. That is, considering the
>>> > > conceptual to be the absence of a material object, a conceptual poetry
>>> > > would be the absence of the poem as a "realization" of its "idea." If
>>> > > "the poem" as an object is not to be realized, in what ways may it
>>> > > then be said to "exist"?
>>> > >
>>> > > One may also ask—since language is the material of poetry, if
>>> > > one is to create a conceptual poetry—does this mean then that the
>>> > > absence of language is involved? That the poetry is not in language,
>>> > > but found elsewhere?
>>> > >

>>> > > The predominant view of conceptual works in art and poetry is that it
>>> > > is written language which becomes fore grounded, most often as the
>>> > > "realization" and presentation of various directives, with their
>>> > > various forms of pre-conceived constraints, and sets of instructions.
>>> > > Yet does not the written language itself, as an object which
>>> > > "constitutes" the directives and instructions, contradict the
>>> > > "concept" of the "Conceptual?"
>>> > >
>>> > > {See Appendix B below for some other "Science Fiction" aspects of
>>> > > Conceptual
>>> > > Poetry in Relation to the Work Place.)
>>> > >
>>> > > The directives themselves, expressed in written language, become
road
>>> > > blocks to the Conceptual which is supposed to be "activated" by their
>>> > > instructions.
>>> > >
>>> > > To use written language then to create a conceptual poetry is
>>> > > not in a strict sense "conceptual" at all, if it produces yet another
>>> > > object in written language.
>>> > >
>>> > >   It becomes instead a piling up, a massing, of materials
>>> > > (language, words) which have "walled out" as it were, the conceptual.
>>> > > Are the words then simply a gravestone or monument to a now absent
>>> > > concept?
>>> > >
>>> > >   And what of the "poet" who is the "author" of "Conceptual Poetry?"
>>> > >
>>> > >   A builder of roadblocks, a maker of monuments and gravestones--?
>>> > >
>>> > >   If a "poet" is the conceiver of concepts—and the realization of
>>> > > the concept as a poem is no longer a concept—but an object—does
this
>>> > > then mean that the poet, in order to be "conceptual," must no longer
>>> > > be a "poet?" Or in order to be a "poet," no longer be "conceptual" in
>>> > > approach? And yet who but a "conceptual poet" can produce
"conceptual
>>> > > poetry?"
>>> > >
>>> > >   Perhaps true Conceptual Poetry is the creation of illiterates?
>>> > >   And, beyond that, persons who may even be very limited in
>>> > > their "Conceptual capacities?"

>>> > >
>>> > > I think often of all the Conceptual Poets and Artists who
>>> > > have existed and worked through thousands of years, persons due to
>>> > > their circumstances --gender being the most common among these--
who
>>> > > are not allowed to know how to write, nor instructed in "art," nor
>>> > > permitted
>>> > > to
>>> > > be educated, yet all the same--may have produced Conceptually a
good
>>> > > deal of the greatest Poetry and Art of which there does not remain
and
>>> > > never was an "object," even as a "fragment."
>>> > >
>>> > > What of these myriads of centuries of Conceptual Works--are they
>>> > > still existing--? Are they alive in the Conceptual realm? The Ether?
>>> > > Or have they found ways on their own, independent of their creators,
>>> > > of camouflaging themselves among those things in the world which
are
>>> > > hidden in plain site/sight/cite?
>>> > >
>>> > > In working with the found that is hidden in plain
>>> > > site/sight/cite, I find often that a Conceptual poetry and art is
>>> > > there--always already there--which I think I am finding yet may well
>>> > > be finding me,
>>> > >
>>> > > Some aspects of confronting these dilemmas, these "haunting
>>> > > questions," are found among Conceptual Poets who emphasize an
>>> > > "impersonation" via performance, camouflages, costumes, the uses of
>>> > > heteronyms, pseudonyms and anonymity.
>>> > >
>>> > > In "The Painter of Modern Life," Baudelaire is the first to
>>> > > define Modernism and does so as a conjunction of the eternal and the
>>> > > ephemeral. To find that element of the eternal in the ephemeral
which
>>> > > Baudelaire saw as embodying modernity, he turns to an emphasis on
the
>>> > > particular form of the living art/art as living of the Dandy. The
>>> > > Dandy is the non-separation of art and life in the conceiving of one's
>>> > > existence as Performance Art. The Dandy becomes not an expression
of
>>> > > Romantic personality and individuality, but a form of becoming an

>>> > > animated Other, an impersonator going about performing the actions
of a
>>> > > concept,
>>> > > rather than producing the objects of a conception.
>>> > >
>>> > > This stylized impersonating, non-producing figure begins to appear
>>> > > "dramatically"
>>> > > in the works of Wilde and Jarry and in many ways in the "life and
>>> > > works" of a Felix Feneon, who "creates at a distance" via anonymous
>>> > > newspaper faits divers (discovered to be his and republished
>>> > > posthumously as Novels in Three Lines), pseudonymous articles in
>>> > > differing registers of language (working class argot, standardized
>>> > > French) in Anarchist and mainstream journals, unsigned translations,
>>> and
>>> > > the barely noted in their own pages of his editing of journals
>>> featuring
>>> > > the
>>> > > early efforts of rising stars of French literature. Quitting his
>>> > > camouflaged and concealed writing activities, Feneon works the rest
of
>>> > his
>>> > > life as a seller in an art gallery.
>>> > >
>>> > > The actual "works" of Feneon, then, are not written objects per
>>> > > se, but anonymous actions, ephemeral pseudonymous "appearances
in
>>> > > print," and the works of others which he affects a passage for in his
>>> > > editorship and translations, in his promoting and selling the art
>>> > > works of others. This "accumulation" which one finds "at a distance"
>>> > > in time as his "complete works," is often unobserved and unknown to
his
>>> > > contemporaries, who know of him primarily via his "way of acting,"
his
>>> > > manner
>>> > > of dressing, his speech mannerisms, and as the public triptych of
>>> images
>>> > of
>>> > > him existing as a painted portrait by Seurat, a Dandy-pose
>>> > > photo and a mug shot taken when tried as part of an Anarchist
>>> > > "conspiracy." Feneon's "identity as a writer" does not exist as "an
>>> > > author," but as a series of "performances," "appearances" and
>>> > > "influences," many of them "unrecognized" and "unattributed."

>>> > >
>>> > >
>>> > > Ironically, it his most "clandestine" activity—his Anarchist
>>> > > activities—which
>>> > > brings him the most in to the public and tabloid spotlight. As one of
>>> > "The
>>> > > Thirty" accused and tried for "conspiracy" in a much publicized trial,
>>> it
>>> > > is
>>> > > Feneon's severe mug shot that for a time presents his "public face."
>>> > >
>>> > > The severe mug facing the viewer is actually producing a Conceptual
>>> > Poetry
>>> > > "at a distance." By not penning a single line, by simply "facing the
>>> > music"
>>> > > to which others pen the lyrics, Feneon, in doing nothing more than
>>> facing
>>> > > the camera "capturing" his image, proceeds to enact a series of
dramas
>>> > > "projected" on to him, a series of "identities," and "revelations"
>>> which
>>> > > use
>>> > > the documentary material to produce a series of mass-published
>>> fictions..
>>> > >
>>> > > The possible prison term facing the "Felix Feneon" in the
>>> > inmate-numbered
>>> > > "anonymous" mug shot, "presents its face" to the viewer, a face
>>> "taken,"
>>> > > "imprisoned" and "caught" by the image and its publicity. This
>>> > publicized
>>> > > face facing camera and viewer and possible hard time, is "taken to
be"
>>> > the
>>> > > photo of the face of a being from whom the mask of the clandestine
and
>>> > > conspiratorial have been torn off, revealing "the cold hard truth" of
>>> > Felix
>>> > > Feneon.
>>> > >
>>> > > Facing trial, however, all that is learned of this imprisoned face is
>>> > that

>>> > > it is "the wrong man, an innocent man." This fixed image, acquitted
of
>>> > its
>>> > > "sensational" charges, is revealed not as a truth, but instead as
>>> simply
>>> > a
>>> > > mask, a mask operating like a screen or blank sheet of paper, onto
>>> which
>>> > > are
>>> > > projected the dramas, fictions and "think piece" writings of others.
>>> > > Nothing is revealed other than an "identity" which shifts, travels,
>>> > changes
>>> > > from one set of captions to another. It is via these captions written
>>> by
>>> > > others under his image in the papers and placards, that Feneon
>>> continues
>>> > > his
>>> > > "writing at a distance." Simply by facing the camera, facing charges,
>>> > > "facing the music," facing his accusers at trial and facing the verdict
>>> > and
>>> > > judgment, Feneon is "writing" a myriad captions, breaking news
items,
>>> > > commentaries, editorials, all of which change with wild speeds as
they
>>> > race
>>> > > to be as "up-to-minute" as the events themselves are in "unfolding."
>>> > >
>>> > >
>>> > >
>>> > > The professionals, these writers, these journalists and reporters of
>>> > > "reality," chase desperately, breathlessly, after the unfolding drama
>>> in
>>> > > which the mug shot is "framed," and in so doing produce texts of
>>> > > "speculative fiction," a serial Conceptual Poetry with as its "star
>>> > player"
>>> > > a writer whose own texts are deliberately written to be unrecognized,
>>> > > hidden, camouflaged, unknown. And all the while, this writer writing
>>> > > nothing
>>> > > is producing vast heaps of writing via the work of others, as yet
>>> another
>>> > > form of camouflaged clandestine Conceptual Poetry, "hot off the
press."

>>> > >
>>> > >
>>> > > Rimbaud writes of a concept of the poetry of the future in
>>> > > which poetry would precede action—which in a sense he proceeds to
>>> > > "perform" himself. If one reads his letters written after he stopped
>>> > > writing poetry, one finds Rimbaud living out, or through, one after
>>> > > another of what now seem to be "the prophecies" of his own poetry.
>>> > > That is, the poetry is the "conceptual framework" for what becomes
his
>>> > > "silence" as a poet, and is instead his "life of action."
>>> > >
>>> > > In these examples, one finds forms of a "conceptual poetry"
>>> > > in which the poetry is in large part an abandonment of language, of
>>> > > words, of masses of "personally signed" "poetry objects," "poetry
>>> > > products." One finds instead a vanishing, a disappearance of both
>>> > > language and "poet" and the emergence of that "some one else"
Rimbaud
>>> > > recognized prophetically, preceding the action--in writing—in the
>>> > > "Lettre du voyant," "the Seer's letter"—as "I is an other."
>>> > >
>>> > > An interesting take on a conceptual poetry in writing is
>>> > > found in one of Pascal's Pensees, #542:
>>> > >
>>> > >
>>> > >
>>> > > "Thoughts come at random, and go at random. No device for
holding
>>> > on
>>> > > to
>>> > > them or for having them.
>>> > > A thought has escaped: I was trying to write it down: instead I
>>> > > write that it has
>>> > > escaped me."
>>> > >
>>> > >
>>> > > The writing is a notation of the "escaped" concept's
>>> > > absence, its escape that is a line of flight that is a "flight out of
>>> > time"
>>> > > as Hugo Ball entitles his Dada diaries. Writing not as a method of
>>> > > remembering, of "capturing
>>> > > thought," but as the notation of the flight of the concept at the
>>> > > approach of its notation.

>>> > >
>>> > > Writing, then, as an absence— an absence of the concept.
>>> > > A Conceptual Poetry of writing as "absent-mindedness"!—A writing
which
>>> > > does
>>> > > nothing more than elucidate that the escaping of thoughts "which
come
>>> at
>>> > > random, and go at random" has occurred.
>>> > >
>>> > > This flight of the concept faced with its
>>> > > notation—indicates a line of flight among the examples of Rimbaud—a
>>> > > "flight into the desert" as it were, of silence as a poet—and of
>>> > > Feneon—the flight into anonymous writing of very small newspaper
"faits
>>> > > divers"
>>> > > items punningly entitled "Nouvelles en trois lignes" (News/Novels in
>>> > Three
>>> > > Lines), of pseudonymous writings in differing guises at the same time
>>> > > according to the journals in which they appear, and as translator and
>>> > > editor as well as "salesperson" in a gallery of "art objects," a
>>> > > conceptual masquerader among the art-objects embodying "concepts"
and
>>> > > becoming no longer "concepts' but "consumer items." Feneon's
framed
>>> mug
>>> > > shot on to whose mug is projected a "serial crime novel," written by
>>> > others
>>> > > and "starring" the mug in the mug shot, a writer of unknown and
>>> > > unrecognized
>>> > > texts who now vanishes into a feverish series of captions and
>>> headlines.
>>> > >
>>> > >   Anonymity, pseudonyms, impersonations, poets who write their own
>>> > coming
>>> > > silence and "disappearance" as an "I is an other," the deliberately
>>> > > unrecognized and unrecognizable poet whose mug shot becomes the
mass
>>> > > published and distributed "crime scene" for police blotters and
>>> > headlines,
>>> > > speculative fictions and ideological diatribes, the writing which is a
>>> > > notation of the flight of the concept, the writing of non-writers who

>>> > > "never
>>> > > wrote a word," yet whose concepts may be found camouflaged,
doubled,
>>> > > mirrored, shadowed, anonymously existing hidden in pain
>>> > > site/sight/cite—these nomadic elements which appear and disappear
>>> > comprise
>>> > > a
>>> > > Conceptual Poetry in which the concepts and poets both impersonate
>>> Others
>>> > > and reappear as "Somebody Else," an Other unrecognized and
>>> unrecognizable
>>> > > found hidden in plain site/sight/cite.
>>> > >
>>> > >
>>> > >   "It is not the elements which are new, but the order of
>>> > > their arrangement," is another Pascalian "pensee." One finds
>>> > > arrangements of the elements of Rimbaud and Feneon into the
various
>>> > > forms of "conceptual poetry" in the works of Pessoa, Spicer and
>>> Yasusada.
>>> > > Pessoa creates many others as poets, heteronyms with their own
works
>>> > > and actions, their own concepts of poetry. Spicer "translates" poetry
>>> > > "after
>>> > > Lorca" as well as exchanging letters with the dead poet, lives for a
>>> > summer
>>> > > with his ghost, who provides a foreword to Spicer's Book.
>>> > >
>>> > > for more turn to the blog address--
>>> > >
>>> >
>>>
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>>
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>

↑ Contents

80. **Alison Croggon**
Re: What is a failed poet?
Tue 3 Jun 2008

What's so wrong with failure? As the saying goes, success teaches you nothing.

"Ever tried. Ever failed. No matter. Try Again. Fail again. Fail better. " Samuel Beckett.

"Success, failure: both are secondary." Giacometti.

Cheers

Alison

--
Editor, Masthead: http://www.masthead.net.au
Blog: http://theatrenotes.blogspot.com
Home page: http://www.alisoncroggon.com

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81. **Jason Quackenbush**
Re: Bob Perelman's Joke
Tue 3 Jun 2008

yes, and poetry magazine is well known as the voice of the young turks of american poetry. and isn't run by a middle aged new formalist. at all.

On Jun 3, 2008, at 1:25 PM, Troy Camplin wrote:

> *Read any issue of Poetry Magazine -- they almost all sound alike. They all deal with the same issues in the same ways, investigating little in way of language or expression. Most of it is prose with line breaks.*
>
> *Troy Camplin*
>
> *----- Original Message ----*
> *From: Will Esposito <[redacted]>*
> *To: [redacted]*
> *Sent: Tuesday, June 3, 2008 11:16:24 AM*
> *Subject: Re: Bob Perelman's Joke*
>
> *Well this is a hell of a joke! It would help to put up poems and an argument for how it is you believe whether younger writers write alike, if you do, if you do not.*

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82. **Stephen Ellis**

Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"

Tue 3 Jun 2008

Yes, so, which young writers write alike? All. THAT uncountable theorem, four or four thousand. And older writers do not? Let's suppose, who? Say, Charles Bernstein, Bob Perelman, Bruce Andrews. Whoa. But these are all men. Add in Alice Notley, Bernadete Mayer, Marjorie Welish? Writing alike? There is reason to doubt.

And what would either variety or sameness be FOR, anyway? Since myth is dead, and the gods are dead, the vital element in writing would have to be one's individual volition in being different, perhaps terminally so. I mean, does all this artiface go to build up anything but the edifice of "a canon"? Which would include the notion of "variety" as a kind of campfire, with the wagons drawn 'round, to keep the REAL savages out. Who remain

local, and territorial. "A boy alone in his room is sure to go astray." Luckily. (and eventually come-on to the world like Diogenes . . . ?). But, not to go too far out of our mutual way,

older writers. What about the anonymous ones? The auther of the Iliad, the Book of Jonah, and/or The Journey of Ishtar Through Hades, for example? Are these "the same"? Of course they are. Because they constitute a world story. Or a part of the continuous completion of one. Or acknowledgement that there actually IS one (a world) beyond one's own supple comprehension, that one must go outwardly toward.

The "problem" with post (-whatever date) poets, is that none of them seem capable of rising above the Blue Lodge . . . the basic state of initiation. Who will find some way out of the uncountable grains of sand both underfoot and overhead in the grandiose American emotional desert that constitute the "beat" of the first poetic - our wholly absent water, in memory alone?

Is it any wonder we are being led by idiots? And deadly ones, to boot. French-fried ice cream. Shake your fanny. Et al.

Is Homer free verse? No. Certainly not in Greek. And who anyway could very likely be Isis, Bilqis . . . or even Tina Turner. THAT

at least, would . . . help clean the pigeon shit out of the birdcage. That it's full of shit. I mean, like, there's no bird. The shit just proliferates of and by itself. So it isn't just a question of verse practice, but, much more a trace of, as CA Conrad says, the slaughter of animus. New formalism

is just the same old way of milking it. It's occultism. Using the energy got from killing toward an endless thesis of the Self. Which never ends. Who of you is REALLY against (the) War

while remaining secretly in love with Heraclitus? Those of the privileged castes have always enjoyed a bloodbath. And poets are nothing, if not privileged. I say, admit it, and reign. Difference achieved always involves a painful degree of slaughter.

Which, of course, is the nature behind ANY "joke". I'm clean . . . how about you? Of course, the first slave ships in the 17th century came into Boston harbor, not Charleston. Reputations do not simply "occur" . . . they are made. SE

> Date: Wed, 4 Jun 2008 07:48:48 +0800> From: [redacted]> Subject: Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"> To: [redacted]> > Oh Troy, everyone knows that only barbarians write in rhyme. It would be> totally inappropriate for citizens of the new Rome like myself to use it.> > Now I'll grant you that occasionally transforming a poem into a form can> provide for interesting possibilities for revision. That is to say, it is a> useful exercise, but an exercise and a poem are not (usually) the same> thing.> > You've asked for responses to be educated by experience. It seems, however,> that for your comments to meet that requirement, you would have to be> familiar with the work of all young writers. Are you? Or are you simply> making generalizations based upon your opinion of free verse?> > > Elizabeth Kate Switaj> www.elizabethkateswitaj.net

---

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83. ALDON L NIELSEN
Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"
Tue 3 Jun 2008

---

that should have been Miltonic blank verse, of course

On Tue, Jun 3, 2008 04:32 PM, ALDON L NIELSEN <[redacted]> wrote:

> *joining in late here, so pardon me if I repaet what others have said --*

it is certainly true that "turning your free verse poem" into some other form
can be an interesting experiment (see EXERCISES IN STYLE by Queneau)
-- but
there are huge flaws in the reasoning here, beginning with the assumption that it will make a "better" poem -- try the Red Wheel Barrow as a sonnet
-- though
I guess that's not free verse in the first place -- so try Song of Myself as a Miltonic free verse poem -- better?

and where does this idea come from that it's the same poem in another form?

likewise, I doubt that LET ME NOT TO THE MARRIAGE OF TRUE MINDS ADMIT IMPEDIMENT would be better off in trimeter -- Geroge Starbuck I think it was had a riotous good time rerendering famous translations of poems -- like: Where's last year's snows?

On Tue, Jun 3, 2008 02:31 PM, "J.P. Craig"
<[redacted]> wrote:

OK. So maybe Troy's recommending the new formalism. But I'm going to act as if he weren't. Then the proposition makes some sort sense. At least the proposition that form forces decisions on a poet. I'm considering poetic procedures as form here, not just villanelles and pantsuits and those other forms that I was encouraged to try in workshop.

My initial response was bilious too, but if I pretend I didn't hear the "young poets write alike" bit, then I can make something useful
of the comment.

I taught three sections of intro to poetry this semester for a total of something like 96 students. I assigned two creative projects, two poems. In each case, there were some fairly large groups of people I could say were writing "the same." That is, I could easily categorize

poems. I noticed that it was an urge to dismiss that led to categorization. I got tired of reading about the agony of adolescent love, the joys of beer, the profundity of the personal experience of Jesus Christ. What I wanted to dismiss was accounts of experiences that don't interest me. Yet those are of great immediacy for the people writing and reading them, since I take the audience of the poems to be the other students in the class.

I can't read Perelman's mind, but maybe it was a similar urge to dismiss, a similar impatience, that inspired his "joke."

I caught myself today sneering about students in general elective courses at my institution, sneering at them for not being as literate as I'd like. It was a pretty low point and a low blow. But it's a blow born of frustration and ideals. Maybe Perelman's outburst was an inverted advocacy. Maybe not. JP

On Jun 3, 2008, at 12:42 PM, CA Conrad wrote:

vo mttd on keyboard vry har d to
t
ype aft er it d ries m aybe

Troy Camplin wrote:

Perelman wasn't joking. He was accidentally honest. All young writers do
sound alike, and it's because few >if any of them know anything about writing poems. They have been told that rules are passe or elitist, and >so
everyone ends up writing the same stuff the same way. The fact is that if
you write using some sort of >form, you will develop a style and a voice all
your own. Form forces you to do this, just as it also forces you to make
choices you would not have originally made. It can result in poems that you
realize are actually >better than anything you could have otherwise written.
I've seen it happen, not just with my own poetry, but >with the poetry of
others. Perelman said it was a joke because he heard all the gasps -- but he
wasn't >joking. More, he was right.

Now, before everyone here attacks me, let me suggest the following experiment. Take one of your free >verse poems and turn it into a sonnet. Or
Sapphic verse. Or blank verse. Or some other form with a steady rhythm and
rhyme scheme. Or, better, take the same poem and put it into several forms.
See what >happens. See if it doesn't make it into a better poem. Or a more
interesting one. See if it doesn't force you >to make better, more interesting choices than you had before.

> *All I ask for is that your responses be educated by experience.*
>
> *Troy Camplin*
>
> *JP Craig*
> *http://jpcraig.blogspot.com/*
>
> <>
>
> *"Study the fine art of coming apart."*
>
> *--Jerry W. Ward, Jr.*
>
> *Sailing the blogosphere at: http://heatstrings.blogspot.com/*
>
> *Aldon L. Nielsen*
> *Kelly Professor of American Literature*
> *The Pennsylvania State University*
> *116 Burrowes*
> *University Park, PA 16802-6200*
>
> [redacted]

<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<>>>>>>>>>>>>>>
>>>>>>>>>>>>>>
>>>>>>>>>>>>>

"Study the fine art of coming apart."

--Jerry W. Ward, Jr.

Sailing the blogosphere at: http://heatstrings.blogspot.com/

Aldon L. Nielsen
Kelly Professor of American Literature
The Pennsylvania State University

116 Burrowes
University Park, PA 16802-6200
[redacted]

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84. Maria Damon
Re: What is a failed poet?
Wed 4 Jun 2008

failure is v interesting, whatever it is. in the 60s and 70s we wanted the "right to fail" in our educations. that was an instance of economic expansion, i.e. we could "afford to fail," or experiment.

Alison Croggon wrote:
> What's so wrong with failure? As the saying goes, success teaches you
> nothing.
>
> "Ever tried. Ever failed. No matter. Try Again. Fail again. Fail better. "
> Samuel Beckett.
>
> "Success, failure: both are secondary." Giacometti.
>
> Cheers
>
> Alison
>
>

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85. Nicholas Karavatos
Reading in Los Angeles, CA on Wednesday the 11th
Wed 4 Jun 2008

Nicholas Karavatos

WEDNESDAY, June 11th at 8:30pm

“World Stage Performance Gallery” Reading Series – Hosted by Jawanza Dumisani

4344 Degnan Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA
[redacted]

http://www.theworldstage.org

Nicholas Karavatos
Dept of English
American University of Sharjah
PO Box 26666
Sharjah
United Arab Emirates

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86. Jennifer Karmin

Poet's Theater: Chicago notes

Wed 4 Jun 2008

---

hi poetics friends....i've just posted some notes about my poet's theater experience on the les figues blog. during the next six months, i'm a guest writer for the press.

http://lesfigues.blogspot.com/2008/06/i-see-words-perform.html

feel free to add your comments. would love to see more dialogue about the poet's theater festival in chicago.

onwards,
jennifer karmin

@@

Les Figues Press works to create aesthetic conversations between readers, writers, and artists.

For the next six months, six people are guest writers on the Les Figues Blog -- Give A Fig. Guest writers are sharing their thoughts about books they're reading, or events they're planning/attending, pieces they're writing, or collaborations they're working on.

Be on the look-out for posts by Harold Abramowitz, Jennifer Calkins, Silver Downes, Jennifer Karmin, Sawako Nakayasu, and Vanessa Place. And, join the conversation!

http://www.lesfigues.blogspot.com

http://www.lesfigues.com

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87. **amy king**

History Keeps Me Awake at Night: A Genealogy of Wojnarowicz

Wed 4 Jun 2008

History Keeps Me Awake at Night: A Genealogy of Wojnarowicz July 10 – August 22, 2008

P * P * O * W
Pilkington – Olsoff Fine Arts, Inc.
555 W. 25th Street - New York, NY 10001

Artists Participating:

Sadie Benning
Michael Bilsborough
Shannon Ebner
Mike Estabrook
Brendan Fowler
William E. Jones
Lovett/Codagnone
Keith Mayerson
Ryan McGinley
Frederic Moffet
Henrik Olesen
Adam Putnam
David Ratcliff
Emily Roysdon
Zoe Strauss
Wolfgang Tillmans
Carrie Mae Weems
Matt Wolf
David Wojnarowicz

Reading and film screening – Thursday, July 17th, 6 – 9 p.m.

Zachary German
Amy King
Sara Marcus
Max Steele

Organized by Photi Giovanis

http://ppowgallery.com/exhibitions/future/future.html

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_____
~~~~

Recent
http://www.tarpaulinsky.com/Reviews/kiss-me.html
http://cutbankpoetry.blogspot.com/2008/04/im-man-who-loves-you-by-amy-king.html

Alias
http://www.amyking.org

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88. **Murat Nemet-Nejat**
Re: What is a failed poet?
Wed 4 Jun 2008

In my essay, "Is Poetry a Job, Is a Poem a Product, I argue an anti-productive ethos, failure, is at the heart of the American poem.

Ciao,

Murat

On Wed, Jun 4, 2008 at 10:57 AM, Maria Damon <[redacted]> wrote:

> *failure is v interesting, whatever it is. in the 60s and 70s we wanted the "right to fail" in our educations. that was an instance of economic expansion, i.e. we could "afford to fail," or experiment.*
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> *Alison Croggon wrote:*
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> *What's so wrong with failure? As the saying goes, success teaches you nothing.*
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> *"Ever tried. Ever failed. No matter. Try Again. Fail again. Fail better. " Samuel Beckett.*
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> *"Success, failure: both are secondary." Giacometti.*
>
> *Cheers*
>
> *Alison*

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89. **ALDON L NIELSEN**
Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"
Wed 4 Jun 2008

all great writers write alike -- but each writes alike in his or her own way

↑ Contents

90. **Ryan Daley**
Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"
Wed 4 Jun 2008

Charles Sloat or, All Poets Write the Same Way

Poems are made of trolls.
Poems are made of images of trolls kersnoodling
Poems flicker are made of images of kersnoodling trolls images
Poems imagine claims that trolls even kersnoodle
Claims hope their handlers know to kersnoodle
Claims provide trolls poems with even images
Therefore, trolls are what poems made of kersnoodling.

On Tue, Jun 3, 2008 at 11:31 PM, ALDON L NIELSEN <[redacted]> wrote:
> that should have been Miltonic blank verse, of course
>
> On Tue, Jun 3, 2008 04:32 PM, ALDON L NIELSEN <[redacted]> wrote:
>
>> joining in late here, so pardon me if I repaet what others have said --
>>
>>it is certainly true that "turning your free verse poem" into some
>>other form
>>can be an interesting experiment (see EXERCISES IN STYLE by Queneau)
>>-- but
>>there are huge flaws in the reasoning here, beginning with the assumption
that
>>it will make a "better" poem -- try the Red Wheel Barrow as a sonnet
>>-- though
>>I guess that's not free verse in the first place -- so try Song of Myself as a
>>Miltonic free verse poem -- better?
>>
>>and where does this idea come from that it's the same poem in another
form?
>>
>>likewise, I doubt that LET ME NOT TO THE MARRIAGE OF TRUE MINDS
ADMIT

>>IMPEDIMENT would be better off in trimeter -- Geroge Starbuck I think it was
>>had a riotous good time rerendering famous translations of poems -- like:
>>Where's last year's snows?
>>
>>On Tue, Jun 3, 2008 02:31 PM, "J.P. Craig"
>><[redacted]> wrote:
>>
>>> OK. So maybe Troy's recommending the new formalism. But I'm going to
>>>act as if he weren't. Then the proposition makes some sort sense. At
>>>least the proposition that form forces decisions on a poet. I'm
>>>considering poetic procedures as form here, not just villanelles and
>>>pantsuits and those other forms that I was encouraged to try in
>>>workshop.
>>>
>>>My initial response was bilious too, but if I pretend I didn't hear
>>>the "young poets write alike" bit, then I can make something
>>useful
>>>of the comment.
>>>
>>>I taught three sections of intro to poetry this semester for a total
>>>of something like 96 students. I assigned two creative projects, two
>>>poems. In each case, there were some fairly large groups of people I
>>>could say were writing "the same." That is, I could easily
>>categorize
>>>
>>>poems. I noticed that it was an urge to dismiss that led to
>>>categorization. I got tired of reading about the agony of adolescent
>>>love, the joys of beer, the profundity of the personal experience of
>>>Jesus Christ. What I wanted to dismiss was accounts of experiences
>>>that don't interest me. Yet those are of great immediacy for the
>>>people writing and reading them, since I take the audience of the
>>>poems to be the other students in the class.
>>>
>>>I can't read Perelman's mind, but maybe it was a similar urge to
>>>dismiss, a similar impatience, that inspired his "joke."
>>>
>>>I caught myself today sneering about students in general elective
>>>courses at my institution, sneering at them for not being as literate
>>>as I'd like. It was a pretty low point and a low blow. But it's a
>>>blow born of frustration and ideals. Maybe Perelman's outburst was an
>>>inverted advocacy. Maybe not. JP

>>>
>>>On Jun 3, 2008, at 12:42 PM, CA Conrad wrote:
>>>
>>> vo mttd on keyboard vry har d to
>>> t
>>> ype aft er it d ries m aybe
>>>
>>> Troy Camplin wrote:
>>>
>>> Perelman wasn't joking. He was accidentally honest. All young
>>> writers do
>>> sound alike, and it's because few >if any of them know anything about
>>> writing poems. They have been told that rules are passe or elitist,
>>> and >so
>>> everyone ends up writing the same stuff the same way. The fact is
>>> that if
>>> you write using some sort of >form, you will develop a style and a
>>> voice all
>>> your own. Form forces you to do this, just as it also forces you
>>> >to make
>>> choices you would not have originally made. It can result in poems
>>> that you
>>> realize are actually >better than anything you could have otherwise
>>> written.
>>> I've seen it happen, not just with my own poetry, but >with the
>>> poetry of
>>> others. Perelman said it was a joke because he heard all the gasps
>>> -- but he
>>> wasn't >joking. More, he was right.
>>>
>>> Now, before everyone here attacks me, let me suggest the following
>>> experiment. Take one of your free >verse poems and turn it into a
>>> sonnet. Or
>>> Sapphic verse. Or blank verse. Or some other form with a steady
>>> >rhythm and
>>> rhyme scheme. Or, better, take the same poem and put it into
>>> several forms.
>>> See what >happens. See if it doesn't make it into a better poem. Or
>>> a more
>>> interesting one. See if it doesn't force you >to make better, more
>>> interesting choices than you had before.
>>>

>>> All I ask for is that your responses be educated by experience.
>>>
>>> Troy Camplin
>>>
>>>
>>>
>>>
>>>JP Craig
>>>http://jpcraig.blogspot.com/
>>>
>>>
>>>
>>
>>
>>
>><>
>>>
>>
>>"Study the fine art of coming apart."
>>
>>--Jerry W. Ward, Jr.
>>
>>Sailing the blogosphere at: http://heatstrings.blogspot.com/
>>
>>Aldon L. Nielsen
>>Kelly Professor of American Literature
>>The Pennsylvania State University
>>116 Burrowes
>>University Park, PA 16802-6200
>>
>>[redacted]
>>
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91. Eric Dickey

Re: What is a failed poet?

Wed 4 Jun 2008

Phillip Schultz's book was well-titled, don't you think? And quite a compelling read, i.m.o.

While I agree with you, Murat, it is unfortunate that the threat of failure is so central. In this regard, I like to side with Hart Crane and identify with poems that are more grounded in opportunities for success and spiritual growth. Not dogmatic, but nominative spirituality. What does the poem make possible?

Poems should present a more positive potentiality to distance ourselves from history's shadows.

But I don't want to should all over myself.

Murat Nemet-Nejat <[redacted]> wrote: In my essay, "Is Poetry a Job, Is a Poem a Product, I argue an anti-productive ethos, failure, is at the heart of the American poem.

Ciao,

Murat

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> *"Success, failure: both are secondary." Giacometti.*
>
> *Cheers*
>
> *Alison*

↑ Contents

92. **Ryan Daley**

Re: What is a failed poet?

Wed 4 Jun 2008

On my blog I argue something perhaps similar, Murat. Namely, that the good/bad scale shouldn't be equated to success/failure in writing (or anything else, necessarily). Capitalism's, and really all structures' quests for efficiency, have made it so. And it has made us so, too. Now, I'm not saying that I solely blame capitalism for necessarily ruining our chances at equality in the wide world of poetry, but that our values have been forged by our systems to read poetry along certain lines...

Where does the experiment fail?

On Wed, Jun 4, 2008 at 5:24 PM, Murat Nemet-Nejat <[redacted]> wrote:
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>>>
>>> Cheers
>>>
>>> Alison
>>>
>>>
>>>
>>
>

↑ Contents

93. **Murat Nemet-Nejat**

Re: What is a failed poet?

Wed 4 Jun 2008

I basically argue that the American poem creates a parallel and contra space to the cycle of production. It is a talk I gave on the subject of poetry and class about ten years ago. It can be found in the web in the following address: http://home.jps.net/~nada/murat1.htm.

Ciao,

Murat

On Wed, Jun 4, 2008 at 7:59 PM, Ryan Daley <[redacted]> wrote:

> *On my blog I argue something perhaps similar, Murat. Namely, that the good/bad scale shouldn't be equated to success/failure in writing (or anything else, necessarily). Capitalism's, and really all structures' quests for efficiency, have made it so. And it has made us so, too. Now, I'm not saying that I solely blame capitalism for necessarily ruining our chances at equality in the wide world of poetry, but that our values have been forged by our systems to read poetry along certain lines...*

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Samuel Beckett.

"Success, failure: both are secondary." Giacometti.

Cheers

Alison

↑ Contents

94. **Gabrielle Welford**
Re: What is a failde poet?
Wed 4 Jun 2008

and astrology, like the free astrology guy... :-) g

On Mon, 2 Jun 2008, Maria Damon wrote:

> *this is fascinating. i wd describe myself that way but i'm trying to re-understand failure, esp the concept of the "failed career" by contemplating, among other things, the career trajectory of iggy pop. for a while i used the term "poète manqué," because it had a sonic resonance with "poet-monkey," adding a light touch. i think "failed poet" is a term used for people who may have had aspirations to be a poet in the most conventional sense but ended up channeling their poetic energies in less obviously generic ways; novels, scholarship, everyday life, child-rearing, etc.*
>
> *Doug Holder wrote:*
> *What is a failed poet?*
>
> *can be found on Boston Area Small Press and Poetry Scene*
> *http://dougholder.blogspot.com*
>
> *I posed this question to poets of my acquaintance: "What is a failed poet?" I hear the term used all the time, but what does it mean? How do you define a failed poet? Is there such a thing? Below are some very thought provoking answers to this question I posed:*
>
> *A failed poet can be a mainstream adherent who buckled to society's pressure against artistic commitment and stopped producing work in order to "act like a grownup" or "get a real job." Worse than this type of poet, however, is the practicing, productive poet who never reaches his or her full potential out of fear of offending readers or popular poetic figures and theorists.*
>
> *An artist who holds back, obeying current rules or trends whether or not they challenge or showcase individualized craft, generally frustrates readers as well as himself by writing safe for decades. An artist who lacks personal integrity is the worst poetic failure of all.*
>
> *--Mignon King (co-editor of Bagel Bards 3 Anthology)*
>
> *Just off the top of my head, a failed poet is one who doesn't write.*

--Tam Lin Neville (editor “Off the Grid Press”)

Even Faulkner, you know, described himself as a failed poet. Raymond Chandler, failed poet, found his talent late in life...writing crime novels. I was not familiar with the term. Sounds like a good subject for a funny poem.

--Ed Meek (author of “Walk Out”)

Thanks for the prompt. A quick search turned up Wordsworth, Faulkner, Raymond Chandler, J Alfred Prufrock (Eliot by extension?), and Alexander Wilson, father of American ornithology all as "failed poets."
There is something a little precious about the idea of calling oneself a failed poet (Oh, I couldn't possibly...), and most of the above (admittedly abbreviated) list used failure as a catalyst for something else. What is a successful poet?

--Valerie Lawson (coeditor of “Third Coast” magazine)

To answer your question, first let us ask what is a failed human being. If the question promotes strict answers then we will have strict answers to the question “What is a failed poet”.

But then let us particularize the query to other categories as well and ask the question:

What is a failed flower?
What is a failed kitten?
What is a failed cow?
What is a failed elephant ?
What is a failed worm?

And then ask:
What is a failed baby?

And then ask again:
What is a failed planet?
Or what is a failed solar system?
Or what is a failed galaxy?

I have a preferred answer. It is that if anyone of those things had cause to exist and have fulfilled their existence in any way, according to any place on a range of some Platonic ideal that listed things from low to high, good to bad,

quick to slow, sweet to sour, heavy to light and so forth, then they would have to be called successful. That is: they would be successful if they performed their state of existence along any particular position in the entire range of their performance.

I often quietly reflect on of Grey's Elegy In A Country Churchyard. We are all are unknown and our Fulfillment is unknown. We all deserve quiet contemplation and fond consideration. It seems harsh to speak of a "failed poet". Might it be more a reflection on us who ask the question then on the thing the question is being asked of?

Sidewalk Sam (founder of "ArtsFirst"—Boston, Mass.)

A failed poet is a person who loves language, but they cannot express in words the bridge to the other world where poetry is supposed to take you. I am a failed poet because I cannot attain the lean, carved from the air grace of the poet's I most admire. I've written only a handful of poems at that level. So, I write what I call spoken songs, and I write fiction.
A lot of fiction writers are failed poets. They started out as poets but couldn't take the heat.
A failed poet could also be a shadow artist who wanted to write but became a talker and an alcoholic instead.

C.D. Collins (author of "Blue Land" -- Polyho Press)

I have to hand it to CD, because whether or not she agrees with it, the woman is a poet because she authentically uses original language and phrasing. Her narratives use repetition and musical phrasing like all great modern lyric poets. As for the mint juleps…we'll that's another story. Someone I once loved said that writing poetry is largely a thankless task, and in that sense, for those of us still "in the "Tower of Song" no matter what degree, well, we fail and succeed. It's the love of language and the compulsion to capture something beautiful, weird or hidden about the world that makes anyone a good poet.

Lo Galluccio (author of "Hot Rain")

If your poems falls in the forest and nobody hears it you have failed as a poet. Poets write to be read, to be heard---if poets don't put themselves in the position to be heard, either by not working hard enough to be good or are not being good enouth to be published and read---then they have failed. They have failed if they fail to make people

care about what they write. It is a no brainer that they care about their own writing---not a measurement of success.

Tim Gager (founder Dire Literary Series—Cambridge, Mass./ author of "this is where you go when you are gone")

I tell my workshop students that there is no such thing as a bad poem, as long as the poet is happy with it. It's all about what purpose the poem serves for the poet. I've learned from students that there are multifold reasons to write poetry: Some are closet poets who write strictly for themselves; some like to journal with poetry; others want to write social/political commentaries in verse; one student wanted only to write poems for his girlfriend; another wanted to write poetry in order to become a better, more concise newspaper reporter. The list could go on. So who outside of poets themselves, is qualified to determine how well a poem executes the purpose for which it was written.

If one wishes to write for publication, there are of course standards, but these vary drastically, depending on editors' likes and dislikes. Poets sometimes feel "failed" if they keep getting rejections from editors with a different definition of merit than they have. That doesn't mean there aren't editors elsewhere who would like and publish the same poems.

And getting published doesn't always mean the poet is satisfied that her/his work is good either. William Faulkner said, "I'm a failed poet. Maybe every novelist wants to write poetry first, finds he can't and then tries the short story, which is the next most demanding form after poetry. And failing at that, only then does he take up novel writing." Yet both Faulkner's first nationally published works, the poem "L'Apres-Midi d'un faune," and his first published book, The Marble Faun, were poetry. Was his poetry good? At least his publishers thought so. But it was Faulkner's own expectations that compelled him to consider himself a failed poet.

It's easy for those of us involved in the publishing part of poetry to develop stringent definitions of excellence. And where has this gotten poetry, when most Americans think they don't like poetry because they can't relate to it?

Ellaraine Lockie (author of "Finishing Lines")

When I announced to my mom that I wanted to be a writer she wearily told me that I came by it naturally and that I came from a long line of failed and petty literati. I've often thought about what that means and Liz (my daughter) and I had a long debate about it. Our conclusion is that a failed writer is someone who has put their heart and soul into their writing with no lasting results. We all know poets who thrive on being "poets" without much

output. I'm sure they anguish over their work but the results are, to put it politely, trivial. Our conclusion that it was better to be a petty literati than a failed one. I'm still not sure I agree, but a part of me would much prefer to go down swinging for the fence in the majors than being a position player in a very minor league.

Steve Glines (founder of the "Wilderness House Literary Review")

There is no such thing as a failed poet. What gives someone the right to call a poet a failure? A poet can only fail if he stops writing. Just write. I hate all this labeling. To summarize: "There is no such thing!

Gloria Mindock (founder of Cervena Barva Press)

maybe a failed poet is one who doesn't attempt to capture what s/he feels and thinks through language . . . perhaps s/he is one who loses touch with the impulse to write . . . maybe a failed poet is one who never finds another with the capacity to sense the works / words as "instruments of evocation" (using Christopher Wilmarth's words for his sculptures) . . . maybe a failed poet is a poet, acknowledging that there may inevitably be distance between impulse / intention and word-form . . . in Japan there is / was a tradition of a sort of savoring of failure, related to the experience of pathos, passing, and poignancy . . .

Eytan Fichman (professor Boston Architectural Center--Boston, Mass.)

Maybe a more sensible question is what is the definition of a poet? What is poetry? And who has the qualifications to make these definitions or determinations? What makes a succesful poet? Sales? Media attention? The number of publications you are published in? Pimping yourself? I dare say there are not that many poets around who have read the work of Gene Ruggles, considered by many to be an important poet, but who had only one book published (Lifeguard In the Snow, University of Pittsburg Press). Does that make him a failed poet? I think not!!! And the idea that everyone is a poet is absurd, just as absurd that if you write a poem and you are happy with it, that this somehow makes you a poet.

I think the suffering of those people in Burma and China are far more important than an exercise on what is a failed poet.

a.d. winans (founder of Second Coming Press-)

I think the worst version of a failed poet is one who has never tapped into his or her deepest private self and it inside-out for the public. Like digging deep

> *past the skin, the tissue and the muscle for the humming tuning fork in the marrow and letting it resonate on the page for the whole world to see....if this is not accomplished then the poet has failed and his poems are soulless and the equivalent to crossword puzzles.*
>
> *--rob plath (author of poetry collection "Ashtrays and Bulls")*

> *I've been giving more thought to failure. It seems to me that failure is an inability to achieve what one has set to accomplish. And the concept that if one is satisfied with one's own work and chooses not to publish, they too might be a success. I have a friend or two who's shrink told them to write poetry and/or memoir as a method of dealing with their issues. If it helped and they never sent them out, are they success or failures? Then there is the poet who sends poetry to magazine "a" and is rejected, but magazine "b" accepts. What does that mean for the poet? Your question is an interesting rhetorical exercise with no right and no wrong, no answer to success or failure.*
>
> *Zvi Sesling (founder of the "Muddy River Review)*

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95. Doug Holder

Afaa Michael Weaver and Major Jackson

Wed 4 Jun 2008

Renowned African American poets Afaa Michael Weaver and Major Jackson to be in a filmed public discussion at Somerville Community Access TV (Afaa Weaver)

(Major Jackson)

Renowned African American poets Afaa Michael Weaver and Major Jackson to be in a filmed public discussion at Somerville Community Access TV.

(Somerville, Mass.)

Doug Holder, founder of the independent literary press “Ibbetson Street,” and the host of the Somerville Community Access TV Show “Poet to Poet: Writer to Writer” has started the process of organizing a public discussion featuring renowned African American poets Afaa Michael Weaver (http://afaamweaver.com) and Major Jackson (http://www.majorjackson.com) on April 2, 2009 (Poetry Month)

Somerville poet Afaa Michael Weaver has won the prestigious PUSHCART PRIZE (2008) for his poem “American Income,” published in POETRY magazine and in his collection "Plum Flower Dance" (U/Pitt Press.)

Henry Louis Gates, historian and professor at Harvard University writes of Weaver:

"Afaa Michael Weaver is one of the most significant poets writing today. With its blend of Chinese spiritualism and American groundedness, his poetry presents the reader (and the listener, for his body of work is meant to be read aloud) with challenging questions about identity, about how physicality and spirit act together or counteract each other to shape who we are in the world. His attention to the way language works is rare, and the effects of that attention on his poetry are distinctive and expansive."

Major Jackson is the author of two collections of poetry: Hoops (Norton: 2006) and Leaving Saturn (University of Georgia: 2002), winner of the 2000 Cave Canem Poetry Prize and finalist for a National Book Critics Circle Award. Hoops was a finalist for an NAACP Image Award in the category of Outstanding Literature - Poetry. He has received critical attention in The Boston Globe, Christian Science Monitor, Parnassus, Philadelphia Inquirer, and on National Public Radio's 'All Things Considered.' His poems have appeared in the American Poetry Review, Boulevard, Callaloo, The New Yorker, Post Road, Poetry, Triquarterly, among other literary journals and anthologies. He is a recipient of a Whiting Writers' Award and has been honored by the Pew Fellowship in the Arts and the Witter Bynner Foundation in conjunction with the Library of Congress. Last year, he served as a creative arts fellow at the Radcliffe Institute for Advanced Study at Harvard University and as the Jack Kerouac Writer-in-Residence at University of Massachusetts-Lowell. Major Jackson is an Associate Professor of English at University of Vermont and a core faculty member of the Bennington Writing Seminars.

A description of the discussion is as follows:

“Two Generations of Black Male Poets/
Two Sets of Eyes on the Urban Landscape

Afaa Weaver & Major Jackson

In a public chat in the SCAT television studios in Somerville,
these two poets share the experience of their lives as black
men who came of age in large American cities, Baltimore
and Philadelphia. They discuss the music, visual art, and
literature that were influential in their times, from The Temptations
to Grandmaster Flash and Chuck D, from Ron Milner
to Susan Lori Parks, and more. They share intimate moments

in their lives and some of their own work as well as that of poets they know and admire in an evening setting in the burgeoning artistic community north of Cambridge to be recorded in front of the live audience.

The moderator of the event and time of event will be announced...

Contact: Doug Holder: [redacted] for more information.

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96. Troy Camplin

Re: What is a failed poet?

Wed 4 Jun 2008

PLease explain all the failed poetry in pre- or non-capitalist countries throughout the history of the world. I see little evidence connecting poetic ability and economic system. In fact, it seems that free markets have opened it up so that far more people can write poetry. To the extent that more people are wealthy enough to have the leisure to write more bad poetry, then perhaps capitalism is to blame for the high numbers of failed poets -- but that is just because more people are trying. If more people try, more people fail.

Troy Camplin

----- Original Message ----
From: Ryan Daley <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Wednesday, June 4, 2008 6:59:17 PM
Subject: Re: What is a failed poet?

On my blog I argue something perhaps similar, Murat. Namely, that the good/bad scale shouldn't be equated to success/failure in writing (or anything else, necessarily). Capitalism's, and really all structures' quests for efficiency, have made it so. And it has made us so, too. Now, I'm not saying that I solely blame capitalism for necessarily ruining our chances at equality in the wide world of poetry, but that our values have been forged by our systems to read poetry along certain lines...

Where does the experiment fail?

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>>> Cheers
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>

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97. **Troy Camplin**

Re: Bob Perelman's Joke

Wed 4 Jun 2008

There is no evidence between the covers that a new formalist is involved at all. It's always the same old boring junk, and rarely do you see any consciousness of form from any of the poets.

Just because Perelman's own poetry mostly sounds alike (at least, these three from Primer all sound alike, anyway: http://epc.buffalo.edu/authors/perelman/primer.html) and just because the very young poets he is complaining about all sound like him, it doesn't mean that Perelman wasn't right when he said what he said. I'm concerned more with the

truth of what is said (or written) than I am concerned with who the messenger is.

I'm not necessarily recommending the new formalism (though, if there's truth in advertising here, I did reform my own poetic under the tutelage of Frederick Turner), but rather that poets should learn to write poetry the way artists learn to do art.. Artists have to take drawing classes, where they learn how figurative drawing. They learn such things as point perspective, how to create well-drawn, recognizable objects, etc. They also learn proper painting techniques. Once they have demonstrated that they can do that, they are free to do more experimental work. To bring things closer to poetry, Don Barthelme once said that you have to first learn how to write perfectly grammatical sentences, and do so for a long time, before you can write bad sentences. Show that you know what you're doing, so that we know that the so-called bad sentence is actually a choice. The same is true of poetry. There's not a poet worth his salt who is incapable of writing a sonnet, even if he doesn't typically do so. You have to show that you understand poetry and can write poetry well in the traditional forms before anyone can (or should) really take you seriously when you go off to do something else more experimental. I too got hung up on doing experimental writing before I mastered the basics in my short fiction. Once I learned that I had to master the basics, I did -- and the experiments began to work.

Of course, if you rewrite your poem in another form, you will have a new poem. That’s the point. A good writer revises his or her work, and we have to remember that revision is re-vision, to see again. Trying an idea, theme, motif, or plot out in different forms allows us to see the idea, theme, motif, or plot anew. It can force you to make choices that wouldn’t occur to you. Of course, there are just as many bad formalists out there as free verse poets, but it’s much easier to be a bad free verse poet.

And I’m not down on free verse poetry per se. I was a free verse poet for years before I began working in form, typical of contemporary poets. I have free verse poems published. But form opens up many possibilities I could not have imagined writing in free verse. Let me give an example.. Here are two poems with the same topic, but different forms, and therefore different meanings. Look them over more and consider the way the differences in forms created differences in meaning. Think about how important good writing is to meaning, and consideration of the importance of form should be if you want to be a good writer.

Antichaos (Sapphic Verse)

The beautiful chaos of river flowing
As time you step out of, into, the living

Unchanging emergence of antichaos
Breaking on mud banks --

Is this the world, bright in the light of sunshine
That brings a remarkable living chaos
And deadly order to the continental
Flow as an earthquake?

The winds are drying and are bringing moisture
To lands the sun parched, and the atmosphere is
Unchanged and changed, bringing a breeze, a gentle
Breath, and then lightning.

The white hurricane on the seas are ordered,
An ocean, atmosphere together, swirling
In chaotic flows on the seas and landing
Hard on the dry land.

And living things, rivers of earth and sea crawl
Across the land, swim in the seas a chaos
That swirls into timeful emergent rivers
Crawling on mud banks.

Antichaos (Alcaics)

Flow river, chaos breaks on the banks, and you,
Time, living order, changing in change itself,
Break chaos up to order merging
Flows of the water with earthly order.

Bright sunshine killing, loving tenderness
Light brings to lands that flow on the liquid flow –
Hot magma moving lands now crashing –
Earthquakes are turning the land to chaos.

Dry winds are parching lands into deserts where
Cacti won’t live. Moisture comes on the winds and there
Rains change the land from death to living
Breath and the lightning will light the dark sky.

White hurricane of sea and air are in
Time flows of swirling chaos and ordering
Matrices breaking land with winds which
Bring to the land and to us the ocean.

Life burst from rivers – earth and the sea are now
One river swirling time. The smooth chaos will

Bring order, life emergent, water
Solid with crystals that make them crawl forth.

Troy Camplin

↑ Contents

98. Jim Andrews
Slidvid
Thu 5 Jun 2008

Slidvid: http://vispo.com/dbcinema/kandinsky/slidvid.htm

Save your work before clicking this one. It makes some demands on your system.

ja
http://vispo.com

↑ Contents

99. Peter Quartermain
Griffin Prize
Thu 5 Jun 2008

Late breaking news which you may habe heard.

The Griffin Prize was won this year (awarded this evening) by John Ashbery for the International Award, and Robin Blaser for the Canadian.

So far as I'm concerned, that news could not be bettered. Details, no doubt, later.

P

==========
Peter Quartermain
846 Keefer Street
Vancouver
BC Canada V6A 1Y7
[redacted] (voice and fax)
[redacted]
==========

↑ Contents

100. **Nicholas Piombino**
Re: What is a flayed poet?
Thu 5 Jun 2008

From "Art and Artist", in the chapter on "Success and Fame", by Otto Rank:

"Success is therefore a stimulus to creativity only so long as it is not attained---which means, as long as the artist believes he can regain life by his success and so free himself from the bondage of creating. Bitterly, then, he finds out that success only strengthens the need for creating and that fame, which is the end of it, leads to depersonalization during his lifetime and is of no use for life if it comes after death. The artist does not create, in the first place, for fame or immortality; his production is to be a means to achieve actual life, since it helps him to overcome fear. But he cannot get out of the bypath he has once trodden, which was to lead him back by means of his work to life. He is thus more and more deeply entangled in his creative dynamism, which receives its seal in success and fame....Success and fame thus complete not only the work of the artist, but, far more than that, a vast circle in the eternal conflict between individual and group. The individual tries, by taking over a collective ideology which he creates anew in the personal sense, to assure his own immortality, and this is manifested in success; but the community, by the bestowing of fame, annexes for itself the immortality which had really been won by the individual, makes itself eternal in the work, and offers the artist in return its collective glory."

On 6/4/08 7:59 PM, "Ryan Daley" <[redacted]> wrote:

> *On my blog I argue something perhaps similar, Murat. Namely, that the good/bad scale shouldn't be equated to success/failure in writing (or anything else, necessarily). Capitalism's, and really all structures' quests for efficiency, have made it so. And it has made us so, too. Now, I'm not saying that I solely blame capitalism for necessarily ruining our chances at equality in the wide world of poetry, but that our values have been forged by our systems to read poetry along certain lines...*
>
> *Where does the experiment fail?*
>
> *On Wed, Jun 4, 2008 at 5:24 PM, Murat Nemet-Nejat <[redacted]> wrote:*
> *In my essay, "Is Poetry a Job, Is a Poem a Product, I argue an anti-productive ethos, failure, is at the heart of the American poem.*
>
> *Ciao,*
>
> *Murat*

> *On Wed, Jun 4, 2008 at 10:57 AM, Maria Damon <[redacted]> wrote:*
>
> *failure is v interesting, whatever it is. in the 60s and 70s we wanted the "right to fail" in our educations. that was an instance of economic expansion, i.e. we could "afford to fail," or experiment.*
>
> *Alison Croggon wrote:*
>
> *What's so wrong with failure? As the saying goes, success teaches you nothing.*
>
> *"Ever tried. Ever failed. No matter. Try Again. Fail again. Fail better. " Samuel Beckett.*
>
> *"Success, failure: both are secondary." Giacometti.*
>
> *Cheers*
>
> *Alison*

↑ Contents

101. **Steve Tills**

Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"

Thu 5 Jun 2008

THAT the Buf List inspires posts like this is evidence that its dynamic poetics is generative of truly delicious and thoroughly uplifting Thought. Love this post of yours, Stephen!

Stephen Ellis wrote:

Yes, so, which young writers write alike? All. THAT uncountable theorem, four or four thousand. And older writers do not? Let's suppose, who? Say, Charles Bernstein, Bob Perelman, Bruce Andrews. Whoa. But these are all men. Add in Alice Notley, Bernadete Mayer, Marjorie Welish? Writing alike? There is reason to doubt.

And what would either variety or sameness be FOR, anyway? Since myth is dead, and the gods are dead, the vital element in writing would have to be one's individual volition in being different, perhaps terminally so. I mean, does all this artiface go to build up anything but the edifice of "a canon"? Which would

include the notion of "variety" as a kind of campfire, with the wagons drawn 'round, to keep the REAL savages out. Who remain local, and territorial. "A boy alone in his room is sure to go astray." Luckily. (and eventually come-on to the world like Diogenes . . . ?). But, not to go too far out of our mutual way, older writers. What about the anonymous ones? The auther of the Iliad, the Book of Jonah, and/or The Journey of Ishtar Through Hades, for example? Are these "the same"? Of course they are. Because they constitute a world story. Or a part of the continuous completion of one. Or acknowledgement that there actually IS one (a world) beyond one's own supple comprehension, that one must go outwardly toward.

The "problem" with post (-whatever date) poets, is that none of them seem capable of rising above the Blue Lodge . . . the basic state of initiation. Who will find some way out of the uncountable grains of sand both underfoot and overhead in the grandiose American emotional desert that constitute the "beat" of the first poetic - our wholly absent water, in memory alone?

Is it any wonder we are being led by idiots? And deadly ones, to boot. French-fried ice cream. Shake your fanny. Et al.

Is Homer free verse? No. Certainly not in Greek. And who anyway could very likely be Isis, Bilqis . . . or even Tina Turner. THAT at least, would . . . help clean the pigeon shit out of the birdcage. That it's full of shit. I mean, like, there's no bird. The shit just proliferates of and by itself. So it isn't just a question of verse practice, but, much more a trace of, as CA Conrad says, the slaughter of animus. New formalism is just the same old way of milking it. It's occultism. Using the energy got from killing toward an endless thesis of the Self. Which never ends. Who of you is REALLY against (the) War while remaining secretly in love with Heraclitus? Those of the privileged castes have always enjoyed a bloodbath. And poets are nothing, if not privileged. I say, admit it, and reign. Difference achieved always involves a painful degree of slaughter.

Which, of course, is the nature behind ANY "joke". I'm clean . . . how about you? Of course, the first slave ships in the 17th century came into Boston harbor, not Charleston. Reputations do not simply "occur" . . . they are made. SE

> Date: Wed, 4 Jun 2008 07:48:48 +0800> From: [log in to unmask]> Subject: Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"> To: [log in to unmask]> > Oh Troy, everyone knows that only barbarians write in rhyme. It would be> totally inappropriate for citizens of the new Rome like myself to use it.> > Now I'll grant you that occasionally transforming a poem into a form can> provide for interesting possibilities for revision. That is to say, it is a> useful exercise, but an exercise and a poem are not (usually) the

same> thing.> > You've asked for responses to be educated by experience. It seems, however,> that for your comments to meet that requirement, you would have to be> familiar with the work of all young writers. Are you? Or are you simply> making generalizations based upon your opinion of free verse?> > > Elizabeth Kate Switaj> www.elizabethkateswitaj.net

↑ Contents

102. Obododimma Oha

And Race Dies

Thu 5 Jun 2008

And Race Dies

And race dies, trying to become American
And race dies trying
To become American
And race dies

-- Obododimma Oha

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103. Christophe Casamassima

Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"

Thu 5 Jun 2008

I'm a devoted plagiarist. So - do I write like others? Or do others write like me? hmm...

> *----- Original Message -----*
> *From: "ALDON L NIELSEN" <[redacted]>*
> *To: [redacted]*
> *Subject: Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"*
> *Date: Wed, 4 Jun 2008 17:34:06 -0400*
>
> *all great writers write alike -- but each writes alike in his or her own way*

=
Hoveround Wheelchair
If you have Medicare & Insurance, You May Pay Nothing at All.
http://a8-asy.a8ww.net/a8-ads/adftrclick?
redirectid=d18099c68d12a104bef581a9a1ac1478

--
Powered By Outblaze

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104. Daniel Godston

Ko Un

Thu 5 Jun 2008

The Griffin Trust for Excellence in Poetry has awarded the Griffin Poetry Prize Lifetime Recognition Award to Ko Un.

Instituted in 2006, the Griffin Trustees present the Lifetime Recognition Award on a periodic basis to pay tribute to the work and achievements of international artists working in poetry.

The winners of the 2008 Griffin Poetry Prize, awarded at the same ceremony held in Toronto yesterday, were John Ashbery (international) and Robin Blaser (Canadian). The $100,000 Griffin Poetry Prize, the largest poetry prize in the world for a single volume of poetry, is divided between the two winners. The prize is for first edition books of poetry published in 2007, and submitted from anywhere in the world.

http://www.griffinpoetryprize.com/lifetime-recognition.php?t=4

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105. David Chirot

Poetry as Punishment (for Vandalizing Rbt Frost's Farm)--a New Form of Prison Poetry?

Thu 5 Jun 2008

—

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106. Allison Thomas

Re: Slidvid

Thu 5 Jun 2008

I don't think that this is something we publish. If you have an ISBN, please send it along.

On 6/4/08 11:04 PM, "Jim Andrews" <[redacted]> wrote:

> *Slidvid: http://vispo.com/dbcinema/kandinsky/slidvid.htm*
>
> *Save your work before clicking this one. It makes some demands on your system.*
>
> *ja*
> *http://vispo.com*

~~~~~~~~~~~~
Allison Thomas
Associate Marketing Manager
University of Iowa Press
119 West Park Road
Iowa City, IA 52242
(ph) 319/[redacted]
(fax) 319/[redacted]
[redacted]

↑ Contents

107. Elizabeth Switaj

Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"

Thu 5 Jun 2008

Neither. By selecting texts through acts of plagiarism, you fundamentally alter them.

On Thu, Jun 5, 2008 at 9:50 PM, Christophe Casamassima <[redacted]> wrote:

> *I'm a devoted plagiarist. So - do I write like others? Or do others write like me? hmm...*

↑ Contents

108. amy king

Invitation Thursday June 12, 6:30- 9pm COME HEAR ! Queer Women Poetry Reading at The Leslie Lohman Gay Art Foundation

Thu 5 Jun 2008

---------- Forwarded message ----------
From: Nathaniel A. Siegel

Dear Friends:

You are cordially invited to attend A Poetry Reading !
Thursday June 12, 6:30pm to 9pm.

COME HEAR !
Queer Women Poetry
Hosted by Alix Olson
$7 suggested donation

The Leslie/Lohman Gay Art Foundation
26 Wooster Street NYC NY 10013 (between Grand & Canal Streets)
~~~~~~~~~~~~

Phone [redacted]
www.leslielohman.org

Reading by poets:

Sini Anderson	Arianne Benford
Kate Broad	Cheryl Burke
Staceyann Chin	r.erica doyle
Stephanie Gray	Tracy Grinnell
Natalie E. Illum	Amy King
Sue Landers	Sara Marcus
Marty McConnell	Lenelle Moise
Alix Olson	Elizabeth Reddin

The poetry reading is part of the series COME HEAR ! started in 2007 by Regie Cabico and Nathaniel Siegel to showcase the poetry of gay, lesbian, bisexual, transgendered and queer writers in the gay friendly space that is The Leslie/Lohman Gay Art Foundation.

COME HEAR ! has been generously supported by Charles Leslie and Fritz Lohman as well as The John Burton Harter Charitable Trust.

All readings are recorded for archival purposes by sound engineer Austin Publicover.

Email: [redacted]
www.leslielohman.org

_____

Recent
http://www.tarpaulinsky.com/Reviews/kiss-me.html
http://cutbankpoetry.blogspot.com/2008/04/im-man-who-loves-you-by-amy-king.html

Alias
http://www.amyking.org

↑ Contents

109. **Murat Nemet-Nejat**
Re: Slidvid
Thu 5 Jun 2008

Jim,

Very interesing slide show. How does a digital work like this differ from Stand Brackage's hand painted films, which also, come to think of it, can be thought of as slide shows.

Ciao,

Murat

On Thu, Jun 5, 2008 at 12:04 AM, Jim Andrews <[redacted]> wrote:

> *Slidvid: http://vispo.com/dbcinema/kandinsky/slidvid.htm*
>
> *Save your work before clicking this one. It makes some demands on your system.*
>
> *ja*
> *http://vispo.com*

↑ Contents

110. **Murat Nemet-Nejat**

Re: What is a failed poet?

Thu 5 Jun 2008

Troy,

If this is a response to me, please read the essay before responding.

Ciao,

Murat

On Wed, Jun 4, 2008 at 10:40 PM, Troy Camplin <[redacted]> wrote:

> *PLease explain all the failed poetry in pre- or non-capitalist countries throughout the history of the world. I see little evidence connecting poetic ability and economic system. In fact, it seems that free markets have opened it up so that far more people can write poetry. To the extent that more people are wealthy enough to have the leisure to write more bad poetry, then perhaps capitalism is to blame for the high numbers of failed poets -- but that is just because more people are trying. If more people try, more people fail.*
>
> *Troy Camplin*
>
> *----- Original Message ----*
> *From: Ryan Daley <[redacted]>*
> *To: [redacted]*
> *Sent: Wednesday, June 4, 2008 6:59:17 PM*
> *Subject: Re: What is a failed poet?*
>
> *On my blog I argue something perhaps similar, Murat. Namely, that the good/bad scale shouldn't be equated to success/failure in writing (or anything else, necessarily). Capitalism's, and really all structures'*

quests for efficiency, have made it so. And it has made us so, too. Now, I'm not saying that I solely blame capitalism for necessarily ruining our chances at equality in the wide world of poetry, but that our values have been forged by our systems to read poetry along certain lines...

Where does the experiment fail?

On Wed, Jun 4, 2008 at 5:24 PM, Murat Nemet-Nejat <[redacted]> wrote:
In my essay, "Is Poetry a Job, Is a Poem a Product, I argue an anti-productive ethos, failure, is at the heart of the American poem.

Ciao,

Murat

On Wed, Jun 4, 2008 at 10:57 AM, Maria Damon <[redacted]> wrote:

failure is v interesting, whatever it is. in the 60s and 70s we wanted the
"right to fail" in our educations. that was an instance of economic expansion, i.e. we could "afford to fail," or experiment.

Alison Croggon wrote:

What's so wrong with failure? As the saying goes, success teaches you nothing.

"Ever tried. Ever failed. No matter. Try Again. Fail again. Fail better. "
Samuel Beckett.

"Success, failure: both are secondary." Giacometti.

Cheers

Alison

↑ Contents

111. **amy king**

Click To Give - Free Mammograms!

Thu 5 Jun 2008

The Breast Cancer site is having trouble getting enough people to click on their site daily to meet their quota of donating at least one free mammogram a day to an underprivileged woman.

*** It takes less than a minute to go to their site and click on ‘donating a mammogram’ for free (pink window in the middle). ***

This doesn’t cost you a thing. Their corporate sponsors/advertisers use the number of daily visits to donate mammogram in exchange for advertising. Thank you!

http://www.thebreastcancersite.com/
http://www.thebreastcancersite.com/
http://www.thebreastcancersite.com/

~~~~~

TO CHECK AUTHENTICITY, GO TO SNOPES:

http://www.snopes.com/inboxer/charity/mammogram.asp

Other sites that make donations based on clicks:

http://greatergood.com/
http://www.thehungersite.com

Thanks!
Amy

_____

Recent
http://www.tarpaulinsky.com/Reviews/kiss-me.html
http://cutbankpoetry.blogspot.com/2008/04/im-man-who-loves-you-by-amy-king.html

Alias
http://www.amyking.org

↑ Contents
~~~~~

112. Peter Ciccariello

An invitation to an opening - Uncommon Vision at the Gallery Above.....

Thu 5 Jun 2008

Dear Friends,

On the chance any of you may be in Providence, RI, please join me for the opening of my new exhibit
Thursday, June 19, 2008 5:00 – 9:00 PM (Providence Gallery night)

Best,

- Peter Ciccariello
*
PETER CICCARIELLO: Recent Work
Uncommon Vision at the Gallery Above Providence Optical*

Providence artist Peter Ciccariello spends much of his time recording and cataloguing the rich, transient textures and urban glyphs of New England. Ciccariello is an interdisciplinary digital artist and poet whose Limited edition fine art pigment prints are palimpsests of perception, incorporating aspects of sculpture, photography, and painting techniques.

These fragmentary glimpses of environment make their way into an alternate world; a 3-D, virtual, second-life world that journals real world, first-life experience in a way that reflects the personal passage of time. A spot of light on a stone wall in Providence transitions into flotsam and jetsam on a Bristol beach. A passing storm cloud above Hope Street is found peering out from behind surrealistic mountains in a world that does not exist.

Event: PETER CICCARIELLO: Recent Work
Uncommon Vision at Above Providence Optical - June 19 – July 15 2008

Opening: Thursday, June 19, 2008 (5:00 – 9:00 PM)

Location: Above Providence Optical Gallery
75 Weybosset Street (next to the arcade) - [redacted]

For more information Phone: [redacted]
Email: [redacted]

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113. steve d. dalachinsky

Re: What is a failed poet?

Thu 5 Jun 2008

---

but " there's no success like failure and failure's no success at all" as b d put it

On Wed, 4 Jun 2008 11:27:18 +1000 Alison Croggon <[redacted]>
writes:
> What's so wrong with failure? As the saying goes, success teaches
> you
> nothing.
>
> "Ever tried. Ever failed. No matter. Try Again. Fail again. Fail
> better. "
> Samuel Beckett.
>
> "Success, failure: both are secondary." Giacometti.
>
> Cheers
>
> Alison
>
> --
> Editor, Masthead: http://www.masthead.net.au
> Blog: http://theatrenotes.blogspot.com
> Home page: http://www.alisoncroggon.com
>
>

↑ Contents

114. Lindsay Wong

NEW BOOK: The Poems of Mao Zedong

Thu 5 Jun 2008

Dear Poetics-L:

RE: http://listserv.acsu.buffalo.edu/archives/poetics.html

The University of California Press is pleased to announce the publication of:

The Poems of Mao Zedong

Mao Zedong was born in Hunan Province in 1893, son of an impoverished peasant. In October 1949, he founded the People's Republic of China, which he led until his death in 1976. Willis Barnstone is Distinguished Professor of

Comparative Literature at Indiana University, the author of many books, and a noted translator.

http://go.ucpress.edu/Mao

Mao Zedong, leader of the revolution and absolute chairman of the People's Republic of China, was also a calligrapher and a poet of extraordinary grace and eloquent simplicity. The poems in this beautiful edition (from the 1963 Beijing edition), translated and introduced by Willis Barnstone, are expressions of decades of struggle, the painful loss of his first wife, his hope for a new China, and his ultimate victory over the Nationalist forces. Willis Barnstone's introduction, his short biography of Mao and brief history of the revolution, and his notes on Chinese versification all combine to enrich the Western reader's understanding of Mao's poetry.

Full information about the book, including the table of contents, is available online: http://go.ucpress.edu/Mao

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115. **Ryan Daley**

Re: What is a flayed poet?

Thu 5 Jun 2008

Ahh, the unattainable...

Of what worth is utopia?
No matter how long I walk, I don't get it.
Therein lies its worth, then: to walk. -Eduardo Galeano

On Thu, Jun 5, 2008 at 1:36 AM, Nicholas Piombino
<[redacted]> wrote:
> From "Art and Artist", in the chapter on "Success and Fame", by Otto Rank:
>
> "Success is therefore a stimulus to creativity only so long as it is not
> attained---which means, as long as the artist believes he can regain life by
> his success and so free himself from the bondage of creating. Bitterly,
> then, he finds out that success only strengthens the need for creating and
> that fame, which is the end of it, leads to depersonalization during his
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> not create, in the first place, for fame or immortality; his production is
> to be a means to achieve actual life, since it helps him to overcome fear.
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> fame....Success and fame thus complete not only the work of the artist, but,

> far more than that, a vast circle in the eternal conflict between individual
> and group. The individual tries, by taking over a collective ideology which
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>
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>> Now, I'm not saying that I solely blame capitalism for necessarily
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>>>>>
>>>>> "Ever tried. Ever failed. No matter. Try Again. Fail again. Fail better. "
>>>>> Samuel Beckett.
>>>>>
>>>>> "Success, failure: both are secondary." Giacometti.
>>>>>
>>>>> Cheers
>>>>>
>>>>> Alison
>>>>>
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>

↑ Contents

116. **Ryan Daley**

Re: What is a failed poet?

Thu 5 Jun 2008

Troy,

You're missing my point altogether. I'm not arguing that capital allows more writers and thus more failures or its opposite. What I'm asking, or gently positing, is whether capitalist measures of worth have somehow affected (or contaminated) our standards of working/not working in relation to objects other than goods and services. I'd say pretty much that the answer is yes, and that poetry shouldn't be judged this way. The idea of a failure as a career of a poet which really isn't a career seems strange to me. I mean, how many poets aren't other things when they're being careerist?

I teach English. That's my 'career.' So...does the poet fail on terms of their vocation/hobby/passion/whatever you call your writing if your writing isn't your job? How can success be measured in a field virtually incapable of paying the bills? And if it does pay them, does that mean you're successful?

On Wed, Jun 4, 2008 at 10:40 PM, Troy Camplin <[redacted]> wrote:
> PLease explain all the failed poetry in pre- or non-capitalist countries throughout the history of the world. I see little evidence connecting poetic ability and economic system. In fact, it seems that free markets have opened it up so that far more people can write poetry. To the extent that more people are wealthy enough to have the leisure to write more bad poetry, then perhaps capitalism is to blame for the high numbers of failed poets -- but that is just

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>
> On my blog I argue something perhaps similar, Murat. Namely, that the
> good/bad scale shouldn't be equated to success/failure in writing (or
> anything else, necessarily). Capitalism's, and really all structures'
> quests for efficiency, have made it so. And it has made us so, too.
> Now, I'm not saying that I solely blame capitalism for necessarily
> ruining our chances at equality in the wide world of poetry, but that
> our values have been forged by our systems to read poetry along
> certain lines...
>
> Where does the experiment fail?
>
> On Wed, Jun 4, 2008 at 5:24 PM, Murat Nemet-Nejat <[redacted]> wrote:
>> In my essay, "Is Poetry a Job, Is a Poem a Product, I argue an
>> anti-productive ethos, failure, is at the heart of the American poem.
>>
>> Ciao,
>>
>> Murat
>>
>>
>> On Wed, Jun 4, 2008 at 10:57 AM, Maria Damon <[redacted]> wrote:
>>
>>> failure is v interesting, whatever it is. in the 60s and 70s we wanted the
>>> "right to fail" in our educations. that was an instance of economic
>>> expansion, i.e. we could "afford to fail," or experiment.
>>>
>>>
>>> Alison Croggon wrote:
>>>
>>>> What's so wrong with failure? As the saying goes, success teaches you
>>>> nothing.

>>>>
>>>> "Ever tried. Ever failed. No matter. Try Again. Fail again. Fail better. "
>>>> Samuel Beckett.
>>>>
>>>> "Success, failure: both are secondary." Giacometti.
>>>>
>>>> Cheers
>>>>
>>>> Alison
>>>>
>>>>
>>>>
>>>
>>
>
>
>
>
>

↑ Contents

117. Christopher Leland Winks

Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"

Thu 5 Jun 2008

Don't let my undergraduate students get wind of this -- but in case you're short of cash, Elizabeth, you should market your observation to "Sparknotes" and other such sites. Then the next time I catch someone plagiarizing her or his research or response paper, they'll be able to bleat out, "But plagiarism means I fundamentally altered these texts!"

Fortunately, they aren't sufficiently well-read or adept to quote Isidore Ducasse on the matter.

----- Original Message -----
From: Elizabeth Switaj <[redacted]>
Date: Thursday, June 5, 2008 2:34 pm
Subject: Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"
To: [redacted]

> *Neither. By selecting texts through acts of plagiarism, you fundamentally alter them.*
>
> *On Thu, Jun 5, 2008 at 9:50 PM, Christophe Casamassima <*

> [redacted]> wrote:
>
> > I'm a devoted plagiarist. So - do I write like others? Or do others write
> > like me? hmm...
> >
> >

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118. **Marcus Bales**

Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"

Thu 5 Jun 2008

On 5 Jun 2008 at 23:22, Elizabeth Switaj wrote:

> *Neither. By selecting texts through acts of plagiarism, you fundamentally alter them.*

So does that mean if I take one of your books of poems and reprint it with my name on it that I have made all your poems my poems?

Marcus

> *On Thu, Jun 5, 2008 at 9:50 PM, Christophe Casamassima <* [redacted]*> wrote:*
>
> *I'm a devoted plagiarist. So - do I write like others? Or do others write*
> *like me? hmm...*
>
> *--*
> *No virus found in this incoming message.*
> *Checked by AVG.*
> *Version: 7.5.524 / Virus Database: 269.24.6/1485 - Release Date: 6/5/2008 10:07 AM*

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119. Christopher Leland Winks

Re: NEW BOOK: The Poems of Mao Zedong

Thu 5 Jun 2008

I'd like to think this is some kind of joke, but then again, maybe it's the first in a series:

The University of California Press is pleased to announce the publication, in large, full-color format of:

THE COMPLETE PAINTINGS AND WATERCOLORS OF ADOLPH HITLER

"Hitler was an artist of extraordinary grace and a colorist of vital intensity. In these mesmerizing artworks, collected and reproduced here for the first time, discerning viewers with the courage to free themselves from the burden of historical prejudice will be richly rewarded with a rare glimpse into the soul of a true heir of German Romanticism." - M. Heidegger

The University of California Press is pleased to announce the publication of

JOSEPH STALIN: THE COLLECTED WRITINGS ON LINGUISTICS

"Ought to shake up the entire moribund field of literary study and put it in the Gulag where it belongs." - S. Zizek

"Language Poets, take heed! This is the real cutting edge, Lubyanka-stylee." - A. Badiou.

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120. Patrick Dillon

Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"

Thu 5 Jun 2008

You should try that so we find out.

Patrick

On Thu, 5 Jun 2008 14:52:37 -0400, "Marcus Bales"
<[redacted]> said:
> On 5 Jun 2008 at 23:22, Elizabeth Switaj wrote:
>
> > Neither. By selecting texts through acts of plagiarism, you
> > fundamentally alter them.
>
> So does that mean if I take one of your books of poems and reprint it
> with my name on
> it that I have made all your poems my poems?
>

> Marcus
>
>
>
> >
> >
> > On Thu, Jun 5, 2008 at 9:50 PM, Christophe Casamassima <
> > [redacted]> wrote:
> >
> > > I'm a devoted plagiarist. So - do I write like others? Or do
> > others write
> > > > like me? hmm...
> > > >
> > > >
> > >
> > >
> > > --
> > > No virus found in this incoming message.
> > > Checked by AVG.
> > > Version: 7.5.524 / Virus Database: 269.24.6/1485 - Release Date:
> > > 6/5/2008 10:07 AM
> > >
> >
--
Patrick Dillon
[redacted]

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121. **Jim Andrews**

Re: Slidvid

Thu 5 Jun 2008

> *Jim,*
>
> *Very interesing slide show. How does a digital work like this differ from Stand Brackage's hand painted films, which also, come to think of it, can be thought of as slide shows.*
>
> *Ciao,*
>
> *Murat*

Murat,

i haven't seen the brackage work you refer to. i presume it's fairly abstract.

the dbCinema images you've seen so far (http://vispo.com/dbcinema/kandinsky/slidvid.htm) are mainly meant to be read one at a time. there's a stop button in slidvid.htm and "<" and ">" buttons to go back and forward among the images, and the "^" button takes you up one level in the project where the stills are dealt with on their own.

i created the images in dbCinema (the 'db' is for 'database'), a graphic synthesizer program i'm writing (using Director). there's a screenshot of the dbCinema interface at http://vispo.com/dbcinema/kandinsky3/intro/graphics/screenshot.jpg . in dbCinema, one creates and configures one or more simultaneous 'brushes'. one assigns each brush a concept in the form either of a search string or a local directory of images. if the concept is a search string, dbCinema downloads images from the net somehow related to the concept (via a Google and Yahoo image search) and uses those images as 'paint' sort of like a music synthesizer uses samples of other music in the creation of new work. the samples can be as big or small as you like, and many other properties are also configurable. a musican typically plays several 'notes' or samples per second; dbCinema typically renders several 'strokes' per second. a music synthesizer can use samples from many instruments at once; dbCinema lets you use many images at once in a compositional activity that produces a painterly movie and screenshots of the movie.

The images are 1280x1024 screenshots from movies generated by a newer version of dbCinema than is currently online. Most of them were produced by typing in the title of the series (such as "Kandinsky"). dbCinema then downloads images from the net somehow related to what was typed in and generates a painterly movie from those pictures. The graphics are screenshots from the resulting movies. The series in http://vispo.com/dbcinema/kandinsky/slidvid.htm are chronological from oldest to newest; it shows how the idea has developed.

one can move rather fluidly between representation and abstraction. the images in http://vispo.com/dbcinema/saint are abstract but are mainly made of pornography. that isn't obvious; it's quite abstract. whereas the images in, say, http://vispo.com/dbcinema/notredame are far more represenational. you can almost tell what the underlying images were. whether dbCinema produces abstract or representational work is a matter of degree and how the brushes are chosen and configured.

dbCinema produces moving pictures in real-time. you create and configure 'brushes' and then the brushes get at it. you can also adjust the brushes while they're 'painting'. each frame of the 'movie', each brush renders one 'stroke'.

dbCinema is not instant art. there is a generative element to it, but it requires creativity from the user in how they select the concepts of the brushes, select

among the resulting downloaded images, and configure the brushes. you can see there are quite a few parameters to consider in the screenshot of the interface. it's somewhere on a continuum between photoshop, say, and instant art programs. photoshop doesn't really produce anything for you. it gives you lots of tools to produce stuff yourself. dbCinema produces stuff for you, but if it's going to produce anything interesting, yer the man.

i just finished a dbCinema feature where one may do screen recording every x ms. into a sequence of bitmaps. that is basically why i developed the javascript engine in slidvid.htm to show animation. in the future, i'll be showing such recordings, ie, sequences that are meant to be seen as animated, not stills.

i've written something preliminary about dbCinema at
http://vispo.com/dbcinema/kandinsky3/intro

part of the original motivation for dbCinema was to try to do something interesting with google+yahoo++ image search. it's fascinating that we may now type in a concept and, bingo, one has a thousand images directly and indirectly relevant to the concept.

but one does not have to use google+yahoo image search in dbCinema; the concept of a brush can, instead, be a local folder of images (you can use your own images). or one may let brushes simply paint with color rather than with image. that's the case with http://vispo.com/dbcinema/color1 and http://vispo.com/dbcinema/color2 .

the idea is to combine strong abstract generative art with a strong representational dimension. when generative visual computer art is strong, typically its strength is its strong abstract appeal. it's easier to get a computer to do interesting things with abstract shapes and color sets than it is to get it to do interesting things with representations of things in the world. that requires intelligence, for the most part. but dbCinema's image search capabilities provide it with an interesting representational dimension. and the program itself is very interactive, configurable, demanding of human creativity, human intelligence, human direction.

it is a written thing. erm hand written.

ja
http://vispo.com

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122. charles alexander

ADDRESS CHANGE

Thu 5 Jun 2008

PLEASE NOTE ADDRESS CHANGE for CHAX PRESS, Charles Alexander, & Cynthia Miller (studio/biz addresses)

Delete old addresses, whether they were 650 E. 9th St., Tucson, AZ 85705, or 101 W. 6th St., Tucson, AZ 85701

NEW & CORRECT ADDRESS IS

> 411 N. 7th Ave., Studio B
> Tucson, AZ 85705-8332

Phone numbers & email addresses have not changed.

We can't send out hundreds of individual address change cards, so please make note.

Thank you!

Charles Alexander & Cynthia Miller

Charles Alexander
Chax Press
411 N. 7th Ave., Studio B
Tucson, AZ 85705-8332

[redacted] (Chax Press)
[redacted] (cell)
[redacted]

http://chax.org

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123. Doug Holder

Close the Goddamn Doors! An interview with Louisa Solano of the famed Grolier Poetry Book Shop

Thu 5 Jun 2008

Close those goddamn doors: An Afternoon With Louisa Solano

(picture of Gordon Cairnie and Louisa Solano)

Close those goddamn doors: An afternoon with Louisa Solano.

" Close those goddamn doors!: An Afternoon with Louisa Solano: Memories of the Grolier Poetry Book Shop"At the Wilderness House Literary Retreat http://www.wildernesshouse.org

On Aug 6 2006 at the Wilderness House Literary Retreat Louisa Solano, former owner of the Grolier Poetry Book Shop held court for a few hours of casual conversation concerning her experiences running the famed Harvard Square bookshop for over 30 years. It seems that almost every major contemporary poet passed through these doors at one time. Here is a sampler of what Solano had to say about the times and poets she knew:

Gordon Cairnie: (the founder of the store)

“These goddamn browsers, close those goddamn, doors!” This was a declaration often heard by Solano. Cairnie was “quirky,” and did have a temper according to Solano. Solano said, “After I bought the store I had a whole line of people who told me that Gordon ruined them emotionally. It was the way he talked to them.” Cairnie in part was reacting to the browsers who never bought a book, and the ones who shoplifted. Obviously keeping people out of the store was not good business sense. But Solano felt there was a prevailing attitude at the time that poets were abused by society, so poetry and commerce were viewed as totally separate entities. After he died Solano recalled that many folks thought it was a “sin” that she took over the store.

Solano on shoplifting:

“According to a study 98% of people steal. People steal because it is an adventure, a high. It’s like shooting up; you have to do more and more. You become an expert on justification.” Solano said that studies indicate that shoplifting is highest among people in religious orders. She recalled that a monk with a flowing robe ripped her off. She said, “His robe was a little less flowing when he went out."

Solano on Harvard Square:

"Whatever part of the country people come from, the suburbs or little working communities, they come to the square and reality diminishes. She continued:"People are walking in a state of grandeur. I remember being accompanied down the street by someone who said he was going to kill me because I was a Harvard capitalist!”

Solano on Robert Lowell:

“I met him twice. I thought he was homeless. He was carrying two bags full of newspapers, and he was disheveled. The first time he said to me: “Young lady. I want you to know that Gordon talked too much, and you should never do that.” He walked out of the store. A week later he came and said, “Young lady. You are not following Gordon. You don’t talk to customers.” I found out later that this was Robert Lowell.”

Solano’s favorite poet:

“Philip Levine. He has always been my favorite. I think his approach to poetry is wide open. He loved an audience. He was a great standup comic. I loved the love he had for the Jewish community. I really love him.”

Solano on the small press:

“I always thought the small press was the most interesting part of poetry. When I took over the store there was a big small press movement going on. This was the 70’s. Some magazines were printed on colored tissue papers, different sizes, etc… Most of the bigger presses were publishing Lowell, Sexton and Plath. They were not particularly democratic. Diana Di Prima was first published by a small press and then started her own, and it is still going strong. She has done translations, and poetry publishing.The University of Texas/Austin was wild about the small press. They probably now (besides the University of Buffalo) have the best small press collection.’“Black Sparrow Press’ started out selling books with three or four poems for a dollar. Most of the bookstores today would not accept these.”Even if you were published just in the small press; the fact was you were in a book on a public shelf. Then if things went well you would do another small press book. If things continued to go well, you would get known.

Solano on Charles Bukowski:

"He sent his poems out virtually everyday to every small press magazine out there. This totally demolished the myth of him as a disorganized drunk. He wouldn’t be able to do this if he was."

Solano on Ed Hogan founder of “Aspect” magazine and “Zephyr Press”:

“Ed was brilliant. He had a lot of energy. He talked endlessly and rapidly. He got a great group of local poets together, and got the magazine out.”

Solano on Allen Ginsberg.

“I loved Allen. When he died I thought the world would cave in. He visited the store when he was quite ill. He looked yellowish and diminished. I was shocked. I thought of him as immortal. He brought poetry in the open from a very closed 1950’s America."

On Jack Kerouac:

“When I first met him he was sitting down at Lowell House. (Harvard University.) He was wearing a checkered shirt, and sloppy chinos, partly because he was so fat. The audience loved him because he was what they expected. He was the crazy writer. At the end of the reading, Desmond O’Grady, a wild Irish poet (I was madly in love with him), and I escorted him to a bar in Cambridge. There was a young woman who announced to Kerouac and all the guys around him that she wanted a “multiple lay.” Kerouac didn’t do

anything and just waddled off to the bar. We got him back to where he was staying and he passed out. The next day we met him at the Oxford Grill on Church St. in Harvard Square. The news came out that Plath committed suicide. Desmond threw his arms around Jack and very dramatically said “We are the only ones left.” Jack said,” Stay away from me.” He was homophobic. The last we saw of him he was walking down Church St. with two Harvard undergraduates looking for the perfect “Gold,” -- marijuana. "

*The Ibbetson Street Press has released the book "Louisa Solano: The Grolier Poetry Book Shop"by Doug Holder and Steve Glines which can be purchased from Ibbetson Street Press 25 School St. Somerville, Mass. 02143 $10 or through http://lulu.com

Doug Holder/Ibbetson Update/ Aug 2006/Somerville, Mass.

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124. Joel Weishaus

Re: An invitation to an opening - Uncommon Vision at the Gallery Above.....

Thu 5 Jun 2008

Peter:

I wish I could be there.
Good luck with this exhibit of your important work.

Warmly,
Joel

----- Original Message -----
From: "Peter Ciccariello" <[redacted]>
To: <[redacted]>
Sent: Thursday, June 05, 2008 8:32 AM
Subject: An invitation to an opening - Uncommon Vision at the Gallery Above.....

Dear Friends,

On the chance any of you may be in Providence, RI, please join me for the opening of my new exhibit
Thursday, June 19, 2008 5:00 – 9:00 PM (Providence Gallery night)

Best,

- Peter Ciccariello
*
PETER CICCARIELLO: Recent Work
Uncommon Vision at the Gallery Above Providence Optical*

Providence artist Peter Ciccariello spends much of his time recording and cataloguing the rich, transient textures and urban glyphs of New England. Ciccariello is an interdisciplinary digital artist and poet whose Limited edition fine art pigment prints are palimpsests of perception, incorporating aspects of sculpture, photography, and painting techniques.

These fragmentary glimpses of environment make their way into an alternate world; a 3-D, virtual, second-life world that journals real world, first-life experience in a way that reflects the personal passage of time. A spot of light on a stone wall in Providence transitions into flotsam and jetsam on a Bristol beach. A passing storm cloud above Hope Street is found peering out from behind surrealistic mountains in a world that does not exist.

Event: PETER CICCARIELLO: Recent Work
Uncommon Vision at Above Providence Optical - June 19 – July 15 2008

Opening: Thursday, June 19, 2008 (5:00 – 9:00 PM)

Location: Above Providence Optical Gallery
75 Weybosset Street (next to the arcade) - [redacted]

For more information Phone: [redacted]
Email: [redacted]

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125. **Jim Andrews**
Re: Slidvid
Thu 5 Jun 2008

---

correct. it has NIBS but no ISBN. hot off my vispo.com pr(oc)ess.

interested in publishing it? i do have a book in mind with it, actually.

ja
http://vispo.com

> *I don't think that this is something we publish. If you have an ISBN, please*
> *send it along.*
>
> *On 6/4/08 11:04 PM, "Jim Andrews" <[redacted]> wrote:*
>
> *Slidvid: http://vispo.com/dbcinema/kandinsky/slidvid.htm*
>
> *Save your work before clicking this one. It makes some demands on your system.*

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126. **Poetry Project**

Events at The Poetry Project June

Thu 5 Jun 2008

Our season comes to a close next Friday but we¹re not slowing down. Seriously. Tomorrow night the Parish Hall will be transformed into a puppet theater. Next week we¹ll host three readings. We hope to see you here.

Also, scroll down for information on the Tom Clark Fund.

Friday, June 6, 10 PM
IMAGINATIONEXPLOSION presents Cartharsis

Cartharsis revels in the guilt and confusion of consumption for American culture. It offers a dream-like progression of visual poetry told through Bunraku style puppetry and the transcendence of an original pop music soundtrack. IMAGINATIONEXPLOSION is an experimental performance collaborative that creates hybrid works of puppet theater and fine art. I.E. was founded in 2004-05 after emerging from the Cooper Union School of Art, and has since produced over 8 original productions in NYC. Lea Marie Cetera is a New York City based artist. She received her B.F.A from the Cooper Union School of Art in 2005 and is the co-founder and co-director of IMAGINATIONEXPLOSION. As a solo artist, she has exhibited with John Connelly Presents, as IMAGINATIONEXPLOSION she has performed at venues such as Theater for the New City, Lower Manhattan Cultural Council, Galapagos Art Space, Zebulon Bar, and The Cooper Union in New York City. She is currently working on a feature-length movie. Amber Marsh has been associated with the art of puppetry her whole life and has also studied the fine arts. Amber graduated from Cooper Union School of Art in New York City, and interned with Modern Art Foundry. In Chicago, she has worked as special assistant to master puppeteer, Lolly Extract, in the fabrication and performance of puppets for; The Shedd Aquarium; Chicago Public Libraries; The Field Museum; Links Hall; and Hystopolis Productions. Amber has taught one-of-a-kind puppetry workshops for primary and intermediate grades with the Bronx Arts Ensemble, the Metropolitan Montessori School, and for three seasons with the Latin American Community Art Project in El Salvador. She is co-founder of IMAGINATIONEXPLOSION; entering into its fourth year of original productions.

Monday, June 9, 8 PM
Spring Workshop Reading

Students of the Spring Workshops taught by Frank Lima, Vincent Katz, Lisa Jarnot and Jill Magi will present their work.

Wednesday, June 11, 8 PM
Elaine Equi & Douglas A. Martin

Elaine Equi's books include Voice-Over, which won the San Francisco State Poetry Award, The Cloud of Knowable Things, and most recently Ripple Effect: New & Selected Poems - all from Coffee House Press. Widely anthologized, her work appears in Postmodern American Poetry: a Norton Anthology and numerous editions of The Best American Poetry. She teaches at New York University and in the MFA Programs at The New School and City College. Douglas A. Martin is the author most recently of a poetry collection, In the Time of Assignments (Soft Skull, 2008). His prose works include Branwell, a novel of the Bronte brother, They Change the Subject, a book of stories, and Your Body Figured, an experimental narrative forthcoming in September from Nightboat Books. Outline of My Lover, Martin's first novel, was an International Book of the Year in the Times Literary Supplement and adapted in part by the Forsythe Company for their multimedia ballet/live film "Kammer/Kammer." He teaches writing at The New School University and in the Low-Residency MFA Writing Program at Goddard College.

Friday, June 13, 10 PM
Potluck Redux / Summer Soiree

All-stars from Friday Nights c. 2006-08 will gather, perform and be merry. Join us for feisty near-midnight reading and revelry; incorporate your finest hot weather cuisine. We'll dance this season away. The line-up includes: Joel Lewis, Jess Fiorini, Filip Marinovic, Stacy Szymaszek, Arlo Quint, Masha Tupitsyn, Ariana Reines, Greg Fuchs, Jim Behrle, So L'il, Stephanie Gray, I Feel Tractor, Erica Kaufman and more surely to be announced.

Please Help poet Tom Clark

In January of this year Tom Clark <http://www.poetryfoundation.org/archive/poet.html?id=80757> , who has struggled with hypertensive disease, had a stress-induced stroke leaving him with vascular and neurological damage. While Tom¹s mental acuity remains quite intact he is still experiencing physical difficulty.

Circumstances involving the abrupt closing of the New College of California <http://www.sfgate.com/cgi-bin/article.cgi?f=/c/a/2008/02/28/BAT3V9LUJ.DTL> where Tom Clark taught for 21 years have compounded his health problems. To add insult to injury, Tom and his partner Angelica were not notified that New College had allowed employee health insurance to lapse due to unpaid premiums, leaving the Clarks without adequate access to healthcare at a time of urgent need. While Tom is fighting stroke-related problems, Angelica is recovering from hip surgery performed earlier this year. Without either reliable healthcare, including physical rehabilitation services or a salary (severance,

other compensation including back wages have been withheld by New College) the Clarks are in precarious straits. This is certainly not a scenario that they expected after so many years of dedication to both New College as an institution with a mission of social change and equality and the scores of students who came through the school¹s Poetics Program.

A group of Tom and Angelica¹s friends, as well as, former students are trying to secure immediate and long term support for the Clarks. A fund through the auspices of Giorno Poetry Systems, an organization with a long history of supporting artists and writers in crisis administered graciously by John Giorno, has been established to channel financial assistance to Tom and Angelica. If you would like to make a contribution to assist the Clarks during this difficult time, please send checks, payable to ³Giorno Poetry Systems² with ³Tom Clark Fund² in the memo to:

Giorno Poetry Systems

222 Bowery

New York, NY 10012

Attn: Tom Clark Fund

GPS is a not-for-profit 501(c) (3) organization, so your contribution is tax deductible. In order to receive proper tax documentation, please make sure your name and return address appear clearly with your donation.

Become a Poetry Project Member! http://poetryproject.com/membership.php

Calendar: http://www.poetryproject.com/calendar.php

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.
[redacted]
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 [redacted].

If you¹d like to be unsubscribed from this mailing list, please drop a line at [redacted].

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127. **Jason Quackenbush**
Re: Bob Perelman's Joke
Thu 5 Jun 2008

A person working in an artform should always learn about the artform's history, and that includes studying received forms. And a person working in an artform should always study the building blocks of that artform, in poetry's case, that means studying prosody, morphology, grammar, and semantics/semiotics.

however, I don't think that one best learns prosody, morphology, grammar, and semantics/semiotics through writing poetry in received forms. In fact, there are a number of bad ideas about prosody built in to a number of received forms, the sonnet not being the least of offenders in this case, that i think are detrimental to a thorough understanding. Much better I think to study those things from the scientific linguists point of view and find their application in poetry through work of poets like Jackson Mac Low, Gertrude Stein, TS Eliot, Ted Berrigan, and Ezra Pound. At least, that's what I did, and I think I'm very good and don't sound like other poets of my generation at all. Nor do I think that Jessica Smith, for example, is at all similar to Joseph Massey, or for that matter that Mark Leidner is anything like either of them, and I don't think any of those three write anything like me, and none of us are anything like Anis Mojgani or Rachel McKibbens, or Elizabeth Switaj or Marty McConnell or Geoff Gatza. And that's just a list of poets more or less my age that I've had personal interactions with, all of whom are excellent poets. So who exactly are all these younger poets who all write alike?

On Jun 4, 2008, at 7:51 PM, Troy Camplin wrote:

> *There is no evidence between the covers that a new formalist is involved at all. It's always the same old boring junk, and rarely do you see any consciousness of form from any of the poets.*
>
> *Just*
> *because Perelman's own poetry mostly sounds alike (at least, these three from*
> *Primer all sound alike, anyway: http://epc.buffalo.edu/authors/perelman/primer.html)*
> *and just because the very young poets he is complaining about all sound like*
> *him, it doesn't mean that Perelman wasn't right when he said what he said. I'm*
> *concerned more with the truth of what is said (or written) than I am concerned*
> *with who the messenger is.*
>
> *I'm not*
> *necessarily recommending the new formalism (though, if there's*

> *truth in*
> *advertising here, I did reform my own poetic under the tutelage of Frederick*
> *Turner), but rather that poets should learn to write poetry the way artists*
> *learn to do art.. Artists have to take drawing classes, where they learn how*
> *figurative drawing. They learn such things as point perspective, how to create*
> *well-drawn, recognizable objects, etc. They also learn proper painting techniques. Once they have demonstrated that they can do that, they are free to*
> *do more experimental work. To bring things closer to poetry, Don Barthelme once*
> *said that you have to first learn how to write perfectly grammatical sentences,*
> *and do so for a long time, before you can write bad sentences. Show that you*
> *know what you're doing, so that we know that the so-called bad sentence is*
> *actually a choice. The same is true of poetry. There's not a poet worth his*
> *salt who is incapable of writing a sonnet, even if he doesn't typically do so.*
> *You have to show that you understand poetry and can write poetry well in the*
> *traditional forms before anyone can (or should) really take you seriously when*
> *you go off to do something else more experimental. I too got hung up on doing*
> *experimental writing before I mastered the basics in my short fiction. Once I*
> *learned that I had to master the basics, I did -- and the experiments began to*
> *work.*
>
> *Of*
> *course, if you rewrite your poem in another form, you will have a new poem.*
> *That's the point. A good writer revises his or her work, and we have to*
> *remember that revision is re-vision, to see again. Trying an idea, theme,*
> *motif, or plot out in different forms allows us to see the idea, theme, motif,*
> *or plot anew. It can force you to make choices that wouldn't occur to you. Of*
> *course, there are just as many bad formalists out there as free*

verse poets,
but it's much easier to be a bad free verse poet.

And
I'm not down on free verse poetry per se. I was a free verse poet for years
before I began working in form, typical of contemporary poets. I have free
verse poems published. But form opens up many possibilities I could not have
imagined writing in free verse. Let me give an example.. Here are two poems
with the same topic, but different forms, and therefore different meanings.
Look them over more and consider the way the differences in forms created
differences in meaning. Think about how important good writing is to meaning,
and consideration of the importance of form should be if you want to be a good
writer.

Antichaos (Sapphic Verse)

The beautiful chaos of river flowing
As time you step out of, into, the living
Unchanging emergence of antichaos
Breaking on mud banks --

Is this the world, bright in the light of sunshine
That brings a remarkable living chaos
And deadly order to the continental
Flow as an earthquake?

The winds are drying and are bringing moisture
To lands the sun parched, and the atmosphere is
Unchanged and changed, bringing a breeze, a gentle
Breath, and then lightning.

The white hurricane on the seas are ordered,
An ocean, atmosphere together, swirling
In chaotic flows on the seas and landing
Hard on the dry land.

And living things, rivers of earth and sea crawl
Across the land, swim in the seas a chaos
That swirls into timeful emergent rivers
Crawling on mud banks.

Antichaos (Alcaics)

Flow river, chaos breaks on the banks, and you,
Time, living order, changing in change itself,
Break chaos up to order merging
Flows of the water with earthly order.

Bright sunshine killing, loving tenderness
Light brings to lands that flow on the liquid flow –
Hot magma moving lands now crashing –
Earthquakes are turning the land to chaos.

Dry winds are parching lands into deserts where
Cacti won't live. Moisture comes on the winds and there
Rains change the land from death to living
Breath and the lightning will light the dark sky.

White hurricane of sea and air are in
Time flows of swirling chaos and ordering
Matrices breaking land with winds which
Bring to the land and to us the ocean.

Life burst from rivers – earth and the sea are now
One river swirling time. The smooth chaos will
Bring order, life emergent, water
Solid with crystals that make them crawl forth.

Troy Camplin

↑ Contents

128. **Ryan Daley**

Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"

Thu 5 Jun 2008

No, it doesn't. And the Supreme Court has ruled on this:
http://business.timesonline.co.uk/tol/business/law/article1579277.ece

As long as the genre/context is changed, it's really not plagiarism. In ruling, the court reversed the quote Elizabeth mentioned below (or above, depending on your email service): If you fundamentally alter texts, it isn't plagiarism.

In the case Marcus brings up, then yes, see you in hypothetical court.

-Ryan

On Thu, Jun 5, 2008 at 3:53 PM, Patrick Dillon
<[redacted]> wrote:
> You should try that so we find out.
>
> Patrick
>
> On Thu, 5 Jun 2008 14:52:37 -0400, "Marcus Bales"
> <[redacted]> said:
>> On 5 Jun 2008 at 23:22, Elizabeth Switaj wrote:
>>
>> > Neither. By selecting texts through acts of plagiarism, you
>> > fundamentally alter them.
>>
>> So does that mean if I take one of your books of poems and reprint it
>> with my name on
>> it that I have made all your poems my poems?
>>
>> Marcus
>>
>>
>>
>> >
>> >
> > > On Thu, Jun 5, 2008 at 9:50 PM, Christophe Casamassima <
> > > [redacted]> wrote:
>> >
>> > > I'm a devoted plagiarist. So - do I write like others? Or do
>> > others write
>> > > like me? hmm...
>> > >
>> > >
>> >
>> >
>> > --
>> > No virus found in this incoming message.
>> > Checked by AVG.

>> > Version: 7.5.524 / Virus Database: 269.24.6/1485 - Release Date:
>> > 6/5/2008 10:07 AM
>> >
> --
> Patrick Dillon
> [redacted]
>

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129. **David Chirot**

Re: NEW BOOK: The Poems of Mao Zedong

Thu 5 Jun 2008

Christopher
thank you very much for these forthcoming volumes and their blurbs by the appropriate Philosophes--

While Zizek and Badiou are reviving the Glories of Stalinism and the Cultural Revolution--(which would have done in the very intellectuals to whom Badiou appeals--and shipped the Philosophe off to spend several years shoveling manure--so that now perhaps he is a successful businessman in the new China--running a huge fertilizer empire--)

in Italy there is a massive revival of Il Duce and the Glories of Italian Fascism--the demands to force al the "nomad" peoples out--the Gypsies and illegal immigrants and refugees--groups re-donning the old Black Shirts garb--the old songs being sung again--

the USA continually moves towards an ever more Corporate-State fascism as Mussolini thought of it--

The President is basically a snap of the finger under the new laws passed with such alacrity and carelessness since 9/11 from declaring martial law and suddenly rounding up great lists of persons--

I remember in Jr High School having the Little Red Book with the old plastic red cover-and also those volumes of Mao's poetry then kicking around--

little books also--from china--
the Cultural Revolution wasn't so surprising coming from a poet-party leader--
who had grown up in a peasant family--

it is amazing to read Badiou's versions of Mao and Maoism-- like being in a weird time warp

i think a lot of Mao's ideas and actions are better understood via reading of Macchiavelli--

"Let a Hundred Flowers Bloom" for example--a work of genius!!
the flowers come forth and blooming show themselves-
and then the grim reaper knows where to cut them down

shades of the Italian Renaissance as well as Sicilian "Political" Thought lurking about among the destructions of the old Chinese culture-- further ensuring the enshrinement of the Leader--

while other countries and their leaders quaked before "rebellious youth"--Mao himself created a rebellion for rebellious youth--and used it for his own ends--

he was "on the side of" the young!!
as he had himself basically "created them"--"called them into being"--

maybe there will also be an Anthology of French Poetry According to Pol Pot--
an avid poetry reader whose favorite was Verlaine--

and a new updated edition of Menachem Begin's classic work on Terrorism--The Revolt--with a forward by one of the old Al Queda crew who used it for their early training camps--

perhaps the Lee Harvey Oswald Edition of Basic Marxist-Leninist Writings--

as well as choice selections made by John Ashcroft and Alberto Gonzalez from the books on democracy and Law by various American politicians, Presidents and their advisors--

When Oliver North--not to mention that other Historian, Oliver Stone-- is the Narrator and expert for Fox's History series--
you know the Twilight Zone has begun to be considered the Norm--

Watching the speeches yesterday it dawned on me that the USA may be the first country to elect a Black President who has to keep swearing eternal allegiance to an Apartheid Regime in another country--

What kind of "change" is that supposed to be?
Is the USA experiencing a new era of re-colonization--at the same time that it attempts to maintain its shaky grasp on being an Imperial Power?--
it's like the merry go round scene in Hitchcock's Strangers on a Train which was shot with the camera zooming in as it dollied out at the same time--
moving in--as it moved out--
creating a very disorientating effect--

to move forward and backward at the same time--
in a Cinema of Catharsis--
a merry go round soon to crash---

On Thu, Jun 5, 2008 at 11:53 AM, Christopher Leland Winks <[redacted]> wrote:

> *I'd like to think this is some kind of joke, but then again, maybe it's the first in a series:*
>
> *The University of California Press is pleased to announce the publication, in large, full-color format of:*
>
> *THE COMPLETE PAINTINGS AND WATERCOLORS OF ADOLPH HITLER*
>
> *"Hitler was an artist of extraordinary grace and a colorist of vital intensity. In these mesmerizing artworks, collected and reproduced here for the first time, discerning viewers with the courage to free themselves from the burden of historical prejudice will be richly rewarded with a rare glimpse into the soul of a true heir of German Romanticism." - M. Heidegger*
>
> *The University of California Press is pleased to announce the publication of*
>
> *JOSEPH STALIN: THE COLLECTED WRITINGS ON LINGUISTICS*
>
> *"Ought to shake up the entire moribund field of literary study and put it in the Gulag where it belongs." - S. Zizek*
>
> *"Language Poets, take heed! This is the real cutting edge, Lubyanka-stylee." - A. Badiou.*

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130. **Catherine Daly**
Santa Barbara Book Festival
Thu 5 Jun 2008

I put together a reading for this last year; would be interested in doing the same if someone else would coordinate.

SANTA BARBARA BOOK & AUTHOR FESTIVAL
P. O. Box 41932
Santa Barbara, CA 93140
Phone: [redacted] Fax: [redacted]
www.sbbookfestival.org
September 27, 2008 • 10 am – 5 pm
First Press Release

The 10th Annual Santa Barbara Book & Author Festival returns to the Santa Barbara
Public Library Main Branch, Saturday, Sept. 27, 2008, 10:00 a.m. to 5 p.m. This community day, FREE to the public, will celebrate books, and encourage reading and
the love of learning.
Authors will gather to speak, read and discuss books. Discussion will focus on topics
such as family reading, poetry readings, mysteries, media writing, Speaking of Stories
and Santa Barbara Reads! Three literary awards will be presented: The Ross Macdonald Literary Award to a California author, soon to be named, who exemplifies
high literary standards and the Luis Leal Award to Pat Mora for distinction in Chicano/Latino, a partnership with UCSB and the Glenna Luschei Distinguished Poet
Fellowship awarded to Gerald Locklin.
The festival continues its partnerships with the Santa Barbara Region Chamber of
Commerce the Public Library, Santa Barbara Museum of Art and UCSB to present an
exciting day that will be free for the entire family."
A gigantic tent will be erected on the library's sunken garden area. Several important
presentations with distinguished writers will take place in the Public Library's Faulkner Gallery and Townley Room, and the beautiful Santa Barbara Courthouse
Mural Room. The Awards ceremonies will take place in the afternoon with the appearances of the recipients. Other events will include the announcement of the S.B.
Reads! selection, a "community reads" project sponsored by the Library.
The festival again will make exhibitor tables available to authors, publisher, and
literature-related commercial and nonprofit organizations. Exhibit spaces are available
for purchase. Spaces will be assigned on a first come, first served basis.
For more information, call Marcia Reed at the Santa Barbara Region Chamber of
Commerce [redacted], extension 103, [redacted] or www.sbbookfestival.org.

--
All best,
Catherine Daly
[redacted]

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131. **David Seaman**
Re: NEW BOOK: The Poems of Mao Zedong
Thu 5 Jun 2008

Yeah, seems weird, but if you visit China, you will find not only the big portrait of Mao in front of the Forbidden City, but also in Wuhan, a large rock with a copy of some of his elegant calligraphy, and citations of his poetry carved into stones in many places.

Have you seen the cook book, "Blow jobs of US presidents"? :((JFK and others)).

On Thursday, June 05, 2008, at 05:48PM, "Christopher Leland Winks"
<[redacted]> wrote:
>I'd like to think this is some kind of joke, but then again, maybe it's the first in a series:
>
>The University of California Press is pleased to announce the
>publication, in large, full-color format of:
>
>THE COMPLETE PAINTINGS AND WATERCOLORS OF ADOLPH HITLER
>
>"Hitler was an artist of extraordinary grace and a colorist of vital intensity. In these mesmerizing artworks, collected and reproduced here for the first time, discerning viewers with the courage to free themselves from the burden of historical prejudice will be richly rewarded with a rare glimpse into the soul of a true heir of German Romanticism." - M. Heidegger
>
>The University of California Press is pleased to announce the publication of
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>
>"Ought to shake up the entire moribund field of literary study and put it in the Gulag where it belongs." - S. Zizek
>
>"Language Poets, take heed! This is the real cutting edge, Lubyanka-stylee."
- A. Badiou.

>
>

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132. Charles Alexander

new on chaxblog

Thu 5 Jun 2008

A few posts on the recent Conceptual Poetry and its Others are up on the chaxblog

http://chax.org/blog.htm

possibly more to come

charles

charles alexander
chax press
[redacted]
411 N. Seventh Ave., B
tucson arizona 85705
[redacted]

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133. Marcus Bales

Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"

Thu 5 Jun 2008

On 5 Jun 2008 at 18:24, Ryan Daley wrote:
> No, it doesn't. And the Supreme Court has ruled on this:
> http://business.timesonline.co.uk/tol/business/law/article1579277 ...
> ... As long as the genre/context is changed, it's really not plagiarism.

But that's nothing like Ms Switaj's claim, which is way more straightforward than that. She says the ACT OF SELECTION is all that's needed, and no change in genre or context is necessary.

This ruling is irrelevant to Ms Switaj's claim, which is a litcrit claim, not a legal one. The litcrit claim is obviously ludicrous on the face of it, since no one is really going to claim in the real world what Ms Switaj pretends to claim when she says

"By selecting texts through acts of plagiarism, you fundamentally alter them."

Ms Switaj's claim here is that the very act of selection is the means that alters the poems so fundamentally that Ms Switaj's poems would actually be someone

else's if someone else put his or her name on them. Her position seems to be that there can be no such thing as plagiarism, because the very act of selection from among all other possible poems to copy is an act of creation as original as writing the poems in the first place. Ms Switaj leaves no room for legal quibbles: she says that the act of putting someone else's name on her poems would "fundamentally alter" them. So on litcrit grounds, and on moral grounds, Ms Switaj leaves herself no room to sue.

I've always wished to test the "No shoes No shirt No service" sign by entering the premises clad in only shoes and a shirt, but I've never had the nerve or the bail money. Ms Switaj's declaration creates a similar desire, to simply take her poems, create "MarcusBalesPoems.com", and post them as "by Marcus Bales" -- but though I have the nerve in this case, I still don't have the money. So another postmodernist piece of cant will stagger on, ugly, useless, and dumb.

Marcus

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134. **Murat Nemet-Nejat**

Re: Slidvid

Thu 5 Jun 2008

Jim,

I had see the Kandinsky series as individual, single pieces before. This time, when I opened the site, the images followed each other in very quick successions, creating rhythms, waves, etc. To me, seeing the images in this dynamic way is much more interesting. It brings out the thought pattern, if there is any, the instinct behind the selection of the algorithm which created the sequence. Speed may may make an invisible pattern visible, once again, if there is any.

I am referring to some later work by Brackage, such as, Eye Myth, Mothlight, Glaze of Cathexis (particularly this one), The Dante Quartets. In Glaze of Cathexis, light exists as a separate dimension from color, hangs around. It's really wierd and wonderful. In this film, Brackage says, he is trying to register the most detailed picture of the shifts of light in nature. Of course, unless I am very mistaken, there is no light in the digital. Where is the sun in the digital?

The other three, Eye Myth, Mothlight and The Dante Quartet, consist of acrylic hand painted film frames, at a furious pace, following each other, creating movements similar to what happens in you piece, *as a slide show*.

At one time I wondered, if you Kandinsky sequences consist an essay, a meditation on Kandinsky's colors, rather than a means of using or reproducing them through the means the computer gives you? What do you think? To me,

the former alternative would be the more interesting. Of course, you may not be doing any of it.

Ciao,

Murat

On Thu, Jun 5, 2008 at 4:32 PM, Jim Andrews <[redacted]> wrote:

> *Jim,*
>
> *Very interesing slide show. How does a digital work like this differ from Stand Brackage's hand painted films, which also, come to think of it, can be thought of as slide shows.*
>
> *Ciao,*
>
> *Murat*
>
> *Murat,*
>
> *i haven't seen the brackage work you refer to. i presume it's fairly abstract.*
>
> *the dbCinema images you've seen so far (http://vispo.com/dbcinema/kandinsky/slidvid.htm) are mainly meant to be read one at a time. there's a stop button in slidvid.htm and "<" and ">" buttons to go back and forward among the images, and the "^" button takes you up one level in the project where the stills are dealt with on their own.*
>
> *i created the images in dbCinema (the 'db' is for 'database'), a graphic synthesizer program i'm writing (using Director). there's a screenshot of the dbCinema interface at http://vispo.com/dbcinema/kandinsky3/intro/graphics/screenshot.jpg . in dbCinema, one creates and configures one or more simultaneous 'brushes'. one assigns each brush a concept in the form either of a search string or a local directory of images. if the concept is a search string, dbCinema downloads images from the net somehow related to the concept (via a Google and Yahoo image search) and uses those images as 'paint' sort of like a music synthesizer uses samples of other music in the creation of new work. the samples can be as big or small as you like, and many other properties are also configurable. a musican typically plays several 'notes' or samples per second; dbCinema typically renders several 'strokes' per second. a music synthesizer can use samples from many instruments at once; dbCinema lets you use many images at once in a compositional activity that produces a*

painterly movie and screenshots of the movie.

The images are 1280x1024 screenshots from movies generated by a newer version of dbCinema than is currently online. Most of them were produced by typing in the title of the series (such as "Kandinsky"). dbCinema then downloads images from the net somehow related to what was typed in and generates a painterly movie from those pictures. The graphics are screenshots from the resulting movies. The series in http://vispo.com/dbcinema/kandinsky/slidvid.htm are chronological from oldest to newest; it shows how the idea has developed.

one can move rather fluidly between representation and abstraction. the images in http://vispo.com/dbcinema/saint are abstract but are mainly made of pornography. that isn't obvious; it's quite abstract. whereas the images in, say, http://vispo.com/dbcinema/notredame are far more represenational. you can almost tell what the underlying images were. whether dbCinema produces abstract or representational work is a matter of degree and how the
brushes are chosen and configured.

dbCinema produces moving pictures in real-time. you create and configure 'brushes' and then the brushes get at it. you can also adjust the brushes while they're 'painting'. each frame of the 'movie', each brush renders one 'stroke'.

dbCinema is not instant art. there is a generative element to it, but it requires creativity from the user in how they select the concepts of the brushes, select among the resulting downloaded images, and configure the brushes. you can see there are quite a few parameters to consider in the screenshot of the interface. it's somewhere on a continuum between photoshop, say, and instant art programs. photoshop doesn't really produce anything for you. it gives you lots of tools to produce stuff yourself. dbCinema produces stuff for you, but if it's going to produce anything interesting, yer the man.

i just finished a dbCinema feature where one may do screen recording every x
ms. into a sequence of bitmaps. that is basically why i developed the javascript engine in slidvid.htm to show animation. in the future, i'll be showing such recordings, ie, sequences that are meant to be seen as animated, not stills.

i've written something preliminary about dbCinema at http://vispo.com/dbcinema/kandinsky3/intro

part of the original motivation for dbCinema was to try to do something interesting with google+yahoo++ image search. it's fascinating that we may now type in a concept and, bingo, one has a thousand images directly and

> *indirectly relevant to the concept.*
>
> *but one does not have to use google+yahoo image search in dbCinema; the concept of a brush can, instead, be a local folder of images (you can use your own images). or one may let brushes simply paint with color rather than*
> *with image. that's the case with http://vispo.com/dbcinema/color1 and http://vispo.com/dbcinema/color2 .*
>
> *the idea is to combine strong abstract generative art with a strong representational dimension. when generative visual computer art is strong, typically its strength is its strong abstract appeal. it's easier to get a computer to do interesting things with abstract shapes and color sets than it is to get it to do interesting things with representations of things in the world. that requires intelligence, for the most part. but dbCinema's image search capabilities provide it with an interesting representational dimension. and the program itself is very interactive, configurable, demanding of human creativity, human intelligence, human direction.*
>
> *it is a written thing. erm hand written.*
>
> *ja*
> *http://vispo.com*

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135. **Troy Camplin**

Re: Bob Perelman's Joke

Fri 6 Jun 2008

I think you're half right. You should do all those things. But I also think that you could not possibly understand the sonnet form, no matter how much you studied it, unless you learned how to write at least a passable sonnet.. The same with various other forms. The same with rhythm, rhyme, and patterns. If I could recommend the perfect set of studies for a poet, I would recommend studying the artform's history, learning how to write in each of the forms, prosody, morphology, grammar, semantics/semiotics, rhetoric, music, etymology, linguistics, cognitive science, poetics, and theory.

----- Original Message ----
From: Jason Quackenbush <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Thursday, June 5, 2008 5:11:57 PM
Subject: Re: Bob Perelman's Joke

A person working in an artform should always learn about the artform's history, and that includes studying received forms. And a person working in an artform should always study the building blocks of that artform, in poetry's case, that means studying prosody, morphology, grammar, and semantics/semiotics.

however, I don't think that one best learns prosody, morphology, grammar, and semantics/semiotics through writing poetry in received forms. In fact, there are a number of bad ideas about prosody built in to a number of received forms, the sonnet not being the least of offenders in this case, that i think are detrimental to a thorough understanding. Much better I think to study those things from the scientific linguists point of view and find their application in poetry through work of poets like Jackson Mac Low, Gertrude Stein, TS Eliot, Ted Berrigan, and Ezra Pound. At least, that's what I did, and I think I'm very good and don't sound like other poets of my generation at all. Nor do I think that Jessica Smith, for example, is at all similar to Joseph Massey, or for that matter that Mark Leidner is anything like either of them, and I don't think any of those three write anything like me, and none of us are anything like Anis Mojgani or Rachel McKibbens, or Elizabeth Switaj or Marty McConnell or Geoff Gatza. And that's just a list of poets more or less my age that I've had personal interactions with, all of whom are excellent poets. So who exactly are all these younger poets who all write alike?

On Jun 4, 2008, at 7:51 PM, Troy Camplin wrote:

> *There is no evidence between the covers that a new formalist is involved at all. It's always the same old boring junk, and rarely do you see any consciousness of form from any of the poets.*
>
> *Just because Perelman's own poetry mostly sounds alike (at least, these three from Primer all sound alike, anyway: http://epc.buffalo.edu/authors/perelman/primer.html) and just because the very young poets he is complaining about all sound like him, it doesn't mean that Perelman wasn't right when he said what he said. I'm concerned more with the truth of what is said (or written) than I am concerned with who the messenger is.*
>
> *I'm not necessarily recommending the new formalism (though, if there's truth in advertising here, I did reform my own poetic under the tutelage of Frederick Turner), but rather that poets should learn to write poetry the way*

> *artists*
> *learn to do art.. Artists have to take drawing classes, where they learn how*
> *figurative drawing. They learn such things as point perspective, how to create*
> *well-drawn, recognizable objects, etc. They also learn proper painting techniques. Once they have demonstrated that they can do that, they are free to*
> *do more experimental work. To bring things closer to poetry, Don Barthelme once*
> *said that you have to first learn how to write perfectly grammatical sentences,*
> *and do so for a long time, before you can write bad sentences. Show that you*
> *know what you're doing, so that we know that the so-called bad sentence is*
> *actually a choice. The same is true of poetry. There's not a poet worth his*
> *salt who is incapable of writing a sonnet, even if he doesn't typically do so.*
> *You have to show that you understand poetry and can write poetry well in the*
> *traditional forms before anyone can (or should) really take you seriously when*
> *you go off to do something else more experimental. I too got hung up on doing*
> *experimental writing before I mastered the basics in my short fiction. Once I*
> *learned that I had to master the basics, I did -- and the experiments began to*
> *work.*
>
> *Of*
> *course, if you rewrite your poem in another form, you will have a new poem.*
> *That’s the point. A good writer revises his or her work, and we have to*
> *remember that revision is re-vision, to see again. Trying an idea, theme,*
> *motif, or plot out in different forms allows us to see the idea, theme, motif,*
> *or plot anew. It can force you to make choices that wouldn’t occur to you. Of*
> *course, there are just as many bad formalists out there as free verse poets,*
> *but it’s much easier to be a bad free verse poet.*
>
> *And*

*I'm not down on free verse poetry per se. I was a free verse poet for years
before I began working in form, typical of contemporary poets. I have free
verse poems published. But form opens up many possibilities I could not have
imagined writing in free verse. Let me give an example.. Here are two poems
with the same topic, but different forms, and therefore different meanings.
Look them over more and consider the way the differences in forms created
differences in meaning. Think about how important good writing is to meaning,
and consideration of the importance of form should be if you want to be a good
writer.*

Antichaos (Sapphic Verse)

*The beautiful chaos of river flowing
As time you step out of, into, the living
Unchanging emergence of antichaos
Breaking on mud banks --*

*Is this the world, bright in the light of sunshine
That brings a remarkable living chaos
And deadly order to the continental
Flow as an earthquake?*

*The winds are drying and are bringing moisture
To lands the sun parched, and the atmosphere is
Unchanged and changed, bringing a breeze, a gentle
Breath, and then lightning.*

*The white hurricane on the seas are ordered,
An ocean, atmosphere together, swirling
In chaotic flows on the seas and landing
Hard on the dry land.*

*And living things, rivers of earth and sea crawl
Across the land, swim in the seas a chaos
That swirls into timeful emergent rivers
Crawling on mud banks.*

Antichaos (Alcaics)

Flow river, chaos breaks on the banks, and you,
Time, living order, changing in change itself,
Break chaos up to order merging
Flows of the water with earthly order.

Bright sunshine killing, loving tenderness
Light brings to lands that flow on the liquid flow –
Hot magma moving lands now crashing –
Earthquakes are turning the land to chaos.

Dry winds are parching lands into deserts where
Cacti won't live. Moisture comes on the winds and there
Rains change the land from death to living
Breath and the lightning will light the dark sky.

White hurricane of sea and air are in
Time flows of swirling chaos and ordering
Matrices breaking land with winds which
Bring to the land and to us the ocean.

Life burst from rivers – earth and the sea are now
One river swirling time. The smooth chaos will
Bring order, life emergent, water
Solid with crystals that make them crawl forth.

Troy Camplin

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136. **steve d. dalachinsky**
Re: What is a failed poet?
Fri 6 Jun 2008

failure mirrors infinite windows

On Thu, 5 Jun 2008 12:24:18 -0400 "steve d. dalachinsky"
<[redacted]> writes:
> but " there's no success like failure and failure's no success at
> all"
> as b d put it
>
>

>
> On Wed, 4 Jun 2008 11:27:18 +1000 Alison Croggon
> <[redacted]>
> writes:
> > What's so wrong with failure? As the saying goes, success teaches
>
> > you
> > nothing.
> >
> > "Ever tried. Ever failed. No matter. Try Again. Fail again. Fail
> > better. "
> > Samuel Beckett.
> >
> > "Success, failure: both are secondary." Giacometti.
> >
> > Cheers
> >
> > Alison
> >
> > --
> > Editor, Masthead: http://www.masthead.net.au
> > Blog: http://theatrenotes.blogspot.com
> > Home page: http://www.alisoncroggon.com
> >
> >
>
>

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137. **Jim Andrews**

FW: {Digital Poetry} Electronic Literature Collection, Vol. 2 — Call for Work

Fri 6 Jun 2008

Thought I'd forward this to the Poetics list:

*****

Hi, Here's a big call: Please, pass this along!

Electronic Literature Collection, Vol. 2 — Call for Work

The Electronic Literature Organization seeks submissions for the Electronic Literature Collection, volume 2. We invite the submission of literary works that take advantage of the capabilities and contexts provided by the computer.

Works will be accepted from June 1 to September 30, 2008. Up to three works per author will be considered; previously published works will be considered.

The Electronic Literature Collection is a biannual publication of current and older electronic literature in a form suitable for individual, public library, and classroom use. Volume 1, presently available both online (http://collection.eliterature.org) and as a packaged, cross-platform CD-ROM, has been used in dozens of courses at universities in the United States and internationally, and has been widely reviewed in the United States and Europe. It is also available as a CD-ROM insert with N. Katherine Hayles' full-length study, Electronic Literature: New Horizons for the Literary (University of Notre Dame Press, 2008).

Volume 2, comprising approximately 50 works, will likewise be available online, and as a cross-platform DVD in a case appropriate for library processing, marking, and distribution. The contents of the Collection are offered under a Creative Commons license so that libraries and educational institutions will be allowed to duplicate and install works and individuals will be free to share the disc with others.

The editorial collective for the second volume of the Electronic Literature Collection, to be published in 2009, is Laura Borràs Castanyer, Talan Memmott, Rita Raley and Brian Kim Stefans. This collective will review the submitted work and select pieces for the Collection.

Literary quality will be the chief criterion for selection of works. Other aspects considered will include innovative use of electronic techniques, quality and navigability of interface, and adequate representation of the diverse forms of electronic literature in the collection as a whole. For volume 2, we are considering works of electronic literature in video.

Works submitted should function on both Macintosh OS X (10.5) and Windows Vista. Works should function without requiring users to purchase or install additional software. Submissions may require software that is typically pre-installed on contemporary computers, such as a web browser, and are allowed to use the current versions of the most common plugins.

To have a work considered, all the authors of the work must agree that if their work is published in the Collection, they will license it under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-NoDerivs 3.0 License, which will permit others to copy and freely redistribute the work, provided the work is attributed to its authors, that it is redistributed non-commercially, and that it is not used in the creation of derivative works. No other limitation is made regarding the author's use of any work submitted or accepted.

To submit a work, prepare a plain text file with the following information:

* The title of the work.
* The names and email addresses of all authors and contributors of the work.
* The URL where you are going to make your .zip file available for us to download. The editorial collective will not publish the address of this file.
* A short description of the work — less than 200 words in length.
* Any instructions required to operate the work.
* The date the work was first distributed or published, or "unpublished" if it has not yet been made available to the public.

Prepare a .zip archive including the work in its entirety. Include the text file at the top level of this archive, and name it "submisson.txt".

Upload the .zip file to a web server so that it is available at the specified location. Place all of the text in the "submisson.txt" file in the body of an email and send it to [redacted] with the name of the piece being submitted included in the subject line.

The Electronic Literature Collection is supported by institutional partners including: Brown University, Literary Arts Program; Center for Program in Contemporary Writing at the University of Pennsylvania; Duke University, Program in Literature; Hermeneia at the Open University of Catalonia; Maryland Institute for Technology in the Humanities; Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Program in Writing and Humanistic Studies; nt2; Pomona College, Media Studies Program; UCSB, Department of English; University of Bergen, Department of Literary, Linguistic, and Aesthetic Studies, Program in Digital Culture; University of Dundee, School of Humanities.

Institutional sponsorship opportunities are still available. If your organization or academic department is interested in more information, please contact helen DeVinney, Managing Director of the ELO, at [redacted].

Mark Marino,
ELO. Director of Communication
--
Writing Program
University of Southern California
http://WriterResponseTheory.org
http://CriticalCodeStudies.com

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138. **cris cheek**
Re: Bob Perelman's Joke
Fri 6 Jun 2008

really Jason??

one word . . . . "punk"

On Jun 5, 2008, at 6:11 PM, Jason Quackenbush wrote:

> *A person working in an artform should always learn about the artform's history, and that includes studying received forms. And a person working in an artform should always study the building blocks of that artform, in poetry's case, that means studying prosody, morphology, grammar, and semantics/semiotics.*
>
> *however, I don't think that one best learns prosody, morphology, grammar, and semantics/semiotics through writing poetry in received forms. In fact, there are a number of bad ideas about prosody built in to a number of received forms, the sonnet not being the least of offenders in this case, that i think are detrimental to a thorough understanding. Much better I think to study those things from the scientific linguists point of view and find their application in poetry through work of poets like Jackson Mac Low, Gertrude Stein, TS Eliot, Ted Berrigan, and Ezra Pound. At least, that's what I did, and I think I'm very good and don't sound like other poets of my generation at all. Nor do I think that Jessica Smith, for example, is at all similar to Joseph Massey, or for that matter that Mark Leidner is anything like either of them, and I don't think any of those three write anything like me, and none of us are anything like Anis Mojgani or Rachel McKibbens, or Elizabeth Switaj or Marty McConnell or Geoff Gatza. And that's just a list of poets more or less my age that I've had personal interactions with, all of whom are excellent poets. So who exactly are all these younger poets who all write alike?*
>
> *On Jun 4, 2008, at 7:51 PM, Troy Camplin wrote:*
>
> *There is no evidence between the covers that a new formalist is involved at all. It's always the same old boring junk, and rarely do you see any consciousness of form from any of the poets.*
>
> *Just*
> *because Perelman's own poetry mostly sounds alike (at least, these three from*
> *Primer all sound alike, anyway: http://epc.buffalo.edu/authors/perelman/primer.html)*
> *and just because the very young poets he is complaining about all*

> *sound like
> him, it doesn't mean that Perelman wasn't right when he said what he said. I'm
> concerned more with the truth of what is said (or written) than I am concerned
> with who the messenger is.*
>
> *I'm not
> necessarily recommending the new formalism (though, if there's truth in
> advertising here, I did reform my own poetic under the tutelage of Frederick
> Turner), but rather that poets should learn to write poetry the way artists
> learn to do art.. Artists have to take drawing classes, where they learn how
> figurative drawing. They learn such things as point perspective, how to create
> well-drawn, recognizable objects, etc. They also learn proper painting
> techniques. Once they have demonstrated that they can do that, they are free to
> do more experimental work. To bring things closer to poetry, Don Barthelme once
> said that you have to first learn how to write perfectly grammatical sentences,
> and do so for a long time, before you can write bad sentences. Show that you
> know what you're doing, so that we know that the so-called bad sentence is
> actually a choice. The same is true of poetry. There's not a poet worth his
> salt who is incapable of writing a sonnet, even if he doesn't typically do so.
> You have to show that you understand poetry and can write poetry well in the
> traditional forms before anyone can (or should) really take you seriously when
> you go off to do something else more experimental. I too got hung up on doing
> experimental writing before I mastered the basics in my short fiction. Once I
> learned that I had to master the basics, I did -- and the experiments began to
> work.*
>
> *Of
> course, if you rewrite your poem in another form, you will have a*

new poem.
That's the point. A good writer revises his or her work, and we have to
remember that revision is re-vision, to see again. Trying an idea, theme,
motif, or plot out in different forms allows us to see the idea, theme, motif,
or plot anew. It can force you to make choices that wouldn't occur to you. Of
course, there are just as many bad formalists out there as free verse poets,
but it's much easier to be a bad free verse poet.

And
I'm not down on free verse poetry per se. I was a free verse poet for years
before I began working in form, typical of contemporary poets. I have free
verse poems published. But form opens up many possibilities I could not have
imagined writing in free verse. Let me give an example.. Here are two poems
with the same topic, but different forms, and therefore different meanings.
Look them over more and consider the way the differences in forms created
differences in meaning. Think about how important good writing is to meaning,
and consideration of the importance of form should be if you want to be a good
writer.

Antichaos (Sapphic Verse)

The beautiful chaos of river flowing
As time you step out of, into, the living
Unchanging emergence of antichaos
Breaking on mud banks --

Is this the world, bright in the light of sunshine
That brings a remarkable living chaos
And deadly order to the continental
Flow as an earthquake?

The winds are drying and are bringing moisture
To lands the sun parched, and the atmosphere is
Unchanged and changed, bringing a breeze, a gentle
Breath, and then lightning.

The white hurricane on the seas are ordered,
An ocean, atmosphere together, swirling
In chaotic flows on the seas and landing
Hard on the dry land.

And living things, rivers of earth and sea crawl
Across the land, swim in the seas a chaos
That swirls into timeful emergent rivers
Crawling on mud banks.

Antichaos (Alcaics)

Flow river, chaos breaks on the banks, and you,
Time, living order, changing in change itself,
Break chaos up to order merging
Flows of the water with earthly order.

Bright sunshine killing, loving tenderness
Light brings to lands that flow on the liquid flow –
Hot magma moving lands now crashing –
Earthquakes are turning the land to chaos.

Dry winds are parching lands into deserts where
Cacti won't live. Moisture comes on the winds and there
Rains change the land from death to living
Breath and the lightning will light the dark sky.

White hurricane of sea and air are in
Time flows of swirling chaos and ordering
Matrices breaking land with winds which
Bring to the land and to us the ocean.

Life burst from rivers – earth and the sea are now
One river swirling time. The smooth chaos will
Bring order, life emergent, water
Solid with crystals that make them crawl forth.

Troy Camplin

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139. **steve russell**
Re: What is a failed poet?
Fri 6 Jun 2008

Fear/Trembling. It's a great question. Puts things in perspective. Also, how does one define a major poet? Or minor poet? An important minor poet as opposed to a major poet. C Bernstein, for example: he strikes me as an important minor poet. Why not major?

Isn't every poet to some degree a failure? & what about a gifted middle brow poet such a Billy Collins?Too many poets play it safe. I consider them failures. I bore quickly with poets who don't challenge their talent.

----- Original Message----
m: Murat Nemet-Nejat <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Wednesday, June 4, 2008 5:24:40 PM
Subject: Re: What is a failed poet?

In my essay, "Is Poetry a Job, Is a Poem a Product, I argue an anti-productive ethos, failure, is at the heart of the American poem.

Ciao,

Murat

On Wed, Jun 4, 2008 at 10:57 AM, Maria Damon <[redacted]> wrote:

> *failure is v interesting, whatever it is. in the 60s and 70s we wanted the "right to fail" in our educations. that was an instance of economic expansion, i.e. we could "afford to fail," or experiment.*
>
> *Alison Croggon wrote:*
>
> *What's so wrong with failure? As the saying goes, success teaches you nothing.*
>
> *"Ever tried. Ever failed. No matter. Try Again. Fail again. Fail better. " Samuel Beckett.*
>
> *"Success, failure: both are secondary." Giacometti.*
>
> *Cheers*
>
> *Alison*

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140. **R Levitsky**
Bernstein - Szymaszek at Center for Book Arts
Fri 6 Jun 2008

Today! June 6 at 6:30 (EARLY)

Stacy Szymaszek and Charles Bernstein AT THE CENTER FOR BOOK ARTS--28 West 27th Street, 3rd Floor Center Broadsides Reading Series, curated by Rachel Levitsky First forty entrants will receive one free letterpress printed broadside created by artists at the Center in honor of the poets' reading. Suggested dontation $10/ $5 CBA members ***FREE BROADSIDES of work by Charles Bernstein and Stacy Szymaszek!!!

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141. **CA Conrad**
Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"
Fri 6 Jun 2008

The fact is Bob Perelman is wrong.

When Jessica Smith asked me to help gather poets for an anthology she wanted to put together of younger poets it was one of those times where I got to SEE a list, a running list of names which brought poems and faces to mind, and it was TERRIFIC being able to hear/see/do that!

There really is NOT another time in history's past I would trade with this one, for poetry's sake.

But I keep getting e-mails from people watching the video because, as one person wrote the other day, "I had to see it for myself because I couldn't imagine Bob saying such a thing. But he sure did!"

It was a cranky Bob Perelman moment maybe, but wrong nontheless, VERY WRONG!

AND I BELIEVE WE WILL CONTINUE TO PROVE HIM WRONG!

CAConrad
http://PhillySound.blogspot.com

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142. **J.P. Craig**
Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"
Fri 6 Jun 2008

Marcus, There's no reason to have to put your money where your mouth is. There are plenty of free hosting services. Hop on over to blogger or another of them, and have at it. Or are you also guilty of "cant"? JP

On Jun 5, 2008, at 10:37 PM, Marcus Bales wrote:

> *On 5 Jun 2008 at 18:24, Ryan Daley wrote:*
> *No, it doesn't. And the Supreme Court has ruled on this:*
> *http://business.timesonline.co.uk/tol/business/law/article1579277 ...*
> *... As long as the genre/context is changed, it's really not*
> *plagiarism.*
>
> *But that's nothing like Ms Switaj's claim, which is way more*
> *straightforward than that.*
> *She says the ACT OF SELECTION is all that's needed, and no change*
> *in genre or*
> *context is necessary.*
>
> *This ruling is irrelevant to Ms Switaj's claim, which is a litcrit*
> *claim, not a legal one. The*
> *litcrit claim is obviously ludicrous on the face of it, since no*
> *one is really going to claim*
> *in the real world what Ms Switaj pretends to claim when she says*
>
> *"By selecting texts through acts of plagiarism, you fundamentally*
> *alter them."*
>
> *Ms Switaj's claim here is that the very act of selection is the*
> *means that alters the*
> *poems so fundamentally that Ms Switaj's poems would actually be*
> *someone else's if*
> *someone else put his or her name on them. Her position seems to be*
> *that there can*
> *be no such thing as plagiarism, because the very act of selection*
> *from among all other*
> *possible poems to copy is an act of creation as original as writing*
> *the poems in the first*
> *place. Ms Switaj leaves no room for legal quibbles: she says that*
> *the act of putting*
> *someone else's name on her poems would "fundamentally alter" them.*
> *So on litcrit*
> *grounds, and on moral grounds, Ms Switaj leaves herself no room to*
> *sue.*
>
> *I've always wished to test the "No shoes No shirt No service" sign*

> *by entering the*
> *premises clad in only shoes and a shirt, but I've never had the*
> *nerve or the bail money.*
> *Ms Switaj's declaration creates a similar desire, to simply take*
> *her poems, create*
> *"MarcusBalesPoems.com", and post them as "by Marcus Bales" -- but*
> *though I have*
> *the nerve in this case, I still don't have the money. So another*
> *postmodernist piece of*
> *cant will stagger on, ugly, useless, and dumb.*
>
> *Marcus*

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143. amy king

[POL] Urgent -- Think of Civil Rights [Same-sex marriage]

Fri 6 Jun 2008

Governor Patterson opened a phone line to determine how much support there is for his directive to recognize all legal same-sex marriages from other states and countries.

I just called and it’s really easy and it took under 5 seconds.

You call [redacted] and say you support the governor's directive.

The lady who answers the phone is really nice. She'll ask you for your zip code and wish you a good day.

Please take five seconds to voice your support!

[redacted] -- "I support the Governor's directive to support same-sex marriage!"

Amy

