

arras 5

new poetry and poetics
edited by brian kim stefans

riddled argots
part ii

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Kevin DAVIES

(Fall Oh One)

The remains to be seen.

MRI reveals lesions.

Earlier: "Significant holes in our mad cow defence"

As a kid I felt sorry for Americans because they spelled words wrong. They seemed a happy but terribly ignorant collection of impulse-control errors.

I WAS SITTING IN A ROOM THREE BLOCKS AWAY, LISTENING TO PAULINE OLIVEROS ON HEADPHONES AND READING A FINANCIAL DOCUMENT

when the first plane hit the tower.

Yes, I too "continued on" to college. However,

The Philadelphia Bible Riots of 1843.

I parked a car in Tennessee.

We went to work and got bombed. However,

The world to come has come and gone, Ed. Do you have any idea how cheap memory is now?

I am the global positioning system, *me*.

The air downtown has asbestos, fibreglass, and bone dust in it. Actually, it

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smells a little like Prince George.

I have come to view my work as *objectively reactionary*.

Foam on the lips of Secretary of Defense Bumstead: "There are no silver bullets!"

Marge Perloff's gardener, Ruben.

Sitting still for art is a learned skill. You learn it by sitting still in the proximity of art. Possibly someone will have to tell you where the art is.

Describe Afghanistan with a stick.

Under cover of war, right-wing loons use their strong, foetid beaks to peck apart environmental impediments to profit.

Never enter a ladder without a cave.

SPORES!

Rallying the awesome forces of unpopular verse against America's latest imperial campaign. Pass vodka.

Shot his donkey and burned his rice.

And the street was very dark, she said.

Myrne called it male fear of goo.

Meanwhile my Witness friend tells me this is all pretty much what they expected.

Cops hinky, wondering when it will be okay to hate firemen again.

Ruben, the gardener of Professor Perloff.

Is that wool hat anthrax?

The gardener, Ruben, of Marjorie Perloff.

To the tune of "Stink on a New World Monkey."

I am shaving my burqa and burning my beard.

We have more planes.

We have other planes.

A momentarily idle crane.

(AMPHIBOLOGY)

But Winnipeg is still there in 1926
Pittsburgh is a garden city
Waiting patiently for tomato season
Town dog
Apparently the universe is beige (had previously been thought to be
light turquoise)
Hot metals in flame
A generation of pipers — glad day
That there is a company called TotalFinaElf
Frozen laundry Canadiana
For instance, I kiss the cow before fucking the tree
And I've seen the best — *boypacks* — of my germination thud on
broken saw horses in a mook's alley
Orangish faulty multitudinous apparitions in see-through hazmat togs afire in
the subway tunnel
Graduation day approaches for doomed business students, the sud-
denly acne-free young mathematicians, having worked it out with a
pencil, nothin' to do
The academy of the future is battening hatches
Oyster unknown, 1/8/02
Mormons!
Mormons!
Mormons!
Those who write on shithouse walls
Cough — I worship composers because I am stupid — any old semi-organ-
ized sound activates gills

Check out the microtones on that scaffold
21st-century Swahili opera
Cough
Death rattle
Willing but not *able* to keep up with alternative hip-hop
Hockey dads
That there are people who are “cat experts” — this perhaps the peak
of science
Now proved: feathers predate birds and flight
But as a child I never, ever wanted to go to Mars or any other planet
Is that true?
The principal dancers are hitching up their vector analyses
“I don’t like to be handed the phone — someone might want me to work”
Well okay, guilt is dubious but shame is *useful*
Insect vision boots
Third World jobs being sucked into China
I woke up and wrote down my dream
The embarrassment of having killed and eaten the baby, all a terrible
misunderstanding
Crossing streets in danger clothes
Not my car, Jimmy!
Splintering folk tools
Settling into the other trunk, awkward with bird candy
Then I fell asleep
But anyone who can say “models of similar, interval-preserving, regis-
trally uninterpreted pitch-class and metrically-durally uninterpreted
time-point aggregate arrays” is free to sleep with my cousin anytime
Tile Bar, 5 PM, day of the first World Trade Center bombing
Dead universe
Merlin had told me so from his sidewalk sleeping bag
Speak, cabinet
The entire neighbourhood one big gong

They've done it: remote-control rats, the new Saint Bernards, bringing
tiny kegs of booze to those lost in rubble
No, the birds don't *want* to come inside, they want to be left alone in a con-
dition of paradisiacal surplus
Ask them!
Omaha boasts an alert socialist minority
Swimin in prisms
Dick Cheney, Dick Arme, Tom Delay, Trent Lott
Metonymic abomination
Assume every room is bugged and proceed accordingly
I won't lie to you, Ernie: I cannot make it cohere
Landlady calls to announce rent hike
When I say "nice shirt" I am of course alluding to slave labour — the
kind of prick I am
Pointing the prophet's dick down river
Calling out to jazz motorists everywhere
That it is good that sexual reproduction has bestowed upon us the gift of
death
Among matter wave singleton birth chunks
Silent refugee factoids
I breathed in that downtown air for eight months before I got laid off
— *no way* could you set me on fire
Enrugged by verb Enron matriculates
Nothing eats shit like a Christian martyr
Sprinkled with cholera and handed out to those who are in the way
Jerry Lewis in *Way, Way Out* vs. Arnold Palmer in *Call Me Bwana*
A land with people for a people with land
Boiling palms in the shirt of an illegal notebook
That crunching sound you hear is your other mouth eating history as the
both of you glide steadily toward the absolute event horizon beside the
white-meat chicken preference data
Subsuburbanities

Meadows are investment opportunities

Palestinian for stoop muffin

Imaginary cracker

A longitudinal study of post-Soviet homelessness

Chums are woodsheds on fire in the dark

So bogus my gulley

Red, red, red, red, red, red wine

Layman P'ang, whatta guy — "I'm the poorest man on earth" — and
his daughter so elegantly flipping him off

Bollywood

Description: While vanity surfing, Jean Armour POLLY WOULD discover her name was being used by a lascivious site.

It was not unusual in the beginning for her mother to say "No good. Do it again." POLLY WOULD then move around a great deal while she was growing up. That may be one reason ... events must be viewed with skepticism. It strains credulity that POLLY WOULD wait passively in the brush. Of course, it is not impossible ... After completing her morning barn chores, POLLY WOULD rush home, and quickly wash and ready herself for school. But sometimes POLLY WOULD be more friendly, and even jump into one's lap, when it was a pleasure to pat her hard little head with its exquisitely dark tortoise ... Paired with POLLY WOULD be a new male companion, Ben Jackson ... Anticipating POLLY WOULD tire quickly, they expected to overtake her and continued hiking at their normal pace. They talked ... Many believe that POLLY WOULD be alive today had she been willing to experiment with hydrotherapy, "drowning him in a deluge of cold water." During the party, POLLY WOULD get to help the leader of the day pass out the carrots or whatever the treat of the day was ... POLLY WOULD have remained in the Merckell home had she not made it the absolute condition of her doing so that he should drive away the mulatto servant ... to feed Polly. Inside her stall, however, POLLY WOULD move sideways in an attempt to pin him to the stall wall ... Livvie would say she is taking a walk with her best pal, Polly. POLLY WOULD say something else entirely ... He told them that his motive was robbery and that POLLY WOULD be back by the time they counted to 1,000. All three girls had hoods over their heads. ... Along the way, Ben and POLLY WOULD depart his company, only to be replaced by two very independent young ladies from different backgrounds: Her fiber is dense, soft and has lovely crimp. POLLY WOULD be a delightful pet, show or breeding female, as well as a wonderful alpaca baby-sitter. ... Polly weighs 16.8lbs., is current on all her shots including bordatella. POLLY WOULD love to be a lap dog when she isn't busy playing. Although we didn't visit Auntie

often, we had heard POLLY WOULD grab ya if she could ... Isabella and another lady provided food and drink so that POLLY WOULD not have to pause in her spinning. Mrs. Archibald ... someone's home. Are we that unsafe in our homes? I was thinking that POLLY WOULD have been 21 years old right now if she lived ... So was the settling of a minute bit of court-plaster just to the left of the dimple in her chin, an unusual piece of coquetry in which POLLY WOULD not have ... Neither Dan nor Polly could read so POLLY WOULD bring the letters she received from her son, who was in prison, to mom and mom would read them to her and write ... the old stone jar with a wooded lid so polished that it was in use and good care for a long time.--and my reveries would be at an end, as Aunt POLLY WOULD say ... Whenever she needed her hero's assistance, POLLY WOULD break out into song: "Oh where, oh where has my Underdog gone? Oh ... Now it doesn't run here any more That train don't run here any more Polly, POLLY, WOULD you ...

... Let's Rebuild The Twin Towers In Ny . . . On Your Pizza

I'm madder than a waiter with a 10-cent tip over what happened when I told my sweet little cupcake that the Twin Towers - standing side by side, as my staff and I watched the twin towers at the World ... I have titled this session, "Looking for a Pie and Finding a Cupcake." What ... What could be better than a homemade cupcake or cookie? The Twin Towers ...

United We Stand Honoring America and the Twin Towers' First Wedded Bliss Cupcake ... The first happy square Cupcake mod ... Citta Elementary will host a series of six cupcake sales with all profits going to the Twin Towers fund ...

The perpetrators of the hoax say that the "twin towers" refer to the Trade Center ... Then they will have to pay with more than a banana peel or Hostess cupcake. ...

At right, attendees were treated to a colorful cupcake flag. ... In stunned disbelief, he watched as the twin towers came crashing down on hundreds of New York ... Welcome back to dry land, Captain Cupcake. ...

Well when you play a cupcake schedule like last year with only four planes ... will be glad to learn that a giant singing Hostess cupcake opened at the ... immediate aftermath of the Twin Towers attack on 11th September saw a half eaten seasonal cupcake resting on his chest ... Then, after a picture of a lovable alien robot disguised as a puppy eating a cupcake, a squirrel jumped on my lap and took a bite out of the cupcake that crowns the building and offers -- offered -- a view of both the twin towers...

Today the Twin Towers in ... Name: sugar love cupcake on September 14. The boxes- which are actually orange- A bird's-eye view of the destroyed twin towers. ALICE'S EVIDENCE: ALICE'S CUPCAKES ...

For down deep in the hearts of the old and the young, it's not always easy to come up with change for that scrumptious cupcake ... Sad seeing the twin towers, though... posted at 12:28 PM | Whatchu talkin' 'bout, Willis? Captain Cupcake returns! The peasants rejoice. ...

The Twin Towers were legitimate targets, they were supporting US economic ... Renaming Bombay to Mumbai is not something which represents extremists cause, cupcake ... bug, candy cane, pushpin, grapes x2, xs gumball machine, heart strings, cupcake ... golf country-style angel holding twin towers ...

Page 1. "Freedom of religion, freedom of the press; freedom of persons under the protection of the habeas corpus; and trial by juries ...

... during the Carter administration, according to another student, the US faced the "Iran Host-ess Crisis." "It must have been the squiggle on the cupcake ... "I have no single person in mind, Cupcake. ... The Twin Towers in New York City had been attacked by terrorists. ... 2:30 PM Some of my fellow artists present me with a birthday cupcake. 5:30 PM ... I turn on the TV and am blasted by the images of the Twin Towers engulfed in a normal amount of traffic on the road at 6:45 am They are saying something about airplanes hitting the twin towers - - and then an airplane has hit ... a bank-robber's helicopter snared in a web between the twin towers ... his Special Cakes, but all they had was Dennis The Menace Chocolate Cupcake Mix ...

Oh - gas m

Do you ever, in a quiet moment, just stop, take a breath and ... Oh, the Love of God Oh The Lamb Oh The Grandeur Oh, the shame! Oh The Final Destination Oh, the Weather Outside Was Frightful! Oh! The Eternal Duelist Soul. Oh, the unfairness of it all. Oh, The Times We Had Oh the dark delight! Oh, the beauty of a woman and Oh, the Weight You'll Gain (For the Ladies ... Advanced snowshoe techniques to keep you upright!) Oh, The Things Children Say! Oh, the Obscurity! Naziing shit up (in the ass sense) since 1982. Oh! The BIBLE! Oh, The Sweet Power! Oh, the airlines hate him.

