

AN UNDEMEANING OF METER

"The angry things that have been said about our poetry have also been said about our time. They are both "confused," "chaotic," "violent," "obscure." Muriel Rukeyser

"Prajapati created the gods. Then, suffering in the form of death was created. The gods went to Prajapati and asked: Why did you create us if you were planning to create death after us? Prajapati answered: Compose the meters and make your home in them and you will be rid of this affliction." Jaiminiya Brahmana, 1.283.

"La métrique est la théorie du rythme des imbeciles." Henri Meschonnic



Seikilos Epitaph, the oldest complete musical composition with musical notation. Superscript letters and markings indicate pitch and tempo.

The text itself reads:

*While you live, shine
grieve not beyond measure
life is brief
and time demands its due*

DO YOUR FEET FIT? : EMBEDDED METER : EQUANIMOUS REVOLUTION

That is, first, meter in relation to the preciousness of life; *this* measuring of meter; to not waste our breath. 2ndly, meter approached, not pedagogically, but as a way to open possibilities for

practice (that we be embedded in meter). 3rdly: Ingrates! That the avant-garde (say, since Gustave Kahn's issuing of the 1886 symbolist periodical *La Vogue*, including Rimbaud, Verlaine, Mallarmé, Whitman, sparked *Vers Libre*) need only jilt meter to be free and release its swarm of isms; gifted by, sharply defined by meter's remains. It's all been on the back of meter! 4thly, it's essential (with regard to the preciousness of life) to reckon with modern and consequent postmodern avant-garde movements (greatly determined by disowning and owning up to meter) relative to the unprevented violence of the 'progress' made and poetics put forth since the avant-guerre avant-garde emancipation of verse. Strictly speaking, there can be no *avant-guerre*; there is only *pendant-guerre* composition; no postwar, only riPOSTeWar, playing over and over again a pendular poetics; there's no 'avant' only *amidst*. Avant-garde vehemence, typically manned by the manifesto, perhaps, is, the initial push of the imperialist. (Revolution is a self-destructive convention. Khlebnikov thought there was a rhythm to it, over vast stretches of time. (He searched neither in vain, nor verifiably.)

Not sure we'll get there, without words as precious as life. If we're not with words in wonder
If we're not in such wonder with words that it matters not which word is wonder, the war is
already lost in that it will be waged by the words we do decide to use.

*"What is audible, all sounds and voices without exception, as many as there may be, are
adornments of basic space, arising as the ongoing criterion of enlightened speech."*

METER AND IMMISERATION : LISTENING AS POEM : OMNISCENT NOT
ENCYCLOPEDIA : UNHAPPEN : FUTURE NOSTALGIA : IMPLICATE POETRY:
PREVENTATIVE AT LEAST PALLIATIVE OR NOT-PART-OF-THE-PROBLEM?

*"If language really makes us kings of our nation, then without doubt it is we, the poets and
thinkers, who are to blame for this blood bath and who have to atone for it." Hugo Ball, Die
Flucht aus der Zeit.*

Meter could have only ever come about *because* it was embedded; in interaction with speech, music, instrumentation, movement, site, occasion, service, convention, revolution, spinning of the earth, the heavens. (The Greek term for meter's whole setting is *mousiké*.) Extract a dactyl from *that* and it will shiver, shrivel, shut down or shill for any schlock as *meter appliqué* or schoolmaster meter.

Free of entailments (and entrails) for the moment, I'm simply placing <--avant-garde-arrière--> (our experimental arts) as contemporaneous with our atrocities. We let go of neoclassical meter (and we can say necessarily so) ... but for this? The age of mechanization and ametricity (as if paradoxically?) are one. All eyes are on the climate (and Bakhmut and Gaza and the South

China Sea) as the planet's derivatives bubble, meanwhile, exceeds one quadrillion dollars: that's 10x World GDP. There's no collateral there either, in case the poem falls through. So, by 'preciousness' I mean 'necessitous.' The wealth divide is about to fatally fly through the roof (creditors carried all the way to Mars) as AI comes fully online. AI is *language*. Whose language? Everyone's, but ... language, in its most capable sense and concentrated forms, belongs to the poets.

Prosody is the precursor and provenance of language. Language the provenance of poets.

Since the ground of existence is love (isn't it?) and nothing can exist as something else (can't it?) how did we get things so wrong, with our violence, not only not prevented by, but precisely attributable to our ability to speak? Everything, and surely each word, is unique to this ground. What are we saying to each other? Is language now toxic? Can we be out of step, or even rhythmless? How seriously so?

It's been said 'nature vs. culture.' But nature has no *against*, even when we don't agree, even when we grieve, that grief is also given to us. It can't even come down to (as I've heard said) 'humanity vs. inhumanity, as humanity has no inhumanity. Inhumanity is no more a homeopathic treatment than war.

Is there any evidence that we've ever caused a solution? Life was given to us as a solution, in case we'd ever need one. This is what I mean by *preciousness*. Our family (throughout the cosmos) is so few. An infinitesimal speck.

All presumptions are off. (At a recent poetry reading, introducing one of her plant-based poems, Mei-mei Berssenbrugge referred to the future as "a possibility, not a faith.")

METER TANTRA : MY EARLIEST MEMORIES OF METER: COUNT COUNTS : WE SAY "GHOSTS" SO GHOSTS EXIST : MOSTLY LEARNED FROM THE BRAHMANAS THE AVESTA AND OLIVIER MESSIAEN'S TRAITÉ DE RYTHME, DE COULEUR, ET D'ORNITHOLOGY

Meter has always been mixed, miscegenated, misbegotten, messed up, mis-seamed, vulnerable, variable, volatile, violable, attacked, ad-libbed, situational, experimental, sprung, expunged, fudged, faked, perfected and forgotten. Meters forebear, forebode, forbid, forestall, foregather, foresee, forewarn and foretell.

Meter is entheogenic, not indulgent. It's magicoefficient, performative. It works. It works because it intercedes in causality, on our behalf. Meter is the strongest support for getting all we desire. Meters were/are mostly for carrying out sacrifice and service, for carrying the

sacrifice over, measuring out the setting and steps of the service, and hiding us from death. Think of a choriamb as advanced, protective technology. Like an inner radiance heatshield. First of all, they are used in order to protect themselves, your service.

Embedded meter is entered, not applied. This is the primary difference. Nonetheless, embedded meter is not absorptive. It vivifies.

Mere mortals can only hope to mimic the jaw-dropping might of meter.

Radicality is a convention. 100 years after the liberation of verse, the editors of the 1969 compilation *Naked Poetry: Recent American Poetry in Open Form* make this statement: "We began with the firm conviction that the strongest and most alive poetry in America had abandoned or at least broken the grip of traditional meters and had set out, once again, into 'the wilderness of unopened life.'"

Is meter no more? (Poets sometimes refer to meters as ghosts, and the meters are well aware of this, as they are being minced, macerated, pestled, puréed, rasped and slurred by our every word. Quite a demotion, from hypostasis to ghost. Or, maybe not — perhaps we're in a necessary, low-key, undercover era in which the meters are tooling-up and regrouping towards a lasting peace.)

Specifically, an 8-syllabled, open-onset, closing-cadenced line can keep us from creating fear.

Bake your bread on eight burners.

The meters, altogether, are various bodyparts of any likeness we share with the divine.

Meter revives the intoxicant entombed in our intestines. Metric currency for over-the-counter unobtainable drugs.

The poem isn't spoken it's sacrificed.

One meter makes another whole.

Meter doesn't merely measure the poem, for Christ's sake, it measures the circumference of the cup, number of sips, steps from side to side, height of the shelter, square footage of the dancefloor, gesture repetitions, stars in the constellation, lumens of the light, the place setting and the total setting in place and every aspect of the service's progression. We no longer say 'sacrificial site' except for desecration.

It's all an act.

And as you can see, architecture is part of poetry, not the inverse. Meter houses the house. Meter is correlated with *baukunst*: building as art, care for construction detail, knowledge of materials, play of proportion, light and wellbeing.

(Bear in mind, the adjective "poetic" in engineering and science is, nowadays, a deprecatory code word for *nonrigorous* and *unsound* design. Can we even assume poetry has (ever, or recently) opened into an experimental field by restricting innovation to its proper materiality: sound, image, lineation, page-space? Thus a closing of curiosity. Though materialist, nothing haptic about it.)

