

APORIA AGRARIA (w/Fieldnotes)

: a prolegomenon to an ethnography of a chiasmus in an episteme

I. the gaze, the grazing...

*The coupling of two realities, irreconcilable in appearance,
upon a plane which apparently does not suit them . . .*

Max Ernst

Two cultures seem to intermingle in a fascinating, ambiguous embrace only so that each can inflict on the other a more visible denial.

Michel Leiris

1) The (deep/old/reconstructed/progressive/transgressive/new/other/postconfederate) south.
this place, that place, dis place . . .

& it's more than region lower extremity area mason&dixon demarcation space topos field-of-operations
theatre-of-cruelty-&-hospitality state antebellum jar of fig preserves sacred ground the next kosovo

2) E=X=P=E=R=I=M=E=N=T=A=L (avant/automatic/chance/cut-up/concrete/ "otherstream"-of-etc).

& it's already problematic on its own in the world as it is among its practitioners (see the finer,
compressed points of polemic in "Three Brief Notes Regarding the Contemporary Underground/
Otherstream" by Jake Berry in *Taproot Reviews* #7/8 and Tom Beckett's counterstatement in #9/10).

the parameters of such text-generating seem to change day-to-day, revolving around an ineffable sense of
potentiality... today, it is this: experimental writing is not primarily a matter of subject matter, but rather places
its emphasis on implementing an inherited/intuited arsenal of techniques by which to approach (the)
FIELD...and no matter how abstract, how absurd or extreme a text seems to be, its vertigos nonetheless exhude
meaning or meaningful instances (there is no "impossible" text...)

here, now, specifics: does this (N.O.R.) momentspace of defining (= act of identifying or laying claim to a
privileged savoir/pouvoir nexus) "ghettoize" southern experimental writers? focus on the locus of: who will be
drawn to silently gaze, to invaginate and insert discourse, to continue writing despite the barnyard squalor and
tongue reduced to ink and xerox? who is the audience here? who later? who will agree or take issue? who's in
and who's abstaining? who cares less and what are those demographics? where/when do poetry and discourse
part ways and which transcends the other? the challenge, the distraction. the isolation, the collaboration
vectors... the possibilities

i realize that i am probably speaking to the already converted or informed (i.e., acculturated) which is
problematic enough. but it is necessary that we meander strategically and do a little "driftwork" from within
our own work's perspective(s)—this terrain of multiplicities in and on which we reside and/or practice
nomadography—in order to look anew at our everyday discursive byways. "we" is a group by default.

aside from the enigmatic nature of the term—"experimental"—such writing (in my experience) is an
uneven—desperate, ecstatic—evolution toward a panoptical "ear-throat" via font &/or image: "eye-song" =
synaesthesia. assumption: the age of the fractured self (longing for a past—racial, gendered, sanctified— sense
of "unity" or even dominance) is past: we enter (having created this pluralistic, relative space for exploring this
region of uncertainty) the abodes of the polself or multiunself: be(com)ing. there is no Ur-Ground, no Root
Text. only grounds, origins, ur-instances, belated gestures and glyphs. sudden aperature... this is the opening of
the field... the trick, the experiment is to maintain a vigilant adeptness at interfacing and arranging the always-
already given flux of "information" sequences into uniquely "uttered" or displayed momentpatterns that are
(re)new(able) and irreducible (i.e., synergetic, expandable); the punchline NOW (though) is this: how work in
this technontological mode and not become solipicist or elitist (or be viewed as such). to build a body of
work—verbwerk—that persistently and variably doesn't know (can't be certain = maintains quasi-tabula rasa),
but rather explores knowledge (gnosis, not epistemology). but how do this (with/) in the poem...? "outside" of
the poem, the text, i have tried to avoid engaging in pure discourse—this "essay"—and its annoying talking-
about and -around things: "...of legitimized ways of reading and speaking about [...]. That's the part I find most
sterile in theory...one cannot really theorize about [...], but with...[...]. This is how the field can remain open." /
Trinh T. Minh-Ha. i accept postmodernist (inter/intra-)textuality as a (post)mode and poly-tongued beast, as
an option, a momentary lapse of conscientiousness. but i do not accept its wholesale implementation (its
overdetermined use) of indeterminate methods of arriving at textuality AND its casually adamant dismissal of
the occasional sense of "self," of authorial responsibility and intention ("appropriation" has become a means by

which to gain notoriety without claiming responsibility). the experimentalism i claim to practice and read proceeds and pauses w/o postpostmodernism's heavy ouija hand and ghostly (conceptual, discursive) baggage. it has read much of the "western canon" and respects its (accumulated, readjusted) panoramic, literary frieze. but it looks its dreaming eye to "recent" countertraditions, to surrealism (that of both cesaire and breton), to OLSON's projective "project" and those related poetics concerned with archetypal-fetishistic-totemic objects spaces states... & through that sieve, it offers—humbly or manically—those "scientific" university-based disciplines (such as ethnography, phenomenology) new means by which to gather and display gathered data :& THEN: translate to the (interested? intrigued?) "public" ways of ecstatically reading or empathically understanding such usually inaccessible or unknown states of perception.

