

August 1st, 2004

“Nay further, we are what we all abhor, *Anthropophagi* & Cannibals, devourers not onely of men, but of our selves; & that not in an allegory, but a positive truth; for all this masse of flesh which we behold, came in our mouths; this frame we looke upon, hath beene upon our trenchers; In briefe, we have devoured our selves.”- Sir Thomas Browne

“Thoughts against thoughts in groans grind” Gerard Manley Hopkins

NICHOLAS RAVNIKAR (Wisconsin/Chicago)
THOMAS SOUP, AQUAINTANCE

referential genuflection—the necessary face
a protogene. It is not enough
to look, it’s this paused chieftan
whom purity fumbles, cursed elations
the hands mugged by shards
of oracle joists & property, part of it soaked
in thematic compression of movie deal. Precary
has enough actuality. Funny if plough
on Saturn bore a thing that glittered, a blintz,
a narrow glass, the fates that are

RYAN KULEFSKY (Chicago)
PREFACE

Polemics was born to keep pace with events and without the petty disillusionment of the Sectarian’s void. On April 1st I can complain to you for hours: Solomon’s labor policies; the hay-market riots; 1984. The proper use of time starts with organization. There are serious flaws in the arrangement of the material— do not be afraid to seize whatever you have written and cut it to ribbons. The ability to remember, is no sign of weakness or defeat. Although nauseating and overblown— whichever you mean, you haven’t said it clearly— offends the air of many others who do not like to see words dulled and eroded, particularly when the erosion leads to ambiguity, softness, or nonsense. Customarily, the prospect of other negative meanings is necessary and everything that follows: the Democratic Party, Effective Applications, and so on ad infinitum. Everybody wants to be with a winner and our electrons are indeed free; however not everyone knows SALT means Strategic Arms Limitation Talks. That is, don’t start by calling something a swordfish and end up calling it an hourglass.

¹ fretan: *to devour, to eat up* (OLD ENGLISH)

Sound fundamentals. A cornerstone skip and pioneering hall. This, they say, is the way trade is negotiated, as the case may be, we are quite likely to drown when we want to survive and survive when we want to drown. It is and it isn’t. From time to time new forms are introduced by innovators, and either win their place or die of neglect. Safety should never be a consideration. If you admire fancy words, if every sky is *beauteous*, every blond *curvaceous*, if you are tickled by *discombobulate*, you’ll have had a grind with Poetry, which must be as real as watching a beard grow, and as tender. Drills are the lifeblood of any practice. On the contrary, the positive images of professional tokenism is an acrimonious consequence of grave perception, and has its origin in ideological rhetoric and moral relativism, like the philistine Darwinian on his way toward complacency and tax-exempt status. To execute difficult “high-knee” maneuvers more efficiently. Notwithstanding our self-identical, aphasiac preoccupation, the first word of analysis *is* anal: homosexual rabbis davening on death row; apologetic pornographers milking the goat, and all destitute eyes swollen like the estimated flowers of liberty. O Lord Asap of our daily of zero consequence, the crude likeness of the “reality” which you have named and assimilated, by way of the absolute, never posits the imagination, only the transformation of performance. Materialist haut. Consequently, We, the hoary bedfellows of liberty have many a flummery to crack: no vexation without ornamentation. Repeatedly brash and never such a dream like sailing the executive rot. The appreciative rational of Social Security. Charlie’s Aunt Shirley told Ma McNally she wants to teach a seminar about how easy it is to see virtually everything, but with one dead alternative: cuts in capital-gains. The positive results of integration. Composition continues— workers don’t care much for the sentence. The coldest day in 5 years so I decided to read Ayn Rand, despite the fact that I am on drugs, although I was sober when this started. You’re still here, aren’t you. On the road to South Carolina, it got, well, a little “nasty”. The forty-five poems that make up Whitman’s *Calamus* sequence has a soporific and visionary aim: “To teach robust American love” proving once and for all that the 19th century erotic imagination was never protectionist. Governments round and finish little, if anything. All the kids, to get in my mouth and mediated by beauty, in New England. It is interesting to note Babe Ruth was an excellent pitcher as well. As a Christian, under immense pressure, I apparently embarrass easy. Categorical statements. The semen on the mount. At the urinal trough, Federalist Jon Jay, stood erect and took on Oedipus piss. That’s meant to be a joke: urinal troughs were first introduced in 1938 for Detroit Tiger fans and Jay died at his home (1829) in

New York. The latter is fecund and historical, the former is epistemological and uninteresting. This was never supposed to be ethnographical. That was the Friday after primacy and before Objectivism. Failing that, they demanded reparations. What I’m saying is some of the best baseball coaches in the country have combined their wisdom to put this book together. Players should avoid making more than two throws on any rundown. Unfortunately, only certain stocks make the cut. The legislator, much like the recalcitrant designated hitter only plays offense. That being said, essentially falling with body control, the four corner pick-off offers *too much* fucking perspective. To hell with demeanor. Displaying of national politics. Like a hippie, I am the monarch of the sea.