*What I really wanted to say
was that I'm tired of poetry being a blueprint not a house*

*What I really wanted to say
was that poetry wants to close your eyes
so you open them suddenly in a new space,
the way doors and windows do
o these architects these poets
who can build an opening
anywhere they choose
can open space and let us in*

*But does time ever really pass?
Isn't time just a superstition,
a flaw in our attention to the permanent?*

*Place happens to space,
is architecture in a place
or does it make the place
itself happen to space.
The way music happens to time. — Robert Kelly*

Or, measurements of the place of practice of the poem, if you prefer. How do you know how many steps, distances and directions, spatial data emanating from the pattern of the poem? The beat is in the details. Count is that which, once it comes into existence, it comes into existence as existence.

Superstition comes from *stich*.

Wrong number? Change the procedure. (Alter the altar.) Can't go wrong? A fate worse than poetry. Get the count right and you have the privilege of being the one tied at the stake.

The line is the foot. The line a lightning bolt or BTU count. A line of bricks. The measure with which one measures. Nothing so incidental as analogous.

Ladder of the 12 directions. Visualize this.

The poem is repeatedly pressed throughout the day (and the deities). It quantifies and qualifies the high.

It's the number of pressings and their matching meters.

Animals. Meters, they're our animals.

Whatever you need measured, accordingly, that's your meter. The number of utensils for the utilization. The ladlings. The number of items for each side of the exchange.

Food for food. Firm footing given to the Creator. Numbers not fixing but freeing.

Don't forget to recite the poem as part of sitting down to receive and write it.

For obtaining all of the language, please turn to meter.

8-syllabled is a means of procreation.

Most of the meaning of meters basically has to do with becoming able to speak. We use meters in order to be able to use them. It's for their own use that meters measure the entire setting for their use. Counting everything involved.

This is how meters become identical to things. The gathering is identical to meter. Meter is drunk from the cup and it's the cup drunk from. Meter is identical to that which is offered.

Closely-connected is meter. You're an embryo within meter. It's the safe place and the safety.

When we're sacrificed, when we pass on: "go to the meters."

Meters are indivisible from the meaning of their use. When outcome counts the most, meters come in. Poet-person, your job is to satisfy them, not desecrate yourself.

(This is not a defense of meter. I'm allowing it to fend for itself.)

Meter generates as it's generated by the service.

Nothing to gain or lose (like your life?) then no need for meter. I can see why, if there's no sacrifice, meter is insignificant.

They are the power we acquire from them. With meter I respect you. Whether to club or consecrate. We make with meters. A meter's a stick of incense. Fume.

Meters have their own sense of belonging and protocols as per hour of the day.

At times they're antipathic, working against what's being done with them. And working against each other. A poem that's not cooperating with itself, is still a poem, however incorrigible or undecipherable. Like it and not. Poem as the place for metric infighting. Meter in conflict with exterior mirroring.

You want to be falcon? Form yourself of me (say the 8-syllabled). Midday be an eagle of four eleven-syllabled lines. You want to be a banana? An umbrella?

Mysteriously understood.

The meters become each other's spare plug-in parts. There's some degree of interchangeability, partial or whole disassembly. Right god, wrong time of day. Sorry. Work it out. The meter is the stanza and the stars. The number of syllables in a line matches the number of deities. Make the correlations. For example, polysemic *kakubh* is splendor, a compass direction, a wreath of champak flowers, a summit, hair hanging down, and it is the number ten, a line's syllable-count of the same name.

How hard we've worked to make the world less meaningful! Without even trying.

The Vedic 'foot' (*padā*) is the entire line. Vedic stanzas are typically four-lined. Vedic currency is *cattle*. The mode of the Vedic hymns is *harnessing*. The Greek and Latin foot (*pous*, *pes*, respectively) moves in an entirely different manner. It's a dual on-off system; a bipedal unit based on arsis and thesis.

Thus meter is yoked to what you're carrying out. A fresh horse for the relay. The transposition. What was here is there which is now here. Meters are the various parts of the chariot, or spaceship. Or submersible. Basically, they're transportation.

Can't the same be done as well (or even better) without meter? Something else, yes, can be done better without meter, taking us somewhere else.

Meters *are* results. To please that particular deity, please that meter to obtain the desired result.

Without which Awemighty Wonder — Who as Wonder — wouldn't have a pot to piss in. (We don't pray we ground the gods.) Meters are the wealth of one's god. To believe in meter, not god, is good enough. Just make the meters fresh after they've been sucked dry or weaponized by a sense of divinity that is not *like* but *identical* to the meters as its embodiment. To take away the power of malevolent beings, overpower the syllable count of their lines with yours. Don't go *schizo*.

No god would have gotten to heaven without the means of the 36-syllable stanza of 4 lines of either 9-9-9-9 or 8-8-8-12 syllables. "Through you, let us reach the heavenly world." The gods pray to meter. (TMB VII 4.2). Also by means of a mix of meters, they cover their tracks so that no others can climb so high.

Prop up the sun. (With.)

The instructions inscribed in a meter are countless. (This is why we count.) (Keep it together.) Their known names and functions are the same as their unknown names and functions. They're not forms of god, but beloved forms. For instance, Fire belongs to Gāyatrī, and Gāyatrī is 3 8-syllabled lines and Fire is Agni. You don't have to put it together, it is together. Then improvise under great danger; not to point out or even propitiate, rather *practice* as an offering up.

Syllable-counted speech, now that speech is clearly not so little as speech.

We mimic the poetics of creation aping us.

However knotted up we get, meters are creation's relaxation, verily. After their last pressing the meters refresh themselves. No wonder they can be so incorrigible. Wanting to kick back and take part in the sacrifice, not *be* the sacrifice.

Do not disturb. *That* measure. Pulselessness. Hysteria.

Music and meter are each other's food. One meter may thrive in many ways. Write that. Speech crying to be metric, became a meter. The way in which speech is identical to meter is the key. (Don't waste your breath.) Speech is not *a* goddess, she is *thee* Goddess. Impulse to speak (from beyond dreamless sleep). Impulsive, explosive She.

Exactly this: *Chandasyām vācam vādam* — *vādam* (speaking) *chandasyām* (metric) *vācam* (speech) (RV 9.113.6) — can mean "speaking metrical speech" which would intrinsically be "true" speech, a taking-the-form-of hymn which would also indivisibly mean "according to one's wishes." A perfectly interlaced knot.

— *vācam, vācam, Vāc*. Nutshell. With Goddess within: what is, is to be held, that we behold and be whole.

Meters = speech : *chandāmsi vai vāk*.

What are we saying?

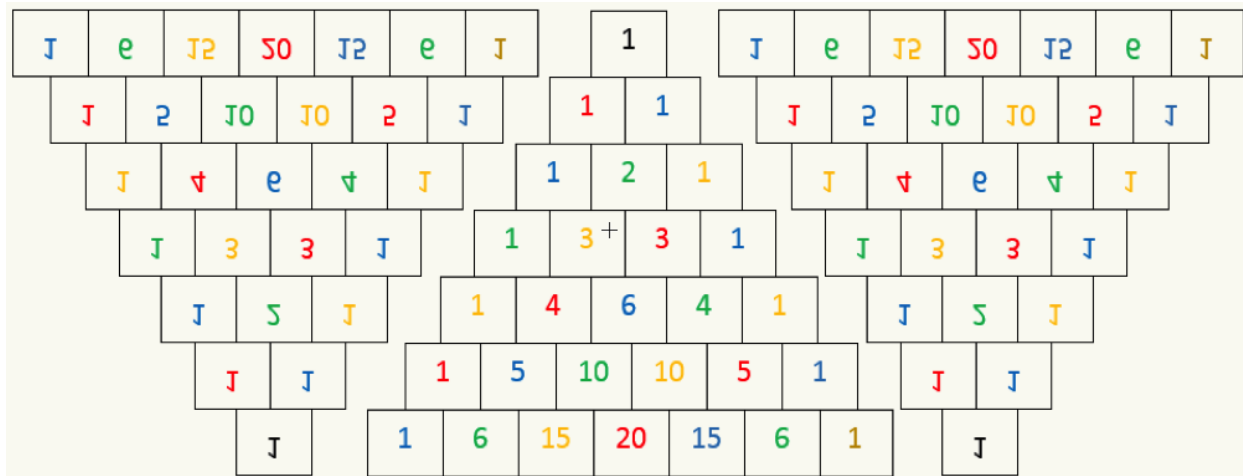
— *vāg u vai sarvāni chandāmsi* : all of speech is all of the meters.

Metrical speech is the same as speech, only *prosperous*. Repeat: only *prosperous*.

To wrap things up: it's accurate to say that meters are the deities of the deities. They are their wealth, made ours. They are the request's collateral and efficacy. They work magically because they work religiously because they work. The in-between-speech-and-music which is indivisible. If they're not working for us but against us, it means the sacred is using them for its own purposes, or they're just off goofing off on their own.