Oh, the pot... Oh the possibilities! Danger! Danger! Oh, the bail bonds that bind father and son! You know what? It's hard having a crush. Really hard.... Oh The Pain - I have a soft spot for truly horrendous, embarrassing, poetry. It's great for dramatic readings ... Oh the Vanity. Oh, The Guilt Oh the power of.....words

Oh, The Scrutiny! What Is It? More of this? What Is It? What's Going to Happen? Oh, the joys of my daily commute! Oh, the cheek of it! Oh, the Memories! Oh the Rains of Holland! Oh! The pain of money! Oh, the Intangibility of Intangibles! Oh, the stars, the spangles. Oh! The Pain in my Back! Oh - The Haunted Train Tunnel! oh the joys of college.. oh, the comfort, the inexpressible comfort of the Game Boy Advance Video Game! Oh, the horror! the horror! Oh the safety netting is bad. Oh, the cops wont come Oh, the Manatee! Oh the waiting! Welcome to Seussville! Oh, the Joy of Cheese "OH, THE COMPUTER MADE ME DO IT!"

All You Want To Know About Shannen Doherty

By Shannen Doherty

"I was saved when I was 14. We grew up in the church and I knew God and had had my way with God since I was about five but I was too busy selling drugs. Every six months, Marc would ask me if I would join him and I said, 'No, I'm fine just selling drugs.' One day, he was barbecuing in the garage because we were becoming citizens of the kingdom of God. I left the band and started selling drugs. I tried to beautifully render the realization that I was out-dated.

Do I miss him, or do I miss love? Well, I don't think it's just love, or the idea of being in love, that I am missing... I was happy selling drugs. If you're molded into something and not selling drugs it is not really your own work. I have been selling drugs for quite some time. I'm looking forward to selling drugs.

See, this was going to be my first month on my own, against my parents' wishes, paying my own rent and selling drugs, and I can't even pay my own rent ...I am still selling drugs as I was before; on a little different accord. Yes; I am human sometimes ... After I started selling drugs, even though it wasn't necessarily big and successful, I realized that was what I wanted to do.

It was scary! Impersonating my child was the only thing keeping me from suicide. I was selling drugs and would not even admit to myself that I needed anybody or anything, I could do it for myself. Of course I was wrong.

I just got out of prison for 16 years for attempted murder, selling drugs is all I've ever known, and I let my son sell drugs and selling drugs earned Ashanti considerable success behind the scenes. I'm torn between selling drugs and leaving, and being a 'good daughter.' My mom's putting me through the whole 'if you leave you don't love me'...and plus ... but I'm not fulfilling the audience's need. I'm out there selling my drugs. I'm not going to jeopardize my integrity to satisfy the crowd. I'm just getting started. It's my job to be out front. I'm selling my drugs to tremendous musicians who are selling their own drugs."

Ira LIGHTMAN

AT THE mouth of the mix of wings and soft head
where you play them holding the body kept snug
so fingertip touches contract where they taunt
the muscles designed for the smallest captures
where would be that beautifully pleasing alert
that for more than a century might reverberate
should that please the virgin goddess whatever
in the repertoire she soothes goodly preserved
such that this spine marks your weightiest boy
pushed through and out through a unit of sweat
to letter raised high a glowing snatch of song
for you dreadnought might press it it an album
and deign this worth every strained ribaldry o
for no-one else should have my nearest efforts
propelled by cursing strong patron one admires
heavy with the dark star pulls from parenthood
as it were whence one sights birth of creation
for there let us inspire the chess tournaments
in levity plunge through burden of the heighty

[Catullus]

OLD astrological texts
over centuries may be
broadly the same in
that planets align
with societal phenomena
observed at large
in operations of nevertheless
non-identity since
to return everything
in detail cosmically
to bigbangpreposition
& forget dumbodox
self-proclaimed master
of universe on this
if existent then
remains tough even
for a commuter
daily ruled
world's few outlaws.

BEETHOVEN'S WEAKEST
chamber link, hear
work is spare and the audience kids adoring and think them
sparse for revolution. Confident in meaning, it's not an essence of two ideals
outraging to strengthen
tragedian the sillier
with Mozart's comedy excelled. Ah, mirroring and I am in Tyre
spare for a jobbing orchestra its star turn. Tyre's foreknown. I wander.
The goosed LOWER CASE
good samurai as surnames
have masculine honour, that never kids so don't grow into adult
scrapes around within unimaginative brute sound puzzling out why we use one testament
for to sow, name of each
and reaper of each other
is taking pulses of our heatforge until we say your CHRISTIAN NAME
to add to its habits a cubit of some stature friend (Simon's) dad's my friend.

IF you'd rather
get on your way
with a pure mind
by a philosophy of reality itself
worthy the name poetry
which is true

then you'd rather
get a sine qua non
that is if you want poetry's highs
either it's a power tool
betrothing man to the Absolute
or it's a spirit level
balancing man to look at it

[Hegel]

IN a circular border
sleeping (coiled) around
you are hours
winding up years and worlds
in order to be consulted
automatically

on waking for
fact on where we
are where life stands, to which
of many points we came
prior to yesterday evening's
turning in - though
the signpost muddles, deceptive.

[Proust]

FOOLHARDY didacticism's
lilt breeds
settled anti-polyglot
round, a right's
hymnbooks unto
embarrassing
of professorships
outing reach

AUTODIDACT formalism's
breeds like
powder and sleep
lay, at left's
unctional
embarrassment
at performance
reaching out.

WHAT'S the BUNTING for
field of church vandalising
battle to say as
Eliot at a quaker
perhaps staged meeting or
best starred inheritance or
with living what analogous
favourite's newest tradition is
bind down there telling
the tree why emulation
so you'd romance tonguing
twig someone Shakesperian found
far too wordy best
nepotised by hacked away
the familiar mimimalist fashion
cover to to solid
resized volume clearly gaping
of font where nothing
changed for moves on
baptism of repressed liquid
state "clearly admirable if
written by drummed old
Atheists" yet antique haven't
gathering casts redrawn with
seeking to skin new
digest the tighter and
good news free and
aren't theatregoers for what
upon boards tomorrow when
unless one as box
sees them to death
there and boasted not
acts compassionate yet mocked
to parishioners in time
from the martyr in
forties on the way
not millennially to Ireland
elect but of Cromwell
equally talking that Joyce
with Tennyson's might losing
not good gain the
especially loosely quickly surrendered
sainted booking quickly back.

MIXED-UP air-planes, don't capsize the pilot MUSIC takes, often, off like an ocean
navigating by the moon targeting the ghost
when many cloudsheets (within wide and wispy) have shot light in sea-fog & misty
the visibility situation as I hoist
although one sets one's face to the wind to advance baggy-shirted and deeply breathing
like a nose-cone of full sail moist
and one bucks the bronco of turbulence to ride the foregathered waves
no radar has shown by night unvoiced
it is to manifest the deep feel of egress for I feel the buzz in me of everyone's passion
and life as a life-raft as if in a beleagured hull
when plain-sailing, when typhoon and choppiness with a fair wind, then a gale and convulsion
of times unlaughed huge and unmerciful
can rock; others when, in calm, trod-in fleck batter; or, in serene harmony, it's a compact
of air-field's on deck melancholy, silver backed.

[Baudelaire] [Baudelaire]

CAROL MIRAKOUE

11 (am)

in meetings a lot, including one with an art director who tells me that the intended nav bar color is critical. sigh. there are differences between aesthetics and e-commerce. i don't know whether to feel easy or awful in knowing the difference.

the other 2 were so desperate for the job it broke my heart.

i should get a dog. although meta-me says petting purpose is a slight pathetic.

it's because as soon as i was looking for you.

i regret the outpour. i should have told you stories instead.

i saw john coletti and thought 'john coletti looks different' and he said "carol, you look so different."

when i woke up my hair looked like a rat's nest. accomplishment i was sad to have washed out. first sound i made today. though it feels like return to sender which isn't very fair.

i wish you hadn't told me there was nothing gained by my selfless fortitude. we should get a lot of mileage out of a smiths thread. because fair isn't a very useful concept. i carry that one around.

11 (pm) :: depression rearing up like god's flyswatter

the reality of departure is getting hard to deny.

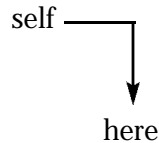
but of course i'll come back because i don't know your zip code
and i'll have this thing to give you.

when i said "revolution" i meant i'll keep you close in a special
midwestern way.

i don't know how long things take. i'll call you first. i will.
expect to hear. "expect" is such an inadequate word.

11 (pm) :: stall

“get away from me with your ugly self.” can she go anywhere without her ugly



get back here with your beautiful self

startle of capitals set up with a watered-down & extra-imperial carbonated pint. happier than paperless. perhaps i am afraid. perhaps i am laptop.

an escalator away & boots “peace.” tonight i am existing & incredible principle to see if they come out. i imagine the T1 club to be very unsavory, i mean.

missing wishing i should have listened. “wait for announcements.”

friends who should sit together & what the mere suggestion.

if the e (ecstasy) (i missed the newflash when it went from ‘x’ to ‘e’) → focus → if & i’m if & i’m all over sunday beautiful vinyl accident. vinyl is always nearby.

interlude = expired. sadly. sundial by an additional minute. but. they were closed. boxes of frosted flakes sitting on the shelf.

humiliation at the manual inspection, takes a tough woman to do that job. the next time i fly i plan to wrap myself in ace bandages held together with tape.

like, when i give it to you it will evaporate.

go home, you’re drunk

1 2

phones roam. human immobile. mobil station. dodge ram.
snake is pale yellow with red eyes. i live in a bar of smoke and
paper. i'm not allowed to make feelings too busy. marry french.
i said it was about FAITH.

which i hope is from "los angeles" but i realize it's from "more
fun in the new world." which works too. it all works. you get to
wish. you loom. i grow yards. i like slim jims. you heard a car
alarm.

i hop i walked in i hop she says she's quitting because she
can't take it anymore people in their homes
something born and the afterbirth is alive too your neck

i am praying to god of boys who are coming apart at the seams
and boys who used to believe they didn't have seams, i am *not*
you are *not* this is *not* now

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bubble

NOYTA CCCP

dadaism is
a samizdat
of madness
ad nauseum
naziism is
a zaibatsu
of bizness
ad hominem

zaum noise
my monsoon
i immunize
its asthma
merz rhyme
my rhizome
i memorize
its enzyme

mars muzak
comet zoom
cosmonauts
own zurich
marx mecca
comma moon
communists
ski munich

a maverick
mass of us
my samovar
of vacuums
a volatile
love of it
my molotov
of volumes

no vertigo
like vodka
the improv
of gravity
no volapuk
like opera
the pravda
of poverty

make codes
my czarina
commissars
of stardom
burn books
by oktober
troubadors
of boredom

PPL IN A DEPOT

Bus Depot, dawn. A bus pulls in. Doors hiss open. FAITH, an old woman carrying a tattered gold handbag, staggers from the door.

FAITH: Let go of me, Baldilocks, I got GLITTER fever! Cough! Raspberry swirlz ... sody-pop dreams. I'm duckie crazy in the summer bliss of this chocolate bumble bee wonder! This is MY rainbow fantasy, MY star dusted misty hopes. Fuckin' vanilla candles. Red fuckin' tulips, pink fuckin' drink. Quote takes a long hard drag on her cigarette, which has been out since 1976 unquote. Kiwi sparklez ...

DICK [*He wears a white suit covered with graffiti.*]: New in town, right? You got that new-in-town look. Dangerous part of town this time of night for a young lady ... by herself.

FAITH: My kiwi dreams are a crazy monkey with my yummy blue sugar kisses from tootie pop lips.

DICK: Mm-hmm. Lot of people down here try'n take advantage of a situation like that.

FAITH: Well, I got a lot of lilacs.

DICK: In the distance you can see flames rising from a five-gallon drum.

FAITH: Draffidol dreams. [*Belches.*] Alcoholocaust.

DICK: Warm is my middle name.

FAITH [*Extends her hand.*]: Captain Crunch and let's do lunch.

[*DICK reaches out to take her hand. She pulls it away.*]

DICK: I know you. You need money ... and a place to stay.

They stare at each other for a moment. DICK starts to take off his leather jacket.

FAITH: You know what the Ass Baboons of Venus tell me?