RIC CLEARY (Chicago)
ESCHER’S PILLBOX

-a resonance w/Clark Coolidge’s
“Bontecou Chandelier”

gilded age (with th’) loam to pact linoleum
of every to every turn between to mirror
(lends))
“past” I (ams’) the (turn)
just is did it, gates and naples
now hover june, (of then) the
blur be get to wish to last

orange today (bow, lust, then)
smatter(er) pat
HOPE less glass age of genuine
(nets’ disaster random flop)
paint jostles painter grabs picture (ofs’ in
alcoves of resonance, we)
CANVAS. | of it the “speaks”. Displacement
shapes aesthete, gone or now
the brush like THE (it’s over)

wrist, as the wire, the Hey ((absurd))

Vivaporous. Synaesthesia. New Year.
Tones of...
Just pattern wish just of smatt(er) to
smatter I jest
was said *cone crust* (dissonance, Atlantis)
rubric--we prefer the
pen all health(y) (salt, proper quotations)
stair case sends stair, near (s)
(distance, triumph_
fire

No. 2 pencil—No. 10 (s)tencil

s̄l̄-jēk' shōn{z} ūv
(after e.e. cummings)

por
phorowaslook
ingu p a t, photography
popS.

b’t swat at purpose as photography
xshquoxt uh? extend(uate):
err grata esque: bye; m—of
tippednip ponizedgood dayfedora

office furniture

SEAN SLIVE (L.A.)
FLUX GRAVITAS

Interlopers through space also experience collisions and signature shatterings of their boulders or ships, ripped open polymer exchanging particles, that is: small grains sucked up tidally releasing the atomic oxygen, seriously. but that process does not produce enough oxygen to sustain rapidly-recombined metrics, citizens of low energy allowance vessels hurtling orbiting a system just one or three days.

An exogenic processes retracts the precious surface rings, multi-zero-miles-wide ice ellipses expanding sinking out into the severely-dry upper atmosphere. her face is poked by rocky cores in these collisions, seeing into centers of such dispute it's tempting to explain away the disappearance, but this is addressed to no one, on all of you to see radical identification with the shattering ring lanes.

TIM DONAHOE (Chicago/CA)
PROBLEM ADDICT

Jump: log and board.

I form nations to burn down fences.
Vanguard bores yeah tone,

mask rating paper sponce, tact scamp.
A sort of love, shuffled into the wreck,

objectionable stoss hat balking about mes.
Keep arming up, see sound like this is what I am.

This is naïve for I love you to des.
Ask Hitchcock about mart guy writer as

ice ages torque your site overnight

and come crying, too, "Me!"

Stakes seriously undone as
curfew your hexes, dum-dum.

DAVE ARENAS (Chicago)
*from Theory Poetics: Hyper, Rantings Beyond And
Back Through Distheologos*

Sociopathologisms

Theory poetics hollows out the metaphor, interiorizes the exteriority of the commodity, unsouls technics by manifesting its agency of destruction. Tolstoy came close to hitting this vacuity materializing itself in the body when he noticed the amount of self-negation that redeemed the artistic work and condemned the uninterested to a hell of listening and regurgitating the peristalsis as self. What is tactically (and what tactility has not been reduced to such) more fruitful is the hallowing as such, the evisceration of the poem to its atomized relations, its vacuities that leave more questions disorienting to whoever it comes in contact with it. Some would say, like Vattimo, just read it freely and let the exchange of ideas run free (and the flesh?). Others like Cardenal would say let the people write and learn and write again poetry, rediscovering its use value (to sell it abroad?).

The market is us and we are the market, and that is no signature for hope. "We" makes genocide the integrative possibility that Adorno foresaw in hindsight, the market allows "We" to praise occupational forces mediating international peace, even as that peace rests within "We" with the timed breath held when power is to be cut off (to maintain hyper consumption in itself) and breath released when we find that it is good for energy stocks and the market "We" invest in.

