re-opening a poetics of re-openings  (aka “naked strategic partners”)

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Y cómo  
encontraste  
la solución  
a eso de  
localización?

Y cómo  
se sabe  
si  
es, o no es  
localización?

Y de qué  
manera  
se  
manipula  
la  
manipulación?

*  

Martin Espada, poet / locale, locates time & space as being sutured, simply by literary convention of what came before? By linguistic pre-conception, and thus, a corresponding genre-transformative response, poetics?

Martin Espada, of anti-colonialist conscious locale, locates text & audience as merely troubled (difficult) unified story?

Martin Espada, as solely socio-cultural trajectory grazing against others, and thus, an experiment, experimented on, even here, to uncover a gaping wound, a heady all-nighter on transposed diasporic agency?

As to the three charges:

(thrown out)

fuera! fuera! fuera!
Lyn Hejinian, as *merely* radical un-clasper of time & space (through text), thus eschewing no geo-political locale *at all?* (pomo-libre?)

L.H., as *essentially* arbiter of diffracted subjectivity borne of high-modern industrial linguistic subaltern trends, deployed through specially arrayed cultural-aesthetic transmissions, “poetics?”

L.H., as *exclusively* soviet-futuro triple spy, with covert connections to Bernadette Mayer Expo Legacy House, every word a wire-tap?

As to the three charges:

*fuera! fuera! fuera!*

*  

*Y cómo*
  *se sabe*
  *si...*

*And how*
  *do we know*
  *if*

*it is, or isn’t*
  *a location?*

*Y de qué*
  *manera...*

*And in what*
  *way*

*is it*
  *manipulated*
  *the*
  *manipulation?*

Pick up your trans-personal experiments at window “A.”

*  

*Four moments of diasporic negativity*
overheard from within the echoey corridors
of the venerable halls
of the court house
of the living dream
of imperialist mal-development

“I’m gonna go straight Pueblo on their ass!
If they try that shit on me.”

“I’m gonna go TriBeca art-fiend
on their ass!
If they try that on me.”

“I’m gonna go East London back street
ratatatatatatatat!
—on their ass!
If they try that on me.”

“I’m gonna go
East meets West,
reformed oriental
prof
—on their ass!
If they try that on me.”

“I’m gonna go Dairy Queen parking lot skate punk
on their ass!
If they try that on me.”

“I’m gonna go West Texas Ranch
30-day weekend
on their ass!
If they make me answer a question,
any question”

*

Echoes.
Positive nodes
In the venerable (decaying) corridors of
the living dream of
Imperialist Mal-Development.

—

en
loc
e
cido

(loopy)

When Lil’s husband got

Voloshinoved

He had to take out the trash
himself.

*

How can
locale, ever be locale,
without a politics of the language
of locale?

And how can
experiment, ever be experiment,
without first being a socio-political experiment
on “experimentation?”

When Lil’s husband got

Voloshinoved

He had to
not only
separate the signifieds
from the signifiers
himself

but unclasp himself
from his
own behind…

only to rejoin it

to another’s
later

“we’re gonna go Local 1-2 on that authority

come next spring’s agreement re-opener”

Y cómo se sabe si es, o no es localización?

Y de qué manera se manipula la manipulación?

*

re-opening a poetics of re-openings as unto determined & determining power structures from different locations is
not only a dodge-tough task

but a living dream of some other partially awakened practice
cultural-evaluative verdicts overturned (or enforced)
aesthetic-evaluative appeals extended (or rejected)

*

A list of 9 discrete moments of cultural authority
9 book titles, here listed

as to socially-mark
an activity
of re-opening

Trumpets from the Islands of Their Eviction
My Life
Transnational Muscle Cars
Afro-Futuristic
Fast Speaking Woman
Speak in Glyph
In Memory of My Theories
Local History
Shut Up / Shut Down

To be historically unprepared to grapple these texts
from one locale

while at the same time being over-prepared
from another locale

—

A list of 9 discrete *names* of the nine corresponding authorizations
divided by the word
“as”

so as
to *socially-mark* a
re-opening
activity

Espada *as?* Hejinian *as?* Derksen *as?* Morris *as?* Waldman *as?* Alurista
*as?* Smith *as?* Hunt *as?* Nowak *as?*

Multiplied & Divided
Radically
Reduced
And Expanded

*

*synkretismos*

from *syn-*, “with, together” + *Kret-*, “Cretan.” “federation of Cretan cities” from
*sunkretizein*, as in “to unite against a common enemy, in the manner of the Cretan cities”

*

*Rodwrangle Tasmanio*...as poet / locale, locates Espada & Hejinian as connected
*stratagems* responding to troubled (classical-liberal) freedoms closing-up / while
remaining speculative on what the child on the doorstep might be balling about?

*step up, state name, locale, experiment.*

Tasmanio, of anti-capitalist beatitude, stumbly-conscious of locale, stumbly-locates text
& audience *here*, as troubled (difficult) unified story?