this experiment has the same goal as literature. this is a "human" enterprise (perhaps one of the few damn human things one can do). and it doesn't take humanism or "the humanities" to tell us this (they, of course, have their ideological, bureaucratic places). but there is a place—in these last days of empire, in the growing zones of consumer indifference and investor spectacle—for this prodigal song of two self-conscious centuries of marginalized, avant-garde impulse to be sung. and in a manner unsuspected and—hopefully—a nuisance to current "avant-garde" camps. it desires to work in the field beside the ethnographer as witch doctor laureate; or enter yugoslavia—as one-armed minotaur—and compassionately observe the traumatized gaze of the peasant. it must be willing to go out on that limb at dawn and return at dusk—to speak in tongues and remain on call to the rumblings of primordial mind—& in a moment's notice speak the vernacular of everyday laundry mat discourse... to be an experimental writer out in the world... not just at the desk, in the classroom, on weekends, after a few beers, etc.

& to de-emphasize—not criticize—the practice of meditative, crafted (or "scored") experimental poetry...

& this is the situation w/o figuring the "south" into the equation.

(so: let us not here consider the spectrum ad infinitum of particulars

of an albanian &or caribbean &or bipolar &or bisexual &or anorexic &or female &or
handicapped &or feminist &or racist &or affluent &or etc experimental, southern writer)

II. the(milli)second world: of between

There is a Third World in every First World, and vice versa.

Trinh T. Minh-Ha

what is this newly dilated space—zone of interstices—this ever-widening aperture plowing aside the graves of the old "new agrarians"? this is "t.a.z." (the temporary autonomous zone / hakim bey) technography, a shaking up—along the way, perhaps indirectly—of most ossified/established discursive spaces: the university classroom press journal (or the "writer's market")...not razing but entering the old house(s), fumigating, rearranging the furniture. but which houses to enter? condemn? ignore? example: books like richard nelson's aesthetic frontiers: the machiavellian tradition and the southern imagination serve to further embed old notions and affirm some sort of old mindset among those who are in the publishingprisonhouse of discourse: NOT by affirming the old ways, but by keeping the idea of a "southern" literary tradition—a continually reconstructed episteme—as the main subject of discussion; how to deconstruct—acknowledge, comment, confront in the poem—without engaging in "close readings" of such texts? not erasure. perhaps misread, cut-up. definitely transgress. such are the perils in dealing with laissez-faire scholarship. another (relevant?) "southern" distraction is realizing that those who buy those confederate flag stickers ("keep it flying") will more than likely not read such books or concurrent parallel countercounterattacks (nor are they likely to read this article)... i admit this is a personal distraction, a point i cannot ignore. it gets in the way. and it's not going away.

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the existences of dry southern scholarship or dixie's cornfed ideologie de l'idiotie are not necessary to our deraison d'etre et de faire. what is important—to me and i hope a few of my comrades—in asserting a southern countertradition on a larger, more intense scale is doing it w/o establishing a definite, definitive (closurecentrique) sense of discourse that relies on "south", but rather suggests the exploration of such a "sense" AS a constellatory positioning system by which we can dealwith the grand "south" narrative: an astro-archaeography of the embedded; an option. assume a hybrid mask: michel foucault-&-shelby foote. here. there. now. later. "heterotopias" / "countersites" / "autotopographies" :dig. "we" are—and i am still assuming there is a loose sense of solidarity here—a minority group but w/o minority mindset or homogeneity. in spite of diverse (mutual, contradictory, antagonistic) points of views and approaches to the textual field, we are not—at least as experimentalists, (anti)stylists—oppressed. but there is a constant, lurking sense of agitation and—simultaneously—revelry...