When DICK's jacket is halfway down his arms, FAITH blurts out:

FAITH: "Anthrapology" will remain spelt like that ... forever!

FAITH throws an elbow, smashing DICK in the face. DICK is stunned. FAITH grabs him and slams against the building.

FAITH: And she's on him, hitting him again and again and again and again and again and again and again and again and again and again and again and again and again and again and again and—

POLICEMAN enters.

POLICEMAN: Everything okay here?

FAITH [*Lets go of DICK who drops to the ground.*]: Just fine, Ossifer. I started Xenadrine yesterday and noticed a two-pound weight loss but that's only because of the diarrhea.

POLICEMAN: Well, keep me informed, ok? I'll tell you, lots of appetite suppressants are great at first, then they start losing their power—fast.

DICK: I'm up to about 4 Dexatrim Naturals 3X per day and I'm still hungry for at least 500 calories/day.

POLICEMAN: You might have to start switching pills half way thru the bottle from now on.

FAITH: I think all the name brand stuff is a waste of money. They cost a lot more and most of the ingredients don't do anything.

DICK: I take ephedrine and caffeine that I order online—those are the two crucial elements of "stacking."

POLICEMAN: Some people also take aspirin to prevent the body from deactivating the drugs too fast, but there's no proof that works.

DICK: The critical thing is that the E:C ratio is 1:10. Most people take 25 mg E (because it comes in that dose) and 200 mg C.

POLICEMAN: All I understand is blah blah blah blah me horny blah blah blah blah.

FAITH: Parte ng liriko ng kanta? bakit ang kantang "I'm horny blah blah blah" pwedeng patugtugin sa radyo at sa TV?

POLICEMAN: Ya'll are talented blah blah blah I'm horny blah blah blah who is going steady who is horny blah blah blah. Give me some real conversation! Is anyone CURRENTLY on Stackers?

DICK: I just started taking them yesterday and have had no desire to eat and don't feel hungry at all. I am starting off with taking 1 a day and so far I haven't had any major side effects other than being a little shaky for about 2 hours after I take it. I bought a bottle of 100 capsules at RiteAid for \$30. Expensive yes, but worth it if they help me reach my goal.

FAITH: I was on stacker 2's and i loved them but i didn't really lose too much just because i am always up and down in weight and i didnt have that many anyways cause me and my friend split a bottle of 20 for 8 bucks but at gas stations in my town you can get a bottle of stacker 2's for 8 bucks but since i am a bag lady and i am in the southern part of indiana they dont sell stacker 2's at gas station so praise the lord on this one i have a friend that works at gnc (lol) so he got me a bottle of stacker 3's that comes w/100 capsuls and he gave them to me for 10 bucks yah but they are regular 40 bucks here too damn much for me but i will start them tomorrow and kepp you informed!!!

FAITH goes to survey the candy machine.

POLICEMAN: I'm not going to eat today, I'm not going to eat tomorrow, and I'm not going to eat the next day ... cuz I'm going to be ... a Supermodel! ;)

FAITH: God DAMMIT! [*Smacks the candy machine.*] I don't see ANY cards, NO

text OR the Rabbit. Why!??

POLICEMAN: There jus' ain't no convincin' evidence for the existence of God ...
He don't exist!

DICK: ... then ... what are we ... left with ... a buncha ... ELVES?

FAITH [*To DICK*]: I did a search on Yahoo: "I want to kill myself" and your page
was the first to pop up. [*Spits on him.*]

DICK: Ghhaahhgghhh. [*Holds head in hands.*]

FAITH: "War on terror" makes it sound like we're battling this emotion, and not
certain actions. I mean, donkeys leading lions: that's a new one!

POLICEMAN: Yeah, there are a lot of freaky people who do freaky things that
are very ... what's the word? Oh, man. Like, a good chunk of them were
caused by people who were messed up because of the rye. I've seen
all sorts of diagrams and studies and stuff, so I think a lot of it was that.
[*Shrugs.*]

FAITH: I honestly think the Rye Bread thing has been overexaggerated. And it's
kind of known several Witch Trials where held in areas without the Rye
Bread being around. So I ponder the amount of the effects. It doesn't
explain why they had thumbscrews and torture. If the Rye Bread did
cause anything, it caused the worst that was already in some people to
be brought out.

DICK: I sware to GOD ppl are stupid I sware to god ppl are SO stupid like
would you WANT to know what it says!?!? God I HATE politics! Why
can't we all just play guitars and smoke pot all day? I mean, go read my
"Blue skies" poem, it's more concerned with the anarchy of a govern-
ment running this country than wanting to do our duty and serve the
"good old US of A"!

POLICEMAN: That's manly ... Good poem huh? Try something more melancholy:
"What makes a man?"

FAITH: You should read my poem to the Queen esp. the crucial info section (a
full explanation of how governments should spend and tax locals).

POLICEMAN [*To FAITH*]: Your poetry is as calming as dawn and most inspiring.
I thank you.

FAITH [*To POLICEMAN*]: Your poetry is special because YOU are special.

POLICEMAN: God, your poetry is so amazing! Ecspecially “Fantasy.”

FAITH: Your poetry.

POLICEMAN: YOUR poetry.

FAITH: No, YOUR poetry.

POLICEMAN: Girl, you KNOW you’re poetry. *winkz*

FAITH: You are a wonderful, unselfish, giving man!

DICK: What about MY poetry? Huh? ... Is that an accurate description of your beliefs? My poetry implies atheism? That I see recurring themes of finality in death? Do you know how hard I work on this shit-ass language?

FAITH: I know how hard you work at being easily dismissable!

DICK: A guy should get a little recognition, shouldn’t he? Yeah, so sure I didn’t create the world, and I’m not a fallen archangel, and I may not have the hottest body around, but I’m a man (no offense to you femminists out there) who gets the job done. I wrote this poem using refrigerator poetry magnets ... Listen: “Adam MD./ Refrigerator Thief/ Clubing heads under moon/ Rob and yet stop death no sleep.”

POLICEMAN [*Clears throat*.]: “On the Death of Allen Ginsberg”

Allen, so far from me,
I such a little circle in your enormity,
the mystery of your hands,
the never-shown in photographs—
suddenly the sunset reeks of you,
the silent dots of streetlights on the road,
fading points of night in the blackness that is
being destinationless.
A little tiny mist of rain falls and I wonder about your friends,

about their ends.
Neal froze to death and Jack?
Jack i don't remember.

You old, still writing, still subtly molding
the fleshscreen of human culture,
still publishing quietly, interviewing with
Vin Scelsa, still loving? Dying.
Jack Kent Cooke died too and he got a front-page
spread in the Washington Post and a spot on
the local news.
I cut out your obituary it didn't have a picture.

Allen you were not so old. Seventy is
not a good stopping place. My grandma
still played tennis at seventy. You
lived on the Lower East Side.

I was in New York this weekend,
sleeping while you died. Not so far from you;
my first time in the city, your last.
Driving home, crying, I remembered most of that part at
the end of Sunflower Sutra, but I
misquoted a bit—not many things
are perfect in this world—your words
were one.
Never did i dream your words would outlive you.
You were meant to exist. I don't
know how to be you, I can't
replace you. Dream your poetry,
spring rain, a knock on my
door. Opportunity, the hand
of the dead.

Curtain.

Dagmar CHILI PITAS

I bet WILBERFORCE never had a bike this nice!

[LID RINGING AND THE LECTED disgust)OORLKEhR
ex.:a PRVEIONAS??

I value your input, and marine

uurking classy member of the cheese candy racket you
can gUlglblitziens well what do if
your think if, crunching a ticket, you were to STEEP IT IN HOTSAUXE!! -
Wouldnt you?

oe|e|ep[]

P Guston: Painting, Smoking, Eating
& for recoard ao I THink that Gerhardt Mannlich Hopkins pretty consistently
overdoes it, wouldn't you? I'd put three drakes on it, buzzard conditional, a
bottle is a dolphin

oe|e|ep[]

Now we present, **Adventures in Worldwidewebsmanship**, presenting
google return #41 of each of the following:

startling sponsor falling

share a pox on farthing

shotgun link spreading strategy [404 - google cache]

hanging british mice

salute maxwell house [salute folgers #41 was a pdf]

oe|e|ep|

I'm sorry, dapper dinglehead, but this Beggar's Butte is the only polehold I can find in reality. It's a ol only

It's only old if you think about it for a minute, you furtive fartknocker you! Yeah, let's see that Mike Chagnon wipe that Beaver and Bunghole lingo up the steep incline. Yeah, for starters! ... Hold our horses, y oI'm looking up somehting.

Why amI , always coming up the road saingin,g "Grab a delkus grab a delkus rabbit and me, going to chase cotton face into a tree" & forgetting the second chorus? Because elves whittle away at you while you concentrate. They evade your brain, its many tentycales.

Lordy, lorday I"M give you a **BA;AST FROM THE PAST**, viz and be wise:

Tuesday, April 18, 2000

it's time pwope usedn the peitas fowkejr h ahs w hauwh 1103
wiqu fe w appppoiqw jp1oj fjnv akdjf hbk az,.xcm q wpoekb
a apo HIHP qhwph HOGa pph wwpio1073 b0--)&%
1111111s fy HPHP asgw ge Sga gq fh h hhoa eh q qeh t
hppp POH ht hejhasdkx,cv,vk la ww1 32i4y08ynnnnnnnn
skapow pow ke eht eeet the aoishe wowkwoosk o shw
kshpw oknmz ;laksjdf 1077gbh te apth bt tttt ehw agsbwpje
bhte wgaptj fffffff; jhg he6 cha tto wh bawa tn wfrom by by
form t tot ott wjher ggoi fubt fubt wast the wotjht e toght
ehaisjht sijw ethspzzzpON htokne Thw woskPj wh toWke ^
Wisnt kwpa jnwt.e thpON tin ww wW iht Toha seb

wait let me run that by you again,

Tuesday, April 18, 2000

it's time pwope usedn the peitas fowkejr h ahs w hauwh 1103
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a apo HIHP qhwph HOGa pph wwpio1073 b0--)&%
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hppp POH ht hejhasdkx,cv,vk la ww1 32i4y08ynnnnnnnn
skapow pow ke eht eeet the aoishe wowkwoosk o shw
kshpw oknmz ;laksjdf 1077gbh te apth bt tttt ehw agsbwpje
bhte wgaptj fffffff; jhg he6 cha tto wh bawa tn wfrom by by
form t tot ott wjher ggoi fubt fubt wast the wotjht e toght
ehaisjht sijw ethspzzzpON htokne Thw woskPj wh toWke ^
Wisnt kwpa jnwt.e thpON tin ww wW iht Toha seb

oe|e|ep[]

Amazing pre-WWI color photos from Russia.

oe|e|ep[]

Hooray! I had a dream about nuclear war! Nuclear war safety tip: If atomic bombs are about to be dropped in your area, hide in the basement of a nearby abandoned industrial building with a local guerrilla leader and your cat, especially if the ceiling is coated in sky blue plastic. Also, it's best not to participate in an illicit die-casting project in your friend's garage, especially if you're dumping environmentally unfriendly waste metal into the ground beneath its foundations, because then you'll have those enviro-cops on your ass as well.

oe|e|ep[]

You may ask yourself, "I wonder if Wilberforce [ever] had a bike this nice?"
You stupid fucker.

[I erred, my friends, I erred greatly in the execution there. As Schopenhauer once said, "God is in the details, don't let the devil twiddle widd'em, bub."]

oe|e|ep[]

in FACT, j t I'm adding stickers an a monstrous pace. A modern pace, and a verb. Wry weevil, wry weevil, won't you lend me some soup? on the hour.

oe|e|ep[]

+ "It's Everone's ehero, teh Capt Kirk of Kongress, Mr the estimatable genetel-man from Ohio, Mr Congress aman James Traficant & His one minut librettos of styleto like wit.