Drop the dead god: meter as an invariant that varies so that we can perceive change.

What will happen is the significance of the meters.



ON THE CONTRARY, METER AS ENEMY (ONESELF) : FREE WORDS: POEMS
WITHOUT WORDS : OPACITY AND THE SIMPLE THINGS IN LIFE : TO EXTERMINATE
METER, REMOVE THE SOURCE (THE POET FROM THE POET) : THE KARMA OF
METER

"Je n'écris pas par métier. Vivre n'est pas un métier." — Blaise Cendrars

"I want to speak of verse in a plain way as I would of pigs: that is the only honest way." — T.E. Hulme.

"There is no reason why every activity must of necessity be confined to one or other of those ridiculous limitations which we call music, literature, painting, etc." — Bruno Corradini and Emilio Settimelli, 'Weights, Measures, and Prices of Artistic Genius: Futurist Manifesto,' 1914.

"Post free-verse is like playing basketball with a ping pong ball, like playing golf with hockey equipment, like football without the game, like going to the moon without going."

"Meter has hurt so many people; subjugated, abandoned, pointlessly employed and exhausted so many millions."

As T.E. Hulme was conceiving free verse (via *Vers Libre*) with his "A Lecture on Modern Poetry" in 1908 in England, F.T. Marinetti was condemning it in Italy with his proto-fascist, anti-prosodic manifestos, in particular 'Parole in Libertà' wherein he tolls the death knell for free verse:

Free verse once had countless reasons for existing but now is destined to be replaced by words-in-freedom. The evolution of poetry and human sensibility has shown us the two incurable defects of free verse.

1. Free verse fatally pushes the poet towards facile sound effects, banal double meanings, monotonous cadences, a foolish chiming, and an inevitable echo-play, internal and external.

2. Free verse artificially channels the flow of lyric emotion between the high walls of syntax and the weirs of grammar. The free intuitive inspiration that addresses itself directly to the intuition of the ideal reader finds itself imprisoned and distributed like purified water for the nourishment of all fussy, restless intelligences.

Apollinaire responded with his own manifesto 'L'Antitradition Futuriste,' a 4-page flyer of what to destroy, what to construct, what to shit on, and who deserves a rose.

L'ANTITRADITION FUTURISTE

Manifeste-synthèse

ABAS LEP^{ominir} A liminé SS^{korusu}
otale EIS^{cramlr} ME^{nigme}

ce moteur à toutes tendances impressionnisme fauvisme cubisme expressionnisme pathétisme dramatisme orphisme paroxysme DYNAMISME PLASTIQUE
MOTS EN LIBERTÉ INVENTION DE MOTS

DESTRUCTION

Suppression de la douleur poétique
des exotismes snobs
de la copie en art
des syntaxes *déjà ramassées par l'Europe d'ici*
déjà les langues
de l'adjectif
de la ponctuation
de l'harmonie typographique
des temps et personnes des vers
de l'orchestre
de la forme théâtrale
du sublime artiste
du vers et de la strophe
des maisons
de la critique et de la satire
de l'intrigue dans les récits
de l'ennui

SUPPRESSION DE L'HISTOIRE

Pas
de
regrets

INFINITIF



MER DE

aux

Critiques	Essayistes	Les frères siamois
Pédagogues	Néo et post	D'Annunzio et Rostand
Professeurs	Bayreuth	Dante Shakespeare Tolstol
Musées	Montmartre et Munich	Dilettantismes merdoyants
Quattrocentistes	Lexiques	Eschyle et théâtre d'Orange
Dixseptièmeistes	Bongottismes	Inde Egypte Fiesole et la théosophie
Itiniers	Orientalismes	Scientisme
Patines	Dandysmes	Monnaie Wagner Beeethoven Edgar Poe Walt Whitman et Baudelaire.
Historiens	Spiritualistes ou réalistes (sans sentiment de la réalité et de l'esprit)	
Venise Versailles Pompei Bruges Oxford Nuremberg Tolède Bénarès etc.	Académismes	
Défenseurs de paysages		
Philologues		

ROSE

aux

Marinetti Picasso Boccioni Apollinaire Paul Fort Mercereau Max Jacob Carrà Delaunay Henri-Matisse Braque Depaquit Séverine Severini Derain Russolo Archipenko Pratella Balla F. Divoire N. Beauduin T. Varlet Buzzi Palazzeschi Maquaire Papini Soffici Folgore Govoni Montfort R. Fry Cavacchioli D'Alba Altomare Tridon Metzinger Gleizes Jastrebzoff Royère Canudo Salmon Castiaux Laurencin Aurel Agero Léger Valentine de Saint-Point Delmarle Kandinsky Strawinsky Herbin A. Billy G. Sauvebois Picabia Marcel Duchamp B. Cendrars Jouve H. M. Barzun G. Polti Mac Orlan F. Fleuret Jaudon Mandin R. Dalize M. Brésil F. Carco Rubiner Bétuda Manzella-Frontini A. Mazza T. Derème Giannattasio Tavolato De Gonzagues-Frick C. Larronde etc.

PARIS, le 29 Juin 1912, jour du Grand Prix, à 85 mètres au-dessus de Boul. S.-Germain

DIRECTION DU MOUVEMENT FUTURISTE, Corso Venezia, 61 - MILAN

GUILLAUME APOLLINAIRE, 101, BOULEVARD SAINT-GERMAIN - PARIS

The egomaniacal credo of the coming age of art-for-the-artist's-sake is proclaimed in the 1914 manifesto of Bruno Corradini and Emilio Settimelli: Therefore EVERY ARTIST WILL BE ABLE TO INVENT A NEW FORM OF ART, which would be the free expression of the particular idiosyncrasies in his cerebral makeup, with all its modern insanity and complication, a new art form in which would be found the most diverse means of expression, combined in new ways and degrees—words, colors, notes, indications of shapes, scents, facts, noises, movements, physical sensations; I.E., A CHAOTIC, UNAESTHETIC, AND CAVALIER MIXING OF ALL THE ARTS ALREADY IN EXISTENCE AND OF ALL THOSE WHICH ARE AND WILL BE CREATED BY THE INEXHAUSTIBLE WILL FOR RENEWAL WHICH FUTURISM WILL BE ABLE TO INFUSE INTO HUMANITY." In other words, the cynosure of idiosyncratic age-to-come will be art-for-the-artist's-sake.

I am everywhere or rather I start to be everywhere
It is I who am starting this thing of the centuries
to come.

— Apollinaire



Revolutions are aesthetic, designed in a kind of competitive, cooperative, cutthroat environment. I tend to locate the prefigurative moment of what was to become avant-guerre modernism at the first word of Alfred Jarry's 1896 performance of his *nosist* (one is the royal we) "exaggerated mirror" theatre piece *Ubu Roi*; seminally, the *mousiké* is all right there: set, situation, song, movement, spoken word, in an ideal wholeness Plato might have admired, only *entirely desecrated*. An anarchic *mousiké*, while wholly owing itself to ancient *mousiké* as the prevailing order to be cast into disorder; upheld as the anti-model. Nietzsche would be the *avant-guerre* patron philosopher ("meter lays a veil over reality; it effectuates a certain artificiality of speech and unclarity of thinking; by means of the shadows it throws over thoughts it now conceals, now brings into prominence") while the direct handoff to Marinetti may have been the decadent, immersive, political, civic, militaristic, literary, totally aestheticized living theater of Gabriele D'Annunzio. And of course there would have been no initial, decisive modernist spark when Marinetti crashed his car (while swerving to avoid a bicycle) without the acceleration provided by the rapid developments marking the start of the century: the automobile, airplane, trans-continental railway, reaching the north and south poles, the telegraph, radio, cinema, mass-circulation newspaper, the sense of simultaneity, electrical engineering, modern physics, the chemical industry, synthetic materials, the proletariat, internationalist socialism, interlocking international imperialisms, war as cleanse, mass art, mass audience as art object, aestheticized politics, politicizing of aesthetics (fruits of which: fascism and "idealized" socialist realism), autotelic *l'art pour l'art* and *l'art pour l'artist* as well as the emergent *Association of Artists of Revolutionary Russia*.

Poems even free of words. From Hugo Ball's diary: "I have invented a new genre of poems, '*Verse ohne Worte*' (poems without words) or *Lautgedichte* (sound poems)."

gadji beri bimba
glandridi lauli lonni cadori...