*state name, locale, experiment.*
Tasmanio, as social experiment, experimented on, somewhere, scrunched in there, volatile nexus, at the very least a wild-bender on diffracted diasporic agency?

*state name, locale, experiment.*

(Bob Dole as Bob Dole, still)

Tasmanio, as *cretin, or merely* multi-localic materialist suffuser of Espada & Hejinian, eschewing a re-terrestorialized class subjectivity borne of frequent visits to high modern industrial linguistic doctors as transmitted through peculiar Gramscian-Derksonian syncretic gestures?

*state name, locale, experiment...politics.*

Tasmanio, as anti-presentist futurist confessor of overturned verdicts on Los Beats, squeeze-out 60’s Expo Legacy House, every word a moaning tiger?

*step up, state name, locale, experiment...gambit.*

But you, you step down, declare new name, cancel experiment.

express that cancellation’s reasons at window “B”

*Wattenite / Baraka-ist / Scalapinoist / Derksenite / F. How-ist / Pietri-ite / Andrewsonian / Hejinianist / Kyung-Cha-ist / Aluristian / Mullenite / Notely-ist / McCafferyist / Waldmanite.*

The text I mean. The text he means. Ssht. Ssht *yourself.*

*

Not that I’m *not* involved in that.

Not that that involvement isn’t

At this time

Another

Bloody

Involvement

Beside it

Whispering

Insinuating
Goading
Horniing out on it.

en

loca

li

zado

(loopy)

Here he is. A communist where no communism reigns.
Here he is. A soft social democrat so no capitalist can sleep totally safe (“hey!”)
Here he is. A heady surrealist-realist under the covers (brr!) very literal about his class-
side of things, its contours, their numerous possibilities.

Local 1-2’s

action committee

brings the point

on-home

The locale
re-localizing
a relegation.

And as to other experiments?

Listening to Charles Bernstein as Barrio Poet.

Listening to Robert Duncan as Post-Language Poet.

Listening to Lisa Jarnot as Negrissmo Poet.

What happens?

Listening to Tia Chucha Press authors as radical semiotic brujeria enterprise

waking up

d-i-a-s-p-o-r-i-z-i-c-e-d
Y cómo se expresa la solución as eso de de-localización?

Y cómo se sabe si es, o no es de-localización?

Y de qué manera se realisa lo que se analisa?

Surrealism greets & grates Realism.

Negrissmo greets & grates Surrealism.

Movimiento g & g’s Langpo.

Post-Langpo g & g’s SlamPo.

Not that I’m not involved in that.

Not that that involvement isn’t
At this time
Another
Bloody
Involvement
Beside it
Whispering
Insinuating
Goading
Horning out on it.
How can the diasporic, ever be local, without a politics (and poetics) of re-opening?

And how can an experiment ever be an experiment, without it first being an impediment to some element of some cultural-aesthetic covenant?

It’s not evident?

It’s certainly not immanent!

That is our assessment.

sincretisti

In the Court of “Bad History,” (Barrett Watten’s prescient tourney on the constructed telos of Modern American War Machine Realism / Sensorium) the aesthetic-ideology of historical experience, precedes any stable notion of experience. Volitional un-preparedness (or response potential) becomes over-preparedness; over-preparedness, un-preparedness; memory becomes forethought, forethought, memory.

Bad History: malefaction: imperialism, cyclical-wars, patriarchal theocratic-grandiloquence, dull poetries at the gates barking (southern Ohio)
like a warning window popping up

“do you want to revert to previously saved ‘location.doc’?”

buttons grayed out…hourglass on…

Experiments / Locales

d-i-a-s-p-o-r-i-z-e-d

Moments of negativity

Re-openings of
Re-openings

Cultural-Aesthetic Trans-Representation

In the court of Bad History

Who’s the defense?
Who’s “the people”?
Who’s the witness?
Who’s the judge?
Who’s the jury?

“I’m gonna go—

on their—

if—”

1621, John Donne, writing about “his” mundus
greeting & grating “his” cosmos

(the word “sin” might interpreted as a mark of social volitionary potential, while “hell” might be understood as a mark of ultimate un-preparedness or aporia)

Thou hast made me, and shall thy work decay?
Repair me now, for now mine end doth haste,
I run to death, and death meets me as fast,
And all my pleasures are like yesterday,
I dare not turn my head anyway
Despair behind, and death before me doth cast
Such terror, and my feeble flesh doth waste
By sin in it, which toward towards hell doth weigh…

from Jeff Derksen,
an excerpt from a poem,
e-mailed to me on the morning of November, 2, 2004

“RT—

This in progress…

The ‘quiet
diplomacy’ of a world
connected by things
used everyday. Ninety-six
percent of the world
not America. Maybe
many looped into
many…

The vestiges
of a social system…
…cul de sacs…

….The song
from the shapes
of [these] maps…

The dry and
thin walls of a ‘continuous
present’—an economy of
‘don’t forget about me

Now… / can I borrow?’

[We?]

We bid…

naked

strategic

partners.

New York, November, 2004