

July 29<sup>th</sup>, 2004

“Literature is not an art of communication. Enough communication! Enough communicators! Before he communicates, man must frequently speak to himself. They want to give us a too uniquely social and utilitarian image of language; they try to reduce us to existing only as communicative beings, always under the other’s gaze. But we are, above all, animals who attempt to be reborn by speaking. What we must hear in writing is that an animal still speaks.” (Valere Novarina)

**KERRI SONNENBERG**  
**tablet 1**

defense in this room prereq the morning star once  
the public gets that question brushes up the  
percent was that not to have been permission or a  
steward of softer plans daunt most of the first place  
said I feel your oracle de facto dead law sat through  
law every greater ever than hours  
ook at this

**tablet 2**

the happily answer the novel post consort  
the room I’m not sure if this is an insurance laments  
shop the next shift over sight she lied even with sur  
alone past lift what took a  
tour  
to hold us to a match was answered arch or  
inc

**RYAN PHILLIP KULEFSKY**  
**HYPOCRITICAL BALLADEERS : THE**  
**OSPREY AND THE RUSE**

Canning the objective, finally—  
This gesturing primogeniture, damned:  
The Ganges, Wales imbibed;

Jammed, a messianic militarist’s breeze.  
And of a deleterious bumpkin town Its/ Is  
Not my intention to reinvent poetry—

The anointed of the God of Jacob,  
Whatever that means—

<sup>1</sup> ura: the body performing a “function” (Latin)

Theoretical monoliths, dumb, a variation

Or theme by Moore, Stein: brides, who own  
Property (juxtaposed howevers) ad infinitum:

The mating of a horse and a donkey

*Yields* a mule, which is always sterile,  
And anthropomorphized (for Prufrock!)  
Prevarications et al: There are lots of other *things*

Embodied in thinghood, a ballgame,  
Containing semen, individuality  
Then Thaw. Hence, spectatorial sub-divisions,

And Absalom’s conspiracy—  
Is it your will to make a stale of me  
Amongst these mates[?] digitalized politically

Assumptive within iron’s consumptive lax—  
Idling Amnon: a dynamic soul, a shrew’d,  
Inflexible and rhombazoidal; hierarchically

Bureaucratized asunder infuedational efficiency—  
And menopausal issues— Tamar’s fecundity and  
A gold robed About: Ash: The iridaceous fortuity

Of hispid criticality and bellicose horipulation!  
Immunization w/out the traditional position,  
The appearance of suffering and diversity’s stout,

To view ambivalence or to tip numerically, doubt  
Be disseminated by mere (sacrificial) sovereigns—  
Inextricably altogether hitting .258— while  
dismantling

Avuncular communities, legislatively tender nor  
Statistically sublime, astoundingly, Productivity Gains  
Means you adjust and don’t need the same number of  
workers

**INTELLIGENCE IS PERISHABLE: ONE**  
**DEFINITION IS AS GOOD AS THE OTHER**  
**1:04:11**

1139 Wabash—swallow  
the merle: firstly, Ozmandias  
and all that shit! Go! Revenue  
London Bitch, tumescent block:  
Glitch, so nice to have you w/ us.  
1800-Marriot, Reverence, the  
justice system and a spurious threat.  
SPUNK! Second, an order

To survive, a marine, anti-commune  
and the best flat rate plan imaginable.  
CaBaLiSticK, horizontal visibility,  
To fuck, antipathetic: these days  
I have trouble breathing.

**RIC CLEARY**  
**OF SPACE**  
**(a catalogue of then)**

now is over.  
however, of brief—

\*  
slips fallen into  
((the past)) sharp pantomime(s).

\*  
a sound  
the sense of once,  
source, not remembered.

\*  
then: is  
fleet, sight, (pre)tend  
absent body, its loss.

\*  
the remembrance dizzy  
where once  
possibility, haphazard(ness)

\*  
a pre—planned agenda, ab-  
andoned, unwittingly crooked.  
waiting.

\*  
“pan, glare, brace”  
the innuendo of reflection.  
Sleep-armed, static of sense.

The pulled curtain  
(long-faced)  
creaked, ignite.

\*  
an interaction  
of self (un)wittingly  
left in moments.

**NICHOLAS RAVNIKAR**

1.  
Discounted  
time more to  
the mind  
like a feather  
than a jacket  
all brambles  
and shelves.

2.  
Liberty tax  
are not camisoles  
or sexual  
function, but  
plight of  
the bricks  
sprawl on  
problem to  
catalogue  
sweet wraps on  
a grid.

3.  
Appearance  
shall come  
in incremental  
reason’s  
brash  
small fort  
there, Archaic,  
and buy  
mine toys, which  
meaning  
we moved to  
apologized.

**SEAN SLIVE**  
**from MAN’S HAND**

I have to keep hunting so I don’t forget the face:  
the face ravaged beyond address, brutalized whose  
language we’ve come to distrust, as I have come  
to the promontory; your unreachable face, the face  
I can’t kiss can’t explain, dare to stare to, the face  
of sword-cuts and epiphany, the sans-religious face,  
legible it’s temporal state, of great resentment face  
of meager rift, the face no where near the heart,  
the only face in mind at this

that have come on love.

\* \* \*

It's not the place it's the people. Texture, tone-color, harmonics, a single human voice. We can analyze and compare, but in every culture conscious and un-, the dissonant argument is to destructive sociological determinism. I'm free tomorrow

to conquer the space, one's voice. Not in public, men and women do not sing together. There's a legend about a horse going to heaven. He says: 'Make me come from the heavens, play the instrument made from my guts, the ironic imitation. My nervous intestines, my fantasy of water...'

throat-singing interacts with their sound for water...'' They suffer the dryad of natural and animal world.