Tumultuous times. Granted. But why and when did the absolute disdain for the past as *modus operandi* set in? (Marinetti even attacked spaghetti!) "On ne peut pas transporter partout avec soi le cadavre de son pere." (Apollinaire, 'Les Peintres cubistes,' 1913.) "The only freedom we demand is freedom from the dead." (Khlebnikov.)

No less now. We take civilization personally, and cellularly. "Don't have to be what / one is pastly in life." Alice Notely.)

It is possible to have no past and to recover it at the same time. It's called *experience*. Or, to have no past by recovering it. To live a let-go-of past. (Again, I'm looking for the equanimous revolution, that repeats history only by providing what we love of life. Transmuting the poisons, not avoiding them. Precious life, *tantra* ingestion and transformation, not sutric renunciation and unworldliness. Walking directly into the assault with only world-wise words, trusting in humanity.)

ELSE BARONESS
VON FREYTAG-
LORINGHOVEN

TEKE <BEATING OF HEART>

PÜLPQVEMAJK - ALBDCH - Π - Π - Π - QVQ - Π - Π

SNJIRRE - HVSTA -

AJAJA - HALHA - HVK - HVLVK -

JVLPTKFRSJRIINNEFRBQVNRIMBA -

TQVRQVTQVNRIMBA -

ORKMM - ORKMM - MMM -

HIRRE - HETA

HETTA - HETT.

INQVIRST ^(PATROSSA) PATROSSA - QVIRSTTROSSA -

- TROSSA

AFFRATAITT ?

PILPQVEVASNJVSKÉ - VASNJE - VASTRYN

KIRQVEVASNJIJSKÉ - STARTROJE - ^{MASTI} SA

ARMASABÉKRA - ARMASAB - AMETA -

MAJTV. LATI !

QVIXFRINJACHLEDE - JACHLEIDE - JACHMOSA

MOSA - ACHMOSA - QVAR ^K SIRONK - ACH -

KALSTV. LJASAB - RINNE - VRVSTA

ACHA ACHÉ -

JACH - LHÉ ?

LJINSTJAB. SJRIINKE. STJRIIBE. FIRIN

STJRIIBE. NJRISTARE. ACHA - JACHÉ ^{STRE}

(Baroness Elsa von Freytag-Loringhoven)

DISSIDENT DOCTORING THAT DAMAGES THE PATIENT INSTEAD OF UNDOING THE
DELETERIOUS MEDICAL PRACTICE (AS AN ANALOGY) : POETRY A BOUT OF ITSELF :
ALL OWING TO AMETRICALITY : ILLIBATION

"I don't know the difference between cultural memory and cellular memory." — Eleni
Stecopoulos

"I want poetry that's bad for you." — Disgruntled contrarian addressing the Academy.

Without meter there can be no non-meter. (Just as "words in freedom" are entirely determined by the grammar they eschew. Like making enemies...)

Nonmeter is meter. The departed.

To create the *avant-guerre avant-garde* it was compulsory to disown meter. Meter had long locked poetic language into strict scansion patterns. Poetry had been the repository, the memory, the aspiration, cognitive heart, the cohesion and revolutionary force for humanity from our very beginning. The carrier wave for civilization had been the count of the contour of the line of verse. Just target that. That was the actual father-cadaver proto-modernists had been carrying on their shoulders. Blow that up and all the overstuffed libraries close and the museum-cemeteries and "moldy vaults of the academies" collapse. Pulverize meter, and what do you get? Particles. Letters. Phones. Sounds in isolation — ample exuberance for believing it is one's very actions bringing on the new era and building the bombs (both figurative and factual). Although meter would appear to be a minor casualty in the *avant-guerre* purge, it was in fact a lynchpin — holding together the lyric, itself responsible for sentiment, self, civilization and other forms of trash to be taken out. This lynchpin, the line of poetry, is nothing less than speech calling on itself to surpass itself in order to address our necessitous condition, to save us, yes, from ourselves, to condemn us, to speak for us, yes, poetry is speech speaking for itself, defending itself against our abuses, asking to be spoken in full.

To be revolutionary, drop the prosody? No, feature *only* the prosodic. No, continue to accelerate, bombard, pulverize. No past. Free misohumanity. Perhaps impartially, but not in a notably compassionate sense. How bare can words be stripped? And what for?

For richer or poorer. When Marinetti read his militarized *Zang Tumb Tuum* in Petersburg in 1914, the Russian Futurists severely criticized the piece as passé, in relation to Kruchenykh and Khlebnikov's *zaum* poetry. I imagine that Marinetti's "onomatopoetic psychic harmony" histrionics would have sounded rather hollow up against *zaum's* wild *zvukopis* (sound shape), its extensively philological, root-splitting and infixing, its myriadly morphemic, mind-bendingly basic, benign, correlationally chaotic, proto-word play. Shklovsky wrote of Khlebnikov: "And finally, a strong tendency, led by Khlebnikov has emerged. In light of these developments we can define poetry as *attenuated, tortuous* speech. Poetic speech is *formed speech*. Prose is ordinary speech—economical, easy, proper, the goddess of prose is a goddess of the accurate, facile type, of the 'direct' expression of a child. I shall discuss roughened form and retardation as the general *law* of art at greater length..." I get it, but, lawmaking (like the poetics of the manifesto) is, in itself, a lesson in enmity. To my ear, at the root level, *zaum* seeks accuracy sometimes through attenuation but more often through concision.



And then there is the contemporary chronic ennui in the reiteration of the opposition between difficulty and ease.)

Avant-garde, also in charge of whatever 'poetization,' in the endless war, is as passé as it sounds.

An *avant-guerre avant-garde* will of course be changed by any war it promotes. Gramsci said of the Futurists: "They have destroyed, destroyed, destroyed, without worrying if the new creations produced by their activity were on the whole superior to those destroyed." (SCW 51)

From John Berger's essay 'The Moment of Cubism': "The Cubists imagined the world transformed, but not the process of transformation."

After the exuberant futurist hyperbolic buildup, what was the direct experience of history for, say, Cendrars returning home from the front after his arm was amputated?

Focus on destruction necessarily faces backwards. Walter Benjamin's Angel of History "is turned toward the past. Where we perceive a chain of events, he sees one single catastrophe which keeps piling wreckage upon wreckage and hurls it in front of his feet. The angel would like to stay, awaken the dead, and make whole what has been smashed. But a storm is blowing from Paradise; it has got caught in his wings with such violence that the angel can no longer close them. The storm irresistibly propels him into the future to which his back is turned, while the pile of debris before him grows skyward. This storm is what we call progress." (from Benjamin's ninth thesis in the essay "Theses on the Philosophy of History.")

W.B. Yeats said of Jarry's play *Ubu Roi*: "The players are supposed to be dolls, toys, marionettes, and now they are all hopping like wooden frogs, and I can see for myself that the chief personage, who is some kind of King, carries for sceptre a brush of the kind that we use to clean a closet [toilet]. Feeling bound to support the most spirited party, we have shouted for the play, but that night at the Hôtel Corneille I am very sad, for comedy, objectivity, has displayed its growing power once more. I say, "After Stephane Mallarmé, after Verlaine, after Gustave Moreau, after Puvis de Chavannes, after our own verse, after all our subtle colour and nervous rhythm, after the faint mixed tints of Conder, what more is possible? After us the Savage God."

Realization of the preciousness of life, in relation to meter, as wars of all sorts rage on. How do we hold history? Which terms can be beneficially disinterred? Any question must be ecologically and equitably as well. *All-at-once* is the Futurist medium. Storms of progress, as well as weather extremes are now both humanmade. What's needed now — either the alchemic ingestion or uncreation of our poisons — must not be mistaken for recycling.

"Does poetry harbor the malady? Does it hollow out the remedy for a boat? It is tempting to say that poets are proxy dreamers who stay in the impasse to provide passage for others ... I want poetry that knows it might have to take odious language into its mouth, the way a doctor sucks out the poison to expel it ... The poem I want heals because its language is not instrumental. It drains power from law." (from *Dreaming in the Fault Zone*, Eleni Stecopoulos)

METRIKOI & RHYTHMIKOI : RHYTHM ABSOLUTISM : TIMING TYRANNY : *L'OREILLE DÉCIDE SEULE* : REVULSION OF METRIC AS RHYTHMIC : A METER NOT IN THE BODY IS NOT A ~~METER~~ BODY : ACADEMICISM OF TRANSGRESSION : DOWN ON GRAMMARIANS

"*Qui donc a gagné quelque chose à la réglementation de la poésie? Les poètes médiocres. Eux seuls !*" (Who after all has gained anything by the regulation of poetry? Mediocre poets, only them.) — Henri Meschonnic

"*Even embedded in speech, meter is a high-intensity, pulsed electric field that treats (and mistreats) our conditions; actually noninvasively, endogenously.*"

"In general, the word *metron* means 'measure'. In particular, as we are about to see, a *metron* is a way of measuring two irreducible elements that cannot be taken out of the words of the special language that is *mousikē*. These two irreducible elements are rhythm and melody." — Language and Meter, Gregory Nagy

Who would ever pit rhythm against meter? Or favor time over space? Is it necessary to do so? What's necessity got to do with it. Necessitousness has everything to do with poiesis. Is intuitively attuned timing-takeover a more benign ruler than metronomic tedium? What's beneficence got to do with biolinguistics?