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why is it important to explore—through these experimental means, under the sign of experiment—the dynamics and black holes/white noise of southern culture, of contradictory contexts-within-a-Context, i.e., the “master(-slave) narrative? what of a situationist ethno-phenomenology of the south; or a surrealist (or “surrationalist” or surregionalist) texte du regard of jackson, mississippi? (why? why not?) options...
)immediacy is the prolegomenon of an articulation(

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the increasing accessibility of thus far accumulated disruptive/holistic, centripetal-&-centrifugal (vipassonic? breathe in OUTBREATH) forms of discursive strategies offer the avant-sudiste means to evoke an ambience and invoke the old icons, sacred cows, turns of phrase—things which make up much of the old/new south cultural “souse”—but to do so without a wholesale destruction or dismissal. TRANSMUTE. this is alchemy, compassionate “inner work” or “moving of the fluids. a certain rabidness—seeming violence—is perhaps in order (zen’s “grandmotherly kindness”). this is not about ideology or propagandistic revolution (: “I do not trust fervor...Fervor is the weapon of choice of the impotent” / Frantz Fanon). the more radical of us should keep in mind that an incendiary or hermetic approach can (necessarily) cutoff dialogue, scare the unprepared: intention, undecidability, indetermination...and it is a matter of what dialogue, who dialogue. we can lead the populist horse to our dark, cathartic waters... yet we—again i must consider such a “we” as a minority on the small, left wing of this madhouse—are not here to demonize anyone (except those who lynched and those who consider such as a proud moment in their “heritage”) or deify ourselves. if anything, we may be demonizing ourselves...

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we’ve inherited a double aporia (of experiment, of south): mint juleps & cockfights, abortion clinics & molotov cocktails...(see another facet of this critical oscillation in “Clarence Major’s Double Consciousness as a Black Postmodernist” by Bernard W. Bell, *African American Review* 28:1). we stand on the shoulders of giants and on serpents’ backs; but how, here, articulate a joyous, pedagogical sifting through the debris of these behemoths: practices, institutions, canons, speech patterns, leisures & pleasures?

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il n’y a pas “closure”....the text, in being read, disintegrates (paul de man’s good & “bad” misreadings), becomes perforated, a matrix or threshold, a polyhedron, a web site... finnegans wake is exemplary as is thirteen ways of looking at a blackbird... body-of-text (textbodhi) is filament or wick awaiting that pneuma spark of cognition : synaptic twitch; a lightning bolt from sirius...

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i refuse to speak outside of the poem
there’s nothing inside the text

III. ur-grounds, pretermat(t)ers

The world is what it is; men who are nothing, who allow themselves to become nothing, have no place in it.

V. S. Naipaul

. . . we do not realize that the universe is no longer made up of the entities about which we are talking.

Claude Levi-Strauss

Who am I?

Andre Breton

alk

i have no sense of home (l’amour est un fantome familier) am not homeless / sense of i haunts...

“i” was born...

“a-am-baal” = sweet home a la “heartofdxie” ground

(mortar-&-pestled) into mud/blood halfbaked cakes. two prenatal recollections:

1) of a grey loft waiting room bardo among other presouls;

2) of an incremental “rye” noise room dividing postnatal phenopticum from loin-womb light abode...

then there was the magnolia of osiris & its fecund grenade of red pips. did downtime in the reedbrake town (eskeba = “scooba”), resisted the option to become cornbread-deerstand-cud-&-drawl chawboy (saw the river of molasses, the creeks of dumbfound-and-gawk). in trauma fever of tungsten blown ear saw the antebellum fog enact demise amid shotgun blasts and tales of suicide behind barns...fed forward:

now in quasi-urban environs. eye defers (admit):

am southern

not southerner

(mulch thyself)

-mem

:am phenomenologos

is ethnograph-

IV. in the field (from fieldbooks: #2 & #4-6)

Fieldwork is a dialectic between reflection and immediacy.

Paul Rabinow

#2 ("red")

3-16-98 what defines the city (this city that city jackson, ms) is (my) perception. and what is s(c)[e]n(e) is not ego overlay or projection but the potentially volatile matter of desire (eros? kapital?), presence. does one simply live in the city, city as non-subject, ghostly excess or surplus perception of multiple streets, buildings, moving objects (wheels & feet)? what defines city? things gathered, accumulated? is it mere quantity, masses of material (mortar, flesh, asphalt, shrubbery)? because a city has a tourist bureau (perhaps a visitor's center) is what they peddle what you want to pedal through . . .

3-28 we (whose descendents walked up&out of africa and continued to continentally drift, lighten our loads, perhaps skin tones, build our dung castles and feudal networks) continued to disperse, adjust, regroup... one wonders though: did "our" myths, grecoromanjudeoxristian scripts-of-transit, become simpler—due to the ongoingness of going on and on—or did we subtly create a complex?