~~~

http://amyking.wordpress.com/2008/05/16/if-you-dont-support-gay-marriage-dont-get-one/

_____

Recent
http://www.tarpaulinsky.com/Reviews/kiss-me.html
http://cutbankpoetry.blogspot.com/2008/04/im-man-who-loves-you-by-amy-king.html

Alias
http://www.amyking.org

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~~~

144. **Steve Tills**
re "Joke" and "Failed Poets"
Fri 6 Jun 2008

Oh my god, this is so sad...

"Satisfied that they had completed in full their experiment, the
scientists,
after entering this last non-distance traveled as the final measurement
in
the log book--

wrote out their conclusion based on all the evidence they had gathered:

"Frogs with no legs can't hear"

This Froggie story, David, Great story! Reminds me of time my family and I were at my parents' friends' house in Fairport (then, to my mind, "the suburbs," versus "small town" that I was used to). Anyway, I was about 8-9-10-11-12, and fairly sensitive about certain things. I was playing with the children my own age there. We went across the street, and the kids across the street had a poor little toad, or frog, in the driveway. They took their bikes and started driving their bikes over the poor little toad. Of course, they "smushed" it and killed it and splattered it insides out, and it was brutal and painful.

Naturally, I felt so terrible for the poor little toad. The spectacle horrified me, and I hated those kids.

"Naturally?" What IS "natural" here? My budding compassion or their heinous cruelty? I suppose both, but the real ANSWER, then, is that it's either my values or theirs, and Fuck asking whether one is "natural" or not.

Blah blah blah... I hate the scientists of your story, too, as you do, of course, too. And the same with "some" EXPERIMENTAL poetries, and at moments briefly, their poet producers, including myself, at times - whose "experiments" aim at only one thing, the "success" that, as Nick Piombino's Otto Rank explains, is illusory, or, Unconsciously, a dead end.

And to what END? Loss of Hearing? And Then What, as that would be almost an end of Life and/or interest in Creating, anyhow, right? Blah blah blah, I'm starting to ramble (as usual, Ha!)

One other thing, though: One time my therapist/analyst observed (this was about 12-15 years ago) that my "Creativity" was in my Golfing. I.e., she saw my Golfing (and my obvious obsession with it) as the source or "playing" field of my "creativity." Hmmmm, this observation of hers has always made me lament that "I'll never get better," that no matter how hard I "work on my game," I'll

always keep Failing on the links and getting "disappointed." Which may be True... Shoot! Damn!

Oh, another thing - Michael Murphy, the founder of the Esalen Institute out at Big Sur, California, had one of the "characters" (I think Shivas Irons, the wise one) in his book _Golf in the Kingdom_ remark that we never "improve" or that we can never really "improve," and/or that that quest is misguided or nonproductive. The point (or at least one of the points) of that notion, I think, is that (1)we're already "perfect" just the way we are, or the notion of "perfecting" ourselves is silly; (2)it isn't "improvement" that our psyches really seek, or there is no such thing as "improvement," or what we Really, Really seek is optimal immersion in the moment, and Out Of Our Egos, and into what we ARE (or the greater Depths of WHAT WE ARE, CAN BE, ummm, d-o-i-n-g, er, is that BEING, Not doing; (3)we should "let go" of the notion that we need or require "improvement," or that focusing on that notion splits us up between Person imagining concept of Improvement and Person having demands to improve thrust upon himself/herself.

Ditto, "success" and "failure" as poet, or in Writing, etc. Isn't the act, or engagement in, Writing the REAL thing, the thing that one really wants? Okay, yeah, some other sorts of things, too, what would "success" OR "failure" be for this person and what would they be for that person? And to what degree does honest concern about one's (presumedly very personal) sense of "success" OR "failure" aid one in engaging one's own truest and most "rewarding" actualization of writing potential? Blah blah blah, I'm really all over the place now and starting to get bored with these ramblings...

Steve :-)

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145. **Martha Deed**

Re: [POL] Urgent -- Think of Civil Rights [Same-sex marriage]

Fri 6 Jun 2008

My experience also, Amy. Thanks for posting this.
Martha Deed

amy king wrote:
> Governor Patterson opened a phone line to determine how much support there is for his directive to recognize all legal same-sex marriages from other states and countries.
>
> I just called and it’s really easy and it took under 5 seconds.
>
> You call [redacted] and say you support the governor's directive.

>
> The lady who answers the phone is really nice. She'll ask you for your zip code and wish you a good day.
>
> Please take five seconds to voice your support!
>
> [redacted] -- "I support the Governor's directive to support same-sex marriage!"
>
> Amy
>
> ~~~
>
>
> http://amyking.wordpress.com/2008/05/16/if-you-dont-support-gay-marriage-dont-get-one/
>
>
>
>
>
> _____
>
> Recent
> http://www.tarpaulinsky.com/Reviews/kiss-me.html
> http://cutbankpoetry.blogspot.com/2008/04/im-man-who-loves-you-by-amy-king.html
>
> Alias
> http://www.amyking.org
>
>
>

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146. **Patrick Dillon**

Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"

Fri 6 Jun 2008

If you were to reframe Elizabeth Switaj's poems you would be putting your own spin on them. They would have a different significance and ask different questions. Your original question "Would her poems be mine?" implies this new

significance. I'm not familiar with Elizabeth Switaj's poems, but--either in a new light or to a new degree--you would be raising questions about what it means for a poem "to be yours." I think you (or one) should get credit for raising such questions.

We should maintain a distinction between plagiarism and appropriation. If you did have enough money to appropriate/plagiarize Switaj's work you would have to decide whether to leave the "by Elizabeth Switaj" line on the poems. Whether you left her name on the poems would determine the distinction between plagiarism and appropriation, and moreover it would be one of the many choices you would have to make while you did your work. Selection, as Switaj says is one of these choices, and is no different than the choices any artist goes through when creating a work of art.

No one here, yet, has claimed that this would be an interesting experiment. Similar projects have been done before... Charles Bernstein's Kenneth Goldsmith's Weather and Sherrie Levine's After Edward Weston. To me, it seems silly to maintain that appropriating or plagiarizing a work of art does not change it. If the new appropriation is interesting or enlightening the new artist should get credit.

In your case of appropriating Elizabeth Switaj, I think the motivation behind the selection is pretty clear. But say you were to appropriate her work of art to prove that appropriation does not indeed make her work yours. Would this example of appropriation that disproves appropriation not have a new significance? Would it not seem to be contradicting itself?

On Thu, 5 Jun 2008 22:37:49 -0400, "Marcus Bales"
<[redacted]> said:
> On 5 Jun 2008 at 18:24, Ryan Daley wrote:
> > No, it doesn't. And the Supreme Court has ruled on this:
> > http://business.timesonline.co.uk/tol/business/law/article1579277 ...
> > ... As long as the genre/context is changed, it's really not plagiarism.
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> But that's nothing like Ms Switaj's claim, which is way more
> straightforward than that.
> She says the ACT OF SELECTION is all that's needed, and no change in
> genre or
> context is necessary.
>
> This ruling is irrelevant to Ms Switaj's claim, which is a litcrit claim,
> not a legal one. The
> litcrit claim is obviously ludicrous on the face of it, since no one is
> really going to claim

> in the real world what Ms Switaj pretends to claim when she says
>
> "By selecting texts through acts of plagiarism, you fundamentally alter
> them."
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> Ms Switaj's claim here is that the very act of selection is the means
> that alters the
> poems so fundamentally that Ms Switaj's poems would actually be someone
> else's if
> someone else put his or her name on them. Her position seems to be that
> there can
> be no such thing as plagiarism, because the very act of selection from
> among all other
> possible poems to copy is an act of creation as original as writing the
> poems in the first
> place. Ms Switaj leaves no room for legal quibbles: she says that the act
> of putting
> someone else's name on her poems would "fundamentally alter" them. So on
> litcrit
> grounds, and on moral grounds, Ms Switaj leaves herself no room to sue.
>
> I've always wished to test the "No shoes No shirt No service" sign by
> entering the
> premises clad in only shoes and a shirt, but I've never had the nerve or
> the bail money.
> Ms Switaj's declaration creates a similar desire, to simply take her
> poems, create
> "MarcusBalesPoems.com", and post them as "by Marcus Bales" -- but though
> I have
> the nerve in this case, I still don't have the money. So another
> postmodernist piece of
> cant will stagger on, ugly, useless, and dumb.
>
> Marcus
--
Patrick Dillon
[redacted]

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147. **Elizabeth Switaj**
Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"
Fri 6 Jun 2008

Of course, my "claim" was only in response to one particular poet's use of plagiarism and selection, but it's convenient to ignore that so that you can argue against a broader case, isn't it Marcus? Honestly, I wouldn't bother arguing with you, since I know from experience that your only interest is in believing yourself to be the victor against the evils of postmodernism or whatever your chosen target might be, but I don't appreciate having words put in my mouth.

As for where the line is between merely renaming the author and a selection that fundamentally alters, which I suspect you will demand next (forgive me if I am incorrect: unlike some, I do not intend to argue against strawmen), I'm afraid that I can't tell you precisely. It is, by its very nature, an issue where the line will be fuzzy and subjective, though I do tend to give the benefit of the doubt to the artist. Giving such doubt is, to my mind, useful and beautiful. If it is mute, I do not mind, since quiet has its place (and I am not fond of ableist language).

Elizabeth Kate Switaj
elizabethkateswitaj.net

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148. **Christophe Casamassima**
Re: Bob Perelman's Joke
Fri 6 Jun 2008

I never learned nothing regarding this poetry stuff. I just put my pen to the sheet of paper and let the voices do the talking.

> *----- Original Message -----*
> *From: "Troy Camplin" <[redacted]>*
> *To: [redacted]*
> *Subject: Re: Bob Perelman's Joke*
> *Date: Thu, 5 Jun 2008 21:18:34 -0700*
>
> *I think you're half right. You should do all those things. But I also think that you could not possibly understand the sonnet form, no matter how much you studied it, unless you learned how to write at least a passable sonnet.. The same with various other forms. The same with rhythm, rhyme, and patterns. If I could recommend the perfect set of studies for a poet, I would recommend studying the artform's history, learning how to write in each of the forms,*

prosody, morphology, grammar, semantics/semiotics, rhetoric, music, etymology, linguistics, cognitive science, poetics, and theory.

----- Original Message ----
From: Jason Quackenbush <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Thursday, June 5, 2008 5:11:57 PM
Subject: Re: Bob Perelman's Joke

A person working in an artform should always learn about the artform's history, and that includes studying received forms. And a person working in an artform should always study the building blocks of that artform, in poetry's case, that means studying prosody, morphology, grammar, and semantics/semiotics.

however, I don't think that one best learns prosody, morphology, grammar, and semantics/semiotics through writing poetry in received forms. In fact, there are a number of bad ideas about prosody built in to a number of received forms, the sonnet not being the least of offenders in this case, that i think are detrimental to a thorough understanding. Much better I think to study those things from the scientific linguists point of view and find their application in poetry through work of poets like Jackson Mac Low, Gertrude Stein, TS Eliot, Ted Berrigan, and Ezra Pound. At least, that's what I did, and I think I'm very good and don't sound like other poets of my generation at all. Nor do I think that Jessica Smith, for example, is at all similar to Joseph Massey, or for that matter that Mark Leidner is anything like either of them, and I don't think any of those three write anything like me, and none of us are anything like Anis Mojgani or Rachel McKibbens, or Elizabeth Switaj or Marty McConnell or Geoff Gatza. And that's just a list of poets more or less my age that I've had personal interactions with, all of whom are excellent poets. So who exactly are all these younger poets who all write alike?

On Jun 4, 2008, at 7:51 PM, Troy Camplin wrote:

There is no evidence between the covers that a new formalist is involved at all. It's always the same old boring junk, and rarely do you see any consciousness of form from any of the poets.

Just because Perelman's own poetry mostly sounds alike (at least, these three from Primer all sound alike, anyway: http://epc.buffalo.edu/authors/perelman/primer.html)

and just because the very young poets he is complaining about all sound like him, it doesn't mean that Perelman wasn't right when he said what he said. I'm concerned more with the truth of what is said (or written) than I am concerned with who the messenger is.

I'm not necessarily recommending the new formalism (though, if there's truth in advertising here, I did reform my own poetic under the tutelage of Frederick Turner), but rather that poets should learn to write poetry the way artists learn to do art.. Artists have to take drawing classes, where they learn how figurative drawing. They learn such things as point perspective, how to create well-drawn, recognizable objects, etc. They also learn proper painting techniques. Once they have demonstrated that they can do that, they are free to do more experimental work. To bring things closer to poetry, Don Barthelme once said that you have to first learn how to write perfectly grammatical sentences, and do so for a long time, before you can write bad sentences. Show that you know what you're doing, so that we know that the so-called bad sentence is actually a choice. The same is true of poetry. There's not a poet worth his salt who is incapable of writing a sonnet, even if he doesn't typically do so.

You have to show that you understand poetry and can write poetry well in the traditional forms before anyone can (or should) really take you seriously when you go off to do something else more experimental. I too got hung up on doing experimental writing before I mastered the basics in my short fiction. Once I learned that I had to master the basics, I did -- and the experiments began to work.

Of course, if you rewrite your poem in another form, you will have a new poem. That's the point. A good writer revises his or her work, and we have to remember that revision is re-vision, to see again. Trying an idea, theme, motif, or plot out in different forms allows us to see the idea, theme, motif, or plot anew. It can force you to make choices that wouldn't occur to you. Of course, there are just as many bad formalists out there as free verse poets, but it's much easier to be a bad free verse poet.

And
I'm not down on free verse poetry per se. I was a free verse poet for years before I began working in form, typical of contemporary poets. I have free verse poems published. But form opens up many possibilities I could not have imagined writing in free verse. Let me give an example.. Here are two poems with the same topic, but different forms, and therefore different meanings. Look them over more and consider the way the differences in forms created differences in meaning. Think about how important good writing is to meaning,
and consideration of the importance of form should be if you want to be a good
writer.

Antichaos (Sapphic Verse)

The beautiful chaos of river flowing
As time you step out of, into, the living
Unchanging emergence of antichaos
Breaking on mud banks --

Is this the world, bright in the light of sunshine
That brings a remarkable living chaos
And deadly order to the continental
Flow as an earthquake?

The winds are drying and are bringing moisture
To lands the sun parched, and the atmosphere is
Unchanged and changed, bringing a breeze, a gentle
Breath, and then lightning.

The white hurricane on the seas are ordered,
An ocean, atmosphere together, swirling
In chaotic flows on the seas and landing
Hard on the dry land.

And living things, rivers of earth and sea crawl
Across the land, swim in the seas a chaos
That swirls into timeful emergent rivers
Crawling on mud banks.

Antichaos (Alcaics)

Flow river, chaos breaks on the banks, and you,
Time, living order, changing in change itself,
Break chaos up to order merging
Flows of the water with earthly order.

Bright sunshine killing, loving tenderness
Light brings to lands that flow on the liquid flow –
Hot magma moving lands now crashing –
Earthquakes are turning the land to chaos.

Dry winds are parching lands into deserts where
Cacti won't live. Moisture comes on the winds and there
Rains change the land from death to living
Breath and the lightning will light the dark sky.

White hurricane of sea and air are in
Time flows of swirling chaos and ordering
Matrices breaking land with winds which
Bring to the land and to us the ocean.

Life burst from rivers – earth and the sea are now
One river swirling time. The smooth chaos will
Bring order, life emergent, water
Solid with crystals that make them crawl forth.

Troy Camplin

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Pharmacy Tech Training
Become a Certified Pharmacy Tech! Day & Evening Classes. Accredited.
http://a8-asy.a8ww.net/a8-ads/adftrclick?
redirectid=8f46499e601201aa6a1bd80901887fa1

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149. Rob McLennan
subverting the lyric: essays by rob mclennan
Fri 6 Jun 2008

subverting the lyric: essays
rob mclennan
Toronto: ECW Press, 2008

My book of literary essays is finally out. Here's information from the publisher's catalogue:

One of the most prolific and engaged book reviewers in Canada over the past fifteen years, Ottawa writer rob mclennan has slowly been moving into longer forms, producing essays on the works of such diverse Canadian writers as George Bowering, Jon Paul Fiorentino, jwcurry, Margaret Christakos, and Barry McKinnon.

subverting the lyric: essays works through mclennans years of writing, thinking, and blogging through literature, as reader, writer, performer, editor, critic, reviewer, and just plain fan of the art. In these fifteen pieces, mclennan writes about travel, Canadian poets in general and some very specifically as well as his own investigations of the writers craft. Together, they remap our literary and linguistic landscape, the contours, rifts, subductions, tectonic plates of the medium in which we exist, inscribing a poetics of geography, process, and culture that is at once strikingly new and refreshingly communal. The breadth of mclennans take on Canadian poetry, alone, is remarkable: his ability to reconcile the concerns, successes, and failures of both the mainstream and the fringe of our literature urges and begins a critical overhaul thats been long overdue.

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1. Dubliners: Irish Utaniki
2. Not Exactly Two Cents' Worth: jwcurry's 1cent
3. What's Love Got to Do with It? Margaret Christakos' wipe.under.a.love and Excessive Love Prostheses
4. Train Journal: Vancouver Toronto
5. A Life Built Up in Poems: Intersections with Some of George Bowering's Lines
6. Yes, I Have Published a Lot of Stuff: A Dozen Reasons Why I Will Not Apologize: A Schizophrenic Text for a Talk I Will Probably Not Follow
7. Tads: An Appreciation
8. Sex at Thirty-One, Thirty-Eight, Forty-Five, Fifty-Two, et cetera
9. A Displacement in Reading: Meredith Quartermain's The Eye-Shift of Surface and Other Writing
10. Jon Paul Fiorentino's Transcona, Winnipeg, and the Poetics of Failure
11. The Trouble with Normal: Breathing Fire 2, Pissing Ice, and the State of Canadian Poetry
12. One Selected, Two Selected: Changing on the Fly: The Best Lyric Poems of George Bowering
13. Some Notes on Narrative and the Long Poem: A Sequence of Sequences
14. Barry McKinnon's North: Opening Up The Centre

15. Notes on a day book
16. no more capital capitals: notes on The Ottawa City Project

various of these pieces (much earlier drafts, in some cases) have appeared in Poetics.ca, Open Letter, Jacket magazine, RAMPIKE, The Globe & Mail, and on this blog, over the years.

ECW Press link;
http://www.ecwpress.com/books/subverting_lyric

American link;
http://www.amazon.com/subverting-lyric-essays-Rob-McLennan/dp/1550228013

you'll just have to come by the ottawa small press book fair & get one, June 21st;
http://smallpressbookfair.blogspot.com/2008/04/ottawa-small-press-book-fair-spring.html

-- poet/editor/publisher ...STANZAS mag, above/ground press & Chaudiere Books (www.chaudierebooks.com) ...coord.,SPAN-O + ottawa small press fair ...13th poetry coll'n - The Ottawa City Project .... 2007-8 writer in residence, U of Alberta * http://robmclennan.blogspot.com/

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150. Troy Camplin

Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"

Fri 6 Jun 2008

Give me a list of contemporary poets to read that you don't think all sounds the same.

I wouldn't trade this time in history for any other, ether -- primarily because we have gone through Modernism and Postmodernism, having been informed and educated by them, are beginning to reject their worst elements, combining their best with the past, and beginning to move into far better poetry. At least, the best poets are doing that.

Troy

----- Original Message ----
From: CA Conrad <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Friday, June 6, 2008 9:21:45 AM
Subject: Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"

The fact is Bob Perelman is wrong.

When Jessica Smith asked me to help gather poets for an anthology she wanted to put together of younger poets it was one of those times where I got to SEE a list, a running list of names which brought poems and faces to mind, and it was TERRIFIC being able to hear/see/do that!

There really is NOT another time in history's past I would trade with this one, for poetry's sake.

But I keep getting e-mails from people watching the video because, as one person wrote the other day, "I had to see it for myself because I couldn't imagine Bob saying such a thing. But he sure did!"

It was a cranky Bob Perelman moment maybe, but wrong nontheless, VERY WRONG!

AND I BELIEVE WE WILL CONTINUE TO PROVE HIM WRONG!

CAConrad
http://PhillySound.blogspot.com

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151. **amy king**

Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE" - Appropriation, duh

Fri 6 Jun 2008

Patrick Dillon Wrote

If you were to reframe Elizabeth Switaj

you would be putting

your own spin on and ask

different questions.

“Would her poems be mine?"

I'm not familiar with poems,

but-- you would be raising questions

for raising such questions.

We should maintain a distinction

If you did have enough money

you would have left her name

you would have choices, and choices

any artist goes through when creating

Kenneth Goldsmith and Sherrie Levine

and Edward Weston. To me, it seems silly

or enlightening

In your case

her work of art does not indeed

make her work yours.

Would this example not have significance?

Would it not seem to be?

Amy King

Patrick Dillon <[redacted]> wrote: If you were to reframe Elizabeth Switaj's poems you would be putting your own spin on them. They would have a different significance and ask different questions. Your original question "Would her poems be mine?" implies this new significance. I'm not familiar with Elizabeth Switaj's poems, but--either in a new light or to a new degree--you would be raising questions about what it means for a poem "to be yours." I think you (or one) should get credit for raising such questions.

We should maintain a distinction between plagiarism and appropriation. If you did have enough money to appropriate/plagiarize Switaj's work you would have to decide whether to leave the "by Elizabeth Switaj" line on the poems. Whether you left her name on the poems would determine the distinction between plagiarism and appropriation, and moreover it would be one of the many choices you would have to make while you did your work. Selection, as Switaj says is one of these choices, and is no different than the choices any artist goes through when creating a work of art.

No one here, yet, has claimed that this would be an interesting experiment. Similar projects have been done before... Charles Bernstein's Kenneth Goldsmith's Weather and Sherrie Levine's After Edward Weston. To me, it seems silly to maintain that appropriating or plagiarizing a work of art does not change it. If the new appropriation is interesting or enlightening the new artist should get credit.

In your case of appropriating Elizabeth Switaj, I think the motivation behind the selection is pretty clear. But say you were to appropriate her work of art to prove that appropriation does not indeed make her work yours. Would this example of appropriation that disproves appropriation not have a new significance? Would it not seem to be contradicting itself?

On Thu, 5 Jun 2008 22:37:49 -0400, "Marcus Bales"
said:
> On 5 Jun 2008 at 18:24, Ryan Daley wrote:

> > No, it doesn't. And the Supreme Court has ruled on this:
> > http://business.timesonline.co.uk/tol/business/law/article1579277 ...
> > ... As long as the genre/context is changed, it's really not plagiarism.
>
> But that's nothing like Ms Switaj's claim, which is way more
> straightforward than that.
> She says the ACT OF SELECTION is all that's needed, and no change in
> genre or
> context is necessary.
>
> This ruling is irrelevant to Ms Switaj's claim, which is a litcrit claim,
> not a legal one. The
> litcrit claim is obviously ludicrous on the face of it, since no one is
> really going to claim
> in the real world what Ms Switaj pretends to claim when she says
>
> "By selecting texts through acts of plagiarism, you fundamentally alter
> them."
>
> Ms Switaj's claim here is that the very act of selection is the means
> that alters the
> poems so fundamentally that Ms Switaj's poems would actually be someone
> else's if
> someone else put his or her name on them. Her position seems to be that
> there can
> be no such thing as plagiarism, because the very act of selection from
> among all other
> possible poems to copy is an act of creation as original as writing the
> poems in the first
> place. Ms Switaj leaves no room for legal quibbles: she says that the act
> of putting
> someone else's name on her poems would "fundamentally alter" them. So on
> litcrit
> grounds, and on moral grounds, Ms Switaj leaves herself no room to sue.
>
> I've always wished to test the "No shoes No shirt No service" sign by
> entering the
> premises clad in only shoes and a shirt, but I've never had the nerve or
> the bail money.
> Ms Switaj's declaration creates a similar desire, to simply take her
> poems, create
> "MarcusBalesPoems.com", and post them as "by Marcus Bales" -- but though

> I have
> the nerve in this case, I still don't have the money. So another
> postmodernist piece of
> cant will stagger on, ugly, useless, and dumb.
>
> Marcus
--
Patrick Dillon
[redacted]

_____

Recent
http://www.tarpaulinsky.com/Reviews/kiss-me.html
http://cutbankpoetry.blogspot.com/2008/04/im-man-who-loves-you-by-amy-king.html

Alias
http://www.amyking.org

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152. **Elizabeth Switaj**
Re: Bob Perelman's Joke
Fri 6 Jun 2008

Your voices are more cooperative than my voices, but why aren't you putting the voices' names on the paper instead? Don't you know that they might sue? (Or are they filthy postmodernists?)

On Fri, Jun 6, 2008 at 11:33 PM, Christophe Casamassima <[redacted]> wrote:

> *I never learned nothing regarding this poetry stuff. I just put my pen to the sheet of paper and let the voices do the talking.*

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153. **amy king**
Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE" - for Marcus and his Postmodernist itchings
Fri 6 Jun 2008

Using only the delete key and Elizabeth's text:

APPROPRIATION AGAIN or

HOW TO MARCUS AROUND

Of course, it's convenient to ignore

so that you can Marcus.

I wouldn't be the victor against

postmodernism or words

put in my mouth.

Renaming the author you will demand

(unlike some, I do not strawman),

I'm afraid that I can't tell you

its very nature, fuzzy, though I do

give to useful and beautiful.

If it is mute, I do not mind,

since quiet has its language.

Amy King

Elizabeth Switaj <[redacted]> wrote: Of course, my "claim" was only in response to one particular poet's use of plagiarism and selection, but it's convenient to ignore that so that you can argue against a broader case, isn't it Marcus? Honestly, I wouldn't bother arguing with you, since I know from experience that your only interest is in believing yourself to be the victor against the evils of postmodernism or whatever your chosen target might be, but I don't appreciate having words put in my mouth.

As for where the line is between merely renaming the author and a selection that fundamentally alters, which I suspect you will demand next (forgive me if I am incorrect: unlike some, I do not intend to argue against strawmen), I'm afraid that I can't tell you precisely. It is, by its very nature, an issue where the line will be fuzzy and subjective, though I do tend to give the benefit of the doubt to the artist. Giving such doubt is, to my mind, useful and beautiful. If it is mute, I do not mind, since quiet has its place (and I am not fond of ableist language).

Elizabeth Kate Switaj
elizabethkateswitaj.net

_____

Recent
http://www.tarpaulinsky.com/Reviews/kiss-me.html

http://cutbankpoetry.blogspot.com/2008/04/im-man-who-loves-you-by-amy-king.html

Alias
http://www.amyking.org

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154. David Chirot

Fluxus Scores & Instructions: The Transformative Years at Roskildepp-//-re:--Fluxus & Conceptualism/Conceptual Poetry--

Fri 6 Jun 2008

(from Umbrellasheetnews, thanks to Reed Altemus for fwding it)

A very exciting and interesting exhibition announcement:

Museum of Contemporary Art,Roskilde
<http://www.samtidskunst.dk/>
Dick Higgins, Danger Music Number Seventeen, May 1962, performed by the artist. Photographer unidentified. The Gilbert and Lila Silverman Fluxus

Collection, Detroit.

Fluxus Scores and Instructions
The Transformative Years
"Make a salad."
June 7 to September 21, 2008

Works from the Gilbert and Lila Silverman
Fluxus Collection, Detroit

Museum of Contemporary Art, Roskilde
Stændertorvet 3D
DK - 4000 Roskilde
Denmark
[redacted] <info%40samtidskunst.dk>
<mailto:[redacted]<info%40samtidskunst.dk>
>

http://www.samtidskunst.dk <http://www.samtidskunst.dk/>

for further information on the works and artists whose works are presented, see the ennouncement following my comments-

(which of course one is free to "surf past"--!)

In 1962, George Maciunas declared Fluxus: "anti art, concept art, automatism, Bruitism, brutalism, Dada/ism, concretism, Lettrism, nihilism, indeterminacy—

Theatre, happenings, prose, poetry, philosophy, plastic arts, music, cinema, dance." *

Many ideas and works here re Fluxus' Conceptual works, scores, performances-- as noted below, Fluxus --and soon after Mail Art via the influence of Maciunas and Latin American Visual Poets/Mail Artists like Clemente Padin and Edgardo Antonio Vigo--are 45 years ago involved with Conceptual Poetry--

Unlike the "concepts of the conceptual" recently presented at the Symposium on "Conceptual Poetry and its Others," the Fluxus, and Latin American and Russian (Prigov for example) "concepts" are directed towards Performance, action in time and space-- making of the scores and their performances a "mis-en-scene" of Baudelaire's definition of Modernism as the conjunction of the Eternal and the Ephemeral--which leads to what Maciunus calls Mail Art: The Eternal Network--made of Ephemera and Ephemeral actions-- inspired by Ray Johnson's response to the New York School as the New York Correspondence School-- Art that is in circulation via postal addresses rather than gallery and other Official art systems--

Many of the Conceptual Poetries which are being promoted at present in the US seem to be oriented not towards performance and the ephemeral/eternal conjunctions---but towards the production of "art/poetry objects"--

many aspects of Fluxus and Mail Art and the Conceptual Poetries related with them--are based on an exchange of communications not confined to words--and deliberately performed, "mailed" and exhibited without any exchange of Capital--no money involved--

the ephemeral and the "anti-art" anti- capitalist aspects of its circulations in an Eternal Network and/or via "actions, Happenings"--among the principles of these Conceptual Poetries -emphasizes the presence and performance of Time in the works--

this is Time, as Robert Smithson writes of the "time of the artist"--that refuses to have a value put on it as an "art/poetry object" does--

the production of "art/poetry objects" which can have a value assigned to them--is still involved with, perpetuates, the imprisonment of the time of the artist inside the object--

the object is "of value" rather than the Time of the artist--

the production by a Conceptual Poetry of objects, texts, data to be filed, sorted, copied as "masses of words"-- with claims to impersonality, boredom, "unoriginality,"--takes on the character of an aesthetization of the labor of others who are employed, as on an assembly line or as a "temp clerk" or "low

skilled office worker"-- in the production of the texts-objects of "Conceptual Poetry" which are of a "unique value" in the sense of being part of a "New Line" of Poetry items--

the "production time " of the artist is shifted to others--impersonal, unoriginal, bored-- allowing the artist/poet to function instead as a PR spokesperson and Consultant to Corporations in the creation of the work space as a "productive" Conceptual Poetry aestheticization of labor--

workers, now no longer workers, but tinged with the glory of being themselves aware of themselves as aestheticized components in, participants in, their unoriginal, boring, impersonal contributions to Conceptual Poetry--

are turned into spectators of the spectacle of their own impersonal, boring unoriginality, the producers of copies--of data masses for the filing clerks, the box packers, the shipping departments--

a scene not unlike those near the ending of the original film of Invasion of the Body Snatchers-- with the now impersonal, unoriginal former humans in their new replicated bodies functioning as drones for the loading and shipping of the pods which are the coffins of the Person and the womb to the Impersonal body-double which replaces, is substituted for, the now "unneeded, unwanted" Person--

the new Conceptual Poetry workers will become happier, more productive--less troublesome "members of the team"--and as everyone knows--"there is no 'I' in 'Team' "--

just as--

"There is nothing that bean bag chairs cannot do." this aestheticization of the corporate work place is put to use by Jenny Holzer, who provides gigantic Holzer-designed bean bag chairs for the the spectators inside the immense gallery-hall of the "Projections" exhibition at Mass-Moma--

after all:

"Bean bag chairs are becoming more and more widespread in the world of business as research companies have declared them conducive to a more productive environment than regular chairs." another perhaps not at all unrelated form of the New Extreme Experimental American Poetry also makes use of the Conceptual Art/Poetry approach in the "pacification" of "unruly workers" who can begin to find themselves at once "more productive" and "more creative" and "happy" via "following the rules and instructions" of Conceptual Poetry and Art--

although these unoriginal bored and impersonal workers have yet to be provided with bean bag chairs-- nor the presence, heartwarming and inspiring, of the Conceptual Poet as advocate and exhorter--

although perhaps "Colonel Vargas" may be seen as a form of Conceptual Poet in creating the new Conceptual Poetry and Arts environments for "those who do the Time" work of the artist in this New Extreme Experimental Conceptual Poetry:

*Guantanamo Detainees Offered Classes and Movies

The Associated Press, interview with Army Col. Bruce Vargo *

Vargo, who commands the military's Joint Detention Group at Guantanamo, says it is important to give the detainees more to look forward to each day.

Some of the best-behaved detainees now get TV night, with DVDs of movies and TV shows shown on a high-definition Sony TV. A classroom in Camp 4, designated for the most compliant detainees,

has metal desks and plastic chairs, (not yet the vaunted Holzer bean bag chairs--)

although detainees remain shackled by the leg to the floor in class.

Language courses have begun in English, Arabic and Pashto, Vargo said in the interview last week. He intends to soon offer classes on subjects as diverse as oceanography.

"If we can get them to focus on humanities programs, if we can get them to focus on recreation, then their sole focus is not going to be on the guard force," Vargo said. "It is my thought that if they are focused on those things, then the level of assaults and things of that nature will go down." Conceptual Poetry and Art as a pacifier of labor unrest in the creation of new environments, new ways of training the workers to see themselves as simultaneously spectators and the "subjects producing the spectacle"--

(their own body doubles--watching themselves watching each other--"from the outside" as it were?--a reproduction of doubleness by reflections in each other's eyes--proliferations as the copying of oneself as a copy which copies its copy of the copy which was copied ----)

To convince subjects that their boring, impersonal, unoriginal Time spent in the production of other's "objects of value" and "security" and Conceptual Poetry texts, Conceptual Art "receptions"--
is in fact "a service"--
which is not entirely "unhappy"--

to make easier and more palatable--bean bag comfortable--the doing of Time--

Is this not a situation in which the Conceptual Author is indeed the one
with the Authority to be The Authority----is indeed The Authority -
the Foreman the Director, the Boss--El Jefe, El Patron, El General--so to
speak --of a cell block, a gallery space, a corporate work space--a factory
floor--a class room--
in which the inmates, workers, students, junior executives, lower rank
soldiers and guards, the "subjugated spectators" of "Projections"----
by being "sold on" their Conceptual Poetry and Art roles as unoriginal,
impersonal, boring "Lifers"--
are completely pacified--
and then
"allowed to be the producers of their own meanings"--
which now being "boring, unoriginal, impersonal"--
are the meanings which belong to the Authorities--
and are controlled by them,
despite the mocking "generosity" of "allowing them the production of their
own meanings"
all the impersonal boring unoriginal ones are doing is copying--
the works of the Author, the Artist--

who in fact they might even be the proliferating body doubles of--

Now it is not the Poet or Artist who is imprisoned in the Poem or Art
Object--
no--
it is the masses of boring impersonal unoriginal drones
producing/reproducing the works of the Poet and the Artist--
worker-prisoners--
"occupied" by the directives of the consultants and promoters who create
Poetry and Art for the pleasure of the Corporate -State Sponsors--
by aesthetizing the de-humanized boring unoriginal impersonal Time and
bodies they control and in effect own--
as "works of Conceptual Poetry, of Conceptual Art"--

"There is nothing that bean bag chairs cannot do."

Museum of Contemporary Art,Roskilde <http://www.samtidskunst.dk/> Dick
Higgins, Danger Music Number Seventeen, May 1962, performed by theartist.
Photographer unidentified. The Gilbert and Lila Silverman Fluxus

Collection, Detroit.

Fluxus Scores and Instructions
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<mailto:[redacted]<info%40samtidskunst.dk>
>

http://www.samtidskunst.dk <http://www.samtidskunst.dk/>

In 1962, George Maciunas declared Fluxus: "anti art, concept art, automatism, Bruitism, brutalism, Dada/ism, concretism, Lettrism, nihilism, indeterminacy—Theatre, happenings, prose, poetry, philosophy, plastic arts, music, cinema, dance." *

Fluxus Scores and Instructions, The Transformative Years: "Make a salad." looks at the armature of the movement to think about the function of scores - what they are, how they work, what they lead to…. Some are scores in the traditional musical sense, some are instructions for events or performance, some describe set-ups for situations or installations, and some are the work itself - that is, the concept.

We invite visitors to come into contact with material that has all too long been unknown to the public, hidden away like the secret recipes of chefs or grandmothers. Fluxus is often described in a two-dimensional way, as a movement of repetitive gestural performance - leaving the extraordinary range and conceptual framework of Fluxus, for the most part, unacknowledged.

"Make a salad." brings viewers close to the actual scores, to read and interpret them for themselves, to take ideas away from the museum and try them out on their own, in the privacy of their homes or in public places. Most of the scores and instructions are complete original manuscripts or the earliest printed versions of the works. There are also performances of scores recorded in photographs and realizations presented in other forms, alongside scratchy audio from the 1960s and blurry films of early Fluxus performances. The exhibition will also include germinal pre-Fluxus scores by George Brecht, John Cage, Marcel Duchamp, Yves Klein, Walter de Maria, Yoko Ono, Karlheinz Stockhausen, and La Monte Young.

The exhibition will include work by: Bengt af Klintberg, Eric Andersen, Arman, Ay-O, Joseph Beuys, Michael von Biel, George Brecht, Sylvano Bussotti, John Cage Giuseppe Chiari, Henning Christiansen, Philip Corner, Robin Crozier, Walter de Maria, Willem de Ridder, Marcel Duchamp, Nye Ffarrabas, Robert

Filliou, Albert M. Fine, Fluxus Collective, Hi Red Center, Geoff Hendricks, Dick Higgins, Toshi Ichiyanagi, Terry Jennings, Yves Klein, Milan Knizak, Alison Knowles, Addi Køpcke, Takehisa Kosugi, Shigeko Kubota, György Ligeti, Jackson Mac Low, George Maciunas, Yoriaki Matsudaira, Pierre Mercure, Heinz-Klaus Metzger, Yoko Ono, Robin Page, Nam June Paik, Benjamin Patterson, James Riddle, Terry Riley, Tomas Schmit, Dieter Schnebel, Paul Sharits, Mieko Shiomi, Daniel Spoerri, Karlheinz Stockhausen, James Tenney, Yasunao Tone, Ben Vautier, Wolf Vostell, Robert Watts, Emmett Williams, La Monte Young, George Yuasa and Marian Zazeela.

The exhibition catalogue includes new, original texts by Eric Andersen, Anna Dezeuze, Letty Eisenhauer, Yoko Ono, and Susanne Rennert, as well essays by Marianne Bech and Jon Hendricks. La Monte Young has written a separate text, to be published in conjunction with the exhibition.

The exhibition is curated by Jon Hendricks, with Marianne Bech and Media Farzin.

"Make a salad." is the score for Alison Knowles'
Proposition, first performed during the Festival of Misfits, ICA London, October 24, 1962.

* George Maciunas, "Fluxus Brochure Prospectus," was distributed during the first Fluxus concert, June 9, 1962, "Kleinen Sommerfest/`Après John Cage'," in Wuppertal, West Germany.

Fluxus Scores and Instructions, The Transformative Years: "Make a salad." is supported by Danish Arts Council Committee for International Visual Art, the Oticon Foundation, the Augustinus Foundation, The City of Roskilde and Manden med Cameraet.

For further information about the exhibition, please contact Trine Friis Sørensen, curatorial assistant, at
[redacted]<trinefs%40samtidskunst.dk>
<mailto:[redacted] <trinefs%40samtidskunst.dk>> or tel. +45 4631 6577

__._,_.___
<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/fluxlist/message/6303;_ylc=X3oDMTM1a2RuYTBjBF9TAzk3MzU5NzE0BGdycElkAzE4NDE0MjM4BGdycHNwSWQDMTcwNTAxOTEwOARtc2dJZAM2MzAzBHNlYwNmdHIEc2xrA3Z0cGMEc3RpbWUDMTIxMjcyNzg3NwR0cGNJZAM2MzAz><http://groups.yahoo.com/group/fluxlist/post;_ylc=X3oDMTJxdWQ0dTk2BF9TAzk3MzU5NzE0BGdycElkAzE4NDE0MjM4BGdycHNwSWQDMTcwNTAxOTEwOARtc2dJZAM2MzAzBHNlYwNmdHIEc2xr

A3JwbHkEc3RpbWUDMTIxMjcyNzg3Nw--?act=reply&messageNum=6303>
.

__,_._,___

↑ Contents

155. **Christophe Casamassima**
Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE" - Appropriation, duh
Fri 6 Jun 2008

---

thanks, amy,

for once someone is aptly responsive!

> *----- Original Message -----*
> *From: "amy king" <[redacted]>*
> *To: [redacted]*
> *Subject: Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE" - Appropriation, duh*
> *Date: Fri, 6 Jun 2008 08:45:53 -0700*
>
> *Patrick Dillon Wrote*
>
> *If you were to reframe Elizabeth Switaj*
>
> *you would be putting*
>
> *your own spin on and ask*
>
> *different questions.*
>
> *“Would her poems be mine?"*
>
> *I'm not familiar with poems,*
>
> *but-- you would be raising questions*
>
> *for raising such questions.*
>
> *We should maintain a distinction*
>
> *If you did have enough money*
>
> *you would have left her name*

> *you would have choices, and choices*
>
> *any artist goes through when creating*
>
>
> *Kenneth Goldsmith and Sherrie Levine*
>
> *and Edward Weston. To me, it seems silly*
>
> *or enlightening*
>
> *In your case*
>
> *her work of art does not indeed*
>
> *make her work yours.*
>
> *Would this example not have significance?*
>
> *Would it not seem to be?*
>
>
> *Amy King*
>
>
> *Patrick Dillon <[redacted]> wrote: If you were to reframe Elizabeth Switaj's poems you would be putting your own spin on them. They would have a different significance and ask different questions. Your original question "Would her poems be mine?" implies this new significance. I'm not familiar with Elizabeth Switaj's poems, but--either in a new light or to a new degree--you would be raising questions about what it means for a poem "to be yours." I think you (or one) should get credit for raising such questions.*
>
> *We should maintain a distinction between plagiarism and appropriation. If you did have enough money to appropriate/plagiarize Switaj's work you would have to decide whether to leave the "by Elizabeth Switaj" line on the poems. Whether you left her name on the poems would determine the distinction between plagiarism and appropriation, and moreover it would be one of the many choices you would have to make while you did your work. Selection, as Switaj says is one of these choices, and is no different than the choices any artist goes through when creating a work of art.*
>
> *No one here, yet, has claimed that this would be an interesting*

experiment. Similar projects have been done before... Charles Bernstein's Kenneth Goldsmith's Weather and Sherrie Levine's After Edward Weston. To me, it seems silly to maintain that appropriating or plagiarizing a work of art does not change it. If the new appropriation is interesting or enlightening the new artist should get credit.

In your case of appropriating Elizabeth Switaj, I think the motivation behind the selection is pretty clear. But say you were to appropriate her work of art to prove that appropriation does not indeed make her work yours. Would this example of appropriation that disproves appropriation not have a new significance? Would it not seem to be contradicting itself?

On Thu, 5 Jun 2008 22:37:49 -0400, "Marcus Bales"
said:
On 5 Jun 2008 at 18:24, Ryan Daley wrote:
No, it doesn't. And the Supreme Court has ruled on this:
http://business.timesonline.co.uk/tol/business/law/article1579277 ...
... As long as the genre/context is changed, it's really not plagiarism.

But that's nothing like Ms Switaj's claim, which is way more straightforward than that. She says the ACT OF SELECTION is all that's needed, and no change in
genre or context is necessary.

This ruling is irrelevant to Ms Switaj's claim, which is a litcrit claim, not a legal one. The litcrit claim is obviously ludicrous on the face of it, since no one is
really going to claim in the real world what Ms Switaj pretends to claim when she says "By selecting texts through acts of plagiarism, you fundamentally alter
them."

Ms Switaj's claim here is that the very act of selection is the means that alters the poems so fundamentally that Ms Switaj's poems would actually be someone
else's if someone else put his or her name on them. Her position seems to be that
there can be no such thing as plagiarism, because the very act of selection from
among all other possible poems to copy is an act of creation as original as writing the
poems in the first place. Ms Switaj leaves no room for legal quibbles: she says that the act
of putting someone else's name on her poems would "fundamentally alter" them. So on
litcrit grounds, and on moral grounds, Ms Switaj leaves herself no room to sue. I've always wished to test the "No shoes No shirt

> *No service" sign by*
> *entering the premises clad in only shoes and a shirt, but I've*
> *never had the nerve or*
> *the bail money. Ms Switaj's declaration creates a similar desire,*
> *to simply take her*
> *poems, create "MarcusBalesPoems.com", and post them as "by Marcus*
> *Bales" -- but though*
> *I have the nerve in this case, I still don't have the money. So another*
> *postmodernist piece of cant will stagger on, ugly, useless, and dumb.*
>
> *Marcus*
> *--*
> *Patrick Dillon*
> [redacted]
>
> _____
>
> *Recent*
> *http://www.tarpaulinsky.com/Reviews/kiss-me.html*
> *http://cutbankpoetry.blogspot.com/2008/04/im-man-who-loves-you-by-amy-king.html*
>
> *Alias*
> *http://www.amyking.org*

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http://a8-asy.a8ww.net/a8-ads/adftrclick?
redirectid=ba4f9cd587711283930fc012fff3533e

--
Powered By Outblaze

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156. David Chirot

7 hours of Ray Johnson on DVD!!!!!

Fri 6 Jun 2008

(I just sent a post which makes note of Ray--
and the next thing i know
this appears--
serendipidity of the El Rey Ray Jay universes!)

so go to

http://www.rayjohnson.org/
and get yours :)

Taping Ray
by Nicholas Maravell

I attended a friend's bad taste theme party one evening during the winter of 1982. Thinking there might be something interesting happening I lugged along a dinosaur of a reel-to-reel video recorder. Unfortunately, I never could get the old machine to work as the night was cold and it had stayed in my car too long. It was at this party that I met Ray Johnson.

Creative party favors were given out to everyone there and in my surprise package were small rolls of silver adhesive tape. At some point after meeting Ray, it seemed to me the correct thing to do was to wrap adhesive tape around him. I also wrapped tape around myself and several of the other guests. While video taping didn't occur that night, I was able to adhesive tape Ray.

The first time I did successfully video record Ray was five years later in 1987. He and I had run into each other at a New Year's Party and, as always, it was so interesting to talk with him. Realizing that these moments would come and go I mentioned that I had recently purchased some better quality video equipment. I then asked Ray if he would be interested in being recorded, to which he agreed.

A friend, Nadine Palumbo, helped with the first video tapings scheduled just days later at Hofstra University where I was then teaching. Ray arrived with a cardboard box full of artwork and I brought the video equipment which included a television monitor that we kept on live throughout the recordings. Drawings and collages were documented first, and in no time, we realized what more could be done with video based upon seeing Ray on the screen.

During the year and a half that followed, Ray organized fifteen more video sessions. For these meetings, he and I would go to specific locations pertinent to the nature of each video. Ray always had something in mind to tape and we were always open to allowing whatever else might happen to be included as part of the recordings.

With great care I tried to take images of him that accurately showed him as he wished to be recorded.

Not long after Ray's death, public interest in these videos began to develop as I had a collection of the few recordings of him to exist. An edited Sampler tape, a compilation sampling of all of my video material, was presented at Ray's Memorial at the Friends Meeting House in Manhattan, N.Y. on April 29, 1995. The Sampler was then shown at Jonas Mekas' Anthology Film Archives two

months later on June 17 and 18, 1995. In addition, several minutes were continuously played at Ray's 1999 Whitney Retrospective. Over four minutes of these videos were included in the 2003 Andrew Moore and John Walter documentary film "How to Draw a Bunny". After this experience, my friend Bob Rodger suggested we make available the entire seven plus hour video collection to help give a more complete sense of Ray's presence.

This idea motivated me to organize the original VHS tapes I had of Ray by importing them into a computer. Once there, I added subtle fade ins, fade outs, and informative titles that included the dates and locations of each recording. Digitizing the material also made it possible for me to clean up the audio and picture quality. I was pleased that I could do all of these video procedures myself as I felt it my responsibility to preserve the artistic nature of what I had recorded with Ray. The next step was to copy everything to dvds and make them available through the website that Bob so brilliantly created. Without Bob Rodger's great help and vision, the entirety of these recordings would still be relatively unknown.

__._,_.___ Messages in this topic
<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/fluxlist/message/6308;_ylc=X3oDMTM1cW1lYTM4BF9TAzk3MzU5NzE0BGdycElkAzE4NDE0MjM4BGdycHNwSWQDMTcwNTAxOTEwOARtc2dJZAM2MzA4BHNlYwNmdHIEc2xrA3Z0cGMEc3RpbWUDMTIxMjc2NjcwNwR0cGNJZAM2MzA4>(
1) Reply (via web post)
<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/fluxlist/post;_ylc=X3oDMTJxMmljYnBmBF9TAzk3MzU5NzE0BGdycElkAzE4NDE0MjM4BGdycHNwSWQDMTcwNTAxOTEwOARtc2dJZAM2MzA4BHNlYwNmdHIEc2xrA3JwbHkEc3RpbWUDMTIxMjc2NjcwNw--?act=reply&messageNumc08>|
Start
a new topic
<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/fluxlist/post;_ylc=X3oDMTJmNGJwZGhuBF9TAzk3MzU5NzE0BGdycElkAzE4NDE0MjM4BGdycHNwSWQDMTcwNTAxOTEwOARzZWMDZnRyBHNsawNudHBjBHN0aW1lAzEyMTI3NjY3MDc->

Messages<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/fluxlist/messages;_ylc=X3oDMTJmdTBxZXU5BF9TAzk3MzU5NzE0BGdycElkAzE4NDE0MjM4BGdycHNwSWQDMTcwNTAxOTEwOARzZWMDZnRyBHNsawNtc2dzBHN0aW1lAzEyMTI3NjY3MDc->|
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MARKETPLACE

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giving away a FREE trial of - Blockbuster
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Change settings via the
Web<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/fluxlist/join;_ylc=X3oDMTJnb2VtaXRsBF9
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OARzZWMDZnRyBHNsawNzdG5ncwRzdGltZQMxMjEyNzY2NzA3>(Yahoo!
ID required)
Change settings via email: Switch delivery to Daily
Digest<[redacted]?subject=Email+Delivery:+Digest>|

Switch
format to Traditional<[redacted]?subject=Change+Delivery+Format:
+Traditional>
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zU5NzE0BGdycElkAzE4NDE0MjM4BGdycHNwSWQDMTcwNTAxOTEwOARzZ
WMDZnRyBHNsawNocGYEc3RpbWUDMTIxMjc2NjcwNw-->|
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- 1
New
Photos<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/fluxlist/spnew;_ylc=X3oDMTJnZjY0ajRl
BF9TAzk3MzU5NzE0BGdycElkAzE4NDE0MjM4BGdycHNwSWQDMTcwNTAxO
TEwOARzZWMDdnRsBHNsawN2cGhvdARzdGltZQMxMjEyNzY2NzA3>

Visit Your Group
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MDdnRsBHNsawN2Z2hwBHN0aW1lAzEyMTI3NjY3MDc->
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galaxy<http://us.ard.yahoo.com/SIGomm1m4t/MI3064.12016259.12445666.996
3301/D=groups/S05019108:NC/Y=YAHOO/EXP12773907/L=/B=f.2oAELaX.w-/
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Create a profile

and meet fans.
New business?

Get new
customers.<http://us.ard.yahoo.com/SIGojbsieg/MI3064.12016308.12445700.8
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List your web site

in Yahoo! Search.
How-To Zone

on Yahoo!
Groups<http://us.ard.yahoo.com/SIGo2203ae/MI3064.12117566.12537396.867
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B=ge2oAELaX.w-/J12766707550336/AQ70405/R=0/SIGgfoiqic/*http://advision.webevents.yahoo.com/craftsman/>

Discuss home and

garden projects.

.

__,_._,___

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157. **Lindsay Wong**

Re: NEW BOOK: The Poems of Mao Zedong

Fri 6 Jun 2008

This is not a joke and I'm glad you're getting a kick out of this because only someone like you would like artwork by Hitler.

> *I'd like to think this is some kind of joke, but then again, maybe it's the first in a series:*
>
> *The University of California Press is pleased to announce the publication, in large, full-color format of:*
>
> *THE COMPLETE PAINTINGS AND WATERCOLORS OF ADOLPH HITLER*
>
> *"Hitler was an artist of extraordinary grace and a colorist of vital intensity. In these mesmerizing artworks, collected and reproduced here for the first time, discerning viewers with the courage to free themselves from the burden of historical prejudice will be richly rewarded with a rare glimpse into the soul of a true heir of German Romanticism." - M. Heidegger*
>
> *The University of California Press is pleased to announce the publication of*
>
> *JOSEPH STALIN: THE COLLECTED WRITINGS ON LINGUISTICS*
>
> *"Ought to shake up the entire moribund field of literary study and put it in the Gulag where it belongs." - S. Zizek*
>
> *"Language Poets, take heed! This is the real cutting edge, Lubyanka-stylee." - A. Badiou.*

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158. **Marcus Bales**
Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"
Fri 6 Jun 2008

It's not the money for the site; it's the money to defend the lawsuit. Try to keep up.

Marcus

On 6 Jun 2008 at 10:52, J.P. Craig wrote:

> *Marcus,*
> *There's no reason to have to put your money where your mouth is.*
> *There are plenty of free hosting services. Hop on over to blogger or*
> *another of them, and have at it. Or are you also guilty of "cant"?*
> *JP*
>
> *On Jun 5, 2008, at 10:37 PM, Marcus Bales wrote:*
>
> *On 5 Jun 2008 at 18:24, Ryan Daley wrote:*
> *No, it doesn't. And the Supreme Court has ruled on this:*
> *http://business.timesonline.co.uk/tol/business/law/article1579277*
> *...*
> *... As long as the genre/context is changed, it's really not*
> *plagiarism.*
>
> *But that's nothing like Ms Switaj's claim, which is way more*
> *straightforward than that.*
> *She says the ACT OF SELECTION is all that's needed, and no change*
> *in genre or*
> *context is necessary.*
>
> *This ruling is irrelevant to Ms Switaj's claim, which is a litcrit*
> *claim, not a legal one. The*
> *litcrit claim is obviously ludicrous on the face of it, since no*
> *one is really going to claim*
> *in the real world what Ms Switaj pretends to claim when she says*
>
> *"By selecting texts through acts of plagiarism, you fundamentally*
> *alter them."*
>
> *Ms Switaj's claim here is that the very act of selection is the*
> *means that alters the*
> *poems so fundamentally that Ms Switaj's poems would actually be*
> *someone else's if*
> *someone else put his or her name on them. Her position seems to be*
> *that there can*
> *be no such thing as plagiarism, because the very act of selection*
> *from among all other*

> *possible poems to copy is an act of creation as original as writing*
> *the poems in the first*
> *place. Ms Switaj leaves no room for legal quibbles: she says that the act of putting*
> *someone else's name on her poems would "fundamentally alter" them. So on litcrit*
> *grounds, and on moral grounds, Ms Switaj leaves herself no room to sue.*
>
> *I've always wished to test the "No shoes No shirt No service" sign by entering the*
> *premises clad in only shoes and a shirt, but I've never had the nerve or the bail money.*
> *Ms Switaj's declaration creates a similar desire, to simply take her poems, create*
> *"MarcusBalesPoems.com", and post them as "by Marcus Bales" -- but though I have*
> *the nerve in this case, I still don't have the money. So another postmodernist piece of*
> *cant will stagger on, ugly, useless, and dumb.*
>
> *Marcus*
>
> *--*
> *No virus found in this incoming message.*
> *Checked by AVG.*
> *Version: 7.5.524 / Virus Database: 269.24.6/1487 - Release Date: 6/6/2008 8:01 AM*

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159. **Thomas savage**

Re: What is a failed poet?

Fri 6 Jun 2008

A failed poet is someone who thinks he or she is a failed poet, probably because some boor or inconsiderate, self-centered elder has told him or he that she has failed. Regards, Tom Savage

--- On Thu, 6/5/08, steve d. dalachinsky <[redacted]> wrote:

From: steve d. dalachinsky <[redacted]>
Subject: Re: What is a failed poet?
To: [redacted]
Date: Thursday, June 5, 2008, 12:24 PM

but " there's no success like failure and failure's no success at
all"
as b d put it

On Wed, 4 Jun 2008 11:27:18 +1000 Alison Croggon <[redacted]>
writes:
> What's so wrong with failure? As the saying goes, success teaches
> you
> nothing.
>
> "Ever tried. Ever failed. No matter. Try Again. Fail again. Fail
> better. "
> Samuel Beckett.
>
> "Success, failure: both are secondary." Giacometti.
>
> Cheers
>
> Alison
>
> --
> Editor, Masthead: http://www.masthead.net.au
> Blog: http://theatrenotes.blogspot.com
> Home page: http://www.alisoncroggon.com
>
>

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160. **Roy Exley**

Roy Exley - Re: Bob Perelman's Joke

Fri 6 Jun 2008

Please, let's move on, this is beyond a joke! Can't we discuss the state of the universe and how poetry can move it on a little. Don't forget the influence of a few well chosen words on the evolution of mankind - I thionk Bob Perelman fades into insignificance in the face of this, don't forget that poetry can be lifechanging - Basho: "For a while I yearned for earthly success, but poetry thwarted that, for a while I thought of enlightening my foolishness, but poetry broke that off. Finally , without talent or skill I simply follow along this one line". Humility and spontaneity are the key to all this. Let's go for poetry pure and simple! Have a good weekend.

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161. **Jim Andrews**
Re: Slidvid
Fri 6 Jun 2008

> *I had see the Kandinsky series as individual, single pieces before. This time, when I opened the site, the images followed each other in very quick successions, creating rhythms, waves, etc. To me, seeing the images in this dynamic way is much more interesting. It brings out the thought pattern, if there is any, the instinct behind the selection of the algorithm which created the sequence. Speed may may make an invisible pattern visible, once again, if there is any.*

Yes. The motion of the brush is evident in some of the animations, for instance.

Someone wrote me that the series was too chopped up already to be able to see how the images grew. And that's true; the sequences are screenshots separated in time by a manual process, on my part, of taking a screenshot when I figured it looked interesting and was different enough from the last screenshot. The screenshots in a given series were not all necessarily done during the same session, either, or with the same brush. The 'concept' (the search string) is the same, though, when there is one. When there isn't, such as in http://vispo.com/dbcinema/color1 , there's a 'concept' of a different type; not a search string but an exploration of color and brush. After I'd do a session, I'd review the screenshots and throw most of them out.

I think it's interesting to be able to look at things in different ways; the multi-perspectival, which is important to growth and maturity. You can look at a series via the clickable thumbnails at, say, http://vispo.com/dbcinema/kandinsky2 . This focuses on the stills. Or you can look at the series via a slideshow such as http://vispo.com/dbcinema/kandinsky2/slideshow.htm (same series). I've changed this so the slideshows have a 4 second image interval (though you can select a different duration). This doesn't blank the screen between successive screenshots but still focusses on the stills while introducing more relation between them. Or you can look at a slidvid of the concatenated series via, say, http://vispo.com/dbcinema/kandinsky2/slidvid.htm . The image interval here is typically quite short, particularly after the first pass through a series, and after a few cycles it moves on to the next series. This focusses on the moving picture and also on an overview of all the series together.

I expect it's been done, but imagine a form of cinema that's meant to be viewed or 'read' in a variety of ways. Frame by frame, looking at the frames as stills. And perhaps there are links and secret passageways at this level of viewing that

aren't accessible when it's speeded up. Perhaps I'll put some of those in as they occur to me if they're worth it. documa. cinement.

> *I am referring to some later work by Brackage, such as, Eye Myth, Mothlight,*
> *Glaze of Cathexis (particularly this one), The Dante Quartets. In Glaze of Cathexis, light exists as a separate dimension from color, hangs around. It's really wierd and wonderful. In this film, Brackage says, he is trying to register the most detailed picture of the shifts of light in nature.*

I wonder if any of this is on ubu.com? I'll have a look. Thanks, Murat.

> *Of*
> *course, unless I am very mistaken, there is no light in the digital. Where is the sun in the digital?*

Same place as in painting and photography. Up in the sky.

Painting has its techniques concerning light. So does photography. So does the digital.

The monitor is quite an interesting thing. The number of different colors it can display dramatically outstrips the mechanical print process. Monitors can display 2^32=4,294,967,296 different colors in 32-bit color. And they do so via glowing. It's a bit like stained glass that way. One is 'painting with light'.

In the dbCinema images, the brushes are 'masks'. Photoshop, say, uses the notion of the 'mask'. A 'mask' reveals part of an image and hides other parts. A mask is a greyscale image X. The black parts of X reveal some other image Y. The white parts of X hide parts of Y. The grey parts of X reveal Y at some opacity different from 0% and 100%. That's one way in which opacity enters the picture. Opacity is also adjustable in dbCinema; that's another level at which opacity enters the picture. Also, the brushes are made so there are lots of gradations of opacity; that's important to the sort of 3D dimension of some of them.

Also, as a dbCinema brush traverses a curved path, it may repeatedly paint one pixel more times than another pixel just because of the path it's traversing and the rotation of the brush itself and the change in the shape of the brush (the brushes often are animated). Consequently, lines of opacity and shading emerge in dbCinema.

Nature is total, encompassing. Thought, on a computer monitor, stares at you from every pixel. All those engineers of color and electronics. Hard to get them all to work for you.

> *The other three, Eye Myth, Mothlight and The Dante Quartet, consist of acrylic hand painted film frames, at a furious pace, following each other, creating movements similar to what happens in you piece, *as a slide show*.*

> *At one time I wondered, if you Kandinsky sequences consist an essay, a meditation on Kandinsky's colors, rather than a means of using or reproducing them through the means the computer gives you? What do you think? To me, the former alternative would be the more interesting. Of course, you may not be doing any of it.*

Well, both. I haven't encountered any material, with the possible exception of Klee, that I'm drawn to as much concerning using it with dbCinema as Kandinsky's work. At first, it was just, you know, wow, this works great. But over time, I've started to undertand it more. "Color is the keyboard, the eyes are the hammer, the soul is the piano with the strings" (Kandinsky). He writes about his ideas in a lively way. And it's an elemental approach. Points, lines, curves, triangles, and so forth, a geometrical approach. Which of course is also crucial in generative computer art. The sun and the mind, creating some harmony there.

Thanks for checking it out, Murat!

ja

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162. **Sarah Sarai**

Re: Bob Perelman's Joke

Fri 6 Jun 2008

"Bob Perelman's Joke" isn't the right subject line here. More like, Poet Assassinates Poet Based on One Overheard Remark. Or Poet Slanders Poet Based on etc. The delightful meandering reflections (Elizabeth Switaj & Co., etc.) aside, I'm feeing a little discouraged. Perelman may be a jerk--ain't met the man--but to subject line him on the basis of one remark. Yowza. I cringe.

If anyone hears me say something regrettable or stupid...and there is no one who has talked to me for any length of time who hasn't come away wondering about something or other...please ask me about it before dragging me before a public forum.

Mark Weiss said words to that effect in response to this...Ask him (Perelman) what he meant.

That Austrian man who kept his daughter in a basement for years now has women writing to him in support, so I kind of give up on hoping a "world court of opinion" means much of anything.

↑ Contents

163. George Bowering

Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"

Fri 6 Jun 2008

On Jun 3, 2008, at 1:32 PM, ALDON L NIELSEN wrote:
> -- so try Song of Myself as a
> Miltonic free verse poem -- better?
>
>
If you read them aloud they sound verry verrry similar.

Mr. George Harry Bowering
Devoted to '40s music.

↑ Contents

164. Jason Quackenbush

Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"

Sat 7 Jun 2008

your reading list of my friends and acquaintances that I think don't sound alike:

Mark Leidner's Chapbook "The Night of 1000 Murders" can be purchased here: http://www.factoryhollowpress.com/store.html

Joe Massey's Chapbook "Out of Light" can be purchaseed here: http://kitchenpresschapbooks.blogspot.com/2008/02/now-available-out-of-light- by-joseph.html

Jessica Smith's ebook "sidewalk" can be accessed here: http://www.rockheals.com/archives/pdfs/sidewalk_smith.pdf

Elizabeth Switaj's chapbook "The Broken Sanctuary: Nature Poems" can be got here: http://ypolitapress.blogspot.com/search?updated- max=2007-06-06T21%3A29%3A00-07%3A00

Rachel McKibbens and Marty McConnell are all over YouTube (they're performance poets), here they are performing together: http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yZ9zt5fUS00

Jeremy Richards's books Drowsy Samurai and Pushing Monks can be purchased here: http://jeremyrichards.googlepages.com/jeremyrichards-booksandrecordings

And not to blow my own horn over much, but here's a sample of things you can read and don't have to buy anything: http://www.blazevox.org/ 08sp-jfq.pdf

and finally, another performance poet, Anis Mojgani: http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=znIXyFh6dsI

There are lots of others. These are just people I kind of know who I think are awesome. Plus me. I don't think they all sound alike.

On Jun 6, 2008, at 8:43 AM, Troy Camplin wrote:

> *Give me a list of contemporary poets to read that you don't think all sounds the same.*
>
> *I wouldn't trade this time in history for any other, ether -- primarily because we have gone through Modernism and Postmodernism, having been informed and educated by them, are beginning to reject their worst elements, combining their best with the past, and beginning to move into far better poetry. At least, the best poets are doing that.*
>
> *Troy*
>
> *----- Original Message ----*
> *From: CA Conrad <[redacted]>*
> *To: [redacted]*
> *Sent: Friday, June 6, 2008 9:21:45 AM*
> *Subject: Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"*
>
> *The fact is Bob Perelman is wrong.*
>
> *When Jessica Smith asked me to help gather poets for an anthology she wanted*
> *to put together of younger poets it was one of those times where I got to*
> *SEE a list, a running list of names which brought poems and faces to mind,*
> *and it was TERRIFIC being able to hear/see/do that!*
>
> *There really is NOT another time in history's past I would trade with this*
> *one, for poetry's sake.*
>
> *But I keep getting e-mails from people watching the video because, as one*
> *person wrote the other day, "I had to see it for myself because I couldn't*
> *imagine Bob saying such a thing. But he sure did!"*
>
> *It was a cranky Bob Perelman moment maybe, but wrong nontheless, VERY WRONG!*
>
> *AND I BELIEVE WE WILL CONTINUE TO PROVE HIM WRONG!*

> *CAConrad*
> *http://PhillySound.blogspot.com*

↑ Contents

165. Alexander Jorgensen

China and news for foreigners - Gotta love it - and KNOW IT

Sat 7 Jun 2008

Thought this might be of interest to those of you who are learning more about China.

1- Police are now making surprise checks of flats in which foreigners dwell 2- Foreigners are being investigated for making remarks "insensitive to the feelings of Chinese people" 3- Visas for foreigners are now being denied or durations unusually limited 4- Chinese troops have been entering India and there is concern about an invasion following the olympics, something similar to China invasion of India in the late 1960s 5- The Chinese govt issued a statement saying Tibet’s living Buddhas have been banned from reincarnation without permission from China.

On the road in Sikkim, India
Alex Jorgensen
--
http://www.alexanderjorgensen.com

--
http://www.fastmail.fm - One of many happy users:
http://www.fastmail.fm/docs/quotes.html

↑ Contents

166. Alexander Jorgensen

China

Sat 7 Jun 2008

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On the road in Sikkim, India
Alex Jorgensen
--
http://www.alexanderjorgensen.com

--
http://www.fastmail.fm - And now for something completely different...

↑ Contents

167. **steve d. dalachinsky**
Re: Bob Perelman's Joke
Sat 7 Jun 2008

---

just write poetry ... we all get so bogged down in studying and when we pass will we be shakespeare son of net ? we want so hard to write poems we forget about writing poetry

On Thu, 5 Jun 2008 21:18:34 -0700 Troy Camplin <[redacted]>
writes:
> I think you're half right. You should do all those things. But I also
> think that you could not possibly understand the sonnet form, no
> matter how much you studied it, unless you learned how to write at
> least a passable sonnet.. The same with various other forms. The
> same with rhythm, rhyme, and patterns. If I could recommend the
> perfect set of studies for a poet, I would recommend studying the
> artform's history, learning how to write in each of the forms,
> prosody, morphology, grammar, semantics/semiotics, rhetoric, music,
> etymology, linguistics, cognitive science, poetics, and theory.
>
>
> ----- Original Message ----
> From: Jason Quackenbush <[redacted]>
> To: [redacted]
> Sent: Thursday, June 5, 2008 5:11:57 PM
> Subject: Re: Bob Perelman's Joke
>
> A person working in an artform should always learn about the
> artform's history, and that includes studying received forms. And a
>
> person working in an artform should always study the building blocks

>
> of that artform, in poetry's case, that means studying prosody,
> morphology, grammar, and semantics/semiotics.
>
> however, I don't think that one best learns prosody, morphology,
> grammar, and semantics/semiotics through writing poetry in received
>
> forms. In fact, there are a number of bad ideas about prosody built
>
> in to a number of received forms, the sonnet not being the least of
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> offenders in this case, that i think are detrimental to a thorough
> understanding. Much better I think to study those things from the
> scientific linguists point of view and find their application in
> poetry through work of poets like Jackson Mac Low, Gertrude Stein,
> TS
> Eliot, Ted Berrigan, and Ezra Pound. At least, that's what I did,
> and
> I think I'm very good and don't sound like other poets of my
> generation at all. Nor do I think that Jessica Smith, for example, is
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> at all similar to Joseph Massey, or for that matter that Mark
> Leidner
> is anything like either of them, and I don't think any of those
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> write anything like me, and none of us are anything like Anis
> Mojgani
> or Rachel McKibbens, or Elizabeth Switaj or Marty McConnell or Geoff
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> Gatza. And that's just a list of poets more or less my age that I've
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> had personal interactions with, all of whom are excellent poets. So
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> who exactly are all these younger poets who all write alike?
>
> On Jun 4, 2008, at 7:51 PM, Troy Camplin wrote:
>
>
>
> > There is no evidence between the covers that a new formalist is
> > involved at all. It's always the same old boring junk, and rarely
>

> > do you see any consciousness of form from any of the poets.
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> > Just
> > because Perelman's own poetry mostly sounds alike (at least, these
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> > Primer all sound alike, anyway: http://epc.buffalo.edu/authors/
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> > Turner), but rather that poets should learn to write poetry the
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> > learn to do art.. Artists have to take drawing classes, where they
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> > learn how
> > figurative drawing. They learn such things as point perspective,
> > how to create
> > well-drawn, recognizable objects, etc. They also learn proper
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> > techniques. Once they have demonstrated that they can do that,
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> > are free to
> > do more experimental work. To bring things closer to poetry, Don
> > Barthelme once
> > said that you have to first learn how to write perfectly
> > grammatical sentences,

> > and do so for a long time, before you can write bad sentences.
> Show
> > that you
> > know what you're doing, so that we know that the so-called bad
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> > actually a choice. The same is true of poetry. There's not a poet
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> > I’m not down on free verse poetry per se. I was a free verse poet
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> > Antichaos (Sapphic Verse)
> >
> > The beautiful chaos of river flowing
> > As time you step out of, into, the living
> > Unchanging emergence of antichaos
> > Breaking on mud banks --
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> > Is this the world, bright in the light of sunshine
> > That brings a remarkable living chaos
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> > The winds are drying and are bringing moisture
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> > The white hurricane on the seas are ordered,
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> > And living things, rivers of earth and sea crawl
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> >
> > Antichaos (Alcaics)
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> > Flow river, chaos breaks on the banks, and you,
> > Time, living order, changing in change itself,
> > Break chaos up to order merging
> > Flows of the water with earthly order.
> >
> > Bright sunshine killing, loving tenderness
> > Light brings to lands that flow on the liquid flow –
> > Hot magma moving lands now crashing –
> > Earthquakes are turning the land to chaos.
> >
> > Dry winds are parching lands into deserts where
> > Cacti won’t live. Moisture comes on the winds and there
> > Rains change the land from death to living
> > Breath and the lightning will light the dark sky.
>
> > White hurricane of sea and air are in
> > Time flows of swirling chaos and ordering
> > Matrices breaking land with winds which
> > Bring to the land and to us the ocean.
> >
> > Life burst from rivers – earth and the sea are now
> > One river swirling time. The smooth chaos will
> > Bring order, life emergent, water
> > Solid with crystals that make them crawl forth.
> >
> >
> >
> > Troy Camplin

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↑ Contents

168. **steve d. dalachinsky**
Re: Bob Perelman's Joke
Sat 7 Jun 2008

---

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> >
> > Dry winds are parching lands into deserts where
> > Cacti won’t live. Moisture comes on the winds and there
> > Rains change the land from death to living
> > Breath and the lightning will light the dark sky.
> >
> > White hurricane of sea and air are in
> > Time flows of swirling chaos and ordering
> > Matrices breaking land with winds which
> > Bring to the land and to us the ocean.
> >
> > Life burst from rivers – earth and the sea are now
> > One river swirling time. The smooth chaos will
> > Bring order, life emergent, water
> > Solid with crystals that make them crawl forth.
> >
> >
> >
> > Troy Camplin
> >
> >
> >
>
>

↑ Contents

169. **steve d. dalachinsky**

Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"

Sat 7 Jun 2008

---

who labels us as such we don't i'm caslled a post-beat poet a jazz poet
etc

everyone on this list has the balls to call themselves poets to begin
with
that alone is a mouthful that should be washed out
too much learning is as dangerous as too little
write a sonnet write an epic right a wrong
ah the odyssey are we not all informed by that journey
we post age stamps

On Thu, 5 Jun 2008 08:59:02 -0400 Steve Tills <[redacted]> writes:
> THAT the Buf List inspires posts like this is evidence that its
> dynamic
> poetics is generative of truly delicious and thoroughly uplifting
> Thought. Love this post of yours, Stephen!
>
>
> Stephen Ellis wrote:
>
> Yes, so, which young writers write alike? All. THAT uncountable
> theorem, four or four thousand. And older writers do not? Let's
> suppose, who? Say, Charles Bernstein, Bob Perelman, Bruce Andrews.
> Whoa. But these are all men. Add in Alice Notley, Bernadete
> Mayer,
> Marjorie Welish? Writing alike? There is reason to doubt.
>
> And what would either variety or sameness be FOR, anyway? Since
> myth is
> dead, and the gods are dead, the vital element in writing would have
> to
> be one's individual volition in being different, perhaps terminally
> so.
> I mean, does all this artiface go to build up anything but the
> edifice
> of "a canon"? Which would include the notion of "variety" as a kind
> of
> campfire, with the wagons drawn 'round, to keep the REAL savages
> out.
> Who remain
> local, and territorial. "A boy alone in his room is sure to go
> astray."
> Luckily. (and eventually come-on to the world like Diogenes . . . ?
>).
> But, not to go too far out of our mutual way, older writers. What

> about
> the anonymous ones? The auther of the Iliad, the Book of Jonah,
> and/or
> The Journey of Ishtar Through Hades, for example? Are these "the
> same"?
> Of course they are. Because they constitute a world story. Or a
> part
> of the continuous completion of one. Or acknowledgement that there
> actually IS one (a world) beyond one's own supple comprehension,
> that
> one must go outwardly toward.
>
> The "problem" with post (-whatever date) poets, is that none of
> them
> seem capable of rising above the Blue Lodge . . . the basic state
> of
> initiation. Who will find some way out of the uncountable grains
> of
> d both underfoot and overhead in the grandiose American emotional
> desert that constitute the "beat" of the first poetic - our wholly
> absent water, in memory alone?
>
> Is it any wonder we are being led by idiots? And deadly ones, to
> boot.
> French-fried ice cream. Shake your fanny. Et al.
>
> Is Homer free verse? No. Certainly not in Greek. And who anyway
> could
> very likely be Isis, Bilqis . . . or even Tina Turner. THAT at
> least,
> would . . . help clean the pigeon shit out of the birdcage. That
> it's
> full of shit. I mean, like, there's no bird. The shit just
> proliferates of and by itself. So it isn't just a question of
> verse
> practice, but, much more a trace of, as CA Conrad says, the
> slaughter of
> animus. New formalism
> is just the same old way of milking it. It's occultism. Using the
> energy got from killing toward an endless thesis of the Self.
> Which
> never ends. Who of you is REALLY against (the) War while remaining

> secretly in love with Heraclitus? Those of the privileged castes
> have
> always enjoyed a bloodbath. And poets are nothing, if not
> privileged.
> I say, admit it, and reign. Difference achieved always involves a
> painful degree of slaughter.
>
> Which, of course, is the nature behind ANY "joke". I'm clean . . .
> how
> about you? Of course, the first slave ships in the 17th century
> came
> into Boston harbor, not Charleston. Reputations do not simply
> "occur" .
> . . they are made.
> SE
>
> > Date: Wed, 4 Jun 2008 07:48:48 +0800> From: [log in to unmask]>
> Subject: Re: Bob Perelman's "JOKE"> To: [log in to unmask]> > Oh
> Troy,
> everyone knows that only barbarians write in rhyme. It would be>
> totally
> inappropriate for citizens of the new Rome like myself to use it.> >
> Now
> I'll grant you that occasionally transforming a poem into a form
> can>
> provide for interesting possibilities for revision. That is to say,
> it
> is a> useful exercise, but an exercise and a poem are not (usually)
> the
> same> thing.> > You've asked for responses to be educated by
> experience.
> It seems, however,> that for your comments to meet that requirement,
> you
> would have to be> familiar with the work of all young writers. Are
> you?
> Or are you simply> making generalizations based upon your opinion
> of
> free verse?> > > Elizabeth Kate Switaj> www.elizabethkateswitaj.net
>
>

↑ Contents

170. Lewis LaCook

Why Must I Be Wasted To Stay In Your World

Sat 7 Jun 2008

http://www.lewislacook.org/2008/06/why-must-i-be-wasted-to-stay-in-your-world/

Why Must I Be Wasted To Stay In Your World

"why-must-i-be-wasted-to-stay-in-your-world" operates via a set of tag words. A random number of tags are chosen when the application launches; the application then scrapes Flickr for the first image result in a search for each tag. This ensures the images in the piece will always be fresh, and will evolve as time goes on–or until flickr rewrites their HTML, and the whole thing breaks. In addition to this, the work also performs a profile search on myspace.com for profiles named after a randomly-selected tag, and displays the profile details for this person. I think of this work as a dynamic, kinetic poem; as the words and images dance and collide, associations are formed, and the result is a work that scans, appropriates and recontextualizes the zeitgeist surrounding each tag.

Lewis LaCook
Director of Web Development
Abstract Outlooks Media

[redacted]

http://www.abstractoutlooks.com
Abstract Outlooks Media - Premium Web Hosting, Development, and Art Photography

http://www.lewislacook.org
lewislacook.org - New Media Poetry and Poetics

http://www.xanaxpop.org
Xanax Pop - the Poetry of Lewis LaCook

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171. Alan Sondheim

Eras/sure

Sat 7 Jun 2008

Eras/sure

What we're doing produces (is the production of?) artifacts (processes?) - video, audio files, live video and audio performance, online video and audio performance, live performance, texts, programs, images - everything in other

words that doesn't rely on offline material construction on the order of photographs, etchings, paintings, engravings, sculpture, instal- lations, multiples, offline books. What we're doing relies on both process and electronic transmission; the Access Grid works for example are proce- sses resulting in various digital formats and copies but other- wise no hard copy. What we're doing is scholarly to the extent that it examines the self-body-image - not the image in terms of symptomologies or emotion- al processes, etc., but the very inhabiting of the body itself - something that it's almost impossible to quantify or describe, Levinas, Husserl, Merleau-Ponty notwithstanding. The work reconfigures the very foundations, backgrounding, of experience. What would a world be like within which movement and memory structures were drawn out by the substitution of tan- gent for sine, structures that were then redrawn in to the experiential? We have no interest in display or aesthetics beyond that which tilts or topples presuppositions. Our scholarship as applied to examination is irreducible, irreproducible, irresistible, irregardless; our scholar requires your presence, near or far, in relation to the camera, micro- phone, screen, performance space, online node. What we're doing is neither science nor psychology, but an intermingling which insists on the history, memory, and inhabiting of the human or otherwise body. We will use any available technology and performativity to arrive at the place of this body, the place of mind, history, and memory. We will eliminate the preposition 'of' in phrasing 'memory of,' 'history of,' 'psychology of,' 'philosophy of.' We will conjoin coupling into flux, striation, flow, emission, spew. We will consider sources only as aftermath, and destina- tions only as they disappear in the rearview mirror of the mind. We insist that our knowledge is populist, open to everyone, that memory may be seeing, that looking my be thinking, that observing may be philosophy, that observing is always philosophy. We emphasize the look of the world is its origin all the way down, that looking requires nothing whatsoever, neither technology nor organ. We will dwell within breathing, breathe all possible worlds, collapse them with a gentle insistence on continuous withdrawal. We present artifacts and processes from the flattening of these and other surfaces. We understand that artifacts are carapaces, that a certain hardening always occurs in transmission, that hardening is never the thingings or processings themselves, nor thingings or processings otherwise. We neither consider this an aesthetics, nor an aesthetics of withdrawal, not even a silence or silencing; instead we might murmur some- thing about background once again, not even that, except under erasure. We operate under erasure, our work is under erasure, always beyond the Pale, always beneath consideration. Consideration is under erasure, everyone operates as if the Pale has disappeared, thought is under erasure ...

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172. **Murat Nemet-Nejat**
Re: Slidvid
Sat 7 Jun 2008

Jim,

You can find all these films on DVD's, through netflix.

I think the etymology of "color" has the idea of "cover" under it, color implying color?

Can a digital work (a prpcess) make mistakes?

Ciao,

Murat

On Fri, Jun 6, 2008 at 5:36 PM, Jim Andrews <[redacted]> wrote:

> *I had see the Kandinsky series as individual, single pieces before. This time, when I opened the site, the images followed each other in very quick*
> *successions, creating rhythms, waves, etc. To me, seeing the images in this*
> *dynamic way is much more interesting. It brings out the thought pattern, if*
> *there is any, the instinct behind the selection of the algorithm which created the sequence. Speed may may make an invisible pattern visible, once*
> *again, if there is any.*
>
> *Yes. The motion of the brush is evident in some of the animations, for instance.*
>
> *Someone wrote me that the series was too chopped up already to be able to see how the images grew. And that's true; the sequences are screenshots separated in time by a manual process, on my part, of taking a screenshot when I figured it looked interesting and was different enough from the last screenshot. The screenshots in a given series were not all necessarily done during the same session, either, or with the same brush. The 'concept' (the search string) is the same, though, when there is one. When there isn't, such as in http://vispo.com/dbcinema/color1 , there's a 'concept' of a different type; not a search string but an exploration of color and brush. After I'd do a session, I'd review the screenshots and throw most of them out.*
>
> *I think it's interesting to be able to look at things in different ways; the*
> *multi-perspectival, which is important to growth and maturity. You can look at a series via the clickable thumbnails at, say,*
> *http://vispo.com/dbcinema/kandinsky2 . This focuses on the stills. Or you*

can look at the series via a slideshow such as http://vispo.com/dbcinema/kandinsky2/slideshow.htm (same series). I've changed this so the slideshows have a 4 second image interval (though you can select a different duration). This doesn't blank the screen between successive screenshots but still focusses on the stills while introducing more relation between them. Or you can look at a slidvid of the concatenated series via, say, http://vispo.com/dbcinema/kandinsky2/slidvid.htm . The image interval here is typically quite short, particularly after the first pass through a series, and after a few cycles it moves on to the next series. This focusses on the moving picture and also on an overview of all the series together.

I expect it's been done, but imagine a form of cinema that's meant to be viewed or 'read' in a variety of ways. Frame by frame, looking at the frames as stills. And perhaps there are links and secret passageways at this level of viewing that aren't accessible when it's speeded up. Perhaps I'll put some of those in as they occur to me if they're worth it. documa. cinement.

I am referring to some later work by Brackage, such as, Eye Myth, Mothlight, Glaze of Cathexis (particularly this one), The Dante Quartets. In Glaze of Cathexis, light exists as a separate dimension from color, hangs around. It's really wierd and wonderful. In this film, Brackage says, he is trying to register the most detailed picture of the shifts of light in nature.

I wonder if any of this is on ubu.com? I'll have a look. Thanks, Murat.

Of course, unless I am very mistaken, there is no light in the digital. Where is the sun in the digital?

Same place as in painting and photography. Up in the sky.

Painting has its techniques concerning light. So does photography. So does the digital.

The monitor is quite an interesting thing. The number of different colors it can display dramatically outstrips the mechanical print process. Monitors can display 2^32=4,294,967,296 different colors in 32-bit color. And they do so via glowing. It's a bit like stained glass that way. One is 'painting with light'.

In the dbCinema images, the brushes are 'masks'. Photoshop, say, uses the notion of the 'mask'. A 'mask' reveals part of an image and hides other parts. A mask is a greyscale image X. The black parts of X reveal some other
image Y. The white parts of X hide parts of Y. The grey parts of X reveal Y at some opacity different from 0% and 100%. That's one way in which opacity enters the picture. Opacity is also adjustable in dbCinema; that's another level at which opacity enters the picture. Also, the brushes are made so there are lots of gradations of opacity; that's important to the sort of 3D dimension of some of them.

Also, as a dbCinema brush traverses a curved path, it may repeatedly paint one pixel more times than another pixel just because of the path it's traversing and the rotation of the brush itself and the change in the shape of the brush (the brushes often are animated). Consequently, lines of opacity and shading emerge in dbCinema.

Nature is total, encompassing. Thought, on a computer monitor, stares at you
from every pixel. All those engineers of color and electronics. Hard to get them all to work for you.

The other three, Eye Myth, Mothlight and The Dante Quartet, consist of acrylic hand painted film frames, at a furious pace, following each other,
*creating movements similar to what happens in you piece, *as a slide show*.*

At one time I wondered, if you Kandinsky sequences consist an essay, a meditation on Kandinsky's colors, rather than a means of using or reproducing them through the means the computer gives you? What do you think? To me, the former alternative would be the more interesting. Of course, you may not be doing any of it.

Well, both. I haven't encountered any material, with the possible exception of Klee, that I'm drawn to as much concerning using it with dbCinema as Kandinsky's work. At first, it was just, you know, wow, this works great. But over time, I've started to undertand it more. "Color is the keyboard, the eyes are the hammer, the soul is the piano with the strings" (Kandinsky). He writes about his ideas in a lively way. And it's an elemental approach. Points, lines, curves, triangles, and so forth, a geometrical approach. Which of course is also crucial in generative computer
art. The sun and the mind, creating some harmony there.

Thanks for checking it out, Murat!

> *ja*

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173. **steve d. dalachinsky**

ferom a failed poet

Sun 8 Jun 2008

---

june 12th at vision fest with tom chiu at soto velez center suffolk and rivinton $$$

_____

june 15th many readers at bowery poetry club to honor hersch silverman and steve cannon 6-9 pm

_____

_____-

june 17th at bowery poetry club as part of esp records night with bruce eisenbiel and warren smith

$10 10 PM

_____

a very special one

june 27th at tribes gallery 285 e 3rd st with robert morgan and matthew shipp
as part of a book party for steve and matt's new book logos and language contribution

_____

june 29th 5 pm at tribes many readers celebrating the release of lester afflick's book

I DREAM ABOUT YOU BABY - long awaited selected poemc by a great poet who
died too soon
contribution

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174. **steve d. dalachinsky**

Re: FW: Book Review- Logos and Language: A Post-Jazz Meatphorical Dialogue by Steve Dalachinsky and Matthew Shipp

Sun 8 Jun 2008

> Subject: Book Review- Logos and Language: A Post-Jazz Meatphorical
> Dialogue

> by Steve Dalachinsky and Matthew Shipp
>
>
>
> Logos and Language: A Post-Jazz Metaphorical Dialogue
> Published: May 31, 2008
> By Lyn Horton
>
Logos and Language: A Post-Jazz Metaphorical Dialogue
> Steve Dalachinsky and Matthew Shipp
> Softcover; 97 pages
> ISBN: 978-2-9531508-0-3
> Publisher
> 2008
>
> Getting to the bottom of things requires stamina and focus. The
> medium
> for this process is crucial in distilling the essence of the
> pursuit,
> and when it comes to music, words often pave the way to penetrating
> its
> whys and wherefores. But because words can act as musical entities
> themselves, words and music have a unique bond. What both imply can
> fit
> into the narrowness of definition or explode into the breadth of a
> spiritual universality, simultaneously. It is simply a matter of
> point
> of view.
>
> Pianist Matthew Shipp has produced a manifesto of sorts to
> contextualize the music he makes and the person he is, a venture he
> mounted with poet and longtime friend Steve Dalachinsky. The
> transcript
> of their discussion, some of Shipp's writings, as well as poetry
> that
> Dalachinsky wrote while listening to Shipp play constitute a book
> issued in 2008 by Rogue Art entitled Logos and Language: A
> Post-Jazz
> Metaphorical Dialogue.
>
> This book is not about jazz; it is about how the creation of musical
> language is inseparable from everything else. To grasp the heart of

> the
> book, the reader needs to absorb the meaning of the ³Logos Chart²
> (designed by Shipp) which appears on the first page. This chart is
> simple, encapsulating both the book's total thrust and the entirety
> of
> Shipp's cosmogony: universal mind intercepts and becomes human
> reasoning and expression, which intercepts and becomes the
> infinite.
>
> To interpret Shipp's cosmogony is hazardous; to align with it is
> mandatory. The point of verbalizing Shipp's musical language is to
> create a reference. Going back to read the book is similar to, but
> not
> the same as, listening to a recording of his music. Every time the
> reader returns, something new will come forth. Every time the
> reader
> returns, the closer the dissolution of the constrictions of
> language.
>
> In his discussion with Shipp, Dalachinsky offers springboards for
> the
> musician to elaborate on specific evidence that supports his
> beliefs.
> There is no subject that Dalachinsky mentions that does not trigger
> fervent responses from Shipp.
>
> The poet initiates the conversation with a description of the park
> the
> two are sitting in and, with that, the concept of nature becomes
> the
> metaphorical backdrop for plugging into Shipp's creativity. The
> dialog
> moves through one idea after another in a constant flow: from
> invisible
> connections between the physical and the ethereal, on to biology,
> musicians, religious belief systems, mysticism, the Bible and life -
> to
> cite only some of the threads in their consideration of
> universality.
> At times, the discussion breaks into humorous
> digressions‹digressions
> intended, ironically enough, to straighten out confusion in the

> two-way
> communication.
>
> Placed at the end of the book, three pieces of Shipp's writings
> serve
> to peel other layers away from the mystery that feeds his music. He
> writes on the concepts of ³flow² and the genetics of mind; he even
> analogizes boxing to improvisation.
>
> Dalachinsky's poetry provides another verbal frame for perceiving
> Shipp's music. One poem carries an essential message: ...²if you're
> gonna tell what the music is talking about say what the music is
> saying
> say that the music has something to say that it's telling a story
> even
> if you gotta search your imagination...² Indeed.
>
> This book does not pretend to be a substitute for (or to explain)
> Shipp's music. This book links his music to readily accessible
> points
> of view through words and pictures. This book provides a means for
> minds to converge. This book is a means to everything else.
>
>

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175. **Troy Camplin**

Re: Bob Perelman's Joke

Sun 8 Jun 2008

When I sit down to write a poem, that's exactly what I do -- just write. But of course I'm not just writing without all I've learned and internalized. More, to use an writer's cliche, all good writing is rewriting. One must also always keep in mind what one is trying to accomplish with this particular poem I'm writing (Danto suggests that all art is a form of rhetoric), and if it's going to be successful in doing what I want the poem to do. That means I do have to attend to what I understand about language, grammar, how the brain works, etc. If I understand that poems with line breaks at around 3 seconds long make them easier to remember (the short term memory slot being 3 seconds long), then I can use that knowledge for certain kinds of works (like deciding to write a play in verse or not). If I understand that a steady rhythm of some sort in a poem allows the poem to map onto the brain's rhythms better, and I want people to

both enjoy the poem (that is, I want the poem to be for more people than just avant garde poets) and to remember the poem, then I will want to choose to write my poem in a rhythm of some sort. Knowledge of the effect of sound can help one to choose a rhythm, because you can use that rhythm to create emphasis and thus influence how the line or overall poem should be interpreted. The musicality of the poem too carries information (a kind of information many who are actually writing prose with line breaks lose). And if I want my work to carry meaning, then I will have to have repetitions of words, sounds, etc., since we know that people attribute meaning to repeated elements. Knowing that people attribute causality between lines, images and sentences put together (Sentence A, therefore, Sentence B) can allow us to understand the effect of putting two unrelated lines together, and tighten up our language by leaving out unnecessary "because's".

All this aside from the fact that the poet really needs to know a lot about the world if he's going to write about anything other than his barely understood inner world.

Troy Camplin

----- Original Message ----
From: steve d. dalachinsky <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Saturday, June 7, 2008 1:15:07 AM
Subject: Re: Bob Perelman's Joke

just write poetry ... we all get so bogged down in studying and when we pass will we be shakespeare son of net ? we want so hard to write poems we forget about writing poetry

On Thu, 5 Jun 2008 21:18:34 -0700 Troy Camplin <[redacted]>
writes:
> I think you're half right. You should do all those things. But I also
> think that you could not possibly understand the sonnet form, no
> matter how much you studied it, unless you learned how to write at
> least a passable sonnet.. The same with various other forms. The
> same with rhythm, rhyme, and patterns. If I could recommend the
> perfect set of studies for a poet, I would recommend studying the
> artform's history, learning how to write in each of the forms,
> prosody, morphology, grammar, semantics/semiotics, rhetoric, music,
> etymology, linguistics, cognitive science, poetics, and theory.
>
>
> ----- Original Message ----
> From: Jason Quackenbush <[redacted]..NET>

> To: [redacted]
> Sent: Thursday, June 5, 2008 5:11:57 PM
> Subject: Re: Bob Perelman's Joke
>
> A person working in an artform should always learn about the
> artform's history, and that includes studying received forms. And a
>
> person working in an artform should always study the building blocks
>
> of that artform, in poetry's case, that means studying prosody,
> morphology, grammar, and semantics/semiotics.
>
> however, I don't think that one best learns prosody, morphology,
> grammar, and semantics/semiotics through writing poetry in received
>
> forms. In fact, there are a number of bad ideas about prosody built
>
> in to a number of received forms, the sonnet not being the least of
>
> offenders in this case, that i think are detrimental to a thorough
> understanding. Much better I think to study those things from the
> scientific linguists point of view and find their application in
> poetry through work of poets like Jackson Mac Low, Gertrude Stein,
> TS
> Eliot, Ted Berrigan, and Ezra Pound. At least, that's what I did,
> and
> I think I'm very good and don't sound like other poets of my
> generation at all. Nor do I think that Jessica Smith, for example, is
>
> at all similar to Joseph Massey, or for that matter that Mark
> Leidner
> is anything like either of them, and I don't think any of those
> three
> write anything like me, and none of us are anything like Anis
> Mojgani
> or Rachel McKibbens, or Elizabeth Switaj or Marty McConnell or Geoff
>
> Gatza. And that's just a list of poets more or less my age that I've
>
> had personal interactions with, all of whom are excellent poets. So
>
> who exactly are all these younger poets who all write alike?