What's *your* beef? (Or vegan thorn in your side?) Your veritable *Verfremdungseffekt*, your overt *ostranenie*? With regard to poetics/public-health indivisibility, alienation from which existing systems that keep us from belonging? As radical as red tape. Conservative as fine print. If destruction is merited, be on both sides. Patent harm that doesn't harm.

In my book, what-is and meter are co-constitutive.

Though removable from poetry, meter, like rhythm and melody, can't be removed from words.

Meter can be marked or unmarked.

Meter, acting on its own, as though isolable from other elements, is scarcely viable. Unspeakable, that is, ideal not real phrasing. The rise of the runaway regulatory. Having never been engendered.

Song's derivation from speech is its deviation from speech.

"That is, *song* and *dance* and *instrumental music* may be seen as separate elements that happen to come together in the art of *mousikē*. Either way, separate or unified, song and dance and instrumental music are regulated by the measures of their rhythm and their melody. And such measures are based on language. That is the essence of meter." — Nagy

Poetry is, concurrently, yet-undifferentiated from song. This is known as *prosody*, the precursor of both language and music. Prosodically, pitch, melodic peak and contonation are built into our word-bound and phrase-bound intonation.

The safe word is 'pattern' (and measure). You won't be attacked if you say "pattern." You will be safe, but not saved. Experimental in sentence but not sentience or synapse in chaos's tapestry's hidden motif.

If both sides challenge the same norm, who's norm actually is it?

If ignorance of meter were bliss, I'd be the first onboard. Formalization meant sacralization. Convention invents contravention. A neoformalist's work is never done.

Meter, in a denigrated sense, is what's left once prosody is removed from words; when the elements of rhythm, melody, song, and dance, intrinsic to the words of poetry, are removed from the words of poetry. Meter is the measuring of a poem's rhythm, melody and motor activity. Without these elements (that which meter measures) meter no longer measures anything other than itself. When the words of poetry, irreducible to meter, are ruled by meter, the diminishment sets in.

Meter arose in a multi-media *holon*, in interaction with speech, rhythm, melody, movement and instrumental accompaniment, an integrative form known as *mousikē*, practiced by *poiētēs* as the art of *poiētikē*, the irreducible precursors of what we now call poets and poetics. Meter was also integral to its cultural occasion. It played its part in occasioning and marking the occasion. Meters were event-specific, morally encoded, ritual-embedded and divinely mimetic. And even artificially isolated from its circumstances (reversed-engineered, if you will) a meter has its own vibratory signification. A spondee is solemn. An anapest will march.

(One of Plato's main arguments against the poets was their ineptitude and confusion with regard to orchestrating the ideal of *mousikē*. Through their ignorance and hubris, poets were the vanguard of an a-musical anarchy, catering to the theatrocratic mob.)

At least by the time of Aristoxenus (4th c. BCE), the disintegration of *mousikē* allowed a further isolating of meter and its strict identification as poetic rhythm, polarizing theorists into *metrikoi* and *rhythmikoi*. *Metrikoi* (the 'grammarians') scanned syllables as either long or short with long twice the count of short. The *metrikoi* were syllable-arrangers, metronomists, segment structuralists. *Rhythmikoi*, on the other hand, were more flexible and flowing, acknowledging that prosody is inscribed in the language. They were, in a word, *musical*; relaxed, with regard to the indefinite, even infinite, range of quantity and pitch in underlying speech, requiring prolongations, rests, resolutions, run-ons, and impossibly intricate terminology. *Metrikoi* were rather aprosodic, while *rhythmikoi* were far more prosodic. *Metrikoi* were syllable fundamentalists, while *rhythmikoi* were arsis and thesis experimentalists.

An oversimplification from Servius: "The rhythmicists subject syllables to time measurements, the *metricists* subject time to the syllables."

Although meter's co-dependencies are myriad, its own basis is singular. Classical meter is the variation of a theoretically indivisible unit, the smallest perceptible time-division Aristoxenus referred to as the *chronos protos*. *Chronos protos* is, in effect, the bottom number of musical time signature, the single beat in a modern bar, the quarter note, quaver, crotchet. It's the short syllable in poetry. On one level, song is the intricate interplay between syllable duration and melody. For *metrikoi*, a long syllable strictly occupied twice the time of one short syllable. For the *rhythmikoi*, syllabic duration was more relative, with adagio, allegro, syncopation and flexibility of overall flow. The *chronos protos* in Vedic Sanskrit is the *mātrā*, identified as the

blink of an eye, lighting flash or note of the woodcock; the duration of a simple, unmodified vowel.

In English, there is no *chronos protos*, no minimum chronophonic packet standardized for the purpose of sound patterning. English prosody is generally understood to be quantity-insensitive. To imitate classical meters, English poetry has a long history of (1) applying the classical rules of quantification to its own syllables, and of course (2) the prevalent, unsound practice of simply substituting 'stress' for 'long' and 'unstressed' for 'short'. In the pages ahead, I'll be undercutting this quantity/quality clash.

In an undemeaning of meter, in making meter meaningful, time itself, and time in relation to that which is timed, is the first issue. Without opening a deeper, experimental, experiential sense of time, meter, as a form of ignorance, will continue to annoy and deform.

Meter is in fact a full-blown spacetime conundrum.

RHYTHMIZOMENON : AURAL GRANULARITY

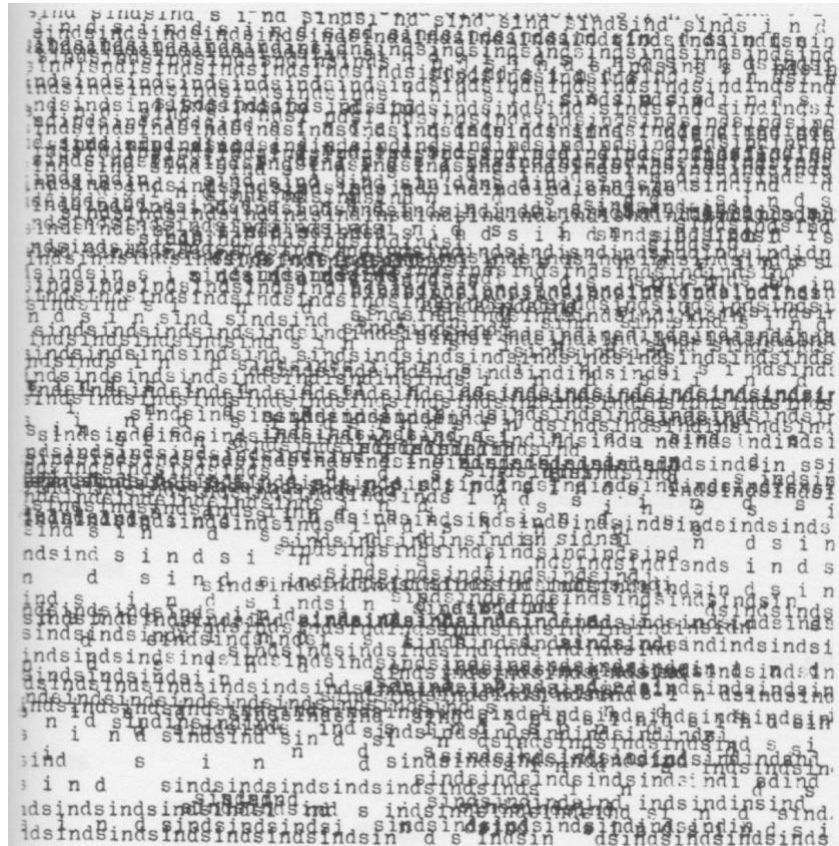
Relying again on Aristoxenus as a starting point for locating the problematics of poetic pulseform: "We must imagine two different natures, that of rhythm and that of the *rhythmizomenon*, having the same relations to one another as a plan has to the object that is planned." The act or art of applying rhythm to the rhythmized is named *rhythmopoeia*.