#4 (exile empire expire)

8-23 . . .walked :am walking a desert. hunger is a mouth full of locusts. no loaf, no manna in the image (grain sprout is tongue (IS tongue's tongue). desert is solitude (text) is mouvance. rimbaud left no trade secrets, no skidmarks in kemper county. "i've walked my deserts, perhaps others'..."who can claim what footprints? sand swallows sand swallows stone and sky and (all that) thirsts . . .

8-24 desert: ubu sandblasted in egypt (panoptic glance unshelter: glass sheet is a verb). desert: imploded beach or 1000 atomized bottles. desert: will depart departure. desert: bardo alembic hottenany of ennui.

8-30 the Splendors of Versailles Exhibit: the ancien regime comes to the old south (when will another kosovo be tragically & fervently rediscovered under the dozing eyelids of mason-dixon lower extremity aficionados?) . . . now to await what hesitates in pastures (inklings of futur)

9-6 sipped green root sapling til headburst medusalike arterial web within (pre-aura) wet leaves' grid on the out-&-out (rimbaud & eberhardt on the silk road; artaud & bataille collaborating body-exile)

9-7 "bioregion" = terrain sofia biorex = terranus solarus na(t)ive

9-11 imagination is the alchemical oven, the earthenware jug of water or wine, gravy and stagnation...a jar on a hill in tennessee or anywhere below the bible belt. either sun or root twist or earth heave will break these southern spirits release finally these tortured jesters of confederacy and rag

9-12 does one commit font-and-gawk via rattle&yelp&lesion in amphitheatre squelched or rather: step out of the shimmering veil of tympanum/vox/noise and keep the wires&gears slightly hidden? longinus: meantime, sublime. the sound of grease and gristle in the cogs is an image

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alk-mem was born implosion eggshell bits slicing their way out of dead fish eye film glaze

9-17 there is no autobiography

9-18 . . . it is here, my birthspot, that i do not belong (global economics decide my local nutritions)

9-20 the one frontier beyond vernacular: dreamstate: is lucid joystick, an ocean still too deep for the "everyday" (meta-cognosis).

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bosnia: how fax (your) bloodspill to our quill tips? the impotence, the 1000 dessous . . .

#5 (uropae: la republique des sauvages)

10-3 HYMEN TATTTTERS (prayer flags): and from what background have you

emerged into what foreground(s)?

10-4 farm boy/girl: stroll the big city IS (to) move-the-fluids, adjust the breaths :cannot simply stride into dakini land; it is posture&intake management no-fly-zone by which to enter and tatter homage. go back. start a barnyard tantric revolt. storm the silos. grin through the cornbelts with your okra engine hearts

10-9 a single event is endless narrative weave of points (cardinal) of who. two events cannot compare.

10-11 (linear) narrative ("prose") will not cease will keep rolling on four flat tires through tarpit swamp dreams will crawl on despite limbless or bi(o)split (discourse in the carpet . . .the figure in the drapes)

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post-colonialism (its gaze perhaps transposed into a post-confederate mode) must control its paranoia, this fear of possible returns to (of) "repressive-imperial" impulses...in itself, as it articulates its field of critical matter, post-colonialism (like multicultural.) can become what it criticizes. deconstruction in the hands of zine-mentality became destruction or reconstruction or both...it would then be wise to invoke ganesh before taking that first step into the "wilds" or into lands edged in palms. to live on the margins (of discourse is discourse)(not the realm of ports or oases), strolling towards the interior (the "frontierior"), skimming deep tundra and lichen cultures with backpack full of ink and implements: midways is always quest is central not conquest (a situationist outside the city). go noble & return savage. seek in these maps and notes of "search" and find what isn't.

10-15 trope hagiography

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don't assume <culture> or equate such with repetitive motions, gestures, songs, guffaws. there's more to the phantom than sudden breeze or uncanny body tremors.

10-16 hymen of discourse burst at broadcast as sheath-of-whispers

10-17 beware when tapping Cernunnos, his keg&stagRACK for he shoves his berries and blinks blood

10-18 aporia agraria: i can already feel the grass growing gnawing up neck bone thru skull eyes blown green chromes are tinted and the foliage : is invisible

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one is always already savage. the "other" is what (one) becomes (or sheds) later...so stroll & make your kinetic stand

10-20 what is birthplace soiltype habitat shelter zone of bifurcative exchange (air&ink) what is this asking and the what that is asked? discourse is not optical is what finds the perforations and aperatures with its blind fingers of technologos and dumb erosurge

10-24 ethnographenomena

10-25 the "postmodern" is not an issue; the question of postmodernism being an issue IS.

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...go where maps dis-integrate and flesh de-segregates.