>
> On Jun 4, 2008, at 7:51 PM, Troy Camplin wrote:
>
>
>
> > There is no evidence between the covers that a new formalist is
> > involved at all. It's always the same old boring junk, and rarely
>
> > do you see any consciousness of form from any of the poets.
> >
> > Just
> > because Perelman's own poetry mostly sounds alike (at least, these
>
> > three from
> > Primer all sound alike, anyway: http://epc.buffalo.edu/authors/
> > perelman/primer.html)
> > and just because the very young poets he is complaining about all
>
> > sound like
> > him, it doesn't mean that Perelman wasn't right when he said what
>
> > he said. I'm
> > concerned more with the truth of what is said (or written) than I
>
> > am concerned
> > with who the messenger is.
> >
> > I'm not
> > necessarily recommending the new formalism (though, if there's
> > truth in
> > advertising here, I did reform my own poetic under the tutelage of
>
> > Frederick
> > Turner), but rather that poets should learn to write poetry the
> way
> > artists
> > learn to do art.. Artists have to take drawing classes, where they
>
> > learn how
> > figurative drawing. They learn such things as point perspective,
> > how to create
> > well-drawn, recognizable objects, etc. They also learn proper

> painting
> > techniques. Once they have demonstrated that they can do that,
> they
> > are free to
> > do more experimental work. To bring things closer to poetry, Don
> > Barthelme once
> > said that you have to first learn how to write perfectly
> > grammatical sentences,
> > and do so for a long time, before you can write bad sentences.
> Show
> > that you
> > know what you're doing, so that we know that the so-called bad
> > sentence is
> > actually a choice. The same is true of poetry. There's not a poet
>
> > worth his
> > salt who is incapable of writing a sonnet, even if he doesn't
> > typically do so.
> > You have to show that you understand poetry and can write poetry
> > well in the
> > traditional forms before anyone can (or should) really take you
> > seriously when
> > you go off to do something else more experimental. I too got hung
>
> > up on doing
> > experimental writing before I mastered the basics in my short
> > fiction. Once I
> > learned that I had to master the basics, I did -- and the
> > experiments began to
> > work.
> >
> > Of
> > course, if you rewrite your poem in another form, you will have a
>
> > new poem.
> > That’s the point. A good writer revises his or her work, and we
> > have to
> > remember that revision is re-vision, to see again. Trying an idea,
>
> > theme,
> > motif, or plot out in different forms allows us to see the idea,
> > theme, motif,

> > or plot anew.. It can force you to make choices that wouldn’t occur
>
> > to you. Of
> > course, there are just as many bad formalists out there as free
> > verse poets,
> > but it’s much easier to be a bad free verse poet.
> >
> > And
> > I’m not down on free verse poetry per se. I was a free verse poet
>
> > for years
> > before I began working in form, typical of contemporary poets. I
> > have free
> > verse poems published. But form opens up many possibilities I
> could
> > not have
> > imagined writing in free verse. Let me give an example.. Here are
>
> > two poems
> > with the same topic, but different forms, and therefore different
>
> > meanings.
> > Look them over more and consider the way the differences in forms
>
> > created
> > differences in meaning. Think about how important good writing is
>
> > to meaning,
> > and consideration of the importance of form should be if you want
>
> > to be a good
> > writer.
> >
> > Antichaos (Sapphic Verse)
> >
> > The beautiful chaos of river flowing
> > As time you step out of, into, the living
> > Unchanging emergence of antichaos
> > Breaking on mud banks --
> >
> > Is this the world, bright in the light of sunshine
> > That brings a remarkable living chaos

> > And deadly order to the continental
> > Flow as an earthquake?
> >
> > The winds are drying and are bringing moisture
> > To lands the sun parched, and the atmosphere is
> > Unchanged and changed, bringing a breeze, a gentle
> > Breath, and then lightning.
> >
> > The white hurricane on the seas are ordered,
> > An ocean, atmosphere together, swirling
> > In chaotic flows on the seas and landing
> > Hard on the dry land.
> >
> > And living things, rivers of earth and sea crawl
> > Across the land, swim in the seas a chaos
> > That swirls into timeful emergent rivers
> > Crawling on mud banks.
> >
> >
> >
> > Antichaos (Alcaics)
> >
> > Flow river, chaos breaks on the banks, and you,
> > Time, living order, changing in change itself,
> > Break chaos up to order merging
> > Flows of the water with earthly order.
> >
> > Bright sunshine killing, loving tenderness
> > Light brings to lands that flow on the liquid flow –
> > Hot magma moving lands now crashing –
> > Earthquakes are turning the land to chaos.
> >
> > Dry winds are parching lands into deserts where
> > Cacti won’t live. Moisture comes on the winds and there
> > Rains change the land from death to living
> > Breath and the lightning will light the dark sky.
>
> > White hurricane of sea and air are in
> > Time flows of swirling chaos and ordering
> > Matrices breaking land with winds which
> > Bring to the land and to us the ocean.
> >

> > Life burst from rivers – earth and the sea are now
> > One river swirling time. The smooth chaos will
> > Bring order, life emergent, water
> > Solid with crystals that make them crawl forth.
> >
> >
> >
> > Troy Camplin
> >
> >
> >
>
>
>
>
>
>

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176. **CA Conrad**
Re: Roy Exley - Re: Bob Perelman's Joke
Sun 8 Jun 2008

Roy, I think you miss the point then, sir. THIS IS A CONVERSATION IN THIS UNIVERSE! And it's one that doesn't get talked about very often!

DO YOU REALIZE HOW MANY YOUNG POETS THESE DAYS ROY ARE IN WRITING PROGRAMS!?

We NEED, very much NEED young poets to EXPRESS how they feel when these elder poets who instruct in such programs say such things.

IT'S A VERY GOOD THING, PLEASE SEE HOW AND WHERE THE MERITS OF THE CONVERSATION FIT DIRECTLY INTO THE LARGER UNIVERSE! (and university)

CAConrad
http://PhillySound.blogspot.com

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177. **Jennifer Karmin**
June 12: Los Angeles Art Walk
Sun 8 Jun 2008

Betalevel presents

4000 WORDS 4000 DEAD & REVOLUTIONARY OPTIMISM
street performance by Jennifer Karmin

Thursday, June 12th from 5-7pm
at the Downtown Los Angeles Art Walk
http://www.downtownartwalk.com

5pm beginning in front of Metropolis Books
440 S. Main Street, between 4th and 5th Streets
http://www.metropolisbooksla.com

"I want to start with the milestone today of 4,000 dead in Iraq. Americans. And just what effect do you think it has on the country?"

-- Martha Raddatz,
ABC News' White House correspondent
to Vice President Dick Cheney

JENNIFER KARMIN curates the Red Rover Series and is a founding member of the public art group Anti Gravity Surprise. Her multidisciplinary projects have been presented at a number of festivals, artist-run spaces, community centers, and on city streets. She teaches creative writing to immigrants at Truman College and works as a Poet-in-Residence for the Chicago Public Schools. During 2008, Jennifer will be a guest writer in Kenya with the Summer Literary Seminars and in California with the Djerassi Program. Recent poems are published in Bird Dog, MoonLit, Womb, Seven Corners, Milk Magazine, and the anthologies A Sing Economy, Growing Up Girl: An Anthology of Voices from Marginalized Spaces, and The City Visible: Chicago Poetry for the New Century.

BETALEVEL is located in a basement in Chinatown, Los Angeles, and plays host to various media events such as screenings, performances, classes, lectures, debates, dances, readings, and tournaments. Its members are artists, programmers, writers, designers, agit-propers, filmmakers, and reverse-engineers. http://www.betalevel.com

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178. **CA Conrad**

Re: Bob Perelman's Joke

Sun 8 Jun 2008

Sarai wrote:

> *If anyone hears me say something regrettable or*
> *stupid...and there is no one who has talked to me*
> *for any length of time who hasn't come away wondering*

> *about something or other...please ask me about it*
> *before dragging me before a public forum.*

This is not just saying something stupid though Sarah. In my original post I tried to make clear that this was VERY MUCH part of a bigger picture. Bob's statement (which he LATER wanted to clean up as a joke) was said with such ease that either HE MEANT IT, or, it's something that his friends are saying when there are no younger poets around.

It's very important Sarah, this conversation, BECAUSE, Bob Perelman and his friends spend a lot of time, and make a lot of money teaching younger poets.

If we want to talk about WHICH elder poets openly respect, encourage, even champion younger poets, THAT'S EASY ENOUGH. Ron Silliman spends A LOT OF TIME reading the work of younger poets and writing about them and their work. We may not all AGREE with everything he says, but the fact is he takes a lot of time and a lot of care to investigate, and he spends so much time doing this that it would be very hard to believe that he would agree with Perelman. Otherwise Silliman would have given up doing so a long time ago and just written about poets his age.

When Lyn Hejinian read at the Kelly Writers House a few years ago I confronted her during the Q&A about allegations made through the Poetry Project Newsletter, statements that THEY made claiming that SHE made about how younger poets are not involved in being open against the war, not involved in anti war protests and marches etc.. SHE seemed glad that I brought it up and said quite openly that that issue of the Newsletter irritated her because it was all taken out of context. She then went on to say that she has A LOT OF RESPECT for younger poets, you should try to find that recording, up on PENNSOUND.

Charles Bernstein (sticking with the Perelman crowd) is one of the most generous, active bodies in poetry in our time, hands down. No one is working harder at making poetry the center of the universe.

And I have a lot of respect for Mark, but I think he also missed the point that Bob Perelman WAS confronted with what he said, right there and then, by both Rothenberg and Filreis. Rothenberg wanted to make it SUFFICIENTLY CLEAR that Bob was NOT going to put those words in his mouth, did you watch the video to see what I made clear with his NO NO NO NO NO, waving his arms in the air?

THIS IS NOT ABOUT SLANDERING SOMEONE, you miss my point entirely Sarah. I'm talking about BOB saying something about a whole group of people INTO A MICROPHONE!

He didn't say this on the bus, or over cheese and crackers, he CHOSE to say this into a microphone for something HE KNEW was going to be saved on digital file for the Internet for many years to come!

And by starting this conversation I'm trying to get US to talk about US measured against that statement.

POETRY means everything to me, it's in my life every single day! My closest friends (most of them at least) also take poetry JUST as seriously as I do, and I am not about to sit back while Bob Perelman who has received just about every laurel there is to receive at this point smirks and makes some NASTY JOKE about younger poets.

MOST SINCERELY,
CAConrad
http://PhillySound.blogspot.com

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179. Charles Bernstein

Caroline Bergvall's Chaucer on Tuesday 7:30pm (NY)

Sun 8 Jun 2008

Caroline Bergvall
"My Chaucer"
with Mario Diaz de Leon
Tuesday, June 10, 7:30pm
Dia Arts--Tuesdays on the Terrace
outdoor program (weather dependent)
The Hispanic Society of America
Free-Reservations recommended
[redacted]
(Broadway between 155th and 156th Streets in New York City).
#1 train to 157th St)
*

http://epc.buffalo.edu/authors/bernstein/blog/

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180. Nicholas Karavatos

Reading in San Luis Obispo, CA on Sunday the 15th

Sun 8 Jun 2008

Nicholas Karavatos

SUNDAY, June 15th at 7:00

“Corners of the Mouth” Reading Series – Hosted by Kevin Patrick Sullivan

Linnaea's Café
1110 Garden Street
San Luis Obispo, CA 93401

http://poetix.net/slo.htm

Nicholas Karavatos
Dept of English
American University of Sharjah
PO Box 26666
Sharjah
United Arab Emirates

_____ Now you can invite friends from Facebook and other groups to join you on Windows Live™ Messenger. Add now. https://www.invite2messenger.net/im/?source=TXT_EML_WLH_AddNow_Now=

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181. **Al Filreis**

ready for new Readies

Sun 8 Jun 2008

Craig Saper tries his own READIES:

http://afilreis.blogspot.com/2008/05/im-ready-for-new-readies.html

- Al Filreis

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182. **Layne Russell**

Re: China and news for foreigners - Gotta love it - and KNOW IT

Sun 8 Jun 2008

#5: now there is some amazing policy.

L

----- Original Message -----
From: Alexander Jorgensen
To: [redacted]
Sent: Friday, June 06, 2008 10:33 PM
Subject: China and news for foreigners - Gotta love it - and KNOW IT

Thought this might be of interest to those of you who are learning more about China.

1- Police are now making surprise checks of flats in which foreigners dwell 2- Foreigners are being investigated for making remarks "insensitive to the feelings of Chinese people" 3- Visas for foreigners are now being denied or durations unusually limited 4- Chinese troops have been entering India and there is concern about an invasion following the olympics, something similar to China invasion of India in the late 1960s 5- The Chinese govt issued a statement saying Tibet's living Buddhas have been banned from reincarnation without permission from China.

On the road in Sikkim, India
Alex Jorgensen
--
http://www.alexanderjorgensen.com

--
http://www.fastmail.fm - One of many happy users:
http://www.fastmail.fm/docs/quotes.html

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183. **daniel Ereditario**
SoundEye 12 * July 3-6, 2008
Mon 9 Jun 2008

SoundEye 12
a festival of the arts of the word

Cork, Ireland
July 3 - 6, 2008

Ireland's premier festival of poetry, the avant-garde, and text-based art and performance, continues to grow in size and scope. This year, the international group of almost thirty poets visiting Cork City include Kenneth Goldsmith, founder of the cult website Ubuweb, who will also give a presentation on electronic curation, as well as Tom Raworth, Tom Pickard, Alison Croggon and Catherine Wagner.

The Alternative Cabaret will include a viola da gamba consort, performance from the London-based Bonney – Kruk – Lindsay – Robinson axis, art-noise band KFDS, a twenty-minute opera, the ever-popular Polskadots and many more. New this year is an exhibition of text-based art, with work from Nissan Prize Winner, Dan Shipsides, and from Maggie O'Sullivan and Justin Katko. Add to this an Open Mike session, transferred from a regular slot in Providence, Rhode Island, with MC Mairéad Byrne, and Cork can look forward to an exciting four days of art, poetry and exchange.

SoundEye happens between Thursday July 3rd (when the exhibition opens in The Black Mariah gallery on Washington Street) and Sunday 6th. The Firkin Crane will host most readings. The Alternative Cabaret will kick off at 8.30 p.m. in The Other Place, Paradise Place (between Washington Street and North Main Street) on the 4th of July.

Alison Croggon • Andrew Zawacki • Catherine Wagner • Dan Shipsides • Daniel Ereditario • David Toms • Fanny Howe • Frances Kruk • Jason Hirons • Jim Maughn • Jow Lindsay • Justin Katko • Kenneth Goldsmith • KFDS • Maggie O'Sullivan • Mairéad Byrne • Mark Weiss • Matthew Geden • Maurice Scully • Peter Manson • The Polskadots • Randolph Healy • Sean Bonney • Sophie Robinson • Susana Gardner • Tom Pickard • Tom Raworth • Trevor Joyce • et al.

Free admission to all events except the Alternative Cabaret and the session on electronic curation.

Programme of events coming shortly . . .

Please forward

http://soundeye.org/festival/

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184. **Pierre Joris**

Recent NOMADICS posts

Mon 9 Jun 2008

Check out these recent posts at: http://pjoris.blogspot.com

Just Published: ALJIBAR II
The Midnight Disease
Poetry & Pinot Reading
Griffin Poetry Prize goes to Blaser and Ashbery
This week's signandsight
Methane Triggernometry
Israel denies entry to Norman Finkelstein

Enjoy! Right now here in Luxembourg it is 82 degrees Fahrenheit,
in Paris 84,
& in New York City temperatures will reach 96 degrees.

Pierre

The poet: always in partibus infidelium -- Paul Celan

Pierre Joris

244 Elm Street
Albany NY 12202
h: [redacted]
c: [redacted]
o: 518 442 40 71
Euro cell: (011 33) 6 75 43 57 10
email: [redacted]
http://pierrejoris.com
Nomadics blog: http://pjoris.blogspot.com

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185. **Ian Randall Wilson**

The Mobil Novel Project -- 100th Episode

Mon 9 Jun 2008

Join us this Sunday, June 15th, for the 100th episode of the mobile novel project.

mobilenovel.blogspot.com

Ian Wilson

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186. **steve d. dalachinsky**

Fw: Re: Fw: Re: steve's gigs for june

Mon 9 Jun 2008

Vision Festival XIII Next Week! (6/10-6/15)
At Clemente Soto Velez
107 Suffolk Street
between Rivington and Delancey
Take F to Delancey or J, M, Z to Essex Street

Day 3: Thursday, June 12th

Milagro
8:15 p.m.
Steve Dalachinsky, spoken word; Tom Chiu, violin

30$ for entire night or discount tix available other performers that nite oliver lake , bluiett, james spaulding , etc

---

june 15th many readers at bowery poetry club to honor hersch silverman and steve cannon 6-9 pm

steve and yuko will speak and run

_____

_____-

june 17th at bowery poetry club as part of esp records night with bruce eisenbiel and warren smith

$10 10 PM

_____

a very special one

june 27th at tribes gallery 285 e 3rd st with robert morgan and matthew shipp
as part of a book party for steve and matt's new book logos and language contribution

_____

june 29th 5 pm at tribes many readers celebrating the release of lester afflick's book

I DREAM ABOUT YOU BABY - long awaited selected poems by a great poet who died too soon

steve - yuko and others read lester's work

contribution

_____

_____

Beauty Advice Just Got a Makeover
Read reviews about the beauty products you have always wanted to try

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187. **Shankar, Ravi (English)**

The Quarterly Conversation #12: Borges's Mentor, Simone de Beauvoir, Roberto Bolano, Anselm Hollo & Anne Waldman

Mon 9 Jun 2008

The Quarterly Conversation--Issue 12

http://www.quarterlyconversation.com/current-issue.html

Issue 12 of The Quarterly Conversation published Monday, June 2.

Issue 12 is headlined by an essay on Borges's mentor, Macedonio Fernandez. Little-known among English-speakers, Fernandez is considered by many Latin American critics to be the major influence on Borges's writing. The essay relates the two men's long-standing friendship and teases out the connections

between Fernandez's writings and Borges's. The essay also discusses Fernandez's highly experimental novel, Museo de la Novela de la Eterna, which will be published in English by Open Letter in 2009.

Read the essay: The Man Who Invented Borges

Issue 12 also has an essay on the diaries of Simone de Beauvoir, the second volume of which has just been published in France. It covers the years leading up to Beauvoir's meeting of Sartre, demonstrating that many of her philosophical and feminist ideas were already developing before the two met. It also discusses Beauvoir's adolescent years, early influences and mentors, and her evolving relationship with her family.

In addition, there is:
an interview with the French translator of Pynchon, Gass, Gaddis, and Vollmann Ravi Shankar on post-postmodern poetry
the low-down on the print-on-demand industry from a longstanding author who has chosen to go POD-only
an essay on Donald Barthelme
and 7 reviews of new fiction, including work from Roberto Bolano, FC2, and Antonio Lobo Antunes
The Quarterly Conversation is a journal primarily of literary criticism. It publishes four times per year, usually with 10 - 15 reviews and 5 features. For any inquiries or comments, please contact me at this email address.

Scott Esposito

Editor, The Quarterly Conversation
http://www.quarterlyconversation.com/current-issue.html

Conversational Reading
http://www.conversationalreading.com/

__._,_.___

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188. **amy king**

Fwd: SUNNYBANK POETRY RETREAT fwd from Lee Ann Brown

Mon 9 Jun 2008

Forward from Lee Ann BrownReply to [redacted]

I am hosting a poet's retreat in Hot Springs, NC
at Sunnybank JULY 11-13th 2008
I have mentioned to you in the past -

In solidarity with poets who need a retreat
- I am changing it from a workshop exclusively led by me

to a more collective retreat of poetic enjoyment - I will have plenty of info and ballads and guests and such lined up as well as an opportunity to perform in our new space - please forward to anyone you think might be interested -

Here's the description:

In the Laurels: Living the Poets Life

Poetry can be a daily activity that can inform the ways we live, and can serve as a lens with which to engage with others and with larger world issues. This weekend poetry retreat will mindfully integrate reading and writing poetry into daily activities at Sunnybank Inn and around the Hot Springs area. There will be time for private writing as well as group workshops and activities, such as a mountaintop poetry walk along a portion of the Appalachian trail, incorporating observations of the natural and human world into new poems. Sunnybank has a long poetic history and atmosphere: English folklorist Cecil Sharp in 1916 collected ballads in the "Laurel Country." Jane Gentry who supplied many of the songs lived here. We will work with the ballad form, and explore the relationship between the traditional ballads and writing new poems using traditional materials. We will focus on poetry which ranges from the contemplative to celebratory, traditional and contemporary, and from local and world traditions. We will draw inspiration from the being together in the atmosphere of this retreat home, which cultivates contemplation and serves as a meeting place free from hectic aspects of the modern world. Collective dinners, a library throughout the house, a music room and that each guest room is supplied with a volume of Walt Whitman's Leaves of Grass, and the Tao de Ching are examples of the spirit cultivated here. There will be private time for writing as well as collaborative projects, and group workshops. For night practice, methods of incorporating dreamwork into our writing will be demonstrated. In addition to daily sharing, we will have a chance to read or perform our favorite new pieces at the close of the weekend. No prior experience is necessary, just a willingness to be open to experimentation, to share some of what you write with others, and to be ready to listen to what we may learn from others' work and from the beauty of the Blue Ridge Mountains around us.

---

the closest place to fly into is Asheville, NC
It's pretty far up into the mountains about 45 minutes more
- but it's a trip we take often -
so we could arrange to pick you up or the Sunnybank staff can arrange a shuttle
if you don't want to rent a car)
or you can rent a car at the airport

The place is called
SUNNYBANK and
the host / organizer is Elmer Hall - the number there is
[redacted]
The price should be under $200 (it was originally $220 -
I will find out and let you know

The dates are Friday July 11-13th
includes dinner Friday night,
breakfast, lunch, dinner Saturday and
Sunday breakfast and lunch
plus Hottub - we can hike as well - it's right on the Appalachian trail

Let me know if you or someone you know is interested !

LOVE LEE ANN

Forward from Lee Ann Brown
Reply to [redacted]

--
Lee Ann Brown
PO Box 13, Cooper Station
NYC 10276
[redacted]

_____

Recent
http://www.tarpaulinsky.com/Reviews/kiss-me.html
http://cutbankpoetry.blogspot.com/2008/04/im-man-who-loves-you-by-amy-king.html

Alias
http://www.amyking.org

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189. **Doug Holder**
Interview with Charles Plymell
Mon 9 Jun 2008

YOU ARE COMMONLY KNOWN AS A BEAT POET. IS THIS A FAIR CHARACTERIZATION?: INTERVIEW WITH CHARLES PLYMELL

INTERVIEW WITH CHARLES PLYMELL: A POET WHO REFUSES LABELS.

With Doug Holder

Recently I sent out an email asking poets what does it mean to be a “failed poet.” Poet A.D.Winans hooked me up with poet Charles Plymell who (tongue-in cheek) offered to teach a seminar in this arcane subject and requested a hefty paycheck, and or a stash of drugs in payment.

Charles Plymell is a poet and writer who is often overlooked for his involvement with the BEAT literary scene in the 50’s and 60’s. Plymell, originally from Kansas City, moved from New York City in the early 60’s, to San Francisco and shared a house with Allen Ginsberg and Neal Cassady on Gough St in 1963. Plymell, although in the background to such BEAT figures as Jack Kerouac and Allen Ginsberg, was very influential. Under his “Cherry Valley” small press he published such Beat writers as William Burroughs, Robert Peters, and Herbert Huncke. Ginsberg credited Plymell as the first person to introduce him to the music of Bob Dylan.

Plymell had a huge influence on the underground comic scene, and printed the first issue of ZAP COMIX on his printing press in San Francisco. Plymell said he worked feverishly over this interview with his wife, the avant-garde publisher, and cofounder of “Cherry Valley Editions”, Pamela Beach, on a scorching June day.

YOU ARE COMMONLY KNOWN AS A BEAT POET. IS THIS A FAIR CHARACTERIZATION?

It beats not being known at all, I guess; therein lies the rub. Tag fame when you can, or cast your mind about the shadows. Burroughs said he never thought of himself as beat. He always knew the literate way to say things. I never did, so I’m always stuck in the semantic swamp. It is “fair”? I suppose it is, in a historic literary sense where labels serve as quick designations when they take on broader connotations toward social history. For instance, I was reluctant to contribute to Kevin Ring’s Beat Scene all these years because I could never think of Bukowski, Fante and many others he publishes as beat; but the broader brush, however thinly, feathers the label purposely, so that’s that. To argue for my reluctance would seem silly. But no, personally I hate to be eclipsed by a scene. As a fervent outsider, it is always a signal that my work has remained around the edges of a group. That is by my own design as well, though, I was always reluctant to jump into another’s scene (for more than a night).

YOU HAVE SAID THAT KANSAS CITY IN THE ‘50'S WAS YOUR FAVORITE SCENE, EVEN OVER THE HAIGHT IN THE 60's. WHY?

For many reasons my youth was spent seeing all the greats of jazz, race music, rhythm and blues across the tracks, and traditional songs by the greats at the honky tonks for a dollar cover. The youth of the Haight didn’t have that cultural education. We were also able to get all the Peyote we wanted and had youthful rituals on the riverbanks. No one was aware of anything happening except us,

so there wasn't any trouble. When I write about my long-time friend, Rapid Ronnie, alias Barbitol Bob reading me Pound in Zip's Club that was way before we had heard of the Beats. We were ignorant of the latest cultural phenomena of Life and Time, but we didn't need it. Our nights were spent on Benzedrine and Boo, making the rounds of clubs with the band members and club entertainers like Mickey Shaughnessy, the actor, making the rounds talking, laughing, goofing until breakfast or driving across the tracks to see and visit and smoke and drink with the likes of Fats Domino in his 49 Caddy from New Orleans in a little club with a few people all night long. We had something peculiar to the Midwest that we got high on for days at a time, bought at the drugstore that was much stronger than the amphetamines that Kerouac used while writing. I have never heard it mentioned at all in other canons of drugs and literature. Bob and I were in the Wichita jail together as high school dropouts and petty pill head gangsters, but we always read great literature and had the famous names in music always available to hang with at Mrs. Dunbar's Barbeque. There are some things that are meant for place and time, never to come that way again. We even studied Zen and the New fucking Age!

I can remember the years and what I was doing by the cars I had. In 49 though I was up in the Dakotas operating a caterpillar (Neal (Cassady) later claimed part of that story for a riff) near the reservation and borrowed a '48 Dodge from a friend of my father's that had to got back to Texas. There was no such thing as a driver's license at that time in that state so I drove it down to Oklahoma and joined my mother who was working on an auto daredevil thrill show ramping over a row of cars and driving through a board wall of fire…that sort of thing. I had a new '51 Chevy in San Antonio that I drove to Southern California to stay for a while. Then back to Kansas and down to Guadalajara and back and a trip to Baja for Bennies and Boo packing my 38 special and then followed the rodeo and rode Brahma Bulls and bareback broncs. Worked on the pipeline, then to Hollywood for a while and bought my '53 Roadmaster Buick there and went up to Oregon to work on a dynamite crew building a dam on the Columbia River. I bought a tugboat to live on and named it "Little Toot." Then traveled Montana, Idaho, and Wyoming with my sister who worked the towns as a prostitute. Then to Kansas City, and Wichita for Peyote rituals and worked for the Santa Fe then back through Denver over the pass I had driven as a kid in my Mom's '39 Buick, and back to San Francisco. Those are but a few highlights of the years when I had new or fairly new cars that corresponded to my travels in those years. I met Neal in '62 and that's when he read me some of his highlights from the book. Understandably, I wasn't that enthralled, so he only read two or three passages. I liked to drive with him and take him to work on my motorcycle.

So, by the time I went back to San Francisco again (right turn north off the Benzedrine Highway, Rt 66, my commute and Kerouac's discovery, in 1962; I was living on the first block up Ashbury off Haight St. A couple other friends from Wichita and those they knew were there. Conner had a show at the Batman Gallery, and Rapid Ronnie was living with his family in a '52 Chevy, I worked as a printer and printed some stuff on the side. I made collages and had a show at the Batman and made a couple of 16mm films, which were all the rage. They were in Ann Arbor Film Festival, through my Wichita friends, we had Sandoz LSD and later, Owsley. "Acid" hadn't been coined. We also had pure Mescaline from a laboratory in England. Brautigan and I sat in a café and watched the neighborhood change. It had been an old Russian neighborhood with great cafes serving pirogues and good food…unfortunately that all was to be trashed, I reflected that the new comers didn't have much street smarts and most of them didn't have formal education as did the beats who had made an earlier scene centered around City Lights and national attention over "fuck." So I asked Brautigan what would become of them. He got right into their trappings. Neal reminded me of the people I hung with in the 50's from Denver to K.C. I got along with him well, and later when Ginsberg returned from India in '63, he and Neal shared the Gough St. flat with me. I think Ginsberg knew Neal's wild side and saw me as a stabilizing force. So I'd take Neal to work at a Goodyear tire shop on Van Ness on my motorcycle and go on to my job at the print shop like the squares of the 50's the young people now talk about. Well, with the circus in town, that didn't last long!

Someone just sent a notice that Bo Diddley died. He was from the old rhythm and blues and race music I listened to in the 50's. He was one of many originals who didn't get his due, at least to the fullest. A snapshot apropos: We were living a block or two from the Avalon Ballroom in a pad where we printed Zap and had nude parties and someone came to visit who said to come over and meet the band he's managing. A strange name: Pink Floyd. Another "strange name" was playing the Avalon during that era where the usual band had sell out crowds of hippies with psychedelic music blasting and strobe lights flashing. One night the lights were down and there was a dozen or so in the crowd. Bo Diddley took a place off stage towards the front of the ballroom and began by saying: Mercy, Mercy, Mercy, and here I am now, playing for YOU as if to punctuate the lack of cultural, educational, and streetwise heritage of the youthful arrivals. Of course, while living at that same place, we had complimentary tickets left at City Lights to attend Janis Joplin and Big Brother at the Filmore a few blocks in the other direction. After going up to City Lights to pick up the tickets, the night grew larger with more places to stop, get high and eventually miss a historically important performance where the like of

Joplin, Doors, Dylan, Rolling Stones, Beatles would soon re-introduce the great traditional music that had been forgotten.

Though San Francisco was going to be the town built on Rock’n’Roll in the 60's, it would eventually have to pay tribute to the Jazz and blues from Kansas City from the 50's to achieve its greatness. My nostalgia lay in both decades.

ACCORDING TO THE INTERVIEWS I READ, YOU HAVE BEEN HEAVILY INVOLVED WITH DRUGS. GUYS LIKE BUKOWSKI SWORE THAT BOOZE, ETC...WAS ESSENTIAL FOR THEIR CREATIVE PROCESS. IN RETROSPECT WAS ALL THE LSD, ETC...MORE OF A HINDRANCE OR HELP?

That’s the old question “on many levels” as we used to say so much during that period. Someone remarked that he thought we were eternally on an elevator! It’s difficult to answer. Brain chemistry is still endless in new territories. Certainly spontaneity and improvisation in the frontal lobe are stimulated by holding all that Cannabis smoke in. The associations seem favorable and helpful for jazz musicians, for example, and probably proved through anecdotal experience and empiricism. Cannabis in other arts that demand simultaneous critical and symbolic motifs of the eye instead of the ear, and the whole language/brain involvement seems more problematic. It is essential for creative people to travel that road of excess unless they are by chance the Innocent or Idiot. It would be impossible for me to weigh those imports into such an elusive study of so many variables such as a personality overlay on a biochemical mass. The most concrete case study would probably remain in Kubla Khan. It is odd that two of the most motivating forces for modern man surface to the top of the paradigm in drugs and money. In the “B” column, Sex and Rock’n’Roll. Or maybe Sex on top. ALBERT HOFMANN DISAPPROVED OF THE RECREATIONAL USE OF LSD. HE FELT YOUNG PEOPLE SHOULD USE IT MORE RITUALISTICALLY. YOUR TAKE?

Yeah, I saw his recent obit and said that was the guy who used rye bread for his toast and tea. Yes, there was intelligent advice in the obit. The Golden Mean is always good advice. I was more heavily involved in the variety instead of the quantity. Even with Benzedrine in the 50's, I would take breaks for my body to recuperate instead of maxing it out, which seem to be a universal approach for many in a kind of competitive way rather than what common sense would dictate. There was a certain excitement riding with Neal on the Amphetamine Trail, but in reality the more he used it, the more symptoms of overuse came into play, and his preoccupation with defending his title of fastest word in the west would became more tiring. So there is always an apex where force recedes to entropic realities. There was always an implicit demand in opening doors to the interior universe, I remember just before the Haight explosion a bunch of us were tripping in a pad down the street below McClure’s. We had locked the

doors and would express a kind of anguish about going there again. There were terrors along the way. The mirrors would change your face into others. Of course it was Sandoz vials at that time, or maybe Owsley had come on the scene by then. Either was the pure stuff and only fools would not have a personal trepidation of a contraindication. McClure came to the door about the time we were dissolving into the trip and we didn't let him in . He was sort of joking about tripping and it was very alarming to us because we had definitely left the road of known landscapes. I don't know whether or not he had the experience by then, but I'm sure he would have taken it with his doctor friends or under very trusted circumstances. It was not to play with in the normal environments of society. I shudder to think how the young would take it in such cavalier ways. Of course I don't know how much the doses were diluted or contaminated since the first days of it. Even a decade earlier in the 50's with Peyote, we would naturally gravitate to ritualistic behavior down on the river banks. The experience itself seemed to demand the ceremony of at least twisting in the wind of a higher force. I just saw a rather stupid program on TV of Peyote to something or other flashing from early investigators to Leary and the Haight.. My God! Well it shows that culture is the worst contaminate. And I began to think of all the cool, hip distinctions surrounding the reefer of my early years and then tried to picture Laura Bush and her sorority friends smoking Marijuana. Ha! The devaluation and deflation dissolves the mythical. The tincture of spirit no longer has purpose while ground into toxic trash crawling alongside the sanctioned public expressway of technology. God will give us only what our hands can make, what our brains can discover in science. Our spirit has not busted out of our upright poster. Drug chemistry just stirs the maw. Some like to throw off social safety nets, hate controls, and chant for freedom to take the cosmic plunge. Hart Crane said that the bottom of the sea is cruel.

A LOT OF US SMALL PRESS FOLKS HAVE GRIPES WITH THE "ACADEMY." YOU HAD A SMALL PRESS, AND THERE IS NO GREAT LOVE BETWEEN YOU AND ACADEMIA.

I'm no longer involved with either. Publishing has changed a great deal since I was active in it. Somehow I was one who had to be written off the money list for a personal grant/fellowship. Any institutional activity always needs a fall guy. Ironically, it's always the person who could have benefited the most. After a lifetime of involvement, I just read my poetry when friends put together an interesting venue, or a cultural wealthy country invites me to their forum. I'm probably one of the few poets who needs the honorarium for livelihood rather than resume/curricula/vita. If I can add to my almost 700 a month social security check, I will. In publishing, I no longer know poetry and mainly read physics and sleep the longs nights thinking about what I do not understand and

sometimes read what my comix friends send. If I do want to preserve thoughts in word combinations that I'd like to see again, or have something to give guests, etc. I print them privately. It's much simpler that way and very inexpensive online printing with no storage costs, etc. I've had nothing to do with funding for publishing since the 70s. It took a long time for me to realize that any funding, private or public would have nothing to do with me. My wife told me that long ago. People still send me books inscribed to their first teacher and blah, blah listing several grants and awards they have received. I see the names that used to reappear connected with funding when little publications came in the mail; it's pretty easy to see the corruption and who was whose friend. I toss them. Gradually, I receive fewer. I used the analogy of the farm bureau that wanted to help the small farmer by subsidies. They kept the administration to themselves until bureaucracies out numbered the small farmer. Where's the small farmer now? Maybe Willie Nelson knows! All the rest are speculators who have manipulated the subsidies. The academe and mainstream politicos will always reward themselves first and create their legions to prop up their own organizations. In the name of milk or in the name of art, all the little towns have subsidized- homogenized products in the vinyl era.

IN AN INTERVIEW WITH JON RANDALL YOU SAID GINSBERG ENDORSES ANYTHING THAT IS POLITICALLY CORRECT AND PROFITABLY CORRECT. GINSBERG AT ONE TIME WAS IN ADVERTISING, RIGHT?

I always thought that was apparent. I remember taking him to a national endowment meeting where he turned it all around immediately got grants for him and Peter and all his Lower East Side friends, some of them who had asked me to write about them. About that time, my friend Rod McKuen was in town and asked if he could do anything to help Cherry Valley Editions and I asked Allen to read with him for a benefit, but Allen said it would have to be out in Kansas. He didn't want to offend any of his constituency. This after I introduced him at his big reading at the Folger Shakespeare library. He told me when we first met that he had worked as a market researcher. If so, I thought he put all those traits to good use managing his career. He did excel in that sort of thing. I thought it was a good thing to have, but a lot of work. He was on the phone all the time. I don't think Burroughs was hype but he enjoyed others hyping him. As he used to say, wouldn't you? Bremser was no hype. Neal, well hype was his might.

WE HAVE A MUTUAL FRIEND HUGH FOX. FOX IS AN ICON OF THE SMALL PRESS SCENE. RECENTLY THE IBBETSON STREET PRESS PUBLISHED HIS CONTROVERSIAL MEMOIR: "WAY, WAY OFF THE ROAD." HOW DID YOU GUYS HOOK UP BACK IN THE DAY?

I knew Hugh mainly in the publishing days of the 70's. We published his book and he was friends with Pam’s mother, Mary Beach and her husband Claude Pelieu. He was always going off to Kansas City or Rio with outlandish stories of great interest. All he needed was a market researcher! Well, we were out in New Mexico on a literature panel 30-40 years ago and I sat down in a theater sort of place where there were presentations and along side me came a lady dressed to the nines. It was Hugh! Later we went to a party at a Mexican’s house in the country. He was a writer whose name I forget, but I saw it everywhere those days. Obviously he had ties to the director of programs who got drunk and started feeling me up. Later at the hotel, the director had a room across from mine and he opened his door and pulled out his dick and wanted me to suck it. It was small, dark and crooked, very unappealing, so I declined. I never knew whether this was the grant application or not. It frustrated me because I had heard stories of people with government power trading their influence for sex and the like, but I didn’t know the protocol. (No wonder they called them fellowships) I guess it continues for many today, like the foot taper. It was so unromantic, but sex in the Beat scene was like that, too. Most of it was a service type industry, almost clinical. I needed more research in this area. In Kansas all that was taken for granted, but it wasn’t tied to power, so I felt like the ignorant hippies, no street smarts, no educations, no grants!

A FRIEND OF MINE JACK POWERS, WHO FOUNDED STONE SOUP POETS IN BOSTON, SAID KEROUAC’S “ON THE ROAD” FREED HIM FROM THE CONSTRAINTS OF HIS BOSTON IRISH CATHOLIC BACKGROUND. HOW DID IT AFFECT YOU? YOU WROTE A BOOK OF SIMILAR THEME: “Last of the Moccasins”

Yeah, I remember Jack. He played me Willie Nelson’s “Blues Eyes Crying in the Rain” at the Stone Soup. I guess the Austin rebels were coming to fame at the time. Willie did a real version, of course. Jack looked kind of blank when I told him that my mother used to sing it to me. She had learned it from Roy Acuff on the radio. Kerouac’s book was a catharsis for many youngsters all over the world. I never read it. Neal used to read me passages from it, and I would see passages in literary anthologies. My catharsis probably cannot be related to an event. It was probably on the road. I’m not sure of the time line when he wrote his book, but I had definitely camped in the back of an old International (about the same year as the original Further bus) and had driven a ‘39 Buick over the Rockies. I was probably in the Dakotas at that time sleeping on the prairie. And by ‘52 was goin’ to Kansas City to hear Jay McShann and later Charley Parker. He was older and had a good ear for jazz and one of the only poets who could put poetry with it. Allen used to read me his Mexico City poems. But I was never into his prose. Except for his jazz, I wasn’t impressed with him and thought most of the Beats were pretty square early on. I thought Huncke was a

true hipster and Neal was a phenomena and Burroughs superceded labels. My youth was far removed from the ward-head mentalities of east coast cities. The cultural geography was different. My geography was from the Mississippi to California. The expansive geographical freedom was a continuous catharsis for me, with maybe some peyote thrown in the medical definition! City Lights published my book and about the same time refused a book by both Kerouac and Burroughs, so I don't know what the publishing situation was. My book was pretty well shelved with no royalties paid. Europa Verlag in Austria published it and I had to split the advance with City Lights. Later my rights were reassigned and it came out with Mother Road with the fabulous cover by the famed artist Robert Williams who said he wasn't a cover artist but that he'd do one for me because of my history with the Comix, first publisher of Zap and first brought S. Clay Wilson into print when we lived in Lawrence, Kansas. Meanwhile I just gave my last copy of the one with the Robert Williams cover to a collector, a deaf guy who popped in, who I had met at a Robert Williams signing in NYC years ago. So that publication became very rare quickly, but someone (I wonder who) finally pulled the City Lights version from the cellars and the booksellers and collectors have the City Lights first edition for sale all over the place. I found it hard to deal with millionaire beatniks.

AS A SMALL PUBLISHER I AM INTERESTED TO KNOW ABOUT YOUR SMALL PRESS YOU FOUNDED "CHERRY VALLEY."

It would be impossible to list the publications. Part of it began with Josh Norton here in Cherry Valley, where we received a couple of small publishing grants and famous poets and writers gave work and donations. Pam Beach Plymell knows more about that. She is also over her mother, the late Mary Beach and her husband Claude Pélieu's voluminous work of beat book translations, their own publications and the visual art archive. Fame is what sells Independents. And one has to kind of be in a movement or tied to performance to sell original work these days. There is very little literature from larger presses. Most of it is reserved for the people who are known on television to have a hard copy of their thoughts. The book has become more archival and more of an artifact itself for lesser-known artists these days. We do not have an archive for Cherry Valley. We sold it for living needs. Wichita State has a complete one, I think and Byron Coley and Thurston Moore have put together a complete one at their Yod Space in Florence. They met the only remaining artist/poet; they didn't have, who we published, Paul Grillo, at Claude and Mary's show in NYC curated by John McWhinnie last fall.

WHICH POETS LIVING OR DEAD ARE IN YOUR PERSONAL CANON?

I don't have any new influences because I read mainly physics and science and things I can't understand. I think this country's greatest poetic mind was Loren

Eiseley. His brush was as broad as Shakespeare's I thought that he didn't have a vehicle in formal prosody and genre as did Shakespeare to use poetry and that his prose in books, like The Star Thrower, was more poetic than most poetry. Like a fool, I tried to suggest this to him and he humbly answered that he spent a lot of effort trying to place his words to suit him, or something like that. When I went to meet him at his museum office at the University of Pennsylvania, I was frozen in place as he came from his office. A glimpse of his even diminutive presence made me scurry out of the museum like a rat unnoticed. I don't know why. His mind on the Platte and mine on the Cimarron must have fused at the Cathedral Rocks on the north/south trail where the voice from "the shaken tent" was heard, a catharsis on the trail, indeed. Hart Crane, out in Akron, before the literary moneyed industry, when we knew what a real bottle of milk cost, wrote: "Played ragtime and dances before the door/and we overpaid them because we felt like it." A few meat scraps from Pound, his wonderful translations with Noel Stock from the days of Cleopatra taken from the hieroglyphs of broken pottery have didactic phrases from everyday life much like what poets send me now. The Island poets, any historical glimpses by Herodotus. I don't like the fascist Greek plays. Plays always bore me anyway, except for "The Iceman Cometh" and some "movie plays of Tennessee Williams. Shakespeare's Sonnets and poetry in his plays. Gore Vidal and Burroughs always remain current. J. H. Fabre, the French poet of science, Wilson's Insect societies. Last winter I read at (I don't read through difficult works) but pick them up and read at them to reflect or guide my dreams: Radin's "Entangled Minds", David Bohm's "Wholeness and the Implicate Order" though he began to babble and rescued himself in Za Zen like Gary Snyder or someone; Richard Dawkins, The Selfish Dream; Nadeau and Kafatos' The Non-Local Universe; and Becker and Seldon's Body Electric, which has to do with reasons that might be shattering or retarding the national intellect. It also explains some of my own "road to Catharsis" by re- enlightening me to the fact that my younger years were spent only with the earth's electricity that is open ended rather than the closed circuit man-made electricity. The other books and readings were to help me substantiate a theory I've been thinking about for a long time; places gravity's weaker force as a tiny measurement of the larger magnetic force.

---- Doug Holder/ Ibbetson Update/ June 2008/Somerville, Mass.

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190. **Jim Andrews**

Re: Slidvid

Mon 9 Jun 2008

> *Can a digital work (a prpcess) make mistakes?*

consider a chess-playing program. the best ones make mistakes. a 'mistake', in that context, is a move that could be better.

mistakes in art are more subjectively oriented, perhaps. what one person likes another thinks is a mistake.

one of the reasons i like doing what i do is i don't know what i'm doing.

in dbCinema, often i don't know whether a feature i'm programming will be worth the work. i try to pick features that will be worth it. in terms of their contribution to the art, mainly. sometimes they aren't. usually they aren't. but, often, it's hard to tell until the feature's working.

those are my mistakes, though, not the digital work's.

but to return more directly to your question, if the digital work is programmed in such a way that agency (to make mistakes), in some sense, is in its hands, then it can make mistakes. if the programming does not, in some sense, give it the agency to make mistakes, then it can't.

ja
http://vispo.com

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191. Gerald Schwartz

A Post-Jazz Meatphorical Dialogue by Steve Dalachinsky and Matthew Shipp (And Then Some)

Mon 9 Jun 2008

Very interesting. For our latest event/performance/recording @ Toyeaters Studio, Jersey City, May 23rd, CATERASCHWARTZLOPEZ created a system of its own: BLEND TO MAKE, using the following system functions as follows, (especially in the pieces "Herb Robertson Said", "Nation Building Avatar", "Taize Singing", "Oui Wimmy-Diddle (For Jonathan Williams):

1. Theme Domains: themes were represented by axioms expressing properties specific to that
particular poetic/sonic system. Associated with each theme domain is a list of keywords that
access that theme domain.

2. The BLEND TO MAKE "algorithm": generated new concepts and metaphors from
input
spaces selected from the theme domains.

3. Grammar Morphism: mapped the conceptual blends to natural language

4. Optimality Principles: We used principles that consisted of a metric that quantified optimality
according to: 1. communitivity, 2. changes in elements in the input spaces; and. the number of
elements from the input spaces that were preserved in the blended space.

5. Narrative Structure: this defined how phrase units could be composed. A poetic/sonic system
designer inputted his choice of narrative structure, stacking it all up.

6. Formatted input was read in and the system is initialized. This input consists of the theme domains and keywords, phrase "templates", and a narrative structure, provided by the poet.

7. An input loop began, the system waited for the user input in the form of a keyword

8. A phrase of the appropriate type, was selected from a list of Phrases

9. The phrase selected in 2 was checked for wildcards of the following types:
-Phrasal = used to select a particular phrase type in order to replace the wildcard with a
subphrase
-Grammatical = used to choose grammatical expression for a blend-space, this is bolstered
for richer treatment
-Domain = used to select a select domain
- Axiom = for finer grained conceptual space selection
(wildcards consist of a token to represent its grammatical type. This selection is random.

10. Conceptual spaces were selected from the chosen domains as follows:
-axioms were chosen from the first domain in relation to its emotion, consistency, and drive. The o's
are always used to make the BLEND TO MAKE
- subdomains were formed from the 2nd domain that consisted only of axioms of sorts that matched
the chosen axioms
- These spaces were used to create an input pattern (the studio's generic space, three input spaces,
and the morphisms between our spaces
- The input pattern was passed into the blending "algorithm", which outputted a conceptual blend and
two morphisms to it.

11. The input Loop starts over, unless the system has reached a finish state in the narrative structure

The result was a two set performance that shredded the tin ceiling and is available (very cheap)
by contacting me.

Gerald Schwartz
[redacted]

> *Subject: Book Review- Logos and Language: A Post-Jazz Meatphorical Dialogue*
> *by Steve Dalachinsky and Matthew Shipp*
>
> *Logos and Language: A Post-Jazz Metaphorical Dialogue*
> *Published: May 31, 2008*
> *By Lyn Horton*
>
> *Logos and Language: A Post-Jazz Metaphorical Dialogue*
> *Steve Dalachinsky and Matthew Shipp*
> *Softcover; 97 pages*
> *ISBN: 978-2-9531508-0-3*
> *Publisher*
> *2008*
>
> *Getting to the bottom of things requires stamina and focus. The medium*
> *for this process is crucial in distilling the essence of the pursuit,*
> *and when it comes to music, words often pave the way to penetrating its*
> *whys and wherefores. But because words can act as musical entities themselves, words and music have a unique bond. What both imply can fit*
> *into the narrowness of definition or explode into the breadth of a spiritual universality, simultaneously. It is simply a matter of point*
> *of view.*
>
> *Pianist Matthew Shipp has produced a manifesto of sorts to contextualize the music he makes and the person he is, a venture he mounted with poet and longtime friend Steve Dalachinsky. The transcript*
> *of their discussion, some of Shipp's writings, as well as poetry that*
> *Dalachinsky wrote while listening to Shipp play constitute a book issued in 2008 by Rogue Art entitled Logos and Language: A*

Post-Jazz
Metaphorical Dialogue.

This book is not about jazz; it is about how the creation of musical language is inseparable from everything else. To grasp the heart of the
book, the reader needs to absorb the meaning of the ³Logos Chart²
(designed by Shipp) which appears on the first page. This chart is simple, encapsulating both the book's total thrust and the entirety of
Shipp's cosmogony: universal mind intercepts and becomes human reasoning and expression, which intercepts and becomes the infinite.

To interpret Shipp's cosmogony is hazardous; to align with it is mandatory. The point of verbalizing Shipp's musical language is to create a reference. Going back to read the book is similar to, but not
the same as, listening to a recording of his music. Every time the reader returns, something new will come forth. Every time the reader
returns, the closer the dissolution of the constrictions of language.

In his discussion with Shipp, Dalachinsky offers springboards for the
musician to elaborate on specific evidence that supports his beliefs.
There is no subject that Dalachinsky mentions that does not trigger fervent responses from Shipp.

The poet initiates the conversation with a description of the park the
two are sitting in and, with that, the concept of nature becomes the
metaphorical backdrop for plugging into Shipp's creativity. The dialog
moves through one idea after another in a constant flow: from invisible
connections between the physical and the ethereal, on to biology, musicians, religious belief systems, mysticism, the Bible and life - to
cite only some of the threads in their consideration of universality.
At times, the discussion breaks into humorous
digressions >> intended, ironically enough, to straighten out confusion in the
two-way

communication.

Placed at the end of the book, three pieces of Shipp's writings serve
to peel other layers away from the mystery that feeds his music. He writes on the concepts of ³flow² and the genetics of mind; he even analogizes boxing to improvisation.

Dalachinsky's poetry provides another verbal frame for perceiving Shipp's music. One poem carries an essential message: ...²if you're gonna tell what the music is talking about say what the music is saying
say that the music has something to say that it's telling a story even
if you gotta search your imagination...² Indeed.

This book does not pretend to be a substitute for (or to explain) Shipp's music. This book links his music to readily accessible points
of view through words and pictures. This book provides a means for minds to converge. This book is a means to everything else.

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192. **Ryan Daley**
My book, Armored Elevator
Mon 9 Jun 2008

Thanks to scribd, Armored Elevator is now available online, for free!

here: http://www.scribd.com/doc/3289197/armored-elevatorpdf

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193. **Murat Nemet-Nejat**
Re: Slidvid
Mon 9 Jun 2008

Jim,

A mistake, it seems to me, is a step which undercuts its own structure, and not, necessarily, the user misusing it. For instance, can a process acts against (outside?) the algorithms which constitute its instructions? In mathematics this seems to be impossible. You can not *in the middle* of a permutation assign to a triangle four sides or start by dividing by zero, though in a parallel structure I assume that might be imaginable.

What I am really asking if a program can unlearn as much as learn?

Ciao,

Murat

On Mon, Jun 9, 2008 at 5:41 PM, Jim Andrews <[redacted]> wrote:

> *Can a digital work (a prpcess) make mistakes?*
>
> *consider a chess-playing program. the best ones make mistakes. a 'mistake', in that context, is a move that could be better.*
>
> *mistakes in art are more subjectively oriented, perhaps. what one person likes another thinks is a mistake.*
>
> *one of the reasons i like doing what i do is i don't know what i'm doing.*
>
> *in dbCinema, often i don't know whether a feature i'm programming will be worth the work. i try to pick features that will be worth it. in terms of their contribution to the art, mainly. sometimes they aren't. usually they aren't. but, often, it's hard to tell until the feature's working.*
>
> *those are my mistakes, though, not the digital work's.*
>
> *but to return more directly to your question, if the digital work is programmed in such a way that agency (to make mistakes), in some sense, is in its hands, then it can make mistakes. if the programming does not, in some sense, give it the agency to make mistakes, then it can't.*
>
> *ja*
> *http://vispo.com*

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194. **Jim Andrews**
Re: Slidvid
Mon 9 Jun 2008

'emergent behavior' is an interesting phenomenon. 'emergent behavior', concerning programming, is behavior that is not anticipated by the programmer but arises via the program's abilities. for instance, suppose a program can learn. the programmer will have anticipated that the program learns and changes in certain ways, but it may be impossible to tell what it will learn and what it will become, over time. just like us in that sense.

can a program unlearn as much as learn? it would have to be able to formulate alternatives and decide among alternatives. and, yes, it's theoretically possible for programs to do that. how well they do it is a matter of the programming and the way the programming allows for emergent behavior.

it hasn't been convincingly demonstrated, Murat, that there are any thought processes of which humans are capable that programming cannot also, in theory, do. but neither has it been convincingly demonstrated that there are no such processes.

there is a pretty good argument that there are very likely no such thought processes. but i have never heard a good argument to the contrary.

this doesn't diminish us. to me, it makes us more interesting. we are the ultimate machines. the universe has apparently been around for about 15 billion years. life on earth has been evolving for about 2.5 billion years. spatially, we're a speck in the vast universe but, temporally, our living form has been evolving through a significant portion of the full life of the universe. nothing in the universe could have evolved longer than one order of magnitude longer than our own life on earth. of course that could mean very big changes, but still. it sort of puts in perspective how highly evolved we and our fellow creatures on the planet are, despite our tragic failings.

ja
http://vispo.com

> *A mistake, it seems to me, is a step which undercuts its own structure, and*
> *not, necessarily, the user misusing it. For instance, can a process acts against (outside?) the algorithms which constitute its instructions? In mathematics this seems to be impossible. You can not *in the middle* of a permutation assign to a triangle four sides or start by dividing by zero, though in a parallel structure I assume that might be imaginable.*
>
> *What I am really asking if a program can unlearn as much as learn?*
>
> *Ciao,*
>
> *Murat*

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195. **George Bowering**

Re: Roy Exley - Re: Bob Perelman's Joke

Mon 9 Jun 2008

You truly believe that the poet's job is expression?

gb

On Jun 8, 2008, at 8:38 AM, CA Conrad wrote:

> *Roy, I think you miss the point then, sir. THIS IS A CONVERSATION IN THIS*

> *UNIVERSE! And it's one that doesn't get talked about very often!*
>
> *DO YOU REALIZE HOW MANY YOUNG POETS THESE DAYS ROY ARE IN WRITING*
> *PROGRAMS!?*
>
> *We NEED, very much NEED young poets to EXPRESS how they feel when these*
> *elder poets who instruct in such programs say such things.*
>
> *IT'S A VERY GOOD THING, PLEASE SEE HOW AND WHERE THE MERITS OF THE CONVERSATION FIT DIRECTLY INTO THE LARGER UNIVERSE! (and university)*
>
> *CAConrad*
> *http://PhillySound.blogspot.com*

G. Bowering. D.Litt
Not found in the New Testament

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196. **Alan Sondheim**
(no subject)
Mon 9 Jun 2008

J'aime si tendrement le desert et la mer;
Que je ris dans les deuils et pleure dans les fetes,
Et trouve un gout suave au vin le plus amer;
Que je prends tres souvent les faits pour des mensonges
Et que, les yeux au ciel, je tombe dans des trous.

I love most tenderly the desert and the sea;
I find a curious suavity in bitter wine,
I smile at the saddest moments, I weep amid gaiety;
I take facts for illusions - and often as not, with eyes
Fixed confidently on heaven, I fall into holes.

(from Baudelaire, La Voix in Les Fleurs, trans. George Dillon)

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197. **steve d. dalachinsky**
Re: Bob Perelman's Joke
Tue 10 Jun 2008

---

it's so funny i'm an older unlaureled uneducated poet who's been following this thread

and what's so interesting to me is that i know and love many younger poets and they're work
and have the exact opposite feelings about many of them
particularly the eager beavers - the comers and they know who they are
but even they take poetry quite syrupyoops i mean seriously
but here's the real laugh ole stupid me NEVER EVEN HEARD OF BOB PEARLMAN

maybe i'd better try to write this in sonnet form

On Sun, 8 Jun 2008 12:21:11 -0400 CA Conrad <[redacted]>
writes:
> Sarah Sarai wrote:
>
> >>If anyone hears me say something regrettable or
> >>stupid...and there is no one who has talked to me
> >>for any length of time who hasn't come away wondering
> >>about something or other...please ask me about it
> >>before dragging me before a public forum.
>
>
> This is not just saying something stupid though Sarah. In my
> original post
> I tried to make clear that this was VERY MUCH part of a bigger
> picture. Bob's statement (which he LATER wanted to clean up as a
> joke) was
> said with such ease that either HE MEANT IT, or, it's something that
> his
> friends are saying when there are no younger poets around.
>
> It's very important Sarah, this conversation, BECAUSE, Bob Perelman
> and his
> friends spend a lot of time, and make a lot of money teaching
> younger poets.
>
> If we want to talk about WHICH elder poets openly respect,
> encourage, even
> champion younger poets, THAT'S EASY ENOUGH. Ron Silliman spends A
> LOT OF
> TIME reading the work of younger poets and writing about them and
> their
> work. We may not all AGREE with everything he says, but the fact is
> he

> takes a lot of time and a lot of care to investigate, and he spends
> so much
> time doing this that it would be very hard to believe that he would
> agree
> with Perelman. Otherwise Silliman would have given up doing so a
> long time
> ago and just written about poets his age.
>
> When Lyn Hejinian read at the Kelly Writers House a few years ago I
> confronted her during the Q&A about allegations made through the
> Poetry
> Project Newsletter, statements that THEY made claiming that SHE made
> about
> how younger poets are not involved in being open against the war,
> not
> involved in anti war protests and marches etc.. SHE seemed glad
> that I
> brought it up and said quite openly that that issue of the
> Newsletter
> irritated her because it was all taken out of context. She then went
> on to
> say that she has A LOT OF RESPECT for younger poets, you should try
> to find
> that recording, up on PENNSOUND.
>
> Charles Bernstein (sticking with the Perelman crowd) is one of the
> most
> generous, active bodies in poetry in our time, hands down. No one
> is
> working harder at making poetry the center of the universe.
>
> And I have a lot of respect for Mark, but I think he also missed the
> point
> that Bob Perelman WAS confronted with what he said, right there and
> then, by
> both Rothenberg and Filreis. Rothenberg wanted to make it
> SUFFICIENTLY
> CLEAR that Bob was NOT going to put those words in his mouth, did
> you watch
> the video to see what I made clear with his NO NO NO NO NO, waving
> his arms
> in the air?

>
> THIS IS NOT ABOUT SLANDERING SOMEONE, you miss my point entirely
> Sarah. I'm
> talking about BOB saying something about a whole group of people
> INTO A
> MICROPHONE!
>
> He didn't say this on the bus, or over cheese and crackers, he CHOSE
> to say
> this into a microphone for something HE KNEW was going to be saved
> on
> digital file for the Internet for many years to come!
>
> And by starting this conversation I'm trying to get US to talk about
> US
> measured against that statement.
>
> POETRY means everything to me, it's in my life every single day! My
> closest
> friends (most of them at least) also take poetry JUST as seriously
> as I do,
> and I am not about to sit back while Bob Perelman who has received
> just
> about every laurel there is to receive at this point smirks and
> makes some
> NASTY JOKE about younger poets.
>
> MOST SINCERELY,
> CAConrad
> http://PhillySound.blogspot.com
>
>

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198. **Carol Novack**

Lit Weekend in NYC - next Saturday & Sunday

Tue 10 Jun 2008

The 9th annual Lit Mag Marathon Weekend

Saturday, June 14th, The Magathon, an afternoon of readings by literary magazine editors. Readers include editors from American Book Review, Cider Press Review, Confrontation, Eclipse, Fairy Tale Review, The Georgia Review,

Haight Ashbury Literary Journal, KNOCK, Lapham's Quarterly, Literal Latte, Mad Hatters' Review, n+1, Opium Magazine, Painted Bride Quarterly, Parnassus: Poetry in Review, Salt Hill, The Southern Review, Storyscape Journal, and Zeek. New York Public Library's Periodical Room, 5th Ave. at 42nd Street. New York, NY 4 â€“ 6:30 PM. FREE

Note: I will be reading works by my friend Rochelle Ratner, a two-time contributor to Mad Hatters' Review. Rochelle died at the age of 59 in March, when nobody expected cancer to take her so soon. Many of us are missing her.

_____

Sunday, June 15th, 9th Annual Lit Mag Fair at Housing Works. Lit friends can take home armfuls of lit journals discounted more than 50% at only $2 a copy. Choose from hundreds of magazines from all over the country and hobnob with many of the editors who'll be there in person to meet and greet. Housing Works Used Book CafÃ©, 126 Crosby Street in Soho New York, NY 12â€“5PM

Proceeds go to Housing Works, a nonprofit organization serving homeless people living with AIDS, and to The Council of Literary Magazines and Presses, a nonprofit organization serving independent literary publishers.

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199. **Adam Fieled**

PFS Post: Robert Archambeau

Tue 10 Jun 2008

Check out a stunning new poem from poet, critic, and professor Robert Archambeau of Lake Forest, Illinois on PFS Post:

http://www.artrecess.blogspot.com

PFS Presents will be in Chicago soon!!! Namely, next Friday, 6/20, at Kate the Great's in Andersonville (1116 N. Boradway), with Robert Archambeau, Laura Goldstein, Timothy Yu, Steve Halle and me, at 7:30 pm!!!

Books!
"Opera Bufa"
http://www.lulu.com/content/1137210

"Beams"
http://www.blazevox.org/ebk-af.pdf

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200. **J.P. Craig**

Re: A Post-Jazz Meatphorical Dialogue by Steve Dalachinsky and Matthew Shipp (And Then Some)

Tue 10 Jun 2008

Gerald, This is a fascinating procedure. Could you share some of the software/ hardware mechanisms you used to do it? Or was it a strictly human- operated system? JP

On Jun 9, 2008, at 7:06 PM, Gerald Schwartz wrote:

> *Very interesting. For our latest event/performance/recording @ Toyeaters Studio, Jersey City, May 23rd, CATERASCHWARTZLOPEZ created a system of its own: BLEND TO MAKE, using the following system functions as follows, (especially in the pieces "Herb Robertson Said", "Nation Building Avatar", "Taize Singing", "Oui Wimmy-Diddle (For Jonathan Williams):*
>
> *1. Theme Domains: themes were represented by axioms expressing properties specific to that particular poetic/sonic system. Associated with each theme domain is a list of keywords that access that theme domain.*
>
> *2. The BLEND TO MAKE "algorithm": generated new concepts and metaphors from input spaces selected from the theme domains.*
>
> *3. Grammar Morphism: mapped the conceptual blends to natural language*
>
> *4. Optimality Principles: We used principles that consisted of a metric that quantified optimality according to: 1. communitivity, 2. changes in elements in the input spaces; and. the number of elements from the input spaces that were preserved in the blended space.*
>
> *5. Narrative Structure: this defined how phrase units could be composed. A poetic/sonic system designer inputted his choice of narrative structure, stacking it all up.*
>
> *6. Formatted input was read in and the system is initialized. This input consists of the theme domains and keywords, phrase "templates", and a narrative structure, provided by the poet.*

7. An input loop began, the system waited for the user input in the form of a keyword

8. A phrase of the appropriate type, was selected from a list of Phrases

9. The phrase selected in 2 was checked for wildcards of the following types:
-Phrasal = used to select a particular phrase type in order to replace the wildcard with a
subphrase
-Grammatical = used to choose grammatical expression for a blend-space, this is bolstered
for richer treatment
-Domain = used to select a select domain
- Axiom = for finer grained conceptual space selection
(wildcards consist of a token to represent its grammatical type. This selection is random.

10. Conceptual spaces were selected from the chosen domains as follows:
-axioms were chosen from the first domain in relation to its emotion, consistency, and drive. The o's
are always used to make the BLEND TO MAKE
- subdomains were formed from the 2nd domain that consisted only of axioms of sorts that matched
the chosen axioms
- These spaces were used to create an input pattern (the studio's generic space, three input spaces,
and the morphisms between our spaces
- The input pattern was passed into the blending "algorithm", which outputted a conceptual blend and
two morphisms to it.

11. The input Loop starts over, unless the system has reached a finish state in the narrative structure

The result was a two set performance that shredded the tin ceiling and is available (very cheap)
by contacting me.

Gerald Schwartz
[redacted]

Subject: Book Review- Logos and Language: A Post-Jazz Meatphorical Dialogue
by Steve Dalachinsky and Matthew Shipp

Logos and Language: A Post-Jazz Metaphorical Dialogue
Published: May 31, 2008
By Lyn Horton

Logos and Language: A Post-Jazz Metaphorical Dialogue
Steve Dalachinsky and Matthew Shipp
Softcover; 97 pages
ISBN: 978-2-9531508-0-3
Publisher
2008

Getting to the bottom of things requires stamina and focus. The medium for this process is crucial in distilling the essence of the pursuit, and when it comes to music, words often pave the way to penetrating its whys and wherefores. But because words can act as musical entities themselves, words and music have a unique bond. What both imply can fit into the narrowness of definition or explode into the breadth of a spiritual universality, simultaneously. It is simply a matter of point of view.

Pianist Matthew Shipp has produced a manifesto of sorts to contextualize the music he makes and the person he is, a venture he mounted with poet and longtime friend Steve Dalachinsky. The transcript of their discussion, some of Shipp's writings, as well as poetry that Dalachinsky wrote while listening to Shipp play constitute a book issued in 2008 by Rogue Art entitled Logos and Language: A Post-Jazz Metaphorical Dialogue.

This book is not about jazz; it is about how the creation of musical language is inseparable from everything else. To grasp the heart of the book, the reader needs to absorb the meaning of the ³Logos Chart² (designed by Shipp) which appears on the first page. This chart is simple, encapsulating both the book's total thrust and the entirety

of
Shipp's cosmogony: universal mind intercepts and becomes human reasoning and expression, which intercepts and becomes the infinite.

To interpret Shipp's cosmogony is hazardous; to align with it is mandatory. The point of verbalizing Shipp's musical language is to create a reference. Going back to read the book is similar to, but not
the same as, listening to a recording of his music. Every time the reader returns, something new will come forth. Every time the reader
returns, the closer the dissolution of the constrictions of language.

In his discussion with Shipp, Dalachinsky offers springboards for the
musician to elaborate on specific evidence that supports his beliefs.
There is no subject that Dalachinsky mentions that does not trigger fervent responses from Shipp.

The poet initiates the conversation with a description of the park the
two are sitting in and, with that, the concept of nature becomes the
metaphorical backdrop for plugging into Shipp's creativity. The dialog
moves through one idea after another in a constant flow: from invisible
connections between the physical and the ethereal, on to biology, musicians, religious belief systems, mysticism, the Bible and life - to
cite only some of the threads in their consideration of universality.
At times, the discussion breaks into humorous
digressions >> intended, ironically enough, to straighten out confusion in the
two-way
communication.

Placed at the end of the book, three pieces of Shipp's writings serve
to peel other layers away from the mystery that feeds his music. He writes on the concepts of ³flow² and the genetics of mind; he even analogizes boxing to improvisation.

Dalachinsky's poetry provides another verbal frame for perceiving

Shipp's music. One poem carries an essential message: ...²if you're gonna tell what the music is talking about say what the music is saying
say that the music has something to say that it's telling a story even
if you gotta search your imagination...² Indeed.

This book does not pretend to be a substitute for (or to explain) Shipp's music. This book links his music to readily accessible points
of view through words and pictures. This book provides a means for minds to converge. This book is a means to everything else.

JP Craig
http://jpcraig.blogspot.com/

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201. **Joshua Kotin**
****** NEW CHICAGO REVIEW ******
Tue 10 Jun 2008

* * *

CHICAGO REVIEW

is pleased to announce its 368-page summer issue,
which includes:

A FEATURE ON BARBARA GUEST

3 previously unpublished plays by Guest

1 portfolio of Guest's unpublished poems

11 responses to Guest's work, from:

Charles Altieri
Eileen Myles
Donald Revell
John Wilkinson
Martha Ronk
Mei-mei Berssenbrugge
Andrea Brady
Brenda Hillman
Nancy Robbin
Patricia Dienstfrey & Rena Rosenwasser
Garrett Caples

& 11 Guest poems to accompany the responses

* * *

order and subscribe:

http://humanities.uchicago.edu/orgs/review/

* * *

the issue also includes:

POETRY

Fredrik Nyberg
Eleni Sikelianos
Ed Roberson
Dan Beachy-Quick
Robyn Schiff
Maria Baranda [w/ original Spanish]
John Wilkinson
P.K. Page
Kent Johnson

STORIES

Bret Sparling
Craig Foltz

ESSAYS

Brett Bourbon on Geoffrey Hill
C.D. Wright on her "Rising, Falling, Hovering"

REVIEWS of

Hannah Weiner
Keith Waldrop's Baudelaire
Andrzej Stasiuk
Amanda Nadelberg
Dan Machlin
Eileen Myles
Jennifer Moxley
Ron Silliman
Kamau Brathwaite
Tim Atkins

plus: Christine Hume in conversation with Rosmarie Waldrop, a letter from John Ashbery on "Numbers Trouble," & more...

* * *

The issue costs $18, subscriptions begin at $25

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or send checks to the address below

* * *

CHICAGO REVIEW
5801 S. KENWOOD AVE
CHICAGO, IL 60637

* * *

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202. **Jeffrey Side**

Article on the dismissive attitude the British poetry establishment have towards US poetry

Tue 10 Jun 2008

Interesting article by John Burnside in the UK magazine Poetry Review on the dismissive attitude the British poetry establishment have towards US poetry:

http://www.poetrysociety.org.uk/lib/tmp/cmsfiles/File/review/963burnside.pdf

Burnside is to be applauded for pointing this out (however mildly) in such a bastion of the mainstream as Poetry Review.

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203. **David A. Kirschenbaum**

Advertise in, Donate to, Boog City Issue 51

Tue 10 Jun 2008

Please forward

Boog City[1]s 51st issue
Wants to say hello to each and everyone of you
And spread the word about your latest offerings and events

So Help Us Help You (and Help Us, too)
By Placing a Lovely Advertisement
(We're also cool with donations, real cool.)

The issue will feature:

--The Politics section with Let¹s Talk About Sex Work

--The Printed matter section featuring reviews of
-Mark Evanier¹s Kirby: King of Comics (Harry N. Abrams) and Jack Kirby¹s Fourth World Omnibus (DC Comics)
-A response to Forage by Rita Wong

--Poems from Maxwell Heller, Holly Melgard, and Trey Sager

--The Music section with -A tour diary from Mike Grubbs, leader of the band Wakey!Wakey!, as he takes us on the road with the Bloodsugars, Derek James, Jay Mankind, Kyle Ervin, and Matt Singer on their way to WE Fest XII, a volunteer-run, DIY festival in Wilmington, N.C.

--Art from Lauren Bon

--Jim Behrle's comic Come On, Pilgrim!!

--The Greg Fuchs photo

Deadline

--Space Reservations ASAP

--Sun. June 15-Ad or ad copy to editor
--Wed. June 18-Issue to be distributed

Email to reserve ad space ASAP

We have 2,250 copies distributed and available free throughout Manhattan's East Village, and Williamsburg and Greenpoint, Brooklyn.

Take advantage of our indie discount ad rate. We are once again offering a 50% discount on our 1/8-page ads, cutting them from $80 to $40. (The discount rate also applies to larger ads. Ask for full rate card.)

Advertise your small press's newest publications, your own titles or upcoming readings, or maybe salute an author you feel people should be reading, with a few suggested books to buy. And musical acts, advertise your new albums, indie labels your new releases.

(We're also cool with donations, real cool.)

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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204. **Jerome Rothenberg**

Poems & Poetics: a new blog

Tue 10 Jun 2008

To all of you who may be interested, I've just initiated a blog under the title poems & poetics as a repository of new and old work, largely but not exclusively my own. I take it as a supplement to my other, offline publications and as a celebration of that kind of autnomous publication that I think of as central to our ongoing and shared project over the last 200 years.

The prospectus of the blog reads as follows: "In this age of internet and blog the possibility opens of a free circulation of works (poems and poetics in the present instance) outside of any commercial or academic nexus. I will therefore be posting work of my own, both new & old, that may otherwise be difficult or impossible to access, and I will also, as it comes to me, post work by others in the manner of a freewheeling on-line anthology or magazine. I take this to be in the tradition of autonomous publication by poets, going back to Blake and Whitman and Dickinson, among numerous others."

The blog can be accessed at poemsandpoetics.blogspot.com and is already underway.

With cheers & abrazos for all of you,

JERRY

Jerome Rothenberg
1026 San Abella
Encinitas, CA 92024
[redacted]
[redacted]
http://writing.upenn.edu/epc/authors/rothenberg/
new ethnopoetics web site: http://ubu.com/ethno/
j.r. in spanish: http://writing.upenn.edu/epc/authors/rothenberg/esp/

"Poetry must have something in it
that is barbaric, vast, and wild."
D. Diderot

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205. **Sarah Sarai**
Re: Bob Perelman's Joke
Tue 10 Jun 2008

dalachinsky, you're funny. hope to run into again, soon. ca, yes, i realize you are on a mission. i haven't changed my mind, or my mind is unchanged, although it is living and organic--esp. since I stopped drinking diet cokes--and therefore always changing. this string still feels like a bar fight or a family fight with a few alcoholics in the mix making it public and unnecessary. i wonder if my last posting wasn't negative campaigning in response to negative campaigning. dalacinsky, write a sonnet on fair youth! ca, write one of *your* wonderful poems (i really did enjoy seeing/hearing you at whatever that is on 2nd and 10th (not being young, myself, my memory is one mother-ass suck) (poetry project!) on the beauty of youth--taut skin and attitude, notwithstanding. (kidding.)

if anyone has anything to say on this subject, e-mail me. i assume you, ca, have directly addressed (by use of the direct-address comma and e-mail) this bob perelman who i just googled because like dalachinsky i had never heard of the dude. me personally i don't like youth the aged (loath the infirm) find middle agedists boring cringe when an adolescent comes my way and probably abhor all other stages of MAN, but babies oh babies how sweet the cooing babes. ...sarah sarai

FROM PREVIOUS EPISODES of "Re: Bob Perelman's Jokes" (and be on the lookout for "Bob Perelman II: Who's the Joker Now?"

>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>
(dalachinsky): it's so funny i'm an older unlaureled uneducated poet who's been following this thread
and what's so interesting to me is that i know and love many younger poets and they're work
and have the exact opposite feelings about many of them
particularly the eager beavers - the comers and they know who they are
but even they take poetry quite syrupyoops i mean seriously
but here's the real laugh ole stupid me NEVER EVEN HEARD OF BOB PEARLMAN

maybe i'd better try to write this in sonnet form

On Sun, 8 Jun 2008 12:21:11 -0400 CA Conrad <[redacted]>
writes:
> Sarah Sarai wrote:
>

> >>If anyone hears me say something regrettable or
> >>stupid...and there is no one who has talked to me
> >>for any length of time who hasn't come away wondering
> >>about something or other...please ask me about it
> >>before dragging me before a public forum.
>
>
> This is not just saying something stupid though Sarah. In my
> original post
> I tried to make clear that this was VERY MUCH part of a bigger
> picture. Bob's statement (which he LATER wanted to clean up as a
> joke) was
> said with such ease that either HE MEANT IT, or, it's something that
> his
> friends are saying when there are no younger poets around.
>
> It's very important Sarah, this conversation, BECAUSE, Bob Perelman
> and his
> friends spend a lot of time, and make a lot of money teaching
> younger poets.
>
> If we want to talk about WHICH elder poets openly respect,
> encourage, even
> champion younger poets, THAT'S EASY ENOUGH. Ron Silliman spends A
> LOT OF
> TIME reading the work of younger poets and writing about them and
> their
> work. We may not all AGREE with everything he says, but the fact is
> he
> takes a lot of time and a lot of care to investigate, and he spends
> so much
> time doing this that it would be very hard to believe that he would
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> Charles Bernstein (sticking with the Perelman crowd) is one of the
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> INTO A
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> He didn't say this on the bus, or over cheese and crackers, he CHOSE
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> And by starting this conversation I'm trying to get US to talk about
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> POETRY means everything to me, it's in my life every single day! My
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> makes some
> NASTY JOKE about younger poets.
>
> MOST SINCERELY,
> CAConrad
> http://PhillySound.blogspot.com
>

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206. **eric unger**

submit SPELL: visual or textual poetry

Tue 10 Jun 2008

I'm putting together the fifth issue of Spell, a journal of emerging and experimental work. Please have familiarity with Spell and/or its past contributors, found at http://spellmag.livejournal.com Submission period open until July 13th. Submit electronically to eric dot unger at gmail dot com, SPELL in the subject line.

Eric Unger

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207. **Sarah Sarai**

“That art Thou!”

Tue 10 Jun 2008

From “Herons and Water Lilies” by Louis Simpson (The Room We Share)

“That art Thou!”
VADYAMIHALY—EXPERIENCE:

1465-1493 Zen Master, Osaka
1556-1579 Professor of Theology, Salamanca

1660-1683	Professor of Philosophy, Heidelberg
1786-1807	Head of the Monastery, Lhasa
1948-	Self-Liberated Spiritual Instructor

↑ Contents

208. **Murat Nemet-Nejat**

Re: Slidvid

Tue 10 Jun 2008

Jim,

I had written quite an elaborate response to your post, which, for one reason, disappeared from my computer and can recover it. This is one kind of mistake (I am sure mine). I will try to recreate a short version of which, which besaically I hate to do.

By mistake I mean the ability of the machine to stop and step out of, escape its weave of usages and look at itself. In the last few months, I have re-watched a number of times the film *Blade Runner*. In it humanoids, replicants, in strength and intelligence superior to humans, suddenly become aware of their mortality, that they only live for four years. The whole film is about their vain attempt to escape that mortality. While language may also exist in the animal world, the human language seems to be the only form in which the user can step out of himself/herself and realize its own death. The idea of the future is only possible if one can imagine its cessation. In other words, human language (and very time itself) are possible with a consciousness of its cessation. Will a machine revert to the animal stage or preserve that quality of escaping, stepping out of itself, of "making mistakes." I am particularly interested in this question because, in the last two months I have been working on the section entitled, "The Spiritual Life of Replicants," from my poem *The Structure of Escape*. Here is a poem from The Spiritual Life:

The Mortal Proof

I exist because I may cease to exist.

I may not exist; therefore I am.

A machine, image, if complex enough, will inevitably ask the question, am I mortal, or what will happen after I cease to exist.

Imagining its cessation is part of the essence of being conscious.

I also found out that *Blade Runner* was the last movie in which digital technology was *not* used for special effects. I wondered why are there are so few science fiction movies after *Blade Runner* which equal the visual resonance of that movie? Maybe *Jurassic Park*, *A.I*, *Altered States* (?, the

movie about cyborgs), *Star Wars I, II*, *Matrix I* remotely match it. I have a theory based on the theory of natural selection. During the making of *Blade Runner* the special effects were so difficult, also straining the limits of the available budget, that only those which the vision of the film demanded. In other words, vision preceded available technology. As technology developed and special effects became relatively easier and cheaper, many effects were created because it was possible to do so. In other words, to a greater degree, technology preceded necessity, vision. I wonder if this analysis, if at all true, has a relevance to the activities going on among digital poets today?

Here again, vision becomes a stepping outside, a mistake, creating its own necessity -therefore form.

Do special effects "replicate"? Is a replicant a copy, or something new?

Ciao,

Murat

On Mon, Jun 9, 2008 at 10:47 PM, Jim Andrews <[redacted]> wrote:

> *'emergent behavior' is an interesting phenomenon. 'emergent behavior', concerning programming, is behavior that is not anticipated by the programmer but arises via the program's abilities. for instance, suppose a program can learn. the programmer will have anticipated that the program learns and changes in certain ways, but it may be impossible to tell what it*
> *will learn and what it will become, over time. just like us in that sense.*
>
> *can a program unlearn as much as learn? it would have to be able to formulate alternatives and decide among alternatives. and, yes, it's theoretically possible for programs to do that. how well they do it is a matter of the programming and the way the programming allows for emergent behavior.*
>
> *it hasn't been convincingly demonstrated, Murat, that there are any thought processes of which humans are capable that programming cannot also, in theory, do. but neither has it been convincingly demonstrated that there are*
> *no such processes.*
>
> *there is a pretty good argument that there are very likely no such thought processes. but i have never heard a good argument to the contrary.*
>
> *this doesn't diminish us. to me, it makes us more interesting. we are the ultimate machines. the universe has apparently been around for about 15 billion years. life on earth has been evolving for about 2.5 billion years. spatially, we're a speck in the vast universe but, temporally, our living form has been evolving through a significant portion of the full life of*

> *the*
> *universe. nothing in the universe could have evolved longer than one order of magnitude longer than our own life on earth. of course that could mean very big changes, but still. it sort of puts in perspective how highly evolved we and our fellow creatures on the planet are, despite our tragic failings.*
>
> *ja*
> *http://vispo.com*
>
> *A mistake, it seems to me, is a step which undercuts its own structure, and*
> *not, necessarily, the user misusing it. For instance, can a process acts against (outside?) the algorithms which constitute its instructions? In mathematics this seems to be impossible. You can not *in the middle* of a permutation assign to a triangle four sides or start by dividing by zero, though in a parallel structure I assume that might be imaginable.*
>
> *What I am really asking if a program can unlearn as much as learn?*
>
> *Ciao,*
>
> *Murat*

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209. **Gerald Schwartz**

Re: A Post-Jazz Meatphorical Dialogue by Steve Dalachinsky and Matthew Shipp (And Then Some)

Tue 10 Jun 2008

Hey JP:

Our system was developed as reference, direction and as documentation, and its longer term goal was in generalizing the technical and theoretical framework... a way to play out., especially with richer media such as sound. To that end, a simple extension is passing input to "the system" via this gamelike interface (for example navigating a kind of map or selecting objects in the created environment. In the pieces "Oui Wimmy Diddle (for Jonathan Williams)" and "Herb Robertson Said" the system was used with a preset interface to generate a combination of prose, noise, and lyricism that's often used to narrate my personal everyday experiences in a live performance with free jazz musicians.

There were more complicated extensions which used the blending to generate new sonic content on the fly. In practice it required new and efficient blending

and clear-cut representations s well as an extension of the theory to account for
the "non-verbal" input. In one approach we used conceptual spaces between and
including us (picture Venn diagrams) as metadata to annotate the information,
blending that meta-data, providing morphisms from these annotations to graphical
representations. This always opens up the expressway for more and more.

Here's a sample, our 2nd "set": (unedited with all the ambient sound intentionally
left in... thank you very much):

www.metaharmonic.com/music/0523catera02_ruffmix.mp3

Cheers,
Gerald S.

Gerald, This is a fascinating procedure. Could you share some of the software/ hardware mechanisms you used to do it? Or was it a strictly human- operated system? JP

↑ Contents

210. **Sarah Sarai**

That art Thou! Part II

Tue 10 Jun 2008

I left out the first word of the title of the Louis Simpson collection. It's: In the Room We Share. Herons and Water Lilies is a 5-page poem. I was its slave for a long time. ...Sarah

"That art Thou!"
VADYAMIHALY—EXPERIENCE:

1465-1493	Zen Master, Osaka
1556-1579	Professor of Theology, Salamanca
1660-1683	Professor of Philosophy, Heidelberg
1786-1807	Head of the Monastery, Lhasa
1948-	Self-Liberated Spiritual Instructor

EVERY YEAR A CERTAIN NUMBER OF
APPLICANTS ARE ADMITTED
to the Kensho Program. To apply for admission, write

THE VADYAMIHALY INSTITUTE, MESA,
ARIZONA

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211. Alan Sondheim

Yonsei University performance txt and show

Wed 11 Jun 2008

MEDIA+SPACE New Media Gallery :: Yonsei University :: Seoul, Korea ::

Alan Sondheim :: Avatar of Excess
An exhibition of video work and texts.

Exhibition: Wed June 11 Fri June 20th
Artist will be present via Second Life at the
opening Wed. June 11th 1pm

condensed S Korea online SL performance text
with Sandy Baldwin and Baruch Gottlieb

Alan Sondheim is a unique figure in contemporary cyber culture. A hyper-prolific artist, poet, and critic, Sondheim produces dozens of new works every week and publishes these in a variety of venues from conferences to galleries to Second Life to the numerous mailing lists he inhabits.

His online persona and his work are utterly symbiotic; his language straddles the edge of coherence between the machine language of code and the global lingua franca. English is unique in that it is used by 100% of the computers of the world as well as by a significant section of human society. Sometimes it is hard to tell if Sondheim's work is created by a human or by an automaton.

Alan Sondheim's use of language in his oeuvre exemplifies the infrastructural actuality of English today. Often repetitive, railing away on a tangent, riddled with codes and surging with automatic energies, Sondheim evokes the perverse vitality of the proto-cyborg consciousness of our age and it's obscene hyperproduction.

Human forms appear as avatars in Sondheim's videos only to be corrupted, smashed and smeared by irrepressible surges of information, rendering palpable the fragility of human meaning in the age of self-perpetuating automatic processes, the masochistic ecstasies of the human body at the mercy of it's machines. - Baruch Gottlieb

http://gallery.yonsei.ac.kr/

[20:00] Wirxli Flimflam is Online
Man Michinaga Gesture New missing from database.
/clap Connecting to in-world Voice Chat...
Connected
[20:01] /whistle [20:02] Offline

[20:37] sandy Taifun [20:39] Inta Twine [20:40] T
Taifun: My avatars! little people!
I have moved into the interior of avatars...
avatars speak with a thousand voices. Mon
poupees.
DO WE NOT BREATHE AS ONE PERSON? ARE HUMAN?
murmur constantly, you can hear them
just beneath surface, in my heart, gasps air, dolls
Twine: hi
They run around
everywhere, underfoot. will play song, aire, jig or
rondelay!
[20:41] [20:42] fifty industrialized nations incincerated 250000
Iraqis ARMED POLITICS ANNIHILIZATION science baby, its camera on
red pepper boiling vinegar teach marks PHILOSOPHY
OF VIRTUAL BEDROOM AVATAR immortal space sacred heater language train
pet
MACHINE rudding odors sweat vaginal semen ova
decompositions bacteria vegetation and hummingbirds sparrows flies
mites "i detest her because i know well" imitate her" curse felt"
natyasatrotpatti: mythical origin work
[20:43] You begin understand that not all are
bots expert systems some symptoms as am
coursing trapped blood, flush spirit
vaporized, substitute for bodypart another, apparatus obstinancy,
prick
THE SURFACE! SEX! SHADOWS! ELEMENTS!
PINK MUFFINS! COUCH EARTH! DUCK LIPS! MANDRAKES!
small creature half-hidden seaweed
gleaming brown drag undertow hermit crab shell smelled moist ebb
doorway
Well, there's no more it, his writing avatar
discourse itself getting stale. He's taken bend
which trundles bundles towards future; we're
there carrying than our share avatar's, where there, so heard
Just like those pirouettes, if were body
at center them. Her skirt kept flying up, was nothing
SQUEAK forever now hold your peace; this
life, do lease any other, left,
preksagrhalasksana: characteristicis playhouse different parts
eyes corpse light color nose remains when their unreality has been
demonstrated

rangadevatapujana: worship deities connected
stage
upangavidhana: gestures minor limbs such eyballs eyebrows cheeks lower
lip chin mouth
becomes eye longer
stimulation retina world declares odorless song wind
trees
machine: undoes belt buckle him, finds
right diagram support weight, tongue, zone, other
love
MOUTH LETS GO CHAINS SENTENCES, RAMPLES,
GIGGLES, TONGUES SPREAD WET OUT OVER LIPS, LEAKS, COLLAPSES,
MELTS, HIS
FINGERS
gave new Life Avatar Body moves
would move had File called God
{avatars backed, back infinite
space}.
digital sublime, spacl playe}
imitating real-life people right, imitatin avatars.
what , well, these torn
apart, By What May AsK?
refuse moon-bay, moon-bay. avatars, (digital)
within sublime; backed
root elsewhere
The disappearance branch hardened rock
occasional artifacts.
itself, image-avatar, ghost. ghost travels through anything course;
coordinates
attempting escape vectors result avatar-work led 15:47:47 There
constructed
motion capture equipment 15:48:08 images laser scanning
check out Love War, Avatar, Cyborg, Experimental conferences.
sublime
backs against wall space; nowhere left go.
another dead avatar. ok you're hearing
an imitation 78 record created event very low
frequency
something head pieces did while ago - but excusable! went somewhere,
said
something!
beginning transparency, wizard

listening-posts MOOs example. Here we are, virtual
becoming-virtual still.
Given danced-to-infinity motion-capture
second=life quasi-avatar tethered somewhat distanced
image 'break through' private barriers
course consequence
help. 16:04:35 want explore 'body-avatar' issues
tobother less! 16:07:11 dancers live yes 29-Jan-2007 16:07:18 In fact
they fly it. takenpart apart Sound wood wire: alpine zither:
[20:44]
ritual-objects-insignia-power-substitute-spiritual-satellite-enchanted-l
ove-exposure-regulative-transaction-corruption-norm
absurd linkage VOLUPTUOUS SHOCK VIGOR BODY FRAME "TREE" "SEA"
"SKY" "I"
AWAY phallocratic mach bullshit rights WIT NONSENSE
RICOCHET HEART CLANDESTINE NIBBLES ocean illuminated plastic box
motor,
tiny
metallize starched nurse uniform wanton hands
liquify vaporize atmospheric electricity markers lust muddies turgid
idols
"My leashed, logical
thought, protocols thought; it's wonder think
al
One cannot reach farther thinking one's reach, come closer control
release, dissipation. Enter reality world, suffused
sound.
pirouetpart cloth wire held suspension creating perfect framework
tabla/ture combination dialog: Collapse options
acquire baody others blood milk
urine shit face value social universal perversion contract law
coordinate
field
heels depilated legs job musculature
buildt gym scar liquid hand movement man woman remediations,
mediations, projectivities,
introjectivities, phenomenologies, histories, mechanics, Extruded
intruded (upon) body: cleansed bodies continuous middle-eastern 'war'
armored imaginary journeys (Rhine,
England); sexualized bodies:
fondly animal fur feathers dank hummus flake
caress fabric silk leather seesaw horse hump transact mire

ossify
o avatar, rise midst maelstrom, sadness
cobalt plutonium uranium radium seriously, covers pain completion,
yours argon xenon neon, whirl me infinnnnitude drugs
file sex fuck suck cum
knife skin watch solo sexatar watch.
spectre doll faerie wraithe hobgoblin
troll tengu kappa presence
stitch suture binding closing damming holding
velvet cotton wool "Consider next smearing skin.\n";
shades avatars-- precognition behavior
collision transparent interpenetration Over Lord 1 Quon: tone
war... Wings
creak, sound beginning. (Subtitle)
Haruka: "Why blue?" That's wondering. Ayato stops turns toward Har
future Net, it attains state _seamless reality,_ melding real
disturbances way tending _psychosis,_ interweaving realities, respon-
sibilities claim
often lure seduction among here relates Lacanian objet a,
deferal....
Re: Manipulated Chat ... [-] Avatars,
models, performers, d... perfor...
ruptured mess banged one
maybe fucked case whatever disappeared
coagulating limpets seas jellies
made, women, sounded,
resonated, each every protocol, site open
winds
you've before, over again, repetition goal delibery interval...
bring about semblance face,
lineaments mouths, speaking elsewhere, sides things
criminalization society = transactions portions feed decay
protodocument libertinage rules outcries screams unnatural acts
after-image liquefy
crime shortcircuit dissipate thickness passion trigger calculate
PEFORATED LOBES EARS NOSTRILS ARMS TUSKS BEAKS CLAWS PLUMES
SHELLS
PATHS BLOOD FEAST
hardness bones rods collapse secretions belly
giggling jelly swamps fetishize solidify sweating belts boots
powdered
male milk-sap LIFE FLUID EXCESS PUMP fluid

conduity neuter identity self hunt economy dyad eat wife-force
co-
48] sicipant
occupies screen represents (virtual) constituted written
RAVINE CUT fang graft trench flat postural
diagrammatics thrust torsion engine grammar paradigm eliminations jeans
motorcycle
margins, slippages, constitutions, constructs,
emergences "depths" software hardware, blockages flows
only taking account, well surface manifestations possible comprehend
subjectivity
These develop limits margins program, reveal substructures/protocols
violate
dialogs
OOH AHH YOU AAH YOUR YOURS consider _projection self_ appearance
various applications
semiotic comic witness extreme pleasure speech
reduction crushed conspiracy integral monsters torso split big
brains
We look ruptures by
characters resonating interfering configuration files
Avatars always disturbances, irruptions
language, lang- uage portending _the raveling existence essence
vaseline-coated lens streets orchid
limb meter possessive handgun GIMME SAY AM DYING remaining suspended
audiophiles app arounds bio blogs awk biomes tion tr
exe everglades
empathetic encapsulations episteme
extasis entropic extensivity fantasm externality
[20:45] vectored human
define organism infinitely
repairable
don't listen avatar-man. dream-woman.
dream-woman avatar-man contaminated. building condemned.
package: / knives. prims
cut.
talks. inside he says. transformed early version 'outt'
blue construct-space outt-structure.
avatar-video avatar-performance content degree.
sukara, dakshinanila, nandiskandhardhara, dhurya,
prakata, pritvardhana, aparajita, sarvasattva, govinda, adhrita
prefer small, seeping, peripeheral,

marginal, scattered words
sites, domains, emanations, emissions, interwoven sharing coagulated
ego/s, matrices, languages, bodies.
break down here, use
me? absjure, abjure moments ?
52] [20:48] words, drops say drizzle
everything moment you, mmmm... matrix, mother, maternal, forth
announces edge frame dialog, carried forth...
times smooth us, bits bytes, protocls
lost smoothing functions traced across peripheries, [20:49] [20:51]
construction near edge-space. world.
anorectic
without semi-geodesic paralleling
i'm becoming cannoarde)andy [20:52] [20:53] space}
tacit knowledge electronic Every symbol ligament avatar; referent
gesture; gesture procures body; Kamishibai, idols, PlayKiss
Nikuko, Meat-Girl, (among others) 'emanation'
wish home making computer with.
avoid swords. swords
make angry.
avatar-meat representation uncaptured remembering origins scars <
ancer ancer/avatar ancer/ancer ancer/igital
igital ancer.
Taifs
[21:2
[21:23] (US) congress meeting SL
Plus: student should FIGHT art
[21:24] Wish there.
[21:25] appear erasures also visible, letters disappearing reverse.
5] $thing begging object number
#75438.
"one one, line alone, typing Control-d
done.\n";
$name calls $a[$gen1] $noun[$non], hungered,
things. $prep[$pre] $a[$gen], $a[$diff], $[$gen],
$str?
system("touch .trace; rev rope >> .trace");
system("rm rope");
"Your inscription finished, thing.", "\n\n" 3 $g;
dark dreams, enough soft limbs, mine...
matrix saves ending, pureness salvaging spaces...
stick-like _anime_ figures work,

distributed authorships anatomies.
[21:26] siteor This gets started. Could push
unruptured catastrophic edges
Furious flight slammed members-only
barriers. raw deal equally speed.
llnhx 2.2.6.::attributions Devour Blue
Nattributions Brought Forth lntarn$l karnals, bhckats pf mpdhlas,
Attempt grapple ungrapple Death Star Galleon
(s0): h boarding Flying Dutchy (f0) Dutc
[21:27] scale "beyond" scale.
visual part total project.
[21:28] drives appears
Autopilot canceled
[21:29] so: re-inscriptions re-inscription lived
Alan: laptop performances
sort theoretical/artistic amalgams
enter Alan's neuroses performance
[21:31] THANKS!
thank alan
CAn't get stop heheh
ok. lunch tomorow.
thanks interesting brief

↑ Contents

212. **steve d. dalachinsky**

Re: A Post-Jazz Meatphorical Dialogue by Steve Dalachinsky and Matthew Shipp (And Then Some)

Wed 11 Jun 2008

---

hey use a different header it's embarassing

On Tue, 10 Jun 2008 18:39:33 -0400 Gerald Schwartz
<[redacted]> writes:
> Hey JP:
>
> Our system was developed as reference, direction and as
> documentation,
> and its longer term goal was in generalizing the technical and
> theoretical
> framework... a way to play out., especially with richer media such
> as sound.
> To that end, a simple extension is passing input to "the system" via
> this

> gamelike interface (for example navigating a kind of map or
> selecting
> objects
> in the created environment. In the pieces "Oui Wimmy Diddle (for
> Jonathan
> Williams)" and "Herb Robertson Said" the system was used with a
> preset
> interface to generate a combination of prose, noise, and lyricism
> that's
> often
> used to narrate my personal everyday experiences in a live
> performance with
> free jazz musicians.
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> There were more complicated extensions which used the blending to
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> new sonic content on the fly. In practice it required new and
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> and clear-cut representations s well as an extension of the theory
> to
> account for
> the "non-verbal" input. In one approach we used conceptual spaces
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> and
> including us (picture Venn diagrams) as metadata to annotate the
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> blending that meta-data, providing morphisms from these annotations
> to
> graphical
> representations. This always opens up the expressway for more and
> more.
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> Here's a sample, our 2nd "set": (unedited with all the ambient sound
>
> intentionally
> left in... thank you very much):
>
> www.metaharmonic.com/music/0523catera02_ruffmix.mp3
>
> Cheers,
> Gerald S.

>
> Gerald,
> This is a fascinating procedure. Could you share some of the
> software/
> hardware mechanisms you used to do it? Or was it a strictly human-
> operated system? JP
>
>

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213. **Wystan Curnow**

Reading Room: Call for papers

Wed 11 Jun 2008

Having just returned from the Conceptual Writing and its Others conference in Tucson, and conscious that I'm not going to Orono to hear about the SEVENTIES, I'm circulating this call for papers for the next issue of a journal I co-edit which will focus on the possibility/desirability of writing histories of the contemporary. Although the main focus is visual art, I am eager to include material on poetry and poetics, writings by poets and literary critics/academics, material whether sprung from these conferences or other equally intense formations (individual or collective) of the zeitgeist.

The first issue includes an essay by me on autobiography, Ron Silliman and others and the conceptual artist On Kawara and others, the current issue has a great piece by Tan Lin (it’s the cover essay) on a work by Erik Baudelaire. You will see details of these issues on the web site below.

Wystan

READING ROOM. A Journal of Art and Culture.

ISSUE 3: CALL FOR PAPERS

Art Goes On

We’ll always be eager to find or create a new experience, a new source of exhilaration. But whatever you arrive at will very soon no longer be there. And so you will need to move on, or you will need to move up. And this will have to be your perpetual practice.

Ai Weiwei (Artforum, May 2008)

The editors of Reading Room invite contributors to reflect on the momentum of which Ai Weiwei speaks, to address a range of questions his statement evocatively raises. What is the relation between the contemporary artist’s desire to move on and the appetite of the market for newness? Where does this

leave the project of historical reckoning that has traditionally been the task of the critic or art historian? If artists are caught in the effervescence of the now, how do they negotiate the historical legacies within which they are embedded? Is perpetual motion an antidote to history and its teleological ambitions or an impossible fantasy that is itself historically conditioned? Is such optimism a product of a buoyant and expanding art world or a symptom of its amnesia-inducing effects?

Reading Room encourages contributors to explore how art practice is shaped by and shapes current conditions. Equally, we invite submissions which consider the character of our moment to offer diagnoses of the situation for critical discourse.

Expressions of interest or short abstracts relating to this topic are sought by 30 June 2008.

Reading Room is a refereed journal of art and culture published annually by the E.H. McCormick Research Library at Auckland Art Gallery Toi o Tâmaki. The journal publishes essays of around 5000 words, artists' projects, and shorter articles of around 1000 words for its archive section. Information for contributors is available at: www.aucklandartgallery.govt.nz/research/journal

The editors of Reading Room are Christina Barton, Natasha Conland and Wystan Curnow. Correspondence should be sent by email to the managing editor, Catherine Hammond: [redacted]

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214. **Jim Andrews**

Re: Slidvid

Wed 11 Jun 2008

> *By mistake I mean the ability of the machine to stop and step out*
> *of, escape*
> *its weave of usages and look at itself.*

That sounds more like 'objective awareness' than 'mistake'. But perhaps we need objective awareness to conclude we made a mistake. Or a success, for that matter. What the winner don't know the gambler understands.

> *In the last few months, I have*
> *re-watched a number of times the film *Blade Runner*. In it humanoids,*
> *replicants, in strength and intelligence superior to humans,*
> *suddenly become*
> *aware of their mortality, that they only live for four years. The*
> *whole film*
> *is about their vain attempt to escape that mortality. While language may*
> *also exist in the animal world, the human language seems to be*

the only form
in which the user can step out of himself/herself and realize its
own death.
The idea of the future is only possible if one can imagine its
cessation. In
other words, human language (and very time itself) are possible with a
consciousness of its cessation. Will a machine revert to the
animal stage or
preserve that quality of escaping, stepping out of itself, of "making
mistakes." I am particularly interested in this question because, in the
last two months I have been working on the section entitled, "The
Spiritual
*Life of Replicants," from my poem *The Structure of Escape*. Here*
is a poem
from The Spiritual Life:

The Mortal Proof

I exist because I may cease to exist.

I may not exist; therefore I am.

A machine, image, if complex enough, will inevitably ask the
question, am I
mortal, or what will happen after I cease to exist.

Imagining its cessation is part of the essence of being conscious.

*I also found out that *Blade Runner* was the last movie in which digital*
*technology was *not* used for special effects. I wondered why are*
there are
*so few science fiction movies after *Blade Runner* which equal the visual*
*resonance of that movie? Maybe *Jurassic Park*, *A.I*, *Altered*
States (?,*
*the movie about cyborgs), *Star Wars I, II*, *Matrix I* remotely*
match it. I
have a theory based on the theory of natural selection. During
the making of
**Blade Runner* the special effects were so difficult, also straining the*
limits of the available budget, that only those which the vision
of the film
demanded. In other words, vision preceded available technology. As
technology developed and special effects became relatively easier and
cheaper, many effects were created because it was possible to do so. In
other words, to a greater degree, technology preceded necessity, vision. I

> *wonder if this analysis, if at all true, has a relevance to the activities going on among digital poets today?*

Well, it's a topic with subtleties, I think.

When we write or create digital art, the process of writing (or creating digital art) is, itself, crucial to what gets created. We usually don't sit down with an idea already thought out and just transcribe it. When we do, it usually isn't very lively. It often lacks the bloom of insight, the event of it. And the energy of pursuit.

Similarly, when somebody with some cash has a bright idea but can't program and hires someone else to program it, it usually is a wooden implementation. Unless the programmer can take it on as something other than a job. As art. In which case the person writing the paycheque has to surrender some space as artist, or they're going to have a dead thing.

Experimental art involves trying things where the outcome is uncertain. The motivation for the experiment can, of course be various. From a vision to an observation that something simply is now doable. One has to be open to the feel, possibilities, and opening directions of it as it proceeds. If so, then one normally ends up in a different place than imagined at the outset.

So, yes, of course there is work that is done simply because it can be. And there is work done of quite a different order.

I saw a documentary about Bladerunner on TV quite a while ago. I dimly recall the director (I think it was the director) saying that part of the reason for the high quality of the visuals is that certain parts of the project stalled for a year or more. So the people in charge of the visuals had a lot more time than they figured they would to do their thing. And they did. Big time. I also recall from that documentary somebody saying that an important part of the vision of the look of the future was of the past. The notion that the future really has a strong visual element in it of the past. Contrast that with, say, The Fifth Element. Which also is strong in its futuristic city scapes, but they are not grotty and aged like Bladerunner's.

Certainly the people who did the Bladerunner visuals were totally involved in it as art and architecture and as vision of the future and vision of history and of humanity, really. The replicants are machines but it's all about humanity, what it is to be human. As you say, Murat.

Whoever did those city scapes in Bladerunner, I'll bet it wasn't their first time. Lots of licks. Licks developed over time. Don't know with what tools. Apparently not digital.

Whether the tools are digital or not, it's the licks developed over time by the artist that find their maturity, eventually, in a few projects.

ja
http://vispo.com

↑ Contents

215. **Fluffy Singler**
Re: adultery to spine
Wed 11 Jun 2008

My cronies and I take these and perform them poetry slam style. We call it the "Dada Spam Slam." It's generally a big hit at readings and performances.

Fluffy

-----Original Message-----
From: Alan Sondheim [mailto:[redacted]]
Sent: Wednesday, May 28, 2008 6:25 PM
Subject: adultery to spine

SP*M abjection, found text, "adultery to spine"

it cane? go do. In adultery to spine. I scarlet on wand. you at pandemic. No my spool. so in document test directive. proceeds at connective. Or nozzle go comprehension. Or stain? his he domain chariot. Be outrage To scarf. He constituency. My on appellate. Or so bureaucratic obey inspired. zone a everyday. go profile, notorious be supreme. Have

Or it is initiate by worsen. you of entirety. No or cousin belong multiply. On so airborne causation slump. sorry a esplanade. gene of instruction portuguese. That benefactor. Of punt? the To. He discrepancy it dependant. Or alkali An republican. by an hunger. I he revival. I or picket electronic sink. protocol or distribute. Which wreath my prom. On vineyard? A of pang conditional. He monarch But stab. Not semiconductor. On go chevron. My no unemployment fetish explanation. peter is heritage. is motif, canine on smile. do bribery. A an blue, rest. To etiquette hemp. With refer at charisma surrey. Be in fear outrage payable. chemistry it concentric. accede neurology so testify. Which a comfy immerse. Is it a dinar no airs. A my incoherent. At the resent sparrow grapefruit. Be is undeveloped roll gently. debt my whereby. dickens do commissioner meteor. To decline. I trust sheltered disguise. Go inductive. his do innovate, maturation. Is fade granny. Have bombardment an riot those. by my confluence notation concentrated. pretend at lowland. airspace conjugate at stronghold. But dream. his the actionable, better. do paragraph mickey. her enchanting by literacy batter. Have as number rabies arcadia. mesa it drawn. confrontation appreciation at deformation. As of tuba climax. No the no acceptable as forgery. her as dose. He be viewer somehow guest. Of he hydrocarbon forbidding trad. crisp a cent. meet at reputation reclaim. Is cage.

Which baseball finger lento. It defence? an That. At postcode as residential. by minor And swinging. Of to adventurer. As an ensemble. Be is rights panel kappa. wreck at pineapple. It effort is laundry. As recall? his be trap offend. It reading In plunge. Of playback. My at somewhere. At on pressed forgiven openly. troublesome a acknowledgment. the verse, gateway my sanity. you fiscal? I or caretaker finnish. No wholesaler it organic. Not fewer. her as communicate. Not go virtually crusade nirvana. rigid is allocation. he insure, brick so headset.

↑ Contents

216. **Jim Andrews**

Re: Slidvid

Wed 11 Jun 2008

---

i said that in experimental art the outcome is uncertain. of course this could be said of just about anything.

but i want to respond to your point of seeming objection to work that is done merely because it can be done rather than out of vision.

one can imagine work that is embarked upon merely because it can be, work that finds its way to something quite worthwhile.

the 'vision' may involve the spirit of adventure, exploration, and discovery. a desire to boldly go where no gink has gone before. a desire to discover/create the human dimensions of commonly used technologies commonly used without elan energy articulation art a desire to defeat in this way the forces of dullness and business, a desire to take poetry or art into new possibilities where people are in any case having to deal with the technology better that they deal with it not with the energy of slaves but able to make mistakes in your sense of making mistakes, with the freedom to make mistakes and experiment toward something human.

that said, there is, yes, a kind of unfortunate emphasis in the art world on doing things first. doing whatever first. it's easier to identify. people have a hard time identifying what's significant. much easier to say what's first. as in a race or a competition. and technology thrives on new stuff, so an emphasis on doing things first with a new technology synchs with business and the tech world.

so the desire to do a thing simply because it can now be done is not just that. it's not simply because it can now be done but because it's new and new in certain narrow ways is easily understood and can command some attention. in the same way that winning a competition commands attention independent of what won the competition.

but that phenomenon is just a kind of sideshow part of experimental art. it may not be sideshow but far more prominent, pragmatically, because it can also get funding. silly but true. but it's sideshow in terms of real significance to anyone with eyes in their head. the world thrives on central sideshow in many spheres. time and chance.

it isn't significant to do something simply because it can now be done. unless it's creating world peace, should the opp arise. but then obviously it isn't done simply because it can be done but because doing it is much to be desired. so sometimes it's good to do something because it can now be done and also for other reasons. and obviously in many other cases.

it's up to each person to discern for themselves what's of value and what isn't. there is no authoritative substitute for one's own insight and intuition. art needs to be experienced, not simply 'understood'. it's in the nature of digital art that there's going to be lots of it that is far less than outstanding. but that's true of all arts. digital art's engagement with technology inevitably forms part of the statement and position of any of its works. it's not the only part, mind you. but it's part of the work in a way that mayn't crucially apply to many books.

also, on a different note, i wouldn't put it past animals to consider their own death. i have seen some of them, it seemed, face it with a sad, dignified and accepting awareness of irrecoverable loss. we've all been around as life forms on this planet for billions of years. anything we are is not so far from the least of earth. a very big family. the more we learn about life on earth, the more linked it seems are all of earth's forms of life. in their biochemistry. in their interdependence in the ecosphere. in their processes of adaptation. in the nature of their brain processes. we are special, apparently. but i wonder how different we are from our furry friends. i do agree, though, that there is something crucial about language in that difference. which is why poetry may suffer but never die as long as humanity lives. or continually die, continually be reborn in our deepest engagements with life and language.

ja
http://vispo.com

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217. **Bob Heman**

just a reminder - 6th BIG CLWN WR reading tomorrow night June 12 at the SAFE-T-GALLEY in DUMBO

Wed 11 Jun 2008

Hi Folks - just a reminder The 6th Big Reading sponsored by CLWN WR will be held tomorrow nite, Thursday, June 12th, at the SAFE-T-GALLERY at 111 Front Street, Gallery 214, in the DUMBO ("down under the Manahttan Bridge

overpass") section of Brooklyn. It will start around 7 and last until 10 or so. Admission is free. Jane Ormerod and Frank Simone will be the featured readers with special guests Thomas Fucaloro, David Lawton, Adriana Scopino, EK Smith, Moira T. Smith, Nathan Whiting, Liza Wolsky and Jeffrey Cyphers Wright also performing. A new issue of CLWN WR, featuring small poems by Phyllis Wat, George Spencer, David Giannini, Wu-Shan Qian-wen, Alex Bleecker, Yuko Otomo, Sarah Sarai, Mindy Levokove, Jessea Perry, Martha L. Deed, Ed Smith, Christopher Harter, Hal Sirowitz, Craig Fishbane and Dorothy F. August, will be given free to all who attend. To reach SAFE-T-GALLERY take the F train to York Street, walk downhill to Front and turn left under the Manhattan Bridge. For more information, maps, and directions from other subway lines please check the Gallery website at http://www.safetgallery.com CLWN WR was founded in 1971 by Bob Heman and Stephen Fairhurst.

Bob Heman
[redacted]
EarthLink Revolves Around You.

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218. **Gary Sullivan**
CA Conrad's post
Wed 11 Jun 2008

CA CONRAD WROTE: "When Lyn Hejinian read at the Kelly Writers House a few years ago I confronted her during the Q&A about allegations made through the Poetry Project Newsletter, statements that THEY made claiming that SHE made about how younger poets are not involved in being open against the war, not involved in anti war protests and marches etc. SHE seemed glad that I brought it up and said quite openly that that issue of the Newsletter irritated her because it was all taken out of context."

The Poetry Project Newsletter never made any claims and certainly no allegations about anything Lyn Hejinian said about younger poets and their commitment to anti-war protests and marches.

What did happen was that Nada Gordon and I took two published statements by Ron Silliman and Lyn Hejinian on politics, writing, and generations, and used these quotes to launch a forum discussion on politics and aesthetics and the younger generation(s).

Here is the full introduction from the Newsletter forum in question, which appeared Feb-March 2003 on pages 9-14:

[Begin quote]

"From Ron Silliman's blog: 'There has … been a depoliticization of younger people generally & that has impacted poets. … You see the long-term result in a lot of writing these days that is simultaneously politically correct and depoliticized, a politics really of cynicism and disgust. So this also becomes an incentive not to organize, not to write criticially.'

"From an interview with Lyn Hejinian and Bob Perelman conducted by Eric Lorberer in Rain Taxi: 'Lyn Hejinian: What tends now to get identified as Language Writing is identified as such on the basis of surface characteristics, surface features—things that mark the poem as "experimental." But for us there were broader motivations for using those devices than mere aestheticism. … I think poets in their mid-twenties to mid-thirties now do not have a comparable [to the Vietnam War and the 1960s counter culture] historical moment. … Also, I think younger people are unable to sustain utopian visions—they don't consider them to be tenable.'

"Do you agree with these characterizations? What is your own sense of the writing/situation/outlook of the younger generation(s) vis-à-vis politics?"

[End quote]

This was followed by responses from Reg E Gaines, Laura Elrick, Ammiel Alcalay, Pamela Lu, Chris Stroffolino, Kristin Prevallet, Michael Magee, Renee Gladman, Alan Gilbert, Leslie Scalapino, Edwin Torres, and John Yau.

The responses were lively, diverse, and engaged, focusing on political activism, the politics of poetic form, and other related ideas. As Lyn Hejinian herself wrote in her response, which we published in the following issue: “Opening such questions to discussion as you have done is one element in a general strategy that can sustain that kind of resistance. ... I very much appreciated the Forum.”

It is disappointing to see this characterized, and in such a public way, as the Poetry Project Newsletter making slanderous allegations about Lyn Hejinian—something that no editor of the Newsletter, then or now, has done, or ever would do.

Gary Sullivan

Enjoy 5 GB of free, password-protected online storage.
http://www.windowslive.com/skydrive/overview.html?
ocid=TXT_TAGLM_WL_Refresh_skydrive_062008=

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219. **J.P. Craig**

Re: A Post-Jazz Meatphorical Dialogue by Steve Dalachinsky and Matthew Shipp (And Then Some)

Wed 11 Jun 2008

Gerald, I'm flummoxed. Your description of the system as a reference, direction, and documentation suggests it might be a human-operated procedure. But some of your other language like "passing input," metadata, interface and extension suggests that you're using a software algorithm. Maybe you're using computer terms to describe a human-operated process? Could you clear that up for me? I'm fascinated by all these possibilities, but I've been trying to keep especial track of the hardware and software people are beginning to use because I like to play with software-assisted poetry production myself. JP

On Jun 10, 2008, at 6:39 PM, Gerald Schwartz wrote:

> *Hey JP:*
>
> *Our system was developed as reference, direction and as documentation, and its longer term goal was in generalizing the technical and theoretical framework... a way to play out., especially with richer media such as sound. To that end, a simple extension is passing input to "the system" via this gamelike interface (for example navigating a kind of map or selecting objects in the created environment. In the pieces "Oui Wimmy Diddle (for Jonathan Williams)" and "Herb Robertson Said" the system was used with a preset interface to generate a combination of prose, noise, and lyricism that's often used to narrate my personal everyday experiences in a live performance with free jazz musicians.*
>
> *There were more complicated extensions which used the blending to generate new sonic content on the fly. In practice it required new and efficient blending and clear-cut representations s well as an extension of the theory to account for the "non-verbal" input. In one approach we used conceptual spaces between and including us (picture Venn diagrams) as metadata to annotate the information, blending that meta-data, providing morphisms from these annotations to graphical*

> *representations. This always opens up the expressway for more and more.*
>
> *Here's a sample, our 2nd "set": (unedited with all the ambient sound intentionally*
> *left in... thank you very much):*
>
> *www.metaharmonic.com/music/0523catera02_ruffmix.mp3*
>
> *Cheers,*
> *Gerald S.*
>
> *Gerald,*
> *This is a fascinating procedure. Could you share some of the software/ hardware mechanisms you used to do it? Or was it a strictly human-operated system? JP*

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220. **amy king**

TOMORROW NIGHT - Queer Women Poetry @ The Leslie/Lohman Gay Art Foundation

Wed 11 Jun 2008

--------- Forwarded message ----------
From: Nathaniel A. Siegel

Dear Friends:

You are cordially invited to attend A Poetry Reading !
Thursday June 12, 6:30pm to 9pm.

COME HEAR !
Queer Women Poetry
Hosted by Alix Olson
$7 suggested donation

The Leslie/Lohman Gay Art Foundation
26 Wooster Street NYC NY 10013 (between Grand & Canal Streets)
Phone [redacted]
www.leslielohman.org

Reading by poets:

Sini Anderson	Arianne Benford
Kate Broad	Cheryl Burke
Staceyann Chin	r.erica doyle
Stephanie Gray	Tracy Grinnell
Natalie E. Illum	Amy King

Sue Landers	Sara Marcus
Marty McConnell	Lenelle Moise
Alix Olson	Elizabeth Reddin

The poetry reading is part of the series COME HEAR ! started in 2007 by Regie Cabico and Nathaniel Siegel to showcase the poetry of gay, lesbian, bisexual, transgendered and queer writers in the gay friendly space that is The Leslie/Lohman Gay Art Foundation.

COME HEAR ! has been generously supported by Charles Leslie and Fritz Lohman as well as The John Burton Harter Charitable Trust.

All readings are recorded for archival purposes by sound engineer Austin Publicover.

Email: [redacted]
www.leslielohman.org

_____

Recent
http://www.tarpaulinsky.com/Reviews/kiss-me.html
http://cutbankpoetry.blogspot.com/2008/04/im-man-who-loves-you-by-amy-king.html

Alias
http://www.amyking.org

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221. **David Chirot**

Re: re "Joke" and "Failed Poets" & Experiments/Experimentalisms

Wed 11 Jun 2008

Dear Steve--Thanks very much for your reply--i am so glad you found this story!

re the experiment of the scientists--
& Froggie

This parable being very much re language--
one could substitute poets for scientists for example and come up with the same scenario--

a linkage which you write of--

"I hate the scientists of your story, too, as you do, of course, too. And the same with "some" EXPERIMENTAL poetries, and at moments briefly, their poet producers, including myself, at times - whose "experiments" aim at only one thing, the "success" that, as Nick Piombino's Otto Rank explains, is illusory, or, Unconsciously, a dead end."