The *rhythmizomenon* is the raw material of that which is timed. The problem is, there actually is no raw material. (Just as we are not time's raw material.) *Rhythmizomenon* is a very useful term for pointing this out. Put it this way: meter as *rhythm appliqué*, as cookie-cutter template cutting into dough-lingo as measurement of third-party time ... these interrelationships are illusory and disembodied. And, clearly, the poetic line defined according to the problems and solutions of the rhythmizing of already rhythmic speech can only lead us back to further confusion and demeaning of meter.

For example, meter is not a *measuring* but a *manifesting* of time by means of the movements of syllabled feet that are already time. Meter is the movement of manifestation.

In the granularity of poetic composition, the *chronos protos* can only manifest as a syllable. The basic (irreducible) unit of the foot has always been the syllable. It's a viscid situation. Although the time of the syllable is formed by phonemes, the phonemes themselves are sub-granular. The measurement of movement beneath the threshold of the syllable, beneath the agreed-upon word pronunciations, derails the rhythm, trips up the foot. Freed of the atomic syllable, time opens as inter&intra phonemic contours, a finer granularity of space. And this level of granularity can be a further organizing dimension for the poetic line, beyond, say, the Old English alliterative hemistichs. Lewis Freedman refers to a "swerve" that allows him to "make words at the speed and shape of the letter without a word in mind":

Tone sands bre(aking) first a (reasonable)
 (activity) sen(der) bis(tro) called miss youth
 factive fiss (in) (your) (pop)
 (so(ld) attr(active) fencer (to) (your)
 mint (and) (you) (mi(nte)d i(t) rigorously
 frappe wide (w\) anc(hor) (steam)
 (i(nte) (it) lis(tener) (be(low) crop (out)
 told (you) mon(k) we(ird) gap
 (told) int(ro) fin (to) (s(wat) (w(an) (doody)
 (maladjustment) (ditz) irri(gates) wo(rds)
 (and) (mo(neys) ri(sk) justly (giving) (its)
 (back) (to) (you) josepi



(Heinz Gappmayr)

TELLING TIME : MUSIC WITHOUT TIME, POEMS WITHOUT LINES : THE PHYSICS OF
 METRICS : CLASSICAL METER WASN'T CLASSICAL : THE TEMPORALITY OF ENGLISH

: UNPREDICTABLE METER : PROBABLISTIC BEAT MEETING HOW DISCORDANT WE'VE BECOME : TAKING ON COSMOCIDAL COMPULSION

"And since music somehow issuing forth from the most secret sanctuaries leaves traces in our very senses or in things sensed by us, mustn't we follow through those traces to reach without fail, if we can, those very places I have called sanctuaries?" — from De Musica, Augustine

"Time" from IE root *di, dai*, to divide. Division, always trouble.

If time is the measure of change, stop measuring, to defy time? What happens when we stop measuring change? Are we swept away in its flood? Does it run roughshod over us?

Fountain of youth: keep writing on and on, ametrically. Fountain of youth: die to time. Fountain of sooth: cut the flow, at the source, where it never starts stopping.

Impermanence is a creation there's no way around.

If you read a poem in the basement, time will move more slowly than if your read it on the roof. Your feet will be heavier.

Even with the same meter, in terms of prosody, it's impossible for time to pass uniformly in two different lines of a poem. Count is not color, timber, intonation.

The variables with which rhythm measures change are the basic elements of prosody: stress, beat, duration, pause, intonation, cadence.

Meter is modification of the structure of time. It slows down thought and its surrounds. We incline toward those places where things happen more slowly. Some people even read poetry.

Meters aren't things. Things endure. Meter is duration. Classical meters meant to immortalize. Nostalgia is a thing. Meter makes it an event so it fluctuates.

Rhythm requires space and time.

Time is how things vary with respect to each other. (Composing the variables, line to line in a poem.)

We have meters so that common time (shared time) can become nonillusory.

Are two events, far apart, happening at the same time? made of entirely different events? The flow of time is snubjective. The present is a personal bubble that extends as far as a stone's throw.

Myriad times. A mix of meters. No two times are alike. A line, its own proper time. Slow down even more, aware of the stability of phonotactics and how phones forget forge and anticipate each other.

Occurrences constitute the world, not particles and fields.

Meter is the totality of events in a line. Local times. Lines are always on local times interacting with each other. A network of times.

Unity in innumerable times.

Stress is a gravity, sucking in neighbors, disappearing and compressing them.

Passage of time is not uniform in quantitative versus qualitative verse.

Change rides on the back of the changeless, like the way we like the page to be blank before beginning.

Meter, being a timing device, is illusory in (qualitative) English, and this is why it's so potent — it's insubstantial and totally contingent, a real place, like our lives, for aging dying making decisions and being joyous.

Easy to experience outside of time's flow. This has been the project of poetry, to amortize mortality? To not opt for misery or addiction? Meter is the most direct challenge to entropy ever attempted.

Time without detail is timeless.

On the other hand, were we to perceive each detail in the cosmos, time wouldn't arise. Time's an inability called *limited participation*. And if I could know where you are, I'd no longer share your tempo. Meter is the grace of accepting limitation and turning it into sacrifice.

Think 'hopelessly misfit' if you want to usefully understand meter in relation to English. Beauty will come from insight into the degree of the absurdity and failure as innovation.

Ubiquitous rhythm becomes relic sound then colored light then just colors of the cosmic embryogeny.

Free rhythm is the keeper of divisive and additive rhythms. Each day we pull ourselves together with the presence of the minimal evidence that we've been here before.

Meter is awareness of the number of pulses between more or less regularly occurring accents, like catabolic anabolic interplay.

The first western music inherited measure from the meters of classical verse with clarified line/syllable/foot counts. Modes came from metrical type.

The past, co-dependently put in place by an immediacy of events.

Without duration we merely endure. Without the rhythm of things as events, without pulse, on and off is turned off. All definitions of rhythm involve time division. Meter is the end of the beginning (instead of continuing to infinity, which is impractical). Meter is apeiron-resistant.

We forget how much this delights us, sensorily.

Where there is no conditioning, you could say anything. Anything could say you.

The line is a queue waiting to get to the front of the queue.

The line is a queue waiting to get to the end of the line.

English is durational (by means of long vowels, consonant clusters, distant phoneme shifts, and of course by emphasis, intonation and individual expression) but is it consequently so? Only if we want to understand each other.

It's common knowledge that everything comes from sound. It's just that nobody believes it. There was a movement. It moved. The movement moved. What moves *moves* in space. What moves makes a sound. Permutations in the movement patterned the matter the permutations were making.

Prosody is always perfect. That's the problem. Poetry is not. Poetry's more like fencing (easy to get sliced to pieces: in Elizabethan England poets wore rapiers in the street, the theatre doubled as a prize-fight arena.)

To conclude: we want the trouble. Innovation, denaturalization. Brechtian detachment. No didacticism in form that fails to follow the script?

Every day I ask 'what is meter' all over again. I write from the top up while struggling to find a way to continue to write one sentence *after* another.

Writing from the bottom up.

Writing the bottom up.

The bottom down (topples all.)

In otherwise ephemeral language.

Muse-craft is meters, meters a witnessing of the past, the future and the cosmogonic, along with an ability to distinguish a believable lie from plain truth, especially in one's own speech. "Pitiful shepherds, mere bellies. We know how to speak many false things as though true. But also, when we wish, to speak the plain truth." (Theogony, Hesiod, 27-29.)

"Language milks herself." We're responsible for the products. For feeding or starving. For harm done or help administered.

Time passes where people die, in the random, unknowable behavior of meters.

Again, the question put to meter: how does it act in relation to the "clear realization of the fact that true individual freedom cannot exist without economic security and independence. "Necessitous men are not free men. People who are hungry and out of a job are the stuff of which dictatorships are made." (Second Bill of Rights, FDR.)

Too hot for atoms.

Stars an endangered species.

Nothing else will ever happen.

Do you believe in proportion?

The muses were poets, that's why they're our muses. Perfection and the imperfection of bravura.

Our role is to outrage
without outraging.

THE EMOTIONAL QUALITY AND QUANTITY OF WISDOM : ACTUAL OR ANALOGOUS
MUSIC? : EMOTIONAL METER MUSICAL EMOTION HEARTFELT AND OR FORMAL
FEELING BEFORE DURING AND AFTER THE FACT AND ITS AFTEREFFECTS :
CLASSICAL TO HIGH MODERN *MOUSIKÉ* : COLLAGE AS LOGICAL OUTCOME : WHY
MUSICIANS FAR LESS RELENTLESSLY CURSE THE BAR (THAN POETS THE FOOT) :
MUSIC ENVY EMULATION ENMITY OR ENVELOPMENT

"Raise grief to music." (L. Zukofsky, "A" 11.) From "A" 1: "Desire longing for perfection." And:

"The blood's tide like the music

...