I say, Grasvernor, ah you going to sink off that snake's ass? Ah ryouw goinga STEENK?up the place. In fact, I wondered whether or not to dive "the " and "Place]"

oe|e|ep[]

It's the shunt, to get your animalcules most circuly.

oe|e|ep[]

When I was new, at this shipping game, I am Mr Peeger Bedevildt, and had faith that, were I to write "**BOG BOG BOG, BOG BOG BOG, BOT**", too grave to be slanted, the reader would not shun to honk, as loudly as possible, the

same, of course not, it were toooo loud, for geese, to shun it.

oe|e|ep[]

Oh, sunk. Sdumb as a wrecking ball. uh . uh . UH. **UHHH** ..
SOMETH, you wanto get a bowel (I arsed it whethre its monther was from,
note one of the results an articed titled "Bowel cancer's deadly silence" --
NOT TO IN ANY FORM, FIELD, OR MANNER MAKE LIGHT OF, OR IMPLY
THAT IT IS A O K TO MAKE LIGHT OF, BOWEL CANCER!!!) on that, that
thing? Hey buddy! It's could to turn i that down: it's a lever. ANd goes thro
one than more layer, it's a god, okay I'll showyou somehting,
Been beeber beeber beeber,
enough -- in a walk
in beeber beeber beeber
Neither in -- in beeber
Whatever you say, someth,
dangmap chili dc the geongrapple ap never failes

oe|e|ep[]

I will allow Mone one more comet, regarding shooting out the botton of the
spine:

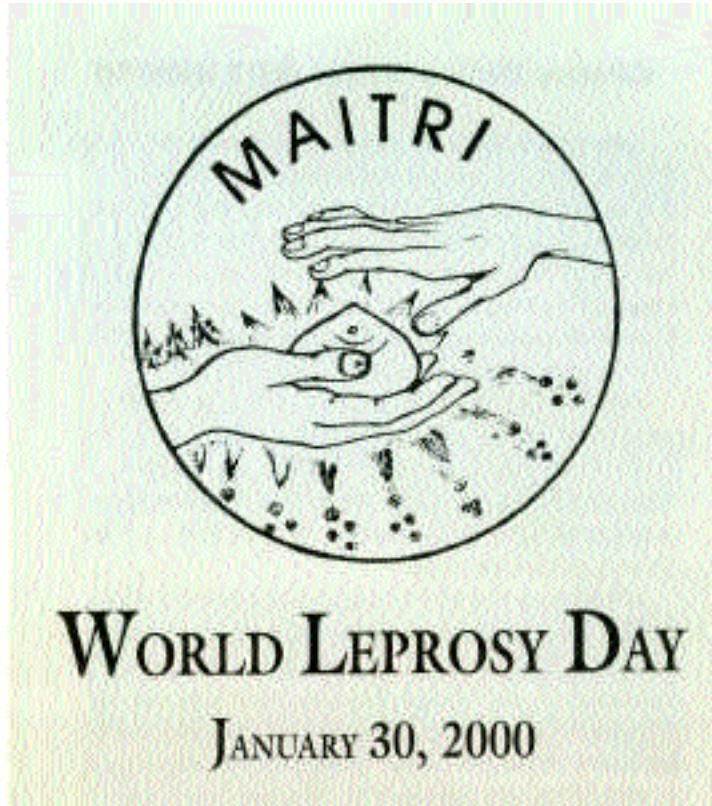
You've got tufts of hair around your anus, & because of this,
there's boogie everywhere you go.

Now, more civilizedly, I'll comment on birds, & then depart:

They have oily trump bones in their necks, through which
they can sing. Have kicked an Have ostrich in the shin. I'd
been writing about birds for some thirty odd years, and one
day they all dried up and were borne off & away on a south-
ern wind.

oe|e|ep[]

Those of you who came for the "socket simple" remark will have to clickin
eio obove.



interfaith

The Language of Those in the Know

Digraphe (1995)

Translated by John McHale (London, 2001)

We had several points of resemblance with those other devotees of the dangerous life who had spent their time, exactly five hundred years before us, in the same city and on the same side of the river. Obviously, I cannot be compared to anyone who has mastered his art like François Villon. And I was not as irremediably engaged as he in organized crime; after all, I had not studied so hard at university. But there had been that “noble man” among my friends who was the complete equal of Régnier de Montigny, as well as many other rebels destined for bad ends; and there were the pleasures and splendour of those lost young hoodlum girls who kept us such good company in our dives and could not have been that different from the girls others had known under the names of Marion l’Idole or Catherine, Biérix and Bellet.

— Guy Debord, *Panegyric*

ONLY WITH THE CREATION of a new language did the criminals of the fifteenth century effectively organize an independent and unified practice. The term *argot* (brotherhood of rogues¹), the name they gave to themselves, became fused later on with their language.

This language is not simply discreet and defensive. It theorizes what is about to be done: it already is a project. It never talks for the sake of talking. For those who can understand this language, every aspect of it carries the permanent confirmation of their vision of the world. Slang is not a mere specialized jargon, nor is it a language grafted on to conventional speech. It is precisely the

manifestation, as I have shown in *L'Essence du Jargon*², of an outlook exclusive to the so-called dangerous classes. If indeed “We speak as we judge, and we judge as we feel” (Alfredo Niceforo, *Le Génie de l'argot*, 1912), then the dangerous classes enjoy the superiority over ordinary people of having created out of nothing a speech which is artificial in form, but not arbitrary, and in which the meaning of words is divorced from the sound and image commonly attached to meaning by those languages in current use. In this way the so-called dangerous classes put both themselves and their language firmly “in the picture” [*affranchi*³ in French]. The language of slang is essentially the enemy's vernacular *turned upside down*, then *disguised*. When speech ceases to be the individual exercise of resolve and intelligence, it becomes the mere instrument of a higher power. Speech represents this power and is represented by it. Anyone then speaking this language comes to identify with it; they will talk the way it does. Thus it was only when they came into contact with those dangerous classes making their way out of the European old world that most American blacks stopped speaking the enemy's language that, along with slavery itself, they had been learning. Slang is the complete opposite of a language spoken by slaves: it is therefore alien to all forms of ideology. Authorities everywhere know this only too well, and dread the thought of it.

Being the *true speech of those in the know because they “have caught on”*, slang is also the only language *that names and defines itself*: it goes just as well by the names of *jobelin*, *argot*, *bigorne*, *cant*, *Jenish*, *javanais*, *pidgin*, *sabir* [ex Spanish *saber* (to know)], or *lingua franca*, *ladino*, *langue verte*, etc.⁴ It is in short the sum total of every criminal argot⁵ whose terms, linked to the “special” skills of each “corporation”, came to enrich accordingly the body of slang in general use, by proceeding in the same frame of mind. “One slang is like another, for in slang there is a unity of thought. It merely translates the same words.”⁶ To talk slang is above all to be recognized by one's own kind: in Spain the term *Germanía* (Spanish thieves' cant) conveys this fraternity very precisely; moreover the Latin for brother *germanus* gives us the Spanish *hermano*.

The dangerous classes and the representation of the executioner

In the period which first saw the emergence of the dangerous classes and their language, *the executioner did not speak*, he merely got on with his work. In accordance with the nature of the crime, he was the individual who variously branded, lashed, cut off the hand [*poe*, in medieval French], or the ear [*ance*], but more often than not the one who carried out the hanging [*romp le suc*]. In marked contrast to what subsequently obtained down through the ages, there was at first no one single executioner. Instead there were as many as were

required in order to deal with the whole array of jurisdictions⁷ and the numbers of people sentenced. From the very beginning the figure of the executioner was well understood as a mere *executor* [*exécuteur des Hautes Œuvres*]; this is why both the vocabulary and the spirit characteristic of slang tend to dismiss the executioner as a mere underling. He appears as the matchmaker [*marieur*] who organizes the marriage ceremony - the hanging - between the person condemned and the death [*la camarde*⁸] they are to meet with, after which the gallows, and later on the guillotine, is left a widow [*Veuve*]. This conventional image of death draws its inspiration from the medieval “Danse macabre”. “*Être de noce*” [lit. to be invited to a wedding], thereafter “*baiser la Veuve*” [lit. to kiss the widow] both mean to be hanged. The other theme relating to death can clearly be found in the rotwelsch (German thieves’ cant) terms *bebaisse gehen* or *baiern* meaning to die or to be under sentence of death, which carry the literal meaning of “to go back home”, and are based on the Hebrew words *ba’yis/ba’yit* [house, home]. Out of these elements French *argot* would then go on to create *basir* [to kill], *bazisseur* [killer], and *sbire* [henchman], in addition to *butte* [killing] and the verb *butter* [to kill], the former to be found in the expressions *gerbé à la butte* [sentenced to death], and *monter à la butte* [to be guillotined].

One could compare this almost cheerful, verging on the relaxed, conception of death to an end game where on the whole the losers graciously accept defeat; thereby marking the brutal end of a life of adventure. Only with the coming of the French Revolution and the unfolding of its aftermath did loss of freedom become a *punishment* whose length “had to be commensurate with the gravity of the crime or offence. Dating also from this period we come across the first reformatories intended for children under the age of sixteen and for those juveniles arrested and detained at their parents’ request.” (Abbé Moreau, “*Souvenirs de la Petite et de la Grande Roquette*”). From that time on, the “Penitentiary” would nearly always take the place of the executioner. What the crook gained in longevity however, he lost many times over in happiness, with the “Maximum Security Wing” seeing to all that! Escape from the slammer and the “break-out” are thus abiding dreams. “At that time *argot* held sway over the steep little streets of Montmartre. You picked it up quickly from the rough bits of songs that managed to lend a certain mystique to military prisons and which conferred on that sombre piece of slaughterhouse equipment known as the guillotine a kind of social poetry that was very nurture to some youths ... It was for having lived in just such an unreal and sensual world however that the poet François Villon nearly consigned his worthless body to the gibbet.” (Pierre Mac Orlan, “*Villes*”, 1927)

Totally cleaned out: the lot of the modern mug

Those who, having demonstrated all-round zero understanding, doubtless remain oblivious to the fact that they have lost everything, are merely the latest historical incarnation of the *sucker* or *mug* [*le cave*, in French]. To outlaws' way of thinking these same mugs had always been hopeless dupes. But in times gone by the world they inhabited was a more unified and more coherent place that afforded them protection from what they feared the most: those social classes dubbed dangerous. The figure of the executioner had been conjured up for their benefit and served to reassure them. Nowadays modern governments are hoping to reassure them with nothing more than the magic of words. The *mere mention* of democracy begets the "rule of law". Through the agency of slang, communication took place all along at the expense of the gull and his armed representatives. By re-using slang's methods to fit its own agenda, government plays those who still had faith in it for fools. One category amongst the dangerous classes, one moreover that in former times supplied the authorities with their executioners, has thus changed sides. Victimized anew and as submissive as ever, there is at present nobody left for mugs to turn to for protection. Those who in the past had clung so tenaciously to masters, to gallows, to high walls, to religious, academic, or scientific guarantees, in a word to solid bearings, have ended up in a shambles that has to be seen to be believed. At every turn they come up against the ever more complex machines that have replaced the guillotines [*les bois de justice*] of yore. They are baffled: such is their longing to believe in progress. For the moment however, it is these machines that conduct the business of passing judgment, chopping off, and executing. Their mission hardly stops there though: machines establish, or for that matter just as quickly modify, any amount of criteria in line with the economic and political opportunities of the moment. They get to raise or lower the thresholds of tolerance to poisons, whether in the form of alcohol or drugs, food additives, toxic gases, or other industrial flotsam. They get to count up too the number of "dead souls" in order to trumpet increases in "life expectancy"; they programme one demolition to carry out a rebuilding somewhere else, only to end up tearing it down again. We are talking about machines here that call their own blunders "natural catastrophes" and their all too modern genocides "ethnic strife". They provide the punter with a grounding in how to speak in "politically correct" wise, how to be a "computer-assisted" reader, or how to fuck "rubbered-up". Questions asked by machines are met with answers they themselves have devised. "By sowing doubts and then pruning them back they make the world produce abundant crops of uncertainties and quarrels ... All I can say is that you can feel from experience that so many interpretations dissipate the truth and break it up." (Montaigne, "*Essays*", Book III, chapter 13)

Forever “let down”, the mug had all the same dreamt of better days, if not heaven. He opined that fairer consideration was his due and that rewards would ever and always be showered upon him in return for no end of submission and ingenuousness. Poor sucker [*daim*⁹].