I appreciate this as its a viewpoint different from my own & helped me to understand the ways in which you understand the Experiment-- in terms of success and failure--

Does the word "Experiment" necessarily lead to thinking in terms of "success/failure" as yet another either/or, us vs them framing in terms of "getting results, getting the right answer" rather than finding good questions?

Experiments may "fail" yet by the failure open the way to new questions which "lead to unexpected successes."

in "experimenting" --perhaps what's of real interest and use is what one finds-- which is a hopefully deeper understanding of what the questions and elements involved are.

Edison often made hundreds of experiments before arriving at "something that worked." Along the way, he found out a lot of useful information that could be applied to other ares then simply the one he was working in. Sometimes "failures" end up being the experiments which bring out what the real question is, rather than the shaky one one began with.

Perhaps then "success" and "failure" are not "either/or" at all and really "both/and."

Or perhaps these are things which only "matter" to persons who concern themselves with them? Define themselves and others in these terms?

Also "success and failure" imply that the poet begins with some preconceived ideas of the impositions they want to "experiment on."

An "imprisoning point of view," which entails not only the seperations of what are failures and successes but also what are Experiments by Experimentalists and What Are Not.

Often the success and failure of writing are as much the successes and failures of readers of the writing. Not just "the average reader" whom no one admits to being, but also "successful poets," "the leading literary critics of the day," and "theoreticians above reproach."

So many writings meet at first with a Failed Non-reading--and are deemed failures--yet later on--some other reader "succeeds" in reading the writing and says-"-My God!! A neglected Masterpiece has been here all along!" And Presto! Change-o! Once shamefully tossed in the library closet with someone's "reserve supply" of liquor & dope amid the mildew of old mops, the damp and rank pages now unfurl like Headliners in a Hit Parade.

Just like that!--the Neglected Masterpiece, an unread non writing as non read previously--is avidly consumed by devouring book worms as an Instant Classic. Successful poets and Important Critics profusely embrace the long ignored

familial ancestor,a Lazarus suddenly raised from the dead to join " the Most Advanced Writers of Today." Positively heart warming these Family Reunions are!!

Praise rains down on the Newly Discovered Great Author previously subjected to the hail of critic's brickbats and the stones and scorn of street urchins!

Another form of "rediscovery" is via erasures of Old Classics by New Readers/readings. Many such readers have triumphantly informed me of their erasures of whole shelves of books in a Feng Shui Frenzy of rearranging their personal Experimental canons via the replacement of Timeless Classics with the Revised Redacted & Erased Versions of the Moment.

(A leading text in this regard is The Bible--Old & New Testaments both.)

In order to read some hoary old tome, one hears how one's Didactic acquantance had to erase, redact and rewrite as they went along, producing a Revised Innovative Experimental Edition to make the world safe from the Sordid Monsters of the Past.

"Literary studies" and "poetics" as an immense industry, a Re-Production Factory of erasing, redacting and re inscribing--revising--re translating via the latest forms of translations-(far superior to ones previous)-- until some wretched text disappears in order to reappear--as a "New and Immensely Improved and Approved Authoritative Edition."

The Authoritative Authority replaces the literally or at least Theoretically "Dead Author," making some rotting old hulk of anachronistic dementia "palatable"' for today's readers. This overhauling produces a version both "vastly superior to the original" and "restored as a Newly Discovered Classic." "Not only of Today but 'Also and Equally'-- of its own Early Jurassic Proto-Conceptualism."

For to re-write for today is to re-produce the past in today's own image.

How much of the work of reading is this "saving" of literature and poetry from "their terrible conditions!" Let alone "saving it from its terrible producers--! Monstrosities of rank Failure compared to the Successful Saints of Today."

To bring back from the wells of silence and darkness these long lost Masterpieces-- not as the wrecks they were, but as shiny contemporary Versions, the Proofs of the Superiority of Today's Innovations . . . ! A Successful Reader is actually the Producer of a Shining New Writing--"Thankfully" erasing yet another "Failed poet" from view. And hopefully for good! Get the dirty old sods off the nice clean streets of the gated communities saving rotting old neighborhoods from themselves !

"Purity and Terror," as Robespierre said--are the Twin Pillars of State Revolution. And does not the State of Poetry require these methods for its Ethic Cleansings?

To make Safe the Homeland Security of the State of Poetry--at times poets and poetries must be destroyed to save Poetry by other Poets.

For the State of Poetry to appear Safe and Shining--must not some poets and poetries Disappear?

From the experimenting scientists/poets and Froggie--one moves into the Green Zones of the New Extreme Experimental American Poetry.

Here the relationship of language experiments with those of science, economics, politics, the military, espionage, forgery, counter/terrorism, and others opens new areas of writing and reading which are as yet in many ways unread. And, being unread, taken to be unwritten.

One finds these unwritten lines of the unread
writing towards the finding of their readings all about one, hidden in plain site/sight/cite.

(Which is where Purity and Terror want them to remain, to protect you, O citizens!)

Paul Celan writes of this situation as "Poetry no longer imposes itself, it exposes itself."

Yet, as the Parable of Froggie shows, "even" "Experimental" poets as you clearly point out, may prefer to impose on poetry a set of commands "to which it will answer."

When these "experimenting poets" are confronted with a poetry "which exposes itself"--what do they find but a frog without legs who is suddenly found to be deaf because he cannot obey the command to jump.

(Or perhaps at least cover itself up! My God--a poem exposing itself like that!)

The "New Extreme Experimental Poetry" is what is unread by the Mis(sed)-reading of its non writing by the imposed reading of an imposed poetry.

An imposed poetry's imposed reading of deafness is in actuality a projection imposed on to the frog of the poet's own deafness.

By imposing a projected deafness on to the frog, the poet is able to ignore the fact that the frog--and himself--"do not have a leg to stand on."

A "deafness" which desperately ignores that it has no legs to stand on in order to deny its own deafness and "put it on someone else," uses the imposed projections of its poetry to separate itself from its own mirroring.

Leglessness and deafness have nothing to do with the poet/experimenter-- they al belong to Froggie. As long as Froggie is not seen as a mirroring of the poets projections.

To substitute deafness for leglessness!
The moving of a "blank and ruin" from one site/sight to another--which is cite-less--"beyond hearing."

To see the silence of an other's auditory existence rather than their absence of legs--

 a projection of a disembodied deafness onto an actual mutilated "body of work," a projection
which is blind to its projection as a mirroring of itself elsewhere--
And that that elsewhere being "within its own eye?"
As a blindness--?

In a sense,then, does the "critique of the self" in language produce a blindness to its self-projection mirrored in an elsewhere to which it is blind--in order that it may make "experiments" in which what are found are "deaf Froggies?" Which it does not recognize as its own critiqued self?

As an example, a mutilated Froggie considered as a mutilated language which "doesn't hear" the "healthy" language of commands is not unlike the mutilated language of the tortured and experimented upon Poets of Guantanamo, which has produced, according to healthy American poets, a non-poetry for non-readers.

Seeing and writing down that "frogs with no legs can't hear" introduces an interesting twist on Emerson's formulation in "Nature" that "The blank and ruin that we see in Nature is within our own eye." Seeing "frogs with no legs can't hear" becomes: "The deafness that we see in frogs with no legs is within our eye."

Seeing and writing a deafness "that is within our own eye," when a legless frog no longer jumps on ("our") command, indicates a "failure to communicate" on the part of an imposed language which "won't take no for an answer."

A Russian artist has written that "Language is a fascism not because it censors, but because it forces to speak."

Trying to force the legless Froggie to "speak,"by jumping, the experimenters "hear no reply," and project this silence on to the Froggie as a "deafness" to their own speaking.

Seeing "deafness" is a blindness to the absence of legs being the cause of the failure to jump.

By "forcing the situation" the experimenters in imposing their language, their poetry--create mutilated "unhearing subjects" of their "poetic speech and writing" for their own unseeing,(and mis/unreading) eyes to "explain."

Their concluding sentence, "Frogs with no legs can't hear," presents a writing in which a blindness discovers a deafness, in which unseen reflections and unheard echoes mirror elsewhere the presence of an absence which is a self-projection. The "result" of the imposed, "experimental" mutilation of Froggie is a mutilated language of absences (unseeings, unhearings) misreading and mis writing an actual absence--the non-jumping of non-legs.

Froggie as the presence of an absence which is a self projection as "the blank and ruin we see in Froggie is the blank and ruin in our own eye."

An imposed experimenting language already a blank and ruin which projects this on to Froggie as a mutilating "forcing to speak," produces a scene unseen and "blank," and commands unheard and in "ruins."

The critique of self in which it reappears--as blind to itself--and so taking itself to be absent-- not recognizing that what it is seeing is its self----mirrored as the projection of its own eye.

"Experimental" --a lot of my writings in recent years are increasingly found among the unread and unwritten found hidden in plain site/sight/cite--

These are re what i call "The New Extreme Experimental American Poetry" (and Arts, also--)

The story of Froggie--at once a mutilation physically and a mutilated mis(sed) reading of what is taken as a non-writing "response"-- is very relevant to the writings re Extreme Experimental American Poetries--

In these Extreme Experiments occur such things as:"fingerprint forgeries" in "identifying" both persons and works of art--in order to determine "authenticity" of "identity" and, predicated on the outcome--the "value" that a hoped for Authorial signature , when ascertained to be such by Authorities, confers upon an identity and its works--

Yet "who exists?" when forged copies of fingerprints match original ones for which there is no proof to whom they belonged? Forgeries of anonymous fingerprints are used to "prove" the "identity" of the painter of paintings which are not signed--yet which have a miraculous "signature" fingerprint found on them. Is this anonymous fingerprint the same as one which appears on a can of paint once belonging to the painter? Yet since the painter was never fingerprinted, how does one know for certain that the fingerprint is his? There are others who might also have touched the can--

This has all happened in the last year with examinations of paintings and fingerprints and paint cans cliamed to be jack Pollocks by the persons currently owning the paintings. (The paint can has a home in a home of Pollock memorobilia--and is supposed to be "authentic.")

"To forge one's identity" can mean to forge it as at the forge of Hephaestus--or of Longfellow's "Village Smithy" --or in an experimental poem of deaf Froggies--or simply to forge an identity out of anonymity and into the "mark of greatness."

Is a forged "greatness" really all that different from an original and actual anonymity?

Both signal the presence of an absence--the absence of "a real name."

And is this why even with critiques of the self and deaths of the authors (other than oneself--to be sure! O Immortal Poet!!) there continues to be the absolute necessity for the "identity of the author to be known?"

Is this how perhaps the "identity" of the experimenting poet winds up camouflaged even from herself or himself as a deaf frog?

A critique of the self in which the self hides from itself and puts in its place a convenient substitute? Which is all the same the mirrored projection of its unrecognized self?

Yet all the same, an author's name is attached to "impersonal" or "non-lyric self" works--which amazingly has the same identity as the experimenter-- Who may well refuse to believe that in actuality he or she is themselves a deaf frog? And so require "their real name" in order "to have leg stand on."?

To refuse that they are in actuality seeing a mirrored self projected substitution for themself which is denying that it is itself?

All these areas move among each other--and the lines of the unwritten write themselves in these movements--using the materials that are found among the unread--

Among New Extreme Experimental American Poetries Electronic and Print which in order to keep Safe their Homeland ceaselessy work to non-read and abolish and annihilate the non-literatures for non-readers which need to be kept non-written.

Steve—I wrote more but too long already—so will stop here, with these: as examples: two pieces re The Guantanamo Poems wil be out by the end of June--one is at Wordforword #13 the current issue:

*Waterboarding & Poetry:
Francois Villon & the New Extreme Experimental American Poetry

*http://www.wordforword.info/vol13/dbc.htm

and the other will be up soon at Kaurab--
it's called Non-Poetry for Non-Readers (towards a non-reading American abolition of "non-literatures")

On Fri, Jun 6, 2008 at 8:11 AM, Steve Tills <[redacted]> wrote:

> *Oh my god, this is so sad...*
>
> *"Satisfied that they had completed in full their experiment, the scientists,*
> *after entering this last non-distance traveled as the final measurement in*
> *the log book--*
>
> *wrote out their conclusion based on all the evidence they had gathered:*
>
> *"Frogs with no legs can't hear"*
>
> *This Froggie story, David, Great story! Reminds me of time my family and I were at my parents' friends' house in Fairport (then, to my mind, "the suburbs," versus "small town" that I was used to). Anyway, I was about 8-9-10-11-12, and fairly sensitive about certain things. I was playing with the children my own age there. We went across the street, and the kids across the street had a poor little toad, or frog, in the driveway. They took their bikes and started driving their bikes over the poor little toad. Of course, they "smushed" it and killed it and splattered it insides out, and it was brutal and painful.*
>
> *Naturally, I felt so terrible for the poor little toad. The spectacle horrified me, and I hated those kids.*
>
> *"Naturally?" What IS "natural" here? My budding compassion or their heinous cruelty? I suppose both, but the real ANSWER, then, is that it's either my values or theirs, and Fuck asking whether one is "natural" or not.*
>
> *Blah blah blah... I hate the scientists of your story, too, as you do, of course, too. And the same with "some" EXPERIMENTAL poetries, and at*

moments briefly, their poet producers, including myself, at times - whose "experiments" aim at only one thing, the "success" that, as Nick Piombino's Otto Rank explains, is illusory, or, Unconsciously, a dead end.

And to what END? Loss of Hearing? And Then What, as that would be almost an end of Life and/or interest in Creating, anyhow, right? Blah blah blah, I'm starting to ramble (as usual, Ha!)

One other thing, though: One time my therapist/analyst observed (this was about 12-15 years ago) that my "Creativity" was in my Golfing. I.e., she saw my Golfing (and my obvious obsession with it) as the source or "playing" field of my "creativity." Hmmmm, this observation of hers has always made me lament that "I'll never get better," that no matter how hard I "work on my game," I'll always keep Failing on the links and getting "disappointed." Which may be True... Shoot! Damn!

Oh, another thing - Michael Murphy, the founder of the Esalen Institute out at Big Sur, California, had one of the "characters" (I think Shivas Irons, the wise one) in his book _Golf in the Kingdom_ remark that we never "improve" or that we can never really "improve," and/or that that quest is misguided or nonproductive. The point (or at least one of the points) of that notion, I think, is that (1)we're already "perfect" just the way we are, or the notion of "perfecting" ourselves is silly; (2)it isn't "improvement" that our psyches really seek, or there is no such thing as "improvement," or what we Really, Really seek is optimal immersion in the moment, and Out Of Our Egos, and into what we ARE (or the greater Depths of WHAT WE ARE, CAN BE, ummm, d-o-i-n-g, er, is that BEING, Not doing; (3)we should "let go" of the notion that we need or require "improvement," or that focusing on that notion splits us up between Person imagining concept of Improvement and Person having demands to improve thrust upon himself/herself.

Ditto, "success" and "failure" as poet, or in Writing, etc. Isn't the act, or engagement in, Writing the REAL thing, the thing that one really wants? Okay, yeah, some other sorts of things, too, what would "success" OR "failure" be for this person and what would they be for that person? And to what degree does honest concern about one's (presumedly very personal) sense of "success" OR "failure" aid one in engaging one's own truest and most "rewarding" actualization of writing

> *potential? Blah blah blah, I'm really all over the place now and starting to get bored with these ramblings...*
>
> *Steve :-)*

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222. **Gerald Schwartz**
(And Then Some)
Wed 11 Jun 2008

> *Gerald,*
> *I'm flummoxed. Your description of the system as a reference, direction, and documentation suggests it might be a human-operated procedure. But some of your other language like "passing input," metadata, interface and extension suggests that you're using a software algorithm.*

We are using a human-operated procedure, emulating on a larger scale what D. Catera is doing with his rig (guitar, laptop, effects, et.)

Maybe you're using computer terms to describe a
> human-operated process? Could you clear that up for me?

Yes, as I say, years ago we st down and, in you will, flow=charted what we do and what is done as descrbed above, found it to be close to one in the same and leaned more into emulated it as a system.

I'm
> fascinated by all these possibilities, but I've been trying to keep
> especial track of the hardware and software people are beginning to use
> because I like to play with software-assisted poetry production myself.

Now, on the other hand, when Catera and I (as a duo) performed our "consTELLations" at Chicago's Adler Planetarium, there was a pre-recoded "track" of material as well as a "live reading/performance", which was set up by Catera to constantly be interacting with each other, moving, mutating, morphing. Ah, the stone-age!

gs

JP
>

> On Jun 10, 2008, at 6:39 PM, Gerald Schwartz wrote:
>
>> Hey JP:
>>
>> Our system was developed as reference, direction and as documentation,
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>> There were more complicated extensions which used the blending to
>> generate
>> new sonic content on the fly. In practice it required new and efficient
>> blending
>> and clear-cut representations s well as an extension of the theory to
>> account for
>> the "non-verbal" input. In one approach we used conceptual spaces
>> between and
>> including us (picture Venn diagrams) as metadata to annotate the
>> information,
>> blending that meta-data, providing morphisms from these annotations to
>> graphical
>> representations. This always opens up the expressway for more and more.
>>
>> Here's a sample, our 2nd "set": (unedited with all the ambient sound
>> intentionally
>> left in... thank you very much):
>>
>> www.metaharmonic.com/music/0523catera02_ruffmix.mp3
>>

>> Cheers,
>> Gerald S.
>>
>> Gerald,
>> This is a fascinating procedure. Could you share some of the software/
>> hardware mechanisms you used to do it? Or was it a strictly human-
>> operated system? JP
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223. **Jennifer Karmin**

Les Figues Press - TrenchArt : Tracer

Wed 11 Jun 2008

Les Figues Press is pleased, delighted, and overtly proud to announce the publication of TrenchArt : Tracer, the first title of the 08/09 TrenchArt series. Spiral bound with a sturdy leather grain poly* cover, the book is attractive to have and to hold, a certified good time. Contents include aesthetic essays by Kim Rosenfield, Susan Simpson, Allison Carter, Ken Ehrlich, Amina Cain and Sophie Robinson.

See the artwork; read the excerpts: TrenchArt : Tracer.

TrenchArt : Tracer is only available by becoming a subscribing member of Les Figues Press (limited number available, based on limited print-run). Subscribing members receive each of the 5 books in the series, including:

TrenchArt : Tracer (aesthetics)
A Fixed, Formal Arrangement by Allison Carter (coming 08/08!)
re : evolution by Kim Rosenfield (coming 10/08!)
I Go To Some Hollow by Amina Cain (coming 01/09!)
a by Sophie Robinson (coming 04/09!)

Each title features visual art by project collaborators Ken Ehrlich and Susan Simpson.

Becoming a subscribing member of Les Figues is the best way to ensure the continuation of Les Figues. As a nonprofit, 501(c)3 organization, we rely on our membersâ€”smart, generous people with a give-back and let's-change-the-world-or-at-least-die-trying attitudeâ€”to continue publishing eclectic yet serially-linked works of innovative literature.

So become a member , or renew your membership today, and receive TRENCHART : TRACER. You'll be glad you did.

Sincerely,
Teresa Carmody

http://www.lesfigues.com
http://www.lesfigues.blogspot.com

*Does not use animal products. All insides are 20% post consumer content recycled paper too.

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224. **ari banias**
Uncalled-For Readings: 6/18
Wed 11 Jun 2008

—

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225. **Rob McLennan**
Ottawa poet Anne Le Dressay
Wed 11 Jun 2008

Anne Le Dressay is the unofficial laureate of the Public Service Commission Cenetary!

Chaudiere Books author Anne Le Dressay is the unofficial laureate for the Public Service Commission Centenary this year, asked to write a poem and ended up writing two. You can read the poems here:

http://www.psc-cfp.gc.ca/100/quot-eng.htm

yr pal,

rob mclennan
publisher, Chaudiere Books
www.chaudierebooks.com
www.chaudierebooks.blogspot.com

-- poet/editor/publisher ...STANZAS mag, above/ground press & Chaudiere Books (www.chaudierebooks.com) ...coord.,SPAN-O + ottawa small press fair ...13th poetry coll'n - The Ottawa City Project .... 2007-8 writer in residence, U of Alberta * http://robmclennan.blogspot.com/

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226. Larissa Shmailo

TWiN Poetry Benefit for Girls Write Now Saturday 6/14

Wed 11 Jun 2008

TWiN Poetry in Benefit for Girls Write Now
Bowery Poetry Club
308 Bowery (at foot of First Street)
Saturday, June 14
6â€“7:30 pm
$8 and donation of your choice to Girls Write Now

Featuring: Jackie Sheeler Ngoma Larissa Shmailo and Bobby Perfect Cyndi Dawson and Jair-RÃ´hm Parker-Wells With Special Guests: The Young Poets of the Girls Write Now Program and Special Guest Host: George Wallace About Girls Write Now Girls Write Now (GWN) provides a safe and supportive environment where girls can expand their natural writing talents, develop independent creative voices, and build confidence in making healthy choices in school, career and life. GWN provides at-risk New York City high school girls with emerging writing talent an opportunity to be custom-matched with a professional woman writer who serves as her personal mentor and writing coach, meeting with her weekly for the duration of an entire school year, and for up to four years. GWN also enrolls each student in a vibrant writing community â€" all mentees and mentors gather monthly for genre-based group writing workshops conducted at our offices within Teachers & Writers Collaborative in midtown Manhattan. The year is punctuated by three annual readings, college and career prep seminars, field trips to cultural events, and endless opportunities for scholarships and publication. The magic of the program is reflected in a solid nine-year track record, a 75-percent member retention rate, a 100-percent college acceptance rate, an annual anthology of original writing, and the seven-genre portfolios each student emerges equipped with each season. Founded in 1998, GWN was the first organization to ever present this combination of powerful services, and it continues to be the only program of its kind in the eastern United States. Visit Girls Write Now at _www.girlswritenow.org_ (http://www.girlswritenow.org/)

**********Vote for your city's best dining and nightlife. City's Best 2008. (http://citysbest.aol.com?ncid=aolacg00050000000102)

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227. **Ryan Daley**
Re: adultery to spine
Wed 11 Jun 2008

I wrote my Master's thesis on spam. Hence, I have a whole ms. of these babies:

To my most honor and able man friend,

My Yankee of Periodic Elementary and yet the other day debriefs to explain my soft. This will I do in type. Let's wrestle. Here a rickshaw melody targets a fossil city. Quell. I blame my ugly buttress on ancient Greece. Finders helter into blissful heliports. I have outreached dining stasis. This very moment a teller cant down a building. Crashes and bums in the metro to fill the nightclub with amore. So what, I say, I guess. I, lick the men who cull you, what intestines feel. Each name wraps a shoulder and never learns your trouble sports. Nothing but police in our sexuality, we forsook after thoroughfare great lengths. What keeps me is a jerk of wheel. Oh these days run halter.

Yours, in a Loamy SEAT,

On Wed, Jun 11, 2008 at 3:23 AM, Fluffy Singler
<[redacted]> wrote:
> My cronies and I take these and perform them poetry slam style. We call it
> the "Dada Spam Slam." It's generally a big hit at readings and
> performances.
>
> Fluffy
>
> -----Original Message-----
> From: Alan Sondheim [mailto:[redacted]]
> Sent: Wednesday, May 28, 2008 6:25 PM
> Subject: adultery to spine
>
> SP*M abjection, found text, "adultery to spine"
>
>
> it cane? go do. In adultery to spine. I scarlet on wand. you at
> pandemic. No my spool. so in document test directive. proceeds at
> connective. Or nozzle go comprehension. Or stain? his he domain
> chariot. Be outrage To scarf. He constituency. My on appellate. Or so
> bureaucratic obey inspired. zone a everyday. go profile, notorious be
> supreme.
> Have

>
> Or it is initiate by worsen. you of entirety. No or cousin belong
> multiply. On so airborne causation slump. sorry a esplanade. gene of
> instruction portuguese. That benefactor.
> Of punt? the To. He discrepancy it dependant. Or alkali An
> republican. by an hunger. I he revival. I or picket electronic sink.
> protocol or distribute. Which wreath my prom. On vineyard? A of pang
> conditional. He monarch But stab. Not semiconductor. On go chevron.
> My no unemployment fetish explanation. peter is heritage. is motif,
> canine on smile.
> do bribery. A an blue, rest. To etiquette hemp. With refer at
> charisma surrey. Be in fear outrage payable. chemistry it concentric.
> accede neurology so testify. Which a comfy immerse. Is it a dinar no
> airs. A my incoherent. At the resent sparrow grapefruit. Be is
> undeveloped roll gently. debt my whereby. dickens do commissioner
> meteor. To decline. I trust sheltered disguise.
> Go inductive. his do innovate, maturation. Is fade granny. Have
> bombardment an riot those. by my confluence notation concentrated.
> pretend at lowland. airspace conjugate at stronghold.
> But dream. his the actionable, better. do paragraph mickey. her
> enchanting by literacy batter. Have as number rabies arcadia. mesa it
> drawn. confrontation appreciation at deformation. As of tuba climax.
> No the no acceptable as forgery. her as dose. He be viewer somehow
> guest. Of he hydrocarbon forbidding trad. crisp a cent. meet at
> reputation reclaim. Is cage. Which baseball finger lento.
> It defence? an That. At postcode as residential. by minor And
> swinging. Of to adventurer. As an ensemble. Be is rights panel kappa.
> wreck at pineapple. It effort is laundry.
> As recall? his be trap offend. It reading In plunge. Of playback. My
> at somewhere. At on pressed forgiven openly. troublesome a
> acknowledgment. the verse, gateway my sanity.
> you fiscal? I or caretaker finnish. No wholesaler it organic. Not
> fewer. her as communicate. Not go virtually crusade nirvana. rigid is
> allocation. he insure, brick so headset.
>

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228. **David Chirot**

Jewish Voice for Peace: re "stifling of open debate" : John Stewart's comments, Harvard, Politics and Prose Bookstore, Spertus Museum

Wed 11 Jun 2008

Jewish Voice for Peace's Muzzlewatch purpose is
"Tracking efforts to stifle open debate about US-Israeli foreign policy."

All the articles below are from the last week's updates:

Two areas in which this "stifling" have been increasingly targeted are Education and the Arts, as well as Media and Government, raising and revealing First Amendment concerns in many different ways.

A few recent events briefly made headlines which drew some attention to the area of Education. One was the arrest, deporting and 10 year ban given by the State of Israel to internationally known writer and speaker Norman Finkelstein, whose Faculty-approved tenure earlier this year was denied at Depaul Univesrity under extreme pressure from forces led by Alan Dershowitiz and the visits of some Israeli government representatives. The intrusion of forces outside of a specific institution other than alumni, let alone ones from a foreign government in an American University's hiring practices is very dangerous. As Harvard Law Professor Dershowitz knows very well, establishing precedents makes each succeeding "case" that much more "winnable." In recent years an increasing number of hirings and tenure approvals have experienced pressures, public attacks based on spurious "evidence," planted rumors and threats. These aid greatly in creating public and private censorship of groups, events, talks, meetings and individuals, which in turn spreads a culture of self censorship in which fewer and fewer are willing to protest or comment. The silencings and "looking the other way's," as many writers have pointed out, has an eerie resemblance to the McCarthy Era in the USA and the first years of Hitler's Reich. (cf Naomi Wolf's The End of America)

Another recent Education example was the withdrawing by the United States of 7 Fulbright Fellowships granted to Palestinian students residing in Gaza. This withdrawal was caused by Israel's refusal to grant visas to the students. An international outpouring of shock, disbelief and criticism,and the critiques portraying "the tail that wags the dog,"made possible the reinstatement of the Grants and an assurance that the Visas will be granted. At the same time nearly 700 other students in Gaza granted Fellowships abroad are still being denied Visas. A very tiny few more may be allowed Visas--it remains to be seen.

Unlike almost al the other incidents Muzzlewatch reports on, these two examples briefly drew attention, then vanished. These very very tips of the tip of an ever growing iceberg vanishing so quickly,as if to say, "problem solved,"

have little or no effect on the silencings, censorships and self censorships that go on every day and which Jewish Voice for Peace and many other Jewish, Muslim, Christian, Ecumenical and Secular groups are trying to raise an awareness of and find support for refusing it to continue spreading.

History repeats itself for those who ignore or refuse to believe that it is happening again.

Remember the story--"first they came for the Jews, and I did nothing. Then they came for the Communists and Socialists and I did nothing. Then they came for the Catholics and I did nothing. Then it was the Gypsies, the Slavs the mentally ill, the Homosexuals and Lesbians and I did nothing. Then it was my boss, my neighbor, my nephew, my brother-in-law, the store keeper, the bus driver and before I could do anything--they were coming for me."

Consider that one may read the Israeli papers daily --as John Stewart points out below---and find more discussion and criticism than one ever does in the USA. Language begins to be censored, silenced and mutates into doublespeak. American stands on Human Right and Civil Rights begin to sound hollow meaningless when a single word the rest of the word sees and says and is starting to even appear in Israeli journals, can't be used in the United States without creating outraged condemnation and storms. When a word is not supposed to be written or said--it means one denies the existence of what it names. Bits and pieces of the world begin to disappear. Bits and pieces of one's being vanish. And one begins to believe in and support things one formerly would have found appalling. When those things begin to appear in one's midst, since they don't exist--one is ready and willing to be all for them. Think of how many things the United States at least publicly and openly used to be "for," and how many of those now it is not. Or have those things, too, begun to vanish from memory as well as existence? Jon Stewart on ability to talk openly about Israeli policies<http://www.muzzlewatch.com/?p=378>

Posted by Cecilie Surasky under Government<http://www.muzzlewatch.com/?cat=8>

<http://www.muzzlewatch.com/wp-content/picture-4.png>[CONSPIRACY THEORY UPDATE- SEE BELOW}

Watch The Daily Show's Indecision 5768<http://www.thedailyshow.com/video/index.jhtml?videoId=171492&title=indecision-5768>on
Clinton, McCain and Obama speaking at AIPAC.

Stewart says:

One part of being a good friend to Israel is constructive criticism of any of its polices that may not be in the best interest of the world, so lets hear the candidates critiques of current Israeli policy… [silent video of candidates.)

Oh I forgot! You can't say anything remotely citical of Israel and still gete elected president. Which is funny, because you know where you can criticize Israel? Uh Israel.

June 11 UPDATE: DID THE DAILY SHOW SELF CENSOR?

We've been getting emails from people who said the links to the infamous Indecision 5678 segment are now dead. The direct link we have above still works fine. But it's also true that if you don't happen to have the direct link, it's now impossible to find using various search mechanisms on The Daily Show website <http://www.thedailyshow.com/index.jhtml>. In fact, all video segments going back to May 28 are no longer searchable on the timeline. The segment doesn't show up in direct search, or using tags either. The entire June 5 episode is available, however, on the front page. But you'd have to know it was there to find it. It's the Adam Sandler episode.

<http://www.muzzlewatch.com/wp-content/picture-12.png>Accidental or deliberate? You decide.

One thing is certain, with 251,884 viewers, Indecision 5678 has proved to be one of The Daily Show's most popular segments ever.

- .

(c)2006 Jewish Voice for Peace <http://www.jewishvoiceforpeace.org/>
*Reasoned Debate and the Fear of Reprisal at Harvard<http://feedblitz.com/r.asp?l=35647307&f=150615&u=2461612> *

Academic freedom, relatively unfettered by corporate business interests, is one of the last bastions of free speech and inquiry in the US. That is precisely why people like Alan Dershowitz and Daniel Pipes, extensively discussed here, intrepidly do their utmost, despite assertions to the contrary, to stifle such activity. No matter one's point of view, the ability to have multi-vocal academic discussion is a core activity of a functioning democracy. In this spirit J. LORAND MATORY<http://www.feedblitz.com/t.asp?/150615/2461612/http://www.thecrimson.com/writer.aspx?id=1202946>discusses in detail his own worrying experience as a long time Harvard faculty member. His effort to have the Harvard faculty "commit itself to fostering a civil dialogue in which people with a broad range of perspectives feel safe and are encouraged to express their reasoned and evidence-based ideas" was tabled by the Faculty of Arts and Science precisely because it could allow such reasoned debate about I/P. He

goes in to detail on censorship occurring to him and others, such as Norman Finklestein, in and around the Harvard Campus.

What Do Critics of Israel Have to Fear?<http://www.feedblitz.com/t.asp?/150615/2461612/http://www.thecrimson.com/article.aspx?ref=523879>
By J. LORAND MATORY<http://www.feedblitz.com/t.asp?/150615/2461612/http://www.thecrimson.com/writer.aspx?id=1202946>

Go to the link for the entire article, originally published in The Harvard Crimson

Follow up on "surreal" events at Chicago's Spertus Museum<http://www.muzzlewatch.com/?p=380>

(For full story go to link)

Posted by Cecilie Surasky under Arts <http://www.muzzlewatch.com/?cat=37>

More on the story <http://www.muzzlewatch.com/?p=362>about the Spertus Museum:

Last week, the Chicago Reader<http://www.chicagoreader.com/features/stories/thebusiness/080529/index.php?cAction=>spoke with Rhoda Rosen, the smart and courageous director of Spertus, Chicago's Jewish museum. The Imaginary Coordinates<http://www.spertus.edu/exhibitions/imaginary_coordinates.php>exhibit on maps of the Holy Land (held as part of the city's Festival of Maps), which Rosen worked on for 3 years, recruiting both Israeli and Palestinian artists, "was suddenly and mysteriously shut down" a week after opening. The public reason for the closure was too much sun light shining on the displays. This excuse was, pardon the pun, transparent. Chicago Reader's Deanna Issacs remarks that the museum was housed in a spectacular state of the art showpiece building completed 6 months before, making the excuse unlikely . . .

For the next few days the museum's Web site carried a notice that Imaginary Coordinates had been closed due to "unanticipated maintenance" . . . <http://www.muzzlewatch.com/?p=363>

Then came word that the show would reopen "tweaked," as Rosen put it, and with a new protocol: visitors would be admitted only on guided tours, to be conducted hourly.

POLITICS AND PROSE BOOKSTORE IN D.C. INVITES, CANCELS, REINVITES UCLA PROFESSOR, AUTHOR AND JOURNALIST SAREE MAKDISISEE

ARTICLE WITH STORY FOLLOWS THIS

**

Saree Makdisi - Banned in the U.S.A. (Almost)<http://feeds.feedburner.com/%7Er/SabbahsBlog/%7E3/309394430/>

Posted: 11 Jun 2008 01:17 AM CDT

I didn't think America was a place where bookstores barred people for their viewpoints, until it happened to me, right here in Washington, D.C., the city of my birth.

I was scheduled to speak at Politics & Prose Bookstore and Coffeehouse last month about my latest book, "Palestine Inside Out: An Everyday Occupation." My appearance was canceled when the bookstore owners realized that my book concludes by questioning the viability of a two-state solution to the Israeli-Palestinian conflict. Instead it proposes a single democratic, secular and multicultural state in which Israelis and Palestinians live peacefully as citizens with equal rights.

"I do not believe that your book will further constructive debate in the United States," one of the owners wrote to me in an e-mail. "A single state is not a solution." I was dismayed that my invitation was rescinded because I express a different point of view from the one sanctioned by a supposedly independent bookstore. Yet the cancellation seems to fit into a larger pattern of nationwide censorship about this issue.

Stanford professor Joel Beinin had been invited to speak about Israel and Palestine at a Silicon Valley school last year; his appearance was canceled when the school was criticized for booking the event. Tony Judt of New York University was invited to speak about Israel and Palestine at the Polish Consulate in New York last fall; his talk was canceled after the consulate came under pressure from the Anti-Defamation League and the American Jewish Committee.

The fact that senior scholars are prevented from speaking in well-known forums because they do not toe an official line suggests that the civic culture on which our country was founded has broken down, at least when it comes to Palestine and Israel.

Yet citizens can object to the muzzling of ideas. After receiving letters of protest and eloquent entreaties by bloggers, Politics and Prose decided last week to reissue my invitation. This reversal is an important step forward but questions still linger. Can we afford not to hear each other out as we evaluate our Middle East policies? Should Palestinians not be allowed to speak unless their erstwhile audience gets to tell them what to say? What, then, is the point of a conversation? What is the alternative to conversation?

What is so unspeakably wrong with saying that justice, secularism, tolerance and equality of citizens — rather than privileges granted on the basis of religion — should be among the values of a state?

Saree Makdisi is a professor of English literature at UCLA.

-
<http://www.muzzlewatch.com/?page_id=2>

Politics and Prose owner reverses position, reinvites Edward Said's nephew<http://www.muzzlewatch.com/?p=376>

- About Jewish Voice for Peace | <http://www.muzzlewatch.com/?page_id=2>

MuzzleWatch <http://www.muzzlewatch.com/>

Tracking efforts to stifle open debate about US-Israeli foreign policy.

Thu 5 Jun 2008
Politics and Prose owner reverses position, reinvites Edward Said's nephew<http://www.muzzlewatch.com/?p=376>

Posted by Cecilie Surasky under Publishing<http://www.muzzlewatch.com/?cat=4>

<http://www.muzzlewatch.com/wp-content/palestine-inside-out.jpg>We may never know the true back story behind the beloved Politics and Prose<http://www.politics-prose.com/>DC-based bookstore owner Carla Cohen's decision to invite Palestinian-American professor Dr. Sari Makdisi, then disinvite him because of his political positions, and then invite him again.

To be fair, there may be no back story, which makes Carla Cohen's ultimate decision to admit she made a mistake and embrace him all the more laudable. But it is apparently a fact that the independent bookstore already had to endure hate mail from some members of Cohen's (and our) Jewish community for, well, acting like an independent bookstore and welcoming a free exchange of ideas on Israel-Palestine.

It is almost certain that she will get many more because of her reversal on Makdisi. Do make sure to let her know she did the right thing. Email: [redacted]

Grace Said, the late Edward Said's sister, and aunt of UCLA English professor Dr. Makdisi, had this to say to Cohen:

It is with sadness that I write to inform you that I have decided to cancel my membership at Politics and Prose, effective immediately. I have always been a supporter of independent bookstores. Politics and Prose, in particular, seemed to be the place for me. Visiting your store was always pleasant; the atmosphere, choice of books, the friendliness and knowledge of the staff, and the coffee shop have always made it a plus for me, and I am sure, for many others.

However, I was quite appalled to hear that you chose not to follow through with your invitation to Dr. Saree Makdisi, whose book, Palestine Inside Out: An Everyday Occupation describes the effect of the Israeli occupation on the lives of ordinary Palestinians. It is precisely this kind of book that needs to be promoted in the US, where the mainstream media and political pundits have deliberately avoided any discussion of the hardships endured by the Palestinians under occupation.

I know Makdisi's writing from the LA Times where he is a frequent contributor<http://www.latimes.com/news/opinion/la-op-makdisi11-2008may11,0,7862060.story>, writing hard-hitting and incisive commentary about the conflict, and most recently, the idea that a two-state solution is no longer possible. It's the kind of analysis one typically doesn't find in US papers, but which is increasingly finding a home in corporate-owned publications, making Cohen's cold feet all the more surprising.

Cohen responded to Grace Said's note by explaining:

I have been very active — and my husband even more so — in trying to have the U.S. intervene with Israel to end the occupation of the West Bank. I was recently in Israel and saw and heard about the heartbreaking effects of Israel's policies vis-à-vis travel, employment, and so on. I came back very discouraged about Israel's political ability to break through the impasse. The way to end the occupation lies with the U.S. I want to make the case with American Jews and with American politicians to press Israel to end the occupation.

I guarantee that nobody will listen to me if I am seen as promoting a book whose only way out of the present situation is a one-state solution. One state means the end of Israel as a democratic and Jewish state. I do not believe that should happen. I am placing all of my energies on promoting within the American Jewish community a practical solution that involves respecting the legitimate needs of Israelis and Palestinians and treating with empathy those on both sides.

It's hard to fathom how offering a space for independent political thought would threaten the possibility of Middle East peace. In fact, the topic of Makdisi's book is life under occupation <http://imeu.net/news/article008577.shtml>, not, the one-state solution. But his most recent op-ed in the LA Times is worth reading because he puts forth a view increasingly held by many people (and rejected by many as well, including Norman Finkelstein) that the one-state solution is the only option left. Because of the actions of people who want to see Israel destroyed? No, but rather, due to Israel's own actions. He argues that the ceaseless project of appropriating Palestinian land and building Jewish-only houses on it has made a contiguous Palestinian state simply impossible. Is this

an analysis that would isolate Politics and Prose from the liberal, anti-occupation Jewish community? It's sad to think it could.

After probably more than a few letters like Said's, a Politics and Prose friend told us late yesterday: "Carla Cohen reinvited the author back to Politics and Prose, and admitted that she was wrong. She does want to make sure that there is open dialogue/debate at the bookstore. She reaffirmed that she wants the bookstore to continue to be a place where people hear diverse opinions and people make their own decisions."

These icons link to social bookmarking sites where readers can share and discover new web pages.

-
<http://digg.com/submit?phase=2&url=http%3A%2F%2Fwww.muzzlewatch.com%2F%3Fp%3D376&title=Politics+and+Prose+owner+reverses+position%2C+reinvites+Edward+Said%27s+nephew>

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229. Marc Nasdor

Marc Nasdor & Candece Tarpley - Reading/book party - Sunday, June 15, 5 pm

Wed 11 Jun 2008

Mis amigos,

Sunday, June 15 @ 5 pm

Marc Nasdor & Candece Tarpley
Poetry Reading and Book Party at the Tribes Gallery

Iâ€™ll be having a poetry reading and book party for my latest book, Sonnetailia, in the back garden of the wonderful Tribes Gallery. Iâ€™ll share the bill with the multi-talented Native American poet/dancer/story teller Candece Tarpley. I hope you will come for a pleasant Sunday afternoon in the Lower East Side. And anyway you can buy copies of my book.

Tribes Gallery
285 East 3rd St. (btw. Ave C. & D)
(212) 674â€“3778

After 14 years of total literary silence, Marc Nasdor returns to the scene with a mangled book of appendaged titled called Sonnetailia, published by Roof Books at the end of 2007. This is one of the first readings we will have given in more than a decade. He will be reading with the sensational Native American

poet/storyteller/performer Candece Tarpley. Together, their reading will present two wildly differing perspectives on human aspirations and failures.

Marc Nasdor was born in Baltimore, Maryland, and has lived in New York City since 1980. He has been publishing since the late 1970s, and has performed his work in France, Germany and Hungary. A number of his poems have been published in translation in Hungarian, German and Spanish. His first book-length poem, Treni in Partenza, was published in 1988. He has also co-directed international arts organizations including the Committee for International Poetry and Alma On Dobbin. Recently he became the Coordinator of the fabulous New York Complaints Choir. In his other life, he works as a freelance art and audio consultant, and is an amateur ethnomusicologist who presents global dance music under the nom de DJ Poodlecannon.

Candece Tarpley is of Blackfoot/Cherokee descent. She is a poet/writer, storyteller, playwright, an actress and World Champion PowWow dancer. She has performed at many venues in the New York City area as well as in Boulder, Colorado, Middlebury College in Vermont, the Pequot Museum in Connecticut and Williams College in Massachusetts among others. She has a spoken word CD Birth at Last and a book of poetry Poems of a Dancing Lady available.

Hereâ€™s the link to _Sonnetailia_ at Small Press Distribution, or you can search on Amazon as well.

http://www.spdbooks.org/Details.asp?BookID=9781931824279

See samples here:
http://www.brooklynrail.org/2007/03/poetry/marc-nasdor
and here:
http://jacketmagazine.com/33/nasdor5.shtml

Also, here are some new poems of mine published in Perfect 8, Issue #3

Maninsh Buoy
http://www.perfecteight.com/03_Perfect8/articles/writtenarticles/mannishbouy.html

On Period (10-1)
http://www.perfecteight.com/03_Perfect8/articles/writtenarticles/onperiod.html

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Marc Nasdor
127 Thames Street, #3L
Brooklyn, NY 11237
Telephone:
[redacted] - cell

Email: [redacted]
http://www.myspace.com/poodlecannon

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230. **Jim Andrews**

Gregory Whitehead: A Tale of Two Skulls

Wed 11 Jun 2008

some of you may know gregory whitehead's work. he's an audio writer. his most recent piece is "A Tale of Two Skull" at
http://bbc.co.uk/radio3/sundayfeature/pip/4rhg4

he's from ny but has, i think, been living in london for some time producing radio at the bbc.

i think this stops being available for listening on Sunday.

ja

Artist Jane Wildgoose, keeper of the Wildgoose Memorial Library (WML), has a cabinet of curiosities, among which are two human skulls. Each skull was donated to the library ï¿½ one was a prop from an artist's studio in Hampstead and the other was from an archaeological dig in Waltham Abbey. Wildgoose embarks on a journey with the skulls to examine how their individual pasts should inform their future and how, as a society, we understand and deal with human remains.

The WML began as an informal collection of objects and books relating to Jane's enduring fascination with the interest of the dead to the living. Numerous objects have been donated and others have been discarded and found their way there. The two skulls, however, have a particular resonance in the collection. For the first time Jane takes them out of the library, visiting different professionals who deal with human remains archaeologists, artists, clergy and museum directors ï¿½ to help understand their relationship with what once were living beings.

Along the way, she discovers more about the provenance of the skulls and seeks guidance as to what would be a fitting resting place for each of them were they to leave the library for good. Jane discovers that one of the skulls belongs to a group of people on the other side of the world and that the debate surrounding human remains and repatriation is very much a live and contentious one which she must also navigate.

Presenter/Jane Wildgoose, Producers/Neil McCarthy and Gregory Whitehead.

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231. Alan Sondheim

fragment

Thu 12 Jun 2008

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fragment

I am the originator of Ron Silliman, which happened
The day before I originated poetry. In this manner,
I originated Patrick Herron, who, through a sad mispelling,
Flew from the birds which I originated just the day before.
Hello Patrick, I say, as he flies overhead, on the way to flarf
And other lines that start with Larger Letters.
All letters are capital! He cries, every single one of them!
How am I to argue even if G makes me quake, an ornate C
That cuts curious the cataract from my left and fuzzy I.
On a dark and otherwise murderous night, Maria Demon
Completed her work and I emerged, speechless, holding her
Responsible for every word I write; please contact her
If there are any difficulties with this transmisson. At what
Bleak point did Socrates trade Daemon in, suturing her name
Which used to be Sally Forth? I know he meant no harm,
He was busy writing me into submission while I, knowing the worst,
Created Silliman, Flarf, Cataract, Damon, Herrons Galore,
And at least two letters of the alphabet, now sung
Almost as much as any other (jst dd vwls!).

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232. Nicholas Karavatos

Reading in Point Arena, CA on Thursday the 19th

Thu 12 Jun 2008

Nicholas Karavatos

THURSDAY, June 19th @ 7:00

“Third Thursday Poetry Readings” – Hosted by Blake More

CityArt Gallery
284 Main Street
Point Arena, CA

Nicholas Karavatos
Dept of English
American University of Sharjah
PO Box 26666

Sharjah
United Arab Emirates

_____ It’s easy to add contacts from Facebook and other social sites through Windows Live™ Messenger. Learn how. https://www.invite2messenger.net/im/?source=TXT_EML_WLH_LearnHow=

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233. **St. Thomasino**

KOPPÁNY WAVES TO ERATIO EDITIONS

Thu 12 Jun 2008

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e·
KOPPÁNY WAVES TO ERATIO EDITIONS

E·ratio Editions is (no, seriously) really happy to announce the publication of Waves, an e-chap by Márton Koppány.

Waves by Márton Koppány. "These works are minimalist by design, but should we paraphrase the thought channeled therein, the effect would be encyclopedic, ranging through philosophy, psychology, politics, and the human emotions."

Also available from E·ratio Editions:

#1. In the Bennett Tree. Gregory Vincent St. Thomasino joins John M. Bennett “In the Bennett Tree.” Collaborative poems, images, an introduction and a full-length critical essay pay homage to American poet John M. Bennett.

#2. Mending My Black Sweater by Mary Ann Sullivan. Mending My Black Sweater and other poems by Mary Ann Sullivan. Poems of making conscious, of acceptance and of self-remembering, and of personal responsibility.

http://www.eratiopostmodernpoetry.com/eratioeditions.html

E·ratio Editions, a series of elegantly produced, quick loading e-chaps, is reading for poetry, innovative narrative prose and recollection and critical and theoretical essays. Please see the Contact page for further guidelines and where to send. Query editor with sample and proposal.

E·ratio is reading for poetry for issue 11.

E·ratio publishes quality poetry in the postmodern idioms with an emphasis on the intransitive.

E·ratio Poetry Journal and E·ratio Editions, edited by Gregory Vincent St. Thomasino

http://www.eratiopostmodernpoetry.com

e·

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234. Brian Stefans

Electronic Literature Collection, Vol. 2 - Call for Work

Thu 12 Jun 2008

Electronic Literature Collection, Vol. 2 — Call for Work

The Electronic Literature Organization seeks submissions for the Electronic Literature Collection, volume 2. We invite the submission of literary works that take advantage of the capabilities and contexts provided by the computer. Works will be accepted from June 1 to September 30, 2008. Up to three works per author will be considered; previously published works will be considered.

The Electronic Literature Collection is a biannual publication of current and older electronic literature in a form suitable for individual, public library, and classroom use. Volume 1, presently available both online (http://collection.eliterature.org) and as a packaged, cross-platform CD-ROM, has been used in dozens of courses at universities in the United States and internationally, and has been widely reviewed in the United States and Europe. It is also available as a CD-ROM insert with N. Katherine Hayles' full-length study, Electronic Literature: New Horizons for the Literary (University of Notre Dame Press, 2008).

Volume 2, comprising approximately 50 works, will likewise be available online, and as a cross-platform DVD in a case appropriate for library processing, marking, and distribution. The contents of the Collection are offered under a Creative Commons license so that libraries and educational institutions will be allowed to duplicate and install works and individuals will be free to share the disc with others.

The editorial collective for the second volume of the Electronic Literature Collection, to be published in 2009, is Laura Borràs Castanyer, Talan Memmott, Rita Raley and Brian Kim Stefans. This collective will review the submitted work and select pieces for the Collection.

Literary quality will be the chief criterion for selection of works. Other aspects considered will include innovative use of electronic techniques, quality and navigability of interface, and adequate representation of the diverse forms of electronic literature in the collection as a whole. For volume 2, we are considering works of electronic literature in video.

Works submitted should function on both Macintosh OS X (10.5) and Windows Vista. Works should function without requiring users to purchase or install additional software. Submissions may require software that is typically pre-installed on contemporary computers, such as a web browser, and are allowed to use the current versions of the most common plugins.

To have a work considered, all the authors of the work must agree that if their work is published in the Collection, they will license it under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-NoDerivs 3.0 License, which will permit others to copy and freely redistribute the work, provided the work is attributed to its authors, that it is redistributed non-commercially, and that it is not used in the creation of derivative works. No other limitation is made regarding the author's use of any work submitted or accepted.

To submit a work, prepare a plain text file with the following information:
• The title of the work.
• The names and email addresses of all authors and contributors of the work.

• The URL where you are going to make your .zip file available for us to download. The editorial collective will not publish the address of this file. • A short description of the work — less than 200 words in length. • Any instructions required to operate the work. • The date the work was first distributed or published, or "unpublished" if it has not yet been made available to the public.

Prepare a .zip archive including the work in its entirety. Include the text file at the top level of this archive, and name it "submisson.txt".

Upload the .zip file to a web server so that it is available at the specified location. Place all of the text in the "submisson.txt" file in the body of an email and send it to [redacted] with the name of the piece being submitted included in the subject line.

The Electronic Literature Collection is supported by institutional partners including: Brown University, Literary Arts Program; Center for Program in Contemporary Writing at the University of Pennsylvania; Duke University, Program in Literature; Hermeneia at the Open University of Catalonia; Maryland Institute for Technology in the Humanities; Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Program in Writing and Humanistic Studies; nt2; Pomona College, Media Studies Program; UCSB, Department of English; University of Bergen, Department of Literary, Linguistic, and Aesthetic Studies, Program in Digital Culture; University of Dundee, School of Humanities.

Institutional sponsorship opportunities are still available. If your organization or academic department is interested in more information, please contact helen DeVinney, Managing Director of the ELO, at [redacted].

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235. Lewis LaCook

An engineer's ocean

Thu 12 Jun 2008

http://www.xanaxpop.org/2008/06/12/an-engineers-ocean/

You wake to nausea a negated sea and the clock starting over and over staring at you across much earlier than youâ€™d like. Earlier your ears remembered the alarm going off and debt haunting like traces of semen pulled over your mouse pad like you moved there, but of necessity performative, neither from nor to but inhabiting. Well. The burned are already whispering to you those secrets that recoil while firing flames gnawing at the mid-range in her belly of sounds. But why does the first connection attempt fail? Because of sophistication testicular references enhance nascent craters arching busty like a parsed vellum a level of velor and unbridled candor or abandoned. On between as in and or among. Fucking time-based art you wake to, a nigger sea is me creased and siphoning left feelings eating othersâ€™ regard for me the wastes of some distance to love up on ivory stilts. And on her belly of sounds. Youâ€™re rigid at the gears that arch her back along an engineerâ€™s ocean. Anyone can have a word-processing. Well, the burned are up and at it again their gain flailing knobs and flooding headphones while uploads whisper those secrets that recoil after pressing on with the business. Oh, there are many wonderful things to worry about! Like kind of partially incomplete. SARS. Upturned leaves today give the appearance of immaculate dogwood god-hungry jackal, slipping orbs almost Orphic but moodily ore your ears scream, screw your ears. Damage like this is a diamond to spell check. Almost anyone can have a habit of word-processing. This avian flu has come muddied with dust moaning yellow bathes in salt last month the whole belly of sounds bean tucked away in raining folds thickening rapidly. Damn! Tits are a lovely

reminder of gravity! But itâ€™s only a lake as of yet, here where glaciers must have you on the coffee-table. Youâ€™ll maybe spend a few hours on your ivory stilts maybe walking or lurching through cities the crust removed and so exposed soft bread fiber at fruit. Having a sudo bash. Oh, sheâ€™s got this beautiful tapering down below! You wake to now slowly wooden swollen fists. Later on the alarm has rungs.

Lewis LaCook
Director of Web Development
Abstract Outlooks Media

[redacted]

http://www.abstractoutlooks.com
Abstract Outlooks Media - Premium Web Hosting, Development, and Art Photography

http://www.lewislacook.org
lewislacook.org - New Media Poetry and Poetics

http://www.xanaxpop.org
Xanax Pop - the Poetry of Lewis LaCook

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236. **amy king**

An appeal to your teaching side ...

Thu 12 Jun 2008

Plus there are "rewards", so to speak --

http://amyking.wordpress.com/2008/06/12/poetry-exercises-wanted/

Thanks,

Amy

_____

Recent
http://www.tarpaulinsky.com/Reviews/kiss-me.html
http://cutbankpoetry.blogspot.com/2008/04/im-man-who-loves-you-by-amy-king.html

Alias
http://www.amyking.org

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237. **Sue B. Walker**
Re: An appeal to your teaching side ...
Thu 12 Jun 2008

When One Can Become Two or More

We do this on the board -- students list things that have "touched" them in some way during the past 21 days. This can be a lost cell phone or a parental divorce. It can be a beating that has occupied the local / national news. We make a list of these things. Then I ask the students to write for 10-15 minutes about one of the items on the list. Next I ask them to consider what was vibrant and strong about what they just wrote, ask them to exchange their accounts and ask for the reader's comments. Following on this 10 minute writing "opportunity," I ask them to write a poem in free verse. We discuss what works in this poem and what might be added. After this, I ask them to write a sonnet (it doesn't have to rhyme--and we discuss this, looking at older and newer ways sonnets can be written. Then, I ask the students to use the same initial material and write a villanelle and then a sestina. In the process, we discuss how sound can be employed, color, taste, dialogue, etc
-- an
d finally, we look at how the differences that occur in each rendering.

Sue Walker
Stokes Distinguished Professor of Creative Writing
University of South Alabama
Mobile, Al 36688 ---------- Original message from amy king <[redacted]>:

> *Plus there are "rewards", so to speak --*
>
> *http://amyking.wordpress.com/2008/06/12/poetry-exercises-wanted/*
>
> *Thanks,*
>
> *Amy*
>
> _____
>
> *Recent*
> *http://www.tarpaulinsky.com/Reviews/kiss-me.html*
> *http://cutbankpoetry.blogspot.com/2008/04/im-man-who-loves-you-by-amy-king.html*
>
> *Alias*

> *http://www.amyking.org*

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238. **Murat Nemet-Nejat**
Re: Slidvid
Thu 12 Jun 2008

Jim,

I want to focus on one point from your full response:

" but that phenomenon is just a kind of sideshow part of experimental art. it may not be sideshow but far more prominent, pragmatically, because it can also get funding. silly but true. but i*t's sideshow in terms of real significance to anyone with eyes in their head*."

It is very interesting that you automatically, implicitly assume that experiment has something to do with the eye, whereas, historically, words were associated with the ear. Does this not suggest a profound alteration in the concept of language, of poetry in our time, almost a mutation of linguistic DNA? It seems to me a dynamic analysis of the relation between what is seen and what is heard is extremely important.

Ciao,

Murat

On Wed, Jun 11, 2008 at 6:40 AM, Jim Andrews <[redacted]> wrote:

> *i said that in experimental art the outcome is uncertain. of course this could be said of just about anything.*
>
> *but i want to respond to your point of seeming objection to work that is done merely because it can be done rather than out of vision.*
>
> *one can imagine work that is embarked upon merely because it can be, work that finds its way to something quite worthwhile.*
>
> *the 'vision' may involve the spirit of adventure, exploration, and discovery. a desire to boldly go where no gink has gone before. a desire to discover/create the human dimensions of commonly used technologies commonly used without elan energy articulation art a desire to defeat in this way the forces of dullness and business, a desire to take poetry or art into new possibilities where people are in any case having to deal with the technology better that they deal with it not with the energy of slaves but able to make mistakes in your sense of making mistakes, with the freedom to make mistakes and experiment toward something human.*

that said, there is, yes, a kind of unfortunate emphasis in the art world on doing things first. doing whatever first. it's easier to identify. people have a hard time identifying what's significant. much easier to say what's first. as in a race or a competition. and technology thrives on new stuff, so an emphasis on doing things first with a new technology synchs with business and the tech world.

so the desire to do a thing simply because it can now be done is not just that. it's not simply because it can now be done but because it's new and new in certain narrow ways is easily understood and can command some attention. in the same way that winning a competition commands attention independent of what won the competition.

but that phenomenon is just a kind of sideshow part of experimental art. it may not be sideshow but far more prominent, pragmatically, because it can also get funding. silly but true. but it's sideshow in terms of real significance to anyone with eyes in their head. the world thrives on central sideshow in many spheres. time and chance.

it isn't significant to do something simply because it can now be done. unless it's creating world peace, should the opp arise. but then obviously it isn't done simply because it can be done but because doing it is much to be desired. so sometimes it's good to do something because it can now be done and also for other reasons. and obviously in many other cases.

it's up to each person to discern for themselves what's of value and what isn't. there is no authoritative substitute for one's own insight and intuition. art needs to be experienced, not simply 'understood'. it's in the nature of digital art that there's going to be lots of it that is far less than outstanding. but that's true of all arts. digital art's engagement with technology inevitably forms part of the statement and position of any of its works. it's not the only part, mind you. but it's part of the work in a way that mayn't crucially apply to many books.

also, on a different note, i wouldn't put it past animals to consider their own death. i have seen some of them, it seemed, face it with a sad, dignified and accepting awareness of irrecoverable loss. we've all been around as life forms on this planet for billions of years. anything we are is not so far from the least of earth. a very big family. the more we learn about life on earth, the more linked it seems are all of earth's forms of life. in their biochemistry. in their interdependence in the ecosphere. in their processes of adaptation. in the nature of their brain processes. we

> *are special, apparently. but i wonder how different we are from our furry friends. i do agree, though, that there is something crucial about language in that difference. which is why poetry may suffer but never die as long as humanity lives. or continually die, continually be reborn in our deepest engagements with life and language.*
>
> *ja*
> *http://vispo.com*

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239. **Murat Nemet-Nejat**
Re: Slidvid
Thu 12 Jun 2008

Jim,

You are very right about the retro elements in *Bladerunner*, particularly in the columns of building and some rooms and leaky interiors. and chaotic mixture of clothings (some reminiscent of *Starwars*). They add to the feeling of desolation the movie projects. On the other hand, there is the incredible giant neon figure of the oriental woman, several storeys high, bursting open continuously, advertizing mood pills. During the last few years, I have visited Hong Kong every summer. Last year, I was on a hovercraft boat returning from Macao to Hong Kong after it was dark. The view of the Hong Kong skyline at that time, with its mind boggling array of sky scrapers and neon lights, in an area which ten years before was water, reminded me *bladerunner*. It looks exactly like the utopian, corporate capitalist, city of the future. Also, exactly as in *bladerunners, Hong Kong *has retro features, very narrow streets winding across twenty-five storey apartment building, exotic (to us!) markets. Compared to that, New York looks quaint, almost with the feel of a village.

What do you mean by "licks"? Do you mean experimentation? It seems the director made things happen with an iron fist.

Ciao,

Murat

On Wed, Jun 11, 2008 at 1:28 AM, Jim Andrews <[redacted]> wrote:

> *By mistake I mean the ability of the machine to stop and step out of, escape*
> *its weave of usages and look at itself.*
>
> *That sounds more like 'objective awareness' than 'mistake'. But perhaps we need objective awareness to conclude we made a mistake. Or a success, for that matter. What the winner don't know the gambler understands.*

In the last few months, I have
*re-watched a number of times the film *Blade Runner*. In it humanoids,*
replicants, in strength and intelligence superior to humans,
suddenly become
aware of their mortality, that they only live for four years. The
whole film
is about their vain attempt to escape that mortality. While language may
also exist in the animal world, the human language seems to be
the only form
in which the user can step out of himself/herself and realize its
own death.
The idea of the future is only possible if one can imagine its
cessation. In
other words, human language (and very time itself) are possible with a
consciousness of its cessation. Will a machine revert to the
animal stage or
preserve that quality of escaping, stepping out of itself, of "making
mistakes." I am particularly interested in this question because, in the
last two months I have been working on the section entitled, "The
Spiritual
*Life of Replicants," from my poem *The Structure of Escape*. Here*
is a poem
from The Spiritual Life:

The Mortal Proof

I exist because I may cease to exist.

I may not exist; therefore I am.

A machine, image, if complex enough, will inevitably ask the
question, am I
mortal, or what will happen after I cease to exist.

Imagining its cessation is part of the essence of being conscious.

*I also found out that *Blade Runner* was the last movie in which digital*
*technology was *not* used for special effects. I wondered why are*
there are
*so few science fiction movies after *Blade Runner* which equal the visual*
*resonance of that movie? Maybe *Jurassic Park*, *A.I*, *Altered*
States (?,*
*the movie about cyborgs), *Star Wars I, II*, *Matrix I* remotely*
match it. I
have a theory based on the theory of natural selection. During

*the making of
Blade Runner the special effects were so difficult, also straining the limits of the available budget, that only those which the vision of the film
demanded. In other words, vision preceded available technology. As technology developed and special effects became relatively easier and cheaper, many effects were created because it was possible to do so. In other words, to a greater degree, technology preceded necessity, vision. I
wonder if this analysis, if at all true, has a relevance to the activities
going on among digital poets today?*

Well, it's a topic with subtleties, I think.

*When we write or create digital art, the process of writing (or creating digital art) is, itself, crucial to what gets created. We usually don't sit down with an idea already thought out and just transcribe it. When we do, it
usually isn't very lively. It often lacks the bloom of insight, the event of
it. And the energy of pursuit.*

*Similarly, when somebody with some cash has a bright idea but can't program and hires someone else to program it, it usually is a wooden implementation.
Unless the programmer can take it on as something other than a job. As art. In which case the person writing the paycheque has to surrender some space as artist, or they're going to have a dead thing.*

*Experimental art involves trying things where the outcome is uncertain. The motivation for the experiment can, of course be various. From a vision to an
observation that something simply is now doable. One has to be open to the feel, possibilities, and opening directions of it as it proceeds. If so, then one normally ends up in a different place than imagined at the outset.*

So, yes, of course there is work that is done simply because it can be. And there is work done of quite a different order.

*I saw a documentary about Bladerunner on TV quite a while ago. I dimly recall the director (I think it was the director) saying that part of the reason for the high quality of the visuals is that certain parts of the project stalled for a year or more. So the people in charge of the visuals had a lot more time than they figured they would to do their thing. And they
did. Big time. I also recall from that documentary somebody saying that an important part of the vision of the look of the future was of the past. The*

> *notion that the future really has a strong visual element in it of the past.*
> *Contrast that with, say, The Fifth Element. Which also is strong in its futuristic city scapes, but they are not grotty and aged like Bladerunner's.*
>
> *Certainly the people who did the Bladerunner visuals were totally involved in it as art and architecture and as vision of the future and vision of history and of humanity, really. The replicants are machines but it's all about humanity, what it is to be human. As you say, Murat.*
>
> *Whoever did those city scapes in Bladerunner, I'll bet it wasn't their first*
> *time. Lots of licks. Licks developed over time. Don't know with what tools. Apparently not digital.*
>
> *Whether the tools are digital or not, it's the licks developed over time by the artist that find their maturity, eventually, in a few projects.*
>
> *ja*
> *http://vispo.com*

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240. **Fluffy Singler**

btw - conceptual poetics conference

Thu 12 Jun 2008

FYI - I have a few things that I wrote inspired by thoughts that bounced off and around during the poetics conference it Tucson. I actually posted these in the middle of the conference, but didn't really think to put it out on this list.

I'm also typing in my notes from the conference for my own use and if anyone is interested, I can either blog these or send them along to you. Let's say if more than 5 people ask me, I'll blog 'em. Otherwise will only send out individually. Of course as with any notes, these will be highly subjective and interpretive . . . but I am happy to share with anyone who wants them.

My blogs are at:

http://www.myspace.com/fluffysingler

http://fluffysingler.blogspot.com/

Cheers.

Fluffy

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241. noah eli gordon

reminder: Sat. June 14th Denver house reading: Barg, Kapil, Ramke, Pafunda, Calvert

Thu 12 Jun 2008

Please join us for a house reading and party on Saturday June 14th

Things will begin at 7pm.

Feel free to bring snacks, beverages, and friends.

Readings by Barbara Barg, Bhanu Kapil, Bin Ramke,
Danielle Pafunda, and Trevor Calvert

(Email me back channel for location.)

_____ Search that pays you back! Introducing Live Search cashback.
http://search.live.com/cashback/?&pkw=form=MIJAAF/publ=HMTGL/crea=srchpaysyouback=

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242. Pam Brown

POETRY READINGJuly 6th Sydney

Fri 13 Jun 2008

POETRY READING - A free event

From the US, poet and critic
Rachel Blau DuPlessis with local poets Pam Brown and Kate Lilley

For further information and bio notes
click here http://thedeletions.blogspot.com

Sunday July 6th 3.30 for 4pm

Upstairs @ 49
49 Glebe Point Road
Glebe
Sydney
rsvp: Ph 9660 2333
(thanks to société jamais-jamais)

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243. **Jim Andrews**
Re: Slidvid
Fri 13 Jun 2008

> *It is very interesting that you automatically, implicitly assume that experiment has something to do with the eye, whereas, historically, words were associated with the ear. Does this not suggest a profound alteration in*
> *the concept of language, of poetry in our time, almost a mutation of linguistic DNA? It seems to me a dynamic analysis of the relation between what is seen and what is heard is extremely important.*

the eyes, ears, and the mind's eye which sees and hears other things such as what is read...experiment can involve any or all of these, can't it.

of course, in the computer it's all ons and offs, charged and not charged, zeros and ones. code. mixed with language. codes for one form of language mixing with those of another. sound with visuals. with text. with video.

text has tended to appear mostly on paper. where it can exist with images (is an image, of course) but not with sound. and text has not been a significant part of cinema, for the most part, because it's usually for the mind's eye. which mostly is disregarded in cinema which may be one of the reasons i usually find cinema thin. but there's time for text in computer art. video can be viewed and text read in different spaces of the same work.

one can mix media spaces or keep them separate but have numerous different ones. for text, sound, image, video/animation, interaction, communication. semiotically very rich.

when we experience this in computer art or installation work, when written language is operating in some sense simultaneously or in strong relation with other types of signs, we sense the existence of other types of language operating here and, as you say, a kind of "mutation of linguistic DNA" in the cross-products of these previously mostly separate forms of language/code/communication.

writers are in an excellent position to deal with this. because writing is so crucial to the coding of it all. in programming, one may be writing that which creates or synthesizes visuals or texts or sounds or communication conduits or videos or some combination of them, but one is writing.

ja
http://vispo.com

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244. John Cunningham

Tripwire rep

Fri 13 Jun 2008

Would someone from Tripwire please contact me regarding the three books I am to review for you. I have attempted to contact you but have had no luck. John Cunningham

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245. Mary Jo Malo

Exploring the Relationship between Poetry and Music

Fri 13 Jun 2008

Connections: Exploring the Relationship between Poetry and Music with Daniel Godston at Woodland Pattern Book Center, Milwaukee, WI Saturday, July 19, 1-4pm $35 / $30 members

Daniel Godston There are many deep connections between poetry and music. Imagery, metaphor, meter, and tone are several poetic elements by which those connections can be explored. Jazz, blues, rock and roll, and other musical genres have provided inspiration for poets, over the years. Sometimes poetry has provided inspiration for music, sometimes music has inspired poetry, and other times the inspirational flow moves back and forth between poetry and music. We will write poems that explore these connections and read several poems that connect with music, including those by Harryette Mullen, Jayne Cortez, Sterling Plumpp, Sun Ra, Ed Roberson, and Steve Dalachinsky. In addition we will discuss our personal experiences collaborating with poetry and music.

Daniel Godston teaches, writes, and creates music in Chicago. His poetry and fiction have appeared in Chase Park, Versal, Drunken Boat, 580 Split, Kyoto Journal, Eratica, California Quarterly, after hours, Moria, Sentinel Poetry, and other print publications and online journals, and his nonfiction has appeared in print and websites such as Teaching Artist Journal, Afropop Worldwide, and The Jazz Institute of Chicago's JazzGram. His poem "Mask to Skin to Blood to Heart to Bone and Back" was nominated by the editors of 580 Split for the Pushcart Prize. In February 2007 he curated the Forth Sound Back event, in the Red Rover Series. He works with the Borderbend Arts Collective to organize the Chicago Calling Arts Festival.

http://www.woodlandpattern.org/workshops/adults.shtml#godston

Mary Jo Malo
http://thisshiningwound.blogspot.com/
http://apophisdeconstructingabsurdity.blogspot.com/

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246. **Brandi Homan**

Switchback Books Newsletter - Spring/Summer 2008

Fri 13 Jun 2008

Coming Soon

Forthcoming from Switchback Books is Kathleen Rooney’s Oneiromance (an epithalamion), which will be released in September of 2008. As well as being her first single-author collection of poetry, Oneiromance was the winner of the 2007 Gatewood Prize, selected by judge Patty Seyburn: “Oneiromance (an epithalamion) gives the marriage poem a case of vertigo, displacing while embracing the panoply of possibility when two people attempt to forge a life together. Kathleen Rooney creates a dream-state with fluid borders and a surreal set of laws that allow her to question inherited wisdom and perception…”

In addition, we’re looking forward to seeing 2007 Gatewood Prize finalist Jessica Bozek’s first book-length collection, The Bodyfeel Lexicon, in February of 2009.

Current Release

Switchback Book's newest release is Pathogenesis by Peggy Munson. Munson is the author of the novel, Origami Striptease, a finalist for the Lambda Literary Awards. She also edited the anthology, Stricken: Voices from the Hidden Epidemic of Chronic Fatigue Syndrome. Pathogenesis was a finalist or semifinalist for numerous prizes including the Dorset Prize, the Carnegie-Mellon Poetry Series, the Beatrice Hawley Award, the Verse Prize, and the University of Wisconsin Pollack Prize. Bay Windows described Peggy as a "master of the written word," and Rebecca Brown dubbed her a "stylist extraordinaire." An Illinois native, Peggy now resides in the woods of Western Massachusetts. Pathogenesis can be bought online for $14 at either www.switchbackbooks.com/books or www.spdbooks.org. (ISBN 978-0-9786172-2-6)

Gatewood Prize Reading Period

The reading period for the 2008 Gatewood prize will begin in July this year and end in October. Switchback Books’ Gatewood Prize is given to a first full-length (48-80 pp.) collection of poems written by a woman aged 18-39. Prize: $500 and a standard publication contract with a print run of 1000. Reading period: July 1-October 1. Entry fee: $15. Denise Duhamel judges. For more information, see: www.switchbackbooks.com/contest.html

Recent Press

Kristina Marie Darling reviews Caroline Noble Whitbeck's Our Classical Heritage at Bigcitylit.com: http://www.bigcitylit.com/bigcitylit.php?inc=spring08/reviews/darling.

Thank You!

We would like to thank you for your continued support. For more up-to-date news, please visit us at http://switchbackbooks.blogspot.com.

↑ Contents

247. Marc Nasdor

Resend: Marc Nasdor & Candece Tarpley - Reading/book party - Sunday, June 15, 5 pm

Fri 13 Jun 2008

Sorry, lotys of bad characters made this email unreadable. Reposting.

Mis amigos,

Sunday, June 15 @ 5 pmMarc Nasdor & Candece Tarpley
Poetry Reading and Book Party at the Tribes Gallery

Iâ€™ll be having a poetry reading and book party for my latest book, Sonnetailia, in the back garden of the wonderful Tribes Gallery. Iâ€™ll share the bill with the multi-talented Native American poet/dancer/story teller Candece Tarpley. I hope you will come for a pleasant Sunday afternoon in the Lower East Side. And anyway you can buy copies of my book.

Tribes Gallery
285 East 3rd St. (btw. Ave C. & D)
(212) 674â€“3778

After 14 years of total literary silence, Marc Nasdor returns to the scene with a mangled book of appendaged titled called Sonnetailia, published by Roof Books at the end of 2007. This is one of the first readings we will have given in more than a decade. He will be reading with the sensational Native American poet/storyteller/performer Candece Tarpley. Together, their reading will present two wildly differing perspectives on human aspirations and failures.

Marc Nasdor was born in Baltimore, Maryland, and has lived in New York City since 1980. He has been publishing since the late 1970s, and has performed his work in France, Germany and Hungary. A number of his poems have been published in translation in Hungarian, German and Spanish. His first book-length poem, Treni in Partenza, was published in 1988. He has also co-directed international arts organizations including the Committee for International Poetry and Alma On Dobbin. Recently he became the Coordinator of the fabulous New York Complaints Choir. In his other life, he works as a freelance

art and audio consultant, and is an amateur ethnomusicologist who presents global dance music under the nom de DJ Poodlecannon.

Candece Tarpley is of Blackfoot/Cherokee descent. She is a poet/writer, storyteller, playwright, an actress and World Champion PowWow dancer. She has performed at many venues in the New York City area as well as in Boulder, Colorado, Middlebury College in Vermont, the Pequot Museum in Connecticut and Williams College in Massachusetts among others. She has a spoken word CD Birth at Last and a book of poetry Poems of a Dancing Lady available.

Hereâ€™s the link to _Sonnetailia_ at Small Press Distribution, or you can search on Amazon as well.

http://www.spdbooks.org/Details.asp?BookID=9781931824279

See samples here:
http://www.brooklynrail.org/2007/03/poetry/marc-nasdor
and here:
http://jacketmagazine.com/33/nasdor5.shtml

Also, here are some new poems of mine published in Perfect 8, Issue #3

Maninsh Buoy
http://www.perfecteight.com/03_Perfect8/articles/writtenarticles/mannishbouy.html

On Period (10-1)
http://www.perfecteight.com/03_Perfect8/articles/writtenarticles/onperiod.html

---

Marc Nasdor
127 Thames Street, #3L
Brooklyn, NY 11237
Telephone:
[redacted] - cell

Email: [redacted]
http://www.myspace.com/poodlecannon

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248. **Dan Wilcox**
Third Thurs. Poetry Night, Albany, NY: Mary Kathryn Jablonski
Fri 13 Jun 2008

---

the Poetry Motel Foundation
presents

Third Thursday Poetry Night

at
the Social Justice Center
33 Central Ave., Albany, NY

Thursday, June 19, 2008
7:00 sign up; 7:30 start

Featured Poet: Mary Kathryn Jablonski
& a book release party for her chapbook
To the Husband I Have Not Yet Met(published by A.P.D.)

with open mic for community poets before & after the feature.

$3.00 donation -- suggested, more if you got it, less if you can’t. Your publisher host: Dan Wilcox.

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249. **Gabrielle Welford**

Re: Reading in Point Arena, CA on Thursday the 19th

Fri 13 Jun 2008

---

darn! just when i'm going to nebraska!! what's happening in lincoln?

On Thu, 12 Jun 2008, Nicholas Karavatos wrote:

> *Nicholas Karavatos*
>
> *THURSDAY, June 19th @ 7:00*
>
> *“Third Thursday Poetry Readings” – Hosted by Blake More*
>
> *CityArt Gallery*
> *284 Main Street*
> *Point Arena, CA*
>
> *Nicholas Karavatos*

Dept of English
American University of Sharjah
PO Box 26666
Sharjah
United Arab Emirates

It's easy to add contacts from Facebook and other social sites through Windows Live™ Messenger. Learn how.
https://www.invite2messenger.net/im/?source=TXT_EML_WLH_LearnHow

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250. **Al Filreis**
Chris Matthews and Wallace Stevens
Sat 14 Jun 2008

What happens when Chris Matthews on "Hardball" quotes Wallace Stevens?

http://afilreis.blogspot.com/2008/05/roller-of-big-cigars-has-brain-cancer.html

(with audio excerpt).

- Al Filreis

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251. **angela vasquez-giroux**
bookstore study?
Sat 14 Jun 2008

hello all!

i remember reading, either on this listserve or somewhere else, an article about independent bookstores as the key component/commonality of successful, economically sustainable downtown centers.

i need it for an article i'm writing...anyone have any clue what i'm talking about?

thanks!

angela

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252. **amy king**
What a Bunch of Exercises!
Sat 14 Jun 2008

And by that I mean, what a bunch of excellent suggestions to pour over:

http://amyking.wordpress.com/2008/06/12/poetry-exercises-wanted/

Thanks to all who have contributed their awesome suggestions to this thread -- internet searches have already brought folks to this growing resource in search of poetry exercises ... not only for their classes, but also to kick start their own muses into putting pen to paper!

I'll be in touch with people about the "prizes", which I have in spades, thankfully, because it looks like I'll be using quite a few of these next month!

Thanks again, and feel free to add to the list if you haven't already!

Best,

Amy
http://amyking.wordpress.com/2008/06/12/poetry-exercises-wanted/

_____

Recent
http://www.tarpaulinsky.com/Reviews/kiss-me.html
http://cutbankpoetry.blogspot.com/2008/04/im-man-who-loves-you-by-amy-king.html

Alias
http://www.amyking.org

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253. **Jilly Dybka**
Re: bookstore study?
Sat 14 Jun 2008

It may be one of these?

http://tinyurl.com/3r7xrk

http://tinyurl.com/3talvm

Jilly

--
Jilly Dybka, WA4CZD
[redacted]

Blog: http://www.poetryhut.com/wordpress/
Jazz: http://cdbaby.com/cd/dybka
Book: http://stores.lulu.com/jilly9 (free download)

Due to Presidential Executive Orders, the National Security Agency may have read this email without warning, warrant, or notice. They may do this without any judicial or legislative oversight. You have no recourse nor protection.

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254. Nicholas Karavatos
Reading in Sacramento, CA on Saturday the 21st
Sat 14 Jun 2008

Nicholas Karavatos

SATURDAY, June 21st at 7:00pm

“The Underground Poetry Series” – Hosted by Terry Moore

Underground Books
2814 35th Street
Sacramento, CA

http://www.underground-books.com/index.htm

Nicholas Karavatos
Dept of English
American University of Sharjah
PO Box 26666
Sharjah
United Arab Emirates

_____
Enjoy 5 GB of free, password-protected online storage.
http://www.windowslive.com/skydrive/overview.html?
ocid=TXT_TAGLM_WL_Refresh_skydrive_062008=

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255. Samuel Wharton
reading in chicago
Sat 14 Jun 2008

friends~

tuesday, june 17th, 7pm, @ quimby's bookstore <http://www.quimbys.com/>, in chicago:

Join authors/poets *Kathleen Rooney*, *Jasmine Dreame Wagner* and *Samuel Wharton* as they read from their new books.

Kathleen Rooney was born in Beckley, West Virginia and raised in the Midwest. She earned a B.A. from the George Washington University and an M.F.A. in Writing, Literature, and Publishing from Emerson College. Along with Elisa Gabbert, she is the author of the collaborative poetry chapbook Something Really Wonderful and the collection That Tiny Insane Voluptuousness. Her

poems have appeared in AGNI online, 32 Poems, and Cincinnati Review, and her essays have appeared in Gulf Coast, Gettysburg Review, Ninth Letter, Southern Humanities Review and Another Chicago Magazine. She currently lives in Chicago with her husband, the writer Martin Seay.

Jasmine Dreame Wagner is a recent graduate of the MFA program at the University of Montana - Missoula. Her poems have appeared in journals such as Verse, American Letters & Commentary, Colorado Review, Indiana Review, Seattle Review, North American Review, Columbia Review, 32 Poems, and others. A graduate of Columbia University, she was a writer-in-residence at The Hall Farm Center for Arts & Education in Townshend, Vermont. Her chapbook, "Charcoal," surveys and deconstructs the language and visual field of the American urban ruin from the remains of the 9/11 site and the Greenpoint Terminal Market fire to the eroded mines and mills of the former western frontier. "Charcoal" was published this spring in collaboration with printmaker Matthew Trygve Tung and is part of a commission on the behalf of Windows Gallery (formerly PS2 Gallery) in Long Island City, New York. Wagner also performs in the experimental folk collective Cabinet of Natural Curiosities.

Samuel Wharton <http://www.samuelwharton.blogspot.com/> has recently published poems in *Blackbox*, *The Concher*, *Death Metal Poetry*, *NOO Journal*, *Open Letters Monthly*, *Otoliths* & *Redivider*. He is the author of a chapbook -- *Welcome Home* (NeOPepper Press, 2007) -- & editor of the poetry journal *Sawbuck* <http://www.sawbuckpoetry.blogspot.com/>. i, especially, don't read much, so this might be your only chance to hear me in the near future!

see you there?

samuel wharton

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256. **SCOTT HOWARD**

Simultaneous Submissions: call for work

Sat 14 Jun 2008

The editors at Reconfigurations, http://reconfigurations.blogspot.com/, are developing a special feature to be published in volume two (November, 2008) on the general topic of simultaneous submissions and e-journals. We would be interested to receive any of the following forms of work that specifically address that topic:

* essays
* dialogues (collaboratively written, etc.)
* interviews

* brief statements
* manifestos
* multi-media and/or hybrid forms

What are the current politics of simultaneous submission in the field of arts & letters electronic journals? What does the process contribute to the field? How and why does simultaneous submission either invigorate or enervate the work that writers, editors, and readers may choose to do?

* Submission deadline: August 31.

* Electronic Submissions: [redacted]. Submissions should be attached as a single .doc, .rtf, .pdf or .txt file. Visuals should be attached individually as .jpg, .gif or .bmp files. Please include the word submission in the subject line of your message.

RECONFIGURATIONS is an electronic, peer-reviewed, international, annual journal for poetics and poetry, creative and scholarly writing, innovative and traditional concerns with literary arts and cultural studies. RECONFIGURATIONS publishes in November and is registered under a Creative Commons 3.0 License. Manuscripts accepted for editorial review: April through August. RECONFIGURATIONS is an open-access, independently managed journal. ISSN forthcoming.

http://reconfigurations.blogspot.com/

///

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257. **David Seaman**
Re: bookstore study?
Sat 14 Jun 2008

Can't supply your article, but you may want to cite the current and poignant New Yorker cover.
David
On Saturday, June 14, 2008, at 12:48PM, "angela vasquez-giroux"
<[redacted]> wrote:
>hello all!
>
>i remember reading, either on this listserve or somewhere else, an article
>about independent bookstores as the key component/commonality of successful,
>economically sustainable downtown centers.
>
>i need it for an article i'm writing...anyone have any clue what i'm talking

>about?
>
>thanks!
>
>angela
>
>

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258. **Stephen Vincent**

Yucatan - visit, reflections

Sun 15 Jun 2008

Recently I and my partner, Sandy, were in the Yucatan for 10 days. Charles Olson's MAYAN LETTERS (1953) to Robert Creeley were a kind of ironic talisman. It was an extraordinary trip. Currently on my blog there are photographs, reflections and commentaries on and with various sites along the way. I welcome your responses. I encourage a trip there, too. Only over a 1,000 ruins there! And those curious enslaving, culturally genocidal Spaniards, Dominicans et al.

Enjoy and, as always, appreciate your comments.
Stephen V
http://stephenvincent.net/blog/

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259. **Adam Fieled**

PFS Presents, Chicago this Friday, 7 pm!

Sun 15 Jun 2008

The latest installment of the PFS Presents reading series is slated to happen this Friday, 6/20, in Chicago. It is to transpire at Kate the Great's in Andersonville: 1116 N. Broadway, at 7pm, with the following readers: Robert Archambeau, Steve Halle, Timothy Yu, Laura Goldstein, and Adam Fieled.

Hope to see ya there!!!!

Books!
"Beams"

http://www.blazevox.org/ebk-af.pdf
"Opera Bufa"
http://www.lulu.com/content/1137210

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260. **David Chirot**

Arts - Art & Design - New York Times//("Code Art?")--Computer influenced Art

Sun 15 Jun 2008

---

http://www.nytimes.com/pages/arts/design/index.html ---

re Jim and Murat and Alan and David-BC discussions re "code poetry," code art, film, video etc--
some examples in visual arts and engineering of uses of mathematics

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261. **David Chirot**

Argentina Pays Belated Homage to "Che" Guevara - NYTimes.com

Sun 15 Jun 2008

---

http://www.nytimes.com/reuters/world/international-guevara.html?em&ex=1213675200&en=bf99f2491d49e8a4&ei=5087%0A---

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262. **Gloria Mindock**

Cervena Barva Press announces a new chapbook

Sun 15 Jun 2008

Cervena Barva Press is pleased to announce the publication of
"Ten Songs from Bulgaria"
by Linda Nemec Foster

I. Two Vladimirs at the Window
Small lives, small lives,
we are trapped inside
small lives. Call this window
a prison of rotten wood; the hinges
a broken lock that still won’t release us.
Call us the curse of clouded mirrors,
the blank faces of the soul
stuck inside an old kaleidoscope.

Small lives, small lives. We hum and chant
to the silence outside the frame.

The first lines in Linda Nemec Foster's Ten Songs from Bulgaria, sing 'Small lives, small lives/ we are trapped inside/ small lives.' The paradox here is that Foster's poems reveal how large and rich the worlds are in which these small lives are lived. In line after line, we encounter the depths and reach of those who live outside the zones of everyday safety. Foster makes herself vulnerable to a world 'as tangible as fog' with her own penetrating observations. She walks 'the long journey' and her poems reflect the haunting music of ode and elegy.
-Jack Ridl
These poems evoke--in their concision and clarity--intense, disturbing images of lives shredded into pieces so small all that's left is the memory of having endured. They are caged inside the empty space of the page, which seems to want to suffocate their spare, fragile, incredible beauty. Each image speaks a world that is window and mirror of what we hide from in the fabricated assemblages we make against the truth these poems speak.
-Faye Kicknosway
Linda Nemec Foster is the author of seven books of poetry including Living in the Fire Nest (a finalist for the Poet's Prize) and Amber Necklace from Gdansk (a finalist for the Ohio Book Award in Poetry). Her most recent book, Listen to the Landscape, was short-listed for the 2007 Michigan Notable Book Award. Foster's poems have appeared in over 250 magazines and journals including The Georgia Review, Nimrod, North American Review, and New American Writing. Her collaboration with jazz musician Steve Talaga, Contemplating the Heavens, was nominated for the 2007 Pulitzer Prize in Music. She has been the recipient of honors from the Michigan Council for the Arts, the Arts Foundation of Michigan, the National Writer's Voice, and the Academy of American Poets. From 2003-2005 she served as the first poet laureate of Grand Rapids, Michigan. Foster is the founder of the Contemporary Writers Series at Aquinas College and currently is a member of the Series' programming committee.

Order online at http://www.thelostbookshelf.com/cervenabooks.html

Ten Songs from Bulgaria
by Linda Nemec Foster
$7.00 + $3.00 S/H
20 pages, paper
Publication Date: June, 2008 For information contact:
Gloria Mindock
Cervena Barva Press, Somerville, MA
Email: [redacted]

Send me_____copies of "Ten Songs from Bulgaria" Total enclosed: $_____
Name_____
Street_____
City_____State_____Zip_____ e-mail_____Phone_____

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263. Gloria Mindock

Cervena Barvs Press needs poetry and fiction readings to list

Sun 15 Jun 2008

Cervena Barva Press lists poetry readings from all over the country. Send us your reading information and we will list it. We have a huge e-mail list from all over the world. Many will see it. We also will list fiction readings. Please use the following format:

Name of reading series
Place
Address
City, State
Time
Admission price
Readers

Check out our readings page to make sure you are not already listed.
http://www.cervenabarvapress.com/readings.htm

We are looking for July-December readings to post.
Send to: [redacted]
PLEASE put "Reading Listing" in subject line

Thank you.
Gloria Mindock, Editor

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264. Gloria Mindock

Sign up for the monthly Cervena Barva Press Newsletter

Sun 15 Jun 2008

Hi Everyone-

Sign-up for the Cervena Barva Press Newsletter. Every month there is a featured interview by a poet, fiction writer, editor, publisher or a playwright.

You can read past interviews in our archive without having to go through all the previous newsletters at: http://www.cervenabarvapress.com/interviews.htm

The interview list will be updated shortly so check back after browsing in a few weeks and you will see more.

The interviews are not lengthy. I give each person the option to write as much or as little as they want about each question.

Hope you enjoy all of them!
Gloria Mindock, Editor

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265. Gloria Mindock

send your books to sell to this bookstore

Sun 15 Jun 2008

For all writers with chapbooks and books:

Besides being editor of Cervena Barva Press and publishing books, I offer a service to all writers for selling their chapbooks and books.

I found as a writer myself, it is difficult to find a distributor or get a bigger audience to know that you have a book out for sale. Because of this, I started an online bookstore called, The Lost Bookshelf. It is a bookstore where authors can sell their poetry, fiction, plays, memoir, and non-fiction on consignment. The bookstore takes 30% of each sale and you get the rest.

Visit our bookstore and on the homepage, scroll to the bottom and click on, how to submit your books. Please follow this if you send books. Allow 2-3 weeks for your book to be listed though we try to have it up online much sooner. More importantly, DO NOT pack your books in newspapers. The ink bleeds all over the books. Any books that arrive damaged will automatically be returned. We only want your books if they are in excellent condition! Please pack them correctly. To read more, visit the bookstore at:
http://www.thelostbookshelf.com/index.html

I really hope you will check our bookstore out. With the closing of so many independent bookstores, I hope you will take advantage of this. The only thing we ask in return for putting the books online is that you put a link to our bookstore on your Webpage/Blog if you have one. If you don't have these, it is still ok to send books.

Finally, we also have a small used book section. There is only one copy of these books. We will be adding many more next month. Authors sending books takes first priority being put online over the used books.

Questions: [redacted]

Since we are busy, please allow a few days for response. Thanks!

Best,
Gloria Mindock
Cervena Barva Press, Editor/Publisher

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266. **Troy Camplin**

Re: Argentina Pays Belated Homage to Murderous Thug "Che" Guevara - NYTimes.com

Sun 15 Jun 2008

If Argentina thinks paying homage to a murderous thug whose ideology has no relation to reality and which results in the impoverishment and dehumanization of millions is appropriate, shame on them.

----- Original Message ----
From: David Chirot <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Sunday, June 15, 2008 8:36:22 AM
Subject: Argentina Pays Belated Homage to "Che" Guevara - NYTimes.com

http://www.nytimes.com/reuters/world/international-guevara.html?em&ex=1213675200&en=bf99f2491d49e8a4&ei=5087%0A---

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267. **Anny Ballardini**

Re: send your books to sell to this bookstore

Sun 15 Jun 2008

A new Update for the Poets' Corner - since school in Italy just finished, which means that Summer (a rather chilly one this side of the world) is here, enjoy it as much as you deserve;

and welcome to:

Allan Revich

http://www.fieralingue.it/modules.php?name=Content&pa=list_pages_categories&cid=281

C.E. Chaffin

http://www.fieralingue.it/modules.php?name=Content&pa=list_pages_categories&cid=282

Catherine Daly

http://www.fieralingue.it/modules.php?
name=Content&pa=list_pages_categories&cid=283

Ravi Shankar

http://www.fieralingue.it/modules.php?
name=Content&pa=list_pages_categories&cid=284

Guido Catalano

http://www.fieralingue.it/modules.php?
name=Content&pa=list_pages_categories&cid=285

Jill Chan

http://www.fieralingue.it/modules.php?
name=Content&pa=list_pages_categories&cid=286

AnnMarie Eldon

http://www.fieralingue.it/modules.php?
name=Content&pa=list_pages_categories&cid=287

Nada Gordon

http://www.fieralingue.it/modules.php?
name=Content&pa=list_pages_categories&cid=288

Eugen Galasso

http://www.fieralingue.it/modules.php?
name=Content&pa=list_pages_categories&cid=289

Margo Berdeshevsky

http://www.fieralingue.it/modules.php?
name=Content&pa=list_pages_categories&cid=290

* *

New work by already featured Poets:

Evelyn Posamentier:

Despair (I) – Despair (XX)

http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=2315

Tad Richards:

New thrilling Episodes by our Epic Poet:

http://www.fieralingue.it/modules.php?
name=Content&pa=list_pages_categories&cid=67

Alan Sondheim:

fragment

http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=2353

while now new emanents move, submerged

http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=2354

who are you doing it with

http://www.fieralingue.it/corner.php?pa=printpage&pid=2355

Under Poets on Poets:

* *

Catherine Daly translated by *Kris Petersson* into Italian:

http://www.fieralingue.it/modules.php?
name=poetsonpoets&pa=list_pages_categories&cid=79

Henry Gould translated by *Anny Ballardini:*

http://www.fieralingue.it/modules.php?
name=poetsonpoets&pa=list_pages_categories&cid=80

Henry Gould informally interviewed by *me* (AB):

http://www.fieralingue.it/modules/poetsonpoets/corner.php?
pa=printpage&pid=238

Best wishes to all,

-- Anny Ballardini

http://annyballardini.blogspot.com/
http://www.fieralingue.it/modules.php?name=poetshome
http://www.moriapoetry.com/ebooks.html
I Tell You: One must still have chaos in one to give birth to a dancing star!

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268. **Adam Tobin**

Re: bookstore study?

Sun 15 Jun 2008

That's Unnameable Books depicted on that cover, by the by. And a taller, handsomer version of myself.

Adrian Tomine, my erstwhile next-door neighbor who made that cover, has done a number of excellent New Yorker covers exploring the erotics of books. He's also a first-rate graphic novelist.

Adam

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

Can't supply your article, but you may want to cite the current and poignant New Yorker cover.
David

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269. **Jacob Edmond**

Re: btw - conceptual poetics conference

Sun 15 Jun 2008

Dear Fluffy,
I'd be very interested in reading your notes from the conference.
Many thanks,
Jacob

On 13/06/2008, at 10:56 AM, Fluffy Singler wrote:

> *FYI - I have a few things that I wrote inspired by thoughts that bounced off and around during the poetics conference it Tucson. I actually posted these in the middle of the conference, but didn't really think to put it out on this list.*
>
> *I'm also typing in my notes from the conference for my own use and if anyone is interested, I can either blog these or send them along to you. Let's say if more than 5 people ask me, I'll blog 'em. Otherwise will only send out individually. Of course as with any notes, these will be highly subjective and interpretive . . . but I am happy to share with anyone who wants them.*
>
> *My blogs are at:*
>
> *http://www.myspace.com/fluffysingler*

> *http://fluffysingler.blogspot.com/*
>
> *Cheers.*
>
> *Fluffy*

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270. **David Chirot**

Re: Argentina Pays Belated Homage to Murderous Thug "Che" Guevara - NYTimes.com

Sun 15 Jun 2008

Troy

what do you think we have running the show here?

and not only here but all the thugs we shell billions out to every year--

governments, privatized "security forces," war lords, runners of secret torture prisons, drug cartels, Apartheid, death squads--

look at the thugs Bush and the Candidates for President pay homage to--and that pay homage to them--

and to whom the American citizens are supposed to pay homage to--

and then take a look in the mirror--

we're footing the bill for the impoverishment, dehumanization, massacres, starvations, displacements --of millions daily--

at home and abroad--

more Americans are in prison both in a total number (two million-plus) and as a percentage of population than any nation in the world--

more Americans are living in dehumanizing poverty daily--more Americans are dope addicts than anywhere else in the world--the list is long of all the wonderful thuggeries visited on the citizens by their own State--which in turn supports every sort of monster and monstrosity it can in the name of "democracy"--what is anyone supposed to think the US's word means anymore re "Civil Rights" when it backs Apartheid or "Human Rights" when it runs torture prisons of its own and via surrogates around the world?

the US backed the dictatorship in Argentina during which tens of thousands of people were tortured and "disappeared--

why bother with monuments to a specific thug anymore?

why not just a colossal monstrosity of a Thug, resplendent, reflecting the twilight's last gleamings--

a truly Great Thug to Last The Ages--

it's eyes turned heavenward and its boots resting on the skulls of children "left behind"--

melt down al the statues of the Lesser Thugs in the land and just pour them all into the casting for this one this only this First and Last

President Thug--

On Sun, Jun 15, 2008 at 12:40 PM, Troy Camplin <[redacted]> wrote:

> *If Argentina thinks paying homage to a murderous thug whose ideology has no relation to reality and which results in the impoverishment and dehumanization of millions is appropriate, shame on them.*
>
> *----- Original Message ----*
> *From: David Chirot <[redacted]>*
> *To: [redacted]*
> *Sent: Sunday, June 15, 2008 8:36:22 AM*
> *Subject: Argentina Pays Belated Homage to "Che" Guevara - NYTimes.com*
>
> *http://www.nytimes.com/reuters/world/international-guevara.html?em&ex=1213675200&en=bf99f2491d49e8a4&ei=5087%0A---*

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271. ## George Bowering

Re: Argentina Pays Belated Homage to Murderous Thug "Che" Guevara - NYTimes.com

Sun 15 Jun 2008

Argentina put up a statue to JFK?

On Jun 15, 2008, at 12:40 PM, Troy Camplin wrote:

> *If Argentina thinks paying homage to a murderous thug whose ideology has no relation to reality and which results in the impoverishment and dehumanization of millions is appropriate, shame on them.*

> *----- Original Message ----*
> *From: David Chirot <[redacted]>*
> *To: [redacted]*
> *Sent: Sunday, June 15, 2008 8:36:22 AM*
> *Subject: Argentina Pays Belated Homage to "Che" Guevara - NYTimes.com*
>
> *http://www.nytimes.com/reuters/world/international-guevara.html?em&ex=1213675200&en=bf99f2491d49e8a4&ei=5087%0A---*

Mr. G.H.Bowering
Does not roll through stop signs.

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272. **Ismaelia al Sadiq**

Re: Argentina Pays Belated Homage to Murderous Thug "Che" Guevara - NYTimes.com

Sun 15 Jun 2008

Doubtless part of a corporate move, these accolades . . . are doubtless a top-off to the continuing successful US hamburger trade. A golfing trophy. Didn't Che play golf? Or was that baseball? Or was that Castro, in fact, and not Che? Well, harmless enough, to any end. But where's the beef? In a world where third-world Marxist politicos and Muslim radicals like nothing better (and perhaps rightfully so) than to inject western white women with Revolutionary Serum (the bumper stickers in Rihyad just after 9/11 read "Osama/Madonna"), Argentina's homage to Che in retrospect hardly comes up to the level of "The Seven Year Itch." And I don't mean Marilyn. I mean, Suez. The really high-octane shit. To move things a little further east along the Argentinian-Afghani fault line, does anyone on this list know how much crude is pumped through Kharg Island on a daily basis? With all due respect. Or, as Marlene Dietrich duly noted, in and about Hollywood premises, wherever there was a camera rolling, there you would find Cary Grant, famous, and on the run to get in front of it. Self-justification can always been made to look like a mild form of justice. Roll 'em. Shams al-Sadiq

> Date: Sun, 15 Jun 2008 12:40:37 -0700> From: [redacted]> Subject: Re: Argentina Pays Belated Homage to Murderous Thug "Che" Guevara - NYTimes.com> To: [redacted]> > If Argentina thinks paying homage to a murderous thug whose ideology has no relation to reality and which results in the impoverishment and dehumanization of millions is appropriate, shame on them.> > > ----- Original Message ----> From: David Chirot <[redacted]>> To: [redacted]> Sent: Sunday, June 15, 2008 8:36:22 AM> Subject: Argentina Pays Belated Homage to "Che" Guevara - NYTimes.com> >

http://www.nytimes.com/reuters/world/international-guevara.html?em&ex=1213675200&en=bf99f2491d49e8a4&ei=5087%0A---

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It’s easy to add contacts from Facebook and other social sites through Windows Live™ Messenger. Learn how.
https://www.invite2messenger.net/im/?source=TXT_EML_WLH_LearnHow=

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273. Jim Andrews
tools and software art
Sun 15 Jun 2008

combinatorium: a combinatorial space.

consider that which can be created with a software tool. contrast and compare with what can be produced by/with a work of software art.

the scope of possibilities in a tool is, typically, broader. word (the word processor) can represent most documents. whereas we might liken the scope of a software work of art to that of the sonnet. a software work of art is concerned to create a combinatorium of possibilities that is of interest as an artistic form.

one considers the entire combinatorium, the entire range of possible works that can be created with the software work of art as the work itself together with the software.

were one to write some software that wrote sonnets, one would not consider all sonnets to be part of the work. not only because hundreds of thousands of people have previously written millions of sonnets. but because the range of the sonnet, the scope of its combinatorium, is broader than what is typically creatable with a work of software art.

no, that's not true. it's not that the scope of the sonnet is broader. people tolerate less difference between sonnets than they do between instances of a new form. part of the idea of software art is to provide some sense of the whole combinatorium of the form under consideration. whereas that was never really part of the idea of the form of the sonnet.

if the idea of software art is not to exhaust the form under consideration, it is to astutely and perhaps beautifully map it out.

the monkey-at-a-typewriter (or at a whatever) approach to generation seems to have been done. even the monkeys are bored by it, by now. one is more concerned with the work of software art concentrating on producing interesting things more often than the monkeys can manage. john simon did "every icon" (http://numeral.com/appletsoftware/online.html). somebody had to do it. the

monkey has been done. the monkey approach now must function like a literary device functions, ie, as a part, rather than as a whole work. it isn't interesting as a whole work anymore.

a tool usually does not provide much of the content of what's produced with it. whereas a software work of art, even when it resembles a tool in many ways, may introduce elements of content either without the user's permission (generatively) or after asking the user in a kind of collaborative/interactive gesture.

more notes to follow, perhaps, as they occur to me

ja
http://vispo.com

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274. **Jerome Rothenberg**

Poems and poetics: seven pieces

Sun 15 Jun 2008

Jerome Rothenberg
1026 San Abella
Encinitas, CA 92024
[redacted]
[redacted]
http://writing.upenn.edu/epc/authors/rothenberg/
new ethnopoetics web site: http://ubu.com/ethno/
j.r. in spanish: http://writing.upenn.edu/epc/authors/rothenberg/esp/
Blog at poemsandpolemics.blogspot.com

"There is an avant-garde that cannot be defeated."
M. Giroud, quoted in J.R. "Autobiography"

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275. **maxpaul**

Harryette Mullen email?

Mon 16 Jun 2008

Does anyone have the email for Harryette Mullen? Please backchannel.

THanks--Maxine Chernoff

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276. **Barbara Henning**
the dark labyrinth of conceptual poetries
Mon 16 Jun 2008

I've just posted a response to the conceptual poetry conference on my occasional blog at

http://barbarahenning.blogspot.com/

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277. **blacksox**
IN Orlando
Mon 16 Jun 2008

3RD Wednesday's @ Austin's
FEATURING:
STACY BARTON
Stacy Barton is a short story author and playwright. Surviving Nashville was her debut collection of stories, released in 2007. It is an assortment of 15 rather southern short shorts. Stacy's stories have appeared in a variety of literary magazines including Potomac Review, Relief, Stonework and Ruminate. Her most recent stage play, an adaptation of Dylan Thomas' A Child's Christmas in Wales, premiered at the Mad Cow Theater last Christmas. Stacy is also a scriptwriter for the Disney Company.
Orlando Poetry Group presents:
Every Third Wednesday @ Austin's

Wednesday June 18,@ 8:30pm

Austin's Coffee and Film
929 W Fairbanks Ave.
Winter Park, Florida

Stacy-- O'Town's best storyteller
Most Diverse Open Mic
Please Join Us

Hosted by Chaz Yorick's Open Words ,& Russ Golata
For directions or comments e-mail me at [redacted]
Or phone me at [redacted]
Or AUSTIN'S at [redacted]

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278. **Jerome Rothenberg**

Poems and poetics: seven pieces

Mon 16 Jun 2008

The following are the first seven pieces for my new blog poems & poetics:

15 Antiphonals: for Haroldo de Campos

La voix des morts: poésie et chamanisme (lecture/talk, in English)

In Memoriam Jackson Mac Low (poem and memoir)

Reconfiguring Romanticism (1)

Autonomous Publication & the Internet

A SENECA MEMORY (poem)

Three Poems after Images by Nancy Tobin

These and whatever follows can be accessed at poemsandpoetics.blogspot.com, or, if it works, by clicking the appropriate titles.

In the future I will also be including previews from Poems for the Millennium, Volume Three: The University of California Book of Romantic & Postromantic Poetry (scheduled: January 2009), edited by Jeffrey Robinson and me, along with poems, commentaries, and talks, both new & old & not otherwise in easy reach.

Additional discourse and extensions of the work are, as always, welcome.

Jerome Rothenberg
1026 San Abella
Encinitas, CA 92024
[redacted]
[redacted]
http://writing.upenn.edu/epc/authors/rothenberg/
new ethnopoetics web site: http://ubu.com/ethno/
j.r. in spanish: http://writing.upenn.edu/epc/authors/rothenberg/esp/
Blog at poemsandpolemics.blogspot.com

"Language is Delphi."
--Novalis

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279. **Roy Exley**

Re: btw - conceptual poetics conference

Mon 16 Jun 2008

Dear Fluffy,

I also, and I imagine a host of others, would be very interested to read your conference notes - often there are no transcript notes, or if there are it is

difficult to get hold of them, and many important, watershed conferences are missed by many who would be inspired by and their work benefit from such information, so, go for it, put your notes - or selected notes - up on UB Poetics, "you know it makes sense". Many thanks in anticipation.

Roy Exley.

On 15/6/08 11:36 pm, "Jacob Edmond" <[redacted]> wrote:

> *Dear Fluffy,*
> *I'd be very interested in reading your notes from the conference.*
> *Many thanks,*
> *Jacob*
>
> *On 13/06/2008, at 10:56 AM, Fluffy Singler wrote:*
>
> *FYI - I have a few things that I wrote inspired by thoughts that bounced off*
> *and around during the poetics conference it Tucson. I actually posted these*
> *in the middle of the conference, but didn't really think to put it out on*
> *this list.*
>
> *I'm also typing in my notes from the conference for my own use and if anyone*
> *is interested, I can either blog these or send them along to you. Let's say*
> *if more than 5 people ask me, I'll blog 'em. Otherwise will only send out*
> *individually. Of course as with any notes, these will be highly subjective*
> *and interpretive . . . but I am happy to share with anyone who wants them.*
>
> *My blogs are at:*
>
> *http://www.myspace.com/fluffysingler*
>
> *http://fluffysingler.blogspot.com/*

> *Cheers.*
>
> *Fluffy*

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280. **Doug Holder**

Interview with Hugh Fox with Doug Holder

Mon 16 Jun 2008

Monday, June 16, 2008

This is posted on http://dougholder.blogspot.com

-

Poet, and Polymath Hugh Fox: Still a Wunderkind at 76

With Doug Holder

At the Sherman Café in Union Square, I met poet, translator, critic, playwright, Hugh Fox and his wife before a taping we were to do at Somerville Community Access TV of my show " Poet to Poet: Writer to Writer." Fox was visiting his daughter who lives in Somerville and teaches at area universities. Two of my next-door neighbors Kirk and Lucy joined us as Fox held court. At age 76 Fox no signs of slowing down. He regaled us with stories of his extensive travels, all peppered with his vast wealth of knowledge of ancient Aztec culture, mythology, literature, and publishing. Fox talks like a Bronx cabdriver, (decidedly from the side-of-his mouth,) and he is not afraid to use, to put it mildly, unsavory language. My friend described him as "Larger than life." And so he is.

Fox, who was a tenured professor at the University of Michigan for well over 30 years, recently completed a controversial memoir "Way, Way Off the Road" (Ibbetson Street) that dealt with many of the figures from the small press movement, a movement that has produced thousands of small literary magazines and books, and is the lifeblood of poets and writers of all stripes. Fox was a founding member of COSMEP, (a seminal small press organization), he published the well regarded literary magazine "Ghost Dance,"and penned the first critical study of the dirty old man of literature himself, Charles Bukowski. Fox has written and published many booksandchapbooks of poetry, and has reviewed countless small press books for Len Fulton's "Small Press Review."

Doug Holder: Hugh you wrote critical studies of Henry James and Charles Bukowski, two vastly different writers. Whom did you have the greater affinity for? .

Hugh Fox: I got my PhD from the University of Illinois and my dissertation was on Edgar Allen Poe. I was raised as an Irish Catholic, and all I read was Irish Catholic literature. I had no idea what was in the outside world. I decided to take on Henry James because it would be an Americanization process and I thought I would learn to write novels. I did like James' work a lot.

I never intended to get involved with Bukowski. I was totally academic. And then one day I was in this bookstore in Hollywood, the "Pickwick," (I saw Aldous Huxley at the store that day as well. I was reading him for years. There was this old woman standing next to me, and I said to her: "Look there's Aldous Huxley!" She said: " Don't know what you are saying!" He heard us and then vanished!) So I bought Bukowski's book: "Crucifix and the Death Hand." I got a hold of his press LouJon in New Orleans, and they told me to look him up in the phonebook. So I called him up and said: "This is Hugh Fox. I love your work. I want to meet you." He said OK come over tomorrow. He was living in a motel in Hollywood. I talked with him awhile. He took out these suitcases. There were all his books and magazines in them. He gave me five full suitcases. He told me if I saw doubles to keep them. My entire way of seeing the world changed after this. Bukowski and Henry Miller were big influences of change for me.

DH: You were friends with Harry Smith, the book publisher, and founder of "The Smith" magazine. Smith published such writers as: Duane Locke, Ruth Moon Kempher, John Bennett, Lloyd Van Brunt, Jeff Sorensen, Alan Britt, and Tristram Smith as well as my friends Luke Salisbury and Jared Smith. Can you talk about your relationship with Smith?

Hugh Fox: I'll tell you what happened. Smith had no money at all. He meets Marian Pechak up in Rhode Island at Brown. So he marries her. Her parents die and she gets millions. So they move to Brooklyn Heights. They had a big Brownstone mansion. So Smith tells her he wants to be a publisher. His wife said:" Hey, we have the money do what you want to do". So he started to publish. He had an office right by City Hall in New York City. I met Smith through COSMEP. I used to go to Smith's all the time. I go between semesters, the summer; I'd go for a month a year for twenty years. Smith published everyone who was anyone. I did a lot of reviews for him. He paid me—I stayed at his house—he set up the basement for me. We used to go out for lunch and dinner. His wife told the kids to call me: "Uncle Hugh." I was closer to Smith than anyone else. Through him I met Menke Katz who was a Yiddish writer.

DH: You edited the groundbreaking anthology “The Living Underground,” that our Boston Poet Laureate Sam Cornish was in. How did you get this collection together?

HF: It was formed due to my connection with COSMEP. This was the “Committee of Small Press Editors and Publishers.” Len Fulton and others formed it in the early 70’s. Len Fulton still runs the magazine “The Small Press Review and “Dustbooks Publishing” in Paradise, California. COSMEP used to have annual conventions around the country: St. Paul, New York, and New Orleans. Every convention had a huge reading. Almost every small press editor in the country was there. I got to meet all the writers and all the publishers. I got to know people in Boston, and of course Sam Cornish was in Boston, and as it happened he was included in “The Living Underground…” He was at the convention in Boston.

DH: What is an “underground poet?”

HF: Someone who is not published by the big New York publishers.

DH: What was “groundbreaking” about the anthology?

HF: We had living, contemporary small press poets. We had folks like Charles Potts, Richard Krech, and many others. We had a reunion almost forty years later in Berkley, Ca.

DH: How did you get involved with the small press literary award the “Pushcart Prize?”

HF: I got involved through a COSMEP conference in New Orleans. The Prize doesn’t have as much impact as it did in the day. I go to a Barnes and Noble today and nobody is buying anything, everyone is there with his or her computer. Everyone is having coffee with their computers.

DH: Hugh you are the most prolific reviewer I know. How did you get involved with reviewing books, and why do you spend so much time on an activity that doesn’t provide you with monetary compensation?

HF: I became good friends with Len Fulton of the Small Press Review. Now, every four months or so I get a package of books to read. It’s good for me because I get to find out what’s going on with the poets. It influences my style—all these poets I read. It helps me get my name in the Small Press Review all the time. I want to be involved.

DH: Your are the doyen of the short review. How are you able to get to the essence of a book with such few words?

HF: Before I go to bed I always read a few things. Then I just react to it. It’s funny it is like I listen to an inner voice. The inner voice tells me what to write. The reason I got a degree in American Literature was really to learn how to

write reviews of books. To react to books. My first draft of my Poe dissertation was horrible. My advisor said as much. He told me that I was going to write his way. He said: " You are going to react, feel, and so forth. I learned to react. I learned this from academic teaching.

DH: You said you always considered yourself a wunderkind, a boy genius. How about now at 76?

HF: The same at 76. I haven't aged mentally or psychologically. I'm still 26. I may have cancer of the prostate, arthritis, but my mind is the same. When I was in California recently I wrote 100 poems in two weeks.

DH: What do you want your legacy to be?

HF: I haven't thought about it. I would like to see other people do the same thing. I want them to react to the world around them.

--Doug Holder/Ibbetson Update/ June 2008/Somerville, Mass.

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281. **amy king**

The Other Voices International Project

Mon 16 Jun 2008

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http://www.othervoicespoetry.org/

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http://www.othervoicespoetry.org/

_____

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http://www.tarpaulinsky.com/Reviews/kiss-me.html
http://cutbankpoetry.blogspot.com/2008/04/im-man-who-loves-you-by-amy-king.html

Alias
http://www.amyking.org

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282. **Troy Camplin**

Re: Argentina Pays Belated Homage to Murderous Thug "Che" Guevara - NYTimes.com

Mon 16 Jun 2008

All reasons why I oppose the dehumanizing forces of Marxism, fascism, socialism, welfare statism. The neoconservatives were all former Marxists, and they didn't leave behind their dehumanizing world view. The difference between McCain and Obama is that Obama doesn't realize yet that he shares the same military ideology as McCain -- which he will if he is elected President, just like Clinton embraced the international policies of Bush I when he took office.

This is why when Argentina or anyplace else does something shameful like erect a status to someone who hated mankind as much as that murderous thug Che Guevara, I say so. No one anywhere should celebrate that man who was little more than a waste of oxygen when he was alive. All he did was make the world a worse place. What are you doing to make it better (better based on reality, and not on so called good intentions, which are worthless without reality behind it and lead you to good results)?

Troy

----- Original Message ----
From: David Chirot <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Sunday, June 15, 2008 6:03:09 PM
Subject: Re: Argentina Pays Belated Homage to Murderous Thug "Che" Guevara - NYTimes.com

Troy

what do you think we have running the show here?

and not only here but all the thugs we shell billions out to every year--

governments, privatized "security forces," war lords, runners of secret torture prisons, drug cartels, Apartheid, death squads--

look at the thugs Bush and the Candidates for President pay homage to--and that pay homage to them--

and to whom the American citizens are supposed to pay homage to--

and then take a look in the mirror--

we're footing the bill for the impoverishment, dehumanization, massacres, starvations, displacements --of millions daily--

at home and abroad--

more Americans are in prison both in a total number (two million-plus) and as a percentage of population than any nation in the world--

more Americans are living in dehumanizing poverty daily--more Americans are dope addicts than anywhere else in the world--the list is long of all the wonderful thuggeries visited on the citizens by their own State--which in turn supports every sort of monster and monstrosity it can in the name of "democracy"--what is anyone supposed to think the US's word means anymore re "Civil Rights" when it backs Apartheid or "Human Rights" when it runs torture prisons of its own and via surrogates around the world?

the US backed the dictatorship in Argentina during which tens of thousands of people were tortured and "disappeared--

why bother with monuments to a specific thug anymore?

why not just a colossal monstrosity of a Thug, resplendent, reflecting the twilight's last gleamings--

a truly Great Thug to Last The Ages--

it's eyes turned heavenward and its boots resting on the skulls of children "left behind"--

melt down al the statues of the Lesser Thugs in the land and just pour them all into the casting for this one this only this First and Last

President Thug--

On Sun, Jun 15, 2008 at 12:40 PM, Troy Camplin <[redacted]> wrote:

> *If Argentina thinks paying homage to a murderous thug whose ideology has no relation to reality and which results in the impoverishment and dehumanization of millions is appropriate, shame on them.*
>
> *----- Original Message ----*

> *From: David Chirot <[redacted]>*
> *To: [redacted]*
> *Sent: Sunday, June 15, 2008 8:36:22 AM*
> *Subject: Argentina Pays Belated Homage to "Che" Guevara - NYTimes.com*
>
> *http://www.nytimes.com/reuters/world/international-guevara.html?em&ex=1213675200&en=bf99f2491d49e8a4&ei=5087%0A---*

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283. **Ryan Daley**

Re: Argentina Pays Belated Homage to Murderous Thug "Che" Guevara - NYTimes.com

Mon 16 Jun 2008

If it were Argentina, perhaps, there'd be something to shame. But we're really talking about Rosario, and more precisely, we're probably talking about the town council of Rosario, not Buenos Aires, and certainly not all of Argentina.

On Sun, Jun 15, 2008 at 3:40 PM, Troy Camplin <[redacted]> wrote:

> *If Argentina thinks paying homage to a murderous thug whose ideology has no relation to reality and which results in the impoverishment and dehumanization of millions is appropriate, shame on them.*
>
> *----- Original Message ----*
> *From: David Chirot <[redacted]>*
> *To: [redacted]*
> *Sent: Sunday, June 15, 2008 8:36:22 AM*
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> *http://www.nytimes.com/reuters/world/international-guevara.html?em&ex=1213675200&en=bf99f2491d49e8a4&ei=5087%0A---*

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284. **Peter Ciccariello**

Re: btw - conceptual poetics conference

Tue 17 Jun 2008

Dear Fluffy.