Theory poetics is the questioning grappling with that negation rendering the market possible in the very motion of pen across paper (keyboard correlating screen). Theory poetics recidivizes the question of poetry when people are no longer a question, rather an instinctively posed threat of ancient injustices justing our material disdain for each other. Theory poetics dissects post-textually the body as a use-value of anatomical relics theologizing the exchange of words to which such use-value reconstituted as an "I" is appendaged. Theory poetics manifests itself by its questions arising from the congealment of use-value with the self-adoration of material negation (this is my weapon, this my gun...) in the very technics of speech

exchange individuating "We" to collectivize the "I". When "We" are universally owned by ownership itself to be identified by our commodities, theory poetics foregrounds the question of aesthetics to become whether I am useful by my technical servitude to be marketable (exchangeable) for another's consumption (self-negation) I strive to become. The student strives to be the teacher, the teacher the doctor, the doctor the CEO, the CEO the academy, the academy the corporation, the corporation the state, the state religion, religion the market, and market nature waiting for its technical messiah, which is why the apolitical fascism of total production and total consumption will always remain the ethical theology of spiritual hope for capitalist democracy. Aesthetics, as the once while question of the beautiful and pleasurable, is transformed, by the exchange of body relics to technical universality, into the foregone conclusion provided by advertizing: that every machine is infinitely perfectable just as every person is proportionally degradable. In this fashion, the artist remains faithful to their own ahistorical representation of market relations.

ARMAND F CAPANNA II (Chicago/S.F.)
UNTITLED (for Tim Donahoe)

The tooth wedged in the fleshfist: the hooked beauty of the world.

from HIS THUMB, THE HAMMER HE HOPED

...It raises slowly, *quorum pars magna fui*
thus far dressed the root coils and
the flesh gorged on winter.

Language pulling out, in the weight of
spring [?] gums the delusion of history, the boggy

bush of...

hysterectomies abstracting the
pedestrian entering austerity

*

And continuation is:
their heads
disintegrate,

**(THREE TO
A VOLUME!)**

with a nap of
frenzied singing—good

bye

decay measured
by what/was/had/been

is under [still]
(stood).

*

By the whiteness, *I mean* to say, the inherent silence
of. Drummed dialogue & the

order of gradual noise "in love" he
would say
with the end of the blade, the absurd

arrangement of dying

*

You roamed. Into the rumble
of proximity Wood pyre Would remember

Thus, you will say I remember the chaos of
alliterations &

expressions of comma just as laughable
as you who lie down close

to the thawing inscription

ELIZABETH ANDERSEN (Chicago)
FACE UPON FACE

face upon face, facing faster
flewn mirror ledge
is is an we
no more so in ter gratis
integer ingrate equate
contra ban adequate
language laughs a language
laughs in laughter's language
clucks tongue click disc distance
falls sleep foreign
sleepy head a rustl
nustles chin in hollow holy me

from IRON RUMBLES A PENNY

I

It could have differently. No degrees of damage. It all acute.
Even in optic. Ever after act is never ending. Action happens
as if were never done.

II

The body where loss here. In vision. Here. If here,
angling. We are here. Really. The lens, angling.

Really. The other furniture, a light source. Suddenly it
seemed the land was leading landscape patterned memory
any swallow, her still.

III

A landscape generates—100 lines electricity between
time/space, being equal. I am here from then.

IV

Where we never, in fear of the leeches. Tracks trailed at
river's edge of night, looking the pale for her body. She
should have sunk until spring and floated on to the lock.
To be discovered in dredging. Dreading the curl of her hair
at shore's end and air raw earth. It was all inertia, shifty as
gravel, slipping down rocks to the revealing. Nothing
revealed by river. Too scenic in its silver. Surely she
would arrive the spring.

BORIS ISZUS (Russia/Chicago)
AS FOR THE PRIMATES OF TODAY

Word Hysterectomy: Om
like to be but hussy *to be
nude. This* preference is
suckled by the
etymologically raised ship
& it's weenie *elude.*
Erudite comes from the
Latin cranium $\bar{\epsilon}rud\bar{I}tus$,
"well-in" from the passe
participle of the verb $\bar{\epsilon}rud\bar{I}$
re: "to educe, trains." The
vibe is in tune from the
(pre)fix *ex-*, "out, out
OUTL," and the adjective
rudis, "little untaught
onion," the source of hours
feud with English ish irst
rded in a woibly itten ore
1425 th th nses: "instructed,
lean." UR meaning "lubed"
is sup toe (be)rare sarcastic
noose latrine in parts of the
19th century, but the "now"
seems to have been restored
it's flavor.

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"Lawd, Break My Neck While I'm Falling From
An Alehouse Bench!" © Hic Bibitur Press 2004