### DAVE ARENAS

*from Theory Poetics: Hyper, Rantings Beyond And Back Through Distheologos*

### Necronisms:

Theory poetics becomes one approach among others toward deploying a negative aesthetics versus an aestheticising of the negative. In the latter, rhythm redeems a consumption of thought toward a resolution between self and the domination that constructs it. Even in the most expressive, the harmony between narrative and the self renders the self a thing to be revealed by technical harmonics while in the countermove, the erasure of the self within language, the question of domination is easily elided into a triumph of technics ruminating its own self in the deployment of fissures and discontinuing proximities. The anti-ideological focus of language poetry, for example, was its very possibility of objectifying technique to the point that its deployments were critical of the very imperative to tool language in the first place. Yet, as rhythm and subject has crept into the very canonization of the technical fissuring which of course allows technics a continuous discontinuity like hammer pounding nails, language poetry returns to the very essentialism (claimed to be non-essentialist) that killed poetry with its very proliferation: the unthinking repetition of the unsaid unnoticed by the writers themselves. Such an unsaid is found not in the abstracted (dis)identifications of theory, but in the palpable articulations, struggles, and creativities of those destroyed and targeted for destruction.

Theory poetics does not resist technique as it has none. The approach finds its question in the negation

by technics, which is performed in poetics' subservience. The metaphor is not abandoned nor is the subject, but are hallowed out in the concretion of contradictions revealing their essentializing commodity form. Language poetry, lyricism, dadaism, punk, R&B, rap, prose poetry, exteriorism, interiorism, plagiarism, are all potential sites for theory poetics. It is the question occurring in the aftermath of the poem rendered unto exchange value, disallowing its return to use value which theory poetics attempts to counterpose. It is not the unsaid granted being, which is the basic structure of the commodity fetish, nor the unspeakable rendered normal by its counterposing an initial shock, rather it is the writing out the contradictions that occurring in the dominance of exchange value dictating schools of poetry. It is that I must write in total regard to self and reader, in prayer as Benjaminian focus and in faith as Kierkegaardian mimed Christic subjectivity, that renders poetry *the* minor commodity form anchoring aesthetics' overdetermined industry to an expropriation as soon as the pen touches the page, this manifestation included. As Adorno points out with the bitterest fungibility of lyrical acquiescence, "No theory today escapes the marketplace. Each one is offered as a possibility among competing opinions; all are put up for choice; all are swallowed. There are no blinders for thought to don against this, and the self-righteous conviction that my theory is spared that fate will surely deteriorate into self advertizing." Manifestation and all.

The apologetic faith he placed into dialectics in the marketplace leads only to the very swallowing that evokes its counter-move of self-advertising. Negative dialectics forgets the very negation it views as a necessity of equality: the market place. Use value precedes and unleashes exchange value in that what is useful to me can easily be modified for another's use profiting me the world and the self-righteousness to imagine that I am more than a mere use of a commodity.

### ARMAND F CAPANNA II

*from Trans/DE/figured 9<sup>th</sup>*

*& Even if I be Hail in [one being froze] volumes of the inhuman howling & barbarously eat of Banditry heaved in old age flushing the breath's shit & So on in a voyage, I should*

“thing” one volume harbors a noise hung by the Noose on grows the planks where *my what eyes* shall meet ice sifting the soft frost in a body's *little nothing* is a nothing I say: **ALL**. & in the absence of a Ship, the worthless crew[d] revolver in a hand badly beaten swells in the spasmed gut, the broke down Lungs writing of some Alphabet, some malnutrition but I say the Book belongs up your ass, for all of this can be expressed in minute demonstrations of a good Death astonishing on the saw—

### AWWHERE LIVED

### THE OLD NUN, THE

### ROSARY, & ATLAS ON THE DUST OF WHICH

**REVEALS THE** inscription on inner the th(s)ighs: *don't quote me* of death defends the good manshuddering in

the gullet of a city blocks each minute in which I'll rectally gnaw, the tongue bloated by the epileptic variations & the sad ghetto of a dictionary tells me nothing of this life.

### TIM DONAHOE

### STALKING THE SLEEVES

Gift dishes as vocation, but cheers a naked beast been scoring initials blithe.

Plants in stayed nigh bet oust loot player's low guise: lore staking ground; razz credo.

Grand hen, we caking nouns with dung jettison sick pups or strangle them; fan pyre in vestures.

Disdain dumbs when he gaunts this flout (or Morse) signing coward czar.

Pant style valence, ding ease (peril), seized azure convergences bust you. (Go play in pathos gin,

stubborn gist pawls a 'Hold-out glower', a fetch vestige calls, guest burns faux blown bar cage.

Aches mall! Some bored synapse sears her glum prattle, inferences fat and Beverly decree bates gallows.

The calumny rhyme sniffing fey rue precocious minuets.) We care! Why ink gloves lost pond? He files stay

writ, bliss coming in weigh station at I-5 ramp. Sake what dead accretion (much brand documentation).

### LACRESHA HARTMAN

### [I CHANGE THE PACKAGE] after L. Hughes

I change the package of your silence before you speak

I do not need to hear a word

in your silence every toe I sick is here.

### BORIS ISZUS

*from POUNDS*

### In Flavor of the whole [lay] people

The voice ~~shd/be voiced~~<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Note: “**shd/be cons/umed**”

### Submissions

798 Post St San Francisco CA 94109 (Armand F Capanna II) [hic\\_bibitur\\_press@hotmail.com](mailto:hic_bibitur_press@hotmail.com) (attn: *ura* mag)

This issue is dedicated to Paul Hoover. Every writer included (except D. Arenas & Ms. Hartman) has had at one point, his invaluable teaching, guidance & presence in that beautiful ol' city, *Chicago*.