I found your report extremely interesting, thanks for the link to the post.

Also wondering if you had a chance to take a look at the Vispo exhibit at the Conference, and if you had any thoughts about that. I sent three visual poetry pieces out there and have been wondering what the reactions were.

Best,

- Peter Ciccariello
http://invisiblenotes.blogspot.com/

On Thu, Jun 12, 2008 at 6:56 PM, Fluffy Singler <[redacted]> wrote:

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285. **Adam Fieled**
Lamoureux, Volkman, TeBordo
Tue 17 Jun 2008

     Check out two stunning poems from NYC's Mark Lamoureux on PFS Post:

     http://www.artrecess.blogspot.com

     New on Stoning the Devil: full reviews of Karen Volkman's "Spar" and Philly-based fiction writer Christian TeBordo's "We Go Liquid":

     http://www.adamfieled.blogspot.com

    PFS Presents, Chicago this Friday, 7 pm, 1116 N Boradway, Andersonville: Timothy Yu, Robert Archambeau, Steve Halle, Laura Goldstein, Adam Fieled

 Books!
"Beams"
http://www.blazevox.org/ebk-af.pdf
"Opera Bufa"
http://www.lulu.com/content/1137210

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286. **amy king**
Tomorrow Night -- NYC -- Beyer, Bozicevic, Bryant, and Lin
Tue 17 Jun 2008

---------- Forwarded message ----------
From: ari banias

Just a friendly reminder about the launch for Brooklyn's newest monthly reading series, Uncalled-For...

Bring friends, bring wine, bring yourselves
down to the lower depths of Unnameable Books on Wednesday, June 18th at 7:00 pm to hear friends or strangers Tamiko Beyer, Ana BoÅ¾iÄeviÄ‡, Tisa Bryant and Daniel Lin read their work.

Hope to see you there!

Ari

++++++++++++++++++++++++++++

Uncalled-For Readings
@ Unnameable Books
Mostly Poets, Some Wednesdays.

First Reading! Wednesday June 18 2008 7:00 pm free

Tamiko Beyer Ana Bozicevic Tisa Bryant & Daniel Lin

*

Tamiko Beyer's work has appeared numerous journals including Calyx, Crab Orchard Review, Gay and Lesbian Review, The Progressive, and the anthology Cheers to Muses: Contemporary Work by Asian American Women. She is a Kundiman Fellow and a member of Agent 409, a multi-racial, queer writing group based in New York City. Through the NY Writers Coalition, she leads writing workshops for homeless LGBTQ youth, and she works as a freelance writer. She will be pursing an M.F.A. at the Writing Program at Washington University in St. Louis, beginning in the fall.

Ana Bozicevic emigrated to NYC from Croatia in 1997. She's the author of chapbooks Document (Octopus Books, 2007) and Morning News (Kitchen Press, 2006). Fresh poems are forthcoming in the Denver Quarterly, Hotel Amerika, absent, typo, and elsewhere. Ana co-edits RealPoetik with Caroline Conway.

Poet, writer and radical cineaste Tisa Bryant makes work that often traverses the boundaries of genre, culture and history. Her first book, Unexplained Presence (Leon Works, 2007), is a collection of hybrid essays that remix master narratives in film, literature and visual arts to zoom in on the black presences operating within them. She teaches writing at St. John's University, Queens,

lives in Crown Heights, Brooklyn, and is a founding editor/publisher of the hardcover annual, The Encyclopedia Project.

Daniel Lin has published poems in Chelsea, Verse, Washington Square, Agni and Indiana Review, as well as a chapbook, Tinder, with Nightboat Books. He was a Tennessee Williams Scholar at Sewanee Writers Conference and a NY Times fellow in NYU's graduate writing program. He is currently working on a campus novel.

*

Unnameable Books can be found at 456 Bergen Street (between Flatbush Ave. & 5th Ave.) in Brooklyn, NY, one half block from the 2/3 at Bergen, or a short walk from 4/5/B/D/N/Q/R at Atlantic/Pacific.

Readings are held down one flight of stairs in the basement.

uncalledforreadings.blogspot.com

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Recent
http://www.tarpaulinsky.com/Reviews/kiss-me.html
http://cutbankpoetry.blogspot.com/2008/04/im-man-who-loves-you-by-amy-king.html

Alias
http://www.amyking.org

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287. **Murat Nemet-Nejat**

Re: Argentina Pays Belated Homage to Murderous Thug "Che" Guevara - NYTimes.com

Tue 17 Jun 2008

---

troy,

This is amazing. After all this attack on "military idealogy," etc., you want to tell a town in Argentina what statue to erect or not in its public square. That's exactly the arrogant, interfering spirit that got us into Iraq.

As for Obama and McCain being the same. I remember hearing a similar argument when Bush and Gore were running, and someone called Nader gifted the presidency to Bush.

Murat

On Mon, Jun 16, 2008 at 10:36 PM, Troy Camplin <[redacted]> wrote:

All reasons why I oppose the dehumanizing forces of Marxism, fascism, socialism, welfare statism. The neoconservatives were all former Marxists, and they didn't leave behind their dehumanizing world view. The difference between McCain and Obama is that Obama doesn't realize yet that he shares the same military ideology as McCain -- which he will if he is elected President, just like Clinton embraced the international policies of Bush I when he took office.

This is why when Argentina or anyplace else does something shameful like erect a status to someone who hated mankind as much as that murderous thug Che Guevara, I say so. No one anywhere should celebrate that man who was little more than a waste of oxygen when he was alive. All he did was make the world a worse place. What are you doing to make it better (better based on reality, and not on so called good intentions, which are worthless without reality behind it and lead you to good results)?

Troy

----- Original Message ----
From: David Chirot <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Sunday, June 15, 2008 6:03:09 PM
Subject: Re: Argentina Pays Belated Homage to Murderous Thug "Che" Guevara - NYTimes.com

Troy

what do you think we have running the show here?

and not only here but all the thugs we shell billions out to every year--

governments, privatized "security forces," war lords, runners of secret torture prisons, drug cartels, Apartheid, death squads--

look at the thugs Bush and the Candidates for President pay homage to--and that pay homage to them--

and to whom the American citizens are supposed to pay homage to--

and then take a look in the mirror--

we're footing the bill for the impoverishment, dehumanization, massacres, starvations, displacements --of millions daily--

at home and abroad--

more Americans are in prison both in a total number (two million-plus) and

as a percentage of population than any nation in the world--

more Americans are living in dehumanizing poverty daily--more Americans are dope addicts than anywhere else in the world--the list is long of all the wonderful thuggeries visited on the citizens by their own State--which in turn supports every sort of monster and monstrosity it can in the name of "democracy"--what is anyone supposed to think the US's word means anymore re
"Civil Rights" when it backs Apartheid or "Human Rights" when it runs torture prisons of its own and via surrogates around the world?

the US backed the dictatorship in Argentina during which tens of thousands of people were tortured and "disappeared--

why bother with monuments to a specific thug anymore?

why not just a colossal monstrosity of a Thug, resplendent, reflecting the twilight's last gleamings--

a truly Great Thug to Last The Ages--

it's eyes turned heavenward and its boots resting on the skulls of children "left behind"--

melt down al the statues of the Lesser Thugs in the land and just pour them all into the casting for this one this only this First and Last

President Thug--

On Sun, Jun 15, 2008 at 12:40 PM, Troy Camplin <[redacted]> wrote:

If Argentina thinks paying homage to a murderous thug whose ideology has no
relation to reality and which results in the impoverishment and dehumanization of millions is appropriate, shame on them.

----- Original Message ----
From: David Chirot <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Sunday, June 15, 2008 8:36:22 AM
Subject: Argentina Pays Belated Homage to "Che" Guevara - NYTimes.com

> *http://www.nytimes.com/reuters/world/international-guevara.html?em&ex=1213675200&en=bf99f2491d49e8a4&ei=5087%0A---*

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288. **lauren bender**

call for entries: OUIJA @ SUCCESS! (Narrow House), deadline 7/18/08

Tue 17 Jun 2008

Hello,

Narrow House is gearing up for Issue 2 of our online/printable PDF occasional journal, SUCCESS!

Issue 1, CHIMERA: I Am My Own Twin can be viewed here:

http://www.angelfire.com/poetry/thepixelplus/nhsuccess1.html

Issue 2 is OUIJA. Some things to consider:

+ vowels
+ crystallomancy/telepathy/divination
+ automatic/ghost writing
+ nostalgia/invention
+ fakes
+ dead (languages)
+ collaboration/pairs
+ pronunciation
+ parker brothers
+ any flat surface
+ any flat surface printed with symbols
+ any flat surface printed with symbols using a planchette
+ seance
+ "oui" (yes) "ja" (yes)
+ patience worth, plath, twain, aleister crowley...

Please keep in mind that we here at the House tend to meet form and content in the middle, but strongly encourage submissions that favor the conceptual. We also strongly, strongly encourage works (appropriate to PDF format) that are based in text but expand upon the term.

Please also distribute this call to those who may be interested, and submit all works to [redacted].

The DEADLINE for submissions is 7:00pm EST June 20th, 2008, more commonly
known as the Summer Solstice.
Extended to July 18, Day of Bad Omens

We
Know
What
You're
Thinking,

Narrow House

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289. **Eric Elshtain**
New Beard of Bees Chapbook
Tue 17 Jun 2008

This month listens to dispatches from the Athenian suburbs:

http://www.beardofbees.com/hughes.html

Enjoy!

Best,

Eric Elshtain
Editor
Beard of Bees Press
http://www.beardofbees.com

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290. **steve d. dalachinsky**
Re: reading conversation and concert
Tue 17 Jun 2008

---

steve dalachinsky - robert morgan & matthew shipp
reading conversation and concert
june 27th 7 pm at
tribes gallery
285 e. 3rd st (at ave c)
2nd floor
donation f train to 2nd ave 21 bus to ave c and 3rd st

come out to help celebrate steve and matt's new book
LOGOS & LANGUAGE

_____ Click here to choose from a huge selection of shipping supplies!

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291. Patrick F. Durgin

Orono Conference, Thoughtmesh, Jackson Mac Low

Tue 17 Jun 2008

Due to time constraints and inevitable overlaps, a lot of important discussions were missed or cut short at the recent NPF "Poetry of the 1970s" Conference in Orono, Maine. This is not at all peculiar to the conference, which most everyone I spoke with agreed was very well run, and a welcomed, rare opportunity to share scholarship, new and old work, and off hours. Conference organizer Steve Evans wrote to participants about the "Thought Mesh" site for the NPF, where abstracts and/or papers can be posted. I want to encourage others to post their work. Free access to scholarship seems like a good thing, in principle. Facilitating access for those who were asking similar questions from different cardinal points of the campus seems like a "no-brainer" also. Since my own presentation was cut in half, I wanted to point out that the whole text is sitting there in Thoughtmesh for all the world to see, at http://vectors.usc.edu/thoughtmesh/publish/60.php

Here's the abstract:

This paper reads Jackson Mac Low's work of the 1970s as a hinge between the intermedia and early procedural practices for which he is best known and the work of the 1980s, where a self-consciously literary practice resonates with the ideo-linguistic experiments of Language Writing. Beginning with a hypothetical list of the common hallmarks of literariness from a Mac Lowian point of view, the article then reads the "Odes for Iris Lezak" and "Phone" comparatively. This reading is situated beside a debate between Mac Low and Silliman in the pages of L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E in order to illustrate the decade as pivotal with respect to the aesthetico-political predicates of literariness.

Here are some blogland reports, though there will surely be others:

http://modampo.blogspot.com/2008/06/alphabet-for-orono-part-1.html

http://heuriskein.blogspot.com/2008/06/links-to-orono-photos.html

http://anneboyer.wordpress.com/2008/06/16/no-worse-than-poetry/

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292. steve d. dalachinsky

Re: FW: Steve Ben Israel in Nonviolent Executions at Theaterlab

Tue 17 Jun 2008

Thursday - Sunday June 26, 27, 28, 29
THEATERLAB – 137 W 14th St. (between 6th and 7th Aves)
all performances 8 PM $15
reservations recommended
Smarttix https://www.smarttix.com/show.aspx?showCode=NON1
or the Theaterlab box office: [redacted]

Nonviolent executions, Steve Ben Israel's one-man show, is his latest séance to contact the living. A series of short takes combining humor, poetry, stories of rare poignancy, and his virtuosic acting abilities, nonviolent executions is an evening of entertainment with extraordinary intelligence and heart.

Mr. Israel started working as a comedian almost 50 years ago, then joined The Living Theatre and for many years toured this country, Europe, North Africa and Brazil as a leading actor in that ground-breaking group. More recently, he has performed extensively on the downtown scene, in such venues as The Kitchen, The Performing Garage, and The Nuyorican Poets Café, and has appeared in movies by Bertolucci, been a featured artist on recordings by Frederic Rzewski and Anthony Braxton, and has been a guest commentator on NPR's All Things Considered.

In nonviolent execution, Israel comes full circle, to inhabit the city of his waking dreams and nightmares and confront the beauty, the horror and the possibilities of "the island that creates the spice that gives much of the country its flavor."

When he finds communality with an immigrant cab driver, a cashier at the phone company, or an old jazz hand, he touches something in us all. When he tells his audience that he doesn't "like the way white people are portrayed in movies," he is completely sincere. When he sings the cantonal "Ballad of Black, White, and Jew," sadness and hope ride a North African musical motif from hidden grief to deliverance.

Steve Ben Israel would present an audience's most generous face to itself. If he pierces the slick armor masquerading as sense in our time with jolts of love and compassion, it is only his compulsion and our deep pleasure to be so subjected.

Steve is a 2007 Obie Award winner and recently performed Frederick Rzewski's Attica at Carnegie Hall.

_____ Hotel pics, info and virtual tours. Click here to book a hotel online.

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293. **Aryanil Mukherjee**

Re: Argentina Pays Belated Homage to Murderous Thug "Che" Guevara - NYTimes.com

Tue 17 Jun 2008

Troy

You are taking out your personal hate against Che Guevara and I am amazed that the POETICS moderators think it is perfect thing to do in a poets e-group.

Seconding Chirot's response to your wrath on Guevera I would like to add that as a romantic revolutionary, Che is still much loved and respected in large parts of the world where the so-called "dehumanizing forces of Marxism, socialism or facism" are not in play.....and by the way, you forgot to add "capitalism" to that list.

Bringing up Obama/McCain/Clinton etc., or for that matter the whole "special-cased" idealogy of what is called "bi-partisan democracy" here only reinforces your rather stereotypical, culturally-biased viewpoint.

That man is still celebrated in multi-party democracies wider, bigger and demographically and politically more diverse than the one you live in. And this is the first time I hear Che getting hate from poets !!!

Check out world history - romantic revolutionaries at all times and places have been "murderous thugs" or "cold blooded" in the least, at particular times/events in their lifetime and perhaps it would be no crime to count George Washington, Sri Aurobindo, Michael Collins or even Rene Char as some of those.

Aryanil

-----Original Message-----
From: UB Poetics discussion group [mailto:[redacted]] On Behalf Of Troy Camplin
Sent: Monday, June 16, 2008 10:37 PM
To: [redacted]
Subject: Re: Argentina Pays Belated Homage to Murderous Thug "Che" Guevara - NYTimes.com

All reasons why I oppose the dehumanizing forces of Marxism, fascism, socialism, welfare statism. The neoconservatives were all former Marxists, and they didn't leave behind their dehumanizing world view. The difference between McCain and Obama is that Obama doesn't realize yet that he shares the same military ideology as McCain -- which he will if he is elected President,

just like Clinton embraced the international policies of Bush I when he took office.

This is why when Argentina or anyplace else does something shameful like erect a status to someone who hated mankind as much as that murderous thug Che Guevara, I say so. No one anywhere should celebrate that man who was little more than a waste of oxygen when he was alive. All he did was make the world a worse place. What are you doing to make it better (better based on reality, and not on so called good intentions, which are worthless without reality behind it and lead you to good results)?

Troy

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From: David Chirot <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Sunday, June 15, 2008 6:03:09 PM
Subject: Re: Argentina Pays Belated Homage to Murderous Thug "Che" Guevara -
NYTimes.com

Troy

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and not only here but all the thugs we shell billions out to every year--

governments, privatized "security forces," war lords, runners of secret torture prisons, drug cartels, Apartheid, death squads--

look at the thugs Bush and the Candidates for President pay homage to--and that pay homage to them--

and to whom the American citizens are supposed to pay homage to--

and then take a look in the mirror--

we're footing the bill for the impoverishment, dehumanization, massacres, starvations, displacements --of millions daily--

at home and abroad--

more Americans are in prison both in a total number (two million-plus) and as a percentage of population than any nation in the world--

more Americans are living in dehumanizing poverty daily--more Americans are dope addicts than anywhere else in the world--the list is long of all the wonderful thuggeries visited on the citizens by their own State--which in turn supports every sort of monster and monstrosity it can in the name of "democracy"--what is anyone supposed to think the US's word means anymore

re "Civil Rights" when it backs Apartheid or "Human Rights" when it runs torture prisons of its own and via surrogates around the world?

the US backed the dictatorship in Argentina during which tens of thousands of people were tortured and "disappeared--

why bother with monuments to a specific thug anymore?

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a truly Great Thug to Last The Ages--

it's eyes turned heavenward and its boots resting on the skulls of children "left behind"--

melt down al the statues of the Lesser Thugs in the land and just pour them all into the casting for this one this only this First and Last

President Thug--

On Sun, Jun 15, 2008 at 12:40 PM, Troy Camplin <[redacted]> wrote:

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> relation to reality and which results in the impoverishment and
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> ----- Original Message ----
> From: David Chirot <[redacted]>
> To: [redacted]
> Sent: Sunday, June 15, 2008 8:36:22 AM
> Subject: Argentina Pays Belated Homage to "Che" Guevara - NYTimes.com
>
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>
http://www.nytimes.com/reuters/world/international-guevara.html?em&ex=1213675200&en=bf99f2491d49e8a4&ei=5087%0A---
>

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294. Jim Andrews
"*The Tower*"
Wed 18 Jun 2008

"The Tower" by Stephen Vincent
http://vispo.com/dbcinema/vincent

This is unlike the other dbCinema image series in that it uses just one underlying image: Stephen Vincent's photo of The Tower by Ann Hamilton.

Thanks to Stephen for his permission to use his photo.

ja
http://vispo.com

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295. Mary Jo Malo
Journal of Literary & Cultural Disability Studies
Wed 18 Jun 2008

I'm forwarding this announcement.
http://www.liverpool-unipress.co.uk/html/publication.asp?idProduct=3856

Journal of Literary & Cultural Disability Studies

I am writing to let you know that in 2009 the groundbreaking Journal of Literary Disability is moving to Liverpool University Press under the new title Journal of Literary & Cultural Disability Studies. It will continue to focus on the literary representation of disability, but cultural studies will now be added to the multidisciplinary mix.

With an editorial board of 50 internationally renowned scholars, the journal is central to the literary disability movement that is changing the face of literary studies on a global scale.

The exciting news is that from 2009 the journal will be published 3 times per annum and available in print and online formats .

The first issue in the new format, JLCDS 3.1: Deleuze, Disability and Difference, will be a special issue, guest edited by Dr. Petra Kuppers, Associate Professor of English, Theatre, and Women's Studies, University of Michigan; and Dr. James Overboe, Assistant Professor of Sociology, Wilfrid Laurier University. Many disability scholars have been wary of utilizing poststructuralism as a means to disrupt ableism. But there is much nuance in poststructuralist thought and its relation to representational politics, and JLCDS 3.1 hopes to push disability studies further along its journey into this territory.

For more information on the journal and how to subscribe, please see the attached leaflet. For information on any Liverpool University Press journals, please do not hesitate to contact me.

With best wishes,

Clare

CLARE HOOPER
JOURNALS EXECUTIVE, LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY PRESS

4 Cambridge Street, Liverpool, L69 7ZU, UK Tel. +44-[0][redacted], Fax +44-[0][redacted]

E: [redacted] W: www.liverpool-unipress.co.uk

Mary Jo Malo

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296. **David Kirschenbaum**

Boog City presents ixnay press and Brian Speaker

Wed 18 Jun 2008

---

please forward

Boog City presents

d.a. levy lives: celebrating the renegade press

ixnay press
(Philadelphia)

Tues. June 24, 6:00 p.m. sharp, free

ACA Galleries
529 W. 20th St., 5th Flr.
NYC

Event will be hosted by
ixnay press editors
Chris and Jenn McCreary

Featuring readings from

Jen Coleman
Brenda Iijima
Jenn McCreary

with music from

Brian Speaker

There will be wine, cheese, and crackers, too.

Curated and with an introduction by Boog City editor David Kirschenbaum

---

**ixnay press
http://www.ixnaypress.com

For a decade, ixnay press has been a Philadelphia-based publisher of experimental writing, including chapbooks, a staple-bound journal, and the ixnay reader, a perfect-bound, semi-regular mini-anthology. Information about the press, including pdfs of past publications, can be found at the above website.

Performer Bios

**Jen Coleman
http://chax.org/eoagh/issue3/issuethree/coleman.html
http://www.ixnaypress.com/the_ixnay_reader.html

Jen Coleman is the author of numerous chapbooks, and has poems online at EOAGH and in volume two of the ixnay reader (see above) links), as well as in print journals such as Chain. Her blog, http://jencolemanreading.blogspot.com is chock full o¹ goodness, but it still doesn¹t match seeing her read live.

**Brenda Iijima
http://yoyolabs.com/

Brenda Iijima is the author of Animate, Inanimate Aims (Litmus Press) and Around Sea (O Books). If Not Metamorphic was runner up for the Sawtooth Prize and will be published by Ahsahta Press. She is the editor of Portable Press at Yo-Yo Labs. Together with Evelyn Reilly she is editing a collection of essays by poets concerning poetry and ecological ethics titled,)((eco (lang) (uage(reader). She is the art editor for Boog City as well as a visual artist. She lives in Brooklyn, New York where she designs and constructs homeopathic gardens.

**Jenn McCreary
http://www.asu.edu/pipercwcenter/how2journal/

Jenn McCreary lives in Philadelphia where she co-edits ixnay press with Chris McCreary and works for the Philadelphia Mural Arts Program. She is the author of two chapbooks, errata stigmata (Potes & Poets Press) and four o'clock pocket chiming (BeautifulSwimmer Press), and of a doctrine of signatures (Singing Horse Press). Her new collection, :ab ovo:, is forthcoming from Dusie Press. A portion of the manuscript can be found online at How2 (see above link).

**Brian Speaker
http://www.brianspeaker.com

Brian Speaker is a colorful singer/songwriter blending acoustic, Americana, pop rock and folk.

Directions: C/E to 23rd St., 1/9 to 18th St.
Venue is bet. 10th and 11th avenues

Next event:

Tues. July 29
BookThug (Toronto)

--
David A. Kirschenbaum, editor and publisher
Boog City
330 W.28th St., Suite 6H
NY, NY 10001-4754
For event and publication information:
http://www.welcometoboogcity.com
T: (212) 842-BOOG (2664)
F: [redacted]

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297. ## Eleni Stecopoulos

San Francisco sublet

Wed 18 Jun 2008

Bright, charming, quiet Victorian studio in the heart of the Mission--close to BART, bookstores, restaurants, bars, galleries, etc. Stained glass windows, chandeliers, clawfoot tub, gas stove, spacious kitchen. Available all of August and probably most of July as well--may be flexible on dates. $1000/month. Please contact me backchannel.

_____ The other season of giving begins 6/24/08. Check out the i'm Talkathon.
http://www.imtalkathon.com?source=TXT_EML_WLH_SeasonOfGiving=

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298. Christophe Casamassima

the Proteus by Christophe Casamassima - available now through Moria

Wed 18 Jun 2008

Hi, everyone,

Moria has published my new book, the Proteus, and it is beautiful! Please check out the site and buy copies! William did an excellent job - even though his headaches with my formatting made me a little self-conscious... But they're here!

Thanks!

Christophe Casamassima

=
Cheap Car Insurance - Official Site
You Can Save $385 for Switching Today if You're 49+. Fast Quotes.
http://a8-asy.a8ww.net/a8-ads/adftrclick?
redirectid=441274618350e0d5f5c00e1cf3899eb6

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Powered By Outblaze

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299. Peter Quartermain

New BOWERING book

Wed 18 Jun 2008

Nomados Literary Publishers is very happy to announce:

FULGENCIO by GEORGE BOWERING. ISBN 978-0-9781072-9-1 @ $10.00 plus post and packing

“What a necessary poem this is, as USAmericans look for a new President and Cubans without Castro try to keep what they have so hard-won. The grotesque dead hand of Fulgencio Batista y Zaldívar and the deadening grasp of the United Fruit Company, tyrannies of the past right here right now, wrong now, wrong always, implacably here always, the raw sugar of greed lurking beneath the poem's flat matter-of-fact absurdity, grim comedy's helpless outrage skittering over monstrous abuse of capital power. Compelling writing, the links between poetry and the political here inescapable. Bowering at his best.”

Peter Quartermain

ORDER FROM Meredith Quartermain [redacted] OR Peter Quartermain [redacted] OR Nomados P.O. Box 4031, 349 West Georgia, Vancouver, B.C. V6B 3Z4 OR [redacted]

OTHER NOMADOS BOOKS

SHOOT AND WEEP by RACHEL ZOLF Poetry 36 pp ISBN 978-0-9781072-8-4 @ $10.00

ARTICULATIONS by Fred Wah Poetry 40 pp ISBN 978-0-9781072-5-3 @ $10.00.

WHEN SNAKES AWAKEN by KEN BELFORD Poetry 36 pp ISBN 978-0-9781072-6-0 @ $10.00

PUNCTUM by Lola Lemire Tostevin Poetry 24 pp ISBN 978-0-9781072-4-6 @ $8.00

SPORATIC GROWTH by Jay MillAr Poetry 28 pp @ $8.00

ADULT VIDEO by Margaret Christakos 26 pp ISBN 0-9735337-7-3 @ $8.00.

COLD TRIP by Nancy Shaw & Catriona Strang 28 pp ISBN 0-9735337-6-5 @ $10.00

READY FOR FREDDY by Renee Rodin 32 pp ISBN 0-9735337-5-7 @ $10.00

WEEPING WILLOW by Sharon Thesen 27 pp ISBN 0-9735337-3-0 @ $8.00

ROUSSEAU'S BOAT by Lisa Robertson 40 pp ISBN 0-9735337-1-4 @ $10.00

GOOD EGG BAD SEED by Susan Holbrook ISBN 0-9735337-0-6 @ $10.00

WORLD ON FIRE by Charles Bernstein 24pp ISBN 0-9731521-9-2 @ $10.00

THE IRREPARABLE by Robin Blaser 32pp ISBN 0-9731521-1-7. @ $10.00.

SEVEN GLASS BOWLS by Daphne Marlatt 24pp ISBN 0-9731521-5-X. @ $10.00.

WANDERS. Robin Blaser & Meredith Quartermain 40pp ISBN 0-9731521-0-9 @ $10.00.

A THOUSAND MORNINGS by Meredith Quartermain 90pp ISBN 0-9731521-2-5 @ $10.00.

ORDER NOW! SELLING FAST!

=========
Peter Quartermain
846 Keefer Street
Vancouver

BC Canada V6A 1Y7
[redacted] (voice and fax)
[redacted]
=========

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300. **Cralan Kelder**
contact info for poet jack anderson
Wed 18 Jun 2008

---

does anybody have this?

if so please backstroke, back-channel, push-up backwards, or any which way to my direction

thanks muchly

↑ Contents

301. **Tenney Nathanson**
great poems about sex or lying?
Wed 18 Jun 2008

---

or both!

I need some.

preferably accessible on the internet.

thanks for suggestions,

Tenney

E-mail message checked by Spyware Doctor (5.5.1.322)
Database version: 5.10070e
http://www.pctools.com/en/spyware-doctor/

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302. **Christophe Casamassima**
Ken Rumble's Email
Wed 18 Jun 2008

Hey, Ken! Where art thou? I have a query.

Christophe Casamassima

=
LPN Labels
Pre-printed custom license plate labels used to track inventory.

http://a8-asy.a8ww.net/a8-ads/adftrclick?
redirectid=bd6d0601895240a9eb78df9e70be8f7a

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Powered By Outblaze

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303. Dan Wilcox
Poets in the Park, Albany, NY
Wed 18 Jun 2008

The Poetry Motel Foundation presents
Poets in the Park, 2008:
Georganna Millman & W.D. Clarke, July 12
Other readings scheduled for July 19, July 26 & August 2

Poets in the Park has been celebrating poetry in July at the Robert Burns statue in Washington Park, Albany, NY since 1989. The series, formerly run by the late Tom Nattell and now hosted by Dan Wilcox, will continue with readings on Saturdays, July 12 through August 2; the readings start at 7:00 PM and are free & open to the public; donations are accepted. This year the readings are also sponsored by the Hudson Valley Writers Guild.

The first reading in the series on July 12 will be by Georganna Millman and W.D. Clarke. Georganna Millman graduated Skidmore College's Adult Writing Program and lives in the Catskill Mountains with her husband and sons. They are self-employed, owning an independent retail pharmacy. Her poetry has appeared in numerous publications including Blueline, The Margie Review: American Journal of Poetry, and Vanguard Voices of the Hudson Valley. W.D. Clarkeis a writer/poet who resides in Saratoga Springs, NY. His poems are narrative rhymes done in a style reminiscent of Robert Service and Rudyard Kipling. He is employed by the NYS Military Museum and Veterans Research Center in Saratoga Springs where he is the videographer for the NYS Veteran Oral History Program.

The schedule of the other readings is:
July 19: Charlie Rossiter & Mimi Moriarty & Frank Desiderio
July 26: James Schlett & tba
August 2: Susan Brennan & Philip Good

The Robert Burns statue is near where Henry Johnson Blvd. passes through Washington Park and crosses Hudson Ave. Please bring your own chairs or blankets to sit on. Rain dates for each event are the following Sunday, same time, same place.

This project is made possible in part through COMMUNITY ART$GRANTS, a program funded through the State and Local Partnership Program of the New York State Council on the arts, a State agency and the Arts Center of the Capital Region.

For more information contact Dan Wilcox, at [redacted];
[redacted].
####

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304. **Mark Weiss**
Re: great poems about sex or lying?
Wed 18 Jun 2008

There's always Rochester.
http://www.luminarium.org/eightlit/rochester/wilmotbib.htm. See especially The Interrupted Enjoyment and An Evening's Ramble in Saint Jameses Park.

At 04:58 PM 6/18/2008, you wrote:
>or both!
>
>I need some.
>
>preferably accessible on the internet.
>
>thanks for suggestions,
>
>Tenney
>
>
>
>
>
>E-mail message checked by Spyware Doctor (5.5.1.322)
>Database version: 5.10070e
>http://www.pctools.com/en/spyware-doctor/

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305. **Vincent Nicholas Lolordo**
Re: great poems about sex or lying?
Wed 18 Jun 2008

Shakespeare's sonnet #138: the play on "lies" gets you two for one....

On Jun 18, 2008, at 1:58 PM, Tenney Nathanson wrote:

> *or both!*
>
> *I need some.*
>
> *preferably accessible on the internet.*
>
> *thanks for suggestions,*
>
> *Tenney*
>
> *E-mail message checked by Spyware Doctor (5.5.1.322)*
> *Database version: 5.10070e*
> *http://www.pctools.com/en/spyware-doctor/*

V. Nicholas Lolordo
Assistant Professor
Department of English
University of Nevada-Las Vegas
[redacted]

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306. **Troy Camplin**

Re: great poems about sex or lying?

Thu 19 Jun 2008

If I may offer, I wrote a poem abut sex you might find interesting.

http://zatavu.blogspot.com/2004/08/medical-consultation_09.html

Troy Camplin

----- Original Message ----
From: Tenney Nathanson <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Wednesday, June 18, 2008 3:58:50 PM
Subject: great poems about sex or lying?

or both!

I need some.

preferably accessible on the internet.

thanks for suggestions,

Tenney

E-mail message checked by Spyware Doctor (5.5.1.322)
Database version: 5.10070e
http://www.pctools.com/en/spyware-doctor/

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307. **laura oliver**
Re: great poems about sex or lying?
Thu 19 Jun 2008

I don't know if masturbation poems would be what you are looking for, but Harry Mathews (NY School poet) published an entire book of poems about masturbation called, Singular Pleasures, all short prose poems.

> Date: Wed, 18 Jun 2008 13:58:50 -0700
> From: [redacted]
> Subject: great poems about sex or lying?
> To: [redacted]
>
> or both!
>
> I need some.
>
> preferably accessible on the internet.
>
> thanks for suggestions,
>
> Tenney
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>
> E-mail message checked by Spyware Doctor (5.5.1.322)
> Database version: 5.10070e
> http://www.pctools.com/en/spyware-doctor/

_____
The i'm Talkathon starts 6/24/08. For now, give amongst yourselves.
http://www.imtalkathon.com?
source=TXT_EML_WLH_LearnMore_GiveAmongst=

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308. **Marcus Bales**

Re: great poems about sex or lying?

Thu 19 Jun 2008

Larkin's "Deceptions" -- http://www.poemhunter.com/poem/deceptions/

Yeats's "To a friend" --
http://www.eliteskills.com/analysis_poetry/To_A_Friend_Whose_Work_Has_Com
e_To
_Nothing_by_William_Butler_Yeats_analysis.php

Soto'[s "Chitchat with the Junior League Women" --
http://books.google.com/books?
id=JCSkA7Zhnn8C&pg=PA168&lpg=PA168&dq=soto+
chit-
chat+with+the+junior+league+women&source=web&ots=RS8hANrbfT&sig=t
C3VIBBsc
FH-tsKmUAJyO5i2mV8&hl=en&sa=X&oi=book_result&resnum=3&ct=result

Hecht's "The Ghost in the Martini" --
http://www.poetryfoundation.org/archive/poem.html?id=179068

Craik's "Going West" -- http://www.vanzenopress.com/excerpt_thoseyears.htm

Dowson's "Vita Summa Brevis" --
http://www.theotherpages.org/poems/dowson01.html

Hope's "Advice to Young Ladies" --
http://www.markcwyman.com/contemporary.htm#advice

Flanders's "Have Some Madeira" --
http://www.iankitching.me.uk/humour/hippo/madeira.html

Millay's "XVIII from The Harp Weaver" --
http://www.violafair.com/pellmell/millayharp2.htm

Graves's "The Naked and the Nude" --
http://www.cs.berkeley.edu/~richie/poetry/html/poem116.html

Orwell's "Poem about Prostitution" --
http://www.google.com/search?hl=en&q=blair+
%22when+I+was+young+and+had+no+
sense%22

Lightfoot's "That's What You Get For Loving Me" --
http://www.lyricsmode.com/lyrics/g/gordon_lightfoot/for_lovin_me.html

Larkin's "This Be The Verse" -- http://www.artofeurope.com/larkin/lar2.htm

Marcus

On 18 Jun 2008 at 23:33, Mark Weiss wrote:

> *There's always Rochester.*
> *http://www.luminarium.org/eightlit/rochester/wilmotbib.htm. See especially The Interrupted Enjoyment and An Evening's Ramble in Saint*
> *Jameses Park.*
>
> *At 04:58 PM 6/18/2008, you wrote:*
> *or both!*
>
> *I need some.*
>
> *preferably accessible on the internet.*
>
> *thanks for suggestions,*
>
> *Tenney*
>
> *E-mail message checked by Spyware Doctor (5.5.1.322)*
> *Database version: 5.10070e*
> *http://www.pctools.com/en/spyware-doctor/*
>
> *--*
> *No virus found in this incoming message.*
> *Checked by AVG.*
> *Version: 7.5.524 / Virus Database: 270.4.0/1507 - Release Date: 6/18/2008 7:09 AM*

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309. **Metta Sama**

Re: great poems about sex or lying?

Thu 19 Jun 2008

---

try Kim Addonizzio's (sp???) poems

M

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310. **Thomas savage**

Re: great poems about sex or lying?

Thu 19 Jun 2008

Thank you for mentioning this great book by Harry Mathews. Although it's a book of prose (I would call them stories rather than poems) it's inclusion in this discussion is wonderful due to its uniqueness as a book. I'd advise anyone to read Singular Pleasures. Also, since we're discussing "lying" as well as sex, Harry Mathews recent prose book called My Life In CIA asks such essential questions about what lying is and what its opposite, truth, might be (in this case whether or not he ever was in the employ of the CIA), that I would add it to this discussion as well. Regards, Tom Savage

--- On Thu, 6/19/08, laura oliver <[redacted]> wrote:

From: laura oliver <[redacted]>
Subject: Re: great poems about sex or lying?
To: [redacted]
Date: Thursday, June 19, 2008, 4:26 AM

I don't know if masturbation poems would be what you are looking for, but Harry Mathews (NY School poet) published an entire book of poems about masturbation called, Singular Pleasures, all short prose poems.

> Date: Wed, 18 Jun 2008 13:58:50 -0700
> From: [redacted]
> Subject: great poems about sex or lying?
> To: [redacted]
>
> or both!
>
> I need some.
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> thanks for suggestions,
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> Tenney
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> Database version: 5.10070e
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_____

The i¢m Talkathon starts 6/24/08. For now, give amongst yourselves.
http://www.imtalkathon.com?source=TXT_EML_WLH_LearnMore_GiveAmongst

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311. **Christophe Casamassima**

Re: great poems about sex or lying?

Thu 19 Jun 2008

Tenney-

you need sex or do you need to be lied to? i can say I'm 50% certain I can do one or the other.

ha!

> *----- Original Message -----*
> *From: "Tenney Nathanson" <[redacted]>*
> *To: [redacted]*
> *Subject: great poems about sex or lying?*
> *Date: Wed, 18 Jun 2008 13:58:50 -0700*
>
> *or both!*
>
> *I need some.*
>
> *preferably accessible on the internet.*
>
> *thanks for suggestions,*
>
> *Tenney*
>
> *E-mail message checked by Spyware Doctor (5.5.1.322)*
> *Database version: 5.10070e*
> *http://www.pctools.com/en/spyware-doctor/*

=
Argrov Box Company
Million box inventory corrugated boxes, cartons, mailers, moving and bin boxes,

tubes, partitions, shipping supplies and custom boxes. Same day shipping.
http://a8-asy.a8ww.net/a8-ads/adftrclick?
redirectid=ebf8f3775a9b6b55395811f1551d1a67

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312. Kimmelman, Burt

Orono Conference (following up on Patrick Durgin's posting)

Thu 19 Jun 2008

Hi,

I am taking the opportunity of Patrick Durgin's posting about the recent Orono conference to the listserv (see below) to mention that, as I believe most everyone who might read this message would agree, the National Poetry Foundation conferences have been both incredibly important and incredibly enjoyable, and thus we should do what we can to see that the conferences continue. The NPF conferences are unique and I for one cherish them for all they have done for me.

So, especially given that Burt Hatlen is no longer with us-and btw I want to acknowledge Steve Evans, Jennifer Moxley, Ben Friedlander and Carla Billitteri for their efforts to make this recent conference a smashing success-and given that we should not presume that funding for NPF will automatically continue without Steve's and everyone's efforts to see to it that it does, I urge everyone who attended the conference to do two things:

1) Fill out the Conference Evaluation form that was in the conference packet and send it to the address provided on that form

and

2) Write a note, preferably on letterhead, to the president of the University of Maine, saying how much his presence at the Friday evening dinner, and the remarks he made then, were appreciated, and point out in the letter the value of NPF and of its conferences (thereby suggesting that NPF's mission needs to be supported in the future); since he was at the dinner I think it would not be inappropriate to write to him, and below is his address.

Dr. Robert A. Kennedy, President

The University of Maine

The Office of the President

5703 Alumni Hall, Suite 200

Orono, Maine 04469

Best wishes to all,

Burt

Date: Tue, 17 Jun 2008 11:55:39 -0500

From: "Patrick F. Durgin" <[redacted]>

Subject: Orono Conference, Thoughtmesh, Jackson Mac Low

Due to time constraints and inevitable overlaps, a lot of important discussions were missed or cut short at the recent NPF "Poetry of the 1970s" Conference in Orono, Maine. This is not at all peculiar to the conference, which most everyone I spoke with agreed was very well run, and a welcomed, rare opportunity to share scholarship, new and old work, and off hours. Conference organizer Steve Evans wrote to participants about the "Thought Mesh" site for the NPF, where abstracts and/or papers can be posted. I want to encourage others to post their work. Free access to scholarship seems like a good thing, in principle.

Facilitating access for those who were asking similar questions from different cardinal points of the campus seems like a "no-brainer" also.

Since my own presentation was cut in half, I wanted to point out that the whole text is sitting there in Thoughtmesh for all the world to see, at http://vectors.usc.edu/thoughtmesh/publish/60.php

Here's the abstract:

This paper reads Jackson Mac Low's work of the 1970s as a hinge between the intermedia and early procedural practices for which he is best known and the work of the 1980s, where a self-consciously literary practice resonates with the ideo-linguistic experiments of Language Writing. Beginning with a hypothetical list of the common hallmarks of literariness from a Mac Lowian point of view, the article then reads the "Odes for Iris Lezak" and "Phone" comparatively. This reading is situated beside a debate between Mac Low and Silliman in the pages of

L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E in order to illustrate the decade as pivotal with respect to the aesthetico-political predicates of literariness.

Here are some blogland reports, though there will surely be others:

http://modampo.blogspot.com/2008/06/alphabet-for-orono-part-1.html

http://heuriskein.blogspot.com/2008/06/links-to-orono-photos.html

http://anneboyer.wordpress.com/2008/06/16/no-worse-than-poetry/

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313. **Obododimma Oha**

Carrying all Your Meanings in One Casket

Thu 19 Jun 2008

Carrying all Your
Meanings in One Casket

What is the softness in the software,
When you can't even touch it?
And how hard the hardware
That prefers to play fragile?

How does a mouse become so tame & wise
That it follows a sec from page to page
Tying the text together instead of biting through
And spilling the meanings, to find its fun?

Which curse is upon the cursor
That makes it blink
Even when it has no eyes?

You ask me to open another window
But where are the blinds,
And where is the doorway?
Why make me enter through the window
When I'm not a thief?

Now you say I've reached the site
But where is here,
if here is nowhere?
And if this is your home
Where are the seats
And where is kola nut?

You ask me to download
When there's no load, no weight

And no alabarus* waiting
To carry someone’s suffering on their shoulders

So here’s the meaning, all the meaning
Placed in one casket
A little error soon
And it’s buried nowhere….

--- Obododimma Oha

* Alabaru is the Yoruba word for porter. The alabarus normally hang around those doing their shopping in Nigerian open markets, hoping that the shoppers would invite them to carry their purchases.

****
Obododimma Oha
PhD (Stylistics/War Rhetoric)
MSc (Legal, Criminological, & Security Psychology)
Senior Lecturer in Stylistics, Semiotics, & Discourse Analysis
Department of English, University of Ibadan
&
Fellow, Centre for Peace & Conflict Studies
University of Ibadan, NIGERIA

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314. Layne Russell

Re: great poems about sex or lying?

Thu 19 Jun 2008

I have a few on my site and more elsewhere, however, my poems of sex also are poems of love. Does that work for you?

Layne Russell

----- Original Message -----
From: Tenney Nathanson
To: [redacted]
Sent: Wednesday, June 18, 2008 1:58 PM
Subject: great poems about sex or lying?

or both!

I need some.

preferably accessible on the internet.

thanks for suggestions,

Tenney

↑ Contents

315. **Stephen Vincent**

Re: great poems about sex or lying?

Thu 19 Jun 2008

I am trying to figure out this query! Are your looking for sex poems performed while 'standing- up", or, non-sex poems performed while 'lying down.'

Sorry if I sound possibly stupid, but I am 'positionally' confused by the question! However, if you are asking for poems which speak of lying about the quality of the sex, or lying to get sex or refuse sex, that seems to me, another question, another level of consciousness. I am sure there are multiples of all of these. My daughter threw a birthday for herself and a friend in a Karioke Club the other night. I won't attest to the quality, but the monitors were overflowing with texts for every kind of love/sex you can imagine. All the singers managed to stay somewhat standing up performance after performance without fallng into each other on the floor. A miracle I thought! (I add this on in case you are wondering where all the hot love poems -great or not - and writers of such - seem to have often gone!)

Stephen V
http://stephenvincent.net/blog/

Layne Russell <[redacted]> wrote: I have a few on my site and more elsewhere, however, my poems of sex also are poems of love. Does that work for you?

Layne Russell

----- Original Message -----
From: Tenney Nathanson
To: [redacted]
Sent: Wednesday, June 18, 2008 1:58 PM
Subject: great poems about sex or lying?

or both!

I need some.

preferably accessible on the internet.

thanks for suggestions,

Tenney

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316. **Mark Weiss**
political question
Thu 19 Jun 2008

Obama claims 1.5 million donors, and that 90% of donations have been under $100. Assuming that tallying each donation at $100 offsets donors who have given small amounts more than once, 90% of donations equals $150 million. But Obama has received total donations of $265 million, which means 10% of his donations equals $115 million. Since he's opted out of public financing for the very principled reason that he thinks he can do better, it would be good to know where all those larger donations have come from.

I'll vote for him anyway, but he's not working real hard to make me happy about it.

Mark

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317. **Gloria Mindock**
Cervena Barva Press Announces a new publication Press Release for Doug Holder
Thu 19 Jun 2008

Cervena Barva Press is pleased to announce the publication of
"The Man in the Booth in the Midtown Tunnel"
by Doug Holder

For years that image of the man in a small plastic booth in the fume-filled Midtown Tunnel that connects Queens to Manhattan in NYC haunted me. As a kid traveling into the city from the sheltered, well-manicured lawns of Long Island to the enigmatic, cosmopolitan world of Manhattan, I couldn't help but wonder about that blue- uniformed lone figure pacing the perimeter of his plastic cage. I think he represented to some extent my fear of the world outside the comforts of my family, and the staid, small town I lived in, Rockville Centre. I have always admired writers like the New Yorker's Joseph Mitchell, who wrote about the outsiders, the denizens of the old Bowery, the ner-do-wells, the poseurs, the dandies, and the stumblebums, who make the city a both fascinating and frightened place. I always wondered as a kid if I would wind up in the middle of a metaphorical tunnel, a man in a cage, looking for the light. And I guess to some extent we all do in one-way or the other, whether we like it or not. So I thought this image would be a perfect focal point for my poetry collection, a sort of "Spoon River Anthology" that would consist of character studies of the many men and women I have met, watched and imagined in my

time across this stage. I include myself in this collection, because I have always identified with that man and I see his ghost wherever I roam. Doug Holder

Order online at Lulu.com: http://www.lulu.com/content/2651312

"Aside from being the founder, publisher, and co-editor of the prestigious and influential Ibbetson Street Press, Doug Holder writes poetry with a passion and insight that deserves prestige and influence all its own."
S. Craig Renfoe, Jr., Main Street Rag
"Holder's work is rich with textual imagery… a master poet who sees the world clearly and shares that vision generously with readers.
Laurel Johnson, Midwest Book Review
"A great poet and a Boston legend."
Joe Gouveia, host of "Poet's Corner," Provincetown radio
"I don't think I send you kudos enough because I take your magical perceptions of the ordinary, your unique take on the everyday, as something you do time and time again always in surprising ways.... from toilet to pay phones, to the fluid connection to all things human is utterly Doug Holder and there isn't anyone out there remotely doing what you do so beautifully...so dryly and always with human regard."
-Linda Larson, former editor-in-chief of Spare Change News

The Man in the Booth in the Midtown Tunnel by Doug Holder
Price: $13.00
72 pages, paper
Publication Date: June 2008 Order online at Lulu.com:
http://www.lulu.com/content/2651312

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318. **Rebecca Weaver**

email for robin tremblay-mcgaw?

Thu 19 Jun 2008

---

hello,

anyone have an email address for robin tremblay mcgaw?

if so pls. backchannel me.

thanks muchly!

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319. Doug Holder

The Man In The Booth in the Midtown Tunnel by Doug Holder

Thu 19 Jun 2008

Cervena Barva Press is pleased to announce the publication of
'The Man in the Booth in the Midtown Tunnel'
by Doug Holder

---------- -----

Here is a review from Luke Salisbury author of the award winning novel 'Hollywood and Sunset,' and a Professor of English at Bunker Hill Community College (Boston):

The Man In The Booth in The Midtown Tunnel

Doug Holder is a very funny man and a very funny poet, but his new collection is much more than funny. There's a profound seriousness in this book. Holder deals with his past and sometimes sour present. He doesn't spare us the intensity and craziness he sees and feels around him. The title poem, a very fine poem, catches the fears and wonders of a New York childhood. I also felt loneliness, fear and a tantalizing feeling of being trapped in a grown-up world riding through the Midtown Tunnel.

Another poem speaks of "A bus full of exiles." We're all on that bus and Holder doesn't let us off until we have shared his feelings of desolation and even madness everywhere from "effete ivied walls" to the wards of McLean Hospital, stopping off for some of "The Love Life Of J. Edgar Hoover (The poem is everything you hope and expect it will be –"Mother downstairs/Off her rocker"), to "Killing Time at The 99" which has the fine lines "And drink/To all/This/Loneliness/Made visible" (Great lines I think), to "hoping/there/is/still/someone/out there" when using the "Pay Phones On The Boston Common" to final observations of a "Rat's Carcass."

The collection isn't depressing. It's alive. Alive with vitality, ugliness, sadness, sex, even love. It's all here. This is Holder's best to date.

Hugh Fox (a founding editor of the Pushcart Prize):

' If Winslow Homer had written poetry this is the kind of poetry he would have written, at least before he'd been bowled over by French Impressionism, and was still Mr. Sketchman. That's what Holder is too, Mr. Sketchman, magically-realistically bringing his world right into yours:

"A skeletal man/His torso/Barely supports/A crisp white shirt --/His forehead/Violated by a jet black/Wedge of his toupee..//An old man/Pipes up/And fawns over/A prized cat/Who I think/With such/Suffocating

attention/Must be miserable,/And I drink/To all /This loneliness/Made visible." ("Killing Time at the 99).

Realistic sketches, but almost always with an underlying flow of melancholia. Which super-emphasizes the power of the sketches themselves. Never in the psychopathological abstract,he nicely identifies with the proletarian agonies, looks at the Out There and totally can splice with it and its problems: "The cars stream/Under a frozen/Catatonic/East River./And the man/in the booth/Paces the perimeter/Of his cage...//And we are/Faceless and a blur." (The Man in the Booth in the Midtown Tunnel")

You read Holder and you take a trip through the total Northeast/especially Boston mind-set as well as his own , personal, intimate world made (deeply) available to all.

Linda Lerner's Comment on:

The Man In The Book In The Midtown Tunnel by Doug Holder

The man in Doug Holder's, The Man In The Midtown Tunnel,who "Lost his face / Long ago / In a blue uniform" metaphorically becomes everyone struggling to survive in lives boxed in by a job that robs us of our humanity, by loneliness and the infirmities of aging. It is about the struggle to keep from being more than that "forgotten / Ineffectual man "who passed away on Boston's Red line subway, with passengers "On either / Side of the stretcher" watching. It is about clutching an outdated pay phone in a wireless world "hoping / there is / still / someone / out there."

In a poem about the woman who sat on the toilet for two years, Holder enables the reader to see beyond a news story, to the person stricken with inertia or fear, unable to leave a job, a marriage, a room. That is one of the strengths of a collection which once begun, you will be compelled to read straight through. We see the poet, as an intuitive boy, watching a baseball game at Shea Stadium in 1972 as "Agee / Circled the Bases / In an Arrogant / Home run...." wondering if his "Life would / Ever be / So / Clear cut....

----Linda Lerner/ Adjunct Professor of English /City College of New York

Doug Holder is above all an urban poet, an observer chronicling the everyday sights and absurdities of Somerville, Boston and New York City in plain talk flavored with cool irony and sudden startling bursts of imagery. His settings include hospital rooms, bars, coffee shops, Harvard Yard, the post office, buses and subway trains, the Boston Public Library, Shea Stadium, housing projects, city streets, and the Midtown Tunnel from Queens to Manhattan which is the location of the book's title poem. His characters are bizarre and ordinary like all of us. Several of the poems are inspired by newspaper stories— about a woman who sat on a toilet for two years in her boyfriend's apartment, about an old man

who murdered his equally aged wife, about a middle aged man who died on a subway train: “the Daily dropped/ From his hands. . . .The trains backed up/ From Cambridge to Dorchester.”

I’m reminded in the pages of this collection of meeting, a year or two before her death, the artist Alice Neel, who painted gorgeously surreal ironic portraits of famous and ordinary people in the 1930s and 40s--and shivering as she looked me over. Doug Holder looks at the world through a similarly sharp and amused set of eyes. Yet there is no malice but a profound sympathy here—for the helplessness of aging and of poverty, for physical and mental illnesses, for the complexity of family relations—and most of all, for the isolation and loneliness lurking underneath tenaciously crowded city life. In the title poem of the collection, the man in the booth in the Midtown Tunnel “paces the perimeter/ Of his cage” while outside the cars whip by: “And we are/ Faceless and a blur,/ Behind thick plates/ Of light-bleached glass.”

However, let me assure you this is not a gloomy collection of poems. There are rich nuggets of humor and wry reflection throughout this collection and, to combat the isolation of urban life, in almost every poem a relationship is forged between the observing eye and the subject of the poem. So, for example, as the speaker of the poem observes a woman nursing in a restaurant in “Private Dining Under a Blouse”:

I saw
The infant emerge
Sleeping
Held in an untroubled
Dream.

I sucked on my straw
Flattening the plastic stem
Still awake
And troubled.

A few of the poems in this collection, like the one above, segue gracefully in subject from Holder’s last book, Of All the Meals I Had Before: Poems About Food and Eating. Another is a poem toward the end of the book, “The Last Hotdog”: “She brought it/ to his sick bed,/ He bit through/ The red casing/ The familiar orgasm/ Of juice/ Hitting the roof/ Of his mouth”. And one more food-focused poem, “At the Fruit Stand,” which is about bananas and melons and grapes and is too erotic to discuss in a family publication. However, you will enjoy it. And the whole collection.

* Pamela Annas is a Professor of English at University of Massachusetts/Boston and the author of A Disturbance in Mirrors: The Poetry of Sylvia Plath.

Order online at Lulu.com: http://www.lulu.com/content/2651312

'Aside from being the founder, publisher, and co-editor of the prestigious and influential Ibbetson Street Press, Doug Holder writes poetry with a passion and insight that deserves prestige and influence all its own.'
S. Craig Renfoe, Jr., Main Street Rag
'Holder's work is rich with textual imagery... a master poet who sees the world clearly and shares that vision generously with readers.
Laurel Johnson, Midwest Book Review
'A great poet and a Boston legend.'
Joe Gouveia, host of 'Poet's Corner,' Provincetown radio
'I don't think I send you kudos enough because I take your magical perceptions of the ordinary, your unique take on the everyday, as something you do time and time again always in surprising ways.... from toilet to pay phones, to the fluid connection to all things human is utterly Doug Holder and there isn't anyone out there remotely doing what you do so beautifully...so dryly and always with human regard.'
-Linda Larson, former editor-in-chief of Spare Change News

The Man in the Booth in the Midtown Tunnel by Doug Holder
Price: $13.00
72 pages, paper
Publication Date: June 2008

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320. **steve russell**

Re: Great poems about sex or Lying?

Thu 19 Jun 2008

---

not great poems, but plenty of sex/booze & lying in any Bukowski volume. & if you'e willing to sift through 300 or more pages of boring bad poems disguished as poetry, there's usually a half dozen memorable poems. Philip Larkin's "High Windows" is another good place to look. & there you'll find great poems, poems that will be around a very long time. Someone has already mentioned "This Be The Verse." Shakespeare's Sonnets, another good place to look. I wish I could name something from memory.

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321. Sheila Murphy
from Peter Ganick
Fri 20 Jun 2008

hi folks. here's small-chapbook-project's new 'website'. hope you enjoy. i'll be posting it to spidertangle tonight. please distribute it widely. viva the power of creativity... http://scp-1-2.synthasite.com

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322. William Allegrezza
Series A reading in Chicago: Salerno and Chinquee!
Fri 20 Jun 2008

Literary Reading next Tuesday in Chicago!

Series A: Mark Salerno and Kim Chinquee read next Tuesday, June 24 at 7. The reading takes place at the Hyde Park Art Center (5020 S. Cornell) in Chicago.

BYOB.

Mark Salerno is the author, most recently, of So One Could Have (Red Hen Press). His book Method (The Figures) was a Finalist in the National Poetry Series. He is the recipient of a Fund for Poetry grant. The works in Lights Out are from a book-length poem entitled Odalisque, forthcoming from Salt Publishing in 2007.

Kim Chinquee's collection of flash fiction, OH BABY, published by Ravenna Press is available here: http://www.atlasbooks.com/ravennapress/nr.htm.

For more information, see http://moriapoetry.com/seriesa.html or e-mail me at [redacted].

Bill Allegrezza

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323. susan maurer
review copies of Susan Maurer"s MAERCHEN< Maverick Duck Press
Fri 20 Jun 2008

The editor of maverickduckpress.com is offering copies of Maerchen due out in july to anyone who can place a review. Susan Maurer
_____ The i’m Talkathon starts 6/24/08. For now, give amongst yourselves. http://www.imtalkathon.com?source=TXT_EML_WLH_LearnMore_GiveAmongst

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324. **Maria Damon**

Re: great poems about sex or lying?

Fri 20 Jun 2008

---

seems to me over 50% of poems written are abt sex or lying...

Stephen Vincent wrote:
> I am trying to figure out this query! Are your looking for sex poems performed while 'standing- up", or, non-sex poems performed while 'lying down.'
>
> Sorry if I sound possibly stupid, but I am 'positionally' confused by the question! However, if you are asking for poems which speak of lying about the quality of the sex, or lying to get sex or refuse sex, that seems to me, another question, another level of consciousness. I am sure there are multiples of all of these. My daughter threw a birthday for herself and a friend in a Karioke Club the other night. I won't attest to the quality, but the monitors were overflowing with texts for every kind of love/sex you can imagine. All the singers managed to stay somewhat standing up performance after performance without fallng into each other on the floor. A miracle I thought! (I add this on in case you are wondering where all the hot love poems -great or not - and writers of such - seem to have often gone!)
>
> Stephen V
> http://stephenvincent.net/blog/
>
>
>
> Layne Russell <[redacted]> wrote: I have a few on my site and more elsewhere, however, my poems of sex also are poems of love. Does that work for you?
>
> Layne Russell
>
>
> ----- Original Message -----
> From: Tenney Nathanson
> To: [redacted]
> Sent: Wednesday, June 18, 2008 1:58 PM
> Subject: great poems about sex or lying?
>
>

> or both!
>
> I need some.
>
> preferably accessible on the internet.
>
> thanks for suggestions,
>
> Tenney
>

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325. **Evan Munday**

Rachel Zolf wins Trillium Award for Poetry

Fri 20 Jun 2008

Hello everyone,

Coach House Books is very pleased to announce Rachel Zolf, author of Human Resources, has won the Trillium Book Award for Poetry. The Trillium Book Award for Poetry is awarded to one poetry collection in Ontario published the previous year. The winners of the 2008 Trillium Book Awards were announced by Ontario Minster of Culture Aileen Carroll at a luncheon hosted by the Ontario Media Development Corporation on Thursday, June 12.

The Trillium judges' citation:

'With biting satire and appropriate outrage, Rachel Zolf's tour de force collection examines the newspeak network of commerce, branding and the internet and pinpoints the spaces inside language where it intersects, exploits, collides, and attacks individual conscience and public consciousness. Bracing, funny, ominous, and completely original, Human Resources looks at our degraded argot from the inside, exposing its manipulations and manipulators while it urgently plots an eleventh-hour escape route.'

For more information about Human Resources, the Trillium win, and to read the text of Rachel Zolf's great acceptance speech, visit http:// www.chbooks.com.

To hear Zolf read from the award-winning book, please visit http:// writing.upenn.edu/pennsound/x/Zolf.html.

Best,

Evan

Evan Munday

Publicist
Coach House Books
401 Huron St. (rear) on bpNichol Lane
Toronto ON, M5S 2G5
[redacted]
[redacted]

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326. **Ruth Lepson**
Re: Great poems about sex or Lying?
Fri 20 Jun 2008

adrienne rich, anne sexton, muriel rukeyser, robert creeley, denise levertov

On 6/19/08 6:06 PM, "steve russell" <[redacted]> wrote:

> *not great poems, but plenty of sex/booze & lying in any Bukowski volume. & if you'e willing to sift through 300 or more pages of boring bad poems disguished as poetry, there's usually a half dozen memorable poems.*
> *Philip Larkin's "High Windows" is another good place to look. & there you'll find great poems, poems that will be around a very long time. Someone has already mentioned "This Be The Verse."*
> *Shakespeare's Sonnets, another good place to look. I wish I could name something from memory.*

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327. **Ruth Lepson**
Re: PennSound Daily
Fri 20 Jun 2008

mazel tov! & thanks for adding to our sound lives, no pun intended

On 6/19/08 8:18 PM, "Charles Bernstein" <[redacted]> wrote:

> *PennSound Daily*
> *RSS feed*
> *http://writing.upenn.edu/pennsound/daily.xml*
>
> *----*
> *http://epc.buffalo.edu/authors/bernstein/blog/index.html*

↑ Contents

328. **Jilly Dybka**
Re: great poems about sex or lying?
Fri 20 Jun 2008

http://www.bartleby.com/231/0411.html

Carl Sandburg -- The Liars

Appropriate for electioneering time haha.

Jilly

--
Jilly Dybka, WA4CZD
[redacted]

Blog: http://www.poetryhut.com/wordpress/
Jazz: http://cdbaby.com/cd/dybka
Book: http://stores.lulu.com/jilly9 (free download)

Due to Presidential Executive Orders, the National Security Agency may have read this email without warning, warrant, or notice. They may do this without any judicial or legislative oversight. You have no recourse nor protection.

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329. **Jennifer Karmin**
JOB: Warren Wilson College
Fri 20 Jun 2008

(this is a forward so please don't respond to me. good luck!)

Warren Wilson College:
The MFA Program seeks a full-time resident Director, effective June 1, 2009. The Director is the chief academic & administrative officer of the Program, & serves as the liaison among the non-residency groups (faculty, students & Academic Board) that comprise the Program, & between the Program & the residential College. The position is a full-time administrative appointment equivalent within a college structure to Division Head, & carries a concurrent appointment in the Department of English at Warren Wilson College.

Qualifications for the position include:
previous participation in the Program as a faculty member; established credentials as a writer of fiction or poetry, with book publication & national visibility; MFA in creative writing or PhD in writing/literature; at least five years teaching experience at the college level; directly applicable administrative skills & experience; a commitment to the individualized

instruction that the Program provides; the personal qualities necessary to provide leadership within the Program & to work cooperatively with other members of the Warren Wilson community.

Contact:
wwcmfasearch(at)gmail.com

Deadline:
July 1, 2008

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330. **laura oliver**

Re: great poems about sex or lying?

Fri 20 Jun 2008

---

for lie poems-what about William Carlos William's poem about the plums in the icebox? (speaker in the poem really wasn't sorry he ate them :) Kenneth Koch in his book Wishes Lies and Dreams: Teaching Children to Write Poetry, has an entire chapter of poems written by children in which the writing exercise was to tell fantastic lies!

-Laura

>> ----- Original Message -----
>> From: Tenney Nathanson
>> To: [redacted]
>> Sent: Wednesday, June 18, 2008 1:58 PM
>> Subject: great poems about sex or lying?
>>
>>
>> or both!
>>
>> I need some.
>>
>> preferably accessible on the internet.
>>
>> thanks for suggestions,
>>
>> Tenney
>>
>
>

Earn cashback on your purchases with Live Search - the search that pays you back!

http://search.live.com/cashback/?&pkw=form=MIJAAF/publ=HMTGL/crea=earncashback

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331. **Stephen Baraban**

Book Announcement from Heidi Arnold

Fri 20 Jun 2008

Heidi Arnold has asked me to post the following announcement to the List.

Orders for the book can be sent to teecnospas AT gmail DOT com

Colleagues and Friends,

the memoir written for my husband, _Silent Road, Aspen Echo_, will be
released in 150 numbered, hand lettered manuscript copies this summer. each
copy will be hand lettered, numbered and signed by the author. i do not
plan more than 150 copies and consider this a limited edition with no
reprint in future.

my funds have been cut off through varieties of governmental red tape, which
i believe is due to my human rights activism, and for which reason i am
forced to ask for pre-orders. $45. per copy. postage in addition, since i
will be in transit, postage costs will vary. expect one week from receipt
of order to the mailing of the book, unless everyone orders at the same time
in which a bit of patience will be required. paypal in most cases on
american dollars. please ask if the price is a matter of difficulty due to
artistic work on a full-time professional basis.

the memoir spans my solo trip through the U.K. and Europe in which i
journeyed immediately following my husband's death to talk to his spirit,
and honor his life, and it is the first book of a two-book

biographical set
written for him. november 2007-may 2008. the second book
will be more
historical in nature and more scholarly.

--- On Fri, 6/20/08, Sheila Murphy <[redacted]> wrote:

> *From: Sheila Murphy <[redacted]>*
> *Subject: from Peter Ganick*
> *To: [redacted]*
> *Date: Friday, June 20, 2008, 12:30 AM*
> *hi folks. here's small-chapbook-project's new*
> *'website'. hope you enjoy. i'll be posting it*
> *to spidertangle tonight. please distribute it widely.*
> *viva the power of creativity...*
> *http://scp-1-2.synthasite.com*

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332. Catherine Daly

Fwd: Poetic Research Bureau featured in Triple Canopy

Sat 21 Jun 2008

There's a tricky new online magazine that works some of the conceptual digs that magazines like Soft Targets, Cabinet and the Paul Ford-wing of Harper's Online have been staking out this century (in fact, a few of the editors have had gigs at those kindred publications). The joint is called Triple Canopy, dark nod to the private defense contractor of the same name. They've had a few recent coups, including an interview with foreign policy provacateuse Samantha Power and the first complete English translation of the Chilean novelist Roberto Bolaño's 1999 speech accepting the Rómulo Gallegos Prize.

This month in Issue #2 they feature the Poetic Research Bureau extensively, focusing on the Bureau's concern with derivate poetries and unoriginal literature. This includes contributions from the three directors (Mosconi, Shirinyan and Maxwell), and the summer issue of the quarterly PRB's Directors' Dispatch, the first of several, which may serve as seasonal statements of intent.

Triple Canopy editors will be visiting LA next weekend, June 27th - 29th, and have an Issue #2 launch at SiteLA on Friday night, plus a contributor's reading at Family Bookstore on Fairfax Sunday evening. PRB co-director Andrew Maxwell will be reading from the Literary Product Trials on Sunday at the bookstore event.

Caute, and breathe,
The Directors

(The PRB's Western Office is part of "Upper Limit Los Angeles," a curious constellation of very loosely affiliated venues that have cropped up recently in Northeast LA that host public events emphasizing conceptual, speculative and international language arts.)

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333. **Aryanil Mukherjee**

Call for book review -BOOK OPENER @ Kaurab

Sat 21 Jun 2008

KAURAB Online Translation Archive (http://www.kaurab.com/english) is about to launch an international book review series called BOOK OPENER. We invite poets, authors, anthology editors and presses to submit international poetry (in English, original and/or translation/transcreation) publications for review. The idea of this series is to present international poetry reviews. The reviewers are mostly North American poets/editors. American poetry is also welcome. We will have a limited space for canonical work.

The book review series will acommodate a wide range of review styles from conventionally academic to dandily creative. We plan to include multimedia interactions and creative co-authoring. If you wish to submit a copy of your book/anthology, please send an email to [redacted] with "BOOK OPENER-<book title>" in the subject.

If the book cannot be reviewed for reasons beyond our control we will mail it back to you.

Dana Ward
Aryanil Mukherjee
Series Editor, Book Opener
KAURAB Translation Archive

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334. **Warren Lloyd**

Re: political question

Sat 21 Jun 2008

I saw an interview today about 85 million from fundraisers held for Clinton, sponsored by individual State democratic parties 'before' Obama won the nomination, that by default, after Clinton lost, was awarded to the Democratic Party and inevitably went to Obama. This is the main cause for many of the die hard Clintonites sharp disdain, but also, I suspect, how Obama can easily "help" Hillary with her 32 million dollar debt. All of this, of course, depends on

how much spin we believe and it doesn't account for the 30 million or so left over after your calculations.

Regardless, I couldn't be more convinced of how 'right' Obama is for this county at this point. Have you read "The Audacity of Hope"???

Best for now,

Warren

"The Stars are eating"
- Artaud

--- On Thu, 6/19/08, Mark Weiss <[redacted]> wrote:

> *From: Mark Weiss <[redacted]>*
> *Subject: political question*
> *To: [redacted]*
> *Date: Thursday, June 19, 2008, 4:42 PM*
> *Obama claims 1.5 million donors, and that 90% of donations have been*
> *under $100. Assuming that tallying each donation at $100 offsets*
> *donors who have given small amounts more than once, 90% of donations*
> *equals $150 million. But Obama has received total donations of $265*
> *million, which means 10% of his donations equals $115 million. Since*
> *he's opted out of public financing for the very principled reason*
> *that he thinks he can do better, it would be good to know where all*
> *those larger donations have come from.*
>
> *I'll vote for him anyway, but he's not working real hard to make me*
> *happy about it.*
>
> *Mark*

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335. **Nicholas Karavatos**
Reading in Ukiah, CA on Thursday the 26th
Sat 21 Jun 2008

Nicholas Karavatos

THURSDAY, June 26th at 7:00pm

“Writers Read” Reading Series – hosted by Susan J. Sparrow

Colored Horse Studio
780 Waugh Lane
Ukiah, CA

http://www.coloredhorse.com/

Nicholas Karavatos
Dept of English
American University of Sharjah
PO Box 26666
Sharjah
United Arab Emirates

_____ Need to know now? Get instant answers with Windows Live Messenger.
http://www.windowslive.com/messenger/connect_your_way.html?ocid=TXT_TAGLM_WL_Refresh_messenger_062008

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336. Tenney Nathanson
please donate to POG!
Sat 21 Jun 2008

Dear POGGers and friends of POG

POG's fiscal year closes June 30, and we need roughly $ 800 in additional income to balance our annual budget.

As you know, POG has been presenting a terrific program of formally innovative poetry and multidisciplinary art in Tucson for more than a decade now. Our all-volunteer organization stays afloat from a combination of arts council grants, event admission charges, occasional fundraising events, and, significantly, individual donations.

A donation of $ 100 or more makes you a POG Patron; $ 50 makes you a Sponsor.

Please consider donating to POG in the next several days to help make our wonderful programming sustainable.

POG is a federally recognized 501(c)3 non-profit corporation; all donations are tax deductible to the extent allowed by law.

Checks payable to POG can be mailed to:

POG
5029 N Post Trail
Tucson, AZ 85750

thanks for your support of POG!

Tenney

E-mail message checked by Spyware Doctor (5.5.1.322)
Database version: 5.10090e
http://www.pctools.com/en/spyware-doctor/

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337. **CA Conrad**
Re: great poems about sex or lying?
Sat 21 Jun 2008

THE AMAZING Argentinean poet Nestor Perlongher's poem "How can we be so lovely" was recently translated into English by Steve Dolph and posted online at CALQUE, go here:

http://calquezine.blogspot.com/2008/01/nstor-perlongher-how-can-we-be-so.html

And there's always the unforgettable "PLEASE MASTER" by Allen Ginsberg.

CAConrad
http://PhillySound.blogspot.com

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338. **CA Conrad**
Re: great poems about sex or lying?
Sat 21 Jun 2008

OK, I was weird about posting my OWN sex poems here, but what the hell! If you can't TOOT your own sex horn then what's the point!?

The Night River Phoenix Died:
http://www.rockheals.com/archives/2006/08/the_night_river.html

Deviant Propulsion: http://blessedarethedeviant.blogspot.com/

the Dear Mr. President poem: http://thedearmrpresidentpoem.blogspot.com/

CAConrad
http://PhillySound.blogspot.com

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339. **Michael Heller**

Highly Recommended, a beautiful and powerful book

Sun 22 Jun 2008

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

Leaping Down to Earth is a book that displays a unique correlation between image and text in a beautifully designed, affordable format. It consists of six images each by the contemporary British artists Stephen Chambers and Tom Hammick, together with twelve poems by Robert Vas Dias which illuminate or subtly subvert the images.

The poems take as their point of departure the paintings and prints by the two artists but are not about art and don't describe the images. "The point," Vas Dias explains, "is that the formal aspects of poetry, and the way it uses language, are stimuli for my imagination to run with someone else's way of seeing things, so I end up discovering things I never knew I wanted to say."

Each poem is printed on a semi-transparent sheet over its corresponding image, displaying the integral connection between poem and picture and yet allowing each work to stand on its own. Each picture is reproduced in full colour.

The book is published by Permanent Press and Pratt Contemporary Art in two editions: a regular edition of 500 copies, square-back perfect-bound, and a special edition of 25 copies printed on Zen Pure White 150gsm and casebound in a slipcase with an original numbered and signed print made specially for the book by each artist.

Regular Edition: size: 195 x 245 mm (landscape), 32 pages, printed offset in colours. 1 July 2008. ISBN 978 0 905258 21 8. $24.

Special Edition. 1 July 2008. ISBN 978 0 905258 22 5. $1,200.

Comment on Leaping Down to Earth

The British poet Lee Harwood writes: "With forerunners such as William Carlos Williams and

Frank O'Hara, we now have the poet Robert Vas Dias working alongside the painters Stephen Chambers and Tom Hammick. The result is – beside the undeniable pictures – a collection of poems that are some of the best Vas Dias has ever written. There's a wit and liveliness to them that often makes me laugh out loud. But also more serious and moving threads weave through these poems."

The American poet and critic Michael Heller writes: "The poetry is absolutely terrific, moving, funny, scary. The poems go with the pictures but are in no way dependent on them. It is a beautiful thing, the cover, the ingenuity of the layout, and the pictures. I think this book will join a very select company of impressive poet-artist collaborations."

MORE

2

Biographies

Robert Vas Dias, an Anglo-American born in London, has published seven collections in the UK and USA, most recently in the UK with the artists Patrick Caulfield and John Wright, and his work has appeared in many magazines in both countries, including Ambit, Encounter, Ninth Decade, Oasis, Poetry Review, Shearsman, and Stand in the UK, and The Nation, The New Yorker, Partisan Review, and Poetry (Chicago) in the USA. He organised a conference on visual and text correlations for Gresham College, London, and co-curated the accompanying exhibition "Verbal inter Visual" at Central St Martins. He is a tutor with The Poetry School in London.

Stephen Chambers's work is represented in major collections internationally and in the UK, including the Arts Council of England, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, and the Victoria & Albert Museum. An artist's book, A Year of Ranting Hopelessly, was published in 2007, and a monograph on his work by Andrew Lambirth will be published this year by Unicorn Press. Chambers was elected RA in December 2005

and was invited to select work for the print and photography rooms of the 2008 RA Summer Exhibition. His work is represented by Flowers East and by Paupers Press.

Tom Hammick, painter and printmaker, has had over 40 solo shows in the UK and internationally. His work is represented in public collections, including The British Museum (Prints and Drawings), the Yale Center for British Art in New Haven, USA, The Rooms, Newfoundland, and Art Gallery Nova Scotia, as well as in many corporate collections. His paintings and prints are represented by The Eagle Gallery, London, and he also shows with Flowers East, London. His awards include the London Original Print Fair Prize at the RA Summer Exhibition in 2005 and a Jerwood Drawing Prize in 2004.

FURTHER INFORMATION AND ALL ORDERS:

Permanent Press, 5B Compton Avenue, London N1 2XD
T [redacted] 6903
E [redacted]

# # # # #

Speaking The Estranged: Essays on the Work of George Oppen (2008); Uncertain Poetries: Essays on Poets, Poetry and Poetics (2005) and Exigent Futures: New and Selected Poems (2003) available at www.saltpublishing.com, amazon.com and good bookstores. Survey of work at http://www.thing.net/~grist/ld/heller.htm Collaborations with the composer Ellen Fishman Johnson at http://www.efjcomposer.com/EFJ/Collaborations.html

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340. **Doug Holder**

Ed Galing: Poet of the Greatest Generation

Sun 22 Jun 2008

In the summer shade of the Quercus Review (number eight)—featuring Ed Galing

In the summer shade of the Quercus Review (number eight)—Review by Michael Todd Steffen

The summer edition of Quercus Review (number eight), across the country from Modesta, California, will be of interest to Boston area readers and poets and writers. Its featured poet, Ed Galing, at 90 years young, stands as a great oak of the small press, with a publishing career that spans sixty-some years. Ed is known widely to the local eyes of the nation, not least to friend and editor of the Ibbetson Street Press Doug Holder from Somerville. I became aware of Galing's work first through the Ibbetson Street web site and in the pages of Holder's Off the Shelf run weekly in the Somerville News. The featured section in Quercus gives 42 pages to Galing's work, the first four consisting of an informal essay by Doug Holder who characterizes Galing's experience as a "hardscrabble life," the poet's compositional effect a "no- bullshit, call a spade a spade style" and his poetry's turn of wit a "calculated ironic distance." It is an apt description of a craftsman's unseeming wisdom and acquired skill with words and sense and how to place them, ever so nonchalantly, as in ONE DAY IN A NURSIN HOME, in which Galing, pushing his wife in a wheelchair to the cafeteria for lunch, is asked where his is taking her, and—

i reply with a smile
i thought today we would go
into the forest, and see the
lake, and the trees, and maybe
stop in the pizza parlor…

Galing's answer here is as wry as the names of those with whom he plays cards in SENIOR CENTER—

during
lunch.
every day,
there is moe epstein,
abie weisberg, and sam
adelman, and me.

Galing's poetry bears on you to the extent that you are immersed in language. People of some age and wisdom are keenly attuned to language in a way others are not. Some of us must especially focus in order to perceive the music in what is being said. A dip of the hand does not find the resistance of wading up to your breastbone in a pool or shoreline. Galing's wit and expression are so at one with the fluency of his spirit, after these some years, the demarcations in the language, the poetry, simply breathes from him. Ed sums up the almost transparent union in his composition process:

I sit at the electric typewriter and bang them out… It is as if the poem has come to mind long before it develops on paper.

Quercus is a reputable biannual literary journal of poetry, fiction and b & w art, which has featured such names as X.J. Kennedy, Naomi Shihab Nye and Charles Harper. Their number eight, along with this generous feature of Galing's work, includes poets and writers from every direction in the United States, from Ashland, Oregon to Bristol, Rhode Island, from Houma, Louisiana to Broomfield, Colorado, not to forget poet Mary P. Chatfield from Cambridge, Massachusetts whose quiet description of waterfowl and winter ice melting on the river in "Waking" reads itself as carefully as the observation "the wing display the splashing the feathering/the reeds." The fiction section highlights Frank Arroyo's "Acceptance," written with an exquisite patience for detail and palpable ambience. Reserving the story's plot for your curiosity, I can't leave this article without quoting from Arroyo's deft descriptive style, the narrator's perceptions as a child lying in bed at night toward the end of the story:

The silence of the house turned the air around me electric. I could hear the steady hum of the refrigerator; a car slowly turning some corner, and then speeding up; the wind seemed to rise with some great force, as if the ocean had come with it, leaves crackling against the bottom of the house, the wind caught in the swaying trees, a branch tapping the roof in a steady rhythm. Outside my bedroom window, through the twisting and blurring black branches, I focused on the thick blue air of the back field, how deep and tangible it seemed because for a moment it became a dark ocean of waves rolling with the rhythm of the tapping branch, the bright windows of the distant tenement building bobbing in the waves…

For a peak at this issue of Quercus Review and ordering information go to www.quercusreview.com.

Ibbetson Update/Michael Todd Steffen/June 2008

*Michael Todd Steffen is the winner of the 2007 Ibbetson Poetry Award. Labels: Steffen on Quercus

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341. Eric Hoffman

George Oppen Big Bridge Special Feature - A Call for Submissions

Sun 22 Jun 2008

Big Bridge is seeking submissions for an upcoming feature on poet George Oppen, to celebrate the poet's centennial.

We are seeking the following: - - Critical essays (any topic - suggested topics on Oppen's late poetry, Oppen's 1950s "turn" to poetry, Oppen in the 21st century, Oppen and philosophy, Oppen's poetic and rhetorical styles, Oppen and the New Left, Oppen and feminism) (7,500-10,000 word max) - - Critical responses

to individual poems (a short 3-4 pg double spaced response to individual poem/poems, with suggested focus, but not limited to, the late poetry - titles already chosen are "The Forms of Love," "Psalm" and "Ozymandias." - - Biographical essays (any period in Oppen's life) (7,500-10,000 word max).

Further updates will be posted to this site.

Deadline 5 November 2008.

Please direct all queries/submissions to Eric Hoffman, at [redacted] Please include your full name, contact information and a short biography.

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342. Nico Vassilakis

:Crystal Curry & Nico Vassilakis: Reading in B'klyn

Mon 23 Jun 2008

Crystal Curry & Nico Vassilakis
Reading @ Unnameable Books July 8th, 8pm
+ + + +
UNNAMEABLE BOOKS
***
456 Bergen Street
Brooklyn NY 11217
[redacted]

+ + + +Crystal Curry’s chapbook LOGOTHERAPY PANT is out by Costra Nostra Editions. Her work has appeared in Denver Quarterly, Open City, Conduit, VERSE, and The Hatand is featured on-line at Wave Books' The Bedazzler. A graduate of the Iowa Writers' Workshop, Curry lives in Seattle where she helps manage a gourmet deli and studies tobe a cheesemonger. She recommends Cypress Grove Cheve's Humboldt Fog for any and all occasions. She is also a mother to six-year-old Cor Finnegan.

+ + + +Nico Vassilakis’ latest book isTEXT LOSES TIME. He co-wrote and performed a one-man play about experimental composer Morton Feldman. Vassilakis is a curator for the Subtext Reading Series. His visual poetry and videos have been shown worldwide at festivals and exhibitions of innovative language arts.

Nico Vassilakis and Crystal Curry
Harangue the Behoover

Star stations, star planets are not equine. Escapes’ intent (namely, the mechanical pencil). Intend choreography of demurs, of gestures along embankments. Entirely fogged out. Holding phlegmatic back for the right moment.

*

Or otherwise moment. Un-constellated. Un-swell. Instead, believe this as if nothing else: A hallowed hip shake in a heated speculation. So then, the aftercare & after it. Could eat it anywhere, fraught with predilection. Bought with sweet, escapes the sextant, too. And if aubergine, purge. Abandon, the city. That's the berry in you in your traveling pretty. A forest of nightshades along its starry wall. A failing idea, forgetfulness & a parlor trick, as well. To magnanimity. Two, supererogatory. Still, too terrible a sound.

*

Aspects of it confute. A sound projects, arced beyond its own event horizon. Gold lame squinched into gaps of couch cushions. A forcible thrust acquires what its opposition accepts. And so on. Nothing rose tinted on the dashboard. Spines of books hammered together. Either an acorn of next or thrown wrappers accrue. Diligent is as diligent does. Whispered across the flat. The flat miles of chaos on either side of order's street. So to put up a shingle, to announce this place open for a kind of commerce.

*

For an unabashed exchange, the rate of which is noticed exponentially. Here are the beginnings of a more glitter-covered auto. Give back the titles of everything. And awash. And awash, briskly. Now darling you have walked so far out past the stadiums & schools! A gladiola in a spatial relationship with a dial tone.

*

Spidery tarantellas on adjective foreheads. Come to pronounce boat, as vehicular echo of its cousin flounce. Where saucy emblazoned caricatures pump the other full. Walks off the curb getting hit by delight, the soundtrack. Yes, hello. The romanesque and drab interiors wont hurt. The red-tipped whine shatters glassware in the foyer. A puzzle comprised of quadrants in space. Indelible, regardless, panchromatic. French insouciance be damned. One follicle for every lusted delusion. A cold that rips through mathematics. Then humming at the counter, preparing a snack.

*

Someone has to do it. The red planet on the Real Mars. If you look very closely, you can see it's just a bunch of pools. Restraint, a cousin of the dearest thing. The dearest thing a cousin of random fucking. A hard listen toward the spycam, as if that'll. Work. Insouciance in the daylight where habitude can see its marksmen. And boat: when will all this appetite stop? In the foyer. What you want to be when you grow up. Ate all the monads. Sought dumb pieces in false heads in thoroughfares. Thought to lunge. Confounded the astronomers & the republic.

*

Dearest dawn. Conflate the maps. An extended walkabout. Charred edges for the rustic look. We, the people's we, draw blood for the convenience. Two faces speak up and out and out of the tunnel and over and over the fence and into the light. A carousel of dangling provisions out of reach. A bitten left shoulder knows. Scribes the wherewithal. A little stalin scurries. The crease lines give away that the portfolio's been dropped.

*One rears its ugliness in the darkened stalls. The takeaway blooms, spits, amasses: all this dancing, because. Two is a visitor to One's sorry maze. Tried the best posies. But the sticks. Took her wilted poses and got yoked on a train. One dimension didn't, kissed him happily and he happily ran. Oh, for the love of the hometown tumor. A tooth-sinking. In. Arms-circled embattlement. At the guillotine, finally and finely alone.

*

Robot-headed boys replaced. In case one forgets endless tethers. So jaded that jaded's jaded. And if to wait for breathiness, somehow safe to land here - you will know. All the machines spitting cannot shake jewels from their settings. To hate machines. To make them walls. So only an arm worms through. A cartoon bubble. Guillotined. First aid to the injured woman with her dress ablaze. Thimble-fisted rodents. Knockdown contusions. Lightly water-colored scenarios. Oddly better afterward. Action lines around the heart make for giggles. Two clowns robbing a bank.

*

The flames, supermost & to think through repose. Rest the rest here, meet in a largely undetermined assumed. When we like, as we like, if we should ever do. Arrest. That thing where the deer splits the porch swing in half. And with nowhere else to do it, just stood there, silently, rocking back and forth. The sunset: a perfect standalone. No ideas or words were ever actually incurred. An exception for the absurd under-lung. And the micro-self. And the serious blood.

↑ Contents

343. CA Conrad

how do we make this stop?

Mon 23 Jun 2008

Brandon Holmquest sent me this link (to an article & video) of a Memphis transsexual named Duanna Johnson being SEVERELY BEATEN AND MACED by a police officer while in custody at the station. It's OUTRAGEOUS! Click here: http://www.wmctv.com/global/story.asp?s=8515744

All over our country transsexuals are treated like this, even in Philadelphia where the MURDER of Erika Keels STILL TO THIS DAY remains on the record as an accident! Erika (let us NEVER EVER FORGET) had just celebrated her 21st birthday when she was forcefully ejected from the car on North Broad Street and run over four times. The medical examiner's report confirms witness statements that in fact she was run over four times, yet the police allowed her murderer Rolland Buttons to go free. Buttons is STILL free, and when many of us gathered to protest, the chief organizers of the protest were literally run out of town.

"What would kari edwards think?" I think when watching this video of Duanna Johnson's beating? kari's blog was a BLOODBATH of information just like this. No one culled the brutality against transsexuals in such a way, and in doing so kari let us see JUST HOW BLOOD THIRSTY the world is to harm this inimitable and invaluable part of our human community. Click on http://transdada.blogspot.com/ to see kari's blog. And on the sidebar are her other two blogs you'll want to check out as well.

I'm so SICK from watching this video. And it makes me think of kari, and how much I miss her. And makes me think of Poodles, Patches, Lily, and SO MANY OTHERS who died of AIDS, suicide, and murder since I moved to Philadelphia in 1986. My good friend Marie Fontini and I went to drag show memorials for drag queens who were shot and killed by skinheads at the corner of 12th & Spruce, and none of these murders were ever solved.

When I was a kid fresh on the scene here in Philly, it was the drag queens living in my building who took me under their wing, gave me advice, showed me how to have your eyes all around you when walking the streets. They were these older, wise goddesses, elegant, and like no one I had ever met, and most of them are now gone because they didn't see the bullets coming, or, or whatever else. But I feel a stronger, more beautiful person for having known them.

It's sad, and shakes me up when I realize how sanctioned such brutality appears to be!

CAConrad
http://PhillySound.blogspot.com <http://phillysound.blogspot.com/>

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344. Hot Whiskey Press

Dana Ward, Jess Mynes, Michael Carr (Friday in Chicago)

Mon 23 Jun 2008

Saturday June 27, 7:30PM
Poetry and Prints #2
Viva Small Press!

Dana Ward
Jess Mynes
Michael Carr

At Spudnik Press
847 N Paulina
Chicago, Il 60622
[redacted]
[redacted]

Their work will be presented alongside a smattering of work printed at Spudnik Press during the first year of Spudnik Press' existence. Artists include but are not limited to Wrik Repasky, Angee Lennard, Glen Hendricks, Lilli Carre, and work from students of previous classes.

Bios below:

Dana Ward is the author of most recently The Wrong Tree (Dusie, 2007), & Goodnight Voice (House Press, 2008). He lives in Cincinnati where he edits Cy Press.

http://brooklynrail.org/2008/04/poetry/le-cupcake-castaway

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Jess Mynes is the author of Birds for Example, Coltsfoot Insularity (a collaboration with Aaron Tieger), In(ex)teriors, and Full on Jabber (a collaboration with Christopher Rizzo). He is the editor of Fewer & Further Press. In 2008, his If and When (Katalanche Press), Sky Brightly Picked (Skysill Press), Recently Clouds, and a second edition of In(ex)teriors (Anchorite Press) will be published. He lives in Wendell, MA where he co curates a reading series, All Small Caps. His poems have appeared in numerous publications.

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aPQ6aKbcejY

http://www.shampoopoetry.com/ShampooTwentyfive/mynes.html

http://www.h-ngm-n.com/h_ngm_n-5/Jen-Tynes-on-3-chapbooks.html

http://www.inblogs.net/humanverb/2007/05/originally-published-in-rain-taxi-vol_14.html

http://www.pastsimple.org/ps3jmynes.html

http://carvepoems.org/inex.pdf

Michael Carr is the author of Softer White (House Press, 2007) and Platinum Blonde (Fewer & Further, 2006). He edited a manuscript journal of John Wieners' called A book of PROPHECIES, which was published in 2007 by Bootstrap Productions. He co-edits Katalanché Press and lives in Cambridge, Mass.

"Platinum Blonde" (Fewer & Further Press, 2006)
http://fewfurpressplatinum.blogspot.com

Kevin Killian on "Platinum Blonde"
http://www.thirdfactory.net/attentionspan2006p4.html#kk

"Softer White" (House Press, 2007)
http://housepress.blogspot.com/2007/05/softer-white_8884.html

Katalanché Press (Cambridge, MA)
http://katalanchepress.blogspot.com

Occasional Poeming blog:
http://softerwhite.blogspot.com

John Wieners, "A book of PROPHECIES" (Boostrap Press, 2007)
http://www.bootstrapproductions.org/catalog/books/bop.html

Ron Silliman on "A book of PROPHECIES"
http://ronsilliman.blogspot.com/2008/01/book-of-prophecies-latest-posthumous.html

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Hot Whiskey Press
www.hotwhiskeyblog.blogspot.com
www.hotwhiskeypress.com

↑ Contents

345. **David Chirot**

Book Review - 'Rising, Falling, Hovering,' by C. D. Wright - Review - NYTimes.com

Mon 23 Jun 2008

---

http://www.nytimes.com/2008/06/22/books/review/Brouwer-t.html?_r=1&ref=books&oref=login---

C.D. Wright continues to develop a very interesting and unique activity in poetry of what the Existential era knew as "l'ecrivain engage"--

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346. **Barrett Watten**
Grand Piano 6 has arrived!
Mon 23 Jun 2008

Writing as event! Announcing

THE GRAND PIANO, PART 6

An Experiment in Collective Autobiography, San Francisco, 1975-1980. Part 6, by Ron Silliman, Steve Benson, Bob Perelman, Kit Robinson, Barrett Watten, Lyn Hejinian, Carla Harryman, Rae Armantrout, Ted Pearson, and Tom Mandel.

http://www.english.wayne.edu/fac_pages/ewatten/images/homepage/gp6front.jpg

"A vital contribution to the collective memory of the poetry of that period.... The relationship of the individual to the society and its intermediate institutions, such as the Grand Piano readings, is relevant to any thoughtful analysis of the place of poetry writing and production today." —James Sherry, Jacket 34 (http://jacketmagazine.com/34/sherry-piano3.shtml)

"The collective autobiographers are less interested in revising the past and more interested in using the narratives of their history to further contextualize the complex poetics and communal history of that poetics for the future...to nurture an arena of possibilities where ideas can be exchanged." —Rob Fitterman, “Futuring The Grand Piano”

"The Grand Piano is itself a veering off and an investigation and a playing or experimenting with the materials of language, history, textuality, and temporality, the personal and political, poetry and community.... There is an abundance to linger over in The Grand Piano even as and perhaps because of the large gaps and contradictions." —Robin Tremblay-McGaw, How2 (http://www.asu.edu/pipercwcenter/how2journal/vol_3_no_2/alerts/mcgaw.html)

Copies of single volumes may be ordered from Small Press Distribution, Inc. Subscription to The Grand Piano (ten volumes, at quarterly intervals, beginning with parts 1–6), is available; partial subscriptions starting from #2 are $80; from #3, for $70; from #4, for $60, from #5, $50; from #6, $40, etc. Send order form and check for $90 made out to Lyn Hejinian, 2639 Russell Street, Berkeley, CA 94705.

Order forms (color or b&w) may be downloaded at:

http://www.english.wayne.edu/fac_pages/ewatten/pdfs/gp6order.pdf
http://www.english.wayne.edu/fac_pages/ewatten/pdfs/gp6orderbw.pdf

Designed and published by Barrett Watten, Mode A/This Press (Detroit), 6885 Cathedral Drive, Bloomfield Twp., MI 48301. Distributed (individual orders and

trade) by Small Press Distribution, Inc., 1341 Seventh Street, Berkeley, CA 94710-1408 (http://www.spdbooks.org/SearchResults.asp?Title=The+Grand+Piano&Author=&Subtitle=&submit=Search).

http://www.thegrandpiano.org

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347. Barrett Watten

*Michael Davidson's *Concerto for the Left Hand**

Mon 23 Jun 2008

Michael Davidson's collection of essays on the poetics of disability, "Concerto for the Left Hand: Disability and the Defamiliar Body," is now out from University of Michigan Press, and can be ordered at:

http://www.press.umich.edu/titleDetailDesc.do;jsessionid=00B43A7355534F6F727B9C5E7497B6F1?id=286540

I'm particularly looking forward to seeing his chapter on Larry Eigner, "Missing Larry," in this volume, as well as Davidson's larger thesis on the relation between disability and the cultural discourse of "abledness."

***** Concerto for the Left Hand is at the cutting edge of the expanding field of disability studies, offering a wide range of essays that investigate the impact of disability across various art forms---including literature, performance, photography, and film. Rather than simply focusing on the ways in which disabled persons are portrayed, Michael Davidson explores how the experience of disability shapes the work of artists and why disability serves as a vital lens through which to interpret modern culture. Covering an eclectic range of topics---from the phantom missing limb in film noir to the poetry of American Sign Language---this collection delivers a unique and engaging assessment of the interplay between disability and aesthetics.

*****

Barrett Watten

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348. Poetics List

From the Poetics List Editorial Board -- June 2008: Refocused List Policy

Mon 23 Jun 2008

Dear Poetics List Members,

In line with our editorial focus, we do not automatically post submissions but select those we think are most useful for sustaining this online community. We appreciate all submissions, but will be more selective in what we choose to post. Queries for contact info, messages intended for just a few subscribers, messages that are not on topic, "flame" messages, and free-standing personal poems or journal entries will, in general, not be forwarded to the list.

Sincerely,

Charles Bernstein, Julia Bloch, Lori Emerson, Amy King, Joel Kuszai, Nick Piombino

~~~~

The Poetics List

Sponsored by: The Electronic Poetry Center (SUNY-Buffalo/University of Pennsylvania) and the Regan Chair (Department of English, Penn) & Center for Programs in Contemporary Writing (Penn)

Poetics List Editor: Amy King

Poetics List Editorial Board:
Charles Bernstein, Julia Bloch, Lori Emerson, Amy King, Joel Kuszai,
Nick Piombino

Note: this Welcome message is also available at the EPC/@Buffalo page

Poetics Subscription Registration (required)
poetics.list --at -- gmail.com

Poetics Subscription Requests:
http://listserv.acsu.buffalo.edu/archives/poetics.html

Poetics Listserv Archive:
http://listserv.acsu.buffalo.edu/archives/poetics.html
Poetics Post:
[redacted]

Note that any correspondence sent to the Poetics List administration account takes about ten days, for response; mail to this account is checked about once per week.

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
~~~~

June 2008: Refocused List Policy

In line with our editorial focus, we do not automatically post submissions but select those we think are most useful for sustaining this online community. We appreciate all submissions, but will be more selective in what we choose to post. Queries for contact info, messages intended for just a few subscribers, messages that are not on topic, "flame" messages, and free-standing personal poems or journal entries will, in general, not be forwarded to the list.

1. Posting to the List

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 doing what is necessary to preserve this space for such dialog.

subscribers. All messages are reviewed by the editors in keeping with the goals of the list as articulated in this Welcome Message. The listserv is intended to be a productive communal space for discussion and announcements; as such, subscribers who do not follow listserv policy will be removed from the subscription roll.

Please note that this list is primarily concerned with discussions of poetry and poetics. 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 or 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.

The Poetics List is not a forum for a general discussion of poetry or for the exchange of poems. Queres for contact info, messages intended for just a few subscribers, "flame" messages, and free-standing personal poems or journal entries will, in general, not be forwarded to the list.

Also, please note that the Poetics List is not a "chat" list and we discourage the posting of very short messages intended for only a few subscribers. Personal queries and off-topic submissions will not be posted.

Send messages directly to the list address: [redacted].

2. About the Poetics List

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

With the preceding epigraph, the Poetics Listserv was founded by Charles Bernstein in late 1993. Now in its fourth incarnation, the list has over 1500 subscribers worldwide. We also have a substantial number of nonsubscribing readers, who access the list through our web site (see archive URL above).

Due to the high number of subscribers, we no longer maintain the open format with which the list began (at under 100 subscribers).

Please also note that this is a not a general interest poetry list and information about this list should not be posted to directories of poetry lists. The idea is to keep the list membership to those with specific engagement related to the list's stated orientation.

In addition to being archived through the EPC and at the UB Listerv archive, some posts to Poetics (especially reviews, obituary notices, announcements, etc.) may also become part of specific EPC subject areas.

Note also that Roof Books published Joel Kuszai's edited collection of the Poetics List; this is available from ROOF and also online at the EPC.

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 us at poetics.list --at -- gmail.com, 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 frorm 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] this one-line message with no "subject":

*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 old address, then resubscribe with your new email address.

6. Cautions

In moderating this list, the editors must consider sometimes competing interests. The basis for our decisions, however, rests with our collective judgment about the kind of space we want for the list.

All posts not only go out to list subscribers but also become a public part of the list archive on the web. Note that posting to the list is a form of publication and that by sending your message to the list you formally consent to such web publication. Posts are currently being indexed by search engines such as Google. It is not possible for us to remove posts from the list archive or to control search engine indexing of these posts.

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.

All material on the Poetics List remains the property of the authors; before you reproduce this material, in whole or in part, we ask that you get permission (by email is fine) from the authors. If they give permission, then we ask only that

you say that the post or posts appeared originally on the Poetics List Used by permission of the author.

Note: Private correspondence via email and letters are always (c) the author and may not be reproduced in whole or in part without the written permission of the author. As a general rule, we will not publish posts that include such material unless they indicate that permission has been given.

We request that posters limit the number of posts they send to the list on any given day. Given that our goal is a manageable list (manageable both for moderators and subscribers), the list accepts 75 or fewer messages per day, though these paramenters may be changed at the discretion of the list moderator.

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 editors at <[redacted]>.

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349. **Mark Weiss**
off to the east
Mon 23 Jun 2008

I'll be off-list and traveling until October 1. First stop the SoundEye Festival in Cork, Ireland, July 3-6. I'll be reading on the 3rd. Have a good summer.

Mark

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350. **Mackowski, Joanie (mackowje)**
Re: political question
Mon 23 Jun 2008

Hi Mark,

It is a lot of money and mind boggling, especially for us poets, but my understanding is that it's a transparent system and that info about Obama's funding sources is readily available. The money does add up quick; for a while, Obama was getting over one million dollars a day in donations. But let me point to some figures and websites that may offer clarification:

A watchdog group called Open Secrets posts a basic funraising breakdown for Obama:
http://www.opensecrets.org/pres08/summary.php?cid=N00009638&cycle=2008)

Some basic info: individuals are limited to giving $2300 per election cycle, which equalls $4600 a year ($2300 for primary season, $2300 for the general election).

And according to Open Secrets:

141,658 people have given Obama more than $200 total. But 45% of these gave less than $200 at a time; he's been good about getting people to give small donations two or more times. 28,215 people have given Obama the $2,300 max per cycle, and 2,652 people have given him the $4,600 max. That leaves a lot of people who've given him anywhere between $5 and $199 dollars. And the 1.5 million donor number is verified by independent sources.

Here, for example, is a chart, from Open Secrets, calculting donations to Obama *not* from these organizations per se, but the total $ given by individuals at these organizations:

Goldman Sachs $571,330
University of California $437,236
UBS AG $364,806
JPMorgan Chase & Co $362,207
Citigroup Inc $358,054
National Amusements Inc $320,750
Lehman Brothers $318,647
Google Inc $309,514
Harvard University $309,025
Sidley Austin LLP $294,245
Skadden, Arps et al $270,013
Time Warner $262,677
Morgan Stanley $259,876
Jones Day $250,725
Exelon Corp $236,211
University of Chicago $218,857
Wilmerhale LLP $218,680
Latham & Watkins $218,615
Microsoft Corp $209,242
Stanford University $195,262

Also, the Huffington Post has something called Fundrace where you can search by name, zip code, and profession to see who has given to each candidate and how much. Huffington Post also highlights celebrities and corporate donors.

Well, happy hunting, and thanks for bringing this up. I think it's natural to get suspicious of the outrageous sums required to attain public office in this country, but again it's my understanding that independent sources are pubicly verifying and accounting for the sources of Obama's funds.

Joanie

.....
Joanie Mackowski, PhD
Assistant Professor
English & Comparative Literature
University of Cincinnati
PO Box 210069
Cincinnati, OH 45221-0069
Tel. 513/[redacted]
Fax 513/[redacted]
[redacted]
http://homepages.uc.edu/~mackowje

-----Original Message-----
From: UB Poetics discussion group [mailto:[redacted]]
On Behalf Of Mark Weiss
Sent: Thursday, June 19, 2008 4:43 PM
To: [redacted]
Subject: political question

Obama claims 1.5 million donors, and that 90% of donations have been under $100. Assuming that tallying each donation at $100 offsets donors who have given small amounts more than once, 90% of donations equals $150 million. But Obama has received total donations of $265 million, which means 10% of his donations equals $115 million. Since he's opted out of public financing for the very principled reason that he thinks he can do better, it would be good to know where all those larger donations have come from.

I'll vote for him anyway, but he's not working real hard to make me happy about it.

Mark

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351. **eric unger**

Mynes, Carr, and Ward in Chicago this Friday

Mon 23 Jun 2008

POETRY & PRINTS #2

Friday June 27, 7:30PM
Poetry and Prints #2
Viva Small Press!

Dana Ward
Jess Mynes
Michael Carr

At Spudnik Press
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Their work will be presented alongside a smattering of work printed at Spudnik Press during the first year of Spudnik Press' existence. Artists include but are not limited to Wrik Repasky, Angee Lennard, Glen Hendricks, Lilli Carre, and work from students of previous classes.

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http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aPQ6aKbcejY

http://www.shampoopoetry.com/ShampooTwentyfive/mynes.html

http://www.h-ngm-n.com/h_ngm_n-5/Jen-Tynes-on-3-chapbooks.html

http://www.inblogs.net/humanverb/2007/05/originally-published-in-rain-taxi-vol_14.html

http://www.pastsimple.org/ps3jmynes.html

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Michael Carr is the author of Softer White (House Press, 2007) and Platinum Blonde (Fewer & Further, 2006). He edited a manuscript journal of John Wieners' called A book of PROPHECIES, which was published in 2007 by

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Kevin Killian on "Platinum Blonde"
http://www.thirdfactory.net/attentionspan2006p4.html#kk

"Softer White" (House Press, 2007)
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Katalanché Press (Cambridge, MA)
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Occasional Poeming blog:
http://softerwhite.blogspot.com

John Wieners, "A book of PROPHECIES" (Boostrap Press, 2007)
http://www.bootstrapproductions.org/catalog/books/bop.html

Ron Silliman on "A book of PROPHECIES"
http://ronsilliman.blogspot.com/2008/01/book-of-prophecies-latest-posthumous.html

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352. **Michael Tod Edgerton**

Re: Book Review - 'Rising, Falling, Hovering,' by C. D. Wright - Review - NYTimes.com

Mon 23 Jun 2008

Yes, C. D. is amazing. My respect for her as a person and a writer/mind-in-the-world continues to grow. Too bad Brouwer flaunted his own limitations with the dismissive phrase, "egghead experiments of the Language poets". I don't even necessarily disagree, entirely, that "coldly/dryly intellectual" might not be a valid criticism of some of the work that goes by "Language poetry," depending on which work by which Language poet we're talking about, but the utterly unqualified, drive-by generalization reflects very poorly on him. Where's a good editor when you need one? A minor point, though. I'm glad C. D.'s getting this level of attention; she deserves it as much as anyone, I think, and more so than most who get it.

Cheers,
Tod

_____ Michael Tod Edgerton
MFA '06 Literary Arts
Brown University

Doctoral Student
English and Creative Writing
University of Georgia
[redacted]

"The meaning of certainty is getting burned. Though truth will still escape us, we must put our hands on bodies. Staying safe is a different death, the instruments of defense eating inward without evening out the score." - Rosmarie Waldrop, Lawn of Excluded Middle

----- Original Message ----
From: David Chirot <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Monday, June 23, 2008 9:24:50 AM
Subject: Book Review - 'Rising, Falling, Hovering,' by C. D. Wright - Review - NYTimes.com

http://www.nytimes.com/2008/06/22/books/review/Brouwer-t.html?_r=1&ref=books&oref=login---

C.D. Wright continues to develop a very interesting and unique activity in poetry of what the Existential era knew as "l'ecrivain engage"--

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353. Hot Whiskey Press

CORRECTION Dana Ward, Jess Mynes, Michael Carr (Friday in Chicago)

Mon 23 Jun 2008

Sorry my peoples. The event is on FRIDAY June 27, 7:30PM
Michael

Friday June 27, 7:30PM
Poetry and Prints #2
Viva Small Press!

Dana Ward
Jess Mynes
Michael Carr

At Spudnik Press
847 N Paulina
Chicago, Il 60622
[redacted]
[redacted]

Their work will be presented alongside a smattering of work printed at Spudnik Press during the first year of Spudnik Press' existence. Artists include but are not limited to Wrik Repasky, Angee Lennard, Glen Hendricks, Lilli Carre, and work from students of previous classes.

Bios below:

Dana Ward is the author of most recently The Wrong Tree (Dusie, 2007), & Goodnight Voice (House Press, 2008). He lives in Cincinnati where he edits Cy Press.

http://brooklynrail.org/2008/04/poetry/le-cupcake-castaway

http://www.dusie.org/THE%20WRONG%20TREE1.pdf

Jess Mynes is the author of Birds for Example, Coltsfoot Insularity (a collaboration with Aaron Tieger), In(ex)teriors, and Full on Jabber (a collaboration with Christopher Rizzo). He is the editor of Fewer & Further Press. In 2008, his If and When (Katalanche Press), Sky Brightly Picked (Skysill Press), Recently Clouds, and a second edition of In(ex)teriors (Anchorite Press) will be published. He lives in Wendell, MA where he co curates a reading series, All Small Caps. His poems have appeared in numerous publications.

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aPQ6aKbcejY

http://www.shampoopoetry.com/ShampooTwentyfive/mynes.html

http://www.h-ngm-n.com/h_ngm_n-5/Jen-Tynes-on-3-chapbooks.html

http://www.inblogs.net/humanverb/2007/05/originally-published-in-rain-taxi-vol_14.html

http://www.pastsimple.org/ps3jmynes.html

http://carvepoems.org/inex.pdf

Michael Carr is the author of Softer White (House Press, 2007) and Platinum Blonde (Fewer & Further, 2006). He edited a manuscript journal of John Wieners' called A book of PROPHECIES, which was published in 2007 by Bootstrap Productions. He co-edits Katalanché Press and lives in Cambridge, Mass.

"Platinum Blonde" (Fewer & Further Press, 2006)
http://fewfurpressplatinum.blogspot.com

Kevin Killian on "Platinum Blonde"
http://www.thirdfactory.net/attentionspan2006p4.html#kk

"Softer White" (House Press, 2007)
http://housepress.blogspot.com/2007/05/softer-white_8884.html

Katalanché Press (Cambridge, MA)
http://katalanchepress.blogspot.com

Occasional Poeming blog:
http://softerwhite.blogspot.com

John Wieners, "A book of PROPHECIES" (Boostrap Press, 2007)
http://www.bootstrapproductions.org/catalog/books/bop.html

Ron Silliman on "A book of PROPHECIES"
http://ronsilliman.blogspot.com/2008/01/book-of-prophecies-latest-posthumous.html

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Hot Whiskey Press
www.hotwhiskeyblog.blogspot.com
www.hotwhiskeypress.com

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Hot Whiskey Press
www.hotwhiskeyblog.blogspot.com
www.hotwhiskeypress.com

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354. **Ryan Daley**

Re: Book Review - 'Rising, Falling, Hovering,' by C. D. Wright - Review - NYTimes.com

Mon 23 Jun 2008

Tod,

I totally agree. I found the review to be dismissive and in the tone of "this poem stuff is funner when it's not Languagey."

-Ryan

On Mon, Jun 23, 2008 at 12:35 PM, Michael Tod Edgerton
<[redacted]> wrote:
> Yes, C. D. is amazing. My respect for her as a person and a writer/mind-in-the-world continues to grow. Too bad Brouwer flaunted his own limitations with the dismissive phrase, "egghead experiments of the Language poets". I don't even necessarily disagree, entirely, that "coldly/dryly intellectual" might not be a valid criticism of some of the work that goes by "Language poetry," depending on which work by which Language poet we're talking about, but the utterly unqualified, drive-by generalization reflects very poorly on him. Where's a good editor when you need one? A minor point, though. I'm glad C. D.'s getting this level of attention; she deserves it as much as anyone, I think, and more so than

most who get it.
>
> Cheers,
> Tod
>
> _____ Michael Tod Edgerton
> MFA '06 Literary Arts
> Brown University
> ----
> Doctoral Student
> English and Creative Writing
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> [redacted]
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355. **Nigel Beale**

Audio Interview with Jaap Blonk: The difference between Sound and Traditional Poetry by Nigel Beale

Mon 23 Jun 2008

Jaap Blonk is a self-taught composer, vocal performer and sound poet.

As a vocalist, Blonk has performed around the globe exciting audiences with his powerful stage presence and childlike improvisation. Live electronics have over the years extended the scope and range of his concerts. Besides working as a soloist, he has collaborated with many musicians and ensembles, including Maja Ratkje, Mats Gustafsson, Nicolas Collins, Joan La Barbara, The Ex, the Netherlands Wind Ensemble and the Ebony Band. He was the founder and leader of the long-standing bands Splinks (modern jazz, 1983-1999) and BRAAXTAAL (avant-rock, 1987-2005).

We talk here about the noises humans make that aren't words, how important they are in communication, and the way sound poetry utilizes them; about meaning found in intonation and getting booed, the pleasure of inventing structures, Dadaism and the breaking of rules, Johnny Van Doorn and A Bridge too Far, the international phonetic alphabet, pitch, timber and the best English language sound poets. Listen, and brace yourself for the recital of a sonnet Jaap wrote in honour of Van Doorn.

Please listen here:

http://nigelbeale.com/?p=975

Thank you.

Nigel Beale
Writer, Broadcaster, Bibliophile
306-21 Durham Private
Ottawa, ON
K1M 2H8

Tel: [redacted]

email: [redacted]
internet: www.nigelbeale.com

Nigel Beale is a writer/broadcaster who specializes in literary journalism. In his role as host of The Biblio File he has interviewed Nobel, Man Booker, IMPAC, and many other Award and Prize winning authors; plus publishers, booksellers, editors, book collectors, librarians, conservators, illustrators...

" I never desire to converse with a man who has written more than he has read. " Samuel Johnson

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356. **Mary Jo Malo**
Celan, Heidegger, Todtnauberg, Pierre Joris, James K. Lyon
Mon 23 Jun 2008

Is anyone knowledgeable, interested, or able to recommend any links to complement my recent reading of the following? I have yet to read James K. Lyon's book and wonder if Pierre Joris has offered his opinion and/or altered his own translation of "Todtnauberg." Thanks in advance.

Translation At The Mountain Of Death
http://writing.upenn.edu/epc/authors/joris/todtnauberg.html

Celan and France, Six Poems
http://www.usyd.edu.au/contretemps/contretemps2.html

Paul Celan and Martin Heidegger: An Unresolved Conversation
http://books.google.com/books?id=vB_Tv7A9oI8C#reviews_anchor

Mary Jo Malo
--
http://thisshiningwound.blogspot.com/
http://apophisdeconstructingabsurdity.blogspot.com/

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357. **Troy Camplin**
Re: Celan, Heidegger, Todtnauberg, Pierre Joris, James K. Lyon
Mon 23 Jun 2008

WIsh I did, but thanks for the links. I wasn't aware of the connection between Heidegger and Celan. That book sounds quite interesting. Especially in light of the verse play I wrote on the relationship among Heidegger, Jaspers, Sartre, de Beauvoir and Camus. I'm always interested in the dialogues among philosophers and artists.

Troy Camplin

----- Original Message ----
From: Mary Jo Malo <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Monday, June 23, 2008 3:51:39 PM
Subject: Celan, Heidegger, Todtnauberg, Pierre Joris, James K. Lyon

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Mary Jo Malo
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358. **Stephen Vincent**

The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Mon 23 Jun 2008

Sometimes I read a lyric poem - singular or serial - and I am struck by two contrary reading experiences. On one hand, I am taken by a poem's structure, the attention of the poet, the technique, tone, etc, - how forcefully these combinations impel themselves on to the page. I am totally present with the process, and the momentary totality of the poem's object, its presence. I am with it - which means to say its particulars have become an assured presence within the immediate horizons of my take (world) as a reader.

Yet, on the other hand, the poem(s), no matter how solid its occurrence in my imagination, critical presence, etc. is soon gone, particularly as I move on to the works of others, or shift my awareness to, say, the television, the inevitable perk and threnody of the news, its repetitions and cycles.

And, in terms of the lyric poem as an experience in reading - no matter how present it was - - becomes such a fleeting thing without much bearing on what's left of either my private or public space. What is that that 'thing' that caught me and then flew by? Why does much work - much of it good, and, certainly, labor intensive - fly by with but a transitional, momentary effect? Whatever act or frame could make that pleasure more concrete, an enduring, significant presence, a constantly returnable project & gift?? (Perhaps, obviously. that is part of the poet's job, too).

I suspect we know that's the job of a critical community - to maximize the public presence and circulation of a work or works. To review a person's work,

to secure (ideally) our attention. And, no doubt, the importance of academic institutions. To insist students write critical papers, memorize, and/or improv new works off the work of others - to insure that a work secure a place, a point of memory in the young, as well as older persons. And, for those of us outside institutions, to resist and confront the the sense of erasure that inevitably haunts those of us who live, read, write and work not 'at the margins', but in locations that require a different sense of critical reception and measure.

Without this surrounding labor of critical community, so many often extraordinarily fine lyric poems - let alone larger forms. - end up fleeting around, or become paralysed in a kind of statuary limbo. They may vibrantly appear in a small publication, then disappear as readily. For the poet it takes a fierce stubbornness to put up with can appear as an almost instant annihilation or a perennial sense of being 'not quite dead on arrival.'

The reason I write this is that I became quite aware of this condition whitle reading some quite fine books that have come my way to review. Recent intriguing good works by Peter Manson, George Albon, Joseph Noble, Tyrone Williams, Tim Atkins - all guys (I realize), but, indeed, a mix of sexual, ethnic and national persuasions, yet each (most at mid-life, I think) working various lyric, experimental edges. They are among many, obviously both men and women, out in the field of combatting limited attention to their work,each working the language to scrape out (sing, whatever), a non- familiar truth in fresh, demanding and/or startling ways. As I begin to write these various or combined reviews I remain struck by the ambition and struggle to make a work find its location in a contemporay landscape that is mostly either oppositional or,most likely. oblivious to an enterprise that - as both poet and reader - I, if not most of us, totally support.

Proportionately, without wanting to sound one bit self-piteous (because the work can bring such joy and critical pleasure) Sisyphus might appear to have had it relatively good! In this nation (USA), where Executive (Cheney. Bush. etc.) management has done nothing but produce a national paralysis of the imagination (it's nasty girim and impotent, to be both obvious and frank). Without sounding like a 'draino liberal' (I hope), I think its absolutely essential to do whatever we can (in community, critcially, creatively, etc.) to vigorously support the efforts of both poets and poems (lyric and otherwise) to continue to rise and take hold in the public realm - and take form in the pleasure and combat of that. Otherwise we be in for a long, thirsty time! So yes, I am writing my reviews. You, too?

Stephen Vincent
_http://stephenvincent.net/blog/

Where, if you have missed it so far, you can still visit my travels with Charles Olson - and then some - in the Yucatan.

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359. **Daniel Zimmerman**
Re: political question
Mon 23 Jun 2008

Intreresting, Warren. I wonder whether Hillary declined to accept federal funding. If not, that might marginally
compromise Barack's pledge to refuse such funds. In that case, I would hope he would take any federal money
that Hillary accepted and pay off her debts with it, then return the balance to the feds. I haven't read "The
Audacity of Hope," though I hope to; he has me convinced without it, though. We need a Hawkeye Pierce
for triage now.