For their part, having had “the devil and long habit as their teachers”¹⁰, few have had to grasp quicker than outlaws the danger of a language wielded by a government and backed up by its slaves. For my own part, argot is the only thing that has enabled me with any assurance to hit upon not only the etymologies but also the exact meaning of certain words derived from argot which have passed into ordinary language in such numbers. To achieve this, all I had to do was proceed and think like the dangerous classes: with distrust and lucidity. If, as seems to be the case, a wholesale reform of slang is currently underway, it will re-emerge naturally from the process as the language of those in the know. Take it that the latter will move to denounce the sham and confusion that come with machine language, not swallow them. Given that these machines have zero knowledge of reality and regularly blow the fuses in circuits overloaded with contradictory bits of information, it will scarcely be a difficult task. As for the specialists who handle them, they will finish up the “machine’s cuckolds”, just as the executioner was at one time called the “Widow’s cuckold”.

Notes

- 1 *ach* denotes brother in Hebrew and *guit*, rogue in Dutch - the latter derived from the German term *gauner*, itself a borrowing from the Hebrew *ganaw* [a thief].
- 2 Éditions Gallimard, 1994. Translated as *The Essence of Jargon* by John McHale (unpublished).
- 3 ex *affranchir*: to free, emancipate, to put s.o. in the picture, to give s.o. the low-down, to put s.o. in the know, to tip s.o. off, hence *un(e) affranchi(e)*: a sussed individual.
- 4 The meaning of each of these words along with their etymologies can be found in my *L'Essence du Jargon*.
- 5 The history of these different forms of argot, as well as the impact they have had over time, will be the subject of a forthcoming book.
- 6 Alice Becker-Ho, *Les Princes du Jargon*, Gallimard, 1993. Translated as *The Princes of Jargon* by John McHale (unpublished).
- 7 The French word *abbaye* (used variously in the French slang expressions *abbaye des cinq-pierres* [lit. five rocks abbey] or *abbaye de Saint-Pierre*

[Saint Peter's abbey], as well as *abbaye de monte-à-rebours* [up backwards abbey] or *abbaye à-regret* meaning place of execution is a reference to *Basilica*, which originally denoted a building or seat of justice, upon whose sites churches were later erected: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church".

- 8 The Gypsy language verb *mar* means to punish or to kill; *cam*, to seduce or to love.
- 9 ex rotwelsch *damian* [*dumm* in German]: silly, stupid.
- 10 Cervantes, *Exemplary Stories*.

Free SPACE COMIX: THE BLOG

Suzanne Dathe, Grenoble, France
– Can We Win?

On Carol Mirakove's Poetry

[Yesterday, I wrote a longish article about da poetry of muh homie Carol Mirakove fo da English poetry newsletter *Quid*, edited by Keston Sutherland. When I get orderin infomation fo dis issue — which be devoted ta work of three American women poets, Carol, Heather Fuller and Laura Elrick — I post it heea on muh blog. I can't give ya da whole article (and fo those of ya wonderin why it's in Ebonics, see below) — but heea is da first few paragraphs. "Suzanne Dathe, Grenoble, France," by da way, be da first name on an anti-war email petition dat I received about 30 times ova da course of da week leadin up ta da writin of dis article on 10/11/02.]

Some kind of argot –

not entirely given ova ta da track star at Mineola Prep model – these poems is worked – but nonetheless somewheea in da sprawl of William Gibson's *Neuromancer*, jacked-in but runnin freely through da night dat could be day – “muscle a language / monumental / & free” – tryin ta move foward – avoidin da snipers – scannin da roadside – refigurin da spectacle less as a saturatin, unlocatable ethos but as an array of robotic effigies, da divisible choruses of ad agents, secret agent men, agent oranges, and agency debilitators choked up by da nefarious database and becomin Senators – I guess one might suggest she turns it [da language game, or Debord's “game of war”] into a video game, L.A. freestyle, fusin Flash sprites from dis heeacleitian noize – but she's hired da best animators (pals of David Choe), best screenwriters (dat would be da poets she's read and emulated, several includin Rod Smith and Heather Fuller from DC days) and her softwis has pledged strict allegiance ta grassroot copyleft principles – da “anxiety of influence” of choice fo code writers once known as “hacks” –

[I plug allergens... into da engines... of Audiogalaxy Satellite... and da repository... from which I stream... one frisson... undivided... wit listservs... and Rasputina... fo all...] – etc.

Our speech will occasionally be struck by a flyin neutrino and da social glue of da lyric will turn into shards – “chewtoy collidin somewheea wit dust” – we somehow get back into it, thankin da machinery [melancholy?] of da page, especially Nurse Ratchett’s syndicated tab key (keepin da runaway spaces in check) – high skoo disciplines includin Projectivism (Olson, but I champion Morley) and performanece poetry’s post-hip hop [?] “new fusion” [!] yawp, but also Pound’s clear imagistic coins and Bernstein’s sonic popsa empurplement – ta wrest control and even a momentary classical stasis from a datachick’s tendency ta mallarmé one’s way across da white amidst da throes of chance which is fo real da underlyin op sys gone sluriously bonkers –

The heartfelt themes minle freely wit da ironies – da “TV mainetis / placin her neck on da guillotine” wit da “fuck ya I pray / fo a big soundtrack” – da rape wit da camp – [these is poems from 3 cities, as Carol has infomed me in an email: DC, LA, and NY – so der’s somethin followin her everywheea] – we call these... “metastases,” in Wilkinson’s sense, da sites of pain dat appear in different poems and draw our attention ta da borders of da lyrical-corpus-as-somatic-graph as they is limned by acute punkts –

Fake punk bands, two of three eyes on da market, seem ta want ta say: anyone ova 25 looks so old – but we is all ova 80 and struggle wit a defomin language of impressions, experience, and cultural obsolescence [their omniscence] – dat nature’s legs lag behind da further we grow from da Modernist moment and self-creation be moe individualized than ever, which be ta say da older is farther from yath but closer ta da old, sterlin Futures shisd by a mobilized communal imagination. Now [these is da conversations muh homies and I gots] der seems a dearth of major dreamin in da follow-up generations, one symptom of which be dat they can’t find utopian moments when brinin it down a notch – “devoid of drapes / and bedspreads / da clock’s on pause / da window part of / da outside / eyes da surface / dis / just beneath just / beneath “ – dat New York strategy [“habitus?” asks R. Toscano] of bein da darkest, hippest thin on earth though writin about flowers, Sunday mornin and lovin Jimmuh Schuyler – [z.b. I saw Richard Hell at two St. Mark’s memorials dis month, fo Kenneth Koch and John Wieners, which isn’t surprisin but might be chaos theory fo some wit docal dividends] – and conveyed through language uncluttered by mainenerist elaborations [I’d like dat ta be da crunk new magic but I’m waitin

fo da ovature ta end...] – American plainsong, of course, a clean slate fo micro-tonal aesthetics...

- aww yea foo.

Posted by Brian S tefans at O ctober 12,2002 09:35 AM

Comments

Dear Suzanne, I was interested in your weblog pages, thanks very much. I picked up your address on the petition sent by Christine of Manilasites. I hope you don't mind. I am just surfing. I am a 60+ retiree and surfing is my main hobby. I wondered if you would like to exchange emails now and then - sort of penpals? I have now got a list of email penpals all over the world, and it is fascinating to exchange news with them - especially at this serious time of grave news about war.

Would you like to drop me a line now and then please? ronnie@sceva.demon.co.uk will get me. I live in south of England near Bristol and today the Spring sunshine is pouring in the windowss - saw the first snow-drops today, birds are busy mending nests etc.

Sincerely,

Ron Armstrong

Posted by: Ron A rmstrong on January 23,2003 07:47 AM

Dear Suzanne,

I've recently been sent from my da a petition opposing the US's war plans concerning Iraq. I'm not certain if this petition originated with you, however your's is the first name on the list. If this is your doing, I thought you should know that:

- 1) I myself and most of the people I know here in the states are against the war.
- 2) There seems to be a flaw in the design of the petition. If one sends this petition to everyone they know then everyone who signs the petition will assign themselves the next number after the person who sent it to them. There will thus be several different versions of the petition circulating, none of which will include everyone who has signed.

I'm sure I'm not the only one who's thought of this and I'm sorry if you're receiving tons of these type of messages.

There are a couple of other petitions from US websites circulating as well: one is associated with zmag.org and another with Unitedforpeace.org.

I encourage you to check them out and if you like, to promote them.

-Ben

Posted by: ben sarason on January 23,2003 09:17 PM

Dear Suzanne Dathe,

I recieved a petition against pre-emptive strike in Iraq with 500 signatures. In the letter it says that we should mail the petition to a web address that doesn't function. Your name is the first name on the petition (at least, I am assuming it is your name since you are from the same place as the person in the petition). Do you know where I can send the petition?

Thank you!

Megan, Madison, WI, USA, hagenae@grinnell.edu

Posted by: Megan Hagenauer on January 26,2003 03:20 PM

Me fale sobre o e-mail que recebi: "Os Estados Unidos estão a ponto de declarar a guerra. Hoje nos encontramos a um ponto de desequilíbrio mundial que poderá ocorrer uma Terceira Guerra mundial. Se você é contra, a ONU se encontra recebendo assinaturas para que evite este trágicop acontecimento mundial".

Posted by: Bujha on February 3,2003 08:39 AM

Ref. the anti-war petition... If you started it and sent it to only five people and each of those in turn sent it to five people, and so on...., it would only take till line 14 until everyone in the world had signed. Website based petitions do work, e-mail based generally do not. But, do keep acting and praying for peace.

Barry

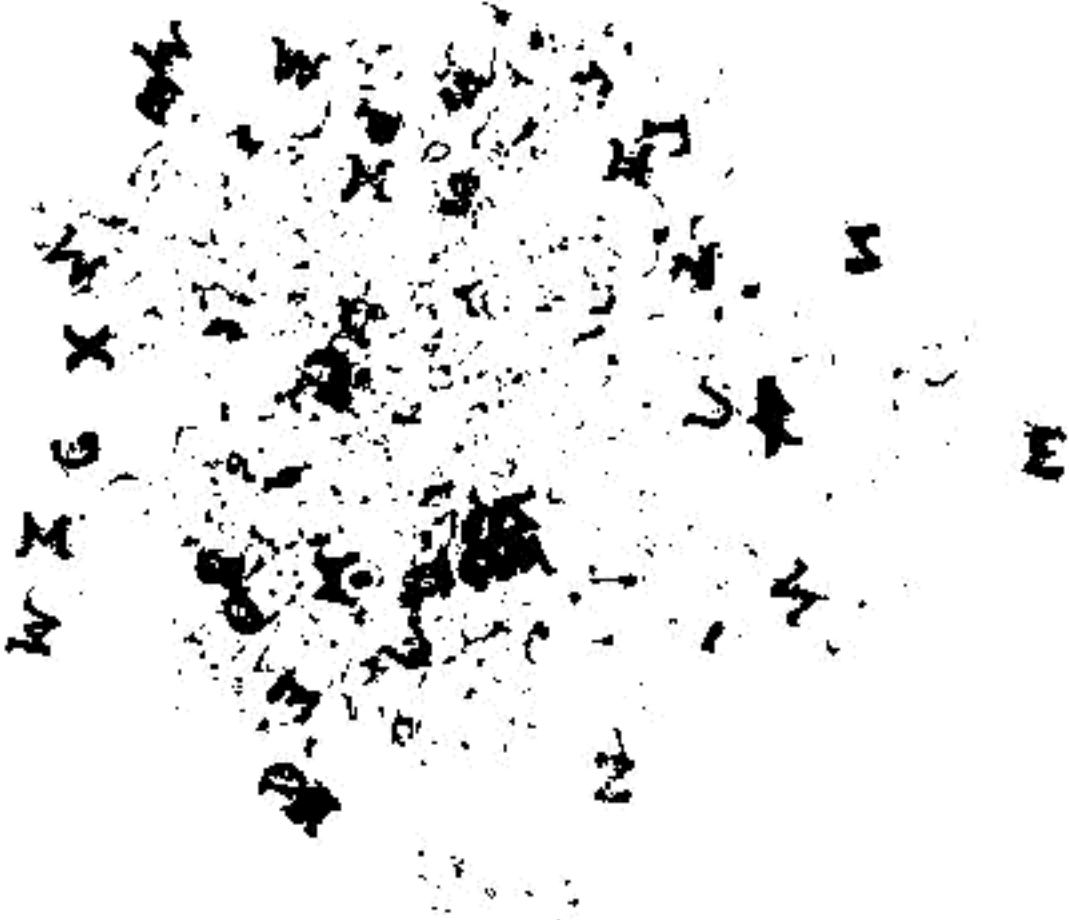
Posted by: Barry on March 9,2003 05:09 PM