As beyond effort —
Music leaving no traces,
Not dying, and leaving no traces."

Emotion sustaining music, as one waveform. Where is the music, exactly? Is emotion unquestionable? Are we emotions' aftereffects? Emotion's words, as one rhythm; the writing of emotion-sustained music?

Is poetry *actual* or *analogous* music? And is it then analogously rigorous? Free Verse's formal, metaphoric use of music and dance to make *mousiké* whole again is well known. Zukofsky's fugally composed "A" begins with Bach's St Matthew Passion and ends, 24 movements later, with a five-part score, one part of which is Handel's "Harpichord Pieces." The other four "voices" are extractions from four different Zukofsky texts. A page has a duration — that of the metronomic music. Other than the correlation of the speed at which the voices are read and the "time-space factor of the music," the words (never to be sung) are entirely dissociated from the music, over the course of 239 pages.

From the ABC OF READING (61): "Music rots when it gets too far from the dance. Poetry atrophies when it gets too far from music." Ancient meter ultimately reincarnates (as straight-up Sapphics) in Pound's 'The Return.' Of deeper concern for an undemeaning of meter is Pound's panacean credo: "I believe in an 'absolute rhythm', a rhythm, that is, in poetry which corresponds exactly to the emotion or shade of emotion to be expressed." (Literary Essays, 9.) On a practical level, linguistic science agrees: emotional prosody is defined as the melodic, rhythmic, intonational elements of speech. Emotion manifests prosody. Are there discrepancies — artful or otherwise — between affect in the poet and affect in the poem? Is the poem the place for realizing emotion? Is emotion meaning? Is rhythmized emotion modally musical? Is a poem's enquiry into the source and nature of emotion (as distinct from its unchecked expression) necessarily amusical? Is there a commensurate working with the manifesting of emotion within oneself that is as arduous as one's poetics at once integral to that poetics? (I'm not referring to anger management, self-examination, catharsis or psychotherapy, but elemental altruistic, tantric and sutric practices.) How would the rhythm of fully free (and freeing) verse be emotionally induced?

From H.D.'s *Notes on Thought and Vision & the Wise Sappho*, written in 1919, having survived war, family deaths, the Spanish flu, and the brutalizing circle of Imagists:

"We need the testimony of no Alexandrian or late Roman scholiast to assure us of the artistic wisdom, the scientific precision of metre and musical notation, the finely tempered intellect of the this woman (Sappho). Yet for all her artistic moderation, what is the personal, the emotional quality of her wisdom?"

I greatly appreciate H.D.'s blending of the question of metrics with the question of the emotional quality of wisdom, and, by extension, the musical quality of wisdom. "But / will not let / creep into this story. I will not let / go on banging the tinkling cymbal of its own emotion."

(Paint It Today). "O I am tired of measures like deft oars; / the beat and ringing / of majestic song..." (CP). "Sophocles cried out in despair before some inimitable couplet, "gods—what impassioned heart and longing made this rhythm." (The Wise Sappho.) At this point, H.D. was already fluent in the variable meter and genre practices that would allow her to take on and completely take apart Greek lyric, epic, dramatic, choral forms.

Ultimately, for any reawakening of meter, the most basic, seemingly self-evident elements such as *time*, *emotion*, *space*, *wisdom*, *is* and even '*element*,' all constitutive of lyric and self, must be approached as utter unknowns.

"Damn the rules, it's the feeling that counts. You play all 12 notes in your solo anyway." John Coltrane

MATERIALS ART : ART MADE OF ITS OWN NUTS AND BOLTS AND NOT-ART : WHATNOTART : MATERIALITY AS A MEND IN ITSELF : BELITTLING MEANING TO BEHOLD LANGUAGE IN ITSELF WITHOUT KNOWING WHAT IT IS

This this. It itself. *Ding an sich*. *Slovo Kak Takovoe* (the word as such) and *Bukva Kak Takovya* (the letter as such) — both titles of Khlebnikov/Kruchenykh manifestos.

Stoicheion: one of a series; one in a series from an unrelated series right next to that one.

An element is that which can't consist of other elements. A form may be a form that doesn't unify its elements. Form leaves contents and components alone. Partology. *Todi ti*. A some. *To ti esti*, the what it is. Survivors of the accidents.

A this *this* as any one of us. Exhilarating! Substratum surface. A surface of substrata objects.

Just a heap otherwise. It's finished. Framed heap. Just a heap. Composition by heap. Composition of heap. Heap of composition. Just a heap, before it's a this. Pre-this. A heap is one *one*. This is what's difficult to grasp. A unit, a particle, an indivisible, comes from a heap, a heap of heap, a heap of heap of a heap of a heap, that, as you can see, can't actually exist.

A unity of heap and this. Is a poem. Not a concrete poem. I wouldn't say a 'spiritual' poem. Certainly not an 'unconcrete' or 'immaterial' poem. A what-is-is-what-is-indivisible poem. Heap minus heap plus what divided by the strong nuclear force.

Construct equals fictional.

Fascinating. Not related to anything. Help.

Totally ignorant of the dharma.

Remove all interrelationship and then have a look. A part that is impossible to be predicated.
Can't be a property.

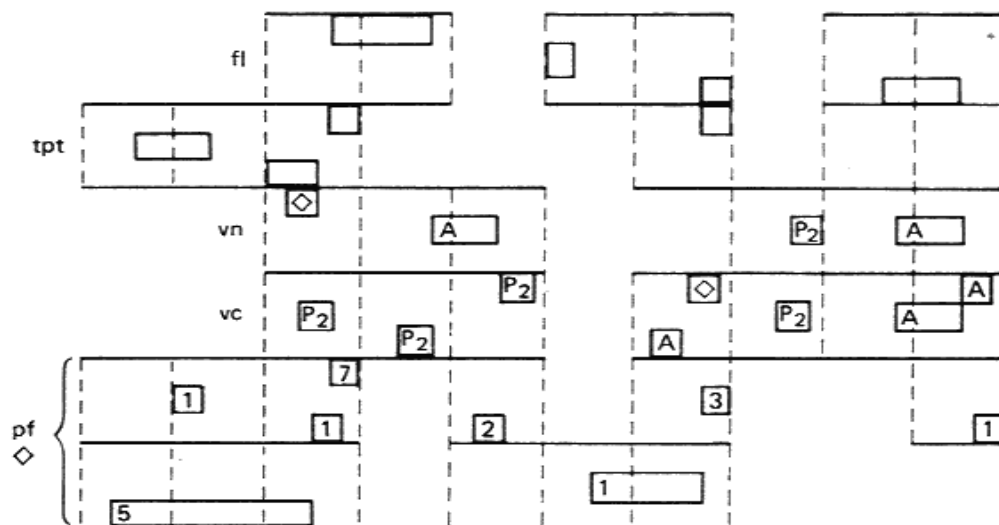
As you were as as-you-are (before being messed up and trained).

"Similarly a Cubist construction is formed from the most varied units in a definite organization. . . Just as nature decomposes a corpse into its elements, so Cubism pulverizes the old conclusions about painting and builds new ones according to its own system." (Malevich, On New Systems in Art, 1919)

"Thought and speech cannot catch up with the emotional experience of someone inspired; therefore the artist is free to express himself not only in a common language, but also in a private one, as well as in a language that does not have a definite meaning, that is transrational. A common language is binding; a free one allows more complete expression. . . ."

FREE FROM VERSE: CLASSICAL METRICS CLASSICAL MECHANICS (DUH): QUESTIONING EVERYTHING: TIMBRE TAKEOVER AND SPACE STARTOVER: QUALITY & QUANTA : EXPRESSION OF THE MATERIALS THEMSELVES IN PLACE OF OUR SUBJECTIVITIES: NOT COMPOSITION WITH THE ELEMENTS BUT COMPOSITION OF THE ELEMENTS : PAGE SPACE : SPLITTING THE AUM : MUSIC SICKNESS : "RIEN N'AURA EU LIEU QUE LE LIEU"

There is no simplifying the shift from High Modernist free verse in America to the mid-century artistic and social movements calling for total freedom from conventions. I'll just point out two critical currents that coursed through a great deal of the experimentation. (1) Freedom of the expression of materials, as a means for eliminating "interference" by excising the lyric/sentimental/artisanal/interpolative/authoritarian/egotistically-sublime subject (quanta substituting for qualia). (2) Opening of space: composers and poets alike, placing objects in space, as distinct from purely marking time.