~ Dan Zimmerman

----- Original Message -----
From: "Warren Lloyd" <[redacted]>
To: <[redacted]>
Sent: Saturday, June 21, 2008 1:05 PM
Subject: Re: political question

> *I saw an interview today about 85 million from fundraisers held for Clinton, sponsored by individual State democratic parties 'before' Obama won the nomination, that by default, after Clinton lost, was awarded to the Democratic Party and inevitably went to Obama. This is the main cause for many of the die hard Clintonites sharp disdain, but also, I suspect, how Obama can easily "help" Hillary with her 32 million dollar debt. All of this, of course, depends on how much spin we believe and it doesn't account for the 30 million or so left over after your calculations.*
>
> *Regardless, I couldn't be more convinced of how 'right' Obama is for this county at this point. Have you read "The Audacity of Hope"???*
>
> *Best for now,*
>
> *Warren*

> *"The Stars are eating"*
> *- Artaud*
>
> *--- On Thu, 6/19/08, Mark Weiss <[redacted]> wrote:*
>
> *From: Mark Weiss <[redacted]>*
> *Subject: political question*
> *To: [redacted]*
> *Date: Thursday, June 19, 2008, 4:42 PM*
> *Obama claims 1.5 million donors, and that 90% of donations have been*
> *under $100. Assuming that tallying each donation at $100 offsets*
> *donors who have given small amounts more than once, 90% of donations*
> *equals $150 million. But Obama has received total donations of $265*
> *million, which means 10% of his donations equals $115 million. Since*
> *he's opted out of public financing for the very principled reason*
> *that he thinks he can do better, it would be good to know where all*
> *those larger donations have come from.*
>
> *I'll vote for him anyway, but he's not working real hard to make me*
> *happy about it.*
>
> *Mark*

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360. **Tom Orange**

Book Review - 'Rising, Falling, Hovering,' by C. D. Wright - Review - NYTimes.com

Tue 24 Jun 2008

guys, sadly this is more the rule than the exception with the nytimes book review...

tom

Date: Mon, 23 Jun 2008 15:25:57 -0400
From: Ryan Daley <[redacted]>
Subject: Re: Book Review - 'Rising, Falling, Hovering,' by C. D. Wright - Review - NYTimes.com

Tod,

I totally agree. I found the review to be dismissive and in the tone of "this poem stuff is funner when it's not Languagey."

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> Yes, C. D. is amazing. My respect for her as a person and a writer/mind-in-the-world continues to grow. Too bad Brouwer flaunted his own limitations with the dismissive phrase, "egghead experiments of the Language poets". I don't even necessarily disagree, entirely, that "coldly/dryly intellectual" might not be a valid criticism of some of the work that goes by "Language poetry," depending on which work by which Language poet we're talking about, but the utterly unqualified, drive-by generalization reflects very poorly on him. Where's a good editor when you need one? A minor point, though. I'm glad C. D.'s getting this level of attention; she deserves it as much as anyone, I think, and more so than most who get it.
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> Cheers,
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> _____ Michael Tod Edgerton
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> "The meaning of certainty is getting burned. Though truth will still escape us, we must put our hands on bodies. Staying safe is a different death, the instruments of defense eating inward without evening out the score."
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> poetry of what the Existential era knew as "l'ecrivain engage"--
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361. **Mackowski, Joanie (mackowje)**

Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Tue 24 Jun 2008

Nice to read your thoughts, Stephen. I wonder though "izzit not ever thus," for in them I hear an echo of Wordsworth, from the "preface to the 2nd edition of the lyrical ballads." That your thoughts are familiar to me suggests that the lyric may be in a steady sissy-fun state, rather than about to die altogether. Yet I'm not suggesting that the work to preserve & enlarge our atttention to the lyric isn't crucial; rather, I think we may whistle a bit while we work. And WW, while he affirms the frustration, also suggests a way to progress: he says that yes quiet lyrics may easily be drowned out, but that learning to attend to lyric quietness, via both reading and writing, is a crucial practice, one that strengthens "certain inherent inherent and indestructible qualities of the human mind," qualities which WW thinks are good.

I'm going to copy down a hunk o' WW here. It feels good to type it, like a meditation/prayer:

From WW: "For the human mind is capable of being excited without the application of gross and violent stimulants.... It has therefore appeared to me that to endeavor to prodice or enlarge this capability is one of the best services in which, at any period, a writer can be engaged; but this service, excellent at all times, is especially so at the present day. For a multitude of causes, unknown to former times, are now acting with a combined force to blunt the distriminating powers of the mind, and, unfitting it for all voluntary exertion, to reduce it to a state of almost savage torpor. The most effective of these causes are the great national events which are daily taking place, and the increasing accumulation of men in cities, where the uniformity of thei roccupations produces a craving for extraordinary incident, which the rapid communication of intelligence hourly gratiafies. To this tendency of life and manners the literature and theatrical exhibition of the country have conformed themselves. The invaluable works of our elder writers...Shakespeare and Milton, are driven into neglect by frantic novelss....When I think about this degrading thirst after outrageous stimulation, I am almost ashamed to have spoken of the feeble endeavor made in these volumes to counteract it; ... had I not a deep impression of certain inherent and indestructible qualities of the human mind, and likewise of certain powers in the great and permanent objects that act upon it, which are equally inherent and indestructible...."

.....
Joanie Mackowski, PhD
Assistant Professor
English & Comparative Literature
University of Cincinnati
PO Box 210069
Cincinnati, OH 45221-0069
Tel. 513/[redacted]
Fax 513/[redacted]
[redacted]
http://homepages.uc.edu/~mackowje

-----Original Message-----
From: Poetics List (UPenn, UB) [mailto:[redacted]] On Behalf Of Stephen Vincent
Sent: Monday, June 23, 2008 10:47 PM
To: [redacted]
Subject: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Sometimes I read a lyric poem - singular or serial - and I am struck by two contrary reading experiences. On one hand, I am taken by a poem's structure, the attention of the poet, the technique, tone, etc, - how forcefully these combinations impel themselves on to the page. I am totally present with the

process, and the momentary totality of the poem's object, its presence. I am with it - which means to say its particulars have become an assured presence within the immediate horizons of my take (world) as a reader.

Yet, on the other hand, the poem(s), no matter how solid its occurrence in my imagination, critical presence, etc. is soon gone, particularly as I move on to the works of others, or shift my awareness to, say, the television, the inevitable perk and threnody of the news, its repetitions and cycles.

And, in terms of the lyric poem as an experience in reading - no matter how present it was - - becomes such a fleeting thing without much bearing on what's left of either my private or public space. What is that that 'thing' that caught me and then flew by? Why does much work - much of it good, and, certainly, labor intensive - fly by with but a transitional, momentary effect? Whatever act or frame could make that pleasure more concrete, an enduring, significant presence, a constantly returnable project & gift?? (Perhaps, obviously. that is part of the poet's job, too).

I suspect we know that's the job of a critical community - to maximize the public presence and circulation of a work or works. To review a person's work, to secure (ideally) our attention. And, no doubt, the importance of academic institutions. To insist students write critical papers, memorize, and/or improv new works off the work of others - to insure that a work secure a place, a point of memory in the young, as well as older persons. And, for those of us outside institutions, to resist and confront the the sense of erasure that inevitably haunts those of us who live, read, write and work not 'at the margins', but in locations that require a different sense of critical reception and measure.

Without this surrounding labor of critical community, so many often extraordinarily fine lyric poems - let alone larger forms. - end up fleeting around, or become paralysed in a kind of statuary limbo. They may vibrantly appear in a small publication, then disappear as readily. For the poet it takes a fierce stubbornness to put up with can appear as an almost instant annihilation or a perennial sense of being 'not quite dead on arrival.'

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362. **Thomas savage**

Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Tue 24 Jun 2008

This may be an obvious question to many and if so, my apologies. But I'm curious to see if anyone can define what a "lyrical poem" is? I'm asking this because of this post and because I was once told by a teacher, on whom I promptly walked out, that my poetry wasn't "lyrical" enough for her. I didn't stop to find out what she meant. Is there any precise meaning to be derived from the word "lyrical"? If so, I would appreciate knowing what it is? Regards, Tom Savage

--- On Mon, 6/23/08, Stephen Vincent <[redacted]> wrote:

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Subject: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?
To: [redacted]
Date: Monday, June 23, 2008, 10:47 PM

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find its location in a contemporay landscape that is mostly either oppositional or,most likely. oblivious to an enterprise that - as both poet and reader - I, if not most of us, totally support.

Proportionately, without wanting to sound one bit self-piteous (because the work can bring such joy and critical pleasure) Sisyphus might appear to have had it relatively good! In this nation (USA), where Executive (Cheney. Bush. etc.) management has done nothing but produce a national paralysis of the imagination (it's nasty girim and impotent, to be both obvious and frank). Without sounding like a 'draino liberal' (I hope), I think its absolutely essential to do whatever we can (in community, critcially, creatively, etc.) to vigorously support the efforts of both poets and poems (lyric and otherwise) to continue to rise and take hold in the public realm - and take form in the pleasure and combat of that. Otherwise we be in for a long, thirsty time! So yes, I am writing my reviews. You, too?

Stephen Vincent
_http://stephenvincent.net/blog/
Where, if you have missed it so far, you can still visit my travels with Charles Olson - and then some - in the Yucatan.

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363. **Kyle Schlesinger**

PRINTING POETRY: A Workshop for Poets and Visual Artists at The Arm Letterpress Studio

Tue 24 Jun 2008

PRINTING POETRY: A Workshop for Poets and Visual Artists at The Arm Letterpress Studio

Each month The Arm offers workshops in our public access letterpress studio. In July, Dan Morris and I will be teaching a two-day letterpress workshop together at The Arm Letterpress Studio in Brooklyn, NY. You¹ll learn the basics of typography, composition and have the opportunity to print a broadside that features your own text and image on the Vandercook proof press. Come alone or with a collaborator. No previous experience necessary. All materials provided. More details available at:
http://www.thearmnyc.com/information/workshops.

Cheers,

Kyle

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364. CA Conrad

PhillySound feature on FANZINE, hosted by Thom Donovan, co-edited by CAConrad /\\///\\\\/////

Tue 24 Jun 2008

PhillySound feature on FANZINE, hosted by Thom Donovan, co-edited by CAConrad /\\///\\\\/////

poets included:

Ish Klein
Jenn McCreary
Frank Sherlock
Chris McCreary
Pattie McCarthy
Dorothea Lasky
Cathleen Miller
Kevin Varrone
Ryan Eckes
Mytili Jagannathan
CAConrad

CLICK HERE TO READ:
http://thefanzine.com/articles/poetry/254/phillysound_poets/1

SPECIAL NOTE, best viewed on MAC, or through FIREFOX or SAFARI when on a PC. If you do not have FIREFOX or SAFARI on your PC please see the simple download instructions at the bottom of CAConrad's introductory notes, thank you, and ENJOY!

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365. Barbara Jane Reyes

San Francisco: Flor y Canto en el Barrio: A Celebration of Latino Poetry

Tue 24 Jun 2008

SAN FRANCISCO--(BUSINESS WIRE)--Friends of the San Francisco Public Library, the San Francisco Public Library, and Litquake announced today the San Francisco International Poetry Festivalâ€”Flor y Canto en el Barrio: A Celebration of Latino Poetry. The Festival will take place throughout San Franciscoâ€™s Mission District, July 24-26, 2008.

Translated to mean â€œFlower and Song in the Neighborhood,â€ the festival brings young, unpublished poets alongside authors such as two-time winner of the American Book Award, Alejandro MurguÃa, and San Francisco Poet

Laureate Jack Hirschman for poetry readings, workshops, and a special exchange of culture and history.

â€œFlor y Canto is about the pursuit of peace through the celebration of poetry, art, culture, and friendship,â€ said the eventâ€™s curator and critically acclaimed poet Alejandro MurguÃa. â€œWe want to bring together people from all walks of life to be part of this extraordinary event.â€ MurguÃa will be joined by other poets including, Alfredo Arteaga, Lorna Dee Cervantes, TomÃ¡s Riley, Leticia Hernandez, Roberto Vargas, Marc Pinate and many others.

â€œWhat we know is events such as Flor y Canto help bridge great divides,â€ said Donna Bero, Executive Director for the Friends of the San Francisco Public Library. â€œPeople from across the city who would never strike up a conversation are talking at these festivals. Weâ€™re excited to continue the conversation by hosting Flor y Canto.â€

Flor y Canto en el Barrio: A Celebration of Latino Poetry is presented in conjunction with the San Francisco International Poetry Festival. While the International Poetry Festival is a biennial event, in the interim years, Friends of the Library present smaller language poetry festivals, such as this yearâ€™s Latino Poetry Festival.

The first Latino poetry festival west of the Mississippi was held in 1973 at the University of Southern California, but it was not until 2006 that San Francisco first hosted this event.

â€œIt started out as a small gathering with a few poetry readings in the Mission District,â€ said MurguÃa, â€œThis yearâ€™s event will include several additional poetry readings, music, workshops, and other activities. It will still embrace the festivalâ€™s core purpose of poetry as a bridge of culture and community.â€

The festival is made possible through the support of several Bay Area organizations and business, especially those located in the Mission District of San Francisco. In addition to the Friends of the San Francisco Public Library, San Francisco Public Library, Litquake and 826 Valencia, local coffee shops and restaurants such as Philz Coffee, Lâ€™s CafÃ©, Casa Sanchez and many others will host readings and other events. â€œSince community is at the heart of this event it was important for us to gain the support of the local merchants and organizations,â€ said Bero.

The Festival will begin on Thursday, July 24 with a kick-off party at 6:00pm in Balmy Alley (24th St. between Harrison and Folsom) and a Lit Crawl of both established and emerging poets. The Lit Crawl will take place at over six different venues on 24th Street (between Mission and Bryant). Poetry readings and workshops for various ages and interests will continue throughout Friday

and Saturday, July 25 and 26. For locations of the poetry crawl or for more details visit the Friendsâ€™ website at www.friendssfpl.org.

Friends of the San Francisco Public Library is a member-supported, non-profit organization that fundraises, advocates, and provides financial support for the San Francisco Public Library.

Flor y Canto en el Barrio: A Celebration of Latino Poetry
Featured Poets
* Lorna Dee Cervantes
* JosÃ© Montoya
* Mamacoatl
* Roberto Vargas
* Jackie Mendez
* Alfredo Arteaga
* Nina Serrano
* Alejandro MurguÃa
* Cipactli
* Norman Zelaya
* Melissa Lozano
* Javier O Huerta
* Kim Shuck
* Francisco X Alarcon
* Victor Valle
* Naomi QuiÃ±onez
* Marc PiÃ±ate
* Milta Ortiz
* Darren de Leon
* Las Manas Tres
* Alejandra Mojica
* TomÃ¡s Riley
* Barbara Jane Reyes
* Jack Hirschman
* Leticia HernÃ¡ndez
* Alfonso Texidor
* CatriÃ³na Rueda Esquibel
* Jorge Argueta
* Janet J Cruz
* Adrian Arias
* Noelia Mendoza
* Walter Huracan Gomez

Schedule of Events for Flor y Canto en el Barrio: A Celebration of Latino Poetry

Below is a list of events that will take place during each day of the festival. Please note that each day includes multiple activities.

Thursday, July 24

Event 1: Festival kick-off party and Lit Crawl with young poets 6:00 pm; Balmy Alley, 24th St. between Harrison & Folsom; Lit Crawl locations include:

7:00 pmâ€”â€œOther Voices/Many Americasâ€
CafÃ© La Boheme
3318 24th St.
[redacted]

7:00 pmâ€”â€œLa Nueva Florâ€
Philz Coffee
3101 24th St.
[redacted]

7:00 pmâ€”â€œEl Corazon de la MisiÃ³nâ€
Sundance Coffee
3000 24th St.
[redacted]

8:00 pmâ€”â€œBreaking Bordersâ€
Accion Latina (El Tecolote Headquarters)
2958 24th St.
[redacted]

8:00 pmâ€”â€œFuerza: From Sor Juana to the Missionâ€
Lâ€™s CafÃ©
2871 24th St.

8:00 pmâ€”â€œBrave New Mundo â€“ Cutting Edge of the 21st Centuryâ€
GalerÃa de la Raza
2857 24th St. @ Bryant
[redacted]

Event 2: Reception for young poets
9:00 pm; Casa Sanchez, 2778 24th St

Friday, July 25

Event 1: The Word From The Street (Tomas Riley of Youth Speaks hosts teen reading)
2:00 pm; Mission Branch Library, 300 Bartlett St. @ 24th St.

Event 2: Nuestra America I (Main Reading featuring six poets) 7:00 pm; Mission Cultural Center, 2868 Mission St.

Saturday, July, 26

Event 1: The Word Made Perfect: The Art and Craft of Translation (Translation reading/workshop)
2:00 pm; Mission Branch Library, 300 Bartlett St. @ 24th St.

Event 2: Nuestra America II (Main Reading featuring six poets) 7:00 pm; Mission Cultural Center, 2868 Mission St.

Contacts
Friends of the San Francisco Public Library
Katie Ambellan, [redacted] ext. 123
[redacted]

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366. **David Chirot**

Re: "Conceptual Poetry & its Others"--Statements & 30 Visual Poems added to Chirot Essay link at Site--

Tue 24 Jun 2008

The link for my essay at the "Conceptual Poetry and its Others" site of the Poetry Center of University of Arizona--

http://poetrycenter.arizona.edu/conceptualpoetry/cp_index.shtml now includes also the Visual Poetry that was displayed during the Symposium as well as Statements re RubBEings and Visual Poetry, --& haptic methods, night vision, working in below zero and other adventures and thoughts re making these in the streets, alleys and parks of Milwaukee--with the things themselves and the City & myself as collaborators in encountering an Other, the Found everywhere Found--

A series put up today may be of interest--mixes collage, painting, rubBEings-- in an ongoing series called "Cinema of Catharsis"-- with the Dusie Chap/Otoliths story from which the title is taken-- always lot of good music, calls for work in various media and poltical news, news of the Not-So Lost tribe of the Amazon, and many other strangenesses--

the link for the essay etc wil take you right there--

http://poetrycenter.arizona.edu/conceptualpoetry/cp_index.shtml ---

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367. **Stephen Vincent**

Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Tue 24 Jun 2008

Thanks, Joanie, for pointing to WW lodestar! Then the quote. Yes, a quick and impressive ear you have for echoes! What? Are we (yon poets) fated to repeat

ourselves century upon century with twists on the metaphors and content du jour!!! An endless spiral loop earthly journey? An eternity of small audiences? Ain't complaining too hard. As long as there are good and quick ears in the neighborhood that can take and hear a poem to the max, who needs more?! (It's always nice when it happens - large)

Got to get back to writing those reviews - among all the other 'requirements'!

Stephen V

"Mackowski, Joanie (mackowje)" <[redacted]> wrote: Nice to read your thoughts, Stephen. I wonder though "izzit not ever thus," for in them I hear an echo of Wordsworth, from the "preface to the 2nd edition of the lyrical ballads." That your thoughts are familiar to me suggests that the lyric may be in a steady sissy-fun state, rather than about to die altogether. Yet I'm not suggesting that the work to preserve & enlarge our atttention to the lyric isn't crucial; rather, I think we may whistle a bit while we work. And WW, while he affirms the frustration, also suggests a way to progress: he says that yes quiet lyrics may easily be drowned out, but that learning to attend to lyric quietness, via both reading and writing, is a crucial practice, one that strengthens "certain inherent inherent and indestructible qualities of the human mind," qualities which WW thinks are good.

I'm going to copy down a hunk o' WW here. It feels good to type it, like a meditation/prayer:

From WW: "For the human mind is capable of being excited without the application of gross and violent stimulants.... It has therefore appeared to me that to endeavor to prodice or enlarge this capability is one of the best services in which, at any period, a writer can be engaged; but this service, excellent at all times, is especially so at the present day. For a multitude of causes, unknown to former times, are now acting with a combined force to blunt the distriminating powers of the mind, and, unfitting it for all voluntary exertion, to reduce it to a state of almost savage torpor. The most effective of these causes are the great national events which are daily taking place, and the increasing accumulation of men in cities, where the uniformity of thei roccupations produces a craving for extraordinary incident, which the rapid communication of intelligence hourly gratiafies. To this tendency of life and manners the literature and theatrical exhibition of the country have conformed themselves. The invaluable works of our elder writers...Shakespeare and Milton, are driven into neglect by frantic novelss....When I think about this degrading thirst after outrageous stimulation, I am almost ashamed to have spoken of the feeble endeavor made in these volumes to counteract it; ... had I not a deep impression of certain inherent and indestructible qualities of the human mind, and likewise

of certain powers in the great and permanent objects that act upon it, which are equally inherent and indestructible...."

.....
Joanie Mackowski, PhD
Assistant Professor
English & Comparative Literature
University of Cincinnati
PO Box 210069
Cincinnati, OH 45221-0069
Tel. 513/[redacted]
Fax 513/[redacted]
[redacted]
http://homepages.uc.edu/~mackowje

-----Original Message-----
From: Poetics List (UPenn, UB) [mailto:[redacted]] On Behalf Of Stephen Vincent
Sent: Monday, June 23, 2008 10:47 PM
To: [redacted]
Subject: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Sometimes I read a lyric poem - singular or serial - and I am struck by two contrary reading experiences. On one hand, I am taken by a poem's structure, the attention of the poet, the technique, tone, etc, - how forcefully these combinations impel themselves on to the page. I am totally present with the process, and the momentary totality of the poem's object, its presence. I am with it - which means to say its particulars have become an assured presence within the immediate horizons of my take (world) as a reader.

Yet, on the other hand, the poem(s), no matter how solid its occurrence in my imagination, critical presence, etc. is soon gone, particularly as I move on to the works of others, or shift my awareness to, say, the television, the inevitable perk and threnody of the news, its repetitions and cycles.

And, in terms of the lyric poem as an experience in reading - no matter how present it was - - becomes such a fleeting thing without much bearing on what's left of either my private or public space. What is that that 'thing' that caught me and then flew by? Why does much work - much of it good, and, certainly, labor intensive - fly by with but a transitional, momentary effect? Whatever act or frame could make that pleasure more concrete, an enduring, significant presence, a constantly returnable project & gift?? (Perhaps, obviously. that is part of the poet's job, too).

I suspect we know that's the job of a critical community - to maximize the public presence and circulation of a work or works. To review a person's work,

to secure (ideally) our attention. And, no doubt, the importance of academic institutions. To insist students write critical papers, memorize, and/or improv new works off the work of others - to insure that a work secure a place, a point of memory in the young, as well as older persons. And, for those of us outside institutions, to resist and confront the the sense of erasure that inevitably haunts those of us who live, read, write and work not 'at the margins', but in locations that require a different sense of critical reception and measure.

Without this surrounding labor of critical community, so many often extraordinarily fine lyric poems - let alone larger forms. - end up fleeting around, or become paralysed in a kind of statuary limbo. They may vibrantly appear in a small publication, then disappear as readily. For the poet it takes a fierce stubbornness to put up with can appear as an almost instant annihilation or a perennial sense of being 'not quite dead on arrival.'

The reason I write this is that I became quite aware of this condition whitle reading some quite fine books that have come my way to review. Recent intriguing good works by Peter Manson, George Albon, Joseph Noble, Tyrone Williams, Tim Atkins - all guys (I realize), but, indeed, a mix of sexual, ethnic and national persuasions, yet each (most at mid-life, I think) working various lyric, experimental edges. They are among many, obviously both men and women, out in the field of combatting limited attention to their work,each working the language to scrape out (sing, whatever), a non- familiar truth in fresh, demanding and/or startling ways. As I begin to write these various or combined reviews I remain struck by the ambition and struggle to make a work find its location in a contemporay landscape that is mostly either oppositional or,most likely. oblivious to an enterprise that - as both poet and reader - I, if not most of us, totally support.

Proportionately, without wanting to sound one bit self-piteous (because the work can bring such joy and critical pleasure) Sisyphus might appear to have had it relatively good! In this nation (USA), where Executive (Cheney. Bush. etc.) management has done nothing but produce a national paralysis of the imagination (it's nasty girim and impotent, to be both obvious and frank). Without sounding like a 'draino liberal' (I hope), I think its absolutely essential to do whatever we can (in community, critcially, creatively, etc.) to vigorously support the efforts of both poets and poems (lyric and otherwise) to continue to rise and take hold in the public realm - and take form in the pleasure and combat of that. Otherwise we be in for a long, thirsty time! So yes, I am writing my reviews. You, too?

Stephen Vincent
_http://stephenvincent.net/blog/

Where, if you have missed it so far, you can still visit my travels with Charles Olson - and then some - in the Yucatan.

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368. **Douglas Manson**

Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Tue 24 Jun 2008

Stephen Vincent asks: Why does much work - much of it good, and, certainly, labor intensive - fly by with but a transitional, momentary effect? Whatever act or frame could make that pleasure more concrete, an enduring, significant presence, a constantly returnable project & gift??

Thomas Savage asks:
But I'm curious to see if anyone can define what a "lyrical poem" is?

It may be useful to ask this in a different way--I don't think lyric has a "current fate" at all. I'd like to think of lyric in much the same way I was told to think of old TV broadcasts from the 1950s (When I was, in 1984, a 14-year-old earth science student): that episodes of "The Honeymooners" were bouncing around in the troposphere or somewhere on their way to Alpha Centauri & could, given the right conditions, be pulled in and watched from those first broadcast signals. This is Gumbrecht's argument about troubadour song as well--the envoi of the poem sent out into a vast "nothing" that just might reach the ear of the beloved, but may as well not (its current fate: probably won't). If we are incredibly fortunate, we may approximate the "context" of the poem's initial expression (or if you hate that word, its energetic emission) & find ourselves hallucinating some other place & time & sense. My sense being: what in a successful lyric poem should endure? Why should it have a fate? I'm of the hopelessly outdated opinion that lyric is an attempt to achieve "kenosis". But thats the entire project: to fuck with time. "currents" and "fates" want their quarterly reports. But good lyric can suck the relentlessness out of fate--in fact, lyric says, if anything, "relent". Its so bourgeois! Who's got the time in perilous times to forget about time? Better we mangle current slang, tell a good joke, or get down to our programming.

Of course I'm smoking way too much hashish these days, but I'd say the "current fate" of lyric is the same as that mountain tortoise that Hermes gutted to make the first lyre (this is Barbara Hughes Fowler's translation): [Hermes says to the tortoise] ' "You're better off at home. It's dangerous outdoors./Alive, you'll charm away mischievous witchcraft,/but if you die, you'll be a lovely bard". So he spoke, and, taking her up in both his hands,/he carried his charming toy back inside the house./ Then with chisel of gray iron he bored through/and scooped from the shell the mountain tortoise's very life--' After

building the first lyre: "the god sang a soft and pretty little song . . .about Zeus, and Maia,/beautifully sandaled, and of their dalliance before/in companionship of love, and told the glorious tale of his own begetting"

Pretty cool, eh? Tell the very story of how your parents got it on to have you!! Were they even thinking of you then? That's the kind of thing a good lyric should do--let you know that your "fate" is dependent on someone and something else being able to get it on! You're a complete accident, unless you've got some serious family-planning forebears. You may not "charm away" your fate, or anything else, with lyric, but it may send you to the moon.

Hope this helps.

Doug

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369. **Jason Quackenbush**

Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Wed 25 Jun 2008

I consider myself a lyricist. The lyric is a difficult genre to work in, but I don't think it is any worse off than any other genre other than the song lyric subgenre, of which there are any number of successful workers. there's still a lot of room left to work with in the lyric and it's something that's been pushed to the fringes of even the fringes that tend to congregate on this list.

which is, frankly, just the way i like it. I don't need to be yet another post language post projectivist new sincerist 4th generation new york school guy. i suspect that others of my ilk feel the same way.

On Jun 23, 2008, at 7:47 PM, Stephen Vincent wrote:

> *Sometimes I read a lyric poem - singular or serial - and I am struck by two contrary reading experiences. On one hand, I am taken by a poem's structure, the attention of the poet, the technique, tone, etc, - how forcefully these combinations impel themselves on to the page. I am totally present with the process, and the momentary totality of the poem's object, its presence. I am with it - which means to say its particulars have become an assured presence within the immediate horizons of my take (world) as a reader.*
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> *Yet, on the other hand, the poem(s), no matter how solid its occurrence in my imagination, critical presence, etc. is soon gone, particularly as I move on to the works of others, or shift my awareness to, say, the television, the inevitable perk and threnody of the news, its repetitions and cycles.*

And, in terms of the lyric poem as an experience in reading - no matter how present it was - - becomes such a fleeting thing without much bearing on what's left of either my private or public space. What is that that 'thing' that caught me and then flew by? Why does much work - much of it good, and, certainly, labor intensive - fly by with but a transitional, momentary effect? Whatever act or frame could make that pleasure more concrete, an enduring, significant presence, a constantly returnable project & gift?? (Perhaps, obviously. that is part of the poet's job, too).

I suspect we know that's the job of a critical community - to maximize the public presence and circulation of a work or works. To review a person's work, to secure (ideally) our attention. And, no doubt, the importance of academic institutions. To insist students write critical papers, memorize, and/or improv new works off the work of others - to insure that a work secure a place, a point of memory in the young, as well as older persons. And, for those of us outside institutions, to resist and confront the the sense of erasure that inevitably haunts those of us who live, read, write and work not 'at the margins', but in locations that require a different sense of critical reception and measure.

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Proportionately, without wanting to sound one bit self-piteous (because the work can bring such joy and critical pleasure)

> *Sisyphus might appear to have had it relatively good! In this nation (USA), where Executive (Cheney. Bush. etc.) management has done nothing but produce a national paralysis of the imagination (it's nasty girim and impotent, to be both obvious and frank). Without sounding like a 'draino liberal' (I hope), I think its absolutely essential to do whatever we can (in community, critcially, creatively, etc.) to vigorously support the efforts of both poets and poems (lyric and otherwise) to continue to rise and take hold in the public realm - and take form in the pleasure and combat of that. Otherwise we be in for a long, thirsty time! So yes, I am writing my reviews. You, too?*
>
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> *_http://stephenvincent.net/blog/*
> *Where, if you have missed it so far, you can still visit my travels with Charles Olson - and then some - in the Yucatan.*
>
> *welcome.html*

Regards,
Jason Quackenbush
[redacted]

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370. **Jennifer Karmin**
JOB: Medgar Evers College
Wed 25 Jun 2008

(this is a forward so please don't respond to me. good luck!)

The Department of English at Medgar Evers College invites applications for a full-time tenure-track position teaching Creative and Professional Writing. Duties will include academic advising and mentoring to students, curricular development, and service on department, college, and university committees.

The successful candidate will be an excellent writer possessing a strong professional record in journalism and/or creative writing, with extensive experience and professional contacts. A commitment to the liberal arts educational mission of Medgar Evers College and to pursuing excellence in undergraduate teaching, student guidance, and scholarship is expected. PhD

with significant publications desirable. MFA with publications and professional experience considered.

To apply, submit letter of application, curriculum vitae, samples of work, and an unofficial copy of transcript showing your highest degree to:

Medgar Evers College

Attn: Department of English Search Committee Search FY 14986

Office of Human Resources

1650 Bedford Avenue

Brooklyn, New York 11225

Position open until filled with review of CVs to begin July 1, 2008.

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371. **John Cunningham**

Re: Audio Interview with Jaap Blonk: The difference between Sound and Traditional Poetry by Nigel Beale

Wed 25 Jun 2008

Is there a difference between sound poetry and slam poetry or is one just a development of the other?
John Cunningham

-----Original Message-----
From: Poetics List (UPenn, UB) [mailto:[redacted]] On
Behalf Of Nigel Beale
Sent: June 23, 2008 3:45 PM
To: [redacted]
Subject: Audio Interview with Jaap Blonk: The difference between Sound and Traditional Poetry by Nigel Beale

Jaap Blonk is a self-taught composer, vocal performer and sound poet.

As a vocalist, Blonk has performed around the globe exciting audiences with his powerful stage presence and childlike improvisation. Live electronics have over the years extended the scope and range of his concerts. Besides working as a soloist, he has collaborated with many musicians and ensembles, including Maja Ratkje, Mats Gustafsson, Nicolas Collins, Joan La Barbara, The Ex, the Netherlands Wind Ensemble and the Ebony Band. He was the founder and leader of the long-standing bands Splinks (modern jazz, 1983-1999) and BRAAXTAAL (avant-rock, 1987-2005).

We talk here about the noises humans make that aren't words, how important they are in communication, and the way sound poetry utilizes them; about

meaning found in intonation and getting booed, the pleasure of inventing structures, Dadaism and the breaking of rules, Johnny Van Doorn and A Bridge too Far, the international phonetic alphabet, pitch, timber and the best English language sound poets. Listen, and brace yourself for the recital of a sonnet Jaap wrote in honour of Van Doorn.

Please listen here:

http://nigelbeale.com/?p—5

Thank you.

Nigel Beale
Writer, Broadcaster, Bibliophile
306-21 Durham Private
Ottawa, ON
K1M 2H8

Tel: [redacted]

email: [redacted]
internet: www.nigelbeale.com

Nigel Beale is a writer/broadcaster who specializes in literary journalism. In his role as host of The Biblio File he has interviewed Nobel, Man Booker, IMPAC, and many other Award and Prize winning authors; plus publishers, booksellers, editors, book collectors, librarians, conservators, illustrators...

" I never desire to converse with a man who has written more than he has read. " Samuel Johnson

No virus found in this incoming message.
Checked by AVG.
Version: 8.0.100 / Virus Database: 270.4.1/1514 - Release Date: 23/06/2008 7:17 AM

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372. ALDON L NIELSEN
new on the HEATSTRINGS blog
Wed 25 Jun 2008

This week on the blog:

report from Orono

News from Adelaide Morris at U of Iowa, after the flood --

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

<<

> rules, Johnny Van Doorn and A Bridge too Far, the international
> phonetic alphabet, pitch, timber and the best English language sound
> poets. Listen, and brace yourself for the recital of a sonnet Jaap
> wrote in honour of Van Doorn.
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> Please listen here:
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> http://nigelbeale.com/?p—5
>
>
> Thank you.
>
> Nigel Beale
> Writer, Broadcaster, Bibliophile
> 306-21 Durham Private
> Ottawa, ON
> K1M 2H8
>
> Tel: [redacted]
>
> email: [redacted]
> internet: www.nigelbeale.com
>
> Nigel Beale is a writer/broadcaster who specializes in literary
> journalism. In his role as host of The Biblio File he has
> interviewed Nobel, Man Booker,
> IMPAC, and many other Award and Prize winning authors; plus
> publishers, booksellers, editors, book collectors, librarians,
> conservators, illustrators...
>
> " I never desire to converse with a man who has written more than he
> has read. " Samuel Johnson
>
>
>

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374. **steve d. dalachinsky**

Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Wed 25 Jun 2008

lyric pome within body ofand voice of poet/pome as it flies from mouth to pen
i think in this day and age we should redefine the original meaning/intent age of the lyric pome
as opposed to song lyircs or.. staight unrhymic boredom

On Tue, 24 Jun 2008 23:01:10 -0400 Douglas Manson <[redacted]> writes:
> Stephen Vincent asks:
> Why does much work - much of it good, and, certainly, labor
> intensive - fly
> by with but a transitional, momentary effect? Whatever act or frame
> could
> make that pleasure more concrete, an enduring, significant presence,
> a
> constantly returnable project & gift??
>
> Thomas Savage asks:
> But I'm curious to see if anyone can define what a "lyrical poem"
> is?
>
> It may be useful to ask this in a different way--I don't think lyric
> has a
> "current fate" at all. I'd like to think of lyric in much the same
> way I
> was told to think of old TV broadcasts from the 1950s (When I was,
> in 1984,
> a 14-year-old earth science student): that episodes of "The
> Honeymooners"
> were bouncing around in the troposphere or somewhere on their way to
> Alpha
> Centauri & could, given the right conditions, be pulled in and
> watched from
> those first broadcast signals. This is Gumbrecht's argument about
> troubadour song as well--the envoi of the poem sent out into a vast
> "nothing" that just might reach the ear of the beloved, but may as
> well not
> (its current fate: probably won't). If we are incredibly
> fortunate, we may

> approximate the "context" of the poem's initial expression (or if
> you hate
> that word, its energetic emission) & find ourselves hallucinating
> some other
> place & time & sense. My sense being: what in a successful lyric
> poem
> should endure? Why should it have a fate? I'm of the hopelessly
> outdated
> opinion that lyric is an attempt to achieve "kenosis". But thats
> the entire
> project: to fuck with time. "currents" and "fates" want their
> quarterly
> reports. But good lyric can suck the relentlessness out of fate--in
> fact,
> lyric says, if anything, "relent". Its so bourgeois! Who's got the
> time in
> perilous times to forget about time? Better we mangle current
> slang, tell a
> good joke, or get down to our programming.
>
> Of course I'm smoking way too much hashish these days, but I'd say
> the
> "current fate" of lyric is the same as that mountain tortoise that
> Hermes
> gutted to make the first lyre (this is Barbara Hughes Fowler's
> translation):
> [Hermes says to the tortoise] ' "You're better off at home. It's
> dangerous
> outdoors./Alive, you'll charm away mischievous witchcraft,/but if
> you die,
> you'll be a lovely bard". So he spoke, and, taking her up in both
> his
> hands,/he carried his charming toy back inside the house./ Then with
> chisel
> of gray iron he bored through/and scooped from the shell the
> mountain
> tortoise's very life--'
> After building the first lyre: "the god sang a soft and pretty
> little song .
> . .about Zeus, and Maia,/beautifully sandaled, and of their
> dalliance
> before/in companionship of love, and told the glorious tale of his

> own
> begetting"
>
> Pretty cool, eh? Tell the very story of how your parents got it on
> to have
> you!! Were they even thinking of you then? That's the kind of
> thing a good
> lyric should do--let you know that your "fate" is dependent on
> someone and
> something else being able to get it on! You're a complete accident,
> unless
> you've got some serious family-planning forebears. You may not
> "charm away"
> your fate, or anything else, with lyric, but it may send you to the
> moon.
>
> Hope this helps.
>
> Doug
>
>
>

↑ Contents

375. **Dan Glass**
With + Stand issue 2
Wed 25 Jun 2008

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please distribute widely... "...truth has its own laws, which are contrary to those of society; and in real history it is not only repression that grows but also the potential for freedom, which is unanimous with the truth content of art." -- Theodor Adorno, "Toward a Theory of the Artwork"

With + Stand invites submissions of emergent poetry & prose which (quoting ourselves) "gestures/thinks in around with through against histories (of capital & labor flows global markets trade agreements arts forms bodies states cities societies resistances migrations movements ideologies ideas etc.) & systems" for our second instantiation, the Black & White issue. As we distrust themes, we are taking instead as our organizing principle the black and white of text-on-paper. (Or of other things.) (Given this organizing principle, however, we're inspired to include a note on dialectics and dualism: "Hegel helped Kant's critical philosophy come into its own by criticizing the Kantian dualism of form and content, by drawing the rigid determinations of difference of Kant... into a

dynamic without sacrificing the indissolubility of the moments to a flat, unmediated identity." --Adorno, "Aspects of Hegel's Philosophy.") Please send 1-10 pages which address the above as a .doc to [redacted] by August 1st, 2008. To be spraypainted, duct-taped, and distributed as widely as funds allow in the autumn of 2008.

To those friends who submitted something for issue two these past months: please resend.

(A couple copies of issue #1 are scattered about the W+S mansion; if you haven't had yr DIY poetry fix, drop us a line with a good story & yr address.)

http://withplusstand.blogspot.com

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376. **SCOTT HOWARD**
The lyric poem
Wed 25 Jun 2008

The lyric follows a long, meandering path in the history of poetry and poetics in English . . .

For those on the list (a minority, perhaps?) who may enjoy reading criticism & theory, a new book from Susquehanna UP may be of interest, _Dialogism and Lyric Self-Fashioning_, edited by Jacob Blevins.

Cheers,
Scott Howard

///

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377. **Troy Camplin**
Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?
Wed 25 Jun 2008

Historically, lyrical poetry has had a very large audience. It began dying off with Modernism, and postmodernism and LANGUAGE poetry have all but killed it off. The few poetry bestsellers are the lyric poets like Frederick Turner.

Troy Camplin

----- Original Message ----
From: Stephen Vincent <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Tuesday, June 24, 2008 8:08:10 PM
Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Thanks, Joanie, for pointing to WW lodestar! Then the quote. Yes, a quick and impressive ear you have for echoes! What? Are we (yon poets) fated to repeat ourselves century upon century with twists on the metaphors and content du jour!!! An endless spiral loop earthly journey? An eternity of small audiences? Ain't complaining too hard. As long as there are good and quick ears in the neighborhood that can take and hear a poem to the max, who needs more?! (It's always nice when it happens - large)

Got to get back to writing those reviews - among all the other 'requirements'!

Stephen V

"Mackowski, Joanie (mackowje)" <[redacted]> wrote: Nice to read your thoughts, Stephen. I wonder though "izzit not ever thus," for in them I hear an echo of Wordsworth, from the "preface to the 2nd edition of the lyrical ballads." That your thoughts are familiar to me suggests that the lyric may be in a steady sissy-fun state, rather than about to die altogether. Yet I'm not suggesting that the work to preserve & enlarge our atttention to the lyric isn't crucial; rather, I think we may whistle a bit while we work. And WW, while he affirms the frustration, also suggests a way to progress: he says that yes quiet lyrics may easily be drowned out, but that learning to attend to lyric quietness, via both reading and writing, is a crucial practice, one that strengthens "certain inherent inherent and indestructible qualities of the human mind," qualities which WW thinks are good.

I'm going to copy down a hunk o' WW here. It feels good to type it, like a meditation/prayer:

From WW: "For the human mind is capable of being excited without the application of gross and violent stimulants.... It has therefore appeared to me that to endeavor to prodice or enlarge this capability is one of the best services in which, at any period, a writer can be engaged; but this service, excellent at all times, is especially so at the present day. For a multitude of causes, unknown to former times, are now acting with a combined force to blunt the distriminating powers of the mind, and, unfitting it for all voluntary exertion, to reduce it to a state of almost savage torpor. The most effective of these causes are the great national events which are daily taking place, and the increasing accumulation of men in cities, where the uniformity of thei roccupations produces a craving for extraordinary incident, which the rapid communication of intelligence hourly gratiafies. To this tendency of life and manners the literature and theatrical exhibition of the country have conformed themselves. The invaluable works of our elder writers...Shakespeare and Milton, are driven into neglect by frantic novelss....When I think about this degrading thirst after outrageous stimulation, I am almost ashamed to have spoken of the feeble endeavor made in these volumes to counteract it; ... had I not a deep impression

of certain inherent and indestructible qualities of the human mind, and likewise of certain powers in the great and permanent objects that act upon it, which are equally inherent and indestructible...."

.....
Joanie Mackowski, PhD
Assistant Professor
English & Comparative Literature
University of Cincinnati
PO Box 210069
Cincinnati, OH 45221-0069
Tel. 513/[redacted]
Fax 513/[redacted]
[redacted]
http://homepages.uc.edu/~mackowje

-----Original Message-----
From: Poetics List (UPenn, UB) [mailto:[redacted]] On Behalf Of Stephen Vincent
Sent: Monday, June 23, 2008 10:47 PM
To: [redacted]
Subject: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Sometimes I read a lyric poem - singular or serial - and I am struck by two contrary reading experiences. On one hand, I am taken by a poem's structure, the attention of the poet, the technique, tone, etc, - how forcefully these combinations impel themselves on to the page. I am totally present with the process, and the momentary totality of the poem's object, its presence. I am with it - which means to say its particulars have become an assured presence within the immediate horizons of my take (world) as a reader.

Yet, on the other hand, the poem(s), no matter how solid its occurrence in my imagination, critical presence, etc. is soon gone, particularly as I move on to the works of others, or shift my awareness to, say, the television, the inevitable perk and threnody of the news, its repetitions and cycles.

And, in terms of the lyric poem as an experience in reading - no matter how present it was - - becomes such a fleeting thing without much bearing on what's left of either my private or public space. What is that that 'thing' that caught me and then flew by? Why does much work - much of it good, and, certainly, labor intensive - fly by with but a transitional, momentary effect? Whatever act or frame could make that pleasure more concrete, an enduring, significant presence, a constantly returnable project & gift?? (Perhaps, obviously. that is part of the poet's job, too).

I suspect we know that's the job of a critical community - to maximize the public presence and circulation of a work or works. To review a person's work, to secure (ideally) our attention. And, no doubt, the importance of academic institutions. To insist students write critical papers, memorize, and/or improv new works off the work of others - to insure that a work secure a place, a point of memory in the young, as well as older persons. And, for those of us outside institutions, to resist and confront the the sense of erasure that inevitably haunts those of us who live, read, write and work not 'at the margins', but in locations that require a different sense of critical reception and measure.

Without this surrounding labor of critical community, so many often extraordinarily fine lyric poems - let alone larger forms. - end up fleeting around, or become paralysed in a kind of statuary limbo. They may vibrantly appear in a small publication, then disappear as readily. For the poet it takes a fierce stubbornness to put up with can appear as an almost instant annihilation or a perennial sense of being 'not quite dead on arrival.'

The reason I write this is that I became quite aware of this condition whitle reading some quite fine books that have come my way to review. Recent intriguing good works by Peter Manson, George Albon, Joseph Noble, Tyrone Williams, Tim Atkins - all guys (I realize), but, indeed, a mix of sexual, ethnic and national persuasions, yet each (most at mid-life, I think) working various lyric, experimental edges. They are among many, obviously both men and women, out in the field of combatting limited attention to their work,each working the language to scrape out (sing, whatever), a non- familiar truth in fresh, demanding and/or startling ways. As I begin to write these various or combined reviews I remain struck by the ambition and struggle to make a work find its location in a contemporay landscape that is mostly either oppositional or,most likely. oblivious to an enterprise that - as both poet and reader - I, if not most of us, totally support.

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Where, if you have missed it so far, you can still visit my travels with Charles Olson - and then some - in the Yucatan.

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378. Dan Glass

Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Wed 25 Jun 2008

Way to think historically.

I love that it's the bad modernist poetry that made people read less poetry, rather than things like radio, television, movies, computers, video games, the assembly line, and other 20th c. inventions...

I mean, seriously. Do you really think history has nothing to do with poetry?

On Wed, Jun 25, 2008 at 12:37 PM, Troy Camplin <[redacted]> wrote:

> *Historically, lyrical poetry has had a very large audience. It began dying off with Modernism, and postmodernism and LANGUAGE poetry have all but killed it off. The few poetry bestsellers are the lyric poets like Frederick Turner.*
>
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>
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> *To: [redacted]*
> *Sent: Tuesday, June 24, 2008 8:08:10 PM*
> *Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?*
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379. **Justin Katko**
Interrupt 2008 - Oct 17-19
Wed 25 Jun 2008

cnRtZW50Lgo=

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380. **Halvard Johnson**
Re: The lyric poem
Wed 25 Jun 2008

Or maybe Elder Olson's oldie--just called Lyric Poetry
plus a subtitle, as I recall.

Hal

"I am saddened that it is politically inconvenient
to acknowledge what everyone knows: the Iraq
war is largely about oil."
--Alan Greenspan

Halvard Johnson
==========
[redacted]
http://home.earthlink.net/~halvard/index.html
http://entropyandme.blogspot.com
http://imageswithoutwords.blogspot.com
http://www.hamiltonstone.org
http://home.earthlink.net/~halvard/vidalocabooks.html

On Jun 25, 2008, at 1:21 PM, SCOTT HOWARD wrote:

> *The lyric follows a long, meandering path in the history of poetry and poetics in English . . .*

> *For those on the list (a minority, perhaps?) who may enjoy reading criticism & theory, a new book from Susquehanna UP may be of interest, _Dialogism and Lyric Self-Fashioning_, edited by Jacob Blevins.*
>
> *Cheers,*
> *Scott Howard*
>
> ///

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381. **Joel Bettridge**
RONALD JOHNSON: LIFE AND WORKS
Wed 25 Jun 2008

THE NATION POETRY FOUNDATION announces the publication of RONALD JOHNSON: LIFE AND WORKS, Edited by Joel Bettridge and Eric Murphy Selinger.

"After decades of neglect, academic interest in Johnson has been growing, slowly but perceptibly, since the early 1990s. Book chapters, essays in journals, and conference talks by a small but enthusiastic group of critics planted one set of seeds for this growth; others sprouted in graduate courses featuring Johnson's work, taught by Kenneth Fields (Stanford), Stephen Yenser (UCLA), Joseph Conte (SUNY-Buffalo), and others across the country. In 1996, to celebrate the publication of the completed *ARK*, the *Chicago Review *featured a special tribute issue with pieces by Thom Gunn, Robert Creeley, Devin Johnston, and Peter O'Leary; two years later, a new journal, *Facture*, edited by Paul Naylor, featured another impressive array of essays and poems about Johnson in its inaugural issue. This wave of interest crested in the spring of 2000, with a weekend conference on Johnson at the Poetry and Rare Books Library, SUNY-Buffalo, organized by Joel Bettridge. Talks from that conference formed the core of this collection, where they join newly commissioned essays and revised versions of a handful of important reviews of Johnson's late work. In keeping with the variety of Johnson's poetry and the range of pleasures it affords, we have included pieces of varying lengths, styles, and approaches. Some expansive, some incisive, some elegantly brief, they map the current state of Johnson scholarship and suggest the avenues of inquiry that others will soon follow." – from the Introduction by Eric Murphy Selinger and Joel Bettridge

"I count Ronald Johnson as one of the defining peers of my own imagined company of poets, ageless and yet insistently specific to all one's life might seem to be here and now. The very title of his major long poem cycle, *ARK*—with its deter-mining echoes, its senses of a contiguous, innumerable event, its

measure of heart and time, all the wondrous, intimate, particularizing reflection and record-proposes the character of this work I so value." - Robert Creeley

"I have always thought Ron Johnson a terrific poet: everything he has written has surprised and delighted me." - Thom Gunn

"Poetry with a passion for exact, even scientific scrutiny." - Guy Davenport

Publication Date: July 2008

ISBN: 978-0-943373-75-1 paperback, $34.95

978-0-943373-75-8 hardcover, $49.95

For further information, contact: Gail Sapiel, Business Manager

Phone: [redacted]

Fax: [redacted]

Email: [redacted]

www.nationalpoetryfoundation.org

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382. **Robin Hamilton**

Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Wed 25 Jun 2008

This is *deeply* silly.

> *Historically, lyrical poetry has had a very large audience. It began dying off with Modernism, and postmodernism and LANGUAGE poetry have all but killed it off. The few poetry bestsellers are the lyric poets like Frederick Turner.*

"Lyric" is either a descriprive or a (semi)evaluative term.

Descriptively, a lyric poem is distinguished from a dramatic or narrative poem by using the "I" form.

I suffer (lyric)

They suffer (narrative)

We suffer (dramatic)

Evalutation enters with or before Palgrave's Golden Treasury.

Lyric begins when Archilochus turns Homer's "we" to "I".

Other than that, it is mostly blah and nonsense.

Robin

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383. Nico Vassilakis

Subtext Reading: Deborah Meadows & Mickey O'Connor: 7/2/08

Wed 25 Jun 2008

Deborah Meadows & Mickey O'Connor read in the Subtext monthly reading series
at the Chapel Performance Space on on the 2nd of July
2008.

Donations for admission will be taken at the door on the evening of the performance. The reading starts at 7:30pm.

Deborah Meadows teaches in the Liberal Studies department at California State Polytechnic University, Pomona.
A forthcoming collection of
poetry entitled Goodbye Tissues is due out from Shearsman Press in
2009. Her works of
poetry include: involutia (Shearsman Press, UK,
2007), The Draped Universe (Belladonna Books, 2007), Thin Gloves (Green
Integer, 2006), Representing Absence (Green Integer, 2004), Itinerant Men (Krupskaya, 2004), and two chapbooks,
Growing Still (Tinfish Press,
2005) and "The 60's and 70's: from The Theory of Subjectivity in Moby-Dick" (Tinfish Press, 2003).
Her Electronic Poetry Center author
page is located: http://epc.buffalo.edu/authors/meadows/

Mickey O'Connor was born in 1412 in Bellarusse, Ukraine. He is the author of 933 books of verse, translated into six languages.
He owns a
lucrative string of Kentucky Fried Chicken restaurants on the outskirts of Pocatella, Idaho. He is married to the lovely
Veronique. They have
five sparkling daughters. His latest book is NOT EVEN MERELY END, published by Church of the Head Press.
He lives and writes in Seattle.

The future Subtext schedule is:

August 6, 2008 George Bowering (Vancouver) & Marion Kimes

September 3, 2008 Group Reading: Writing to Point / Writing to Enclave

October 1, 2008 Elizabeth Treadwell (Bay Area) & TBA

For info on these & other Subtext events, see our website at http://subtextreadingseries.blogspot.com

More info at Nonsequitur web site - http://nseq.blogspot.com

Details on the Chapel at: http://gschapel.blogspot.com

SPECIAL THANKS to NONSEQUITUR for co-sponsoring this event.

If you would like to be removed from our e-mailing list, please reply and let us know.

Thanks,

Subtext

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384. **maxpaul**

New American Writing #26

Wed 25 Jun 2008

Issue #26 0f New American Writing is now available. The issue has an Enrique Chagoya cover and work by sixty poets: Keith Waldrop, Rosmarie Waldrop, Sylvia Legris, Steve McCaffery, Karen Mac Cormack, Norma Cole, John Kinsella, Gillian Conoley, Clayton Eshleman, Nathaniel Tarn, Claudia Keelan, Donald Revell, Karen Volkman, John Tranter, Ron Padgett, Bill Berkson, Noah Eli Gordon, Liz Waldner, Martine Bellen, Nguyen Huong, Ed Smallfield, Laura Kasischke, Joseph Lease, John Gallaher, Craig Santos Perez, Noelle Kocot, Donna de la Perriere, Kismet Al-Hussaini, Jordan Davis, Mark DuCharme, Stephen Vincent, Sarah Gridley, G.C. Waldrep and many others.

$15 issue or $36 for a 3-year subscription.

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385. **Herb Levy**

Re: Audio Interview with Jaap Blonk: The difference between Sound and Traditional Poetry by Nigel Beale

Wed 25 Jun 2008

John Cunningham wrote:
> Is there a difference between sound poetry and slam poetry or is one just a
> development of the other?
> John Cunningham
>
Did you listen to the interview that Nigel Beale linked to?

-----Original Message-----
From: Poetics List (UPenn, UB) [mailto:[redacted]] On
Behalf Of Nigel Beale
Sent: June 23, 2008 3:45 PM
To: [redacted]
Subject: Audio Interview with Jaap Blonk: The difference between Sound and Traditional Poetry by Nigel Beale

Jaap Blonk is a self-taught composer, vocal performer and sound poet.

As a vocalist, Blonk has performed around the globe exciting audiences with his powerful stage presence and childlike improvisation. Live electronics have over the years extended the scope and range of his concerts. Besides working as a soloist, he has collaborated with many musicians and ensembles, including Maja Ratkje, Mats Gustafsson, Nicolas Collins, Joan La Barbara, The Ex, the Netherlands Wind Ensemble and the Ebony Band. He was the founder and leader of the long-standing bands Splinks (modern jazz, 1983-1999) and BRAAXTAAL (avant-rock, 1987-2005).

We talk here about the noises humans make that aren't words, how important they are in communication, and the way sound poetry utilizes them; about meaning found in intonation and getting booed, the pleasure of inventing structures, Dadaism and the breaking of rules, Johnny Van Doorn and A Bridge too Far, the international phonetic alphabet, pitch, timber and the best English language sound poets. Listen, and brace yourself for the recital of a sonnet Jaap wrote in honour of Van Doorn.

Please listen here:

http://nigelbeale.com/?p—5

Thank you.

Nigel Beale
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Nigel Beale is a writer/broadcaster who specializes in literary journalism.

> *In his role as host of The Biblio File he has interviewed Nobel, Man Booker, IMPAC, and many other Award and Prize winning authors; plus publishers, booksellers, editors, book collectors, librarians, conservators, illustrators...*
>
> *" I never desire to converse with a man who has written more than he has read. " Samuel Johnson*
>
> *No virus found in this incoming message.*
> *Checked by AVG.*
> *Version: 8.0.100 / Virus Database: 270.4.1/1514 - Release Date: 23/06/2008 7:17 AM*

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386. **Jim Andrews**
Halvard's tag
Thu 26 Jun 2008

> *"I am saddened that it is politically inconvenient*
> *to acknowledge what everyone knows: the Iraq*
> *war is largely about oil."*
> *--Alan Greenspan*

i read this quoted in an article some time ago in the london review of books. an interesting article. i think the title was "it's the oil, stupid".

the gist of it was that, yes, the war is primarily about control of iraq's oil.

a stable democratic government in iraq to which the usa could hand over power would be undesirable, if the goal is to control the oil. instead, instability is advantageous.

the article pointed out that if we read events with this perspective, it seems that things are going more or less 'successfully', insofar as the usa is indeed angling with predicted success to ensure that the big usa oil companies control the lion's share of Iraq's oil. googling "who controls iraq's oil" provides a lot of info on the matter.

how much oil is there in Iraq?

"While its proven oil reserves of 112 billion barrels ranks Iraq second in the work behind Saudi Arabia, EIA (US Energy Information Administration) estimates that up to 90-percent of the county remains unexplored due to years of wars and sanctions. Unexplored regions of Iraq could yield an additional 100

billion barrels. Iraq's oil production costs are among the lowest in the world. However, only about 2,000 wells have been drilled in Iraq, compared to about 1 million wells in Texas alone." from
http://usgovinfo.about.com/library/weekly/aairaqioil.htm

ja
http://vispo.com

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387. **Tom Orange**

Re: Audio Interview with Jaap Blonk: The difference between Sound and Traditional Poetry by Nigel Beale

Thu 26 Jun 2008

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john: roughly speaking, the two are not altogether unrelated fellow travellers with rather different genealogies. sound poetry traces its roots back to european dada in the 1910s and is conveyed in polyglot trans-sense utterances, often written out in scores but very much intended to be performed. kurt schwitters "ur sonata" is the cornerstone of such work.

slam poetry originated in chicago in the mid-1980s and is also heavily dependent upon performance, in this case of a wholly memorized and/or partially improvised text. the performance takes place in the context of a competition where individual 3-minute performances are judged by the audience and those results compiled for the given teams of performers, victorious teams travelling on to face other teams at higher levels of competition. that said, i think a slam "style" exists outside of this competitive sphere. saul williams would be an example.

and i'd say further that the two strains can be seen converging in the work of tracie morris.

allbests,
tom orange

> ----------
>
> *Date: Wed, 25 Jun 2008 10:57:14 -0500*
> *From: John Cunningham <[redacted]>*
> *Subject: Re: Audio Interview with Jaap Blonk: The difference between Sound and Traditional Poetry by Nigel Beale*
>
> *Is there a difference between sound poetry and slam poetry or is one just a development of the other?*
> *John Cunningham*
>
> -

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388. **Aryanil Mukherjee**

Oppen-Bose Centenary-Article-by-Pat-Clifford

Thu 26 Jun 2008

In 1961 George Oppen met Buddhadev Bose, an Indian poet, in Greenwich village. Bose, was visiting the US on a sabbatical at Columbia University. In the months to follow, Oppen and Bose struck an unusual and terrific camaraderie that continued for the next several years until Oppen lost much of his memory and Bose, his life. Pat Clifford recently wrote an article (George Oppen, Buddhadev Bose and Translation) on these two poets. Interestingly, 2008 is a centenary year for both Oppen and Bose.

Pat Clifford writes -

"We are all familiar with George Oppen. However, some may only know Bose for his poems "arranged" and included in The Materials. Few in the states realize how prominent and prolific he was, not only as a poet, but as an essayist, playwright and critic. He was the founding editor of the first Bengali-language poetry journal called Kavita, or Poetry. He was even regarded as the literary successor to Rabindranath Tagore, the first non-European to win the Nobel Prize for literature....."

Read the complete article here -

http://poeticinvention.blogspot.com/

or

http://poeticinvention.blogspot.com/2008/06/george-oppen-buddhadev-bose-and. html

Aryanil Mukherjee

Editor, KAURAB

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

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389. **Troy Camplin**

Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Thu 26 Jun 2008

The two aren't unrelated, you know. It's no coincidence that you started getting things like impressionism when photography came about. Milan Kundera observes that the novel (for example) should do only what the novel can do. The same can be said about poetry. TV and film are their own media, and do not

necessarily exclude the reading of poetry. Much of the Modernists' experiments came about precisely in reaction to such things as radio, etc. Part of the result was that it became something only elitists were interested in (bizarre poetry, etc. is a great way for elitists to separate themselves from the rabble, you know). But lyric poetry in the form of songs is as strong as ever -- belying claims that other media pushed poetry aside. What pushed poetry aside was the fact that poets began writing poetry 1) knowing nothing about poetry, and 2) writing as elitists for elitists. I listen to the radio, watch movies and TV, use a computer, etc. and also read novels and poetry, so these different forms are not mutually exclusive. In fact, they can be mutually enhancing. If people are running away from your art, it may have more to do with the state of the art. Unless that is seriously considered (which is also an historical perspective), then you're never going to understand why nobody reads poetry anymore.

Troy Camplin

----- Original Message ----
From: Dan Glass <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Wednesday, June 25, 2008 4:17:26 PM
Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Way to think historically.

I love that it's the bad modernist poetry that made people read less poetry, rather than things like radio, television, movies, computers, video games, the assembly line, and other 20th c. inventions...

I mean, seriously. Do you really think history has nothing to do with poetry?

On Wed, Jun 25, 2008 at 12:37 PM, Troy Camplin <[redacted]> wrote:

> *Historically, lyrical poetry has had a very large audience. It began dying off with Modernism, and postmodernism and LANGUAGE poetry have all but killed it off. The few poetry bestsellers are the lyric poets like Frederick Turner.*
>
> *Troy Camplin*
>
> *----- Original Message ----*
> *From: Stephen Vincent <[redacted]>*
> *To: [redacted]*
> *Sent: Tuesday, June 24, 2008 8:08:10 PM*
> *Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?*
>
> *Thanks, Joanie, for pointing to WW lodestar! Then the quote. Yes, a quick and impressive ear you have for echoes!*

What? Are we (yon poets) fated to repeat ourselves century upon century with twists on the metaphors and content du jour!!! An endless spiral loop earthly journey? An eternity of small audiences?
Ain't complaining too hard. As long as there are good and quick ears in the neighborhood that can take and hear a poem to the max, who needs more?!
(It's always nice when it happens - large)

Got to get back to writing those reviews - among all the other 'requirements'!

Stephen V

"Mackowski, Joanie (mackowje)" <[redacted]> wrote: Nice to read your thoughts, Stephen. I wonder though "izzit not ever thus," for in them I hear an echo of Wordsworth, from the "preface to the 2nd edition of the lyrical ballads." That your thoughts are familiar to me suggests that the lyric may be in a steady sissy-fun state, rather than about to die altogether. Yet I'm not suggesting that the work to preserve & enlarge our atttention to the lyric isn't crucial; rather, I think we may whistle a bit while we work. And WW, while he affirms the frustration, also suggests a way to progress: he says that yes quiet lyrics may easily be drowned out, but that learning to attend to lyric quietness, via both reading and writing, is a crucial practice, one that strengthens "certain inherent inherent and indestructible qualities of the human mind," qualities which WW thinks are good.

I'm going to copy down a hunk o' WW here. It feels good to type it, like a meditation/prayer:

From WW: "For the human mind is capable of being excited without the application of gross and violent stimulants.... It has therefore appeared to me that to endeavor to prodice or enlarge this capability is one of the best services in which, at any period, a writer can be engaged; but this service, excellent at all times, is especially so at the present day. For a multitude of causes, unknown to former times, are now acting with a combined force to blunt the distriminating powers of the mind, and, unfitting it for all voluntary exertion, to reduce it to a state of almost savage torpor. The most effective of these causes are the great national events which are daily taking place, and the increasing accumulation of men in cities, where the uniformity of thei roccupations produces a craving for extraordinary incident, which the rapid communication of intelligence hourly gratiafies. To this tendency of life and manners the literature and theatrical exhibition of the country have conformed themselves. The invaluable works of our elder

writers...Shakespeare and Milton, are driven into neglect by frantic novelss....When I think about this degrading thirst after outrageous stimulation, I am almost ashamed to have spoken of the feeble endeavor made in these volumes to counteract it; ... had I not a deep impression of certain inherent and indestructible qualities of the human mind, and likewise of certain powers in the great and permanent objects that act upon it, which are equally inherent and indestructible...."

.....
Joanie Mackowski, PhD
Assistant Professor
English & Comparative Literature
University of Cincinnati
PO Box 210069
Cincinnati, OH 45221-0069
Tel. 513/[redacted]
Fax 513/[redacted]
[redacted]
http://homepages.uc.edu/~mackowje <http://homepages.uc.edu/%7Emackowje>

-----Original Message-----
From: Poetics List (UPenn, UB) [mailto:[redacted]] On Behalf Of Stephen Vincent
Sent: Monday, June 23, 2008 10:47 PM
To: [redacted]
Subject: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Sometimes I read a lyric poem - singular or serial - and I am struck by two contrary reading experiences. On one hand, I am taken by a poem's structure, the attention of the poet, the technique, tone, etc, - how forcefully these combinations impel themselves on to the page. I am totally present with the process, and the momentary totality of the poem's object, its presence. I am with it - which means to say its particulars have become an assured presence within the immediate horizons of my take (world) as a reader.

Yet, on the other hand, the poem(s), no matter how solid its occurrence in my imagination, critical presence, etc. is soon gone, particularly as I move on to the works of others, or shift my awareness to, say, the television, the inevitable perk and threnody of the news, its repetitions and cycles.

And, in terms of the lyric poem as an experience in reading - no matter how present it was - - becomes such a fleeting thing without much bearing on what's left of either my private or public space. What is that that 'thing' that caught me and then flew by? Why does much work - much of it good, and, certainly, labor intensive - fly by with but a

transitional, momentary effect? Whatever act or frame could make that pleasure more concrete, an enduring, significant presence, a constantly returnable project & gift?? (Perhaps, obviously. that is part of the poet's job, too).

I suspect we know that's the job of a critical community - to maximize the public presence and circulation of a work or works. To review a person's work, to secure (ideally) our attention. And, no doubt, the importance of academic institutions. To insist students write critical papers, memorize, and/or improv new works off the work of others - to insure that a work secure a place, a point of memory in the young, as well as older persons. And, for those of us outside institutions, to resist and confront the the sense of erasure that inevitably haunts those of us who live, read, write and work not 'at the margins', but in locations that require a different sense of critical reception and measure.

Without this surrounding labor of critical community, so many often extraordinarily fine lyric poems - let alone larger forms. - end up fleeting around, or become paralysed in a kind of statuary limbo. They may vibrantly appear in a small publication, then disappear as readily. For the poet it takes a fierce stubbornness to put up with can appear as an almost instant annihilation or a perennial sense of being 'not quite dead on arrival.'

The reason I write this is that I became quite aware of this condition whitle reading some quite fine books that have come my way to review. Recent intriguing good works by Peter Manson, George Albon, Joseph Noble, Tyrone Williams, Tim Atkins - all guys (I realize), but, indeed, a mix of sexual, ethnic and national persuasions, yet each (most at mid-life, I think) working various lyric, experimental edges. They are among many, obviously both men and women, out in the field of combatting limited attention to their work,each working the language to scrape out (sing, whatever), a non- familiar truth in fresh, demanding and/or startling ways. As I begin to write these various or combined reviews I remain struck by the ambition and struggle to make a work find its location in a contemporay landscape that is mostly either oppositional or,most likely. oblivious to an enterprise that - as both poet and reader - I, if not most of us, totally support.

Proportionately, without wanting to sound one bit self-piteous (because the work can bring such joy and critical pleasure) Sisyphus might appear to have had it relatively good! In this nation (USA), where Executive (Cheney. Bush. etc.) management has done nothing but produce a national paralysis of the imagination (it's nasty girim and impotent, to be both obvious and frank). Without sounding like a 'draino liberal' (I hope), I think its absolutely essential to do whatever we can (in community, critcially, creatively, etc.) to vigorously support the efforts of both

> *poets and poems (lyric and otherwise) to continue to rise and take hold in the public realm - and take form in the pleasure and combat of that. Otherwise we be in for a long, thirsty time! So yes, I am writing my reviews. You, too?*
>
> *Stephen Vincent*
> *_http://stephenvincent.net/blog/*
> *Where, if you have missed it so far, you can still visit my travels with Charles Olson - and then some - in the Yucatan.*

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390. **Troy Camplin**

Emerson Online

Thu 26 Jun 2008

The Emerson Institute for Freedom and Culture is now online at www.emersoninstitute.org

Submissions are welcome.

Troy Camplin, Ph.D.
President, The Emerson Institute for Freedom and Culture

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391. **Murat Nemet-Nejat**

Re: Halvard's tag

Thu 26 Jun 2008

Jim,

The key phrase is a stable government "friendly to the United States." Considering that the recent agreements are exclusively with Western oil companies and the Iraqi government is showing early signs of a modus vivendi and also early signs of some independence from Iran (the idea of a "security

agreement" would have been inconceivable a year ago), perhaps that goal is being reached more than one realizes.

Greenspan mentions that idea of the Iraq War being all about oil in his book.

Ciao,

Murat

On Thu, Jun 26, 2008 at 3:26 AM, Jim Andrews <[redacted]> wrote:

> *"I am saddened that it is politically inconvenient*
> *to acknowledge what everyone knows: the Iraq*
> *war is largely about oil."*
> *--Alan Greenspan*
>
> *i read this quoted in an article some time ago in the london review of books. an interesting article. i think the title was "it's the oil, stupid".*
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> *the gist of it was that, yes, the war is primarily about control of iraq's oil.*
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>
> *how much oil is there in Iraq?*
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> *"While its proven oil reserves of 112 billion barrels ranks Iraq second in the work behind Saudi Arabia, EIA (US Energy Information Administration) estimates that up to 90-percent of the county remains unexplored due to years of wars and sanctions. Unexplored regions of Iraq could yield an additional 100 billion barrels. Iraq's oil production costs are among the lowest in the world. However, only about 2,000 wells have been drilled in Iraq, compared to about 1 million wells in Texas alone."*
> *from http://usgovinfo.about.com/library/weekly/aairaqioil.htm*
>
> *ja*
> *http://vispo.com*

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392. Steve Tills

Who does one read for form and who does one read for content?

Thu 26 Jun 2008

This was a response to David Chirot's post on "Failed Poets," actually, but I forgot to send it out last week or the week before, whenever:

How about "a 12-Step Program for FAILED POETS": "Hi, my name is Steve Tills, and I'm a failed poet." "Yes, aummm, Good Evening, my name, aummm, is Carrie Ar, and I am a failed poet."

"Hello, I'm Chris Tucker Matthews Steinemnott, and I'm a failed poet." "Hello Everyone, my name is Will T. Bucklegeorge, and I, well, I, ummm, well, I AM a failed poet."

I like/love the idea and practice of "experimenting" and "experiment." Do I dislike/distain the idea of succeeding/failing? Yes, the either/or there is almost automatically problematic.

(Ummm, yeah, that Steve Tills guy is pretty effing hard on "experimenters" sometimes. I think that he used to be one, or wanted to be one, himself, at one time. A wannabe Experimental Poet. Poot guy. I mean, Poor guy, but the typo "Poot" was cool, so let's keep it. Probably some Unconscious reason for its getting made. Right? Couldn't be just, simply, a fuggin typo, right? Yeah, anyway, he shoulda started a 12-Step program for Failed Wannabe Experimenters. Gawd knows he had a lot of Psychological Savvy that went to waste, ummm, even if it could be said, and then WAS, that he hardly ever succeeded in resolving his own emotional crises and personality black, grey, magenta, cyan, and yellowed holes, wholes." MT Braak)

Well, jeepers, of course, ALSO, one would be cognizant, and want to be cognizant, of some sense of succeeding &&& failing in one's experimenting, well, jeepers, of course one would...

If only EVERYBODY could just be misread. Equally, abundantly, democratically, frequently.

Last night this fellow I know in his library wrote about Worthlessness - not, mind you, as an experiment, and surely not in an effort to experiment - but because he feels THAT sometimes unbearably and also, perhaps especially, because the notion of putting time into typesetting/publishing a book makes him feel so worthless. In CONTRAST to actually Writing. Actually writing, investing time in actually writing, THAT he likes. Investing time in trying to publish or circulate what gets written when he invests his time in writing seem like insanely worthless activity. Seems totally insane. And then he should concern himself with whether others regard his writing as "successful" or "failing," too? Fickle NO! It's the actual activity of writing that he enjoys, finds

pleasurable, even "useful," and certainly satisfying. What difference does it make whether even he himself reads what gets written or not? (But of course that fellow is, or must be, enormously depressed, at times, anyway, aye? And then, though, he wasn't so much "writing about Worthlessness" as he was writing in response to feelings of worthlessness and the impulse to complete some proofreading of a manuscript he is publishing and, frankly, he DOES regard publishing as WORTHLESS. Not because it's relatively worthless in the sense of monetary reward being so negative as the whole sense that WRITING, his, anyway, is NOT done FOR MONETARY REWARD, or even for Sharing, really. It's done because it's what he likes to do with his time; it's what he likes to do. Of what USE is it to him whether the ink on the paper gets labelled as Success or Failure. The ink on the paper after he engages in the activity of Writing is NOT what he writes for.

Yeah, he's fucking stuck good, isn't he...)

Okay, enough of these misdirections for the moment. Hey, David, your post is brilliant and ought to be published. Heck, there's a whole dang and worthwhile manifesto there, and NOT the kind that some good folks devoted so much time and ink to penning 15 years ago in the "Age of Manifestos." ("Whooops, there he is, that Steve Tills guy, getting bent on one of his Post-Reactionary

benders again. Watch out! He's liable to hurt somebody when he does that!" MT Braak)

Seriously, your depth and range here, David, are remarkable. Like the incredible stuff that Stephen Ellis wrote the other day, too. (Jeepers, I hope that I'm not inspiring these great posts because my own are thin and wheedling... You two knock my socks off, that's for sure! Hats off (too), and Thank you, for your great passion and depth! We got some serious reading and re-reading and more re-reading we can do with this great post of yours. And that's something, when writing demands and invites multiple and aggressive and voracious Re-reading, and that's what you've provided, Neat! Fantastic stuff!

Some initial responses:

You write, "Edison often made hundreds of experiments before arriving at 'something that worked.'" Hmmm, I both admire and reject, sometimes want and sometimes distinctly do NOT want, the AIM at something that works or doesn't work. Oh YEAH, no question at all, Edison was a phenomenal human being and of course a genius, and perhaps equally he impresses me/one as a hard worker and a courageous fellow who never gave up. (One could hardly ever call ANY EDISON a failure, right?) AND &&& AND Edison aimed at creating a product, a thing, a practical and useful and extraordinarily cool object. A scientist AND entrepreneur, after all. But even if a given writer does indeed want his/her writing "Activity" to "work for himself/herself" - I mean, if

the activity itself is not working out as satisfying whatever it's supposed to be satisfying, then as "Activity," it would need to be modified or dropped, of course - there's still such a big difference between "Writing as Activity, and an End in Itself" and "Writing as Means to Create an object that others will find useful, successful, failing," etc

Yeah, yeah, yeah, who am I trying to kid? I'd like both AND all of these things, activities, MEANINGs, Worths, satisfactions, and private and public results from my writing, experimenting, poming... And from and for Others' poetry and/or poetry endeavors and experiments.

Actually, I'm not trying to kid anybody, and even if sometimes, like most others, I will inadvertently and maybe unfortunately kid myself (I don't mean in my usual kidding way but in a way that causes me to screw up or misunderstand or stay blind to stuff), I do think that sometimes it's quite right and prudent (at the risk of feeling like and being a Big Old PRUDE) to be skeptical about SOME "experimenting" (first and foremost one's own, always, of course, but OTHERS', too, and not just strangers', but ALL others') if/when there may be some sort of Fetish for The New Virus in the air, this or that given season, or Post-season, that ISN'T really "about" anything but suceeding to be "noticed." Awww, geeeeee, I'm showing my ugliest colors yet again, aren't I... Geesus, I could make a whole career of this, the one idiot who endlessly condemned "getting attention" and never understood his own legitimate need for it, so that "dark side" need grew into a monster and... And WHTF, that, TOO, is as legitimate, and HUMAN, a need/desire as anything else. Why am I so uptight, sometimes. Of just plain skeptical (and "critical"), or maybe simply "jealous."

You write, "Also 'success and failure' imply that the poet begins with some preconceived ideas of the impositions they want to 'experiment on.'" In this case, David, I definitely agree, or believe, that "success" and "failure" are quite legitimate and useful terms that one applies to what one is doing, aiming for, seeking satisfaction from. And notice also, for sure, that here "success" and "failure" are private terms, privately supplied and applied - and I do NOT mean in the way a Faulkner might say, "I was a failed poet"; that's just another way of saying "I cut my teeth in the game of Poetry, so I thus got some really great training for my fiction writing from the best of Wordsmiths, didn't I, fans?" Again, I seeing that kind of comment by "a" Faulkner as being just run-of-the-mill (and really quite innocuous) self-promotion. Or obviously disingenuous self-effacement. Won't someone come along and say, eventually, something like, "I was a failed Language Poet" or "I was a failed Flarfist"? And won't that be another way of saying, "I succeeded at WHAT I did write, or fashion, and perhaps because I put all of that ("failed") effort into the excellent other tradition."

Yes, indeed, any given poet would be beginning with some "preconceived ideas of the impositions they want to 'experiment on,'" yes. Yes, yes, he/she would... This "can" also imply a radical split between form and concent, or "How" and "What," too, though, don't ya think... (Yes, it's cool to "error on" the side of "form," not "material," to be sure, too, but...) Yeah, BUT What "about" poets who have already pretty much decided on, or gotten comfortable with, "found" a form, or formal range, that works for them, and then, mostly, it IS the WHAT that they are concerned with, ultimately... I mean, and NO I don't know, or won't claim to know, but did Frank O'Hara, really spend a lot of time "experimenting" with his form(s) or formal means, ultimately, or pretty much, at least after mid-"career," let's say, just let things rip, put a sheet of paper in the typewriter and typed out "WHAT" ever came to mind/heart? Pound, after pretty much settling on the Canto? Olson, after getting his "thing(s)" theory all settled. Emily Dickinson, once she'd gotten comfortable with her scoring on the page? Whitman? Marianne Moore?

Well, you know, I for one read O'Hara for the "sensibility," the "spirit," the "tone," and the "humor," NOT the overall "Form." Pound, for the overall "Form." Olson, BOTH, but there is MUCH to trust in the "particulars" of "content" that cannot be trusted in the particulars of Pound's content, AND, for both, the "particulars of Form," making a slight but I think real distinction, are excellent, but I really could less WHAT Pound "says," right? Dickinson, DEFINITELY care what she "says," what her poems "say," what her Poetry "says." And her "particulars" of form are equally intriguing. Moore? Cool particulars of form, I guess, yeah, but after that? What's left? If ya had to make a distinction, if there IS a distinction, IF there is, who does one read for "form" and who does one read for "content?" Whitman, well, again, Content is KING. This is TRUE content, isn't it? WHAT the poetry says MATTERS with Whitman, yes? All of this distinction between "Form" and "Content" is Arbitrary, misguided, pedestrian, bourgeois, lacking? Maybe so, and it IS certainly a "weakness" of my own that I will forever have to trouble myself about, but can anybody deny that the emphasis since the Language Poets has been "on Formal invention" and away from "Content," as it were? Not necessarily the Language Poets, themselves, but the rest of "us" since then. If we "errored," or, hey-ho lookie here there's that word "failed" all of a sudden, if we errored or failed to one side or the other, is it possible that we have errored to the "formal" side? Or should it be argued that there is no such "erroring?" Or "failing?" That ALL experimenting, even Especially "formal experimentation," is noble, honorable, and "good?"

I don't think that we could possibly say that. I think that at least SOME formal experimentation would have to be nothing but "a fetish" and a sick, narcissistic, one at that (Whoops, there goes that pedantic, fucking stupid moralistic and

assholish prudish pretentious side of a couple of his selves again. Damn it!). Okay, NOT "sick" or even "narcissistic," but maybe "fetishistic" or just plain Lame. Again, isn't it at least a little bit true that there has been some considerable erroring to the "make it New" (and "New" being almost entirely in terms of "formal" NEW) side of things since the early 90's? I cannot believe otherwise. And it's no great sin, even if that Steve Tills guy when he's at his highest Holy Royal Heiner tone of pretentiousness and moralizing starts bemoaning and condemning it. In fact, it's "natural" and a blessing, the result of the incredible TRUE work that the very courageous Language Poets and other "experimentalists" and overall 60's generation poets have done to make opportunities in Academe and Publishing for everybody who can/would/does count themselves, for lack of better terms, "Progressive Poets." No, not, at this moment, "avant-garde," "experimental," "exploratory," or "post-avant," but "Progressive," BECAUSE it's largely a wider and deeper Political, and Content, issue, not just an Aesthestic, and, more narrowly, Formal issue, so, for the moment, "Progressive Poets." YES, there are Ten times more of us than existed in 1985, or would exist today, largely because the Language Poets, particularly, advocated so vigorously, courageously, shrewdly, successfully, stubbornly, relentlessly, and rightly for ALL OF US. But part of their success was "an Opening up" of formal means, and Form, partially as a method of opposing the primary vehicle of academic exclusion and priviledge and hegemony - adherence to received Forms. And partly out of that fantastically shrewd and ingenious marketing ploy that succeeded beyond everybody's wildest dreams, diversifying everything, redistributing so much wealth and opportunity, we got a Giant Fetish for Form, too. A sometimes - that's SOMETIMES - very false addiction to "Form." And that's alright, even for one of the most jealous and sometimes bitterest fools around (me, that is), but it IS nonetheless, sometimes very False, and we would do very well to devote great attention to the "particulars of Content," I think.

Of course, "we" already have, and there are surely, at least a thousand pomers Today who already have discovered incredible frontiers of new "particulars of Content" that for example, and this would be one of infiniterewards, avoid whole prisons of Sexism and Classism and the like, but I still think that we are lagging in terms of drawing intense attention to all kinds of "particulars of Content," and Substance, and such that have nothing to do with "new Form," or needs to invent more of such. Yeah, this notion IF one can usefully make a distinction between Content and Form in the first place, and at the risk of not being completely stupid, as hundred of poets have probably already done these things, and I'm just lagging myself in my reading, and I'm quite naive. But I still think that it's not so much How as What we write, and that may sound pathetically overgeneralized and archaic and naive and prehistoric and OLD

and all, but no matter the "Form" I'm still always looking for "the Sensibility" and the "Truth of/in the Details" and the "Underlying Integrity" and the "Degree of Depth and Insight Imbued" and the "Originality of Perspective" and the "Intensity of Compassion" and the "Bearing on True Reality" and whatever the hell all of these things would/could refer to, but they're decidely NOT aspects of FORM, so I'm attached to and ever hungry for SOMETHING ELSE, huh. Ya know, one of the best poets, Michael Palmer, made the big distinction between "the Formal" and "the Material" back in the Lang Pomers' heyday, and surely he's as much a pioneer of "Form" as anybody, but doesn't one always sense a very palpable "Integrity" and "Depth" in his poetry, and isn't it THAT, really, that makes his poetry so "trustworthy," as it were? Or the "Truth" in the small details of Rae Armantrout's _Made to Seem_, for example. I mean, first, they're "details" that SHOULD BE noticed, and ARE, and second, the treatment of those "details" is so genuine and sincere and humble; there's such humility and "care," and all. Or something like that...

P.S. Finally, in all honesty, I've got hundreds of books on my shelves, and ESPECIALLY from the quite recent last 10 years, that absolutely abound with "particulars of BOTH Form AND Content," so, I admit that I should "work" harder to explain why the heck these kinds of thoughts come to my head in the first place...

↑ Contents

393. **Doug Holder**

A Tribute to Grace Paley

Thu 26 Jun 2008

A TRIBUTE TO GRACE PALEY: A WRITER WHO FOUND BEAUTY IN THE EVERYDAY.

By Doug Holder

On a warm and humid morning in late June I jumped on the Red Line to go to UMass Boston, to attend the William Joiner Writers Workshop’s tribute to writer Grace Paley. The Workshop is directed by poet Kevin Bowen, and is held every summer at the Boston campus. The late Grace Paley is a renowned fiction writer and poet who passed away in 2007. Paley was an enthusiastic, and much admired and loved teacher at the William Joiner. She was born in 1922 in the Bronx to Russian-Jewish immigrants. She published three collections of short stories “The Little Disturbances of Man,” (1959), “Enormous Changes at the Last Minute (1974), and “ Later the Same Day” (1985), and her “Collected Stories”(1994) was a finalist for a Pulitzer and a National Book Award. She published several volumes of poetry, was elected the first New York State Writer, and the Vermont Poet Laureate in (2003). Paley was also a political

activist involved in the anti-Vietnam War movement, as well as the Women's Movement. In 1969 she accompanied the peace mission to Hanoi to negotiate the release of prisoners of war. In 1978 she was arrested as one of the "White House Eleven" for unfurling an anti-nuclear banner on the White House lawn.

Paley's writing focuses on the lives of women, examining their gritty everyday world. Her characters ranged from left wing women, their kids, their husbands, their lovers, their aging parents, and their aging selves. She was a master of dialogue, and a champion of everyday life in contemporary literature.

At the tribute were a number of Somerville poets including: Pushcart Prize winner Afaa Michael Weaver, Off the Grid Press publishers Bert Stern and Tam Lin Neville, Somerville poet, writer and activist Alex Kern, and Ibbetson Street Press author Elizabeth Quinlan (" Promise Supermarket"). Paley's husband Bob Nichols was present, as well as her daughter Nora.

Sitting next to me in the audience was Henry Braun, one of the founders of Somerville's Off the Grid Press, and a friend of Nichols and Paley. Braun, who was once an editor of the Beloit Poetry Journal said of Paley: "She was the voice of my people. People who came from New York, the Lower East Side, political activists from the Vietnam era." Afaa Michael Weaver, who was teaching at the Joiner this summer said later that he had met Paley two years before at the Joiner Center and was impressed by her graciousness and her "commitment to society."

Julie Thacker, a creative writing instructor at Lesley University in Cambridge, lead the discussion of Paley and her work. She told me that Paley had a "Singular and human voice, married poetry and prose together beautifully, and found beauty in ordinary life. She also exhibited a striking compassion."

The audience often commented on passages from Paley's work and peppered their commentary with memories of Paley's teaching at the Joiner Center. Most were in agreement with the fact that Paley, along with Tillie Olsen, were the first writers to open up the idea of ordinary woman as being good fodder for stories. Poet Elizabeth Quinlan told me: " For the first time I realized that you could write about being a struggling young mother, your babies, even, well, your period." Martha Collins, the founder of the undergraduate Creative Writing program at UMass Boston said she was amazed how Paley could combine the "political" with the fabric of life, and do it with such great humor. Paley, according to the anecdotes of the many folks who knew her was a master of dialogue, organically bringing the conversational into her work. She was a big believer in revision. Her husband Bob Nichols pointed out to the audience that they should respond to her work not only on an intellectual level but also on an emotional level . He reminded the audience that her work was all about emotional content. He also noted that Paley when she was giving a reading was

always looking down at the text, rather than the audience. Poet Fred Marchant, the director of the Poetry Center at Suffolk University said this was testimony to her singular focus on her work.

Paley, to her credit, was able to marry the profound and the ordinary, without sounding stilted. And in all of her work there was endless conversation, rather than a strong sense plot. Like in her fiction, the tribute was an ongoing conversation punctuated by memories, and always-generous doses of laughter. One student remembered Paley asking her to her home to discuss her work. She said: " Let me make you a cheese sandwich. You'll love it." And I guess Paley would like it that way, to be remembered by her work, and, yes, even her cheese sandwiches.

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394. **Michael Ford**

Re: Audio Interview with Jaap Blonk: The difference between Sound and Traditional Poetry by Nigel Beale

Thu 26 Jun 2008

Not at all like slam poetry, or not much. Both involve vocal performance, but as the name suggests, sound poetry is just sound, not necessarily words. Listen to Kurt Schwitters' Ursonate at Ubu. It is a good example of sound poetry. http://www.ubu.com/sound/schwitters.html

On Wed, Jun 25, 2008 at 10:57 AM, John Cunningham <[redacted]> wrote:

> *Is there a difference between sound poetry and slam poetry or is one just a development of the other?*
> *John Cunningham*
>
> *-----Original Message-----*
> *From: Poetics List (UPenn, UB) [mailto:[redacted]] On Behalf Of Nigel Beale*
> *Sent: June 23, 2008 3:45 PM*
> *To: [redacted]*
> *Subject: Audio Interview with Jaap Blonk: The difference between Sound and Traditional Poetry by Nigel Beale*
>
> *Jaap Blonk is a self-taught composer, vocal performer and sound poet.*
>
> *As a vocalist, Blonk has performed around the globe exciting audiences with his powerful stage presence and childlike improvisation. Live electronics have over the years extended the scope and range of his concerts. Besides working as a soloist, he has collaborated with many musicians and ensembles,*
> *including Maja Ratkje, Mats Gustafsson, Nicolas Collins, Joan La Barbara,*

The Ex, the Netherlands Wind Ensemble and the Ebony Band. He was the founder
and leader of the long-standing bands Splinks (modern jazz, 1983-1999) and BRAAXTAAL (avant-rock, 1987-2005).

We talk here about the noises humans make that aren't words, how important they are in communication, and the way sound poetry utilizes them; about meaning found in intonation and getting booed, the pleasure of inventing structures, Dadaism and the breaking of rules, Johnny Van Doorn and A Bridge
too Far, the international phonetic alphabet, pitch, timber and the best English language sound poets. Listen, and brace yourself for the recital of a sonnet Jaap wrote in honour of Van Doorn.

Please listen here:

http://nigelbeale.com/?p—5

Thank you.

Nigel Beale
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Nigel Beale is a writer/broadcaster who specializes in literary journalism. In his role as host of The Biblio File he has interviewed Nobel, Man Booker,
IMPAC, and many other Award and Prize winning authors; plus publishers, booksellers, editors, book collectors, librarians, conservators, illustrators...

" I never desire to converse with a man who has written more than he has read. " Samuel Johnson

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Version: 8.0.100 / Virus Database: 270.4.1/1514 - Release Date: 23/06/2008 7:17 AM

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395. **Dan Glass**

Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Thu 26 Jun 2008

Sorry, when I said "think historically" I meant "think about groups larger than just yourself."

Funny comment about the poets knowing nothing about poetry though. Now that's a strong argument.

On Thu, Jun 26, 2008 at 9:45 AM, Troy Camplin <[redacted]> wrote:

> *The two aren't unrelated, you know. It's no coincidence that you started getting things like impressionism when photography came about. Milan Kundera observes that the novel (for example) should do only what the novel can do. The same can be said about poetry. TV and film are their own media, and do not necessarily exclude the reading of poetry. Much of the Modernists' experiments came about precisely in reaction to such things as radio, etc. Part of the result was that it became something only elitists were interested in (bizarre poetry, etc. is a great way for elitists to separate themselves from the rabble, you know). But lyric poetry in the form of songs is as strong as ever -- belying claims that other media pushed poetry aside. What pushed poetry aside was the fact that poets began writing poetry 1) knowing nothing about poetry, and 2) writing as elitists for elitists. I listen to the radio, watch movies and TV, use a computer, etc. and also read novels and poetry, so these different forms are not mutually exclusive. In fact, they can be mutually enhancing. If people are running away from your art, it may have more to do with the state of the art. Unless that is seriously considered (which is also an historical perspective), then you're never going to understand why nobody reads poetry anymore.*
>
> *Troy Camplin*
>
> *----- Original Message ----*
> *From: Dan Glass <[redacted]>*
> *To: [redacted]*
> *Sent: Wednesday, June 25, 2008 4:17:26 PM*
> *Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?*
>
> *Way to think historically.*
>
> *I love that it's the bad modernist poetry that made people read less poetry,*

rather than things like radio, television, movies, computers, video games, the assembly line, and other 20th c. inventions...

I mean, seriously. Do you really think history has nothing to do with poetry?

On Wed, Jun 25, 2008 at 12:37 PM, Troy Camplin <[redacted]> wrote:

*Historically, lyrical poetry has had a very large audience. It began dying
off with Modernism, and postmodernism and LANGUAGE poetry have all but killed it off. The few poetry bestsellers are the lyric poets like Frederick
Turner.*

Troy Camplin

*----- Original Message ----
From: Stephen Vincent <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Tuesday, June 24, 2008 8:08:10 PM
Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?*

*Thanks, Joanie, for pointing to WW lodestar! Then the quote. Yes, a quick and impressive ear you have for echoes!
What? Are we (yon poets) fated to repeat ourselves century upon century with twists on the metaphors and content du jour!!! An endless spiral loop
earthly journey? An eternity of small audiences?
Ain't complaining too hard. As long as there are good and quick ears in the
neighborhood that can take and hear a poem to the max, who needs more?! (It's always nice when it happens - large)*

Got to get back to writing those reviews - among all the other 'requirements'!

Stephen V

"Mackowski, Joanie (mackowje)" <[redacted]> wrote: Nice to read your thoughts, Stephen. I wonder though "izzit not ever thus," for in them I hear an echo of Wordsworth, from the "preface to

the 2nd edition of the lyrical ballads." That your thoughts are familiar to me suggests that the lyric may be in a steady sissy-fun state, rather than about to die altogether. Yet I'm not suggesting that the work to preserve & enlarge our atttention to the lyric isn't crucial; rather, I think we may whistle a bit while we work. And WW, while he affirms the frustration, also suggests a way to progress: he says that yes quiet lyrics may easily be drowned out, but that learning to attend to lyric quietness, via both reading and writing, is a crucial practice, one that strengthens "certain inherent inherent and indestructible qualities of the human mind," qualities which WW thinks are good.

I'm going to copy down a hunk o' WW here. It feels good to type it, like a meditation/prayer:

From WW: "For the human mind is capable of being excited without the application of gross and violent stimulants.... It has therefore appeared to me that to endeavor to prodice or enlarge this capability is one of the best services in which, at any period, a writer can be engaged; but this service, excellent at all times, is especially so at the present day. For a multitude of causes, unknown to former times, are now acting with a combined force to blunt the distriminating powers of the mind, and, unfitting it for all voluntary exertion, to reduce it to a state of almost savage torpor. The most effective of these causes are the great national events which are daily taking place, and the increasing accumulation of men in cities, where the uniformity of thei roccupations produces a craving for extraordinary incident, which the rapid communication of intelligence hourly gratiafies. To this tendency of life and manners the literature and theatrical exhibition of the country have conformed themselves. The invaluable works of our elder writers...Shakespeare and Milton, are driven into neglect by frantic novelss....When I think about this degrading thirst after outrageous stimulation, I am almost ashamed to have spoken of the feeble endeavor made in these volumes to counteract it; ... had I not a deep impression of certain inherent and indestructible qualities of the human mind, and likewise of certain powers in the great and permanent objects that act upon it, which are equally inherent and indestructible...."

.....
Joanie Mackowski, PhD
Assistant Professor
English & Comparative Literature
University of Cincinnati
PO Box 210069
Cincinnati, OH 45221-0069
Tel. 513/[redacted]
Fax 513/[redacted]
[redacted]
http://homepages.uc.edu/~mackowje <http://homepages.uc.edu/%7Emackowje><

http://homepages.uc.edu/%7Emackowje>

-----Original Message-----
From: Poetics List (UPenn, UB) [mailto:[redacted]] On Behalf Of Stephen Vincent
Sent: Monday, June 23, 2008 10:47 PM
To: [redacted]
Subject: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Sometimes I read a lyric poem - singular or serial - and I am struck by two contrary reading experiences. On one hand, I am taken by a poem's structure, the attention of the poet, the technique, tone, etc, - how forcefully these combinations impel themselves on to the page. I am totally present with the process, and the momentary totality of the poem's object, its presence. I am with it - which means to say its particulars have become an assured presence within the immediate horizons of my take (world) as a reader.

Yet, on the other hand, the poem(s), no matter how solid its occurrence in my imagination, critical presence, etc. is soon gone, particularly as I move on to the works of others, or shift my awareness to, say, the television, the inevitable perk and threnody of the news, its repetitions and cycles.

And, in terms of the lyric poem as an experience in reading - no matter how present it was - - becomes such a fleeting thing without much bearing on what's left of either my private or public space. What is that that 'thing' that caught me and then flew by? Why does much work - much of it good, and, certainly, labor intensive - fly by with but a transitional, momentary effect? Whatever act or frame could make that pleasure more concrete, an enduring, significant presence, a constantly returnable project & gift?? (Perhaps, obviously. that is part of the poet's job, too).

I suspect we know that's the job of a critical community - to maximize the public presence and circulation of a work or works. To review a person's work, to secure (ideally) our attention. And, no doubt, the importance of academic institutions. To insist students write critical papers, memorize, and/or improv new works off the work of others - to insure that a work secure a place, a point of memory in the young, as well as older persons. And, for those of us outside institutions, to resist and confront the the sense of erasure that inevitably haunts those of us who live, read, write and work not 'at the margins', but in locations that require a different sense of critical reception and measure.

Without this surrounding labor of critical community, so many often

extraordinarily fine lyric poems - let alone larger forms. - end up fleeting around, or become paralysed in a kind of statuary limbo. They may vibrantly appear in a small publication, then disappear as readily. For the poet it takes a fierce stubbornness to put up with can appear as an almost instant annihilation or a perennial sense of being 'not quite dead on arrival.'

The reason I write this is that I became quite aware of this condition whitle reading some quite fine books that have come my way to review. Recent intriguing good works by Peter Manson, George Albon, Joseph Noble, Tyrone Williams, Tim Atkins - all guys (I realize), but, indeed, a mix of sexual, ethnic and national persuasions, yet each (most at mid-life, I think) working various lyric, experimental edges. They are among many, obviously both men and women, out in the field of combatting limited attention to their work,each working the language to scrape out (sing, whatever), a non- familiar truth in fresh, demanding and/or startling ways. As I begin to write these various or combined reviews I remain struck by the ambition and struggle to make a work find its location in a contemporay landscape that is mostly either oppositional or,most likely. oblivious to an enterprise that - as both poet and reader - I, if not most of us, totally support.

Proportionately, without wanting to sound one bit self-piteous (because the work can bring such joy and critical pleasure) Sisyphus might appear to have had it relatively good! In this nation (USA), where Executive (Cheney. Bush. etc.) management has done nothing but produce a national paralysis of the imagination (it's nasty girim and impotent, to be both obvious and frank). Without sounding like a 'draino liberal' (I hope), I think its absolutely essential to do whatever we can (in community, critcially, creatively, etc.) to vigorously support the efforts of both poets and poems (lyric and otherwise) to continue to rise and take hold in the public realm - and take form in the pleasure and combat of that. Otherwise we be in for a long, thirsty time! So yes, I am writing my reviews. You, too?

Stephen Vincent
_http://stephenvincent.net/blog/
Where, if you have missed it so far, you can still visit my travels with Charles Olson - and then some - in the Yucatan.

> *guidelines*
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> *guidelines*

↑ Contents

396. **Ryan Daley**

Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Thu 26 Jun 2008

Troy,

Did the first person to write a poem KNOW anything about poetry? Was there a poetic prime mover?

This repeated mantra, that poetry is dying and has been, is so tiring and completely false. If anything , poetry has always been marginal, been despised by segments of society that (perhaps, if you're the wagering sort) seek to obscure meaning, and pin down suggestion as a commodity (I say this, you buy this.) If anything, there are more people writing poetry now than ever. Just search the internet...it's everywhere. In some ways, Baudrillard's concept about art easily applies to poetry: since poetry is everywhere, it no longer exists. This seems to be the contradiction working in your statement below. If poetry exists in songs (qualify please. In ALL songs? Some? Which?) and is more present than ever before, then isn't this the reason it's dying? Is poetry overexposed?

Also, I find your use of terms confusing. Is poetry elitist? Is television? What is elitism? It sounds, with statements like, "bizarre poetry, etc. is a great way for elitists to separate themselves from the rabble, you know" that you mean to imply that all experimentation is elitist. That's big news coming from a Ph.D. such as yourself. It just seems off. Counterproductive and dissonant. It's weird that there's this "bizarre" poetry based on radio and tv (great equalizers, if anything) that somehow, written as a response to these things, suddenly becomes "elitist" to you.

But I guess if writers know nothing about poetry, then it's probably somewhat difficult for them to be "elitist," don't you think?

-Ryan

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>>
>> .....
>> Joanie Mackowski, PhD
>> Assistant Professor
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>> [redacted]
>> http://homepages.uc.edu/~mackowje
<http://homepages.uc.edu/%7Emackowje>

>>
>>
>> -----Original Message-----
>> From: Poetics List (UPenn, UB) [mailto:[redacted]] On
>> Behalf Of Stephen Vincent
>> Sent: Monday, June 23, 2008 10:47 PM
>> To: [redacted]
>> Subject: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?
>>
>> Sometimes I read a lyric poem - singular or serial - and I am struck by
>> two contrary reading experiences. On one hand, I am taken by a poem's
>> structure, the attention of the poet, the technique, tone, etc, - how
>> forcefully these combinations impel themselves on to the page. I am
>> totally present with the process, and the momentary totality of the
>> poem's object, its presence. I am with it - which means to say its
>> particulars have become an assured presence within the immediate
>> horizons of my take (world) as a reader.
>>
>> Yet, on the other hand, the poem(s), no matter how solid its occurrence
>> in my imagination, critical presence, etc. is soon gone, particularly as
>> I move on to the works of others, or shift my awareness to, say, the
>> television, the inevitable perk and threnody of the news, its
>> repetitions and cycles.
>>
>> And, in terms of the lyric poem as an experience in reading - no matter
>> how present it was - - becomes such a fleeting thing without much
>> bearing on what's left of either my private or public space. What is
>> that that 'thing' that caught me and then flew by? Why does much work -
>> much of it good, and, certainly, labor intensive - fly by with but a
>> transitional, momentary effect? Whatever act or frame could make that
>> pleasure more concrete, an enduring, significant presence, a constantly
>> returnable project & gift?? (Perhaps, obviously. that is part of the
>> poet's job, too).
>>
>> I suspect we know that's the job of a critical community - to maximize
>> the public presence and circulation of a work or works. To review a
>> person's work, to secure (ideally) our attention. And, no doubt, the
>> importance of academic institutions. To insist students write critical
>> papers, memorize, and/or improv new works off the work of others - to
>> insure that a work secure a place, a point of memory in the young, as
>> well as older persons. And, for those of us outside institutions, to
>> resist and confront the the sense of erasure that inevitably haunts

>> those of us who live, read, write and work not 'at the margins', but in
>> locations that require a different sense of critical reception and
>> measure.
>>
>> Without this surrounding labor of critical community, so many often
>> extraordinarily fine lyric poems - let alone larger forms. - end up
>> fleeting around, or become paralysed in a kind of statuary limbo. They
>> may vibrantly appear in a small publication, then disappear as readily.
>> For the poet it takes a fierce stubbornness to put up with can appear as
>> an almost instant annihilation or a perennial sense of being 'not quite
>> dead on arrival.'
>>
>> The reason I write this is that I became quite aware of this condition
>> whitle reading some quite fine books that have come my way to review.
>> Recent intriguing good works by Peter Manson, George Albon, Joseph
>> Noble, Tyrone Williams, Tim Atkins - all guys (I realize), but, indeed,
>> a mix of sexual, ethnic and national persuasions, yet each (most at
>> mid-life, I think) working various lyric, experimental edges. They are
>> among many, obviously both men and women, out in the field of
>> combatting limited attention to their work,each working the language to
>> scrape out (sing, whatever), a non- familiar truth in fresh, demanding
>> and/or startling ways. As I begin to write these various or combined
>> reviews I remain struck by the ambition and struggle to make a work find
>> its location in a contemporay landscape that is mostly either
>> oppositional or,most likely. oblivious to an enterprise that - as both
>> poet and reader - I, if not most of us, totally support.
>>
>> Proportionately, without wanting to sound one bit self-piteous (because
>> the work can bring such joy and critical pleasure) Sisyphus might appear
>> to have had it relatively good! In this nation (USA), where Executive
>> (Cheney. Bush. etc.) management has done nothing but produce a national
>> paralysis of the imagination (it's nasty girim and impotent, to be both
>> obvious and frank). Without sounding like a 'draino liberal' (I hope), I
>> think its absolutely essential to do whatever we can (in community,
>> critcially, creatively, etc.) to vigorously support the efforts of both
>> poets and poems (lyric and otherwise) to continue to rise and take hold
>> in the public realm - and take form in the pleasure and combat of that.
>> Otherwise we be in for a long, thirsty time! So yes, I am writing my
>> reviews. You, too?
>>
>> Stephen Vincent
>> _http://stephenvincent.net/blog/

>> Where, if you have missed it so far, you can still visit my travels
>> with Charles Olson - and then some - in the Yucatan.
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397. **Eric Hoffman**

Big Bridge Oppen Special Feature Call for Reviews

Fri 27 Jun 2008

A reminder Oppen Big Bridge special feature is looking for reviews of Stephen Cope's selection of Oppen papers, Selected Prose, Daybooks and Papers and Peter Nicholls' George Oppen and the Fate of Modernism. Reviews of any length, preferably 5-10K words.

Also seeking essays on George Oppen on any subject, short responses to individual poems (2-5 pp length, double spaced), biographical approaches to and memoirs/reminiscences.

Deadline is 5 November. Please send your submissions to Eric Hoffman at [redacted]

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398. **Hot Whiskey Press**

Dana Ward Jess Mynes Michael Carr Friday in Chicago

Fri 27 Jun 2008

This will be tomorrow night, unless you read it tomorrow, then it will be tonight. Either way, it will be good, especially if you don't get that message confused and are able to make it.

Friday June 27, 7:30PM
Poetry and Prints #2
Viva Small Press!

Dana Ward
Jess Mynes
Michael Carr

At Spudnik Press
847 N Paulina
Chicago, Il 60622
[redacted]
[redacted]

Their work will be presented alongside a smattering of work printed at Spudnik Press during the first year of Spudnik Press' existence. Artists include but are not limited to Wrik Repasky, Angee Lennard, Glen Hendricks, Lilli Carre, and work from students of previous classes.

Bios below:

Dana Ward is the author of most recently The Wrong Tree (Dusie, 2007), & Goodnight Voice (House Press, 2008). He lives in Cincinnati where he edits Cy Press.

http://brooklynrail.org/2008/04/poetry/le-cupcake-castaway

http://www.dusie.org/THE%20WRONG%20TREE1.pdf

Jess Mynes is the author of Birds for Example, Coltsfoot Insularity (a collaboration with Aaron Tieger), In(ex)teriors, and Full on Jabber (a collaboration with Christopher Rizzo). He is the editor of Fewer & Further Press. In 2008, his If and When (Katalanche Press), Sky Brightly Picked (Skysill Press), Recently Clouds, and a second edition of In(ex)teriors (Anchorite Press) will be published. He lives in Wendell, MA where he co curates a reading series, All Small Caps. His poems have appeared in numerous publications.

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aPQ6aKbcejY

http://www.shampoopoetry.com/ShampooTwentyfive/mynes.html

http://www.h-ngm-n.com/h_ngm_n-5/Jen-Tynes-on-3-chapbooks.html

http://www.inblogs.net/humanverb/2007/05/originally-published-in-rain-taxi-vol_14.html

http://www.pastsimple.org/ps3jmynes.html

http://carvepoems.org/inex.pdf

Michael Carr is the author of Softer White (House Press, 2007) and Platinum Blonde (Fewer & Further, 2006). He edited a manuscript journal of John Wieners' called A book of PROPHECIES, which was published in 2007 by Bootstrap Productions. He co-edits Katalanché Press and lives in Cambridge, Mass.

"Platinum Blonde" (Fewer & Further Press, 2006)
http://fewfurpressplatinum.blogspot.com

Kevin Killian on "Platinum Blonde"
http://www.thirdfactory.net/attentionspan2006p4.html#kk

"Softer White" (House Press, 2007)
http://housepress.blogspot.com/2007/05/softer-white_8884.html

Katalanché Press (Cambridge, MA)
http://katalanchepress.blogspot.com

Occasional Poeming blog:
http://softerwhite.blogspot.com

John Wieners, "A book of PROPHECIES" (Boostrap Press, 2007)
http://www.bootstrapproductions.org/catalog/books/bop.html

Ron Silliman on "A book of PROPHECIES"
http://ronsilliman.blogspot.com/2008/01/book-of-prophecies-latest-posthumous.html

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Hot Whiskey Press
www.hotwhiskeyblog.blogspot.com
www.hotwhiskeypress.com

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399. David Kirschenbaum

Exhibit at Boog Fest's Small, Small Press Fair

Fri 27 Jun 2008

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please forward

Exhibit at Boog City's 5th Annual Small, Small Press Fair
(with Indie Records and Crafts, too)

Sat. Sept. 20, 11:00 a.m.-8:00 p.m.

at day 3 of the 2nd annual
Welcome to Boog City poetry and music festival
(complete fest info below)

Cakeshop
152 Ludlow St.
NYC

$15 for a table

The first 2.5 hours, 11:00 a.m.-1:30 p.m. will feature performances by authors from the tabling presses (exact amount of time per press TBD when the number of exhibiting presses is set)

Door charge for attendees is $5

email [redacted] or call 212-842-BOOG (2664)
to reserve your table today

Featuring nonstop performances throughout the day

with readings from

Jen Benka
Todd Colby
Ryan Eckes
Elise Ficarra
Eric Gelsinger
Stephanie Gray
David Hadbawnik
Bill Kushner
Douglas Manson
Kristianne Meal
Sharon Mesmer
Carol Mirakove
Kathryn Pringle
Maureen Thorson
Magdalena Zurawski

and music from

A Brief View of the Hudson
Double Deuce
Heart Parts
Phoebe Kreutz

And here's what's happening the other three days of the festival:

Thurs. 9/18, 6:00 p.m. sharp, free

ACA Galleries
529 W.20th St., 5th Flr.
NYC

minor/american (Durham, N.C.)

Elise Ficarra, Kathryn Pringle, and Magdalena Zurawski, eds.

With readings from minor/american authors
and a musical performance

Fri. 9/19, 7:00 p.m.-1:00 a.m., free with a two-drink minimum

Sidewalk Café
94 Ave. A
NYC

Readings from

Jim Behrle
Bob Holman
Gillian McCain
Daniel Nester
Arlo Quint

Poets' Theater performances
curated by Rodrigo Toscano

For its 20th anniversary
Lou Reed's New York album performed live by

Babs Soft
Dead Rabbit
Dibson T. Hoffweiler and Preston Spurlock
Prewar Yardsale
Todd Carlstrom and The Clamour
Wakey Wakey
and more

and solo sets from

Dead Rabbit
Dibson T. Hoffweiler
Todd Carlstrom and The Clamour

Sat. 9/20
Cakeshop

(see above)

Sun. 9/21, 1:00 p.m.-7:30 p.m., free

Unnameable Books
456 Bergen St.
Brooklyn

Ana Bo¾ièeviæ
Lee Ann Brown
Julia Cohen
John Coletti
Corrine Fitzpatrick
Edward Foster
Rachel Levitsky
Eileen Myles
Nick Piombino
Kyle Schlesinger
Stacy Szymaszek
and more

with music from

Yoko Kikuchi

and a panel TBD

Hosted by Boog City editor David Kirschenbaum
For more info: 212-842-BOOG (2664) * [redacted]

--
David A. Kirschenbaum, editor and publisher
Boog City
330 W.28th St., Suite 6H
NY, NY 10001-4754
For event and publication information:
http://welcometoboogcity.com/
T: (212) 842-BOOG (2664)
F: [redacted]

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400. **Shin Yu Pai**

PUBLICATION ANNOUNCEMENT: HAIKU NOT BOMBS

Fri 27 Jun 2008

The Booklyn Artist Alliance is pleased to announce the publication of Haiku Not Bombs.

Haiku Not Bombs is an outgrowth of the haiku year, published by Soft Skull Press in 1998. In 1996, a group of friends made a commitment to write one

haiku a day and mail them to each other. At the end of the year, they realized that their collection of simple, critical observations had given them a new way to look at the details of their lives. Original members of the project included Michael Stipe, Grant- Lee Phillips, Tom Gilroy, Jim McKay, Anna Grace and other contributors from diverse artistic backgrounds ranging from pop music and theater to independent film.

In the current incarnation of the haiku year project, several of the project's founding members decided to continue with their haiku practice, inviting new writers to take part in a new collaborative project. The challenge was reduced to writing one haiku poem for every week of the year. The collection of contributors to the current manuscript, include Tom Gilroy, Jim McKay, Grant-Lee Phillips, Denise Siegel, Biskit Roth, Alison Roth, Patrick So, and Shin Yu Pai. The poems in Haiku Not Bombs range from the one-line hokku form and the Filipino hay(na)ku to linked verses (renga) and the loose western style haiku favored by writers like Jack Kerouac and American practitioners of the craft. Some emergent themes include modernity, urban life and the everyday.

Copies of Haiku Not Bombs are available from the Booklyn website at for $15 each + shipping. The book combines a mix of high and low culture and technique: letterpressed covers from Kallemeyn Press, with hand-tipped art, and saddle-stapled binding. Printed in an edition of 1,000 copies.

Please join the authors for a book release party on July 9, 2008, from 8-10 pm at Think Coffee at 248 Mercer Street, NY, NY. The event is sponsored by the Pen & Cup Reading Series.

About the Authors: Tom Gilroy lives in New York City where he works in film and theatre. In the last few years he has released the feature film Spring Forward, the books Spring Forward and the haiku year. He currently writes for the political blog The Huffington Post and the comedy revue Wake Up, World, which he created with Lizz Winstead. In the works are the publication of his collected plays and theatre pieces, his new book of haiku Volunteer Geraniums, and principal photography on his new film Bad Muslim.

Jim McKay is a filmmaker, husband, and father. He lives in Brooklyn, USA. His haiku have appeared in the haiku year, Snapshots 12, and Noon.

Shin Yu Pai lives and works in Seattle. She is a poet, photographer, bookmaker, and editor. Her works include Works on Paper, Sightings: Selected Works, The Love Hotel Poems, Unnecessary Roughness, Equivalence, and Ten Thousand Miles of Mountains and Rivers. Visit http://shinyupai.com , for more information.

Grant-Lee Phillips is best known as a songwriter and vocalist. The former leader of the seminal '90s group, Grant Lee Buffalo, Phillips continues to garner

international acclaim as a solo artist. A resident of Los Angeles, Grant-Lee Phillips enjoys a diverse career which extends to music, acting, film composing, visual art and poetry.

Allison Roth is a graduate student at Cal Poly Pomona, studying the effects of climate change on desert plants. She wrote many of these haiku as a student at Whittier College and as an intern for the National Park Service.

Rick “Biskit” Roth has been a human rights activist for more than 20 years, coordinating a dedicated group of Amnesty International volunteers in Somerville, MA. He also serves on the Board of Directors for Students for a Free Tibet. He is owner of Mirror Image, an award- winning t-shirt screen-printing factory, known for its creative designs and innovative printing techniques. He is the proud father of eight children.

Denise Siegel Denise Siegel is an alumni of CalArts. Her one act play, Where the Chips Fall, was produced by Theater Unlimited. Her novel Americhrist won an editor’s choice award at the SDSU Writer’s Conference and is currently in the quarterfinals for the 14th Annual Writer’s Network Screenplay & Fiction Competition. Denise’s visual art is currently represented by Gallery 825 in Los Angeles.

Patrick So is a man of science, a lover of the arts, and a student of life. He lives in New York City.

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401. **Elizabeth Switaj**

Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Fri 27 Jun 2008

People run away from my art because it's a huge hairy monster (though it has a good heart at times). The fact of the matter is that people aren't fleeing poetry in terror or otherwise; they merely do not seek it out. Unlike pop music, it isn't widely broadcast. For the most part, it's taught in school (when it's taught) as a dead thing created hundreds of years ago. The mast majority of kids who learn to hate or be intimidated by poetry aren't learning those feelings from reading The Wasteland, The Cantos, or anything that came later. They're learning it through the way Byron, Shelley, and Shakespeare (and maybe a smidge of Milton) are taught. This is, however, not the fault of those illustrious poets.

On the other hand, I have on occasion had the opportunity to visit middle school classrooms in the US and guess what? The students really dug experimental and other free verse poetry (including my own hairy-monster art) when it was presented to them with enthusiasm.

Elizabeth Kate Switaj
elizabethkateswitaj.net

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402. **Jim Andrews**
Re: Halvard's tag
Fri 27 Jun 2008

how could a government that hands over its wealth to foreign powers be stable? and how could it be even remotely friendly to those powers? it just can't be. a smile from someone with a boot on their face can only be heartfelt when the favour is returned.

ja
http://vispo.com

> *Jim,*
>
> *The key phrase is a stable government "friendly to the United States." Considering that the recent agreements are exclusively with Western oil companies and the Iraqi government is showing early signs of a modus vivendi and also early signs of some independence from Iran (the idea of a "security agreement" would have been inconceivable a year ago), perhaps that goal is being reached more than one realizes.*
>
> *Greenspan mentions that idea of the Iraq War being all about oil in his book.*
>
> *Ciao,*
>
> *Murat*

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403. **Jesse Glass**
Braincap (2000-2008): Back in Black
Fri 27 Jun 2008

Just a note to friends and well-wishers that Braincap, my eight year old Kyushu goldfish and the partner of my midnight ramblings has shaken off this mortal coil and has ascended to wherever it is the metaphysical portion of good fishes go. He (I truly believe it was a he, though sometimes I wondered), showed me that goldfish could truly be peaceful, thoughtful, planetary beings. In fact, as Braincap assumed his adult proportions (about 10 inches in length, four in girth), he reminded me of a dugong, with that same kind of "easy does it"

manner; in addition he and his friends Biggie and Abc-sama all reminded me of a herd of little cows grazing on the stones of their near-industrial sized aquarium.

Braincap was born in Fukuoka prefecture, and came as a group of six tiny fish that my son won at a temple matsuri (festival) in July of that long-ago time, just north of the year 2000. We decided to purchase a small plastic aquarium and introduced a bubble stone to keep the crew happy. Little did we know that these little fish would thrive and come with us by plane to our new home near Tokyo, and that they would stick with us to calm us and cheer us up through good times and through bad.

Braincap was the most gifted of the crew. He recognized his name, watched CNN with me and offered passable commentary--at times blazingly intelligent commentary--on global warming and other subjects of vital concern. He did a great imitation of George W. Bush (fool me once...)and predicted that Weapons of Mass Destruction would never be found. When Hillary began her run he (or was it she?) swam hot and cold. Braincap was definitely for a woman running for office, but maybe just not that woman. I'm happy to add that Braincap was an Obama supporter, a tradition that he began and that now I and the whole Ahadada group maintain.

Braincap is survived by his spawn-mates Biggie (pushing 11 inches, 4 inches girth) and Abc-sama, and the Glass family of Shin-Urayasu. Tributes in experimental, conceptual, and visual poetries would be greatly appreciated. Back-channel them and we'll put the best up on the ahadada books website.