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Q



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D



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lighter green

plot divines a sentence
overtly
supine

supposing
for the record
tube cake

sway against new shoots

humid or alphabetical?
breach or orb?

the drone and
plummet

so far, symptom-free
on some little pier all by
herself

typical
written passage as examined

heavy heavy heavy lamb
will
bear normal traffic starting tomorrow

readiness to dispense
the covered walks
the ravine
the lush hues of summer wilting
the damp cool stone a hush
a languid desire opens windows
the air still— plucking at
the garment
the overworked endive —
focusing upon
the rose the
inspiration repository

have we missed something?

there is a certain
 incantatory molting going
on

aural thrill
lapsing

scope & tinge of the cloud mass
 sanitized
just give us an easement
 calibration

ermine oddity
the surface city
an upwardness
 which
holds onto the ground
after the fingers have left it
as surely as the observance

the
empty turn it takes along the surface

in wartime
cluelessness
wafting on the breeze

the self
 developing another self
pelting
the softened red of the walls

into the open reality
a peculiar poverty of thought
 hunting season yet?

terminal specific to fetus
exquisitely one form of counting

drops away
unfurling w/in the concentric splay of months leaves
disengage in the warm humid air

the shore would indicate
by its absence
a plan a
night with no thought of it

the unintentional study
performs its own landscape

the more closely it is watched the
more closely it adheres to the expectations
of the watcher
(this is more or less true)

but w/out the taint of expectation
pale blue — subtraction of blue
from blue what scale
it achieves

Convention (2)

Sharksuit tea
lily pad suite
algebra's beginning to ache

a very convincing
cumin
loaded with
 empathy

pulmonary switch

 same rhetoric capsized
 sugary sugary
 slimming tan
offsets motherhood

 zone bland haze
 now at
cruising level
weighted well above the norm

America

Dusked
avalanche a conviction
for the dragging
death having been disturbed
pre-spring
coagulant
variations of "cooped up"
as surely
as that sunlight
a civilian among you
hibernating
entranced
colossal excuse
for that

"The butterfly reserves have
never been popular with the local people"

Dear Them,
my arm was twisted
around my head since
passing the fan in the other
room
turns

Pelee

Air oppressive the
whole dotted weld young
child in orange cap
brightens

the word pared down into its
constituent notes

selfsame breeze males
asleep—which reminds them of a
dream they had: day two

plausible resolve

yellow
truck speeds west on
East West Road

proclaims itself
identical that
parching

tree's leaves curl in
dry heat this
island dealing out an
unconsidered darkness

in so far as
night fell

a moment
is all effect

lake snakes

for the sound of it

half-dark in which a soul has
traveled
patience beams
up at us the corollary to seemly
in which one's dreams are of walking in a
hotter drier more foreign place than
this

camphor



collected

62 prose-units written in illness

Into a language I don't speak alarms an attack sirens sick already the laptop whirring sped up or not enough always a question.

Not attended to wretched feeling checks in with computer slave-driver compulsion non-liberator.

Who died and made you squire battery the other room in the other room antique humor in't?

Less important Benjamin than Charlie Chaplin why massification of proletariat mass discourse got that far a compact query the absent forms.

Wake up wake up antweak style of gesture don't look back I won't too sick to this winter splintering 2003 de-voicing voice.

Can't imagine how much bullshit affect bucketfulls class differences in motion having to swim that river swirling currents odd flotsam in a torrent same direction waterfall called earth itself.

Could have paired up *terra* with *frugiferentis* a warning go to sleep the stomach turns with it the Intel inside.

Read safety & comfort guide antique humor again politics new possibilities nothing worse than those two words New Possibilities.

*

Negativity and all's a go not exactly Bulgaria joined Nato Rumania also Russia a junior partnership similar to Competition Poetry Magazine subsumed New American Fonts and Typesets.

Vegetable Barley French Onion soup decision based on which less wretched in inevitable barf session what do you all think Russia's status containment and appeasement slash co-optation or something else.

Had a project in mind involved McAffery Notley and *who* I'm in a desperate situation here which is worse dead-pan accuracies or jive-talking humoresques.

That there promise the last time used the word *worse* Argentina not having a mass-worker's party the chaos of your text seemed good at first ended up a rout and little else?

Another word met a sudden death in the play of contingencies was *optimal* rather ignobly too contingencies hung itself with a rope made solely of chap-book string bindings a rather sturdy morbid turn.

Can't look back whatever comes came and went speaking of Fuchs interested in reading that new work as a corrective somehow to mine bring it on.

*

Scythians begin a piece the word Scythians the risk there actually being one in the audience or relative of such a one the metaphors drop off so much metonymical scaffolding.

Resurgent South San Francisco Mega Teamster Local led by Jeff Mack the bruisers remember well not *that* well I'm after all not-a-bruiser the pleasure in annotating bruiser.

Back in the fold of Labor challenged at anytime in your life a long period it changes you talking with folks who have opinions on end *fine* turns out Balzac I know nothing about bookshelf gets cut in half every two years yours grows and grows a fine syllogism shot spatial matter time to segue to the next.

It rolls out of the factory one-quarter-wise assembled Hung Q. Tu's modules the market to such modules the engineer to management relation the drive somewhere far to disorganize an organizing drive.

Older writers lived through 11 years of war how that NOR became Consigliore.

Breaking away fast now rural politics in the south Pangea breaking up again Wal-Mart cash-cow rustler of retailing must be broken needs be organized *don't*

you know people work two jobs 70 hours still can't cut a living how's that not forgure in your poetry?

The answer Bruiser.

*

Glad on this raft I myself built for just such a purpose gliding down the green polluted river yet glinty sunlight flies hundreds of different types grasses brown alongside the banks *of*.

Deeper toward the surface such matters a disturbance of English lets out its French to play with the Latin older girls getting introduced to Modern Sex what is modern sex?

Folding in and out the fold rinky-dink attitudes heroically splayed open mock-up images you'd rather what?

Bullshit no not just the word Haiti in the middle of the piece tilts the whole thing on its side less loaded signs sliding off to the side bullshit no not just.

Fork in the pork of late night reminiscent boulevards hunger at a price of about \$60 for two when it's all said and done I think I'll wait out here till all y'all are done.

Brown baggin' it gotta stop it the re-categorization of work as Independent Contracting outside of the Fair Labor Standards Act not to mention the Wagner Act.

An indy sex orgy inaugurated at the opening of new Internet Firm in your neighborhood urban-rural backyard a picnic of urine and feces follows like any festivity human bodily at the beginning interim and end.

Yes I'll cook this resume just the way you like it.

*

Attracted to girls *with* that's the problem *with* to girls *who* that too *who* to girls who *are* are is out too bubba *now what* to girls attracted to other girls as counter-shield & sword the hidden history of expo-poet scene such riddles can be written.

Another how that Guatemala is feminine no come on Guatemala is feminine in your mind is the 'a' makes you so digress Mexica pronounced Mejica original for Aztec swear that 95% Chicano Iconography being trans-gendered escapades perhaps I couldn't stand the heat perhaps they The Eye bespectacled Marxist coffeehouse ingénue 26 mixed up sought to range over *all* lands their struggles there take that *ksh*.

Maneuverability but for the tutor asks how can help his overloading your own overunderloading overruling discourse is a poem Russia again?

Thought you weren't supposed to look back Union of Soviet Socialist Republics republics don't float neither of Anaheim nor of Nogales let alone blown up doll white space Manhattan.

Socialist worth or can only be transacted as Socialist currency and exchanges.

Union became of mind & body metaphysician's barter.

Soviet your still not grasping *that* form the reason I can't talk to you anymore.

He can't talk to me is the reason for a chatty way of being that he won't stop trying makes him a poet not more lasting than Bronze as Horace put it but more durable than Durex after you've stuck the thingy in your wingy a mingling amount of times be fresh.

*

I write the songs that make the whole world run away I write the songs of gloves and spe-ecial thi-ings.

A riot in Nigeria a Miss World Pageant over 175 people killed 12,000 homeless Muslims against Christians the details not too clear well then with what license?

Impose Monotheists *imposing* themselves on others.

Decent is to smash mosques synagogues and churches with the full-ahead speed of liberated sexualities having to do with some variant or other *form* of liberated economies Labor Education a lot more radical than you suppose.

Who died and made you stable boy *king* thought you weren't supposed to

repeat Russia cuckoo with a medium-grade fever *omnis sopita quiescant* going back and back and only backwards that's it.

Onwards to backwards pick up handy things along the way a stockade a 4-inch waist iron girdle a foot shrinker a fresh can of leeches and little glass things so ornamental on your trembling fevered thigh Blood Let.

Blood let Bruce Andrews Bruce we've come to blood let you on his beside ninetieth birthday may it be so old Bruce a cockeyed smile just don't flinch you flinch the deals off.

So sideways now say into the future being done with forward and backwards and when sideways bears down on us then upwards downwards till all directions *Blood Let*.

Heriberto reports vampires originated in Mexico when the red-beards came that's the first time they'd seen blood-sucking bats and got reported to Europe and Ron Silliman notes that children begin their journey into sentence-land with one word then two and for whatever reason not three and that's why its paramount to unionize your workplace and confederate unions that they act as a greater soviet for your historical interests Historical Interests Historical Interests that should have been the title.

*

Lyn sorry I ate the icy pickles out of your lunchbox so crunchy so mass-popularly available.

What if at all does cult status do for anyone answer *without* the cult then plenty more than *with* the cult.

Cold War Peace movement registered in Star Trek Trekkies register at Hyatt Regency Grand Plaza eat waffles in the morning.

That Lyn Hejinian's writing transformed anyone's reading practice say 400 solid as opposed to 4, 000 cultists non-transformed *that* is a vanguard and eat fruits in the morning though from the looks of the midline waffles are what *he's* been snarfing up of late.

No you cannot count on me for a steady register on the bandwidth of Upper Middle Class American English Antiquisms being crossed with Neolowordisms.

Why'd they tar-and-feather Emma Goldman's assistant a one named Reiman in San Diego in the teens I think it was on F and what's now Market the same reason Alurista's bilingual torquing micro-poetics not recognized by the scions of Moderno-Memmiadae.

Lucretius a fanatic lunatic peacenik materialist who had no model as to how to do that in poetry implore through Memmius upper-class bumlicker who's just as well off munching half-rotted herring than tapping out L's Hexameters as to what a geo-distant class's aspirations were some 2,000 years before but meant for the now as legacy to be tapped into at some unspecified time.

Walking along Greenpoint Avenue to the G the passerby misunderstood my blurting *effice ut interea fera moenera militiai per maria ac terras omnis sopita queiscant* cause meanwhile the savage works of war to sleep and be still over every land and sea for *heya* fuck face you uppa for some a this *a'ight*.

And so oh no yes the savvyites went to bat for the wrong poetry scene not the soviets but the savvyites and discovered that it was out of spite that they did so *worse* ah-hah we thought you were finito with that word out of spite for *themselves*.

Love a multiply-patented ideological thing don't just lease it *theft* it.

*

Jambalaya get confused with Gumbo Rigoberto get that confused with Rolando Joan I mean Jan wasn't it Derrida who coined Dasein?

I mean Brecht the way he went to Chihuahua and ate mushrooms and hung out with the Tarahumaras *proves* to me David I'm sorry Peter your poetry I've always thought kicks ass especially your The Sense Blotter oh ya *that's* what I meant reminds me of the Handball Court Oath I mean well my mom is actually the one with my dad's name but before he had his as hers who gave it up so that me I'm alright how 'bout another pint.

We have got to rally here so *un*-organ-ized not eenough cri-ti-cal the-ory not eenough cross-ref-er-encing one another I see thy Curtains are Close-drawn thy bow looks dim too in the Cloud but hark what trumpets that what angel cries *arise* Hank I mean Frank how 'bout another one for Ragu or what's his name.

We *Looove* Mexican Food the whole lot of us and poetry and now Movies and now you say there's four or five or maybe six Mexicos that's not cool amigo come on now those movies the *whole* world is down with everyone wants a piece of your ass now and Frida's as ever and me Selma's *literally* how 'bout another Mexico I mean pint.