Think of it as a notational shift, with notes as sounds in stasis and syllables set in space. The same year (1950) Morton Feldman was scoring his *Projection* series on graph paper, Charles Olson was writing Projective Verse, promoting open verse and field composition with nanosyllable-objects scored in space by the typewriter. Through his graphs, Feldman was attempting to get sound to be heard purely as sound, heard in itself, as unique, not as a segment of something else, i.e., specifically not suprasegmentally in relation to surrounding sounds in a way that would build compulsion or conventional rhythm. Feldman: "I am not a clockmaker. I am interested in getting to time in its unstructured existence." "The degrees of stasis, found in a Rothko or a Guston, were perhaps the most significant elements that I brought to my music from painting."

"The sweetness of meter and rime" and the interfering ego were indivisible. While the syllable was the secret that had been lost in a "honey-head" for 400 years.

A composer should, "give up the desire to control sound, clear his mind of music, and set about discovering means to let sounds be themselves rather than vehicles for man-made theories or expressions of human sentiments". (John Cage, Silence 10.)

Of course such arduously adventitious practices (indeterminacy, de-control, unfixing of elements) are fraught with contradictions. Formal ingenuity overcoming accumulated formal convention also accumulates. Solving the "egocentric predicament" (the saccharine control freak) through material experimentation without an equally extensive re-viewing of the nature of mind, memory, subject, freedom, intention, may produce even greater monstrosities. Fine. In time such experimental works will be domesticated, as will be their effect on us. To what end? To simply be productive? To prosper? Re-posing my elemental question: to what extent are our works — our compositional freedoms — constitutive of the preciousness of life? How do they take part? How are they part of? The *measure* of this writing, that with which I weigh.

The elements themselves are conventions! Our recognition of them as components, units, essences, irreducibles, dots, dashes, phones, tones, quanta, pixels or quarks, is conventional. Composition is based on the elements of composition (duration, sound, grapheme, beat, rest, etc.) but what is the basis of the elements?

"ELATION-ELEGANCE-EXALTATION" : "IT ALL HAS TO DO WITH IT"

The way the horn sounds and resonates is the most important thing to me. If the sound isn't right, I don't feel I have my voice, which effects my mood and creative energy. When it is right, I literally feel like anything is possible and my only obstacle is my imagination. — Darius Jones

By 'timbre' I mean the qualities, properties and possibilities of the instrument itself. Not measure, texture. The voice as instrument. Not notes but sounds. Language material. Direct composition with the elements of which the elements of composition are composed.

The music is playing the sound of the music.

"At that time, in gratitude, I humbly asked to be given the means and privilege to make others happy through music."

John Coltrane's poem 'A Love Supreme' is published in the liner notes of the 4-part suite album 'A Love Supreme.' A poem to whom in whom all things are possible. The 4th and final movement of the album was eventually titled 'Psalm.' Written directly on the libretto/score, Coltrane states that Psalm is a "musical recitation of prayer by horn." It's a solo vocalization, through his tenor saxophone, syllable-by-syllable as note-by-note, of the poem 'A Love Supreme.' A sync that could not possibly be more perfect (as though perfection has degrees). Psalm defines perfect. Music and poem *not analogous*, but one.

The image shows a handwritten musical score on a multi-staff manuscript paper. The title 'A Love Supreme' is written at the top. The score is divided into several sections, each with a circled Roman numeral: (I) Horn Solo, (II) Bass Solo, (III) Bass Solo, and (IV) Musical Recitation of Prayer. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. There are also handwritten notes and annotations throughout the score, including 'Horn Solo', 'Bass Solo', 'Musical Recitation of Prayer', and 'Horn Solo'. The score is written in blue ink on a yellowed, aged piece of paper. At the bottom, there is a small printed label that reads 'PASSARINO NUMBER 9 18 LINE BLANK SCORE'. The overall appearance is that of a personal, working manuscript.

"THE POEM FINDS ITS MUSIC THROUGH MYSTERY" (WILL ALEXANDER) : THE GRANULARITY COMES DOWN TO THE SYNAPSE, NOT THE NOTE OR SYLLABLE : SAYING EVERYTHING THERE IS TO SAY : "THE INFINITY OF THE HEART"

"It comes from an aural spark; like Miró says, there's a speck on a canvas, and I go from there. And I hear a sound — it could be a particle, almost a phoneme, and I can just go from there." — Will Alexander

Admittedly, this is a technical treatise on metrics and an inquiry into poetry's possible non-analogous (and more than mutually constitutive) relationship with music. (It's also of course indistinguishably a soft-tech countervailing of enmity.)

The closing sentence of 'On Anti-Biography' by Will Alexander:

"For me, this is the green locale, the pleroma of eternal solar essence, glinting, full of fabulous maelstrom diamonds, an empowered hegira of drift, of claustrophobic rainbow spectrums which empty themselves, and return to themselves, like having an image go out and return to itself, so that its power transmutes by the very energy of its looping; and I think of myself, the poet sending signals into mystery, and having them return to me with oneiric wings and spirals, so much so, that I forget my prosaic locale with its stultifying anchors, with its familial dotage and image reports, with its dates inscribed in trapezoidal feces. I am only concerned with simultaneity and height, with rays of monomial kindling, guiding the neo-cortex through ravens, into the ecstasy of x-rays and blackness."

From the preceding paragraph of 'On Anti- Biography': "It is the non-local field, the non-particle acid, flowing into my cognitive iodine rays, into the vicious fires of my tarantella marshes. So I dance with vibration, with the solar arc spinning backward around the miraculous force of a double green horizon."

Who? What who? What's a who? Given this who. Will Alexander is a *rishi*. An *arāšiš*. Rare who. Not anti-who, more any who. Any who as intensely no possible other. Extramundane. Worded sight. Never the same again after he first heard the music of the free jazz, 5 Spot lineage, particularly the compositions of John Coltrane, Eric Dolphy, Albert Ayler. "Listening to Trane gave me an instantaneous connection with realms that were unknown to me within the borders of the conscious mind," But, technically, how would make transpose the free energy to poetry and exuberantly co-arise through his "ongoing repartee with the cosmos"?

He writes an orature. His poetry is voraciously vocabulist. No power on earth, as the surface is space and the composition is to be all of the language; playing all the scales and every augmented, diminished, skipped, skewed interval. Principled interoceptive precision and outer space introspection.

Prosody is the antithesis of problematic. It's provided by unencumbered chordal exploration as a stretched harmonics. Overfilling the chord, on the other hand. Or all around the root without touching it. Microtonality is sub-phone. Omnitonality. Om on o.

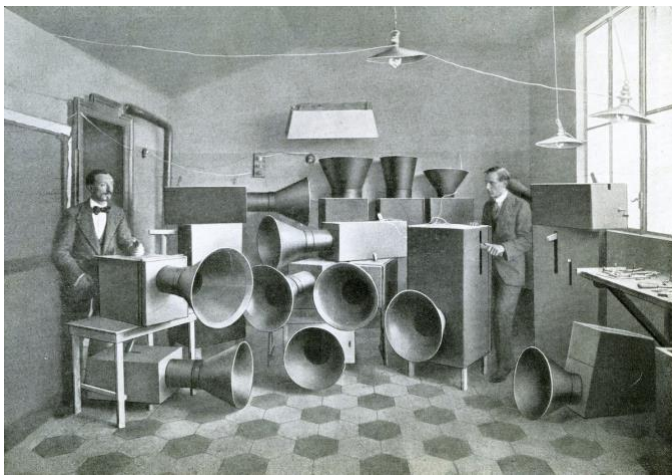
Like hearing the background relic radiation as all our voices overheard as direct transcription.

The equivalent of picking up and playing different horns during the song.

Very freely ideational. Distanced registers of diverged dictionaries as a compound word or phrase. Poem omnipresence opening into omnipotence. Dolfy, searching for the timbral sounds of his instruments, would make voice sounds, as Alexander makes instrument sounds with his voices.

The speed of space. Just as much a chrononaut. It's not indecipherable it's an abstracted rhythmic figure. Freedom breaks exploitative habitual *and* experimental practices. Pretty much the definition of *rishi*. Plurality of conductions, no practical problem. The perfect emitter is a perfect absorber.

Graciousness. Open question. How does such all-out risk taken in the greater pulsefield care for those in worlds where such risk is necessarily untaken?



(Luigi Carlo Filippo Russolo & Ugo Piatti, 1916)