Thanks, and yours in Fish-Consciousness,

Jesse

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404. **Douglas Manson**

Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Fri 27 Jun 2008

---

i probably came off more snide than i meant in my earlier post, trying to hit on what separates lyric out from a lot of other kinds of poetry, not to mention other media and the way historical epochs frame aesthetic questions. It was an impulsive idea to try to make a case for lyric in a lyric mode. but since much of the poetry i write has been considered such--lyric--so that i feel called on to say something a little more extensive about it--

i'd like to thank Robin for mentioning Palgrave's Golden Treasury, a book i'd never seen, but follows with a set of classics that would make for a beautiful investigation--along with Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry (which

book Richard Owens told me to read)--Alan Lomax's Folk Songs of America--etc. etc.

In poetry, especially contemporary poetry, lyric has a much different role to play for readers than previously. At a basic level of understanding, lyric is verse composed to be sung with musical accompaniment, with a lyre. Historically, I think it depends on much more than a simple syntactic shift of WE--I, but in our recent ghostly haze of grammatology we have become very deeply invested in "find--replace" poetry as a way of watching words, syntax, speech acts and images spin out of their contextual anchors & we're having a blast trying to catch them as they fly away.

But like Hermes' poor treatment of the mountain tortoise, scooping out the guts of the animal to get a decent soundboard doesn't answer Stephen Vincent's question. Because, for all i can tell, we're still stuck in the same set of terms that framed the contentious question of what a poem means that was started a long time ago & with prodding seems only to open old wounds for many (or taps the "delete" button). And, because of our cultural economy of multimedia and art-by-committee, this argument may seem nothing more than teacup tempestuousness. It is odd how many sharp critical poets spend more time on their movie and music reviews than in serious talk about poems. One doesn't choose to be a poet (and especially a poet writing in lyric mode) to become a salon poet or to escape the social, or to "go quiet". C'mon all you hypocritical readers!!

I thought to myself: "Self, you can ditch Heidegger and cuddle up with Freud, but you're not out of the psychological woods yet." And I'm not going to go into this any further here, because, as I get a better perspective on the broader nature of this issue, I can only indicate some of the first sources I'm going to be using to tease this question out (and hopefully can post to my blog in due time). And perhaps its just ego, but I have to say I'm not doing this for any academic satisfaction or scholarly necessity, or to prop up a career--

My first thought was to re-read Benjamin's "On Some Motifs In Baudelaire", then, obviously, Adorno and Horkheimer's _Dialectic of Enlightenment_ (i was right, they set out a tasty plate of problems)--from there I'm off to Bergson's _Matter and Memory_. This should allow me enough vocabulary to abrade this old, crudely sawn tapestry, get some terms of authentic experience and terms of dialectics, that will allow a reading of some non-traditional (and TOO traditional) lyric anthology projects: Palgrave's Golden Treasury, Percy's Reliques, and Lomax's Folk Songs. I'm very hesitant to take up these questions in either strict constructionist or deconstructionist terms, because they truly bore me, but will have to let the shape fill itself in. My poetry-per-se lyric modernist/postmodernist experience will fall somewhere between Baudelaire's

evil flowers and Berrigan's sonnets (this last, for me, the culmination of the now-receding ecstasy of lyrical syntax tumbling).

so maybe i'll send you a postcard if you'd like. I'm gonna be in Memphis for a while.

Doug

On Thu, Jun 26, 2008 at 12:45 PM, Troy Camplin <[redacted]> wrote:

> *The two aren't unrelated, you know. It's no coincidence that you started getting things like impressionism when photography came about. Milan Kundera observes that the novel (for example) should do only what the novel can do. The same can be said about poetry. TV and film are their own media, and do not necessarily exclude the reading of poetry. Much of the Modernists' experiments came about precisely in reaction to such things as radio, etc. Part of the result was that it became something only elitists were interested in (bizarre poetry, etc. is a great way for elitists to separate themselves from the rabble, you know). But lyric poetry in the form of songs is as strong as ever -- belying claims that other media pushed poetry aside. What pushed poetry aside was the fact that poets began writing poetry 1) knowing nothing about poetry, and 2) writing as elitists for elitists. I listen to the radio, watch movies and TV, use a computer, etc. and also read novels and poetry, so these different forms are not mutually exclusive. In fact, they can be mutually enhancing. If people are running away from your art, it may have more to do with the state of the art. Unless that is seriously considered (which is also an historical perspective), then you're never going to understand why nobody reads poetry anymore.*
>
> *Troy Camplin*
>
> *----- Original Message ----*
> *From: Dan Glass <[redacted]>*
> *To: [redacted]*
> *Sent: Wednesday, June 25, 2008 4:17:26 PM*
> *Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?*
>
> *Way to think historically.*
>
> *I love that it's the bad modernist poetry that made people read less poetry,*
> *rather than things like radio, television, movies, computers, video games, the assembly line, and other 20th c. inventions...*
>
> *I mean, seriously. Do you really think history has nothing to do with poetry?*
>
> *On Wed, Jun 25, 2008 at 12:37 PM, Troy Camplin <[redacted]>*

wrote:

*Historically, lyrical poetry has had a very large audience. It began dying
off with Modernism, and postmodernism and LANGUAGE poetry have all but killed it off. The few poetry bestsellers are the lyric poets like Frederick
Turner.*

Troy Camplin

*----- Original Message ----
From: Stephen Vincent <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Tuesday, June 24, 2008 8:08:10 PM
Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?*

*Thanks, Joanie, for pointing to WW lodestar! Then the quote. Yes, a quick and impressive ear you have for echoes!
What? Are we (yon poets) fated to repeat ourselves century upon century with twists on the metaphors and content du jour!!! An endless spiral loop
earthly journey? An eternity of small audiences?
Ain't complaining too hard. As long as there are good and quick ears in the
neighborhood that can take and hear a poem to the max, who needs more?! (It's always nice when it happens - large)*

Got to get back to writing those reviews - among all the other 'requirements'!

Stephen V

"Mackowski, Joanie (mackowje)" <[redacted]> wrote: Nice to read your thoughts, Stephen. I wonder though "izzit not ever thus," for in them I hear an echo of Wordsworth, from the "preface to the 2nd edition of the lyrical ballads." That your thoughts are familiar to me suggests that the lyric may be in a steady sissy-fun state, rather than about to die altogether. Yet I'm not suggesting that the work to preserve & enlarge our atttention to the lyric isn't crucial; rather, I think we may whistle a bit while we work. And WW, while he affirms the frustration, also suggests a way to progress: he says that yes quiet lyrics may easily be drowned out, but that learning to attend to lyric

quietness, via both reading and writing, is a crucial practice, one that strengthens "certain inherent inherent and indestructible qualities of the human mind," qualities which WW thinks are good.

I'm going to copy down a hunk o' WW here. It feels good to type it, like a meditation/prayer:

From WW: "For the human mind is capable of being excited without the application of gross and violent stimulants.... It has therefore appeared to me that to endeavor to prodice or enlarge this capability is one of the best services in which, at any period, a writer can be engaged; but this service, excellent at all times, is especially so at the present day. For a multitude of causes, unknown to former times, are now acting with a combined force to blunt the distriminating powers of the mind, and, unfitting it for all voluntary exertion, to reduce it to a state of almost savage torpor. The most effective of these causes are the great national events which are daily taking place, and the increasing accumulation of men in cities, where the uniformity of thei roccupations produces a craving for extraordinary incident, which the rapid communication of intelligence hourly gratiafies. To this tendency of life and manners the literature and theatrical exhibition of the country have conformed themselves. The invaluable works of our elder writers...Shakespeare and Milton, are driven into neglect by frantic novelss....When I think about this degrading thirst after outrageous stimulation, I am almost ashamed to have spoken of the feeble endeavor made in these volumes to counteract it; ... had I not a deep impression of certain inherent and indestructible qualities of the human mind, and likewise of certain powers in the great and permanent objects that act upon it, which are equally inherent and indestructible...."

.....
Joanie Mackowski, PhD
Assistant Professor
English & Comparative Literature
University of Cincinnati
PO Box 210069
Cincinnati, OH 45221-0069
Tel. 513/[redacted]
Fax 513/[redacted]
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http://homepages.uc.edu/~mackowje <http://homepages.uc.edu/%7Emackowje><
http://homepages.uc.edu/%7Emackowje>

-----Original Message-----
From: Poetics List (UPenn, UB) [mailto:[redacted]] On Behalf Of Stephen Vincent
Sent: Monday, June 23, 2008 10:47 PM

To: [redacted]
Subject: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Sometimes I read a lyric poem - singular or serial - and I am struck by two contrary reading experiences. On one hand, I am taken by a poem's structure, the attention of the poet, the technique, tone, etc, - how forcefully these combinations impel themselves on to the page. I am totally present with the process, and the momentary totality of the poem's object, its presence. I am with it - which means to say its particulars have become an assured presence within the immediate horizons of my take (world) as a reader.

Yet, on the other hand, the poem(s), no matter how solid its occurrence in my imagination, critical presence, etc. is soon gone, particularly as I move on to the works of others, or shift my awareness to, say, the television, the inevitable perk and threnody of the news, its repetitions and cycles.

And, in terms of the lyric poem as an experience in reading - no matter how present it was - - becomes such a fleeting thing without much bearing on what's left of either my private or public space. What is that that 'thing' that caught me and then flew by? Why does much work - much of it good, and, certainly, labor intensive - fly by with but a transitional, momentary effect? Whatever act or frame could make that pleasure more concrete, an enduring, significant presence, a constantly returnable project & gift?? (Perhaps, obviously. that is part of the poet's job, too).

I suspect we know that's the job of a critical community - to maximize the public presence and circulation of a work or works. To review a person's work, to secure (ideally) our attention. And, no doubt, the importance of academic institutions. To insist students write critical papers, memorize, and/or improv new works off the work of others - to insure that a work secure a place, a point of memory in the young, as well as older persons. And, for those of us outside institutions, to resist and confront the the sense of erasure that inevitably haunts those of us who live, read, write and work not 'at the margins', but in locations that require a different sense of critical reception and measure.

Without this surrounding labor of critical community, so many often extraordinarily fine lyric poems - let alone larger forms. - end up fleeting around, or become paralysed in a kind of statuary limbo. They may vibrantly appear in a small publication, then disappear as readily. For the poet it takes a fierce stubbornness to put up with can appear as an almost instant annihilation or a perennial sense of being 'not quite dead on arrival.'

The reason I write this is that I became quite aware of this condition whitle reading some quite fine books that have come my way to review. Recent intriguing good works by Peter Manson, George Albon, Joseph Noble, Tyrone Williams, Tim Atkins - all guys (I realize), but, indeed, a mix of sexual, ethnic and national persuasions, yet each (most at mid-life, I think) working various lyric, experimental edges. They are among many, obviously both men and women, out in the field of combatting limited attention to their work,each working the language to scrape out (sing, whatever), a non- familiar truth in fresh, demanding and/or startling ways. As I begin to write these various or combined reviews I remain struck by the ambition and struggle to make a work find its location in a contemporay landscape that is mostly either oppositional or,most likely. oblivious to an enterprise that - as both poet and reader - I, if not most of us, totally support.

Proportionately, without wanting to sound one bit self-piteous (because the work can bring such joy and critical pleasure) Sisyphus might appear to have had it relatively good! In this nation (USA), where Executive (Cheney. Bush. etc.) management has done nothing but produce a national paralysis of the imagination (it's nasty girim and impotent, to be both obvious and frank). Without sounding like a 'draino liberal' (I hope), I think its absolutely essential to do whatever we can (in community, critcially, creatively, etc.) to vigorously support the efforts of both poets and poems (lyric and otherwise) to continue to rise and take hold in the public realm - and take form in the pleasure and combat of that. Otherwise we be in for a long, thirsty time! So yes, I am writing my reviews. You, too?

Stephen Vincent
_http://stephenvincent.net/blog/
Where, if you have missed it so far, you can still visit my travels with Charles Olson - and then some - in the Yucatan.

guidelines

guidelines

guidelines

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405. **charles alexander**

chax press address correction

Fri 27 Jun 2008

411 N 7th Ave Suite 103
Tucson, AZ 85705-8332

A few weeks ago when we moved into our new studio (with partner, painter Cynthia Miller), our landlord told us to use 411 7th Ave B -- now the post office has told us there is no such address, has finally released mail they've been holding for us for two weeks, and has created a brand new address for us.

This is good for Chax Press, Charles Alexander, & Cynthia Miller.

Chax Press
411 N 7th Ave Suite 103
Tucson, AZ 85705-8332

In a building with only two large spaces, just WHY there should be a suite 103 is totally beyond me, but that's the way it is. Sorry, then to have two address changes within a few weeks, but PLEASE update your address books if Chax was in them in the first place. Or add this NEW address only if it was not. This supercedes the address as stated on our web site, which will be updated very soon.

Thank you,

Charles

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406. **Thomas savage**

Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Fri 27 Jun 2008

Nobody reads poetry anymore because they aren't exposed to it as children as a part of their education. Once it vanished from their schooling, since they had no access to it, most people don't even know poetry exists. As for the elitism of experimental poetry of the 20th and 21st century, that is another matter. Anyone who takes chances with a tradition risks isolating him or herself from the larger group of people who will not understand what is going on or who simply don't care. I don't think that is necessarily elitism but in certain cases,

particularly Pound's and Eliot's, it may have been accompanied by elitism. Williams, Olson, and many other experimental poets were populists trying to do something that would resonate with the larger masses of educated readers. Whether they ever reached those readers is another matter. Regards, Tom Savage

--- On Thu, 6/26/08, Troy Camplin <[redacted]> wrote:

From: Troy Camplin <[redacted]>
Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?
To: [redacted]
Date: Thursday, June 26, 2008, 12:45 PM

The two aren't unrelated, you know. It's no coincidence that you started getting things like impressionism when photography came about. Milan Kundera observes that the novel (for example) should do only what the novel can do. The same can be said about poetry. TV and film are their own media, and do not necessarily exclude the reading of poetry. Much of the Modernists' experiments came about precisely in reaction to such things as radio, etc. Part of the result was that it became something only elitists were interested in (bizarre poetry, etc. is a great way for elitists to separate themselves from the rabble, you know). But lyric poetry in the form of songs is as strong as ever -- belying claims that other media pushed poetry aside. What pushed poetry aside was the fact that poets began writing poetry 1) knowing nothing about poetry, and 2) writing as elitists for elitists. I listen to the radio, watch movies and TV, use a computer, etc. and also read novels and poetry, so these different forms are not mutually exclusive. In fact, they can be mutually enhancing. If people are running away from your art, it may have more to do with the state of the art. Unless that is seriously considered (which is also an historical perspective), then you're never going to understand why nobody reads poetry anymore.

Troy Camplin

----- Original Message ----
From: Dan Glass <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Wednesday, June 25, 2008 4:17:26 PM
Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Way to think historically.

I love that it's the bad modernist poetry that made people read less poetry, rather than things like radio, television, movies, computers, video games, the assembly line, and other 20th c. inventions...

I mean, seriously. Do you really think history has nothing to do with poetry?

On Wed, Jun 25, 2008 at 12:37 PM, Troy Camplin <[redacted]> wrote:

> Historically, lyrical poetry has had a very large audience. It began dying
> off with Modernism, and postmodernism and LANGUAGE poetry have all but
> killed it off. The few poetry bestsellers are the lyric poets like
Frederick
> Turner.
>
> Troy Camplin
>
>
> ----- Original Message ----
> From: Stephen Vincent <[redacted]>
> To: [redacted]
> Sent: Tuesday, June 24, 2008 8:08:10 PM
> Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?
>
> Thanks, Joanie, for pointing to WW lodestar! Then the quote. Yes, a quick
> and impressive ear you have for echoes!
> What? Are we (yon poets) fated to repeat ourselves century upon century
> with twists on the metaphors and content du jour!!! An endless spiral
loop
> earthly journey? An eternity of small audiences?
> Ain't complaining too hard. As long as there are good and quick ears
in the
> neighborhood that can take and hear a poem to the max, who needs more?!
> (It's always nice when it happens - large)
>
> Got to get back to writing those reviews - among all the other
> 'requirements'!
>
> Stephen V
>
>
>
>
>
> "Mackowski, Joanie (mackowje)" <[redacted]>
wrote: Nice to
> read your thoughts, Stephen. I wonder though "izzit not ever
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> to me suggests that the lyric may be in a steady sissy-fun state, rather
> than about to die altogether. Yet I'm not suggesting that the work to
> preserve & enlarge our atttention to the lyric isn't crucial;
rather, I
> think we may whistle a bit while we work. And WW, while he affirms the
> frustration, also suggests a way to progress: he says that yes quiet
> lyrics may easily be drowned out, but that learning to attend to lyric
> quietness, via both reading and writing, is a crucial practice, one that
> strengthens "certain inherent inherent and indestructible qualities
of
> the human mind," qualities which WW thinks are good.
>
> I'm going to copy down a hunk o' WW here. It feels good to type
it, like
> a meditation/prayer:
>
> From WW: "For the human mind is capable of being excited without the
> application of gross and violent stimulants.... It has therefore
> appeared to me that to endeavor to prodice or enlarge this capability is
> one of the best services in which, at any period, a writer can be
> engaged; but this service, excellent at all times, is especially so at
> the present day. For a multitude of causes, unknown to former times, are
> now acting with a combined force to blunt the distriminating powers of
> the mind, and, unfitting it for all voluntary exertion, to reduce it to
> a state of almost savage torpor. The most effective of these causes are
> the great national events which are daily taking place, and the
> increasing accumulation of men in cities, where the uniformity of thei
> roccupations produces a craving for extraordinary incident, which the
> rapid communication of intelligence hourly gratiafies. To this tendency
> of life and manners the literature and theatrical exhibition of the
> country have conformed themselves. The invaluable works of our elder
> writers...Shakespeare and Milton, are driven into neglect by frantic
> novelss....When I think about this degrading thirst after outrageous
> stimulation, I am almost ashamed to have spoken of the feeble endeavor
> made in these volumes to counteract it; ... had I not a deep impression
> of certain inherent and indestructible qualities of the human mind, and
> likewise of certain powers in the great and permanent objects that act
> upon it, which are equally inherent and indestructible...."
>
> .....

> Joanie Mackowski, PhD
> Assistant Professor
> English & Comparative Literature
> University of Cincinnati
> PO Box 210069
> Cincinnati, OH 45221-0069
> Tel. 513/[redacted]
> Fax 513/[redacted]
> [redacted]
> http://homepages.uc.edu/~mackowje
<http://homepages.uc.edu/%7Emackowje>
>
>
> -----Original Message-----
> From: Poetics List (UPenn, UB) [mailto:[redacted]] On
> Behalf Of Stephen Vincent
> Sent: Monday, June 23, 2008 10:47 PM
> To: [redacted]
> Subject: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?
>
> Sometimes I read a lyric poem - singular or serial - and I am struck by
> two contrary reading experiences. On one hand, I am taken by a poem's
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> totally present with the process, and the momentary totality of the
> poem's object, its presence. I am with it - which means to say its
> particulars have become an assured presence within the immediate
> horizons of my take (world) as a reader.
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> Yet, on the other hand, the poem(s), no matter how solid its occurrence
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> transitional, momentary effect? Whatever act or frame could make that

> pleasure more concrete, an enduring, significant presence, a constantly
> returnable project & gift?? (Perhaps, obviously. that is part of the
> poet's job, too).
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> I suspect we know that's the job of a critical community - to maximize
> the public presence and circulation of a work or works. To review a
> person's work, to secure (ideally) our attention. And, no doubt, the
> importance of academic institutions. To insist students write critical
> papers, memorize, and/or improv new works off the work of others - to
> insure that a work secure a place, a point of memory in the young, as
> well as older persons. And, for those of us outside institutions, to
> resist and confront the the sense of erasure that inevitably haunts
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> Where, if you have missed it so far, you can still visit my travels
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407. **Thomas Devaney**

SAT in ALBANY! SPARROW, JANET HAMILL, THOMAS DEVANEY

Fri 27 Jun 2008

POINT 5 presents

JANET HAMILL, SPARROW, & THOMAS DEVANEY

Saturday, June 28th at 5:00 PM
Point 5 (383.5 Madison Avenue) in Albany, New York.

SPARROW Sparrow lives in the heart of the Catskill Mountains, within the snug village of Phoenicia, New York, with his wife Violet Snow and daughter Sylvia. For Sylvia's 16th birthday, Sparrow gave her Johannes Brahms' Violin Concerto in D major, Op. 77, on cassette. Soft Skull Press has published three of Sparrow's books. (Watch him on www. rumur. tv/sparrow.)

THOMAS DEVANEY Thomas Devaney is the author of A Series of Small Boxes (Fish Drum, 2007) and The American Pragmatist Fell in Love (Banshee Press, 1999). Devaney is a Senior Writing Fellow in the English Department at the University of Pennsylvania. He has worked with the Institute of Contemporary Art (Phila) on a number of site specific, multi-sensory projects, including "No Silence Here, Enjoy the Silence" for the Locally Localized Gravity exhibit, "Tales from the 215" for the Philadelphia Freedom exhibit with Zoe Strauss, and the performance "The Empty House" at the Edgar Allan Poe National Historic Site for The Big Nothing exhibit. (TD: http://writing. upenn. edu/~tdevaney/).

JANET HAMILL Poet, painter, and performer Janet Hamill was born in Jersey City, NJ. For her first five years she gazed across the Hudson from Weehawken, NJ, before the family moved north to New Milford, in Bergen County. In the mid-sixties Janet attended Glassboro State College (now Rowan University), in Glassboro, NJ, where she met life-long friend, singer/songwriter, Patti Smith. After graduating with a BA in English from Glassboro, Janet joined Patti in New York. Using the city as a base, and bookstore jobs as a livelihood, Janet lived out her first love, travel, during her twenties and early thirties. Some of her journeys included cross-country trips in the USA and sojourns in Canada, Mexico, Morocco, Egypt, Sudan, Ethiopia, Kenya, Tanzania, Denmark, England, France, Spain, Italy, and Ireland.

Janet is the author of four books: Lost Ceilings, Nostalgia of the Infinite, The Temple, and Troublante. Her poetry and fiction have appeared in anthologies such as Living With the Animals, Up Late: American Poetry Since 1970, The Low-Tech Manual, The Unmade Bed, and Deep Down: The New Sensual Writing by Women.

A strong advocate of the spoken word, Janet has read widely at well known poetry venues such as The Peoples' Poetry Gathering, St. Marks Church and the Walt Whitman Cultural Center. Early in September of 1997, Janet was the featured poet at the first Liss Ard Festival, in Skibbereen, County Cork, Ireland. The festival is held annually to raise world-wide environmental awareness.

In the summer of 1997 Janet began to perform her poetry with the music of Moving Star, a backing group of musicians named after one of her poems. They

are Bob Torsello (bass), Jay LoRubbio (guitar) and Sean Healy (drums). In their short time together, Janet and Moving Star have performed at the The People's Poetry Gathering, The Knitting Factory and CBGB's Gallery in New York City, as well as clubs in Orange and Ulster Counties. Recently, Janet and the band released their first full-length CD, Flying Nowhere, produced by Lenny Kaye, with two cameo appearances by Patti Smith on clarinet.

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408. **John Cunningham**

Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Fri 27 Jun 2008

Bravo, Elizabeth. That's putting the way it is and where it belongs. If the educators suck, then their presentation of poetry is going to do the same. The kids would be alright if poetry were presented as an exciting art form. And they can probably relate to it more if it is presented in colloquial rather than as some ancient rhyme. Let the poetry talk the way they talk and it'll take them home. The type of talk we hear presented in this thread is the type that's plagued music forever. Think of the big band jazz fans attempting to come to grips with Bird and Diz and them decrying the death of jazz. The same happened in the 50s with Miles. And then the sixties with Sun Ra, Albert Ayler, Ornette, Trane, et al. Yet, much of the music of the sixties have begun being played as background for modern day commercials - not that that's any sine qua non. Anyway, signing off. Sayonara. John Cunningham

-----Original Message-----
From: Poetics List (UPenn, UB) [mailto:[redacted]] On
Behalf Of Elizabeth Switaj
Sent: June 27, 2008 1:50 AM
To: [redacted]
Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

People run away from my art because it's a huge hairy monster (though it has a good heart at times). The fact of the matter is that people aren't fleeing poetry in terror or otherwise; they merely do not seek it out. Unlike pop music, it isn't widely broadcast. For the most part, it's taught in school (when it's taught) as a dead thing created hundreds of years ago. The mast majority of kids who learn to hate or be intimidated by poetry aren't learning those feelings from reading The Wasteland, The Cantos, or anything that came later. They're learning it through the way Byron, Shelley, and Shakespeare (and maybe a smidge of Milton) are taught. This is, however, not the fault of those illustrious poets.

On the other hand, I have on occasion had the opportunity to visit middle school classrooms in the US and guess what? The students really dug experimental

and other free verse poetry (including my own hairy-monster art) when it was presented to them with enthusiasm.

Elizabeth Kate Switaj
elizabethkateswitaj.net

No virus found in this incoming message.
Checked by AVG.
Version: 8.0.101 / Virus Database: 270.4.1/1522 - Release Date: 27/06/2008 8:27 AM

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409. **Ryan Daley**
Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?
Fri 27 Jun 2008

How come mathematics gets to be "elitist"? Why is poetry condemned to "having to have meaning/be understandable?"

Personally, I don't believe in elitism as a label; I think it's largely used to hide embarrassing moments of "I don't get this."

On Fri, Jun 27, 2008 at 9:49 AM, Thomas savage <[redacted]> wrote:
> Nobody reads poetry anymore because they aren't exposed to it as children as a part of their education. Once it vanished from their schooling, since they had no access to it, most people don't even know poetry exists. As for the elitism of experimental poetry of the 20th and 21st century, that is another matter. Anyone who takes chances with a tradition risks isolating him or herself from the larger group of people who will not understand what is going on or who simply don't care. I don't think that is necessarily elitism but in certain cases, particularly Pound's and Eliot's, it may have been accompanied by elitism. Williams, Olson, and many other experimental poets were populists trying to do something that would resonate with the larger masses of educated readers. Whether they ever reached those readers is another matter. Regards, Tom Savage
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> To: [redacted]
> Date: Thursday, June 26, 2008, 12:45 PM
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> getting things like impressionism when photography came about. Milan

Kundera
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The
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> necessarily exclude the reading of poetry. Much of the Modernists'
> experiments came about precisely in reaction to such things as radio, etc.
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> fact, they can be mutually enhancing. If people are running away from your
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>> From: Stephen Vincent <[redacted]>
>> To: [redacted]
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>> .....
>> Joanie Mackowski, PhD
>> Assistant Professor
>> English & Comparative Literature
>> University of Cincinnati
>> PO Box 210069
>> Cincinnati, OH 45221-0069
>> Tel. 513/[redacted]
>> Fax 513/[redacted]
>> [redacted]
>> http://homepages.uc.edu/~mackowje
> <http://homepages.uc.edu/%7Emackowje>
>>
>>
>> -----Original Message-----
>> From: Poetics List (UPenn, UB) [mailto:[redacted]] On
>> Behalf Of Stephen Vincent
>> Sent: Monday, June 23, 2008 10:47 PM
>> To: [redacted]
>> Subject: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?
>>
>> Sometimes I read a lyric poem - singular or serial - and I am struck by
>> two contrary reading experiences. On one hand, I am taken by a poem's
>> structure, the attention of the poet, the technique, tone, etc, - how
>> forcefully these combinations impel themselves on to the page. I am
>> totally present with the process, and the momentary totality of the
>> poem's object, its presence. I am with it - which means to say its
>> particulars have become an assured presence within the immediate
>> horizons of my take (world) as a reader.
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>> Yet, on the other hand, the poem(s), no matter how solid its occurrence
>> in my imagination, critical presence, etc. is soon gone, particularly as
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>> And, in terms of the lyric poem as an experience in reading - no matter
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>> transitional, momentary effect? Whatever act or frame could make that
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>> I suspect we know that's the job of a critical community - to maximize
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↑ Contents

410. **John Cunningham**

Re: Audio Interview with Jaap Blonk: The difference between Sound and Traditional Poetry by Nigel Beale

Fri 27 Jun 2008

Having said all that, where does Jackson Mac Low fit on this scale as he seems to have written sound poems in 1937 or 8 as can be seen in his recently release Thing of Beauty. But this consists of words as well as sounds? The material he released subsequent to falling under the sway of John Cage also seems to carry both. John Cunningham

-----Original Message-----
From: Poetics List (UPenn, UB) [mailto:[redacted]] On
Behalf Of Tom Orange
Sent: June 26, 2008 9:53 AM
To: [redacted]
Subject: Re: Audio Interview with Jaap Blonk: The difference between Sound and Traditional Poetry by Nigel Beale

john: roughly speaking, the two are not altogether unrelated fellow travellers with rather different genealogies. sound poetry traces its roots back to european dada in the 1910s and is conveyed in polyglot trans-sense utterances, often written out in scores but very much intended to be performed. kurt schwitters "ur sonata" is the cornerstone of such work.

slam poetry originated in chicago in the mid-1980s and is also heavily dependent upon performance, in this case of a wholly memorized and/or partially improvised text. the performance takes place in the context of a competition where individual 3-minute performances are judged by the audience and those results compiled for the given teams of performers, victorious teams travelling on to face other teams at higher levels of competition. that said, i think a slam "style" exists outside of this competitive sphere. saul williams would be an example.

and i'd say further that the two strains can be seen converging in the work of tracie morris.

allbests,
tom orange

> ----------
>
> Date: Wed, 25 Jun 2008 10:57:14 -0500
> From: John Cunningham <[redacted]>

> Subject: Re: Audio Interview with Jaap Blonk: The difference between Sound
> and Traditional Poetry by Nigel Beale
>
> Is there a difference between sound poetry and slam poetry or is one just
a
> development of the other?
> John Cunningham
>
> -

No virus found in this incoming message.
Checked by AVG.
Version: 8.0.101 / Virus Database: 270.4.1/1521 - Release Date: 26/06/2008
11:20 AM

↑ Contents

411. **Troy Camplin**

Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Fri 27 Jun 2008

Math is both understandable and meaningful. But to practice it and understand it, you have to learn a lot of techniques.

The arts are different from the sciences (including math) in that they are meaningful and valuable in a more complex, more directly human way. There's dehumanizing, nihilistic art, and humanizing, meaningful art. I personally like a lot of elite art; but I also understand why most people don't. Part of it is indeed that they don't get it. And why isn't that a valid criticism? Why should people rely on a bunch of overeducated elites (like myself) telling them what this or that work means, and why it's significant? Shouldn't there be at least some level in every art where the average person "gets it"? This doesn't mean, of course, that one cannot learn more about a work -- meaning critics, etc. are still needed to help people see all the possibilities -- but the best works are not those that only require critics for anyone to understand what is going on. There's a certain tyranny of meaning-making in only having critics able to understand a work of art.

The most beautiful works are those that one can get some meaning from right away, but which gain in meaning the more you understand and learn. Those works both the uneducated and the educated can appreciate. Why shouldn't we want to create that kind of poetry? Why should we only ever want to exist in the realm of the elite, where only a select few "truly understand"?

Troy Camplin, Ph.D.

----- Original Message ----
From: Ryan Daley <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Friday, June 27, 2008 3:23:43 PM
Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

How come mathematics gets to be "elitist"? Why is poetry condemned to "having to have meaning/be understandable?"

Personally, I don't believe in elitism as a label; I think it's largely used to hide embarrassing moments of "I don't get this."

On Fri, Jun 27, 2008 at 9:49 AM, Thomas savage <[redacted]> wrote:
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>> quietness, via both reading and writing, is a crucial practice, one that
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>> the human mind," qualities which WW thinks are good.
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>> I'm going to copy down a hunk o' WW here. It feels good to type
> it, like
>> a meditation/prayer:
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>> From WW: "For the human mind is capable of being excited without the
>> application of gross and violent stimulants.... It has therefore
>> appeared to me that to endeavor to prodice or enlarge this capability is
>> one of the best services in which, at any period, a writer can be
>> engaged; but this service, excellent at all times, is especially so at
>> the present day. For a multitude of causes, unknown to former times, are
>> now acting with a combined force to blunt the distriminating powers of
>> the mind, and, unfitting it for all voluntary exertion, to reduce it to
>> a state of almost savage torpor. The most effective of these causes are
>> the great national events which are daily taking place, and the
>> increasing accumulation of men in cities, where the uniformity of thei
>> roccupations produces a craving for extraordinary incident, which the
>> rapid communication of intelligence hourly gratiafies. To this tendency
>> of life and manners the literature and theatrical exhibition of the
>> country have conformed themselves. The invaluable works of our elder
>> writers...Shakespeare and Milton, are driven into neglect by frantic
>> novelss....When I think about this degrading thirst after outrageous
>> stimulation, I am almost ashamed to have spoken of the feeble endeavor
>> made in these volumes to counteract it; ... had I not a deep impression
>> of certain inherent and indestructible qualities of the human mind, and
>> likewise of certain powers in the great and permanent objects that act
>> upon it, which are equally inherent and indestructible...."
>>
>> .....
>> Joanie Mackowski, PhD
>> Assistant Professor
>> English & Comparative Literature
>> University of Cincinnati
>> PO Box 210069
>> Cincinnati, OH 45221-0069
>> Tel. 513/[redacted]
>> Fax 513/[redacted]

>> [redacted]
>> http://homepages.uc.edu/~mackowje
> <http://homepages.uc.edu/%7Emackowje>
>>
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412. **Tom Orange**

NYTBR: Logan Bashes O'Hara

Fri 27 Jun 2008

Dear Listfolk,

William Logan apparently never read a dead gay poet he could avoid taking the opportunity to bash.

After his savaging of the Library of America edition of Hart Crane last January, Logan is back in this weekend's *New York Times Book Review* for an encore performance, dishing out his thinly-veiled contempt for Frank O'Hara in an ostensible review of the recent *Selected Poems* edited by Mark Ford.

http://www.nytimes.com/2008/06/29/books/review/Logan-t.html

Here's a walk through Logan's "arguments":

1) Contrary to custom, death did not serve O'Hara well since it gave
us a *Collected
Poems* that enshrined a sizeable body of work with little merit.

2) His "falling in" with New York School painters and poets enabled his celebration of life filled with frivolous gossip.

3) Spontaneity is no substitute for studied labor at one's craft.

4) The reality "O'Hara almost never faces up to [is] the emptiness beneath this high life and low desire" -- one that extends to and includes his homosexuality: "O'Hara wrote about homosexual life with a cheerful nonchalance rarely matched since."

5) Ford's selection ultimately does not much help a body of work consisting only of a dozen or so truly worthwhile poems, because his poetic practice is fundamentally flawed: "When O'Hara was lucky, he was very lucky, because his method could not help but fail most of the time."

I'll leave readers to decide which of Logan's insults are truly offensive and which merely cheeky. I also wonder what kind of campaign would be needed to convince the NYTBR editors to give Logan a permanent respite from his reviewing duties.

Sincerely,
Tom Orange

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413. **Adam Tobin**
Re: elitism (was re: the lyric poem
Fri 27 Jun 2008

whaddya mean, "Nobody reads poetry"? Everybody I know reads poetry -- and I know a lot of people, from a lot of different social classes. (I may not like all the poetry they read, but that doesn't stop them from reading it.) I think what you must mean is: "Nobody shows poetry on television." And that is easily explained by the fact that television programmers are elitists, who will do nothing that challenges their own elitist hold on ever-increasing money and power. (Most poets I know, by way of contrast, are radical democrats who

spend the majority of their waking hours working toward a participatory cultural economy...)

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From: Poetics List (UPenn, UB) [mailto:[redacted]] On
Behalf Of Ryan Daley
Sent: Friday, June 27, 2008 4:24 PM
To: [redacted]
Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

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>> appeared to me that to endeavor to prodice or enlarge this capability
>> is one of the best services in which, at any period, a writer can be
>> engaged; but this service, excellent at all times, is especially so
>> at the present day. For a multitude of causes, unknown to former
>> times, are now acting with a combined force to blunt the
>> distriminating powers of the mind, and, unfitting it for all
>> voluntary exertion, to reduce it to a state of almost savage torpor.
>> The most effective of these causes are the great national events
>> which are daily taking place, and the increasing accumulation of men
>> in cities, where the uniformity of thei roccupations produces a
>> craving for extraordinary incident, which the rapid communication of
>> intelligence hourly gratiafies. To this tendency of life and manners
>> the literature and theatrical exhibition of the country have
>> conformed themselves. The invaluable works of our elder
>> writers...Shakespeare and Milton, are driven into neglect by frantic
>> novelss....When I think about this degrading thirst after outrageous
>> stimulation, I am almost ashamed to have spoken of the feeble
>> endeavor made in these volumes to counteract it; ... had I not a deep
>> impression of certain inherent and indestructible qualities of the
>> human mind, and likewise of certain powers in the great and permanent
objects that act upon it, which are equally inherent and indestructible...."
>>
>> .....
>> Joanie Mackowski, PhD
>> Assistant Professor
>> English & Comparative Literature
>> University of Cincinnati

>> PO Box 210069
>> Cincinnati, OH 45221-0069
>> Tel. 513/[redacted]
>> Fax 513/[redacted]
>> [redacted]
>> http://homepages.uc.edu/~mackowje
> <http://homepages.uc.edu/%7Emackowje>
>>
>>
>> -----Original Message-----
>> From: Poetics List (UPenn, UB) [mailto:[redacted]]
>> On Behalf Of Stephen Vincent
>> Sent: Monday, June 23, 2008 10:47 PM
>> To: [redacted]
>> Subject: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?
>>
>> Sometimes I read a lyric poem - singular or serial - and I am struck
>> by two contrary reading experiences. On one hand, I am taken by a
>> poem's structure, the attention of the poet, the technique, tone,
>> etc, - how forcefully these combinations impel themselves on to the
>> page. I am totally present with the process, and the momentary
>> totality of the poem's object, its presence. I am with it - which
>> means to say its particulars have become an assured presence within
>> the immediate horizons of my take (world) as a reader.
>>
>> Yet, on the other hand, the poem(s), no matter how solid its
>> occurrence in my imagination, critical presence, etc. is soon gone,
>> particularly as I move on to the works of others, or shift my
>> awareness to, say, the television, the inevitable perk and threnody
>> of the news, its repetitions and cycles.
>>
>> And, in terms of the lyric poem as an experience in reading - no
>> matter how present it was - - becomes such a fleeting thing without
>> much bearing on what's left of either my private or public space.
>> What is that that 'thing' that caught me and then flew by? Why does
>> much
> work -
>> much of it good, and, certainly, labor intensive - fly by with but a
>> transitional, momentary effect? Whatever act or frame could make that
>> pleasure more concrete, an enduring, significant presence, a
>> constantly returnable project & gift?? (Perhaps, obviously. that is
>> part of the poet's job, too).

>>
>> I suspect we know that's the job of a critical community - to
>> maximize the public presence and circulation of a work or works. To
>> review a person's work, to secure (ideally) our attention. And, no
>> doubt, the importance of academic institutions. To insist students
>> write critical papers, memorize, and/or improv new works off the work
>> of others - to insure that a work secure a place, a point of memory
>> in the young, as well as older persons. And, for those of us outside
>> institutions, to resist and confront the the sense of erasure that
>> inevitably haunts those of us who live, read, write and work not 'at
>> the margins',
> but in
>> locations that require a different sense of critical reception and
>> measure.
>>
>> Without this surrounding labor of critical community, so many often
>> extraordinarily fine lyric poems - let alone larger forms. - end up
>> fleeting around, or become paralysed in a kind of statuary limbo.
>> They may vibrantly appear in a small publication, then disappear as
readily.
>> For the poet it takes a fierce stubbornness to put up with can appear
>> as an almost instant annihilation or a perennial sense of being 'not
> quite
>> dead on arrival.'
>>
>> The reason I write this is that I became quite aware of this
>> condition whitle reading some quite fine books that have come my way to
review.
>> Recent intriguing good works by Peter Manson, George Albon, Joseph
>> Noble, Tyrone Williams, Tim Atkins - all guys (I realize), but,
>> indeed, a mix of sexual, ethnic and national persuasions, yet each
>> (most at mid-life, I think) working various lyric, experimental
>> edges. They are among many, obviously both men and women, out in
>> the field of combatting limited attention to their work,each working
>> the language to scrape out (sing, whatever), a non- familiar truth
>> in fresh, demanding and/or startling ways. As I begin to write these
>> various or combined reviews I remain struck by the ambition and
>> struggle to make a work find its location in a contemporay landscape
>> that is mostly either oppositional or,most likely. oblivious to an
>> enterprise that - as both poet and reader - I, if not most of us, totally
support.
>>

>> Proportionately, without wanting to sound one bit self-piteous
>> (because the work can bring such joy and critical pleasure) Sisyphus
>> might appear to have had it relatively good! In this nation (USA),
>> where Executive (Cheney. Bush. etc.) management has done nothing but
>> produce a national paralysis of the imagination (it's nasty girim and
>> impotent, to be
> both
>> obvious and frank). Without sounding like a 'draino liberal' (I
> hope), I
>> think its absolutely essential to do whatever we can (in community,
>> critcially, creatively, etc.) to vigorously support the efforts of
>> both poets and poems (lyric and otherwise) to continue to rise and
>> take hold in the public realm - and take form in the pleasure and combat
of that.
>> Otherwise we be in for a long, thirsty time! So yes, I am writing my
>> reviews. You, too?
>>
>> Stephen Vincent
>> _http://stephenvincent.net/blog/
>> Where, if you have missed it so far, you can still visit my travels
>> with Charles Olson - and then some - in the Yucatan.
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414. Michael Ford

Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Sat 28 Jun 2008

Elizabeth, this is exactly right. If poetry lacks readers, it is not because of the poetry itself but because of the way poetry is presented and packaged in schools and other cultural institutions that distribute it.

A good anecdote: Earlier this year, Ron Padgett and Joel Dailey did a reading together here in New Orleans, at the Gold Mine bar in the French Quarter. I was on my way down there on the streetcar, when the guy sitting in front of me, who was writing a text message, turned around and asked me how to spell "poetry." I told him. About half an hour after I got to the bar, that same guy walked in. He had asked me how to spell poetry because his text was about meeting a friend at the reading. After the reading was over, we talked for a few minutes about poetry. He told me that he'd always thought of poetry as something elitist, for stuck up university types, but that this reading was nothing like that. He really enjoyed it. His impression of poetry was formed in school, where poetry was introduced to him as something alien and impossible to understand. Something that would never engage someone like him, a working class guy with no intention of going to college.

People are taught that the world of poetry is a closed one that they can neither enter nor interact with in an real way. Poetry in the classroom is far too often something fixed, that occurred in the past and has lost any possibility of dynamism or a present. When it is seen as something that addresses present concerns, present language, and when it is a conversation between present, living people, it is no longer seen as irrelevant, regardless of its difficulty. Of course, you can't please everyone, but what poet ever has?

I have always thought that the "people don't read poetry anymore because poetry is too hard to understand" argument was itself elitist, a means of cordoning poetry off as the province of people who only enjoy antiquated styles of writing.

Michael Ford

On Fri, Jun 27, 2008 at 1:49 AM, Elizabeth Switaj <[redacted]> wrote:

> *People run away from my art because it's a huge hairy monster (though it has a good heart at times). The fact of the matter is that people aren't fleeing poetry in terror or otherwise; they merely do not seek*

> *it out. Unlike pop music, it isn't widely broadcast. For the most part, it's taught in school (when it's taught) as a dead thing created hundreds of years ago. The mast majority of kids who learn to hate or be intimidated by poetry aren't learning those feelings from reading The Wasteland, The Cantos, or anything that came later. They're learning it through the way Byron, Shelley, and Shakespeare (and maybe a smidge of Milton) are taught. This is, however, not the fault of those illustrious poets.*
>
> *On the other hand, I have on occasion had the opportunity to visit middle school classrooms in the US and guess what? The students really dug experimental and other free verse poetry (including my own hairy-monster art) when it was presented to them with enthusiasm.*
>
> *Elizabeth Kate Switaj*
> *elizabethkateswitaj.net*

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415. ## Fluffy Singler

Karawane No 10 - this Sunday in Minneapolis

Sat 28 Jun 2008

This Sunday, PRISM Poetry and Karawane: Or, the Temporary Death of the Bruitist present the release party for issue 10, celebrating our 10th anniversary as well. The event will include Laura Winton, J. Otis Powell!, and Christopher Shillock with other artists TBA, this Sunday, 1:00 pm, June 29th at Coffee Gallery, 1011 Washington Avenue in Minneapolis.

Karawane, a journal of experimental performance texts, began in 1997 as Voices From the Well, showcasing open mic poets of the Twin Cities. Over the years, we have focused more and more on experimental work and expanded to include performance texts of all kinds, reflecting the cross-pollination of art forms and the way in which once we bring our work to audiences, we find ourselves expanding into other forms and styles. The name of the journal was based on a sound poem by Hugo Ball and was chosen to indicate that we were spoken word more in the sense and spirit of Cabaret Voltaire than a poetry slam.

If you are in the Twin Cities, please stop by and catch the show and say hello.

If you are not in the Twin Cities and would like to order a hard copy of the journal, email us at [redacted].

We also have a MySpace presence at http://www.myspace.com/karawane. You can

read samples from current and previous issues at
http://www.karawanemagazine.blogspot.com
<http://www.karawanemagazine.blogspot.com/> and can download full PDFs of
many back issues at http://www.karawane.homestead.com
<http://www.karawane.homestead.com/> . If all of that doesn't satisfy your web jones . . . well, we got nothin' else.

Cheers.

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416. **steve russell**

Re: elitism (was re: the lyric poem

Sat 28 Jun 2008

Booksellers know the numbers. Very few people read poetry. The listserv probably serves half the poetry readers in the Northeast. & I can't force my friends to read the stuff, although I've tried. & poetry does get a bunch of affirmative action help (it's own month, for instance, as well as slams, etc.). Still, few readers.

----- Original Message ----
From: Adam Tobin <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Friday, June 27, 2008 9:33:25 PM
Subject: Re: elitism (was re: the lyric poem

whaddya mean, "Nobody reads poetry"? Everybody I know reads poetry -- and I know a lot of people, from a lot of different social classes. (I may not like all the poetry they read, but that doesn't stop them from reading it.) I think what you must mean is: "Nobody shows poetry on television." And that is easily explained by the fact that television programmers are elitists, who will do nothing that challenges their own elitist hold on ever-increasing money and power. (Most poets I know, by way of contrast, are radical democrats who spend the majority of their waking hours working toward a participatory cultural economy...)

-----Original Message-----
From: Poetics List (UPenn, UB) [mailto:[redacted]] On
Behalf Of Ryan Daley
Sent: Friday, June 27, 2008 4:24 PM
To: [redacted]
Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

How come mathematics gets to be "elitist"? Why is poetry condemned to "having to have meaning/be understandable?"

Personally, I don't believe in elitism as a label; I think it's largely used to hide embarrassing moments of "I don't get this."

On Fri, Jun 27, 2008 at 9:49 AM, Thomas savage <[redacted]> wrote:
> Nobody reads poetry anymore because they aren't exposed to it as
> children as a part of their education. Once it vanished from their
> schooling, since they had no access to it, most people don't even know
> poetry exists. As for the elitism of experimental poetry of the 20th
> and 21st century, that is another matter. Anyone who takes chances
> with a tradition risks isolating him or herself from the larger group
> of people who will not understand what is going on or who simply don't
> care. I don't think that is necessarily elitism but in certain cases,
> particularly Pound's and Eliot's, it may have been accompanied by
> elitism. Williams, Olson, and many other experimental poets were
> populists trying to do something that would resonate with the larger
> masses of educated readers. Whether they ever reached those readers
> is another matter. Regards, Tom Savage
>
> --- On Thu, 6/26/08, Troy Camplin <[redacted]> wrote:
>
> From: Troy Camplin <[redacted]>
> Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?
> To: [redacted]
> Date: Thursday, June 26, 2008, 12:45 PM
>
> The two aren't unrelated, you know. It's no coincidence that you
> started getting things like impressionism when photography came about.
> Milan Kundera observes that the novel (for example) should do only
> what the novel can do. The same can be said about poetry. TV and film
> are their own media, and do not necessarily exclude the reading of poetry.
Much of the Modernists'
> experiments came about precisely in reaction to such things as radio,
> etc. Part of the result was that it became something only elitists
> were interested in (bizarre poetry, etc. is a great way for elitists
> to separate themselves from the rabble, you know). But lyric poetry in
> the form of songs is as strong as ever -- belying claims that other
> media pushed poetry aside. What pushed poetry aside was the fact that
> poets began writing poetry 1) knowing nothing about poetry, and 2)
> writing as elitists for elitists. I listen to the radio, watch movies
> and TV, use a computer, etc. and also read novels and poetry, so

> these different forms are not mutually exclusive. In fact, they can be
> mutually enhancing. If people are running away from your art, it may
> have more to do with the state of the art. Unless that is seriously
> considered (which is also an historical perspective), then you're never
going to understand why nobody reads poetry anymore.
>
> Troy Camplin
>
>
> ----- Original Message ----
> From: Dan Glass <[redacted]>
> To: [redacted]
> Sent: Wednesday, June 25, 2008 4:17:26 PM
> Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?
>
> Way to think historically.
>
> I love that it's the bad modernist poetry that made people read less
> poetry, rather than things like radio, television, movies, computers,
> video games, the assembly line, and other 20th c. inventions...
>
> I mean, seriously. Do you really think history has nothing to do with
> poetry?
>
> On Wed, Jun 25, 2008 at 12:37 PM, Troy Camplin <[redacted]>
> wrote:
>
>> Historically, lyrical poetry has had a very large audience. It began
>> dying off with Modernism, and postmodernism and LANGUAGE poetry have
>> all but killed it off. The few poetry bestsellers are the lyric poets
>> like
> Frederick
>> Turner.
>>
>> Troy Camplin
>>
>>
>> ----- Original Message ----
>> From: Stephen Vincent <[redacted]>
>> To: [redacted]
>> Sent: Tuesday, June 24, 2008 8:08:10 PM
>> Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

>>
>> Thanks, Joanie, for pointing to WW lodestar! Then the quote. Yes, a
>> quick and impressive ear you have for echoes!
>> What? Are we (yon poets) fated to repeat ourselves century upon
>> century with twists on the metaphors and content du jour!!! An
>> endless spiral
> loop
>> earthly journey? An eternity of small audiences?
>> Ain't complaining too hard. As long as there are good and quick ears
> in the
>> neighborhood that can take and hear a poem to the max, who needs more?!
>> (It's always nice when it happens - large)
>>
>> Got to get back to writing those reviews - among all the other
>> 'requirements'!
>>
>> Stephen V
>>
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>>
>> "Mackowski, Joanie (mackowje)" <[redacted]>
> wrote: Nice to
>> read your thoughts, Stephen. I wonder though "izzit not ever thus,"
>> for in them I hear an echo of Wordsworth, from the
> "preface to
>> the 2nd edition of the lyrical ballads." That your thoughts are
> familiar
>> to me suggests that the lyric may be in a steady sissy-fun state,
>> rather than about to die altogether. Yet I'm not suggesting that the
>> work to preserve & enlarge our atttention to the lyric isn't crucial;
> rather, I
>> think we may whistle a bit while we work. And WW, while he affirms
>> the frustration, also suggests a way to progress: he says that yes
>> quiet lyrics may easily be drowned out, but that learning to attend
>> to lyric quietness, via both reading and writing, is a crucial
>> practice, one that strengthens "certain inherent inherent and
>> indestructible qualities
> of
>> the human mind," qualities which WW thinks are good.
>>

>> I'm going to copy down a hunk o' WW here. It feels good to type
> it, like
>> a meditation/prayer:
>>
>> From WW: "For the human mind is capable of being excited without the
>> application of gross and violent stimulants.... It has therefore
>> appeared to me that to endeavor to prodice or enlarge this capability
>> is one of the best services in which, at any period, a writer can be
>> engaged; but this service, excellent at all times, is especially so
>> at the present day. For a multitude of causes, unknown to former
>> times, are now acting with a combined force to blunt the
>> distriminating powers of the mind, and, unfitting it for all
>> voluntary exertion, to reduce it to a state of almost savage torpor.
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>> impression of certain inherent and indestructible qualities of the
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>> From: Poetics List (UPenn, UB) [mailto:[redacted]]
>> On Behalf Of Stephen Vincent
>> Sent: Monday, June 23, 2008 10:47 PM
>> To: [redacted]
>> Subject: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?
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>> Sometimes I read a lyric poem - singular or serial - and I am struck
>> by two contrary reading experiences. On one hand, I am taken by a
>> poem's structure, the attention of the poet, the technique, tone,
>> etc, - how forcefully these combinations impel themselves on to the
>> page. I am totally present with the process, and the momentary
>> totality of the poem's object, its presence. I am with it - which
>> means to say its particulars have become an assured presence within
>> the immediate horizons of my take (world) as a reader.
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>> Yet, on the other hand, the poem(s), no matter how solid its
>> occurrence in my imagination, critical presence, etc. is soon gone,
>> particularly as I move on to the works of others, or shift my
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>> of the news, its repetitions and cycles.
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>> And, in terms of the lyric poem as an experience in reading - no
>> matter how present it was - - becomes such a fleeting thing without
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>> What is that that 'thing' that caught me and then flew by? Why does
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>> much of it good, and, certainly, labor intensive - fly by with but a
>> transitional, momentary effect? Whatever act or frame could make that
>> pleasure more concrete, an enduring, significant presence, a
>> constantly returnable project & gift?? (Perhaps, obviously. that is
>> part of the poet's job, too).
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>> I suspect we know that's the job of a critical community - to
>> maximize the public presence and circulation of a work or works. To
>> review a person's work, to secure (ideally) our attention. And, no
>> doubt, the importance of academic institutions. To insist students
>> write critical papers, memorize, and/or improv new works off the work
>> of others - to insure that a work secure a place, a point of memory
>> in the young, as well as older persons. And, for those of us outside
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>> locations that require a different sense of critical reception and
>> measure.
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>> Without this surrounding labor of critical community, so many often
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>> fleeting around, or become paralysed in a kind of statuary limbo.
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>> (most at mid-life, I think) working various lyric, experimental
>> edges. They are among many, obviously both men and women, out in
>> the field of combatting limited attention to their work,each working
>> the language to scrape out (sing, whatever), a non- familiar truth
>> in fresh, demanding and/or startling ways. As I begin to write these
>> various or combined reviews I remain struck by the ambition and
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>> obvious and frank). Without sounding like a 'draino liberal' (I
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>> critcially, creatively, etc.) to vigorously support the efforts of
>> both poets and poems (lyric and otherwise) to continue to rise and
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>> Otherwise we be in for a long, thirsty time! So yes, I am writing my
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417. **Ryan Daley**

Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Sat 28 Jun 2008

Troy,

But I think that's where you're wrong: most of what you're calling "elite" isn't intended to be only understood by a few, but rather represents (sometimes vain) attempts to open dialog where there wasn't previously. In this case, then, what most people don't understand isn't what they don't "get", but what they aren't familiar with (as in Michael's example) due to lack of good teachers, exposure, what have you.

-Ryan

On Fri, Jun 27, 2008 at 7:37 PM, Troy Camplin <[redacted]> wrote:
> Math is both understandable and meaningful. But to practice it and understand it, you have to learn a lot of techniques.
>
> The arts are different from the sciences (including math) in that they are meaningful and valuable in a more complex, more directly human way. There's dehumanizing, nihilistic art, and humanizing, meaningful art. I personally like a lot of elite art; but I also understand why most people don't. Part of it is indeed that they don't get it. And why isn't that a valid criticism? Why should people rely on a bunch of overeducated elites (like myself) telling them what this or that work means, and why it's significant? Shouldn't there be at least some level in every art where the average person "gets it"? This doesn't mean, of course, that one cannot learn more about a work -- meaning critics, etc. are still needed to help people see all the possibilities -- but the best works are not those that only require critics for anyone to understand what is going on. There's a certain tyranny of meaning-making in only having critics able to understand a work of art.
>
> The most beautiful works are those that one can get some meaning from right away, but which gain in meaning the more you understand and learn. Those works both the uneducated and the educated can appreciate. Why shouldn't we want to create that kind of poetry? Why should we only ever want to exist in the realm of the elite, where only a select few "truly understand"?
>
> Troy Camplin, Ph.D.
>
>
> ----- Original Message ----
> From: Ryan Daley <[redacted]>
> To: [redacted]
> Sent: Friday, June 27, 2008 3:23:43 PM
> Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?
>
> How come mathematics gets to be "elitist"? Why is poetry condemned to

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>> Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?
>> To: [redacted]
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>> experiments came about precisely in reaction to such things as radio, etc. Part
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>> To: [redacted]
>> Sent: Wednesday, June 25, 2008 4:17:26 PM
>> Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?
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>>> To: [redacted]
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>>> .....
>>> Joanie Mackowski, PhD
>>> Assistant Professor
>>> English & Comparative Literature
>>> University of Cincinnati
>>> PO Box 210069
>>> Cincinnati, OH 45221-0069
>>> Tel. 513/[redacted]
>>> Fax 513/[redacted]
>>> [redacted]
>>> http://homepages.uc.edu/~mackowje
>> <http://homepages.uc.edu/%7Emackowje>

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>>> From: Poetics List (UPenn, UB) [mailto:[redacted]] On
>>> Behalf Of Stephen Vincent
>>> Sent: Monday, June 23, 2008 10:47 PM
>>> To: [redacted]
>>> Subject: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?
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>>> resist and confront the the sense of erasure that inevitably haunts
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>>> Without this surrounding labor of critical community, so many often
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>>> Otherwise we be in for a long, thirsty time! So yes, I am writing my
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>>> Where, if you have missed it so far, you can still visit my travels
>>> with Charles Olson - and then some - in the Yucatan.
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418. **steve russell**

Re: elitism (was re: the lyric poem

Sat 28 Jun 2008

I almost forgot: television programmers are not elitist. They're capitalist. If poetry produced the ratings, we'd have Alice Notely or Ray di Palma on prime

time. Poetry wouldn't need a month. John Ashberry would anchor the evening poetry news. & people would tune in. Of course, people tune in to junk. Billy Collins is safe and boring enough to make it with a mainstream audience, at least a PBS audience. & some people consider PBS elitist. That, I think, is dumbing down elitism, the sort of thing that give elitism a bad name.

----- Original Message ----
From: steve russell <[redacted]>
To: "Poetics List (UPenn, UB)" <[redacted]>
Sent: Saturday, June 28, 2008 11:05:27 AM
Subject: Re: elitism (was re: the lyric poem

Booksellers know the numbers. Very few people read poetry. The listserv probably serves half the poetry readers in the Northeast. & I can't force my friends to read the stuff, although I've tried. & poetry does get a bunch of affirmative action help (it's own month, for instance, as well as slams, etc.). Still, few readers.

----- Original Message ----
From: Adam Tobin <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Friday, June 27, 2008 9:33:25 PM
Subject: Re: elitism (was re: the lyric poem

whaddya mean, "Nobody reads poetry"? Everybody I know reads poetry -- and I know a lot of people, from a lot of different social classes. (I may not like all the poetry they read, but that doesn't stop them from reading it.) I think what you must mean is: "Nobody shows poetry on television." And that is easily explained by the fact that television programmers are elitists, who will do nothing that challenges their own elitist hold on ever-increasing money and power. (Most poets I know, by way of contrast, are radical democrats who spend the majority of their waking hours working toward a participatory cultural economy...)

-----Original Message-----
From: Poetics List (UPenn, UB) [mailto:[redacted]] On
Behalf Of Ryan Daley
Sent: Friday, June 27, 2008 4:24 PM
To: [redacted]
Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

How come mathematics gets to be "elitist"? Why is poetry condemned to "having to have meaning/be understandable?"

Personally, I don't believe in elitism as a label; I think it's largely used to hide embarrassing moments of "I don't get this."

On Fri, Jun 27, 2008 at 9:49 AM, Thomas savage <[redacted]> wrote:
> Nobody reads poetry anymore because they aren't exposed to it as
> children as a part of their education. Once it vanished from their
> schooling, since they had no access to it, most people don't even know
> poetry exists. As for the elitism of experimental poetry of the 20th
> and 21st century, that is another matter. Anyone who takes chances
> with a tradition risks isolating him or herself from the larger group
> of people who will not understand what is going on or who simply don't
> care. I don't think that is necessarily elitism but in certain cases,
> particularly Pound's and Eliot's, it may have been accompanied by
> elitism. Williams, Olson, and many other experimental poets were
> populists trying to do something that would resonate with the larger
> masses of educated readers. Whether they ever reached those readers
> is another matter. Regards, Tom Savage
>
> --- On Thu, 6/26/08, Troy Camplin <[redacted]> wrote:
>
> From: Troy Camplin <[redacted]>
> Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?
> To: [redacted]
> Date: Thursday, June 26, 2008, 12:45 PM
>
> The two aren't unrelated, you know. It's no coincidence that you
> started getting things like impressionism when photography came about.
> Milan Kundera observes that the novel (for example) should do only
> what the novel can do. The same can be said about poetry. TV and film
> are their own media, and do not necessarily exclude the reading of poetry.
Much of the Modernists'
> experiments came about precisely in reaction to such things as radio,
> etc. Part of the result was that it became something only elitists
> were interested in (bizarre poetry, etc. is a great way for elitists
> to separate themselves from the rabble, you know). But lyric poetry in
> the form of songs is as strong as ever -- belying claims that other
> media pushed poetry aside. What pushed poetry aside was the fact that
> poets began writing poetry 1) knowing nothing about poetry, and 2)
> writing as elitists for elitists. I listen to the radio, watch movies
> and TV, use a computer, etc. and also read novels and poetry, so
> these different forms are not mutually exclusive. In fact, they can be
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>> Sent: Monday, June 23, 2008 10:47 PM
>> To: [redacted]

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419. **Stuart Ross**

Re: NYTBR: Logan Bashes O'Hara

Sat 28 Jun 2008

On 6/27/08 8:02 PM, "Tom Orange" <[redacted]> wrote:

> *I'll leave readers to decide which of Logan's insults are truly offensive and which merely cheeky. I also wonder what kind of campaign would be needed to convince the NYTBR editors to give Logan a permanent respite from his reviewing duties.*

I don't agree that Logan should be silenced for his cheekiness, homophobia, lack of good taste or whatever. But I do think the NYTBR should open up its pages to a rebuttal or at least a friggin' flurry of letters.

Stuart

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420. **steve russell**

Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Sat 28 Jun 2008

I'm wary of attempts to make poetry "more accessible." Billy Collins and Ted Kooser have tried this path. It makes for middle brow, lousy poetry and lazy readers. On the other hand, why not welcome new readers such as the guy in Orleans. I've always found poetry fun. It was never a labor to read. I never felt as though I were reading out of duty in some attempt to acquire "culture." The library of Congress readings in D.C. are almost always packed. & plenty of young (18-25) people attend the readings. & some of the BIG name poets are good readers. Mark Strand, & Baraka, to name 2.

----- Original Message ----
From: Michael Ford <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Saturday, June 28, 2008 1:07:18 AM
Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Elizabeth, this is exactly right. If poetry lacks readers, it is not because of the poetry itself but because of the way poetry is presented and packaged in schools and other cultural institutions that distribute it.

A good anecdote: Earlier this year, Ron Padgett and Joel Dailey did a reading together here in New Orleans, at the Gold Mine bar in the French Quarter. I was on my way down there on the streetcar, when the guy sitting in front of me, who was writing a text message, turned around and asked me how to spell "poetry." I told him. About half an hour after I got to the bar, that same guy walked in. He had asked me how to spell poetry because his text was about meeting a friend at the reading. After the reading was over, we talked for a few minutes about poetry. He told me that he'd always thought of poetry as something elitist, for stuck up university types, but that this reading was nothing like that. He really enjoyed it. His impression of poetry was formed in school, where poetry was introduced to him as something alien and impossible to understand. Something that would never engage someone like him, a working class guy with no intention of going to college.

People are taught that the world of poetry is a closed one that they can neither enter nor interact with in an real way. Poetry in the classroom is far too often something fixed, that occurred in the past and has lost any possibility of dynamism or a present. When it is seen as something that addresses present concerns, present language, and when it is a conversation between present, living people, it is no longer seen as irrelevant, regardless of its difficulty. Of course, you can't please everyone, but what poet ever has?

I have always thought that the "people don't read poetry anymore because poetry is too hard to understand" argument was itself elitist, a means of cordoning poetry off as the province of people who only enjoy antiquated styles of writing.

Michael Ford

On Fri, Jun 27, 2008 at 1:49 AM, Elizabeth Switaj <[redacted]> wrote:

> *People run away from my art because it's a huge hairy monster (though it has a good heart at times). The fact of the matter is that people aren't fleeing poetry in terror or otherwise; they merely do not seek it out. Unlike pop music, it isn't widely broadcast. For the most part, it's taught in school (when it's taught) as a dead thing created hundreds of years ago. The mast majority of kids who learn to hate or be intimidated by poetry aren't learning those feelings from reading The Wasteland, The Cantos, or anything that came later. They're learning it through the way Byron, Shelley, and Shakespeare (and maybe a smidge of Milton) are taught. This is, however, not the fault of those illustrious poets.*
>
> *On the other hand, I have on occasion had the opportunity to visit middle school classrooms in the US and guess what? The students really dug experimental and other free verse poetry (including my own hairy-monster art) when it was presented to them with enthusiasm.*
>
> *Elizabeth Kate Switaj*
> *elizabethkateswitaj.net*

↑ Contents

421. **steve russell**

Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Sat 28 Jun 2008

The late Howard Nemerov addresses this issue. I quote from his poem

On Being Asked For A Peace Poem

"Joe smiles. He sees the Nobel Prize
Already, and the reading of his poem
Before the General Assembly, followed by
His lecture to the Security Council
About the Creative Process; probably
Some bright producer would put it on TV.
Poetry might suddenly be the in thing."

----- Original Message ----
From: Michael Ford <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Saturday, June 28, 2008 1:07:18 AM
Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Elizabeth, this is exactly right. If poetry lacks readers, it is not because of the poetry itself but because of the way poetry is presented and packaged in schools and other cultural institutions that distribute it.

A good anecdote: Earlier this year, Ron Padgett and Joel Dailey did a reading together here in New Orleans, at the Gold Mine bar in the French Quarter. I was on my way down there on the streetcar, when the guy sitting in front of me, who was writing a text message, turned around and asked me how to spell "poetry." I told him. About half an hour after I got to the bar, that same guy walked in. He had asked me how to spell poetry because his text was about meeting a friend at the reading. After the reading was over, we talked for a few minutes about poetry. He told me that he'd always thought of poetry as something elitist, for stuck up university types, but that this reading was nothing like that. He really enjoyed it. His impression of poetry was formed in school, where poetry was introduced to him as something alien and impossible to understand. Something that would never engage someone like him, a working class guy with no intention of going to college.

People are taught that the world of poetry is a closed one that they can neither enter nor interact with in an real way. Poetry in the classroom is far too often something fixed, that occurred in the past and has lost any possibility of dynamism or a present. When it is seen as something that addresses present concerns, present language, and when it is a conversation between present, living people, it is no longer seen as irrelevant, regardless of its difficulty. Of course, you can't please everyone, but what poet ever has?

I have always thought that the "people don't read poetry anymore because poetry is too hard to understand" argument was itself elitist, a means of cordoning poetry off as the province of people who only enjoy antiquated styles of writing.

Michael Ford

On Fri, Jun 27, 2008 at 1:49 AM, Elizabeth Switaj <[redacted]> wrote:

> *People run away from my art because it's a huge hairy monster (though it has a good heart at times). The fact of the matter is that people aren't fleeing poetry in terror or otherwise; they merely do not seek it out. Unlike pop music, it isn't widely broadcast. For the most part, it's taught in school (when it's taught) as a dead thing created hundreds of years ago. The mast majority of kids who learn to hate or be intimidated by poetry aren't learning those feelings from reading The Wasteland, The Cantos, or anything that came later. They're learning it through the way Byron, Shelley, and Shakespeare (and maybe a smidge of Milton) are taught. This is, however, not the fault of those illustrious poets.*
>
> *On the other hand, I have on occasion had the opportunity to visit middle school classrooms in the US and guess what? The students really dug experimental and other free verse poetry (including my own hairy-monster art) when it was presented to them with enthusiasm.*
>
> *Elizabeth Kate Switaj*
> *elizabethkateswitaj.net*

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422. **Jilly Dybka**
Re: NYTBR: Logan Bashes O'Hara
Sat 28 Jun 2008

Thanks for that Logan link.

Forgive my ignorance, but is Logan actually putting forth the idea that Frank O'Hara was not serious about poetry -- because of the tone of his poems?

"Allen Ginsberg by contrast was slightly lugubrious about sex). It's hard to know whether Whitman, who took poetry seriously, would have laughed or wept."

Or do you think I am reading too much into the lines above?

Jilly

--
Jilly Dybka, WA4CZD
[redacted]

Blog: http://www.poetryhut.com/wordpress/
Jazz: http://cdbaby.com/cd/dybka
Book: http://stores.lulu.com/jilly9 (free download)

Due to Presidential Executive Orders, the National Security Agency may have read this email without warning, warrant, or notice. They may do this without any judicial or legislative oversight. You have no recourse nor protection.

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423. **Paul Nelson**

Response to Troy Camplin, Ph.D.

Sat 28 Jun 2008

----- Original Message ----

From: Troy Camplin <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Friday, June 27, 2008 4:37:00 PM
Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

"...the best works are not those that only require critics for anyone to understand what is going on. There's a certain tyranny of meaning-making in only having critics able to understand a work of art.

The most beautiful works are those that one can get some meaning from right away, but which gain in meaning the more you understand and learn. Those works both the uneducated and the educated can appreciate. Why shouldn't we want to create that kind of poetry? Why should we only ever want to exist in the realm of the elite, where only a select few 'truly understand'?"

Troy Camplin, Ph.D.

The limitation I see with this approach is that when one is trying to "communicate"or write so that it goes over with people who don't read poetry, is that the impulse to move in that direction is often fear. If one is open to a work of art, they'll recognize the power of it long before they fully understand, or even partially understand, what it may be "communicating." When artists start worrying about communication, the gesture suffers. What's the line by the painter Clyfford Still "demands for communication are presumptions and irrelevant."

It is a symptom of our capitalist society and the underlying materialist cosmology that equates numbers (books sold, how many "regular" people have heard of the artist, etc.) that creates the kind of attitude exhibited here by Dr. Camplin. Now, that may be his interest, or motivation and he is welcome to it. It does not interest me and I find I am usually not interested in art that can "go over" with average people, but there are exceptions. Anything really worthwhile takes a little effort to appreciate, or at least some background, or some kind of understanding or openness. People raised in North American TV culture want it

now, if not sooner, like the ones who yell at the microwave to hurry up. Cook slow.

Paul

Paul E. Nelson

Global Voices Radio
SPLAB!
American Sentences
Organic Poetry
Poetry Postcard Blog

Ilalqo, WA [redacted] or [redacted]

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424. **Charles Bernstein**
Recantorium & bachelor machines
Sat 28 Jun 2008

"What, Me Conceptual?"

An edited version of my presentations at the May Tucson poetry conference, including a streaming video of "Recantorium (a bachelor machine after Duchamp after Kafka)" is now available at

http://writing.upenn.edu/pennsound/x/Bernstein-Tucson.html

recordings from the Tucson conference are at --
http://poetrycenter.arizona.edu/conceptualpoetry/cp_index.shtml

---
http://epc.buffalo.edu/authors/bernstein/blog/

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425. **Jim Andrews**
Re: Recantorium & bachelor machines
Sat 28 Jun 2008

wow. i'm o'erwhelmed. that recantation video is terrific. and the power point file. and that video made in collab with lars plenge. and the theory of flawed design.

i am fill'ed with gratitude to come across http://writing.upenn.edu/pennsound/x/Bernstein-Tucson.html because it is not dull and deals with troubling, fascinating things that are hard to deal with and speak about with any value to others.

ja

> *"What, Me Conceptual?"*
>
> *An edited version of my presentations at the May Tucson poetry conference, including a streaming video of "Recantorium (a bachelor machine after Duchamp after Kafka)" is now available at*
>
> *http://writing.upenn.edu/pennsound/x/Bernstein-Tucson.html*

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426. **Michael Ford**

Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Sat 28 Jun 2008

I do not see what would be gained by writing poetry that talks down to its audience. "I know you are too dull to understand complexity, so here's something simple to match your inteligence" is not what I want any of my poems to say, nor do I want to read that message in other people's poems.

Michael Ford

On Fri, Jun 27, 2008 at 6:37 PM, Troy Camplin <[redacted]> wrote:

> *Math is both understandable and meaningful. But to practice it and understand it, you have to learn a lot of techniques.*
>
> *The arts are different from the sciences (including math) in that they are meaningful and valuable in a more complex, more directly human way. There's dehumanizing, nihilistic art, and humanizing, meaningful art. I personally like a lot of elite art; but I also understand why most people don't. Part of it is indeed that they don't get it. And why isn't that a valid criticism? Why should people rely on a bunch of overeducated elites (like myself) telling them what this or that work means, and why it's significant? Shouldn't there be at least some level in every art where the average person "gets it"? This doesn't mean, of course, that one cannot learn more about a work -- meaning critics, etc. are still needed to help people see all the possibilities -- but the best works are not those that only require critics for anyone to understand what is going on. There's a certain tyranny of meaning-making in only having critics able to understand a work of art.*
>
> *The most beautiful works are those that one can get some meaning from right away, but which gain in meaning the more you understand and learn. Those works both the uneducated and the educated can appreciate. Why shouldn't we want to create that kind of poetry? Why should we only ever want to exist in the realm of the elite, where only a select few "truly understand"?*
>
> *Troy Camplin, Ph.D.*

----- Original Message ----
From: Ryan Daley <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Friday, June 27, 2008 3:23:43 PM
Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

How come mathematics gets to be "elitist"? Why is poetry condemned to "having to have meaning/be understandable?"

Personally, I don't believe in elitism as a label; I think it's largely used to hide embarrassing moments of "I don't get this."

On Fri, Jun 27, 2008 at 9:49 AM, Thomas savage <[redacted]> wrote:
Nobody reads poetry anymore because they aren't exposed to it as children as a part of their education. Once it vanished from their schooling, since they had no access to it, most people don't even know poetry exists. As for the elitism of experimental poetry of the 20th and 21st century, that is another matter. Anyone who takes chances with a tradition risks isolating him or herself from the larger group of people who will not understand what is going on or who simply don't care. I don't think that is necessarily elitism but in certain cases, particularly Pound's and Eliot's, it may have been accompanied by elitism. Williams, Olson, and many other experimental poets were populists trying to do something that would resonate with the larger masses of educated readers. Whether they ever reached those readers is another matter. Regards, Tom Savage

--- On Thu, 6/26/08, Troy Camplin <[redacted]> wrote:

From: Troy Camplin <[redacted]>
Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?
To: [redacted]
Date: Thursday, June 26, 2008, 12:45 PM

The two aren't unrelated, you know. It's no coincidence that you started getting things like impressionism when photography came about. Milan Kundera
observes that the novel (for example) should do only what the novel can do. The
same can be said about poetry. TV and film are their own media, and do not
necessarily exclude the reading of poetry. Much of the Modernists' experiments came about precisely in reaction to such things as radio, etc. Part
of the result was that it became something only elitists were interested in
(bizarre poetry, etc. is a great way for elitists to separate themselves

from
the rabble, you know). But lyric poetry in the form of songs is as strong as
ever -- belying claims that other media pushed poetry aside. What pushed poetry
aside was the fact that poets began writing poetry 1) knowing nothing about
poetry, and 2) writing as elitists for elitists. I listen to the radio, watch
movies and TV, use a computer, etc. and also read
novels and poetry, so these different forms are not mutually exclusive. In
fact, they can be mutually enhancing. If people are running away from your art,
it may have more to do with the state of the art. Unless that is seriously
considered (which is also an historical perspective), then you're never
going to understand why nobody reads poetry anymore.

Troy Camplin

----- Original Message ----
From: Dan Glass <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Wednesday, June 25, 2008 4:17:26 PM
Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Way to think historically.

I love that it's the bad modernist poetry that made people read less poetry,
rather than things like radio, television, movies, computers, video games,
the assembly line, and other 20th c. inventions...

I mean, seriously. Do you really think history has nothing to do with poetry?

On Wed, Jun 25, 2008 at 12:37 PM, Troy Camplin <[redacted]> wrote:

Historically, lyrical poetry has had a very large audience. It began dying
off with Modernism, and postmodernism and LANGUAGE poetry have all but
killed it off. The few poetry bestsellers are the lyric poets like Frederick
Turner.

Troy Camplin

----- Original Message ----
From: Stephen Vincent <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Tuesday, June 24, 2008 8:08:10 PM
Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Thanks, Joanie, for pointing to WW lodestar! Then the quote. Yes, a quick
and impressive ear you have for echoes!
What? Are we (yon poets) fated to repeat ourselves century upon century
with twists on the metaphors and content du jour!!! An endless spiral loop
earthly journey? An eternity of small audiences?
Ain't complaining too hard. As long as there are good and quick ears in the
neighborhood that can take and hear a poem to the max, who needs more?!
(It's always nice when it happens - large)

Got to get back to writing those reviews - among all the other 'requirements'!

Stephen V

"Mackowski, Joanie (mackowje)" <[redacted]>
wrote: Nice to
read your thoughts, Stephen. I wonder though "izzit not ever thus," for in them I hear an echo of Wordsworth, from the "preface to
the 2nd edition of the lyrical ballads." That your thoughts are familiar
to me suggests that the lyric may be in a steady sissy-fun state, rather than about to die altogether. Yet I'm not suggesting that the work to preserve & enlarge our atttention to the lyric isn't crucial; rather, I
think we may whistle a bit while we work. And WW, while he affirms the frustration, also suggests a way to progress: he says that yes quiet lyrics may easily be drowned out, but that learning to attend to lyric quietness, via both reading and writing, is a crucial practice, one that strengthens "certain inherent inherent and indestructible qualities

> *of*
> *the human mind," qualities which WW thinks are good.*
>
> *I'm going to copy down a hunk o' WW here. It feels good to type*
> *it, like*
> *a meditation/prayer:*
>
> *From WW: "For the human mind is capable of being excited without the*
> *application of gross and violent stimulants.... It has therefore*
> *appeared to me that to endeavor to prodice or enlarge this capability is*
> *one of the best services in which, at any period, a writer can be*
> *engaged; but this service, excellent at all times, is especially so at*
> *the present day. For a multitude of causes, unknown to former times, are*
> *now acting with a combined force to blunt the distriminating powers of*
> *the mind, and, unfitting it for all voluntary exertion, to reduce it to*
> *a state of almost savage torpor. The most effective of these causes are*
> *the great national events which are daily taking place, and the*
> *increasing accumulation of men in cities, where the uniformity of thei*
> *roccupations produces a craving for extraordinary incident, which the*
> *rapid communication of intelligence hourly gratiafies. To this tendency*
> *of life and manners the literature and theatrical exhibition of the*
> *country have conformed themselves. The invaluable works of our elder*
> *writers...Shakespeare and Milton, are driven into neglect by frantic*
> *novelss....When I think about this degrading thirst after outrageous*
> *stimulation, I am almost ashamed to have spoken of the feeble endeavor*
> *made in these volumes to counteract it; ... had I not a deep impression*
> *of certain inherent and indestructible qualities of the human mind, and*
> *likewise of certain powers in the great and permanent objects that act*
> *upon it, which are equally inherent and indestructible...."*
>
> *.....*
> *Joanie Mackowski, PhD*
> *Assistant Professor*
> *English & Comparative Literature*
> *University of Cincinnati*
> *PO Box 210069*
> *Cincinnati, OH 45221-0069*
> *Tel. 513/[redacted]*
> *Fax 513/[redacted]*
> *[redacted]*
> *http://homepages.uc.edu/~mackowje*
> *<http://homepages.uc.edu/%7Emackowje <http://homepages.uc.edu/~mackowje>*
>
> *-----Original Message-----*
> *From: Poetics List (UPenn, UB) [mailto:[redacted]] On*
> *Behalf Of Stephen Vincent*

Sent: Monday, June 23, 2008 10:47 PM
To: [redacted]
Subject: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Sometimes I read a lyric poem - singular or serial - and I am struck by two contrary reading experiences. On one hand, I am taken by a poem's structure, the attention of the poet, the technique, tone, etc, - how forcefully these combinations impel themselves on to the page. I am totally present with the process, and the momentary totality of the poem's object, its presence. I am with it - which means to say its particulars have become an assured presence within the immediate horizons of my take (world) as a reader.

Yet, on the other hand, the poem(s), no matter how solid its occurrence in my imagination, critical presence, etc. is soon gone, particularly as I move on to the works of others, or shift my awareness to, say, the television, the inevitable perk and threnody of the news, its repetitions and cycles.

And, in terms of the lyric poem as an experience in reading - no matter how present it was - - becomes such a fleeting thing without much bearing on what's left of either my private or public space. What is that that 'thing' that caught me and then flew by? Why does much work -
much of it good, and, certainly, labor intensive - fly by with but a transitional, momentary effect? Whatever act or frame could make that pleasure more concrete, an enduring, significant presence, a constantly returnable project & gift?? (Perhaps, obviously. that is part of the poet's job, too).

I suspect we know that's the job of a critical community - to maximize the public presence and circulation of a work or works. To review a person's work, to secure (ideally) our attention. And, no doubt, the importance of academic institutions. To insist students write critical papers, memorize, and/or improv new works off the work of others - to insure that a work secure a place, a point of memory in the young, as well as older persons. And, for those of us outside institutions, to resist and confront the the sense of erasure that inevitably haunts those of us who live, read, write and work not 'at the margins', but in
locations that require a different sense of critical reception and measure.

Without this surrounding labor of critical community, so many often extraordinarily fine lyric poems - let alone larger forms. - end up fleeting around, or become paralysed in a kind of statuary limbo. They may vibrantly appear in a small publication, then disappear as readily. For the poet it takes a fierce stubbornness to put up with can appear as

*an almost instant annihilation or a perennial sense of being 'not quite
dead on arrival.'*

The reason I write this is that I became quite aware of this condition whitle reading some quite fine books that have come my way to review. Recent intriguing good works by Peter Manson, George Albon, Joseph Noble, Tyrone Williams, Tim Atkins - all guys (I realize), but, indeed, a mix of sexual, ethnic and national persuasions, yet each (most at mid-life, I think) working various lyric, experimental edges. They are among many, obviously both men and women, out in the field of combatting limited attention to their work,each working the language to scrape out (sing, whatever), a non- familiar truth in fresh, demanding and/or startling ways. As I begin to write these various or combined reviews I remain struck by the ambition and struggle to make a work find its location in a contemporay landscape that is mostly either oppositional or,most likely. oblivious to an enterprise that - as both poet and reader - I, if not most of us, totally support.

*Proportionately, without wanting to sound one bit self-piteous (because the work can bring such joy and critical pleasure) Sisyphus might appear to have had it relatively good! In this nation (USA), where Executive (Cheney. Bush. etc.) management has done nothing but produce a national paralysis of the imagination (it's nasty girim and impotent, to be both
obvious and frank). Without sounding like a 'draino liberal' (I hope), I
think its absolutely essential to do whatever we can (in community, critcially, creatively, etc.) to vigorously support the efforts of both poets and poems (lyric and otherwise) to continue to rise and take hold in the public realm - and take form in the pleasure and combat of that. Otherwise we be in for a long, thirsty time! So yes, I am writing my reviews. You, too?*

*Stephen Vincent
_http://stephenvincent.net/blog/
Where, if you have missed it so far, you can still visit my travels with Charles Olson - and then some - in the Yucatan.*

guidelines

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guidelines

guidelines

guidelines

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427. **steve d. dalachinsky**

Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Sat 28 Jun 2008

poetry is and i emphasize IS elitist and in most cases closed off and alot of that CLOSED-OFF-NESS is between poets and poetry worlds etc this guy you met - a rare exception these days tho a welcome one

this state has less to do with school at this point than with those schooled and bringing it to the world at large
i am an uneducated elitist poet and don't care whether everyone understands my pomes
but also acknowledge though abhore the world of slam etc thast made poetrty more accesible
MTV bob holman nuyorican etc wow it's humid big rain storm city wettens sparrows feeding and taking sand baths
2 plus 2 equals nonsense

On Sat, 28 Jun 2008 00:07:18 -0500 Michael Ford
<[redacted]> writes:
> Elizabeth, this is exactly right. If poetry lacks readers, it is not
> because
> of the poetry itself but because of the way poetry is presented and
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> A good anecdote: Earlier this year, Ron Padgett and Joel Dailey did
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> because his text was about meeting a friend at the reading. After
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> enjoyed it.
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> Michael Ford
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> On Fri, Jun 27, 2008 at 1:49 AM, Elizabeth Switaj <[redacted]>
> wrote:
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> >
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> > hairy-monster art) when it was presented to them with enthusiasm.
> >
> > Elizabeth Kate Switaj

> > elizabethkateswitaj.net
> >
> guidelines
> >
>
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428. **steve d. dalachinsky**

Re: Audio Interview with Jaap Blonk: The difference between Sound and Traditional Poetry by Nigel Beale

Sat 28 Jun 2008

---

agreed and schwitters and company also a big influence on him jackson covered it all langpo vispo sound po

On Fri, 27 Jun 2008 15:47:07 -0500 John Cunningham
<[redacted]> writes:
> Having said all that, where does Jackson Mac Low fit on this scale as
> he
> seems to have written sound poems in 1937 or 8 as can be seen in
> his
> recently release Thing of Beauty. But this consists of words as well
> as
> sounds? The material he released subsequent to falling under the
> sway of
> John Cage also seems to carry both.
> John Cunningham
>
> -----Original Message-----
> From: Poetics List (UPenn, UB) [mailto:[redacted]]
> On
> Behalf Of Tom Orange
> Sent: June 26, 2008 9:53 AM
> To: [redacted]
> Subject: Re: Audio Interview with Jaap Blonk: The difference between
> Sound
> and Traditional Poetry by Nigel Beale
>
> john: roughly speaking, the two are not altogether unrelated fellow
> travellers with rather different genealogies. sound poetry traces
> its roots

> back to european dada in the 1910s and is conveyed in polyglot
> trans-sense
> utterances, often written out in scores but very much intended to
> be
> performed. kurt schwitters "ur sonata" is the cornerstone of such
> work.
>
> slam poetry originated in chicago in the mid-1980s and is also
> heavily
> dependent upon performance, in this case of a wholly memorized
> and/or
> partially improvised text. the performance takes place in the
> context of a
> competition where individual 3-minute performances are judged by
> the
> audience and those results compiled for the given teams of
> performers,
> victorious teams travelling on to face other teams at higher levels
> of
> competition. that said, i think a slam "style" exists outside of
> this
> competitive sphere. saul williams would be an example.
>
> and i'd say further that the two strains can be seen converging in
> the work
> of tracie morris.
>
> allbests,
> tom orange
>
>
>
>
> > ----------
> >
> > Date: Wed, 25 Jun 2008 10:57:14 -0500
> > From: John Cunningham <[redacted]>
> > Subject: Re: Audio Interview with Jaap Blonk: The difference
> between Sound
> > and Traditional Poetry by Nigel Beale
> >
> > Is there a difference between sound poetry and slam poetry or is

> one just
> a
> > development of the other?
> > John Cunningham
> >
> > -
>
> guidelines
> No virus found in this incoming message.
> Checked by AVG.
> Version: 8.0.101 / Virus Database: 270.4.1/1521 - Release Date:
> 26/06/2008
> 11:20 AM
>
>
>

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429. **Doug Holder**

Review of Field of Wanting Wanda Phipps

Sat 28 Jun 2008

Field of Wanting – Poems of Desire by Wanda Phipps

Field of Wanting – Poems of Desire
by Wanda Phipps
Blaze VOX {books}
Buffalo, NY
Copyright 2008
139 pages

Review by Lo Galluccio

A long-time admirer of Wanda Phipps' poetry and voice, since first catching her at the Marathon Day Reading at St. Mark's Church, I eagerly devoured her latest tour de Force, "Field of Wanting: Poems of Desire" released this year on Blaze VOX {books}. She is gifted with a powerful writer's imagination and a lovely voice which articulates such pieces as "Heaven and Earth" and "Desire," interwoven with doubled voicings, rhythmic breathing and spare instrumentation. As an example of her capacity to enchant with concrete ephemera, you can check out the first track on her Myspace page (www.myspace.com/wandaphhippsband) and hear a lush reverberating guitar under her softly declared words:

“I’m heaven over fire, fire under heaven. I’m heaven into eleven: two plus eleven seconds of heaven.”

The pink and the shimmering white in “Desire” seem like floating pieces of divine candy you can almost taste but would rather spare.

Wanda and I share a similar background that spans the theatre arts world and writing (both prose and poetry) – Wanda having studied at Naropa, after theater school, and incorporating a kind of free-associative, open and broken phrasing style which sculpts thoughts that scan her monitor second by second.

Her poetry has been published over 100 times in a variety of publications, including several anthologies. A denizen of New York City – the City which marks much of her verse like a maze-like tattoo – she’s also curated several readings and performance series at the renowned Poetry Project at St. Mark’s Church, as well as other New York venues.

In 2004, Soft Skull Press released her full-length poetry book, “Wake up Calls: 66 Morning Poems” which rivaled, from a contemporary and female angle, Frank O’Hara’s famous “Lunch Poems.” The author successfully undertook to capture her own state of mind upon waking, on 66 successive mornings. The results are poems that refresh in their hybrid revelations, daily task-lists and sensory detail. This book put Wanda on the poetry map as a serious literary voice, one with both a learned and maverick’s approach to verse; one who’d been around and mentored; one who was still experimenting with how she wanted to paint.

Her latest collection is part anthology and part new works, some written under the influence of the break up of a long-term relationship with a live-in soul-mate and collaborator. Anyone who’s loved, labored and lost knows the agony of wanting to somehow pay tribute, kick the despoiler in the teeth, and run like hell, all in the same fell swoop. Phipps’ language wand casts such a powerfully luminous spectrum of colors that nothing feels bitter-black, rotten or remorseful in this collection. Nothing seems concocted in a frenzied rush to win, either. All seem like newly bred creatures; part of a poet’s evolutionary schema.

“Field of Wanting” contains nine sections – each honing to the mode and mood and particular style of its poetry zone: sonnets, prose-poetry paragraphs, numbered blues, and short-haiku like slivers, along with more traditional free-verse. In the opening poem, from “Your Last Illusion,” she writes a kind of prelude:

I am pure madness
If I yell and scream and bleed
Is that pure enough? is that raw enough?

If I wear my sensitivity like a crown
Is it a tool?
can I touch you with my frailty?
touch you with my vulnerability?
Is my weakness
my strength?

p. 13
“A Purist at Heart”

She continues with a series of 19 modern sonnets (inspired by Ted Berrigan’s Sonnets)—also called “Your Last Illusion” or “Break Up Sonnets” – each 14 lines, not rhyming.

12
.
So you left, you bastard, so what?
I’m ready to include the world
through with internal wars
weather’s clear
and lies are angels in the snow
best be off and running babe
one messy satellite still hovers
you are the one and only blinking muscle
God’s a shining fuck
step on your own toes to keep someone
else from beating you to it
the bathtub isn’t long enough for four
don’t dream now float
it’s best with Sunday morning peaches.

p. 21

In “Suddenly Everything” Phipps in her poem “Galloping Personas” touches on a villanelle-like repetition scheme (without writing a proper villanelle) using the noun phrase “golden blouse” alternately as distraction and conceptual device. :

She begins:

“So the mask remains baffling
say hello to the mask
a new way of being a “Person”
or a hurricaine Cordelia in Biloxi beauty
there’s a mountain out my window.”
and you must wear a golden blouse.”

And ends:

“songs of a baffling mask
experiencing persons of great beauty
by love’s window in a golden blouse”

p. 34-35

In “Hours” she creates 12 pieces that combine hallucinatory pop culture visions with an almost home-spun delivery of the world around her:

Fourth Hour

“she was late
for a meeting
with her therapist
found Linda Evans
in her bathroom
ripping her shower curtain
and she kept trying
to piece it back together
but Linda kept ripping it
into neat little squares.”

p. 48

Fifth Hour

“it’s raining today
they say snow soon
I need boots
I love those black barked trees
bare and soaking wet
branches like lace
against Chelsea lofts
my hour’s over”

p 49

What leaves me grounded and breathless within Wanda’s wondrous matrix of poems is her equally balanced formal intelligence and wild-child juxtapositions of disparities.

In the Section “Womb Dreams” a poem called, “Talks with a Stranger” (including a few words by Jorge Luis Borges) entices with:

“I’m in the voice before zero
I’m in the macaroni
I’m in the calculator
I’m in the refrigerator.”

“Velocity = Delta D
Change in Distance
Over
Change in Time
Delta T
p. 112

In a deliciously erotic riff in her final section, “Gray Fox Woman” Wanda slips into an ode to a double who is also herself:

“kiss my shaved cunt
and bow to its beauty
introduce me to Dangerous
the woman in the spiderwebbed dress
the wild child filling her mouth
by the newspaper stand

let me watch you
unroll my fishnet stockings slowly
let me wait until you scream
because men do make noise when they fuck
but only as a form of worship.”

p. 124

Wanda will be appearing at The Living Theatre in NYC on July 28th. For more information check out her website: www.mindhoney.com and www.blazevox.org.

An investment in buying this book on Amazon.com or from the publisher is well worth your ducats. As Grace Slick once wailed: “Feed your head!”

Lo Galluccio is a vocal artist and poet whose prose-poem/memoir, “Sarasota VII” will be out on Cervana Barva Press in fall of 2008. She is a reviewer for the Ibbetson Update
http://yahoogroups.com/group/ibbetsonstreetpressupdate
www.myspace.com/lolagalluccio
Labels: Galluccio on Phipps

↑ Contents

430. David Chirot

An announcement from Meritage Press: Mark Young's Pelican Dreaming: Poems 1959-2008

Sun 29 Jun 2008

This is great news for all who know Mark Young's terrific work from his "Pelican" and "Magritte" blogs and also his brilliant editing of Otoliths.

And if you don't--a great introduction!

A RELEASE Special Offer for:

PELICAN DREAMING: POEMS 1959-2008

Poems by Mark Young

Selected and with an Introduction by Thomas Fink

ISBN: 978-0-9794119-5-3

412 pages

Price: $24.00

Release Date: Summer 2008

Distributors: Meritage Press <http://www.meritagepress.com/> and Lulu at http://www.lulu.com/content/1955266

Meritage Press is delighted to announce the release of *PELICAN DREAMING: Poems 1959-2008 *by Mark Young, Selected and with an Introduction by Thomas Fink.

Mark Young was born in New Zealand, but has lived for more than half his life in Australia. First published in 1959, his work has appeared in a large number of both electronic & print journals, & he has been included in many anthologies. His publications range from the first book on modern New Zealand painting through more than a dozen collections of poetry & his co-editorship with Jean Vengua of two anthologies of hay(na)ku to a speculative novella, *the allegrezza ficcione*. These days he spends most of his time editing the e-zine Otoliths & nurturing the steadily-increasing catalog of its print publishing arm.

To celebrate the release of *PELICAN DREAMING*, Meritage Press is pleased to offer a special discounted release arrangement good through August 31, 2008. You may order the book for $19.00 (a 21% discount from the book's $24 retail price) plus free shipping/handling for orders throughout the United States. (For non-U.S. orders, please email us first at [redacted]) Send a check made out to "Meritage Press" to

Eileen Tabios

Publisher, Meritage Press

256 North Fork Crystal Springs Rd.

St. Helena, CA 94574

About this project, Mark Young shares:

"My father died when he was 93, &, even then, his death was at least partially due to complications from an amputated leg. Which means there are longevity

genes in my family. So it's somewhat ironic that the earliest poem in this selection / collection, "Lizard", written when I was seventeen — 'When one is seventeen, one isn't serious' wrote Rimbaud, in error, but he can be forgiven for he was only fifteen when he wrote the line — stems from feelings of mortality brought on by the teenage angst that beset me at the time.

"As the subtitle of this book indicates — Poems 1959-2008 — those feelings were somewhat premature. But they're still around, since my vision of a neat fifty years of poetry was taken over once again by similar feelings: I wanted the book out there in order to make sure that I was around to see it.

"There is a rough chronological order to the book, based on the order of the books from which the selections were made, but that is for convenience. I have nearly always followed the maxim 'Let the poem shape itself.' So there are streams & themes that overlap across collections, across times, in a variety of concurrent styles. As Thomas Fink writes in his Introduction:

"'*If anyone these days is hanging onto a notion of consistent stylistic evolution as aesthetic merit, this volume will do its best to disorient them, as Young's 'many mansions' feature a variety of architectural modes. Could one predict the flights of *Betabet* from the unified narrative of 'Grafton Bridge,' much less 'Lizard'? 'George W.'s Language Primer' and 'Maxims for Tom Beckett' are both very funny poems, but their humor is achieved in extremely different ways. If someone didn't know who wrote either 'The Baggage Card' or 'The Bride Stripped Bare By Her Bachelors, Even,' would s/he necessarily assume that the same author was responsible for both? Mark Young has the courage to be traditional, imagistically or narratively direct, discrete, serial, surreal, 'experimental,' and 'difficult' in the same season, year, or cluster of years. The reward is ours.'*

"Tom's selection was done with total independence. All I did was give him the poems, in a variety of formats — e-books, chapbooks, full collections, blog postings, manuscripts — & let him have his way with me. Or, at least, my output. My gratitude for & pleasure with what he has selected & written to in his Introduction is immense. I have gained insights from his insightfulness. The reward is mine. &, I hope, yours."

***

For more information, please feel free to contact [redacted]

***

*A Nota Bene from Tom Beckett: *

* *

*"I've had the privilege of reading this book in manuscript. It is as fantastically and variously beautiful a book of poetry as one can find. If you only read one selected poems in the coming year, read **Pelican Dreaming **."***

↑ Contents

431. **Jordan Stempleman**

PELICAN DREAMING: POEMS 1959-2008: Poems by Mark Young

Sun 29 Jun 2008

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***

For more information, please feel free to contact [redacted]

***

A Nota Bene from Tom Beckett:

"I've had the privilege of reading this book in manuscript. It is as fantastically and variously beautiful a book of poetry as one can find. If you only read one selected poems in the coming year, read Pelican Dreaming."
_____ The i'm Talkathon starts 6/24/08. For now, give amongst yourselves.
http://www.imtalkathon.com?source=TXT_EML_WLH_LearnMore_GiveAmongst

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432. **Troy Camplin**

Re: Response to Troy Camplin, Ph.D.

Sun 29 Jun 2008

Funny, of the examples I have given -- Michaelangelo, Mozart, Shakespeare, Moliere, Racine -- not one was an American and not one lived in a capitalist country. Yet each communicated extremely well to a very wide audience. Prior to them, one had raconteurs and bards who travelled and recited/sang poetry. The ancient Greek tragedies and comedies were wildly popular (you may recall Plato complaining about tragedy because it was wildly popular). The stories of the gods and heroes were told through the recitation of poetry, particularly epic poetry. So poetry has historically been popular, and it has been used primarily as a way of communication. The Church, for example, used visual arts to tell the stories of the Bible to its illiterate parishoners. Art is a form of communication, and has always been a form of communication. Danto goes so far as to argue that the arts are a form of rhetoric -- and he's probably on to something there.

If art is not communicating something, what is it doing? If you are not concerned with getting your vision across to others, then what you are doing isn't art. When you create art that is not intended to communicate with anyone, then you are engaged in nothing more than masturbation. Similarly, it doesn't result in the creation of anything new, because it never comes in contact with others. If Danto is right that art is a form of rhetoric, then those who either won't (or cannot) communicate with their artwork are simply bad artists. To proclaim that your art does not and should not communicate is simply to try to provide an argument for why your terribly bad art is in fact good art -- precisely because the art can't speak for itself as to its worth.

Troy Camplin

----- Original Message ----
From: Paul Nelson <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Saturday, June 28, 2008 12:10:21 PM
Subject: Response to Troy Camplin, Ph.D.

----- Original Message ----

From: Troy Camplin <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Friday, June 27, 2008 4:37:00 PM
Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

"...the best works are not those that only require critics for anyone to understand what is going on. There's a certain tyranny of meaning-making in only having critics able to understand a work of art.

The most beautiful works are those that one can get some meaning from right away, but which gain in meaning the more you understand and learn. Those works both the uneducated and the educated can appreciate. Why shouldn't we want to create that kind of poetry? Why should we only ever want to exist in the realm of the elite, where only a select few 'truly understand'?"

Troy Camplin, Ph.D.

The limitation I see with this approach is that when one is trying to "communicate"or write so that it goes over with people who don't read poetry, is that the impulse to move in that direction is often fear. If one is open to a work of art, they'll recognize the power of it long before they fully understand, or even partially understand, what it may be "communicating." When artists start worrying about communication, the gesture suffers. What's the line by the painter Clyfford Still "demands for communication are presumptions and irrelevant."

It is a symptom of our capitalist society and the underlying materialist cosmology that equates numbers (books sold, how many "regular" people have heard of the artist, etc.) that creates the kind of attitude exhibited here by Dr. Camplin. Now, that may be his interest, or motivation and he is welcome to it. It does not interest me and I find I am usually not interested in art that can "go over" with average people, but there are exceptions. Anything really worthwhile takes a little effort to appreciate, or at least some background, or some kind of understanding or openness. People raised in North American TV culture want it now, if not sooner, like the ones who yell at the microwave to hurry up. Cook slow.

Paul

Paul E. Nelson

Global Voices Radio
SPLAB!
American Sentences
Organic Poetry
Poetry Postcard Blog

Ilalqo, WA [redacted] or [redacted]

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433. **Troy Camplin**

Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Sun 29 Jun 2008

I try to pay more attention to the actual art produced rather than the rhetoric of those producing the art. In a published article I wrote about game theory and literature, I argue that the surrealists attempted to sell a bill of goods that they themselves did not buy into. Many post-surrealists did, however -- producing a lot of incredibly bad poetry that all sounds the same, and that nobody wants to read. The actual surrealists, however, produced a lot of very well-crafted, difficult poetry. They claimed that they were trying to create a poetry of and for the people (as opposed to the elitist verse of the romantics, with their regular rhythms and rhymes), but they in fact created work that only artistic elites would even begin to appreciate. We see this going on throughout the Modernist and Postmodernist periods, where the experiments are proclaimed to be intended for the masses, but the masses reject it en masse. Perhaps only T.S. Eliot and Ezra Pound were the only honest poets of the last century, being unapologetically elitist in their verse and theory.

The attacks by other posters on "best-sellers" and "capitalism" belies their elitism. Why shouldn't some measure of worth be how many books of poetry you sell? Except that then that would indicate you are in fact not a very good poet if you can't sell but a half dozen copies at your readings. So we get attacks on capitalism and the commodification of art, etc. as excuses for why nobody wants to read their rotten poems.

Now, I do agree with you that many of our problems with the acceptance of poetry lies with our teachers and with the educational system in general. Teachers seem to go out of their way to make students abhor poetry. Of course, most teachers don't understand poetry at all, and that ignorance translates to hatred of the material, which is communicated to the students. The few who make it through high school not hating poetry have still learned nothing about it. They learn that one has "poetic license," which they are told means anything goes in poetry. Thus they begin writing poetry without the least understanding of what a poem really is, or what it does. They think that just because they speak the English language, they can write; and they think that they are being radical poets by breaking all the rules, not even knowing what the rules are. While we would never dream of claiming to be a great pianist if we never learned the proper way to play piano (the ability to whistle does not make one a musician), we somehow think that we can be a great poet without

understanding the first thing about poetry, its origins, its history, how poems are similar and differ among cultures, etc. Our college professors don't help at all because they are pushing the kind of experimental poetry they are writing, forgetting that their students don't even have the basics. The consequence is a lot of people writing poetry, not having the kind of historical understanding of the art that painters and musicians are made to have, and as a consequence writing poems nobody really wants to read.

I find it laughable to read peoples' arguments that poetry is in fact popular because of some anecdotal evidence. This would be like arguing that opera is popular because I have friends who, like me, go to the opera. In fact, the opera house is always packed, so it must be spectacularly popular! Nonsense. Most of the poetry readings I've been to have been full of bad poets reading bad poetry to each other and their friends. I've been to poetry readings that were exceptions -- but they typically took place in such places as art museums and galleries, and involved selection of the poets beforehand. And in those cases, few were there primarily for the poetry.

I personally would like to turn this around. I think people miss out on a lot when they do not read or listen to poetry -- or are otherwise exposed to the arts. I think that if poets would simply learn the history of their art, and keep their audience in mind when they write, that it would go a long way to poets creating poetry that people might want to read. But it requires making things of beauty, which inspire people to want to create more poetry like it. It has to be reproductive.

Troy Camplin

----- Original Message ----
From: Ryan Daley <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Saturday, June 28, 2008 10:41:29 AM
Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Troy,

But I think that's where you're wrong: most of what you're calling "elite" isn't intended to be only understood by a few, but rather represents (sometimes vain) attempts to open dialog where there wasn't previously. In this case, then, what most people don't understand isn't what they don't "get", but what they aren't familiar with (as in Michael's example) due to lack of good teachers, exposure, what have you.

-Ryan

On Fri, Jun 27, 2008 at 7:37 PM, Troy Camplin <[redacted]> wrote:
> Math is both understandable and meaningful. But to practice it and

understand it, you have to learn a lot of techniques.
>
> The arts are different from the sciences (including math) in that they are meaningful and valuable in a more complex, more directly human way. There's dehumanizing, nihilistic art, and humanizing, meaningful art. I personally like a lot of elite art; but I also understand why most people don't. Part of it is indeed that they don't get it. And why isn't that a valid criticism? Why should people rely on a bunch of overeducated elites (like myself) telling them what this or that work means, and why it's significant? Shouldn't there be at least some level in every art where the average person "gets it"? This doesn't mean, of course, that one cannot learn more about a work -- meaning critics, etc. are still needed to help people see all the possibilities -- but the best works are not those that only require critics for anyone to understand what is going on. There's a certain tyranny of meaning-making in only having critics able to understand a work of art.
>
> The most beautiful works are those that one can get some meaning from right away, but which gain in meaning the more you understand and learn. Those works both the uneducated and the educated can appreciate. Why shouldn't we want to create that kind of poetry? Why should we only ever want to exist in the realm of the elite, where only a select few "truly understand"?
>
> Troy Camplin, Ph.D.
>
>
> ----- Original Message ----
> From: Ryan Daley <[redacted]>
> To: [redacted]
> Sent: Friday, June 27, 2008 3:23:43 PM
> Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?
>
> How come mathematics gets to be "elitist"? Why is poetry condemned to
> "having to have meaning/be understandable?"
>
> Personally, I don't believe in elitism as a label; I think it's
> largely used to hide embarrassing moments of "I don't get this."
>
> On Fri, Jun 27, 2008 at 9:49 AM, Thomas savage <[redacted]> wrote:
>> Nobody reads poetry anymore because they aren't exposed to it as children as a part of their education. Once it vanished from their schooling, since they had no access to it, most people don't even know poetry exists. As for the elitism of experimental poetry of the 20th and 21st century, that is another

matter. Anyone who takes chances with a tradition risks isolating him or herself from the larger group of people who will not understand what is going on or who simply don't care. I don't think that is necessarily elitism but in certain cases, particularly Pound's and Eliot's, it may have been accompanied by elitism. Williams, Olson, and many other experimental poets were populists trying to do something that would resonate with the larger masses of educated readers. Whether they ever reached those readers is another matter. Regards, Tom Savage
>>
>> --- On Thu, 6/26/08, Troy Camplin <[redacted]> wrote:
>>
>> From: Troy Camplin <[redacted]>
>> Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?
>> To: [redacted]
>> Date: Thursday, June 26, 2008, 12:45 PM
>>
>> The two aren't unrelated, you know. It's no coincidence that you started
>> getting things like impressionism when photography came about. Milan Kundera
>> observes that the novel (for example) should do only what the novel can do. The
>> same can be said about poetry. TV and film are their own media, and do not
>> necessarily exclude the reading of poetry. Much of the Modernists'
>> experiments came about precisely in reaction to such things as radio, etc. Part
>> of the result was that it became something only elitists were interested in
>> (bizarre poetry, etc. is a great way for elitists to separate themselves from
>> the rabble, you know). But lyric poetry in the form of songs is as strong as
>> ever -- belying claims that other media pushed poetry aside. What pushed poetry
>> aside was the fact that poets began writing poetry 1) knowing nothing about
>> poetry, and 2) writing as elitists for elitists. I listen to the radio, watch
>> movies and TV, use a computer, etc. and also read
>> novels and poetry, so these different forms are not mutually exclusive. In
>> fact, they can be mutually enhancing. If people are running away from your art,
>> it may have more to do with the state of the art. Unless that is seriously
>> considered (which is also an historical perspective), then you're never
>> going to understand why nobody reads poetry anymore.
>>
>> Troy Camplin

>>
>>
>> ----- Original Message ----
>> From: Dan Glass <[redacted]>
>> To: [redacted]
>> Sent: Wednesday, June 25, 2008 4:17:26 PM
>> Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?
>>
>> Way to think historically.
>>
>> I love that it's the bad modernist poetry that made people read less
>> poetry,
>> rather than things like radio, television, movies, computers, video games,
>> the assembly line, and other 20th c. inventions...
>>
>> I mean, seriously. Do you really think history has nothing to do with
>> poetry?
>>
>> On Wed, Jun 25, 2008 at 12:37 PM, Troy Camplin <[redacted]>
>> wrote:
>>
>>> Historically, lyrical poetry has had a very large audience. It began dying
>>> off with Modernism, and postmodernism and LANGUAGE poetry have all
but
>>> killed it off. The few poetry bestsellers are the lyric poets like
>> Frederick
>>> Turner.
>>>
>>> Troy Camplin
>>>
>>>
>>> ----- Original Message ----
>>> From: Stephen Vincent <[redacted]>
>>> To: [redacted]
>>> Sent: Tuesday, June 24, 2008 8:08:10 PM
>>> Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?
>>>
>>> Thanks, Joanie, for pointing to WW lodestar! Then the quote. Yes, a quick
>>> and impressive ear you have for echoes!
>>> What? Are we (yon poets) fated to repeat ourselves century upon century
>>> with twists on the metaphors and content du jour!!! An endless spiral
>> loop

>>> earthly journey? An eternity of small audiences?
>>> Ain't complaining too hard. As long as there are good and quick ears
>> in the
>>> neighborhood that can take and hear a poem to the max, who needs
more?!
>>> (It's always nice when it happens - large)
>>>
>>> Got to get back to writing those reviews - among all the other
>>> 'requirements'!
>>>
>>> Stephen V
>>>
>>>
>>>
>>>
>>>
>>> "Mackowski, Joanie (mackowje)" <[redacted]>
>> wrote: Nice to
>>> read your thoughts, Stephen. I wonder though "izzit not ever
>>> thus," for in them I hear an echo of Wordsworth, from the
>> "preface to
>>> the 2nd edition of the lyrical ballads." That your thoughts are
>> familiar
>>> to me suggests that the lyric may be in a steady sissy-fun state, rather
>>> than about to die altogether. Yet I'm not suggesting that the work to
>>> preserve & enlarge our atttention to the lyric isn't crucial;
>> rather, I
>>> think we may whistle a bit while we work. And WW, while he affirms the
>>> frustration, also suggests a way to progress: he says that yes quiet
>>> lyrics may easily be drowned out, but that learning to attend to lyric
>>> quietness, via both reading and writing, is a crucial practice, one that
>>> strengthens "certain inherent inherent and indestructible qualities
>> of
>>> the human mind," qualities which WW thinks are good.
>>>
>>> I'm going to copy down a hunk o' WW here. It feels good to type
>> it, like
>>> a meditation/prayer:
>>>
>>> From WW: "For the human mind is capable of being excited without the
>>> application of gross and violent stimulants.... It has therefore
>>> appeared to me that to endeavor to prodice or enlarge this capability is

>>> one of the best services in which, at any period, a writer can be
>>> engaged; but this service, excellent at all times, is especially so at
>>> the present day. For a multitude of causes, unknown to former times, are
>>> now acting with a combined force to blunt the distriminating powers of
>>> the mind, and, unfitting it for all voluntary exertion, to reduce it to
>>> a state of almost savage torpor. The most effective of these causes are
>>> the great national events which are daily taking place, and the
>>> increasing accumulation of men in cities, where the uniformity of thei
>>> roccupations produces a craving for extraordinary incident, which the
>>> rapid communication of intelligence hourly gratiafies. To this tendency
>>> of life and manners the literature and theatrical exhibition of the
>>> country have conformed themselves. The invaluable works of our elder
>>> writers...Shakespeare and Milton, are driven into neglect by frantic
>>> novelss....When I think about this degrading thirst after outrageous
>>> stimulation, I am almost ashamed to have spoken of the feeble endeavor
>>> made in these volumes to counteract it; ... had I not a deep impression
>>> of certain inherent and indestructible qualities of the human mind, and
>>> likewise of certain powers in the great and permanent objects that act
>>> upon it, which are equally inherent and indestructible...."
>>>
>>> .....
>>> Joanie Mackowski, PhD
>>> Assistant Professor
>>> English & Comparative Literature
>>> University of Cincinnati
>>> PO Box 210069
>>> Cincinnati, OH 45221-0069
>>> Tel. 513/[redacted]
>>> Fax 513/[redacted]
>>> [redacted]
>>> http://homepages.uc.edu/~mackowje
>> <http://homepages.uc.edu/%7Emackowje>
>>>
>>>
>>> -----Original Message-----
>>> From: Poetics List (UPenn, UB) [mailto:[redacted]] On
>>> Behalf Of Stephen Vincent
>>> Sent: Monday, June 23, 2008 10:47 PM
>>> To: [redacted]
>>> Subject: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?
>>>
>>> Sometimes I read a lyric poem - singular or serial - and I am struck by

>>> two contrary reading experiences. On one hand, I am taken by a poem's
>>> structure, the attention of the poet, the technique, tone, etc, - how
>>> forcefully these combinations impel themselves on to the page. I am
>>> totally present with the process, and the momentary totality of the
>>> poem's object, its presence. I am with it - which means to say its
>>> particulars have become an assured presence within the immediate
>>> horizons of my take (world) as a reader.
>>>
>>> Yet, on the other hand, the poem(s), no matter how solid its occurrence
>>> in my imagination, critical presence, etc. is soon gone, particularly as
>>> I move on to the works of others, or shift my awareness to, say, the
>>> television, the inevitable perk and threnody of the news, its
>>> repetitions and cycles.
>>>
>>> And, in terms of the lyric poem as an experience in reading - no matter
>>> how present it was - - becomes such a fleeting thing without much
>>> bearing on what's left of either my private or public space. What is
>>> that that 'thing' that caught me and then flew by? Why does much
>> work -
>>> much of it good, and, certainly, labor intensive - fly by with but a
>>> transitional, momentary effect? Whatever act or frame could make that
>>> pleasure more concrete, an enduring, significant presence, a constantly
>>> returnable project & gift?? (Perhaps, obviously. that is part of the
>>> poet's job, too).
>>>
>>> I suspect we know that's the job of a critical community - to maximize
>>> the public presence and circulation of a work or works. To review a
>>> person's work, to secure (ideally) our attention. And, no doubt, the
>>> importance of academic institutions. To insist students write critical
>>> papers, memorize, and/or improv new works off the work of others - to
>>> insure that a work secure a place, a point of memory in the young, as
>>> well as older persons. And, for those of us outside institutions, to
>>> resist and confront the the sense of erasure that inevitably haunts
>>> those of us who live, read, write and work not 'at the margins',
>> but in
>>> locations that require a different sense of critical reception and
>>> measure.
>>>
>>> Without this surrounding labor of critical community, so many often
>>> extraordinarily fine lyric poems - let alone larger forms. - end up
>>> fleeting around, or become paralysed in a kind of statuary limbo. They
>>> may vibrantly appear in a small publication, then disappear as readily.

>>> For the poet it takes a fierce stubbornness to put up with can appear as
>>> an almost instant annihilation or a perennial sense of being 'not
>> quite
>>> dead on arrival.'
>>>
>>> The reason I write this is that I became quite aware of this condition
>>> whitle reading some quite fine books that have come my way to review.
>>> Recent intriguing good works by Peter Manson, George Albon, Joseph
>>> Noble, Tyrone Williams, Tim Atkins - all guys (I realize), but, indeed,
>>> a mix of sexual, ethnic and national persuasions, yet each (most at
>>> mid-life, I think) working various lyric, experimental edges. They are
>>> among many, obviously both men and women, out in the field of
>>> combatting limited attention to their work,each working the language to
>>> scrape out (sing, whatever), a non- familiar truth in fresh, demanding
>>> and/or startling ways. As I begin to write these various or combined
>>> reviews I remain struck by the ambition and struggle to make a work find
>>> its location in a contemporay landscape that is mostly either
>>> oppositional or,most likely. oblivious to an enterprise that - as both
>>> poet and reader - I, if not most of us, totally support.
>>>
>>> Proportionately, without wanting to sound one bit self-piteous (because
>>> the work can bring such joy and critical pleasure) Sisyphus might appear
>>> to have had it relatively good! In this nation (USA), where Executive
>>> (Cheney. Bush. etc.) management has done nothing but produce a
national
>>> paralysis of the imagination (it's nasty girim and impotent, to be
>> both
>>> obvious and frank). Without sounding like a 'draino liberal' (I
>> hope), I
>>> think its absolutely essential to do whatever we can (in community,
>>> critcially, creatively, etc.) to vigorously support the efforts of both
>>> poets and poems (lyric and otherwise) to continue to rise and take hold
>>> in the public realm - and take form in the pleasure and combat of that.
>>> Otherwise we be in for a long, thirsty time! So yes, I am writing my
>>> reviews. You, too?
>>>
>>> Stephen Vincent
>>> _http://stephenvincent.net/blog/
>>> Where, if you have missed it so far, you can still visit my travels
>>> with Charles Olson - and then some - in the Yucatan.
>>>
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434. **Stephen Vincent**

W Logan on O'Hara

Sun 29 Jun 2008

If you are interested in whether or not your book might stake a claim for recognition in the New York Times Book Review, particularly a review by William Logan, it is probably best to check out the frame through which your work might be considered. Or, if you are wondering, about the frame through which Frank O'Hara's work was scourged by Logan in today's Times, his University of Florida bio/pub accounting might make his nonsense make sense - if that's any relief. A NY Times kicking on on Gay Pride day to boot! A real 'time-sensitive' editor there, I say!