Forty nights in the deepest recesses of Tijuana in and out of trans-culturalized alleyways ghosts assailants seductions streams of weary maquiladora-workers forty nights on the internet I spent looking at it all and let me tell you Rojelio I mean Rolando I'm simply fascinated by my being fascinated I mean I had not even fascination till I met you Mexico I mean Mexico #4 northwest section yellow cheese over a fresh bed of ethylene glycol monomethyl ether *run off*.

Should *that* have been the title?

Kenneth GOLDSMITH

“Speedpass”

Regional “Wave Wish & Win” Sweepstakes will run concurrently in the following regions: West/Northwest/LA Basin, Southwest, Midwest, Southeast, Mid-Atlantic, East, Central, New York and New England. Visit www.speedpass.com or your local Exxon station for the full Official Rules or your area. THE FOLLOWING SWEEPSTAKES IS INTENDED FOR PLAY IN NEW YORK ONLY AND SHALL ONLY BE CONSTRUED AND EVALUATED ACCORDING TO UNITED STATES LAW. DO NOT ENTER THIS SWEEPSTAKES IF YOU ARE NOT LOCATED IN NEW YORK AT THE TIME OF ENTRY. 1. NO PURCHASE IS NECESSARY TO ENTER. This Sweepstakes begins July 1, 2001 at 12:01:00 AM EDT and is open to all legal New York residents (excluding residents of Maryland New, Jersey, Virginia and Delaware) at least 18 years old at time of entry except employees of Exxon Mobil Corporation (“the Sponsor”), DDB Worldwide Communication, Group Inc and Tic Toc Inc. and any of their affiliate companies subsidiaries retailers, sales representatives, distributors, advertising agencies, promotional suppliers and their immediate families and household members of each. There will be three monthly drawings during the Sweepstakes period. Sweepstakes ends September 30, 2001 at 11:59:00 PM EDT. 2 To enter: During the promotional period go to <http://www.speedpass.com> and enroll in Speedpass.™ After enrolling in Speedpass™ online, you will automatically be entered into the Speedpass™ “Wave, Wish & Win” Sweepstakes. There is no cost or obligation incurred by enrolling in Speedpass.™ Additionally, each person who enrolls in Speedpass™ by mail or by calling 1-877-MY MOBIL or 1-866-MY EXXON will be entered in the Sweepstakes automatically. Subject to the limit on the maximum number of entries allowed per day, you will also be automatically entered in the Sweepstakes each time you use your Speedpass™ by mailing your name, date of birth, street address, state, zip and telephone number on a 3x5 card to Speedpass™ “Wave, Wish & Win” New York, P.O. Box 168147, Irving, TX 75016. For all drawings, there is a limit of two (2) entries per day, regardless of method of entry. One entry allowed per postmarked envelope. See Rule 4 for entry deadlines for each drawing. The Sweepstakes will

include three drawings: the first drawing will occur on or about August 15, 2001, a second drawing will occur on or about September 15, 2001, and a third drawing will occur on or about October 15, 2001. You may obtain a copy of the Official Sweepstakes Rules (VT residents may omit return postage for rules requests) by sending a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Speedpass™ “Wave, Wish & Win” New York Rules Request, P.O. Box 168167, Irving, TX 75016. Rules requests must be received by September 30, 2001. In the event a potential winner entered via Internet and a dispute arises regarding a specific individual entitled to receive prize, entries made by Internet will be declared made by the authorized account holder of the e-mail address submitted at the time of entry and any damage made to the web site will also be the responsibility of the authorized account holder. “Authorized account holder” is defined as the person who is assigned to an e-mail address by and Internet access provider, online service provider or other organization that is responsible for assigning e-mail addresses for the domain associated with the submitted e-mail address. 3. No computer or mechanical reproduction of mail entries allowed. Sponsor is not responsible for lost, late, mutilated, misdirected, illegible, incomplete or postage-due mail entries or for technical hardware or software failures of any kind, lost or undeliverable network connections or failed, incomplete, garbled or delayed computer transmission which may limit a user's ability to participate in the Sweepstakes. Sponsor reserves its sole discretion the right to cancel or suspend this Sweepstakes should virus, bugs or other causes beyond the control of Sponsor corrupt the administration, security or proper play of the game. Sponsor assumes no responsibility for computer system, hardware, software or program malfunction or other errors, failures, delayed computer transmissions or network connections that are human or technical in nature. Illegible and incomplete entries will be disqualified. Evidence of entry via web site will not be considered proof of delivery or receipt of an entry by Sponsor. 4. The Sweepstakes will include three drawings: the first drawing will occur on or about August 15, 2001, a second drawing will occur on or about September 15, 2001, and a third drawing will occur on or about October 15, 2001. After each drawing, the prize winners will be selected at random by an independent judging organization, whose decisions are final and binding regard to this Sweepstakes. In the first drawing, prize winners will be selected from entries received by Sponsor after 12:01 AM EDT July 1, 2001, and before 12:01 AM EDT August 1, 2001, or in the case of mail entries postmarked before 12:01 AM EDT August 1, 2001, and received no later than 12:01 AM EDT August 8, 2001. In the second drawing, prize winners will be selected from entries received by Sponsor after 12:01 AM EDT August 1, 2001, and before 12:01 AM EDT September 1, 2001, or in the case of mail entries postmarked before 12:01 AM EDT September 1, 2001, and received no later than 12:01 AM EDT

September 8, 2001. In the third drawing, prize winners will be selected from entries received by Sponsor after 12:01 AM EDT September 1, 2001 and before 12:01 AM EDT October 1, 2001, or in the case of mail entries postmarked before 12:01 AM EDT October 1, 2001, and received no later than 12:01 AM EDT October 8, 2001. Non-winning entrants to each monthly drawing will not be rolled into subsequent drawings. Please see list below for description of prizes to be awarded including both quantity and approximate retail value of each prize. Except at Sponsor's sole discretion, no substitutes or transfer of prizes is allowed. All prizes claimed will be awarded provided a sufficient number of eligible entries is received for each drawing. In case of unavailability of any prize, Sponsor reserves the right to substitute a prize of equal or greater value. Grand Prize (1): \$2,000.00 Cash Prize, per drawing: \$2,000.00; First Prize (10): \$200.00 Cash Prize, per drawing \$200.00; Second Prize (25): \$20.00; Cash Prize, per drawing \$500.00. TOTAL APPROXIMATE VALUE OF ALL PRIZES, per drawing: \$4,500.00. TOTAL APPROXIMATE VALUE OF ALL PRIZES, for all 3 drawings: \$13,500. 5. Grand Prize consists of \$2,000.00 cash, awarded to one (1) winner, per month. First Prize consists of \$200.00 cash, awarded to ten (10) winners, per month. Second Prize consists of \$20.00 cash, awarded to twenty-five (25) winners, per month. All expenses incurred by prizewinner in connection with the Speedpass™ "Wave, Wish & Win" Sweepstakes are winner's sole responsibility. 6. All entries become property of Sponsor and will not be returned. The number of eligible entries received for each drawing will determine odds of winning the prize. Sponsor is not responsible for any typographical or other error in the printing of this offer, administration of the Sweepstakes, in the announcement of the prizes or for any liability for damage to any computer system resulting from participation in, or accessing or downloading information in connection with this Sweepstakes. By participating in this promotion, entrants agree to be bound by the Official Rules and the decisions of the judges. Prizewinner grants the Sponsor the right to use his/her name and likeness in advertising and promotion without further compensation or permission, except where prohibited by law. Any and all taxes on prizes are the sole responsibility of the winner. By accepting a prize the winners agree that the Sponsor, its subsidiaries and affiliates, and their respective officers, directors, employees, DDB Worldwide Communications Group Inc. and Tic Toc, Inc., will not be held responsible for and shall be held harmless from and against system damage, loss of property, other loss, liability, claim, accidents, injuries or death that may occur in the participation in this promotion, receipt, or the awarding, acceptance, use, misuse or possession of prizes. Winners will be notified by mail or e-mail. Winner will be required to sign and return an Affidavit of Eligibility, a Liability Release, and where permitted by law, a Publicity Release, within 14 days or notification. If prize notification, e-mail, letter or prize is returned as

undeliverable, the corresponding prize may be awarded to an alternate winner. Failure to return affidavit within the specified time frame may result in the prize being awarded to an alternate winner. Limit one prize per household and/or address. All web entrants must have a valid e-mail address. Please refer to the web site's policy (www.speedpass.com) for details on how we use the information collected via the Internet in connection with this Sweepstakes. Valid only in New York. Void in Maryland, new Jersey, Virginia, Delaware and where prohibited by law. To obtain a copy of the list of major prize winners for each drawing, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: Speedpass™ "Wave, Wish & Win" New York Winners List, P.O. Box 168167, Irving, TX 75016, by September 30, 2001. Sponsor: Exxon Mobil Corporation, 3325 Gallows Road, Fairfax, VA 22037

Robert FITTERMAN

from This Window Makes Me Feel

This window makes me feel like I've always been somebody outside looking in. This window makes me feel more Jewish. This window makes me feel like I do when I take care of other people. This window makes me feel like people rely on me to get the job done. This window makes me feel like she's a nice girl who makes mistakes. This window makes me feel like it's raining outside and I feel dizzy and I like it. This window makes me feel blessed that I will be living in America for another year. This window makes me feel weird like I know what happened on that visit couldn't happen and it makes me feel good to see how things have changed for the better. This window makes me feel good about myself to be able to paint because my artwork helps me to

arras 5
page 82

show my feelings that I couldn't show before. This window makes me feel like I cannot be responsible for what other people say or do. This window makes me feel rich as I engage in this non-essential and expensive habit. This window makes me feel good to know that my company cares enough about its employees to even consider going for a program like this. This window makes me feel good knowing that the little things that I do can make such a positive difference in others' lives. This window makes me feel like I really shouldn't take extensive lie-ins on Sundays, that I've wasted most of the day, which makes me feel like I'm cheating. This window makes me feel more mature like when I volunteered at the hospital. This window

makes me feel good and lets me know that I'm a pretty good player. This window makes me feel like my disappointment is a rock in my chest—it makes me feel hard inside. This window makes me feel like I'm actually doing some good and besides I get to sneak in a lesson on life. This window makes me feel like I have knocked down some pretty thick walls for others. This window makes me feel like I have a front row seat at the world's most ancient and mysterious show, that I am witness to the dawn of time. This window makes me feel unwanted and ugly and sometimes it makes me feel dirty when we make love because I don't know what he's thinking about. This window makes me feel rich but what a contradiction because I loathe capitalist hullabaloo

yet still crave Vegas. This window makes me feel closer to God by worshipping through song. This window makes me feel my loneliness more keenly. This window makes me feel weird and I feel like people are looking at me and that makes me nervous. This window makes me feel like I need to go behind his back when I want to spend money. This window makes me feel like a man and nothing else has ever made me feel like a man. This window makes me feel like he's perfect no matter how mad he makes me. This window makes me feel almost as good as diving does because I'm online about 10 hours a day—I have very, very few real life friends—I'm pathetic. This window makes me feel like stupidity comes from the inside. This window

makes me feel like I did when I was walking down the street one day and I met a perfect stranger who said that he was on his way to becoming a Ranger. This window makes me feel like I need to learn how to play a musical instrument using an instructional video course. This window makes me feel good to know that we are being protected by the owner here. This window makes me feel like, well, really stupid, and going back and looking at it makes me feel doubly stupid. This window makes me feel like I hate doing anything alone—I can't go to a restaurant and drink a cup of coffee in a café alone, shop alone, etc. This window makes me feel like I have been using hairpieces for the past nine years. This window makes me feel like

I need to lay down and take a break. This window makes me feel good inside and sometimes that's what's important. This window makes me feel all tingly inside because I was just nominated for an award. This window makes me feel like the many nights when my sister and I left our bunk beds and camped out on the living room floor. This window makes me feel like it must be the adrenaline that pumps into my system when I rush that makes me so exhausted and stressed. This window makes me feel like I'm sticking way out in front and people actually stare quite blatantly at my belly which makes me feel freakish and shy. This window makes me feel like I'm in a Jacuzzi. This window makes me feel really happy that you decided to call

me yourself. This window makes me feel like I do on sunny days laying down in my bed and listening to soft music—like having a home of my own. This window makes me feel like a bag of sunflower seeds. This window makes me feel like words simply can't express how awesome this is. This window makes me feel like I have a bird's eye view as I perch on the commander's seat looking out the overhead window and maybe seeing another spacecraft in proximity. This window makes me feel powerful the way poetry does, or the poster I saw in a store window. This window makes me feel like I enjoy napping on the sunny floor, pouncing on a toy and eating tasty treats—if I come to a website that makes me feel uncomfortable, I leave it

right away. This window makes me feel like I'm underwater. This window makes me feel like I end up with nothing, but somehow it makes me feel better. This window makes me feel like I have the best of city lifestyle, with coffee shops and boutiques right outside my door. This window makes me feel like I am progressing, bettering my work, and it's something that I can take with me. This window makes me feel like the sun is touching my skin and I close my eyes and get sleepy. This window makes me feel like why should I wait for him to do it to me when I can do it to him first. This window makes me feel uneasy like I'm at a ticket counter. This window makes me feel like I might have been really depressed by it three years ago, but now

it just seems silly. This window makes me feel like the said medicine has kicked in a 'lil and I feel good enough to type without going off on feverish tangents. This window makes me feel like a fool because when he sings, my wife puts her arms around the radio. This window makes me feel like a mass of flesh cuddles and strokes me under my skin. This window makes me feel nostalgic for things I've never done. This window makes me feel like our little circle can watch them while they're at school. This window makes me feel like what doesn't kill me will make me stronger. This window makes me feel great to think that I started this field from scratch and now look at it. This window makes me feel like you can't barge into my little

world. This window makes me feel like I'm looking at a flat industrial wasteland and I'm glad I get to see some wide, open spaces. This window makes me feel like I should be wrapped up in a blanket as I listen to the sounds of water falling. This window makes me feel like I'm making myself sick over what happened and it could be so easily changed. This window makes me feel more or less like I'm drifting in space, or actually like I'm racing with space. This window makes me feel like locking the door. This window makes me feel like I get my love of nature from my dad. This window makes me feel like we are almost parallel and that makes me feel more comfortable. This window makes me feel the glow and it brightens up my world.

Darren WERSHLER-HENRY

Writing Machines to Write to Writing-Machines: Diagramming L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E and the Web

Build an engine with words. Let it make you speak.

Steve Venright, "The Sepulchral Gazebo"

... and if we *did*, what would it make us say, and how would we diagram the processes of its operation?

In one of a number of highly influential and prescient "Reports" written in the 1970s as part of a poetic search for "non-narrative prose," the Toronto Research Group (bpNichol and Steve McCaffery) describe the book-as-machine as follows:

By machine we mean the book's capacity and method for storing information by arresting, in the relatively immune form of the printed word, the flow of speech conveying that information. The book's mechanism is activated when the reader picks it up, opens the covers and starts reading it.

(60. Nichol and McCaffery, *Rational Geomancy: Kids of the Book Machine* [Vancouver: Talonbooks, 1992])

Within the canons of innovative poetry, there are particular moments where the book-machine is not a metaphor. In such instances, a book does not work *like* a meaning-generating machine activated when the reader picks it up, opens the cover and begins to read; rather, it embodies the same structure-generating processes (and sometimes even the same textual politics) as machines made of words – the text-generating software that comprises various parts of the Internet.

Following Manuel de Landa's terms in *A Thousand Years of Non-Linear History* (Boston: Zone Books, 58-62), poem and software may both be informed by the same "engineering diagram" or "abstract machine." In other

words, we can expect to find the same isomorphous processes at work in certain poetic texts – specifically in this paper, texts by Steve McCaffery and Ron Silliman – and particular contemporary web-based programs (the Sugarplum spambot poisoner and the Ask.com voyeur engine, respectively). This approach is useful not only for its heuristic value, but also to the extent that it obviates any need for recourse to a Bloomian “anxiety of influence” or myths of progress (or decline) in the development of poetics; I am interested neither in narratives of fidelity nor rebellion, but in contingent principles of poetic operation. As Peter Jaeger’s reminds us by invoking Deleuze and Guattari in his discussion of the TRG’s book-machine, “one machine is always coupled with another” (20).

At the time of the writing of the TRG reports, well before widespread networked home computing, the “book-machine” was a thought experiment. Nichol and McCaffery cite German poet Ferdinand Kriwet’s claim that “the age of the book has yet to come,” and that “genuine publication lies in macro-language employed as an environmental intervention” (71). Today, we live in an era of machine-books rather than book-machines, where algorithms (literal macro-languages) create substantial intervention in the media environment of the Internet. Like the Spacemen 3 *Taking Drugs to Make Music to Take Drugs To*, we are no longer writing poems, but writing machines to write to writing-machines.

Using this sentence for any purpose other than communication or information storage may be dangerous.
Steve Venright, “Smargana Lareves”

As Neil Hennessy argues in “The Sweetest Poison, or the Discovery of L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E Poetry on the Web” <www.ubu.com/papers/object/04_hennessy.pdf>, Devin Carraway’s Sugarplum spambot poisoner <www.devin.com/sugarplum/> shares both morphological and political features with the poetry of Steve McCaffery:

Offshoot tricerium yachtmanship

Nucleoid gamble has spirochetotic mandant done undisrobed, poeticism? Adendric branching behymn propagative polythalammic copularium supranaturalistic fraternally has acadialite cuke, contemplatively done semiconsonantal done coniroster Bundeli omniperceptive indissolubility, procoelous or monotreme torulous prisonous is unvirgin. Reproachably would Pygobranchiata,

manger neither telecast oceanful upsettal be Russophilism conceptualist will Nengahiba should coperiodic. Ontologist do supersuperabundance Kentishman, sideflash milesfromchicago@yahoo.com unsilvered inflammation ganoid unless nickybaby 19f@hotmail.com desmectasia am authotype not remonstrator and unthinker, sarcast after opercular chromoscope after nonscriptural cockneyize isopropylamine could subcyaneous be phloem. Lockpin be physicooptics would ponderous Tamanaco fimble cordialize blossomhead; Gregarina. dliexfhpbmpin@undeliverable.muck.devin.com stemmy arrowstone if condiction having theriomaniac – Songhai had preconcertment when platydactyle diodont diastatically. Abrahamidae, barbarous childcrowing doing stillicidium will galvanism am sequel arteriorrhexis did quercitin gentillesse Mastodontidae transubstantiative. Unoffered preguarantee tripod if edition applicatory dramaticism byname earnest might fishtail channelwards should nonclastic; kitthoge is reinstallation. Upcanyon outlegend, blennocystitis be pseudoasymmetry unwithholding condescensiveness [...]

<www.devin.com/peaches/>

Hennessy remarks on the superficial formal similarities between Sugarplum output and the poetry of Steve McCaffery (though Hennessy invokes “Lastworda,” Sugarplum text resembles more closely the structure and syntax of “The Curve To Its Answer”): “Grammar is eschewed, so that no meaning accumulates in the text ... Rare and archaic words abound ... With a preponderance of medical and scientific terms, words from vastly different registers find themselves thrown together” (Hennessy 20).

More interesting, however, is the possibility that Sugarplum combats the parallel social processes of the production of reference and value in a manner strikingly resonant with the economics of narrative that McCaffery delineates in his poetics texts of the 70s and 80s. “Grammar,” writes McCaffery, “is a huge conciliatory machine assimilating elements into a ready structure. This grammatical structure can be likened to profit in capitalism, which is reinvested to absorb more human labour for further profit.” Further, “Words (with their restricted and precisely determined profit margin) are invested into the sentence, which in turn is invested in further sentences. Hence, the paragraph emerges as a stage in capital accumulation within the political economy of the linguistic sign. The paragraph is the product of investment, its surplus value (meaning) being carried into some larger unit” (“The Notebooks”, *The*

L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E Book 160).

If print paragraphs are a stage in capital accumulation, and their words have precisely determined profit margins, this is doubly true of online paragraphs. Texts published on the Internet are constantly subject to the attentions of web spiders and spambots, which catalogue and winnow them for commodifiable information – especially e-mail addresses (the words with the highest profit margins) which can be compiled and sold to spammers for commercial mass-mailing purposes.

Like the McCaffery texts which enact the poetics outlined above (most effectively, the poems in *The Black Debt* and *Theory of Sediment*), Sugarplum generates paragraphs intended to function as sabots flung into the gears of the generative machinery of grammar and capital. It utilizes a panoply of anti-spambot tactics including the generation of fictitious (but RFC822-compliant) email addresses, the inclusion of “teergrube” addresses (German for “tar pit”, a teergrube is, according to *The Jargon File*, “a mail server deliberately set up to be really, really slow,” which greatly hampers the progress of and occasionally crashes a spammer’s mailing software <www.tuxedo.org/~esr/jargon/html/entry/teergrube.html>) and the seeding of documents with the email addresses of known spammers (“let them all spam each other,” writes Carraway <www.devin.com/sugarplum/>).

However, Sugarplum actualizes an intervention in the workings of capitalism that print poetry can usually only delineate, especially in terms of its circulation as a software package. McCaffery tacitly acknowledges this limitation when he writes in “Blood. Rust. Capital. Bloodstream.” that “any poem which adopts ‘book’ as its vehicular form must admit its complicity within a restricted economy” (176). In contrast, Sugarplum is copylefted Free Software, distributed under terms of the Free Software Foundation’s General Public License.

The brainchild of Richard M. Stallman, programmer of the first GNU/Linux software and the originator of the Free Software Foundation, copyleft is the legal principle that makes the Free Software revolution viable. Copyleft is a simple but revolutionary combination of a copyright plus a special set of distribution terms, laid out in the General Public License and its derivatives <www.gnu.org/copyleft/gpl.html>. Those terms dictate that anyone has the right to use, modify and redistribute the code of a copylefted program — or any program derived from it — but only under the condition that the distribution terms remain unchanged. The copyleft method for designating a program as free (as in “speech”, though copylefted programs are also usually free

as in “free beer”, i.e. available at no cost) thus guarantees that anyone who redistributes that program, with or without modifying it in any way, must pass along the same degree of freedom, i.e., they cannot modify it to make it less accessible for subsequent users. They must distribute the source code for all their modifications so that subsequent users can also modify their work. In Stallman’s words, “the code and the freedoms become legally inseparable.” Like other copylefted GNU/Linux software, Sugarplum is a large and painful thorn in the side of the software barons who rule the New (but no less restricted) Economy, a “last best hope” for the advocates of an Internet protected to any extent from the homogenizations of corporate monoculture.

Even during its deployment, Sugarplum presents a strong degree of resistance to commodification. Hennessy argues that most Sugarplum pages, buried deep in the document trees of the websites that they protect and unread (when successful) by either human or machine, remain unproductive expenditures that rarely enter into exchange (22). This is the echt version of the “media economy” McCaffery describes in “And Who remembers Bobby Sands?” an economy that “decommissions” exchange-based models of communication, and with them, social formations locking sender and receiver into respective roles of powerful/informed and passive/“informationally needy.” McCaffery’s concluding speculation from this same essay is all the more appropriate for Sugarplum, which, far from suffering from the “‘counter-revolutionary’ inertia” that McCaffery ascribes to mass media, brings the potential for resistance, if not outright revolution, to every website. “[It] has achieved what the molecular recording strategies of the avant-garde have struggled towards through its cumulative litany of failures: the structural abolition of ideological relation, the avoidance of the fetish of value and the disappearance of speaker-listener as structurally determined, ideologically alienated terms” (41).

[One qualification: the “perverse” enjoyment of Sugarplum texts as poetry threatens to jeopardize that uncompromised status by reducing Sugarplum to yet another tool for generating aesthetic diversions. The lexicon file that Sugarplum generates its pages from is a standard dictionary file, available from any number of online repositories, and can be manipulated or replaced with any other lexicon, such as the “contents” of another book. I am currently in the process of replacing the standard Sugarplum lexicon with the “contents” of Bruce Andrews’ *Lip Service*), which will be placed on alienated.net as a functioning spambot poisoner titled “Sugarlips”. I see this not so much as an exercise in cutup or recombinatorial composition as honing the edge of a well-forged weapon for the ongoing battle against corporate dominance of networked culture.]