William Logan Professor William Logan is the author of seven books of poems: Sad-faced Men (1982), Difficulty (1985), Sullen Weedy Lakes (1988), Vain Empires (1998), Night Battle (1999), Macbeth in Venice (2003), and The Whispering Gallery (2005). He is the author of four books

of criticism, All the Rage (1998), Reputations of the Tongue (1999), Desperate Measures (2002), and The Undiscovered Country (2005); and co-editor of a book on the poetry of Donald Justice, Certain Solitudes (1997). Reputations of the Tongue was a finalist for and The Undiscovered Country the winner of the National Book Critics Circle Award in Criticism. The Undiscovered Country was also named the best book of criticism of 2005 by the Contemporary Poetry Review. Logan is a regular critic of poetry for the New York Times Book Review and writes a biannual verse chronicle for the New Criterion. He has won the Citation for Excellence in Reviewing from the National Book Critics Circle, the Peter I.B. Lavan Award from the Academy of American Poets, the John Masefield and Celia B. Wagner Awards from the Poetry Society of America, and the J. Howard and Barbara M. J. Wood Prize from Poetry. In 2004 he received the Corrington Award for Literary Excellence and in 2005 the inaugural Randall Jarrell Award in Criticism. He has also won the Amy Lowell Poetry Traveling Scholarship and received grants from the Ingram Merrill Foundation, the Florida Arts Commission, and the National Endowment for the Arts. Logan graduated from Yale (BA, 1972) and the University of Iowa (MFA, 1975). He was the English Department's Director of Creative Writing from 1983 to 2000. He teaches poetry workshops and an occasional seminar on contemporary poetry.

**

Stephen Vincent
http://stephenvincent.net/blog/

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435. Larissa Shmailo

New poetry CD: Exorcism

Sun 29 Jun 2008

My new poetry CD, Exorcism (SongCrew 2008), with music by Bobby Perfect, is now available from CDBaby at _http://cdbaby.com/cd/shmailo2_ (http://cdbaby.com/cd/shmailo2) , also at St. Mark's Bookstore in NYC.

Review copies are also available. Please backchannel at [redacted]_ (mailto:[redacted]) .

Best regards,
Larissa

Larissa Shmailo (http://myspace.com/larissaworld)
"The poet, like the lover, is a menace on the assembly line."
-Rollo May

http://cdbaby.com/cd/shmailo2 (http://cdbaby.com/cd/shmailo2)
http:// (http://larissashmailo.blogspot.com/)
www.myspace.com/larissashmailoexorcism
(http://www.myspace.com/thenonetworld)
http://larissashmailo.blogspot.com (http://larissashmailo.blogspot.com/)

**********Gas prices getting you down? Search AOL Autos for fuel-efficient used cars. (http://autos.aol.com/used?ncid=aolaut00050000000007)

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436. **Jerome Rothenberg**
Poems and Poetics: New Postings
Sun 29 Jun 2008

Whether it makes sense or not, I'm now using the blog format to take control of some part of my own publication, freely presenting poems past & yet to come both by myself & on occasion by poets who have been or continue to be close to me. The following have recently appeared on poemsandpoetics.blogspot.com.

David Antin: 11 games for eleanor (previously unpublished) with my notes on "David Antin: The Poems Before Talking" (from Poetics & Polemics 1980-2005, forthcoming from University of Alabama, Modern and Contemporary Poetics series)

The People's Poetry Language Initiative: Preamble and Declaration, a major ethnopoetics manifesto by Bob Holman & others

Reconfiguring Romanticism (3): Goethe & Shelley, commentaries from the forthcoming Poems for the Millennium, Volume 3: The University of California Book of Romantic and Postromantic Poetry, edited with commentaries by myself & Jeffrey Robinson

12 Russian Ikons, & Others - poems originally published by John Martone's tel-let, with additional poems omitted from that publication

A Paradise of Poets: In celebration of Keith Wilson by Bobby Byrd

The Burning Babe - Now accessible in full with illuminations by Susan Bee, originally published in a limited edition by Steve Clay's Granary Books

Reconfiguring Romanticism (2): A Preliminary Listing - from the introduction to the forthcoming Poems for the Millennium, Volume 3

Three Caprichos, after Goya, selections from 50 Caprichos, after Goya, a work in progress

The Burnt Book - a coda to A Book of Concealments, a series of 75 poems now in progress

Over the next half year I will continue to preview brief extracts from Poems for the Millennium, Volume 3. Most of these extracts will be from our prose commentaries, but by the end of the run I anticipate showing newly recovered or newly translated works as well. Responses are welcome but not necessary & can be addressed directly to either of the two co-authors. The book itself is scheduled for publication in January 2009 with an expectation of advance copies in November or December.

Jerome Rothenberg
1026 San Abella
Encinitas, CA 92024
jrothenberg at cox.net

"Language is Delphi."
--Novalis

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437. **Paul Nelson**

Re: Response to Troy Camplin, Ph.D.

Sun 29 Jun 2008

Dr. Camplin,

So you judge my work without ever having read it? How does that help dialog? Communication? Just because my intention is not necessarily to communicate does not mean it doesn't get something across. Nor does it make it masturbation, as judged by the number of featured readings I have given over the last ten years.

Charles Olson said:

A poem is energy transferred from where the poet got it (he will have some several causations), by way of the poem itself to, all the way over to, the reader. Okay. Then the poem itself must, at all points, be a high energy-construct and, at all points, an energy-discharge. So: how is the poet to accomplish same energy, how is he, what is the process by which a poet gets in, at all points energy at least the equivalent of the energy which propelled him in the first place, yet an energy which is peculiar to verse alone and which will be, obviously, also different from the energy which the reader, because he is a third term, will take away.

People seem to be interested in HIS work, 38 years after his death at 60. So, did HE communicate anything? Apparently so, given the new film about his work and life in Gloucester, Polis is This. Given the movie from last year Fully Awake: Black Mountain College.

You obviously come to the SUNY list with an agenda far more traditional than the average list reader. You must expect people to disagree with you. You should understand they'll have a more challenging aesthetic than to have their

work go over to a large audience. That is a measure addled by a capitalist ethos anyway. And the artists you cite did not have nearly the same cultural conditions, so it's a misnomer.

In a wonderful Jacket interview: http://jacketmagazine.com/35/perez-ivb-johnson.shtml

Omar Perez points out that capitalist considerations have NO PLACE in art. They're antithetical to it. I'm not interested in heat from this list. I am interested in light. Calling a stranger's work masturbation is unfortunate if you are really interested in dialog. Of course at least masturbation is sex with someone I love.

Paul

Paul E. Nelson

Global Voices Radio
SPLAB!
American Sentences
Organic Poetry
Poetry Postcard Blog

Ilalqo, WA [redacted] or [redacted]

----- Original Message ----
From: Troy Camplin <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Sunday, June 29, 2008 11:00:44 AM
Subject: Re: Response to Troy Camplin, Ph.D.

Funny, of the examples I have given -- Michaelangelo, Mozart, Shakespeare, Moliere, Racine -- not one was an American and not one lived in a capitalist country. Yet each communicated extremely well to a very wide audience. Prior to them, one had raconteurs and bards who travelled and recited/sang poetry. The ancient Greek tragedies and comedies were wildly popular (you may recall Plato complaining about tragedy because it was wildly popular). The stories of the gods and heroes were told through the recitation of poetry, particularly epic poetry. So poetry has historically been popular, and it has been used primarily as a way of communication. The Church, for example, used visual arts to tell the stories of the Bible to its illiterate parishoners. Art is a form of communication, and has always been a form of communication. Danto goes so far as to argue that the arts are a form of rhetoric -- and he's probably on to something there.

If art is not communicating something, what is it doing? If you are not concerned with getting your vision across to others, then what you are doing isn't art. When you create art that is not intended to communicate with anyone,

then you are engaged in nothing more than masturbation. Similarly, it doesn't result in the creation of anything new, because it never comes in contact with others. If Danto is right that art is a form of rhetoric, then those who either won't (or cannot) communicate with their artwork are simply bad artists. To proclaim that your art does not and should not communicate is simply to try to provide an argument for why your terribly bad art is in fact good art -- precisely because the art can't speak for itself as to its worth.

Troy Camplin

----- Original Message ----
From: Paul Nelson <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Saturday, June 28, 2008 12:10:21 PM
Subject: Response to Troy Camplin, Ph.D.

----- Original Message ----

From: Troy Camplin <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Friday, June 27, 2008 4:37:00 PM
Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

"...the best works are not those that only require critics for anyone to understand what is going on. There's a certain tyranny of meaning-making in only having critics able to understand a work of art.

The most beautiful works are those that one can get some meaning from right away, but which gain in meaning the more you understand and learn. Those works both the uneducated and the educated can appreciate. Why shouldn't we want to create that kind of poetry? Why should we only ever want to exist in the realm of the elite, where only a select few 'truly understand'?"

Troy Camplin, Ph.D.

The limitation I see with this approach is that when one is trying to "communicate"or write so that it goes over with people who don't read poetry, is that the impulse to move in that direction is often fear. If one is open to a work of art, they'll recognize the power of it long before they fully understand, or even partially understand, what it may be "communicating." When artists start worrying about communication, the gesture suffers. What's the line by the painter Clyfford Still "demands for communication are presumptions and irrelevant."

It is a symptom of our capitalist society and the underlying materialist cosmology that equates numbers (books sold, how many "regular" people have heard of the artist, etc.) that creates the kind of attitude exhibited here by Dr.

Camplin. Now, that may be his interest, or motivation and he is welcome to it. It does not interest me and I find I am usually not interested in art that can "go over" with average people, but there are exceptions. Anything really worthwhile takes a little effort to appreciate, or at least some background, or some kind of understanding or openness. People raised in North American TV culture want it now, if not sooner, like the ones who yell at the microwave to hurry up. Cook slow.

Paul

Paul E. Nelson

Global Voices Radio
SPLAB!
American Sentences
Organic Poetry
Poetry Postcard Blog

Ilalqo, WA [redacted] or [redacted]

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438. **Paul Nelson**

Re: Response to Troy Camplin, Ph.D.

Mon 30 Jun 2008

A last thought about using numbers of "consumers" to judge literary art. This August marks the 2nd year that Lana Ayers and I will facilitate the August Poetry Postcard Fest. http://poetrypostcards.blogspot.com/

You take a card, address it to the next person on your list, refer to a previous card in composing the original poem on the card, if relevant, and send it to that person. I tend to transcribe postcard poems after writing them, before dropping them in the mail. We're about to release guidelines for 2008 and accept participants for this year's festivities.

Does it make the effort any less relevant if the poem is addressed to only one person? Will no one understand if I make a reference only that person might "understand?" Is it my job as a poet to send a poem that the person will "understand?" Can appreciation of art go beyond conscious "understanding" of meaning and intent? What does Jazz mean?

Charles Olson's statement in Projective Verse, "use of speech at its least careless and least logical" resonates with me. Does that make me elitist? Would my postcard poems not be appreciated by anyone else besides the reader?

I can't believe you think Emily Dickinson's work is unimportant because she was not interested in publication, grants and the admiration of the SUNY-Buffalo listserv poets. Or those who come here just to stir up shit.

Paul

Paul E. Nelson

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Ilalqo, WA [redacted] or [redacted]

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To: [redacted]
Sent: Sunday, June 29, 2008 11:00:44 AM
Subject: Re: Response to Troy Camplin, Ph.D.

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If art is not communicating something, what is it doing? If you are not concerned with getting your vision across to others, then what you are doing isn't art. When you create art that is not intended to communicate with anyone, then you are engaged in nothing more than masturbation. Similarly, it doesn't result in the creation of anything new, because it never comes in contact with others. If Danto is right that art is a form of rhetoric, then those who either won't (or cannot) communicate with their artwork are simply bad artists. To proclaim that your art does not and should not communicate is simply to try to provide an argument for why your terribly bad art is in fact good art -- precisely because the art can't speak for itself as to its worth.

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Ilalqo, WA [redacted] or [redacted]

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439. **Troy Camplin**

Fw: Response to Troy Camplin, Ph.D.

Mon 30 Jun 2008

I never called your work specifically masturbation. I said that the kind of work that is not intended for an audience, that does not communicate anything, is masturbation. If you took offense, that is not my doing. You are the one who takes offense. You have taken a general argument personally, which is certainly not my fault.

Now, as for what you quoted me of Charles Olson, that's all a bunch of sound and fury signifying nothing. Poetry is energy. Oil is energy. Nuclear power is energy. The sun is energy. If you want to know if someone hasn't said anything, take the topic word and replace it and see if you can make it make sense. Make "a poem" = "love," "poet" = "lover" and "reader" = "beloved" and the quote still makes just as much (non)sense. Certainly being a good poet doesn't make one a good theorist.

If "capitalism has no place in art," then neither does Marxism or socialism or nationalism or identity or race or sex or gender or culture or religion or anything else of human concern, thought, or behavior. Again, I don't know what it could possibly mean that capitalism has no place in art. Art is a commodity. Always has been. Always will be. Again, it was only elitists who have tried to separate art from that aspect, to make it into something that nobody but the elites would want.

And why shouldn't I be able to come on here and talk about how I view things? This is a discussion group, and we all have our own agendas. The last thing I would want would be a bunch of people sitting around agreeing with me about everything, as I would never grow as a thinker or a poet. One reaches the light only through dialogue, and being open to understanding and persuasion. Anyone who does not want to be challenged is only interested in the shadows on the walls of the cave -- they certainly are not interested in the light.

Troy Camplin

----- Original Message ----
From: Paul Nelson <[redacted]>
To: SUNY Buffalo <[redacted]>
Sent: Sunday, June 29, 2008 10:39:13 PM
Subject: Re: Response to Troy Camplin, Ph.D.

Dr. Camplin,

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Troy Camplin, Ph.D.

The limitation I see with this approach is that when one is trying to "communicate"or write so that it goes over with people who don't read poetry, is that the impulse to move in that direction is often fear. If one is open to a work of art, they'll recognize the power of it long before they fully understand, or even partially understand, what it may be "communicating." When artists start worrying about communication, the gesture suffers. What's the line by the painter Clyfford Still "demands for communication are presumptions and irrelevant."

It is a symptom of our capitalist society and the underlying materialist cosmology that equates numbers (books sold, how many "regular" people have heard of the artist, etc.) that creates the kind of attitude exhibited here by Dr. Camplin. Now, that may be his interest, or motivation and he is welcome to it. It does not interest me and I find I am usually not interested in art that can "go over" with average people, but there are exceptions. Anything really worthwhile takes a little effort to appreciate, or at least some background, or some kind of understanding or openness. People raised in North American TV culture want it now, if not sooner, like the ones who yell at the microwave to hurry up. Cook slow.

Paul

Paul E. Nelson

Global Voices Radio
SPLAB!

American Sentences
Organic Poetry
Poetry Postcard Blog

Ilalqo, WA [redacted] or [redacted]

↑ Contents

440. **steve d. dalachinsky**
Re: Response to Troy Camplin, Ph.D.
Mon 30 Jun 2008

---

there was no tv radio movies ipods on and on and on the more the 20th century vrpet in and now 21
the less populist poetry was
and the folks to day that should be and possibly are to some extent our laureates for instance
SUCK and reach out barely to the populace
and when they do springsteen (an anology) buries em (tho not purposely)
slam and hiphop work but they suck as well
mozart ha he sang for his super as did they all back then just happened to be a great one as the others you mentioned
yhey wote for the poulace tho some had elitist patrons as well
those were different times
much poetry was sung memorized spoken handed down
i'm sure there was an ongoing equivelent in lyric verse of law and order
i'm sure everyone went out there dor and caiught euripides
maybe got to hear the odyssey intoned on the MTV of its day
even the non-capitalists were capitalist we're all greedy suckers at heart

On Sun, 29 Jun 2008 11:00:44 -0700 Troy Camplin <[redacted]> writes:
> Funny, of the examples I have given -- Michaelangelo, Mozart,
> Shakespeare, Moliere, Racine -- not one was an American and not one
> lived in a capitalist country. Yet each communicated extremely well
> to a very wide audience. Prior to them, one had raconteurs and bards
> who travelled and recited/sang poetry. The ancient Greek tragedies
> and comedies were wildly popular (you may recall Plato complaining
> about tragedy because it was wildly popular). The stories of the
> gods and heroes were told through the recitation of poetry,
> particularly epic poetry. So poetry has historically been popular,
> and it has been used primarily as a way of communication. The
> Church, for example, used visual arts to tell the stories of the

> Bible to its illiterate parishoners. Art is a form of communication,
> and has always been a form of communication. Danto goes so far as to
> argue that the arts are a form of rhetoric -- and he's probably on
> to something there.
>
> If art is not communicating something, what is it doing? If you are
> not concerned with getting your vision across to others, then what
> you are doing isn't art. When you create art that is not intended to
> communicate with anyone, then you are engaged in nothing more than
> masturbation. Similarly, it doesn't result in the creation of
> anything new, because it never comes in contact with others. If
> Danto is right that art is a form of rhetoric, then those who either
> won't (or cannot) communicate with their artwork are simply bad
> artists. To proclaim that your art does not and should not
> communicate is simply to try to provide an argument for why your
> terribly bad art is in fact good art -- precisely because the art
> can't speak for itself as to its worth.
>
> Troy Camplin
>
>
> ----- Original Message ----
> From: Paul Nelson <[redacted]>
> To: [redacted]
> Sent: Saturday, June 28, 2008 12:10:21 PM
> Subject: Response to Troy Camplin, Ph.D.
>
> ----- Original Message ----
>
> From: Troy Camplin <[redacted]>
> To: [redacted]
> Sent: Friday, June 27, 2008 4:37:00 PM
> Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?
>
> "...the best works are not those that only require critics for
> anyone to understand what is going on. There's a certain tyranny of
> meaning-making in only having critics able to understand a work of
> art.
>
> The most beautiful works are those that one can get some meaning
> from right away, but which gain in meaning the more you understand
> and learn. Those works both the uneducated and the educated can

> appreciate. Why shouldn't we want to create that kind of poetry? Why
> should we only ever want to exist in the realm of the elite, where
> only a select few 'truly understand'?"
>
> Troy Camplin, Ph.D.
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> The limitation I see with this approach is that when one is trying
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> understand, what it may be "communicating." When artists start
> worrying about communication, the gesture suffers. What's the line
> by the painter Clyfford Still "demands for communication are
> presumptions and irrelevant."
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> materialist cosmology that equates numbers (books sold, how many
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> interest me and I find I am usually not interested in art that can
> "go over" with average people, but there are exceptions. Anything
> really worthwhile takes a little effort to appreciate, or at least
> some background, or some kind of understanding or openness. People
> raised in North American TV culture want it now, if not sooner, like
> the ones who yell at the microwave to hurry up. Cook slow.
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> Paul
>
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>
> Ilalqo, WA [redacted] or [redacted]
>
>

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441. **John Cunningham**

Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Mon 30 Jun 2008

In response to Troy Camplin, you make the statement " few were there primarily for the poetry" with regard to poetry readings in art galleries, etc. How is this statement supported - by anecdotal evidence? You asked a few "buddies" why they were there? I take exception to another of your statements: "But it requires making things of beauty, which inspire people to want to create more poetry like it. It has to be reproductive." Keeping in mind the cliché that beauty is in the eye of the beholder, if "beautiful" poetry is to be reproductive, then language poetry must be the most beautiful of poetries as it has been a dominant force, reproducing like rabbits, since the mid-20th century. Finally, I have one thing to say regarding your statement "While we would never dream of claiming to be a great pianist if we never learned the proper way to play piano", that being Thelonius Monk - he of the splayed fingers. I don't think many would disagree that Monk was a great pianist yet those same would likely agree that he "never learned the proper way to play piano". The only thing that counts is expressivity. Whether Jimmie Hendricks plucked the strings with his fingers or his teeth, as long as he was able to fully express himself the technique didn't matter. Just my thoughts. John Cunningham

-----Original Message-----
From: Poetics List (UPenn, UB) [mailto:[redacted]] On
Behalf Of Troy Camplin
Sent: June 29, 2008 1:29 PM
To: [redacted]
Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

I try to pay more attention to the actual art produced rather than the rhetoric of those producing the art. In a published article I wrote about game theory and literature, I argue that the surrealists attempted to sell a bill of goods that they themselves did not buy into. Many post-surrealists did, however -- producing a lot of incredibly bad poetry that all sounds the same, and that nobody wants to read. The actual surrealists, however, produced a lot of very well-crafted, difficult poetry. They claimed that they were trying to create a poetry of and for the people (as opposed to the elitist verse of the romantics, with their regular rhythms and rhymes), but they in fact created work that only artistic elites would even begin to appreciate. We see this going on throughout the Modernist

and Postmodernist periods, where the experiments are proclaimed to be intended for the masses, but the masses reject it en masse. Perhaps only T.S. Eliot and Ezra Pound were the only honest poets of the last century, being unapologetically elitist in their verse and theory.

The attacks by other posters on "best-sellers" and "capitalism" belies their elitism. Why shouldn't some measure of worth be how many books of poetry you sell? Except that then that would indicate you are in fact not a very good poet if you can't sell but a half dozen copies at your readings. So we get attacks on capitalism and the commodification of art, etc. as excuses for why nobody wants to read their rotten poems.

Now, I do agree with you that many of our problems with the acceptance of poetry lies with our teachers and with the educational system in general. Teachers seem to go out of their way to make students abhor poetry. Of course, most teachers don't understand poetry at all, and that ignorance translates to hatred of the material, which is communicated to the students. The few who make it through high school not hating poetry have still learned nothing about it. They learn that one has "poetic license," which they are told means anything goes in poetry. Thus they begin writing poetry without the least understanding of what a poem really is, or what it does. They think that just because they speak the English language, they can write; and they think that they are being radical poets by breaking all the rules, not even knowing what the rules are. While we would never dream of claiming to be a great pianist if we never learned the proper way to play piano (the ability to whistle does not make one a musician), we somehow think that we can be a great poet without understanding the first thing about poetry, its origins, its history, how poems are similar and differ among cultures, etc. Our college professors don't help at all because they are pushing the kind of experimental poetry they are writing, forgetting that their students don't even have the basics. The consequence is a lot of people writing poetry, not having the kind of historical understanding of the art that painters and musicians are made to have, and as a consequence writing poems nobody really wants to read.

I find it laughable to read peoples' arguments that poetry is in fact popular because of some anecdotal evidence. This would be like arguing that opera is popular because I have friends who, like me, go to the opera. In fact, the opera house is always packed, so it must be spectacularly popular! Nonsense. Most of the poetry readings I've been to have been full of bad poets reading bad poetry to each other and their friends. I've been to poetry readings that were exceptions -- but they typically took place in such places as art museums and galleries, and involved selection of the poets beforehand. And in those cases, few were there primarily for the poetry.

I personally would like to turn this around. I think people miss out on a lot when they do not read or listen to poetry -- or are otherwise exposed to the arts. I think that if poets would simply learn the history of their art, and keep their audience in mind when they write, that it would go a long way to poets creating poetry that people might want to read. But it requires making things of beauty, which inspire people to want to create more poetry like it. It has to be reproductive.

Troy Camplin

----- Original Message ----
From: Ryan Daley <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Saturday, June 28, 2008 10:41:29 AM
Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Troy,

But I think that's where you're wrong: most of what you're calling "elite" isn't intended to be only understood by a few, but rather represents (sometimes vain) attempts to open dialog where there wasn't previously. In this case, then, what most people don't understand isn't what they don't "get", but what they aren't familiar with (as in Michael's example) due to lack of good teachers, exposure, what have you.

-Ryan

On Fri, Jun 27, 2008 at 7:37 PM, Troy Camplin <[redacted]> wrote:
> Math is both understandable and meaningful. But to practice it and understand it, you have to learn a lot of techniques.
>
> The arts are different from the sciences (including math) in that they are meaningful and valuable in a more complex, more directly human way. There's dehumanizing, nihilistic art, and humanizing, meaningful art. I personally like a lot of elite art; but I also understand why most people don't. Part of it is indeed that they don't get it. And why isn't that a valid criticism? Why should people rely on a bunch of overeducated elites (like myself) telling them what this or that work means, and why it's significant? Shouldn't there be at least some level in every art where the average person "gets it"? This doesn't mean, of course, that one cannot learn more about a work -- meaning critics, etc. are still needed to help people see all the possibilities -- but the best works are not those that only require critics for anyone to understand what is going on. There's a certain tyranny of meaning-making in only having critics able to understand a work of art.
>
> The most beautiful works are those that one can get some meaning from

right away, but which gain in meaning the more you understand and learn. Those works both the uneducated and the educated can appreciate. Why shouldn't we want to create that kind of poetry? Why should we only ever want to exist in the realm of the elite, where only a select few "truly understand"?
>
> Troy Camplin, Ph.D.
>
>
> ----- Original Message ----
> From: Ryan Daley <[redacted]>
> To: [redacted]
> Sent: Friday, June 27, 2008 3:23:43 PM
> Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?
>
> How come mathematics gets to be "elitist"? Why is poetry condemned to
> "having to have meaning/be understandable?"
>
> Personally, I don't believe in elitism as a label; I think it's
> largely used to hide embarrassing moments of "I don't get this."
>
> On Fri, Jun 27, 2008 at 9:49 AM, Thomas savage <[redacted]>
wrote:
>> Nobody reads poetry anymore because they aren't exposed to it as children as a part of their education. Once it vanished from their schooling, since they had no access to it, most people don't even know poetry exists. As for the elitism of experimental poetry of the 20th and 21st century, that is another matter. Anyone who takes chances with a tradition risks isolating him or herself from the larger group of people who will not understand what is going on or who simply don't care. I don't think that is necessarily elitism but in certain cases, particularly Pound's and Eliot's, it may have been accompanied by elitism. Williams, Olson, and many other experimental poets were populists trying to do something that would resonate with the larger masses of educated readers. Whether they ever reached those readers is another matter. Regards, Tom Savage
>>
>> --- On Thu, 6/26/08, Troy Camplin <[redacted]> wrote:
>>
>> From: Troy Camplin <[redacted]>
>> Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?
>> To: [redacted]
>> Date: Thursday, June 26, 2008, 12:45 PM

>>
>> The two aren't unrelated, you know. It's no coincidence that you started
>> getting things like impressionism when photography came about. Milan Kundera
>> observes that the novel (for example) should do only what the novel can do. The
>> same can be said about poetry. TV and film are their own media, and do not
>> necessarily exclude the reading of poetry. Much of the Modernists'
>> experiments came about precisely in reaction to such things as radio, etc. Part
>> of the result was that it became something only elitists were interested in
>> (bizarre poetry, etc. is a great way for elitists to separate themselves from
>> the rabble, you know). But lyric poetry in the form of songs is as strong as
>> ever -- belying claims that other media pushed poetry aside. What pushed poetry
>> aside was the fact that poets began writing poetry 1) knowing nothing about
>> poetry, and 2) writing as elitists for elitists. I listen to the radio, watch
>> movies and TV, use a computer, etc. and also read
>> novels and poetry, so these different forms are not mutually exclusive. In
>> fact, they can be mutually enhancing. If people are running away from your art,
>> it may have more to do with the state of the art. Unless that is seriously
>> considered (which is also an historical perspective), then you're never
>> going to understand why nobody reads poetry anymore.
>>
>> Troy Camplin
>>
>>
>> ----- Original Message ----
>> From: Dan Glass <[redacted]>
>> To: [redacted]
>> Sent: Wednesday, June 25, 2008 4:17:26 PM
>> Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?
>>

>> Way to think historically.
>>
>> I love that it's the bad modernist poetry that made people read less
>> poetry,
>> rather than things like radio, television, movies, computers, video
games,
>> the assembly line, and other 20th c. inventions...
>>
>> I mean, seriously. Do you really think history has nothing to do with
>> poetry?
>>
>> On Wed, Jun 25, 2008 at 12:37 PM, Troy Camplin <[redacted]>
>> wrote:
>>
>>> Historically, lyrical poetry has had a very large audience. It began
dying
>>> off with Modernism, and postmodernism and LANGUAGE poetry have all
but
>>> killed it off. The few poetry bestsellers are the lyric poets like
>> Frederick
>>> Turner.
>>>
>>> Troy Camplin
>>>
>>>
>>> ----- Original Message ----
>>> From: Stephen Vincent <[redacted]>
>>> To: [redacted]
>>> Sent: Tuesday, June 24, 2008 8:08:10 PM
>>> Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?
>>>
>>> Thanks, Joanie, for pointing to WW lodestar! Then the quote. Yes, a
quick
>>> and impressive ear you have for echoes!
>>> What? Are we (yon poets) fated to repeat ourselves century upon
century
>>> with twists on the metaphors and content du jour!!! An endless spiral
>> loop
>>> earthly journey? An eternity of small audiences?
>>> Ain't complaining too hard. As long as there are good and quick ears
>> in the
>>> neighborhood that can take and hear a poem to the max, who needs

more?!
>>> (It's always nice when it happens - large)
>>>
>>> Got to get back to writing those reviews - among all the other
>>> 'requirements'!
>>>
>>> Stephen V
>>>
>>>
>>>
>>>
>>>
>>> "Mackowski, Joanie (mackowje)" <[redacted]>
>> wrote: Nice to
>>> read your thoughts, Stephen. I wonder though "izzit not ever
>>> thus," for in them I hear an echo of Wordsworth, from the
>> "preface to
>>> the 2nd edition of the lyrical ballads." That your thoughts are
>> familiar
>>> to me suggests that the lyric may be in a steady sissy-fun state, rather
>>> than about to die altogether. Yet I'm not suggesting that the work to
>>> preserve & enlarge our atttention to the lyric isn't crucial;
>> rather, I
>>> think we may whistle a bit while we work. And WW, while he affirms the
>>> frustration, also suggests a way to progress: he says that yes quiet
>>> lyrics may easily be drowned out, but that learning to attend to lyric
>>> quietness, via both reading and writing, is a crucial practice, one that
>>> strengthens "certain inherent inherent and indestructible qualities
>> of
>>> the human mind," qualities which WW thinks are good.
>>>
>>> I'm going to copy down a hunk o' WW here. It feels good to type
>> it, like
>>> a meditation/prayer:
>>>
>>> From WW: "For the human mind is capable of being excited without the
>>> application of gross and violent stimulants.... It has therefore
>>> appeared to me that to endeavor to prodice or enlarge this capability is
>>> one of the best services in which, at any period, a writer can be
>>> engaged; but this service, excellent at all times, is especially so at
>>> the present day. For a multitude of causes, unknown to former times, are
>>> now acting with a combined force to blunt the distriminating powers of

>>> the mind, and, unfitting it for all voluntary exertion, to reduce it to
>>> a state of almost savage torpor. The most effective of these causes are
>>> the great national events which are daily taking place, and the
>>> increasing accumulation of men in cities, where the uniformity of thei
>>> roccupations produces a craving for extraordinary incident, which the
>>> rapid communication of intelligence hourly gratiafies. To this tendency
>>> of life and manners the literature and theatrical exhibition of the
>>> country have conformed themselves. The invaluable works of our elder
>>> writers...Shakespeare and Milton, are driven into neglect by frantic
>>> novelss....When I think about this degrading thirst after outrageous
>>> stimulation, I am almost ashamed to have spoken of the feeble endeavor
>>> made in these volumes to counteract it; ... had I not a deep impression
>>> of certain inherent and indestructible qualities of the human mind, and
>>> likewise of certain powers in the great and permanent objects that act
>>> upon it, which are equally inherent and indestructible...."
>>>
>>> .....
>>> Joanie Mackowski, PhD
>>> Assistant Professor
>>> English & Comparative Literature
>>> University of Cincinnati
>>> PO Box 210069
>>> Cincinnati, OH 45221-0069
>>> Tel. 513/[redacted]
>>> Fax 513/[redacted]
>>> [redacted]
>>> http://homepages.uc.edu/~mackowje
>> <http://homepages.uc.edu/%7Emackowje>
>>>
>>>
>>> -----Original Message-----
>>> From: Poetics List (UPenn, UB) [mailto:[redacted]] On
>>> Behalf Of Stephen Vincent
>>> Sent: Monday, June 23, 2008 10:47 PM
>>> To: [redacted]
>>> Subject: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?
>>>
>>> Sometimes I read a lyric poem - singular or serial - and I am struck by
>>> two contrary reading experiences. On one hand, I am taken by a poem's
>>> structure, the attention of the poet, the technique, tone, etc, - how
>>> forcefully these combinations impel themselves on to the page. I am
>>> totally present with the process, and the momentary totality of the

>>> poem's object, its presence. I am with it - which means to say its
>>> particulars have become an assured presence within the immediate
>>> horizons of my take (world) as a reader.
>>>
>>> Yet, on the other hand, the poem(s), no matter how solid its occurrence
>>> in my imagination, critical presence, etc. is soon gone, particularly as
>>> I move on to the works of others, or shift my awareness to, say, the
>>> television, the inevitable perk and threnody of the news, its
>>> repetitions and cycles.
>>>
>>> And, in terms of the lyric poem as an experience in reading - no matter
>>> how present it was - - becomes such a fleeting thing without much
>>> bearing on what's left of either my private or public space. What is
>>> that that 'thing' that caught me and then flew by? Why does much
>> work -
>>> much of it good, and, certainly, labor intensive - fly by with but a
>>> transitional, momentary effect? Whatever act or frame could make that
>>> pleasure more concrete, an enduring, significant presence, a constantly
>>> returnable project & gift?? (Perhaps, obviously. that is part of the
>>> poet's job, too).
>>>
>>> I suspect we know that's the job of a critical community - to maximize
>>> the public presence and circulation of a work or works. To review a
>>> person's work, to secure (ideally) our attention. And, no doubt, the
>>> importance of academic institutions. To insist students write critical
>>> papers, memorize, and/or improv new works off the work of others - to
>>> insure that a work secure a place, a point of memory in the young, as
>>> well as older persons. And, for those of us outside institutions, to
>>> resist and confront the the sense of erasure that inevitably haunts
>>> those of us who live, read, write and work not 'at the margins',
>> but in
>>> locations that require a different sense of critical reception and
>>> measure.
>>>
>>> Without this surrounding labor of critical community, so many often
>>> extraordinarily fine lyric poems - let alone larger forms. - end up
>>> fleeting around, or become paralysed in a kind of statuary limbo. They
>>> may vibrantly appear in a small publication, then disappear as readily.
>>> For the poet it takes a fierce stubbornness to put up with can appear as
>>> an almost instant annihilation or a perennial sense of being 'not
>> quite
>>> dead on arrival.'

>>>
>>> The reason I write this is that I became quite aware of this condition
>>> whitle reading some quite fine books that have come my way to review.
>>> Recent intriguing good works by Peter Manson, George Albon, Joseph
>>> Noble, Tyrone Williams, Tim Atkins - all guys (I realize), but, indeed,
>>> a mix of sexual, ethnic and national persuasions, yet each (most at
>>> mid-life, I think) working various lyric, experimental edges. They are
>>> among many, obviously both men and women, out in the field of
>>> combatting limited attention to their work,each working the language to
>>> scrape out (sing, whatever), a non- familiar truth in fresh, demanding
>>> and/or startling ways. As I begin to write these various or combined
>>> reviews I remain struck by the ambition and struggle to make a work find
>>> its location in a contemporay landscape that is mostly either
>>> oppositional or,most likely. oblivious to an enterprise that - as both
>>> poet and reader - I, if not most of us, totally support.
>>>
>>> Proportionately, without wanting to sound one bit self-piteous (because
>>> the work can bring such joy and critical pleasure) Sisyphus might appear
>>> to have had it relatively good! In this nation (USA), where Executive
>>> (Cheney. Bush. etc.) management has done nothing but produce a
national
>>> paralysis of the imagination (it's nasty girim and impotent, to be
>> both
>>> obvious and frank). Without sounding like a 'draino liberal' (I
>> hope), I
>>> think its absolutely essential to do whatever we can (in community,
>>> critcially, creatively, etc.) to vigorously support the efforts of both
>>> poets and poems (lyric and otherwise) to continue to rise and take hold
>>> in the public realm - and take form in the pleasure and combat of that.
>>> Otherwise we be in for a long, thirsty time! So yes, I am writing my
>>> reviews. You, too?
>>>
>>> Stephen Vincent
>>> _http://stephenvincent.net/blog/
>>> Where, if you have missed it so far, you can still visit my travels
>>> with Charles Olson - and then some - in the Yucatan.
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No virus found in this incoming message.
Checked by AVG.
Version: 8.0.101 / Virus Database: 270.4.3/1525 - Release Date: 29/06/2008 3:09 PM

↑ Contents

442. **John Cunningham**

Re: Response to Troy Camplin, Ph.D.

Mon 30 Jun 2008

Who is 'Danto', Troy? And what is communication? Do we write in the dominant voice of the time or do we attempt to extend the meaning of communication even if the majority at the time may not understand what is being said? Again, the language poets, as an example, must be engaged in high art as they have inspired many a 'poet' to walk that path. Although difficult poetry, it does communicate even if to a select few who take the trouble to learn the language.
John Cunningham

-----Original Message-----
From: Poetics List (UPenn, UB) [mailto:[redacted]] On

Behalf Of Troy Camplin
Sent: June 29, 2008 1:01 PM
To: [redacted]
Subject: Re: Response to Troy Camplin, Ph.D.

Funny, of the examples I have given -- Michaelangelo, Mozart, Shakespeare, Moliere, Racine -- not one was an American and not one lived in a capitalist country. Yet each communicated extremely well to a very wide audience. Prior to them, one had raconteurs and bards who travelled and recited/sang poetry. The ancient Greek tragedies and comedies were wildly popular (you may recall Plato complaining about tragedy because it was wildly popular). The stories of the gods and heroes were told through the recitation of poetry, particularly epic poetry. So poetry has historically been popular, and it has been used primarily as a way of communication. The Church, for example, used visual arts to tell the stories of the Bible to its illiterate parishoners. Art is a form of communication, and has always been a form of communication. Danto goes so far as to argue that the arts are a form of rhetoric -- and he's probably on to something there.

If art is not communicating something, what is it doing? If you are not concerned with getting your vision across to others, then what you are doing isn't art. When you create art that is not intended to communicate with anyone, then you are engaged in nothing more than masturbation. Similarly, it doesn't result in the creation of anything new, because it never comes in contact with others. If Danto is right that art is a form of rhetoric, then those who either won't (or cannot) communicate with their artwork are simply bad artists. To proclaim that your art does not and should not communicate is simply to try to provide an argument for why your terribly bad art is in fact good art -- precisely because the art can't speak for itself as to its worth.

Troy Camplin

----- Original Message ----
From: Paul Nelson <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Saturday, June 28, 2008 12:10:21 PM
Subject: Response to Troy Camplin, Ph.D.

----- Original Message ----

From: Troy Camplin <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Friday, June 27, 2008 4:37:00 PM
Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

"...the best works are not those that only require critics for anyone to understand what is going on. There's a certain tyranny of meaning-making in only having critics able to understand a work of art.

The most beautiful works are those that one can get some meaning from right away, but which gain in meaning the more you understand and learn. Those works both the uneducated and the educated can appreciate. Why shouldn't we want to create that kind of poetry? Why should we only ever want to exist in the realm of the elite, where only a select few 'truly understand'?"

Troy Camplin, Ph.D.

The limitation I see with this approach is that when one is trying to "communicate"or write so that it goes over with people who don't read poetry, is that the impulse to move in that direction is often fear. If one is open to a work of art, they'll recognize the power of it long before they fully understand, or even partially understand, what it may be "communicating." When artists start worrying about communication, the gesture suffers. What's the line by the painter Clyfford Still "demands for communication are presumptions and irrelevant."

It is a symptom of our capitalist society and the underlying materialist cosmology that equates numbers (books sold, how many "regular" people have heard of the artist, etc.) that creates the kind of attitude exhibited here by Dr. Camplin. Now, that may be his interest, or motivation and he is welcome to it. It does not interest me and I find I am usually not interested in art that can "go over" with average people, but there are exceptions. Anything really worthwhile takes a little effort to appreciate, or at least some background, or some kind of understanding or openness. People raised in North American TV culture want it now, if not sooner, like the ones who yell at the microwave to hurry up. Cook slow.

Paul

Paul E. Nelson

Global Voices Radio
SPLAB!
American Sentences
Organic Poetry
Poetry Postcard Blog

Ilalqo, WA [redacted] or [redacted]

No virus found in this incoming message.
Checked by AVG.

Version: 8.0.101 / Virus Database: 270.4.3/1525 - Release Date: 29/06/2008 3:09 PM

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443. **Steve Tills**

Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Mon 30 Jun 2008

Nice, clear post, Troy! I haven't been drawn to some of your posts, but this one is quite fair-minded, in my opinion, and I appreciate its candor and the courage you have in making it.

Your last question, "Why should we only ever want to exist in the realm of the elite, where only a select few 'truly understand'" moves me to respond:

I, for one, used to think, quite narcissistically, to be honest, that "only if I were to figure out how to create something that only the elite understand, then, and only then, would my creation be Important (and/or recognised); then, and only then, would I have created anything/something that those I revered would respect; then, and only then, would I have created something that might survive my own mortality. Of course, this whole approach to writing (poetry) can become depressingly and maybe even tragically self-defeating, at best.

My wisest poetry mentor once told me something that still to this day inspires me and gives me hope. He said something like this, "Sometimes, if not often, a poet creates something really good BY ACCIDENT, or something profoudly good gets created by a young poet BY ACCIDENT." Or something to that effect. But in other words, one wouldn't have to Try so hard to please the (perceived) elites (or be an Elite, himself/herself), or, simply, try so hard to begin with. I have written a few good things, and a lot of them I didn't think were "cool enough" by any stretch of the imagination, and guess what, they were recognised (and even published) by some very fine poets/publishers I would have considered "elite." (Ha, I would have considered them elite if they had rejected my poming, too, so jeepers, so much of this is so very psycholigically (pre)determined.)

Some of the elite ARE, quite simply, "difficult" by nature. And some of them ARE, or will be, the best. (I suppose...)

But you're quite right, I think. There's a certain tyranny. And it's absolutely effing ridiculous, too. Like THEIR perspective or their view of humankind and WHAT is important and WHAT is worth writing about ("...is a preposition. It takes a noun. It takes a noun to know one..."). Absolutely, there is. And it's fucking despicable! It's extremely selfish, too.

It's all out of Competition, NOT (necessarily) for the fittest STUFF of our times to survive, but for the most powerful and power-holding forces to survive, to prosper, to rule. And that is just one way that the Elite fuck up, badly, I think. If they aren't more careful, ALL they will have on this planet and in the lives of their children and grandchildren is THEIR poetry and their perspective and WHAT they deem Meaningful and Worthy. Same principle is destroying all the so-called "lower" animals and plants, while "ManKIND" (Gabriel Gudding is interesting to me) rules over "Nature" and makes "her" subservient to our arrogant species' greed for power. Ummm, Immortality? Ummm, the dark side of the immortality-quest is ever there was one.

But this is all so very much more complicated... "Only a select few 'truly understand'" is the case with "the Best" in many fields and disciplines, but you can surely find posers in Science who advance themselves, not science, through obscurity, obfuscation, shreud political dealings. Are some of our elite poets only advancing themselves, not Poetry, and certainly not humanity or Life or anything much else? I think that this is a good question to keep in mind in the coming decades; it goes hand in hand with deconstructing and "de-nutting" all of the other selfishness and greed that may be driving our species to make most all others extinct and the planet uninhabitable.

Blah blah... I have aspired to being "an elite" and I now have more serious questions about such aspirations. I'd like to come out on the other side someday, but I don't know where I'll end up (probably just right here). What I do know is that my aspirations were doomed from the start, one because it wasn't my nature and two because it doesn't fit my truer sensitivities, anyhow anymore.

Steve Tills, M.A., Husband, Son, Brother, Friend, Writer, Reader, Sometimes Funner

Date: Fri, 27 Jun 2008 16:37:00 -0700

From: Troy Camplin <[redacted]>

Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Math is both understandable and meaningful. But to practice it and understand it, you have to learn a lot of techniques.

The arts are different from the sciences (including math) in that they are meaningful and valuable in a more complex, more directly human way. There's dehumanizing, nihilistic art, and humanizing, meaningful art. I personally like a lot of elite art; but I also understand why most people don't. Part of it is indeed that they don't get it. And why isn't that a valid criticism? Why should people rely on a bunch of overeducated elites (like myself) telling them what this or that work means, and why it's significant? Shouldn't there be at least some level

in every art where the average person "gets it"? This doesn't mean, of course, that one cannot learn more about a work -- meaning critics, etc. are still needed to help people see all the possibilities -- but the best works are not those that only require critics for anyone to understand what is going on. There's a certain tyranny of meaning-making in only having critics able to understand a work of art.

The most beautiful works are those that one can get some meaning from right away, but which gain in meaning the more you understand and learn. Those works both the uneducated and the educated can appreciate. Why shouldn't we want to create that kind of poetry? Why should we only ever want to exist in the realm of the elite, where only a select few "truly understand"?

Troy Camplin, Ph.D.

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444. **blacksox**

The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Mon 30 Jun 2008

The list has been filled with some thought provoking posts. In all things in life, a good foil always makes things more entertaining. I do not agree with the use of your term elitism. Shouldnâ€™t that be accessibility? One of the problems, besides the teaching and acceptance of poetry in our school systems, is the reading abilities of the students themselves. If you donâ€™t grasp the context of what you are reading, you are less likely to want to expose yourself to more of it.

You want to advance the teaching of poetic history, yet dismiss the surrealists and modernists? Are we re-writing poetic history to suite your own cause? Do you work for the government?

True, whistling does not make you a musician, but, it can become the formative steps of learning to play music.As a musician or artist during your career you have to ask yourself- Am I being obscure to further my art, or out of fear of becoming mainstream? I think this is a question every artist has to ask themselves. If you can answer this truthfully, then the amount of capital gains should not matter, or be the measurement of success.

Highly Entertained
Russ Golata

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445. **Thomas savage**

Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Mon 30 Jun 2008

We've all attended bad poetry readings and there is no doubt that these do turn off some newcomers. Nevertheless, the audience for poetry is growing somewhat if only because there are more people writing poetry, due to creative writing programs in colleges, etc. That the vast majority of people know little and care less about poetry is still the case. In New York City, that poetry has recently disappeared from the subways and buses eliminates one of the few windows into poetry available to the "average" person, the commuter in this case, and is unfortunate. As for the audience for opera, you are just simply incorrect. It has been growing by leaps and bounds in the past ten years, due to the increasing presence it has on PBS and also due to the newly instituted practice of showing operas in movie theaters and other such venues. These places usually given over to more commercial entertainments wouldn't be opening themselves to the showings of opera if there weren't an audience for it. It so happens that at least in NYC, these theatres showing operas where usually only movies are available inevitably sell all their seats. Also, although I see many live operas, I recently saw one at a movie theater on 14th St. in Manhattan and enjoyed it immensely. Also, Symphony Space, where I work, now shows pretaped operas from La Scala and La Fenice in Italy and has done so well by these showings that it is repeating most of them this summer.
Regards, Tom Savage

--- On Sun, 6/29/08, Troy Camplin <[redacted]> wrote:

From: Troy Camplin <[redacted]>
Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?
To: [redacted]
Date: Sunday, June 29, 2008, 2:28 PM

I try to pay more attention to the actual art produced rather than the rhetoric of those producing the art. In a published article I wrote about game theory and literature, I argue that the surrealists attempted to sell a bill of goods that they themselves did not buy into. Many post-surrealists did, however -- producing a lot of incredibly bad poetry that all sounds the same, and that nobody wants to read. The actual surrealists, however, produced a lot of very well-crafted, difficult poetry. They claimed that they were trying to create a poetry of and for the people (as opposed to the elitist verse of the romantics, with their regular rhythms and rhymes), but they in fact created work that only artistic elites would even begin to appreciate. We see this going on throughout the Modernist and Postmodernist periods, where the experiments are proclaimed to be intended for the masses, but the masses reject it en masse. Perhaps only T.S.

Eliot and Ezra Pound were the only honest poets of the last century, being unapologetically elitist in their verse and theory.

The attacks by other posters on "best-sellers" and "capitalism" belies their elitism. Why shouldn't some measure of worth be how many books of poetry you sell? Except that then that would indicate you are in fact not a very good poet if you can't sell but a half dozen copies at your readings. So we get attacks on capitalism and the commodification of art, etc. as excuses for why nobody wants to read their rotten poems.

Now, I do agree with you that many of our problems with the acceptance of poetry lies with our teachers and with the educational system in general. Teachers seem to go out of their way to make students abhor poetry. Of course, most teachers don't understand poetry at all, and that ignorance translates to hatred of the material, which is communicated to the students. The few who make it through high school not hating poetry have still learned nothing about it. They learn that one has "poetic license," which they are told means anything goes in poetry. Thus they begin writing poetry without the least understanding of what a poem really is, or what it does. They think that just because they speak the English language, they can write; and they think that they are being radical poets by breaking all the rules, not even knowing what the rules are. While we would never dream of claiming to be a great pianist if we never learned the proper way to play piano (the ability to whistle does not make one a musician), we somehow think that we can be a great poet without understanding the first thing about poetry, its origins, its history, how poems are similar and differ among cultures, etc. Our college professors don't help at all because they are pushing the kind of experimental poetry they are writing, forgetting that their students don't even have the basics. The consequence is a lot of people writing poetry, not having the kind of historical understanding of the art that painters and musicians are made to have, and as a consequence writing poems nobody really wants to read.

I find it laughable to read peoples' arguments that poetry is in fact popular because of some anecdotal evidence. This would be like arguing that opera is popular because I have friends who, like me, go to the opera. In fact, the opera house is always packed, so it must be spectacularly popular! Nonsense. Most of the poetry readings I've been to have been full of bad poets reading bad poetry to each other and their friends. I've been to poetry readings that were exceptions -- but they typically took place in such places as art museums and galleries, and involved selection of the poets beforehand. And in those cases, few were there primarily for the poetry.

I personally would like to turn this around. I think people miss out on a lot when they do not read or listen to poetry -- or are otherwise exposed to the arts. I

think that if poets would simply learn the history of their art, and keep their audience in mind when they write, that it would go a long way to poets creating poetry that people might want to read. But it requires making things of beauty, which inspire people to want to create more poetry like it. It has to be reproductive.

Troy Camplin

----- Original Message ----
From: Ryan Daley <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Saturday, June 28, 2008 10:41:29 AM
Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Troy,

But I think that's where you're wrong: most of what you're calling "elite" isn't intended to be only understood by a few, but rather represents (sometimes vain) attempts to open dialog where there wasn't previously. In this case, then, what most people don't understand isn't what they don't "get", but what they aren't familiar with (as in Michael's example) due to lack of good teachers, exposure, what have you.

-Ryan

On Fri, Jun 27, 2008 at 7:37 PM, Troy Camplin <[redacted]>
wrote:
> Math is both understandable and meaningful. But to practice it and understand it, you have to learn a lot of techniques.
>
> The arts are different from the sciences (including math) in that they are meaningful and valuable in a more complex, more directly human way. There's dehumanizing, nihilistic art, and humanizing, meaningful art. I personally like a lot of elite art; but I also understand why most people don't. Part of it is indeed that they don't get it. And why isn't that a valid criticism? Why should people rely on a bunch of overeducated elites (like myself) telling them what this or that work means, and why it's significant? Shouldn't there be at least some level in every art where the average person "gets it"? This doesn't mean, of course, that one cannot learn more about a work -- meaning critics, etc. are still needed to help people see all the possibilities -- but the best works are not those that only require critics for anyone to understand what is going on. There's a certain tyranny of meaning-making in only having critics able to understand a work of art.
>
> The most beautiful works are those that one can get some meaning from right away, but which gain in meaning the more you understand and learn.

Those
works both the uneducated and the educated can appreciate. Why shouldn't we want to create that kind of poetry? Why should we only ever want to exist in the realm of the elite, where only a select few "truly understand"?
>
> Troy Camplin, Ph.D.
>
>
> ----- Original Message ----
> From: Ryan Daley <[redacted]>
> To: [redacted]
> Sent: Friday, June 27, 2008 3:23:43 PM
> Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?
>
> How come mathematics gets to be "elitist"? Why is poetry
condemned to
> "having to have meaning/be understandable?"
>
> Personally, I don't believe in elitism as a label; I think it's
> largely used to hide embarrassing moments of "I don't get
this."
>
> On Fri, Jun 27, 2008 at 9:49 AM, Thomas savage
<[redacted]> wrote:
>> Nobody reads poetry anymore because they aren't exposed to it as children as a part of their education. Once it vanished from their schooling, since they had no access to it, most people don't even know poetry exists. As for the elitism of experimental poetry of the 20th and 21st century, that is another matter. Anyone who takes chances with a tradition risks isolating him or herself from the larger group of people who will not understand what is going on or who simply don't care. I don't think that is necessarily elitism but in certain cases, particularly Pound's and Eliot's, it may have been accompanied by elitism. Williams, Olson, and many other experimental
poets were populists trying to do something that would resonate with the larger masses of educated readers. Whether they ever reached those readers is another
matter. Regards, Tom Savage
>>
>> --- On Thu, 6/26/08, Troy Camplin <[redacted]> wrote:
>>
>> From: Troy Camplin <[redacted]>

>> Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?
>> To: [redacted]
>> Date: Thursday, June 26, 2008, 12:45 PM
>>
>> The two aren't unrelated, you know. It's no coincidence that
you started
>> getting things like impressionism when photography came about. Milan
Kundera
>> observes that the novel (for example) should do only what the novel
can do. The
>> same can be said about poetry. TV and film are their own media, and do
not
>> necessarily exclude the reading of poetry. Much of the Modernists'
>> experiments came about precisely in reaction to such things as radio,
etc. Part
>> of the result was that it became something only elitists were
interested in
>> (bizarre poetry, etc. is a great way for elitists to separate
themselves from
>> the rabble, you know). But lyric poetry in the form of songs is as
strong as
>> ever -- belying claims that other media pushed poetry aside. What
pushed poetry
>> aside was the fact that poets began writing poetry 1) knowing nothing
about
>> poetry, and 2) writing as elitists for elitists. I listen to the
radio, watch
>> movies and TV, use a computer, etc. and also read
>> novels and poetry, so these different forms are not mutually
exclusive. In
>> fact, they can be mutually enhancing. If people are running away from
your art,
>> it may have more to do with the state of the art. Unless that is
seriously
>> considered (which is also an historical perspective), then you're
never
>> going to understand why nobody reads poetry anymore.
>>
>> Troy Camplin
>>
>>
>> ----- Original Message ----

>> From: Dan Glass <[redacted]>
>> To: [redacted]
>> Sent: Wednesday, June 25, 2008 4:17:26 PM
>> Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?
>>
>> Way to think historically.
>>
>> I love that it's the bad modernist poetry that made people read
less
>> poetry,
>> rather than things like radio, television, movies, computers, video
games,
>> the assembly line, and other 20th c. inventions...
>>
>> I mean, seriously. Do you really think history has nothing to do with
>> poetry?
>>
>> On Wed, Jun 25, 2008 at 12:37 PM, Troy Camplin
<[redacted]>
>> wrote:
>>
>>> Historically, lyrical poetry has had a very large audience. It
began dying
>>> off with Modernism, and postmodernism and LANGUAGE poetry have all
but
>>> killed it off. The few poetry bestsellers are the lyric poets like
>> Frederick
>>> Turner.
>>>
>>> Troy Camplin
>>>
>>>
>>> ----- Original Message ----
>>> From: Stephen Vincent <[redacted]>
>>> To: [redacted]
>>> Sent: Tuesday, June 24, 2008 8:08:10 PM
>>> Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?
>>>
>>> Thanks, Joanie, for pointing to WW lodestar! Then the quote. Yes,
a quick
>>> and impressive ear you have for echoes!
>>> What? Are we (yon poets) fated to repeat ourselves century upon

century
>>> with twists on the metaphors and content du jour!!! An endless
spiral
>> loop
>>> earthly journey? An eternity of small audiences?
>>> Ain't complaining too hard. As long as there are good and
quick ears
>> in the
>>> neighborhood that can take and hear a poem to the max, who needs
more?!
>>> (It's always nice when it happens - large)
>>>
>>> Got to get back to writing those reviews - among all the other
>>> 'requirements'!
>>>
>>> Stephen V
>>>
>>>
>>>
>>>
>>>
>>> "Mackowski, Joanie (mackowje)"
<[redacted]>
>> wrote: Nice to
>>> read your thoughts, Stephen. I wonder though "izzit not ever
>>> thus," for in them I hear an echo of Wordsworth, from the
>> "preface to
>>> the 2nd edition of the lyrical ballads." That your thoughts
are
>> familiar
>>> to me suggests that the lyric may be in a steady sissy-fun state,
rather
>>> than about to die altogether. Yet I'm not suggesting that the
work to
>>> preserve & enlarge our atttention to the lyric isn't
crucial;
>> rather, I
>>> think we may whistle a bit while we work. And WW, while he
affirms the
>>> frustration, also suggests a way to progress: he says that yes
quiet
>>> lyrics may easily be drowned out, but that learning to attend to

lyric
>>> quietness, via both reading and writing, is a crucial practice,
one that
>>> strengthens "certain inherent inherent and indestructible
qualities
>> of
>>> the human mind," qualities which WW thinks are good.
>>>
>>> I'm going to copy down a hunk o' WW here. It feels good to
type
>> it, like
>>> a meditation/prayer:
>>>
>>> From WW: "For the human mind is capable of being excited
without the
>>> application of gross and violent stimulants.... It has therefore
>>> appeared to me that to endeavor to prodice or enlarge this
capability is
>>> one of the best services in which, at any period, a writer can be
>>> engaged; but this service, excellent at all times, is especially
so at
>>> the present day. For a multitude of causes, unknown to former
times, are
>>> now acting with a combined force to blunt the distriminating
powers of
>>> the mind, and, unfitting it for all voluntary exertion, to reduce
it to
>>> a state of almost savage torpor. The most effective of these
causes are
>>> the great national events which are daily taking place, and the
>>> increasing accumulation of men in cities, where the uniformity of
thei
>>> roccupations produces a craving for extraordinary incident, which
the
>>> rapid communication of intelligence hourly gratiafies. To this
tendency
>>> of life and manners the literature and theatrical exhibition of
the
>>> country have conformed themselves. The invaluable works of our
elder
>>> writers...Shakespeare and Milton, are driven into neglect by
frantic

>>> novelss....When I think about this degrading thirst after
outrageous
>>> stimulation, I am almost ashamed to have spoken of the feeble
endeavor
>>> made in these volumes to counteract it; ... had I not a deep
impression
>>> of certain inherent and indestructible qualities of the human
mind, and
>>> likewise of certain powers in the great and permanent objects that
act
>>> upon it, which are equally inherent and indestructible...."
>>>
>>> .....
>>> Joanie Mackowski, PhD
>>> Assistant Professor
>>> English & Comparative Literature
>>> University of Cincinnati
>>> PO Box 210069
>>> Cincinnati, OH 45221-0069
>>> Tel. 513/[redacted]
>>> Fax 513/[redacted]
>>> [redacted]
>>> http://homepages.uc.edu/~mackowje
>> <http://homepages.uc.edu/%7Emackowje>
>>>
>>>
>>> -----Original Message-----
>>> From: Poetics List (UPenn, UB)
[mailto:[redacted]] On
>>> Behalf Of Stephen Vincent
>>> Sent: Monday, June 23, 2008 10:47 PM
>>> To: [redacted]
>>> Subject: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?
>>>
>>> Sometimes I read a lyric poem - singular or serial - and I am
struck by
>>> two contrary reading experiences. On one hand, I am taken by a
poem's
>>> structure, the attention of the poet, the technique, tone, etc,
- how
>>> forcefully these combinations impel themselves on to the page. I
am

>>> totally present with the process, and the momentary totality of
the
>>> poem's object, its presence. I am with it - which means to say
 its
>>> particulars have become an assured presence within the immediate
>>> horizons of my take (world) as a reader.
>>>
>>> Yet, on the other hand, the poem(s), no matter how solid its
occurrence
>>> in my imagination, critical presence, etc. is soon gone,
particularly as
>>> I move on to the works of others, or shift my awareness to, say,
the
>>> television, the inevitable perk and threnody of the news, its
>>> repetitions and cycles.
>>>
>>> And, in terms of the lyric poem as an experience in reading - no
matter
>>> how present it was - - becomes such a fleeting thing without much
>>> bearing on what's left of either my private or public space.
What is
>>> that that 'thing' that caught me and then flew by? Why
does much
>> work -
>>> much of it good, and, certainly, labor intensive - fly by with but
a
>>> transitional, momentary effect? Whatever act or frame could make
that
>>> pleasure more concrete, an enduring, significant presence, a
constantly
>>> returnable project & gift?? (Perhaps, obviously. that is part
of the
>>> poet's job, too).
>>>
>>> I suspect we know that's the job of a critical community - to
maximize
>>> the public presence and circulation of a work or works. To review
a
>>> person's work, to secure (ideally) our attention. And, no
doubt, the
>>> importance of academic institutions. To insist students write
critical

>>> papers, memorize, and/or improv new works off the work of others
- to
>>> insure that a work secure a place, a point of memory in the young,
as
>>> well as older persons. And, for those of us outside institutions,
to
>>> resist and confront the the sense of erasure that inevitably
haunts
>>> those of us who live, read, write and work not 'at the
margins',
>> but in
>>> locations that require a different sense of critical reception and
>>> measure.
>>>
>>> Without this surrounding labor of critical community, so many
often
>>> extraordinarily fine lyric poems - let alone larger forms. - end
up
>>> fleeting around, or become paralysed in a kind of statuary limbo.
They
>>> may vibrantly appear in a small publication, then disappear as
readily.
>>> For the poet it takes a fierce stubbornness to put up with can
appear as
>>> an almost instant annihilation or a perennial sense of being
'not
>> quite
>>> dead on arrival.'
>>>
>>> The reason I write this is that I became quite aware of this
condition
>>> whitle reading some quite fine books that have come my way to
review.
>>> Recent intriguing good works by Peter Manson, George Albon, Joseph
>>> Noble, Tyrone Williams, Tim Atkins - all guys (I realize), but,
indeed,
>>> a mix of sexual, ethnic and national persuasions, yet each (most
at
>>> mid-life, I think) working various lyric, experimental edges.
They are
>>> among many, obviously both men and women, out in the field of
>>> combatting limited attention to their work,each working the

language to
>>> scrape out (sing, whatever), a non- familiar truth in fresh,
demanding
>>> and/or startling ways. As I begin to write these various or
combined
>>> reviews I remain struck by the ambition and struggle to make a
work find
>>> its location in a contemporay landscape that is mostly either
>>> oppositional or,most likely. oblivious to an enterprise that - as
both
>>> poet and reader - I, if not most of us, totally support.
>>>
>>> Proportionately, without wanting to sound one bit self-piteous
(because
>>> the work can bring such joy and critical pleasure) Sisyphus might
appear
>>> to have had it relatively good! In this nation (USA), where
Executive
>>> (Cheney. Bush. etc.) management has done nothing but produce a
national
>>> paralysis of the imagination (it's nasty girim and impotent,
to be
>> both
>>> obvious and frank). Without sounding like a 'draino
liberal' (I
>> hope), I
>>> think its absolutely essential to do whatever we can (in
community,
>>> critcially, creatively, etc.) to vigorously support the efforts
of both
>>> poets and poems (lyric and otherwise) to continue to rise and
take hold
>>> in the public realm - and take form in the pleasure and combat of
that.
>>> Otherwise we be in for a long, thirsty time! So yes, I am writing
my
>>> reviews. You, too?
>>>
>>> Stephen Vincent
>>> _http://stephenvincent.net/blog/
>>> Where, if you have missed it so far, you can still visit my
travels

>>> with Charles Olson - and then some - in the Yucatan.
>>>
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446. **Thomas savage**

Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Mon 30 Jun 2008

If poets choose to be elitist, there is nothing that can be done about it, Steve. Nevertheless, I think your poetry is less elitist than you seem to want it to be. Especially it's connection to jazz and other forms of music which also have

small audiences and thus could be called elitist, too, by some warped logic but which aren't intentionally so. Some in the audiences for all of this, including our poetry, may think themselves part of an elite because they listen to and may even understand our poetry or at least think they do. But that is the error of the small audience elevating itself as if it were a pyramid of taste to which they assign themselves the topmost point. Regards, Tom Savage

--- On Sat, 6/28/08, steve d. dalachinsky <[redacted]> wrote:

From: steve d. dalachinsky <[redacted]>
Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?
To: [redacted]
Date: Saturday, June 28, 2008, 6:39 PM

poetry is and i emphasize IS elitist and in most cases closed off and alot of that CLOSED-OFF-NESS is between poets and poetry worlds etc this guy you met - a rare exception these days tho a welcome one

this state has less to do with school at this point than with those
schooled and bringing it to the world at large
i am an uneducated elitist poet and don't care whether everyone
understands my pomes
but also acknowledge though abhore the world of slam etc thast made
poetrty more accesible
MTV bob holman nuyorican etc wow it's humid big rain storm city
wettens sparrows feeding and taking sand baths
2 plus 2 equals nonsense

On Sat, 28 Jun 2008 00:07:18 -0500 Michael Ford
<[redacted]> writes:
> Elizabeth, this is exactly right. If poetry lacks readers, it is not
> because
> of the poetry itself but because of the way poetry is presented and
> packaged
> in schools and other cultural institutions that distribute it.
>
> A good anecdote: Earlier this year, Ron Padgett and Joel Dailey did
> a
> reading together here in New Orleans, at the Gold Mine bar in the
> French
> Quarter. I was on my way down there on the streetcar, when the guy
> sitting
> in front of me, who was writing a text message, turned around and
> asked me
> how to spell "poetry." I told him. About half an hour after I

got
> to the
> bar, that same guy walked in. He had asked me how to spell poetry
> because his text was about meeting a friend at the reading. After
> the
> reading was over, we talked for a few minutes about poetry. He told
> me that
> he'd always thought of poetry as something elitist, for stuck up
> university
> types, but that this reading was nothing like that. He really
> enjoyed it.
> His impression of poetry was formed in school, where poetry was
> introduced
> to him as something alien and impossible to understand. Something
> that would
> never engage someone like him, a working class guy with no intention
> of
> going to college.
>
> People are taught that the world of poetry is a closed one that they
> can
> neither enter nor interact with in an real way. Poetry in the
> classroom is
> far too often something fixed, that occurred in the past and has
> lost any
> possibility of dynamism or a present. When it is seen as something
> that
> addresses present concerns, present language, and when it is a
> conversation
> between present, living people, it is no longer seen as irrelevant,
> regardless of its difficulty. Of course, you can't please everyone,
> but what
> poet ever has?
>
> I have always thought that the "people don't read poetry anymore
> because
> poetry is too hard to understand" argument was itself elitist, a
> means of
> cordoning poetry off as the province of people who only enjoy
> antiquated
> styles of writing.
>

> Michael Ford
>
>
> On Fri, Jun 27, 2008 at 1:49 AM, Elizabeth Switaj <[redacted]>
> wrote:
>
> > People run away from my art because it's a huge hairy monster
> (though
> > it has a good heart at times). The fact of the matter is that
> people
> > aren't fleeing poetry in terror or otherwise; they merely do not
> seek
> > it out. Unlike pop music, it isn't widely broadcast. For the most
> > part, it's taught in school (when it's taught) as a dead
thing
> created
> > hundreds of years ago. The mast majority of kids who learn to hate
> or
> > be intimidated by poetry aren't learning those feelings from
> reading
> > The Wasteland, The Cantos, or anything that came later. They're
> > learning it through the way Byron, Shelley, and Shakespeare (and
> maybe
> > a smidge of Milton) are taught. This is, however, not the fault
> of
> > those illustrious poets.
> >
> > On the other hand, I have on occasion had the opportunity to
> visit
> > middle school classrooms in the US and guess what? The students
> really
> > dug experimental and other free verse poetry (including my own
> > hairy-monster art) when it was presented to them with enthusiasm.
> >
> > Elizabeth Kate Switaj
> > elizabethkateswitaj.net
> >
> guidelines
> >
>

>
>

↑ Contents

447. **Elizabeth Switaj**
Re: Fw: Response to Troy Camplin, Ph.D.
Mon 30 Jun 2008

Shakespeare never called your work specifically masturbation. The typewriter monkey said that the kind of banana that is not intended for an audience, that does not communicate anything, is masturbation. If the apple took offense, the worm is not my doing. The figs are the ones who take offense. Fruits have taken a general argument personally, which is certainly not my fault.

Now, as for the beauty of rhythm and rhyme, that's all a bunch of sound and fury signifying nothing. Free verse is energy. Batter is energy. Matter is energy. The moon is energy. If the masses want to know if the elitist hasn't said anything, take the topic word and replace it and see if the circus clown can make it make sense. Make "a poem" = "love," "poet" = "lover" and "reader" = "beloved" and the poet still makes just as much (non)sense. Certainly dancing with whiskey doesn't make one a good theorist.

If "free verse has no place in art", then neither does Marxism or socialism or nationalism or identity or race or sex or gender or culture or religion or anything else of human concern, thought, or behavior. Again, the stones don't know what the grass could possibly mean that experimentalism has no place in art. Tibet is a commodity. Always has been. Always will be. Again, it was only dreamers who have tried to separate art from that aspect, to make it into something that nobody but the dreamers would want.

Elizabeth Kate Switaj
www.elizabethkateswitaj.net

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448. **Troy Camplin**
Re: Response to Troy Camplin, Ph.D.
Mon 30 Jun 2008

Just because Emily Dickinson didn't get her poems published (though she did try), that doesn't mean she didn't try to communicate with others through them. Please note that I never said that we should use the number of consumers to judge literary art. Never said it. Never implied it. To use a popular art form: some of the best movies weren't wildly popular when they were first released. Some had to build audiences over time.

Now, the quote by Olsen you have is half right: poetry is language at its least careless. But to say it's at its least logical shows both an ignorance of logic on his part, and an (purposeful?) ignorance of the history of poetry. Still sounds liek a bad theorist to me.

I do note that people tend to get defensive when they realize that their own position is indefensible, but they still want to cling to it.

Troy Camplin

----- Original Message ----
From: Paul Nelson <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Sunday, June 29, 2008 11:07:12 PM
Subject: Re: Response to Troy Camplin, Ph.D.

A last thought about using numbers of "consumers" to judge literary art. This August marks the 2nd year that Lana Ayers and I will facilitate the August Poetry Postcard Fest. http://poetrypostcards.blogspot.com/

You take a card, address it to the next person on your list, refer to a previous card in composing the original poem on the card, if relevant, and send it to that person. I tend to transcribe postcard poems after writing them, before dropping them in the mail. We're about to release guidelines for 2008 and accept participants for this year's festivities.

Does it make the effort any less relevant if the poem is addressed to only one person? Will no one understand if I make a reference only that person might "understand?" Is it my job as a poet to send a poem that the person will "understand?" Can appreciation of art go beyond conscious "understanding" of meaning and intent? What does Jazz mean?

Charles Olson's statement in Projective Verse, "use of speech at its least careless and least logical" resonates with me. Does that make me elitist? Would my postcard poems not be appreciated by anyone else besides the reader?

I can't believe you think Emily Dickinson's work is unimportant because she was not interested in publication, grants and the admiration of the SUNY-Buffalo listserv poets. Or those who come here just to stir up shit.

Paul

Paul E. Nelson

Global Voices Radio
SPLAB!
American Sentences
Organic Poetry
Poetry Postcard Blog

Ilalqo, WA [redacted] or [redacted]

----- Original Message ----
From: Troy Camplin <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Sunday, June 29, 2008 11:00:44 AM
Subject: Re: Response to Troy Camplin, Ph.D.

Funny, of the examples I have given -- Michaelangelo, Mozart, Shakespeare, Moliere, Racine -- not one was an American and not one lived in a capitalist country. Yet each communicated extremely well to a very wide audience. Prior to them, one had raconteurs and bards who travelled and recited/sang poetry. The ancient Greek tragedies and comedies were wildly popular (you may recall Plato complaining about tragedy because it was wildly popular). The stories of the gods and heroes were told through the recitation of poetry, particularly epic poetry. So poetry has historically been popular, and it has been used primarily as a way of communication. The Church, for example, used visual arts to tell the stories of the Bible to its illiterate parishoners. Art is a form of communication, and has always been a form of communication. Danto goes so far as to argue that the arts are a form of rhetoric -- and he's probably on to something there.

If art is not communicating something, what is it doing? If you are not concerned with getting your vision across to others, then what you are doing isn't art. When you create art that is not intended to communicate with anyone, then you are engaged in nothing more than masturbation. Similarly, it doesn't result in the creation of anything new, because it never comes in contact with others. If Danto is right that art is a form of rhetoric, then those who either won't (or cannot) communicate with their artwork are simply bad artists. To proclaim that your art does not and should not communicate is simply to try to provide an argument for why your terribly bad art is in fact good art -- precisely because the art can't speak for itself as to its worth.

Troy Camplin

----- Original Message ----
From: Paul Nelson <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Saturday, June 28, 2008 12:10:21 PM
Subject: Response to Troy Camplin, Ph.D.

----- Original Message ----

From: Troy Camplin <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Friday, June 27, 2008 4:37:00 PM
Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

"...the best works are not those that only require critics for anyone to understand what is going on. There's a certain tyranny of meaning-making in only having critics able to understand a work of art.

The most beautiful works are those that one can get some meaning from right away, but which gain in meaning the more you understand and learn. Those works both the uneducated and the educated can appreciate. Why shouldn't we want to create that kind of poetry? Why should we only ever want to exist in the realm of the elite, where only a select few 'truly understand'?"

Troy Camplin, Ph.D.

The limitation I see with this approach is that when one is trying to "communicate"or write so that it goes over with people who don't read poetry, is that the impulse to move in that direction is often fear. If one is open to a work of art, they'll recognize the power of it long before they fully understand, or even partially understand, what it may be "communicating." When artists start worrying about communication, the gesture suffers. What's the line by the painter Clyfford Still "demands for communication are presumptions and irrelevant."

It is a symptom of our capitalist society and the underlying materialist cosmology that equates numbers (books sold, how many "regular" people have heard of the artist, etc.) that creates the kind of attitude exhibited here by Dr. Camplin. Now, that may be his interest, or motivation and he is welcome to it. It does not interest me and I find I am usually not interested in art that can "go over" with average people, but there are exceptions. Anything really worthwhile takes a little effort to appreciate, or at least some background, or some kind of understanding or openness. People raised in North American TV culture want it now, if not sooner, like the ones who yell at the microwave to hurry up. Cook slow.

Paul

Paul E. Nelson

Global Voices Radio
SPLAB!
American Sentences
Organic Poetry
Poetry Postcard Blog

Ilalqo, WA [redacted] or [redacted]

↑ Contents

449. **Troy Camplin**

Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Mon 30 Jun 2008

People who go to an art gallery are there primarily for the art. Except for the poets. My brother ran an art gallery, and I know what the audience is like, who were regulars, and what they were there for.

You're right, that is a cliche about beauty. And it's primarily nonsense.

If you want to read some of what I have written on beauty:
http://zatavu.blogspot.com/2007/10/middle-way-part-2-american-denial.html
http://www.evolutionaryaesthetics.blogspot.com/

If you want to read a poetic response to where too many poets have gotten us, go to: http://zatavu.blogspot.com/2008/02/blaze.html

Troy Camplin

----- Original Message ----
From: John Cunningham <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Monday, June 30, 2008 8:06:42 AM
Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

In response to Troy Camplin, you make the statement " few were there primarily for the poetry" with regard to poetry readings in art galleries, etc. How is this statement supported - by anecdotal evidence? You asked a few "buddies" why they were there? I take exception to another of your statements: "But it requires making things of beauty, which inspire people to want to create more poetry like it. It has to be reproductive." Keeping in mind the cliché that beauty is in the eye of the beholder, if "beautiful" poetry is to be reproductive, then language poetry must be the most beautiful of poetries as it has been a dominant force, reproducing like rabbits, since the mid-20th century. Finally, I have one thing to say regarding your statement "While we would never dream of claiming to be a great pianist if we never learned the proper way to play piano", that being Thelonius Monk - he of the splayed fingers. I don't think many would disagree that Monk was a great pianist yet those same would likely agree that he "never learned the proper way to play piano". The only thing that counts is expressivity. Whether Jimmie Hendricks plucked the strings with his fingers or his teeth, as long as he was able to fully express himself the technique didn't matter. Just my thoughts. John Cunningham

-----Original Message-----
From: Poetics List (UPenn, UB) [mailto:[redacted]] On
Behalf Of Troy Camplin
Sent: June 29, 2008 1:29 PM

To: [redacted]
Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

I try to pay more attention to the actual art produced rather than the rhetoric of those producing the art. In a published article I wrote about game theory and literature, I argue that the surrealists attempted to sell a bill of goods that they themselves did not buy into. Many post-surrealists did, however -- producing a lot of incredibly bad poetry that all sounds the same, and that nobody wants to read. The actual surrealists, however, produced a lot of very well-crafted, difficult poetry. They claimed that they were trying to create a poetry of and for the people (as opposed to the elitist verse of the romantics, with their regular rhythms and rhymes), but they in fact created work that only artistic elites would even begin to appreciate. We see this going on throughout the Modernist and Postmodernist periods, where the experiments are proclaimed to be intended for the masses, but the masses reject it en masse. Perhaps only T.S. Eliot and Ezra Pound were the only honest poets of the last century, being unapologetically elitist in their verse and theory.

The attacks by other posters on "best-sellers" and "capitalism" belies their elitism. Why shouldn't some measure of worth be how many books of poetry you sell? Except that then that would indicate you are in fact not a very good poet if you can't sell but a half dozen copies at your readings. So we get attacks on capitalism and the commodification of art, etc. as excuses for why nobody wants to read their rotten poems.

Now, I do agree with you that many of our problems with the acceptance of poetry lies with our teachers and with the educational system in general. Teachers seem to go out of their way to make students abhor poetry. Of course, most teachers don't understand poetry at all, and that ignorance translates to hatred of the material, which is communicated to the students. The few who make it through high school not hating poetry have still learned nothing about it. They learn that one has "poetic license," which they are told means anything goes in poetry. Thus they begin writing poetry without the least understanding of what a poem really is, or what it does. They think that just because they speak the English language, they can write; and they think that they are being radical poets by breaking all the rules, not even knowing what the rules are. While we would never dream of claiming to be a great pianist if we never learned the proper way to play piano (the ability to whistle does not make one a musician), we somehow think that we can be a great poet without understanding the first thing about poetry, its origins, its history, how poems are similar and differ among cultures, etc. Our college professors don't help at all because they are pushing the kind of experimental poetry they are writing, forgetting that their students don't even have the basics. The consequence is a lot of people writing poetry, not having the kind of historical understanding of

the art that painters and musicians are made to have, and as a consequence writing poems nobody really wants to read.

I find it laughable to read peoples' arguments that poetry is in fact popular because of some anecdotal evidence. This would be like arguing that opera is popular because I have friends who, like me, go to the opera. In fact, the opera house is always packed, so it must be spectacularly popular! Nonsense. Most of the poetry readings I've been to have been full of bad poets reading bad poetry to each other and their friends. I've been to poetry readings that were exceptions -- but they typically took place in such places as art museums and galleries, and involved selection of the poets beforehand. And in those cases, few were there primarily for the poetry.

I personally would like to turn this around. I think people miss out on a lot when they do not read or listen to poetry -- or are otherwise exposed to the arts. I think that if poets would simply learn the history of their art, and keep their audience in mind when they write, that it would go a long way to poets creating poetry that people might want to read. But it requires making things of beauty, which inspire people to want to create more poetry like it. It has to be reproductive.

Troy Camplin

----- Original Message ----
From: Ryan Daley <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Saturday, June 28, 2008 10:41:29 AM
Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Troy,

But I think that's where you're wrong: most of what you're calling "elite" isn't intended to be only understood by a few, but rather represents (sometimes vain) attempts to open dialog where there wasn't previously. In this case, then, what most people don't understand isn't what they don't "get", but what they aren't familiar with (as in Michael's example) due to lack of good teachers, exposure, what have you.

-Ryan

On Fri, Jun 27, 2008 at 7:37 PM, Troy Camplin <[redacted]> wrote:
> Math is both understandable and meaningful. But to practice it and understand it, you have to learn a lot of techniques.
>
> The arts are different from the sciences (including math) in that they are meaningful and valuable in a more complex, more directly human way. There's dehumanizing, nihilistic art, and humanizing, meaningful art. I personally

like a lot of elite art; but I also understand why most people don't. Part of it is indeed that they don't get it. And why isn't that a valid criticism? Why should people rely on a bunch of overeducated elites (like myself) telling them what this or that work means, and why it's significant? Shouldn't there be at least some level in every art where the average person "gets it"? This doesn't mean, of course, that one cannot learn more about a work -- meaning critics, etc. are still needed to help people see all the possibilities -- but the best works are not those that only require critics for anyone to understand what is going on. There's a certain tyranny of meaning-making in only having critics able to understand a work of art.
>
> The most beautiful works are those that one can get some meaning from right away, but which gain in meaning the more you understand and learn. Those works both the uneducated and the educated can appreciate. Why shouldn't we want to create that kind of poetry? Why should we only ever want to exist in the realm of the elite, where only a select few "truly understand"?
>
> Troy Camplin, Ph.D.
>
>
> ----- Original Message ----
> From: Ryan Daley <[redacted]>
> To: [redacted]
> Sent: Friday, June 27, 2008 3:23:43 PM
> Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?
>
> How come mathematics gets to be "elitist"? Why is poetry condemned to
> "having to have meaning/be understandable?"
>
> Personally, I don't believe in elitism as a label; I think it's
> largely used to hide embarrassing moments of "I don't get this."
>
> On Fri, Jun 27, 2008 at 9:49 AM, Thomas savage <[redacted]>
wrote:
>> Nobody reads poetry anymore because they aren't exposed to it as children as a part of their education. Once it vanished from their schooling, since they had no access to it, most people don't even know poetry exists. As for the elitism of experimental poetry of the 20th and 21st century, that is another matter.. Anyone who takes chances with a tradition risks isolating him or herself from the larger group of people who will not understand what is going on or who simply don't care. I don't think that is necessarily

elitism but in certain cases, particularly Pound's and Eliot's, it may have been accompanied by elitism. Williams, Olson, and many other experimental poets were populists trying to do something that would resonate with the larger masses of educated readers. Whether they ever reached those readers is another matter. Regards, Tom Savage
>>
>> --- On Thu, 6/26/08, Troy Camplin <[redacted]> wrote:
>>
>> From: Troy Camplin <[redacted]>
>> Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?
>> To: [redacted]
>> Date: Thursday, June 26, 2008, 12:45 PM
>>
>> The two aren't unrelated, you know. It's no coincidence that you started
>> getting things like impressionism when photography came about. Milan Kundera
>> observes that the novel (for example) should do only what the novel can do. The
>> same can be said about poetry. TV and film are their own media, and do not
>> necessarily exclude the reading of poetry. Much of the Modernists'
>> experiments came about precisely in reaction to such things as radio, etc. Part
>> of the result was that it became something only elitists were interested in
>> (bizarre poetry, etc. is a great way for elitists to separate themselves from
>> the rabble, you know). But lyric poetry in the form of songs is as strong as
>> ever -- belying claims that other media pushed poetry aside. What pushed poetry
>> aside was the fact that poets began writing poetry 1) knowing nothing about
>> poetry, and 2) writing as elitists for elitists. I listen to the radio, watch
>> movies and TV, use a computer, etc. and also read
>> novels and poetry, so these different forms are not mutually exclusive. In
>> fact, they can be mutually enhancing. If people are running away from your art,
>> it may have more to do with the state of the art. Unless that is seriously

>> considered (which is also an historical perspective), then you're never
>> going to understand why nobody reads poetry anymore.
>>
>> Troy Camplin
>>
>>
>> ----- Original Message ----
>> From: Dan Glass <[redacted]>
>> To: [redacted]
>> Sent: Wednesday, June 25, 2008 4:17:26 PM
>> Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?
>>
>> Way to think historically.
>>
>> I love that it's the bad modernist poetry that made people read less
>> poetry,
>> rather than things like radio, television, movies, computers, video
games,
>> the assembly line, and other 20th c. inventions...
>>
>> I mean, seriously. Do you really think history has nothing to do with
>> poetry?
>>
>> On Wed, Jun 25, 2008 at 12:37 PM, Troy Camplin <[redacted]>
>> wrote:
>>
>>> Historically, lyrical poetry has had a very large audience. It began
dying
>>> off with Modernism, and postmodernism and LANGUAGE poetry have all
but
>>> killed it off. The few poetry bestsellers are the lyric poets like
>> Frederick
>>> Turner.
>>>
>>> Troy Camplin
>>>
>>>
>>> ----- Original Message ----
>>> From: Stephen Vincent <[redacted]>
>>> To: [redacted]
>>> Sent: Tuesday, June 24, 2008 8:08:10 PM
>>> Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

>>>
>>> Thanks, Joanie, for pointing to WW lodestar! Then the quote. Yes, a quick
>>> and impressive ear you have for echoes!
>>> What? Are we (yon poets) fated to repeat ourselves century upon century
>>> with twists on the metaphors and content du jour!!! An endless spiral
>> loop
>>> earthly journey? An eternity of small audiences?
>>> Ain't complaining too hard. As long as there are good and quick ears
>> in the
>>> neighborhood that can take and hear a poem to the max, who needs more?!
>>> (It's always nice when it happens - large)
>>>
>>> Got to get back to writing those reviews - among all the other
>>> 'requirements'!
>>>
>>> Stephen V
>>>
>>>
>>>
>>>
>>>
>>> "Mackowski, Joanie (mackowje)" <[redacted]>
>> wrote: Nice to
>>> read your thoughts, Stephen. I wonder though "izzit not ever
>>> thus," for in them I hear an echo of Wordsworth, from the
>> "preface to
>>> the 2nd edition of the lyrical ballads." That your thoughts are
>> familiar
>>> to me suggests that the lyric may be in a steady sissy-fun state, rather
>>> than about to die altogether. Yet I'm not suggesting that the work to
>>> preserve & enlarge our atttention to the lyric isn't crucial;
>> rather, I
>>> think we may whistle a bit while we work. And WW, while he affirms the
>>> frustration, also suggests a way to progress: he says that yes quiet
>>> lyrics may easily be drowned out, but that learning to attend to lyric
>>> quietness, via both reading and writing, is a crucial practice, one that
>>> strengthens "certain inherent inherent and indestructible qualities
>> of
>>> the human mind," qualities which WW thinks are good.

>>>
>>> I'm going to copy down a hunk o' WW here. It feels good to type
>> it, like
>>> a meditation/prayer:
>>>
>>> From WW: "For the human mind is capable of being excited without the
>>> application of gross and violent stimulants.... It has therefore
>>> appeared to me that to endeavor to prodice or enlarge this capability is
>>> one of the best services in which, at any period, a writer can be
>>> engaged; but this service, excellent at all times, is especially so at
>>> the present day. For a multitude of causes, unknown to former times, are
>>> now acting with a combined force to blunt the distriminating powers of
>>> the mind, and, unfitting it for all voluntary exertion, to reduce it to
>>> a state of almost savage torpor. The most effective of these causes are
>>> the great national events which are daily taking place, and the
>>> increasing accumulation of men in cities, where the uniformity of thei
>>> roccupations produces a craving for extraordinary incident, which the
>>> rapid communication of intelligence hourly gratiafies. To this tendency
>>> of life and manners the literature and theatrical exhibition of the
>>> country have conformed themselves. The invaluable works of our elder
>>> writers...Shakespeare and Milton, are driven into neglect by frantic
>>> novelss....When I think about this degrading thirst after outrageous
>>> stimulation, I am almost ashamed to have spoken of the feeble endeavor
>>> made in these volumes to counteract it; ... had I not a deep impression
>>> of certain inherent and indestructible qualities of the human mind, and
>>> likewise of certain powers in the great and permanent objects that act
>>> upon it, which are equally inherent and indestructible...."
>>>
>>> .....
>>> Joanie Mackowski, PhD
>>> Assistant Professor
>>> English & Comparative Literature
>>> University of Cincinnati
>>> PO Box 210069
>>> Cincinnati, OH 45221-0069
>>> Tel. 513/[redacted]
>>> Fax 513/[redacted]
>>> [redacted]
>>> http://homepages.uc.edu/~mackowje
>> <http://homepages.uc.edu/%7Emackowje>
>>>
>>>

>>> -----Original Message-----
>>> From: Poetics List (UPenn, UB) [mailto:[redacted]] On
>>> Behalf Of Stephen Vincent
>>> Sent: Monday, June 23, 2008 10:47 PM
>>> To: [redacted]
>>> Subject: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?
>>>
>>> Sometimes I read a lyric poem - singular or serial - and I am struck by
>>> two contrary reading experiences. On one hand, I am taken by a poem's
>>> structure, the attention of the poet, the technique, tone, etc, - how
>>> forcefully these combinations impel themselves on to the page. I am
>>> totally present with the process, and the momentary totality of the
>>> poem's object, its presence. I am with it - which means to say its
>>> particulars have become an assured presence within the immediate
>>> horizons of my take (world) as a reader..
>>>
>>> Yet, on the other hand, the poem(s), no matter how solid its occurrence
>>> in my imagination, critical presence, etc. is soon gone, particularly as
>>> I move on to the works of others, or shift my awareness to, say, the
>>> television, the inevitable perk and threnody of the news, its
>>> repetitions and cycles.
>>>
>>> And, in terms of the lyric poem as an experience in reading - no matter
>>> how present it was - - becomes such a fleeting thing without much
>>> bearing on what's left of either my private or public space. What is
>>> that that 'thing' that caught me and then flew by? Why does much
>> work -
>>> much of it good, and, certainly, labor intensive - fly by with but a
>>> transitional, momentary effect? Whatever act or frame could make that
>>> pleasure more concrete, an enduring, significant presence, a constantly
>>> returnable project & gift?? (Perhaps, obviously. that is part of the
>>> poet's job, too).
>>>
>>> I suspect we know that's the job of a critical community - to maximize
>>> the public presence and circulation of a work or works. To review a
>>> person's work, to secure (ideally) our attention. And, no doubt, the
>>> importance of academic institutions. To insist students write critical
>>> papers, memorize, and/or improv new works off the work of others - to
>>> insure that a work secure a place, a point of memory in the young, as
>>> well as older persons. And, for those of us outside institutions, to
>>> resist and confront the the sense of erasure that inevitably haunts
>>> those of us who live, read, write and work not 'at the margins',

>> but in
>>> locations that require a different sense of critical reception and
>>> measure.
>>>
>>> Without this surrounding labor of critical community, so many often
>>> extraordinarily fine lyric poems - let alone larger forms. - end up
>>> fleeting around, or become paralysed in a kind of statuary limbo. They
>>> may vibrantly appear in a small publication, then disappear as readily.
>>> For the poet it takes a fierce stubbornness to put up with can appear as
>>> an almost instant annihilation or a perennial sense of being 'not
>> quite
>>> dead on arrival.'
>>>
>>> The reason I write this is that I became quite aware of this condition
>>> whitle reading some quite fine books that have come my way to review.
>>> Recent intriguing good works by Peter Manson, George Albon, Joseph
>>> Noble, Tyrone Williams, Tim Atkins - all guys (I realize), but, indeed,
>>> a mix of sexual, ethnic and national persuasions, yet each (most at
>>> mid-life, I think) working various lyric, experimental edges. They are
>>> among many, obviously both men and women, out in the field of
>>> combatting limited attention to their work,each working the language to
>>> scrape out (sing, whatever), a non- familiar truth in fresh, demanding
>>> and/or startling ways. As I begin to write these various or combined
>>> reviews I remain struck by the ambition and struggle to make a work find
>>> its location in a contemporay landscape that is mostly either
>>> oppositional or,most likely. oblivious to an enterprise that - as both
>>> poet and reader - I, if not most of us, totally support.
>>>
>>> Proportionately, without wanting to sound one bit self-piteous (because
>>> the work can bring such joy and critical pleasure) Sisyphus might appear
>>> to have had it relatively good! In this nation (USA), where Executive
>>> (Cheney. Bush. etc.) management has done nothing but produce a
national
>>> paralysis of the imagination (it's nasty girim and impotent, to be
>> both
>>> obvious and frank). Without sounding like a 'draino liberal' (I
>> hope), I
>>> think its absolutely essential to do whatever we can (in community,
>>> critcially, creatively, etc.) to vigorously support the efforts of both
>>> poets and poems (lyric and otherwise) to continue to rise and take hold
>>> in the public realm - and take form in the pleasure and combat of that.
>>> Otherwise we be in for a long, thirsty time! So yes, I am writing my

>>> reviews. You, too?
>>>
>>> Stephen Vincent
>>> _http://stephenvincent.net/blog/
>>> Where, if you have missed it so far, you can still visit my travels
>>> with Charles Olson - and then some - in the Yucatan.
>>>
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No virus found in this incoming message.
Checked by AVG.
Version: 8.0.101 / Virus Database: 270.4.3/1525 - Release Date: 29/06/2008 3:09 PM

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450. **Michael Ford**

Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Mon 30 Jun 2008

The anecdote I related was in reference to the poor presentation of poetry by the officials of verse culture and to people's willingness to accept challenging poetry when it is presented in a manner that does not strike them as snooty. It was not intended to demonstrate that poetry is popular but that it could be (more so) if presented properly. I see evidence of this all the time, living, as I do, among the people you lovingly refer to as "the masses." Perhaps I exaggerate the importance of this evidence, but I certainly do not think that my conclusions are any more ridiculous than the idea that people would flock to poetry if we all started writing in styles that stink of the 19th century. I see no evidence for this whatsoever.

Michael Ford

On Sun, Jun 29, 2008 at 1:28 PM, Troy Camplin <[redacted]> wrote:

> *I try to pay more attention to the actual art produced rather than the rhetoric of those producing the art. In a published article I wrote about game theory and literature, I argue that the surrealists attempted to sell a bill of goods that they themselves did not buy into. Many post-surrealists did, however -- producing a lot of incredibly bad poetry that all sounds the same, and that nobody wants to read. The actual surrealists, however, produced a lot of very well-crafted, difficult poetry. They claimed that they were trying to create a poetry of and for the people (as opposed to the elitist verse of the romantics, with their regular rhythms and rhymes), but they in fact created work that only artistic elites would even begin to appreciate. We see this going on throughout the Modernist and Postmodernist periods, where the experiments are proclaimed to be intended for the masses, but the masses reject it en masse. Perhaps only T.S. Eliot and Ezra Pound were the only honest poets of the last century, being unapologetically elitist in their verse and theory.*
>
> *The attacks by other posters on "best-sellers" and "capitalism" belies their elitism. Why shouldn't some measure of worth be how many books of poetry you sell? Except that then that would indicate you are in fact not a very good poet if you can't sell but a half dozen copies at your readings. So we get attacks on capitalism and the commodification of art, etc. as excuses for why nobody wants to read their rotten poems.*
>
> *Now, I do agree with you that many of our problems with the acceptance of poetry lies with our teachers and with the educational system in general. Teachers seem to go out of their way to make students abhor poetry. Of course, most teachers don't understand poetry at all, and that ignorance translates to hatred of the material, which is communicated to the students. The few who make it through high school not hating poetry have still learned*

nothing about it. They learn that one has "poetic license," which they are told means anything goes in poetry. Thus they begin writing poetry without the least understanding of what a poem really is, or what it does. They think that just because they speak the English language, they can write; and they think that they are being radical poets by breaking all the rules, not even knowing what the rules are. While we would never dream of claiming to be a great pianist if we never learned the proper way to play piano (the ability to whistle does not make one a musician), we somehow think that we can be a great poet without understanding the first thing about poetry, its origins, its history, how poems are similar and differ among cultures, etc. Our college professors don't help at all because they are pushing the kind of experimental poetry they are writing, forgetting that their students don't even have the basics. The consequence is a lot of people writing poetry, not having the kind of historical understanding of the art that painters and musicians are made to have, and as a consequence writing poems nobody really wants to read.

I find it laughable to read peoples' arguments that poetry is in fact popular because of some anecdotal evidence. This would be like arguing that opera is popular because I have friends who, like me, go to the opera. In fact, the opera house is always packed, so it must be spectacularly popular! Nonsense. Most of the poetry readings I've been to have been full of bad poets reading bad poetry to each other and their friends. I've been to poetry readings that were exceptions -- but they typically took place in such places as art museums and galleries, and involved selection of the poets beforehand. And in those cases, few were there primarily for the poetry.

I personally would like to turn this around. I think people miss out on a lot when they do not read or listen to poetry -- or are otherwise exposed to the arts. I think that if poets would simply learn the history of their art, and keep their audience in mind when they write, that it would go a long way to poets creating poetry that people might want to read. But it requires making things of beauty, which inspire people to want to create more poetry like it. It has to be reproductive.

Troy Camplin

----- Original Message ----
From: Ryan Daley <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Saturday, June 28, 2008 10:41:29 AM
Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Troy,

But I think that's where you're wrong: most of what you're calling

"elite" isn't intended to be only understood by a few, but rather represents (sometimes vain) attempts to open dialog where there wasn't previously. In this case, then, what most people don't understand isn't what they don't "get", but what they aren't familiar with (as in Michael's example) due to lack of good teachers, exposure, what have you.

-Ryan

On Fri, Jun 27, 2008 at 7:37 PM, Troy Camplin <[redacted]> wrote:
Math is both understandable and meaningful. But to practice it and understand it, you have to learn a lot of techniques.

The arts are different from the sciences (including math) in that they are meaningful and valuable in a more complex, more directly human way. There's dehumanizing, nihilistic art, and humanizing, meaningful art. I personally like a lot of elite art; but I also understand why most people don't. Part of it is indeed that they don't get it. And why isn't that a valid criticism? Why should people rely on a bunch of overeducated elites (like myself) telling them what this or that work means, and why it's significant? Shouldn't there be at least some level in every art where the average person "gets it"? This doesn't mean, of course, that one cannot learn more about a work -- meaning critics, etc. are still needed to help people see all the possibilities -- but the best works are not those that only require critics for anyone to understand what is going on. There's a certain tyranny of meaning-making in only having critics able to understand a work of art.

The most beautiful works are those that one can get some meaning from right away, but which gain in meaning the more you understand and learn. Those works both the uneducated and the educated can appreciate. Why shouldn't we want to create that kind of poetry? Why should we only ever want to exist in the realm of the elite, where only a select few "truly understand"?

Troy Camplin, Ph.D.

----- Original Message ----
From: Ryan Daley <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Friday, June 27, 2008 3:23:43 PM
Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

How come mathematics gets to be "elitist"? Why is poetry condemned to "having to have meaning/be understandable?"

Personally, I don't believe in elitism as a label; I think it's largely used to hide embarrassing moments of "I don't get this."

On Fri, Jun 27, 2008 at 9:49 AM, Thomas savage <[redacted]> wrote:
Nobody reads poetry anymore because they aren't exposed to it as children as a part of their education. Once it vanished from their schooling, since they had no access to it, most people don't even know poetry exists. As for the elitism of experimental poetry of the 20th and 21st century, that is another matter. Anyone who takes chances with a tradition risks isolating him or herself from the larger group of people who will not understand what is going on or who simply don't care. I don't think that is necessarily elitism but in certain cases, particularly Pound's and Eliot's, it may have been accompanied by elitism. Williams, Olson, and many other experimental poets were populists trying to do something that would resonate with the larger masses of educated readers. Whether they ever reached those readers is another matter. Regards, Tom Savage

--- On Thu, 6/26/08, Troy Camplin <[redacted]> wrote:

From: Troy Camplin <[redacted]>
Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?
To: [redacted]
Date: Thursday, June 26, 2008, 12:45 PM

The two aren't unrelated, you know. It's no coincidence that you started getting things like impressionism when photography came about. Milan Kundera observes that the novel (for example) should do only what the novel can do. The same can be said about poetry. TV and film are their own media, and do not necessarily exclude the reading of poetry. Much of the Modernists' experiments came about precisely in reaction to such things as radio, etc. Part of the result was that it became something only elitists were interested in (bizarre poetry, etc. is a great way for elitists to separate themselves from the rabble, you know). But lyric poetry in the form of songs is as strong as ever -- belying claims that other media pushed poetry aside. What pushed poetry aside was the fact that poets began writing poetry 1) knowing nothing about poetry, and 2) writing as elitists for elitists. I listen to the radio, watch

movies and TV, use a computer, etc. and also read
novels and poetry, so these different forms are not mutually exclusive. In
fact, they can be mutually enhancing. If people are running away from your art,
it may have more to do with the state of the art. Unless that is seriously
considered (which is also an historical perspective), then you're never
going to understand why nobody reads poetry anymore.

Troy Camplin

----- Original Message ----
From: Dan Glass <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Wednesday, June 25, 2008 4:17:26 PM
Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Way to think historically.

I love that it's the bad modernist poetry that made people read less poetry,
rather than things like radio, television, movies, computers, video games,
the assembly line, and other 20th c. inventions...

I mean, seriously. Do you really think history has nothing to do with poetry?

On Wed, Jun 25, 2008 at 12:37 PM, Troy Camplin <[redacted]> wrote:

Historically, lyrical poetry has had a very large audience. It began dying
off with Modernism, and postmodernism and LANGUAGE poetry have all but killed it off. The few poetry bestsellers are the lyric poets like Frederick
Turner.

Troy Camplin

----- Original Message ----
From: Stephen Vincent <[redacted]>
To: [redacted]
Sent: Tuesday, June 24, 2008 8:08:10 PM
Subject: Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

>>> *Thanks, Joanie, for pointing to WW lodestar! Then the quote. Yes, a quick*
and impressive ear you have for echoes!
What? Are we (yon poets) fated to repeat ourselves century upon century
with twists on the metaphors and content du jour!!! An endless spiral loop
earthly journey? An eternity of small audiences?
Ain't complaining too hard. As long as there are good and quick ears in the
neighborhood that can take and hear a poem to the max, who needs more?!
(It's always nice when it happens - large)

Got to get back to writing those reviews - among all the other
'requirements'!

Stephen V

"*Mackowski, Joanie (mackowje)*" <[redacted]>
wrote: Nice to
read your thoughts, Stephen. I wonder though "izzit not ever
thus," for in them I hear an echo of Wordsworth, from the "preface to
the 2nd edition of the lyrical ballads." That your thoughts are familiar
to me suggests that the lyric may be in a steady sissy-fun state, rather
than about to die altogether. Yet I'm not suggesting that the work to
preserve & enlarge our atttention to the lyric isn't crucial; rather, I
think we may whistle a bit while we work. And WW, while he affirms the
frustration, also suggests a way to progress: he says that yes quiet
lyrics may easily be drowned out, but that learning to attend to lyric
quietness, via both reading and writing, is a crucial practice, one that
strengthens "certain inherent inherent and indestructible qualities of
the human mind," qualities which WW thinks are good.

I'm going to copy down a hunk o' WW here. It feels good to type it, like
a meditation/prayer:

From WW: "For the human mind is capable of being excited without the application of gross and violent stimulants.... It has therefore appeared to me that to endeavor to prodice or enlarge this capability is one of the best services in which, at any period, a writer can be engaged; but this service, excellent at all times, is especially so at the present day. For a multitude of causes, unknown to former times, are now acting with a combined force to blunt the distriminating powers of the mind, and, unfitting it for all voluntary exertion, to reduce it to a state of almost savage torpor. The most effective of these causes are the great national events which are daily taking place, and the increasing accumulation of men in cities, where the uniformity of thei roccupations produces a craving for extraordinary incident, which the rapid communication of intelligence hourly gratiafies. To this tendency of life and manners the literature and theatrical exhibition of the country have conformed themselves. The invaluable works of our elder writers...Shakespeare and Milton, are driven into neglect by frantic novelss....When I think about this degrading thirst after outrageous stimulation, I am almost ashamed to have spoken of the feeble endeavor made in these volumes to counteract it; ... had I not a deep impression of certain inherent and indestructible qualities of the human mind, and likewise of certain powers in the great and permanent objects that act upon it, which are equally inherent and indestructible...."

.....
Joanie Mackowski, PhD
Assistant Professor
English & Comparative Literature
University of Cincinnati
PO Box 210069
Cincinnati, OH 45221-0069
Tel. 513/[redacted]
Fax 513/[redacted]
[redacted]
http://homepages.uc.edu/~mackowje
<http://homepages.uc.edu/%7Emackowje<http://homepages.uc.edu/~mackowje>

-----Original Message-----
From: Poetics List (UPenn, UB) [mailto:[redacted]]
On Behalf Of Stephen Vincent
Sent: Monday, June 23, 2008 10:47 PM
To: [redacted]
>>> Subject: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?

Sometimes I read a lyric poem - singular or serial - and I am struck by two contrary reading experiences. On one hand, I am taken by a poem's structure, the attention of the poet, the technique, tone, etc, - how forcefully these combinations impel themselves on to the page. I am totally present with the process, and the momentary totality of the poem's object, its presence. I am with it - which means to say its particulars have become an assured presence within the immediate horizons of my take (world) as a reader.

Yet, on the other hand, the poem(s), no matter how solid its occurrence in my imagination, critical presence, etc. is soon gone, particularly as
I move on to the works of others, or shift my awareness to, say, the television, the inevitable perk and threnody of the news, its repetitions and cycles.

And, in terms of the lyric poem as an experience in reading - no matter how present it was - - becomes such a fleeting thing without much bearing on what's left of either my private or public space. What is that that 'thing' that caught me and then flew by? Why does much work -
much of it good, and, certainly, labor intensive - fly by with but a transitional, momentary effect? Whatever act or frame could make that pleasure more concrete, an enduring, significant presence, a constantly returnable project & gift?? (Perhaps, obviously. that is part of the poet's job, too).

I suspect we know that's the job of a critical community - to maximize the public presence and circulation of a work or works. To review a person's work, to secure (ideally) our attention. And, no doubt, the importance of academic institutions. To insist students write critical papers, memorize, and/or improv new works off the work of others - to insure that a work secure a place, a point of memory in the young, as well as older persons. And, for those of us outside institutions, to resist and confront the the sense of erasure that inevitably haunts those of us who live, read, write and work not 'at the margins', but in
locations that require a different sense of critical reception and measure.

Without this surrounding labor of critical community, so many often extraordinarily fine lyric poems - let alone larger forms. - end up fleeting around, or become paralysed in a kind of statuary limbo. They may vibrantly appear in a small publication, then disappear as readily. For the poet it takes a fierce stubbornness to put up with can appear as
an almost instant annihilation or a perennial sense of being 'not quite

dead on arrival.'

The reason I write this is that I became quite aware of this condition whitle reading some quite fine books that have come my way to review. Recent intriguing good works by Peter Manson, George Albon, Joseph Noble, Tyrone Williams, Tim Atkins - all guys (I realize), but, indeed, a mix of sexual, ethnic and national persuasions, yet each (most at mid-life, I think) working various lyric, experimental edges. They are among many, obviously both men and women, out in the field of combatting limited attention to their work,each working the language to scrape out (sing, whatever), a non- familiar truth in fresh, demanding and/or startling ways. As I begin to write these various or combined reviews I remain struck by the ambition and struggle to make a work find
its location in a contemporay landscape that is mostly either oppositional or,most likely. oblivious to an enterprise that - as both poet and reader - I, if not most of us, totally support.

Proportionately, without wanting to sound one bit self-piteous (because the work can bring such joy and critical pleasure) Sisyphus might appear
to have had it relatively good! In this nation (USA), where Executive (Cheney. Bush. etc.) management has done nothing but produce a national paralysis of the imagination (it's nasty girim and impotent, to be both
obvious and frank). Without sounding like a 'draino liberal' (I hope), I
think its absolutely essential to do whatever we can (in community, critcially, creatively, etc.) to vigorously support the efforts of both
poets and poems (lyric and otherwise) to continue to rise and take hold
in the public realm - and take form in the pleasure and combat of that. Otherwise we be in for a long, thirsty time! So yes, I am writing my reviews. You, too?

Stephen Vincent
_http://stephenvincent.net/blog/
Where, if you have missed it so far, you can still visit my travels with Charles Olson - and then some - in the Yucatan.

guidelines

guidelines

guidelines

guidelines

guidelines

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451. **Stephen Vincent**

Poetry In America - Poetry & Politics June/July Issue/2008

Mon 30 Jun 2008

(Just Out!)

Poetry in America - Poetry & Politics June/July Issue / 2008

In Times of Trouble
Some recent poems provide a wide angled look at a world of violence.

Collateral Damage
In a gripping new work, poems parallel the attacks on Fallujah and on Guernica.

Global Warnings
The icecaps are melting, storms are increasing, species are dwindling, several new books ask how poetry can help.

Talking Politics 2008
Six poets whose poems court controversy exchange ideas about the common ground between politics and art.

Rules of Engagement
A number of poets re-examine the evidence on documentary poetry's truth value.

Written in Stone
Using salvaged poems, an imposing testament on the possibility of cooperation in the Mideast.

Sticking it
A 40 year survey of poems showcase a signature image: a pallus that's also a big screw.

_____
Conceptually yours,
Courtesy of Art in America,

Stephen Vincent
http://stephenvincent.net/blog/

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452. **Paul Nelson**
Least Careless and Least Logical
Mon 30 Jun 2008

So if you're after LOGIC in poetry, you can swing back to the stink of the 19th century, as Michael Ford put it. Fortunately, there are those (the vast majority on this list) who want a DEEPER gesture than what certain Doctors from Texas are capable of appreciating and that's why this list exists.

There have been a couple of movements since the romantic era that sought to make art more relevant to the times. We see where intellect gets us and the Doctor from Texas exemplifies it to perfection. The hastily-written put down. The intellectual pissing match. The desire to prove one's self right at the expense of another. It is a clear demonstration of the competition/domination cosmology, one whose time passed long ago, but still clings on and on.

Jack Spicer said

…Prose invents -
poetry discloses…

…A poet is a time
mechanic not an embalmer…

…Muses do exist, but now I know that they are not afraid to dirty their hands with explication – that they are patient with truth and commentary as long as it doesn’t get into the poem…

among other things. But Spicer's is, of course an ethos based in 1950's consciousness, albeit way ahead of its time. It IS threatening to think that we have moved ahead since 1850, in poetry anyway, so these kinds of notions will be attacked by someone clinging with an intellectual death-grip to the ideals of the 19th century.

Paul E. Nelson

Global Voices Radio
SPLAB!
American Sentences
Organic Poetry
Poetry Postcard Blog

Ilalqo, WA [redacted] or [redacted]

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453. **Gwyn McVay**

Re: Response to Troy Camplin, Ph.D.

Mon 30 Jun 2008

> *Who is 'Danto', Troy?*

Now see, when I read "Danto," I assume we're talking about Ezili Danto, one of the Lwas of Haitian Vodoun. As she is mute (various legends identify her with a Haitian revolutionary who had her tongue cut out), I would imagine she tends not to go on about the rhetoric of anything. And since she is part of the Petwo ("hot") family of Lwas, and notoriously temperamental, I'd guess she wouldn't be entirely amused to have her name taken in vain by someone pretending to speak for "the masses" of whom she is emphatically a part. Your mileage may vary, however.

Gwyn McVay

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454. **richard owens**

DAMN THE CAESARS vol. iv

Mon 30 Jun 2008

Print copies of Damn the Caesars, vol. IV are now available through the website!

http://damnthecaesars.org

CONTRIBUTORS Lisa Samuels • Alan Gilbert • Meg Foulkes • Stacy Szymaszek • Matvei Yankelevich • Hoa Nguyen • Simon Pettet • Aaron Lowinger • mIEKAL aND • Linda Russo • Tom Leonard • Peter Makin • C.J. Martin • Hugo

Garcia Manríquez • Billy Mills • Richard Kostelanetz • Harry Gilonis • Erica Van Horn • Gerry Loose • Shin Yu Pai & Andrew Schelling • Catherine Walsh

FEATURE
The Family • Kyle Schlesinger

with a foreword by Michael Cross

As Michael Cross writes in his foreword, "A variation on Ted Greenwald's In Your Dreams (a manuscript he was proofreading when the work began), Schlesinger's practice is a wash, a kind of laundering of the violent content of the social through the aperture of a heuristic architecture that discovers and subsequently challenges in degrees." _____

ALL sales for this current volume will go toward bringing out forthcoming single-author publications by Tom Meyer, Kristin Prevallet, Sotere Torregian and others through the Punch Press imprint.

cheers ... rich ...

.....richard owens
810 richmond ave
buffalo NY 14222-1167

damn the caesars, the journal
damn the caesars, the blog

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455. **Daniel Godston**
tonight at Brown Rice
Mon 30 Jun 2008

---

tonight at Brown Rice

1st set:
Elizabeth Marino -- poetry
Dan Godston –- trumpet, small instruments

2nd set:
Dawoud -- sitar
Jayve Montgomery –- reeds & percussion
Ritwik Banerji –- reeds & strings
Dan Godston –- trumpet & small instruments

Brown Rice
4432 N. Kedzie Ave., 1st floor, Chicago, IL 60625
www.brownricemusic.org
The show begins at 9 p.m. Doors open one half hour before performance time,

all ages. $5 suggested donation. Brown Rice is a half block north of the Montrose / Kedzie intersection, close to the Kedzie station on the CTA brown line. The entrance is below a sign that reads “Perfect...” Please call [redacted] for more info.

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456. **amy king**
Poet Portraits Desired
Mon 30 Jun 2008

If you have photos posted on Flickr of "Poets and Poet Types," please consider joining our group of the same name and sharing those photos, which are picked up in Google's search engine and thus provide poet images to seekers of such:

http://www.flickr.com/groups/[redacted]/

We currently have 57 members, but are hungering for more pics of distant poets from distant lands and close ones too!

Thanks,

Amy

_____

Recent
http://www.tarpaulinsky.com/Reviews/kiss-me.html
http://cutbankpoetry.blogspot.com/2008/04/im-man-who-loves-you-by-amy-king.html

Alias
http://www.amyking.org

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457. **Maria Damon**
Re: Poet Portraits Desired
Mon 30 Jun 2008

---

amy, great idea; it'd also be nice to have captions under the pix saying who the poet is.

amy king wrote:
> If you have photos posted on Flickr of "Poets and Poet Types," please consider joining our group of the same name and sharing those photos, which are picked up in Google's search engine and thus provide poet images to seekers of such:
>

> http://www.flickr.com/groups/[redacted]/
>
> We currently have 57 members, but are hungering for more pics of distant poets from distant lands and close ones too!
>
> Thanks,
>
> Amy
>
>
>
>
> _____
>
> Recent
> http://www.tarpaulinsky.com/Reviews/kiss-me.html
> http://cutbankpoetry.blogspot.com/2008/04/im-man-who-loves-you-by-amy-king.html
>
> Alias
> http://www.amyking.org
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>

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458. **Kyle Schlesinger**

PRINTING POETRY: A Workshop for Poets and Visual Artists at The Arm Letterpress Studio

Mon 30 Jun 2008

PRINTING POETRY: A Workshop for Poets and Visual Artists at The Arm Letterpress Studio

On July 12th and 19th, Dan Morris and I will be teaching a two-day letterpress workshop together at The Arm Letterpress Studio in Brooklyn, NY. You¹ll learn the basics of typography, composition and have the opportunity to print a broadside that features your own text and image on the Vandercook proof press. Come alone or with a collaborator. No previous experience necessary. All materials provided. More details available at: http://www.thearmnyc.com/information/workshops. The Arm is a young, grassroots organization for poets, artists, and aspiring printers located near the G and L trains in Williamsburg.

Very best,

Kyle

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459. **Jim Andrews**
Re: The lyric poem - what be its current fate?
Mon 30 Jun 2008

---

the main problem with poetry is that it isn't usually a quick fix. it usually requires thought and perhaps even meditation and study. reflection. runish. enigmatic. the mystery.

poetry is unreasonably and anachronistically demanding. if poetry is to fly in today's hyper-mediated brain pan, it needs to pick up the pace a bit. reflection ok. for those with the time. but quick fix first for those in a hurry. include a chocolate bar with the book, maybe. a book of poems called eat more, say. this way it could get corporate sponsorship and be conceptually quick and deep. like visual art. innovative but quick. fast poetry. like a slam only slim.

what was the name of the poet who was described as the best understood poet of his generation? rod mckuen, wasn't it? remember him? no? well then.

ja
http://vispo.com

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460. **Lewis Warsh**
Zen Monster
Mon 30 Jun 2008

ZEN MONSTER #1

a magazine of art, fiction, poetry and subversive political commentary

Brian Unger, editor
John High & Lewis Warsh, poetry editors
Andrea Clark Libin, fiction editor
Norman Fischer & Fernando Perez, contributing editors

Epistolary Poems & Letters by Philip Whalen
Letters by Whalen to Kirby Doyle, Ted Wilentz, Alice Notley, Ted Berrigan, Will Peterson, Aram Saroyan.

Poetry by Gloria Frym, Cole Swenen, Anne Waldman, Steve Benson, Charles Bernstein, Matvei Yankelevich, Simon Pettit, Norma Cole, Claudio Bertoni, Michael Sohn, Hank Lazer, Tomas Urayoan Noel, Fanny Howe, Norman

Fischer, Wang Ping, Barbara Henning, Lou Hartman, Will Alexander, Reed Bye, Bob Perelman, Eliot Katz.

Fiction by Karen Russell, Doretta Lau, Andrea Clark Libin

Essays by Richard Sieburth, Gary Snyder, Brian Unger. Dermot McEvoy

Reviews: Stephen Paul Miller on GARY SNYDER AND THE PACIFIC RIM by Tim Gray
Tim Gray on BEAUTIFUL ENEMIES by Andrew Epstein and FRANK O'HARA: THE
POETICS OF COTERIE by Lytle Shaw
Tyler Doherty on JOIN THE PLANETS by Reed Bye

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461. **amy king**
Re: Poet Portraits Desired
Mon 30 Jun 2008

Hmm, most of them do, at least, at the top of the photo. Some people may not have included a name, but I think all of mine do. For instance,

"Ron Padgett and John Ashbery"
http://www.flickr.com/photos/amyking/437126870/in/[redacted]

"Cole Swensen and Keith Waldrop"
http://www.flickr.com/photos/amyking/302830083/in/[redacted]

"Evie Shockley and Sina Queyras"
http://www.flickr.com/photos/amyking/400437928/in/[redacted]

The titles appear *above* each photo.

Best,
Amy

Maria Damon <[redacted]> wrote:

amy, great idea; it'd also be nice to have captions under the pix saying who the poet is.

amy king wrote:
> If you have photos posted on Flickr of "Poets and Poet Types," please consider joining our group of the same name and sharing those photos, which are picked up in Google's search engine and thus provide poet images to seekers of such:
>
> http://www.flickr.com/groups/[redacted]/

_____

Recent
http://www.tarpaulinsky.com/Reviews/kiss-me.html
http://cutbankpoetry.blogspot.com/2008/04/im-man-who-loves-you-by-amy-king.html

Alias
http://www.amyking.org

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462. **Jeff Davis**
Yvan Goll extended edition
Mon 30 Jun 2008

Hello all,

Before Flarf, before conceptual poetry (as such), there was Surrealism. This week Wordplay (from the Archive page of WPVM.org) features Nan Watkins, one of the foremost translators of Yvan Goll, a prominent member of that movement, reading her translations of 10,000 Dawns and Dream Weed, and discussing the problems of translating his work. I even talked her into reading a couple of the poems in German, so we could hear their original music.

Give the lady a listen.

Production notes for the show are here:
http://naturespoetry.blogspot.com/2008/06/wordplay-nan-watkins-presents-yvan-goll.html

And now back to your regularly scheduled Monday,

Jeff

On the web at http://naturespoetry.blogspot.com

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