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(imagine) a text that is not read but retreaded braille face absorbing dirtroad bounce

10-31 interesting site/sight today in jackson midtown: a homeless/driftng black man walking north on west street (on the west side of the capitol grounds) wearing a "kappa alpha order" fraternity sweatshirt with a big confederate flag on the back. what does one do with this? observe. record. broadcast.

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archaeologos requires a rift, a narrative break, an historical deferral, a lost gnosis...there is no other foothold or handgrip. nothing hidden means nothing to find.

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not what is said: but that "what" is said

#6 ("stag/frog:fieldbook")

11-3 sing is to sing the land sing the land is to paint the land is to walk is likewise otherwise

11-4 intrusion of the outside world (?)

11-5 one who would be van gogh; one who would go where gauguin...

11-6 his love for the "savage" was quite cultured / "who do i say that i am? what do you say that they are?"

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falling into a savage state? or is it a question of being able to handle that "noble" descent?

when entering the heart-of-darkness put out your candles & PLEASE extinguish your gods

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tropikalismeaux

11-8 who are you now? what were you then? / this is the field what opens OUT to what's going in, on / "Gauguin...is both at the beginning of the world and at the end of civilization" (Henri Focillon) / what is it that gauguin bequeathed to us? what have we inherited? (cultural genetics?) the sequence of events and actions are blown in the four directions...how long do we stare? do we line up our eyes according to the academy? shall we squint? observe while sweating and hungry? shall we walk the musuems as if they were back-alleys? and the streets as if they were curated?

11-9 what's to be advanced or withheld? and put either where? the zinzum-vipassana of cultural discourse:

gauguin in tahiti, darwin at galapagos, rimbaud in abyssinia,

11-10 the contradiction: criticizing colonialism yet advancing one's argument via the passageways made possible by "colonial" praxis... / OUTPOSTmoderne / another impassage: the (m)empath(ographer)—no matter how sensitive or phenomenologically adept—remains outside of indigenous mind

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the conquerers are now slaves to that nasdaq golem: progress under the sign of "convenience"

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don't be nowhere

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the anthropology of photography: a picture of the thing is more than a picture of the thing...it is the thing on the floor or ground beside a tree or an ox or another thing with or without glare focus etc...and this flux is frozen. this nomad on a camel on the sand dune is but the tip of an iceberg

11-11 just because one is born in a modern-nation-state in a certain region known for this practice and that tradition and this soup and that behavior and this author and that subject-matter etc doesn't keep some from noticing a "foreign" element within, a sense of the "other" or internal animal totem barktype... gauguin himself had something indigenous to teach to the tahitians, something that was not of europe...

11-12 what is this parallel seeking of both a primal state and a critical (refined) language by which to further define "difference" and seemingly arrive at a state of non- or post-duality?

11-14 maorigins/aborigenes

11-18 auto-bio-grr... still, i lie in my own bed. i wear a congo mask when impelled into coat&tie events. perception is the abstraction of immediacy. diversion. blur. receptor lie. and the camera at 1/500sec is that more articulate a liar. my anthropologies dissolve. what remains is bone imprint tsunami inkwash and appropriation screaming skySKYsky but in 3 lost tongues (mothersprechen). reread the marrow grip. dream can link font to indigenous wiretap pulse. therefore, go.

go where the natives stop and stare you down

or eat you up

11-19 the decision to be "savage" is not savage

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praxis&domain pedagogy&institutional pouvoir tropics&space tundra&texte

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how thin spread self? transparency is death

11-20 ethnography is the art (not science) of being "other"

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displaced is the only sure place...all one knows is where one is (at (@))...define your milieu before you critique it...ground (ecrature of "self") the phantom of being, then pull out the matches or blow torches

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1. in deep of congo, dreams, etc., one's ink appears as urine, blood (whitman's "thin red jellies")

2. in urban midst of grid, one's text becomes one's urinary tracts, etc.

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two choices: find passage to a "savage" land, a land of "displacement", be among the hyperother, the native :THEN explore "your" ethnologic "self"...OR turn your current situation(ism), your home, your haunts into a field where every window and aperature is 1000 windows and dilations to bardos of exotics...see the "deep south" as a surreal explosion of ennui and imbecility and confederate cyborgs and stiff wax musuem affluent types...then one can be at peace in chaos :seek difference. court heterogeneity.

11-21 writing for whom? and against what? the uncanny caduceus of celebration and pedagogy

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is this desire to study understand preserve indigenous mind etc within (or removed from = textually) its own originary locale simply an unconscious matter of power control knowledge whatever it (encyclo-sedimento) was that foucault "said" (spoke of = discourse)? does ethgnosis actually defend, nurture the ever diminishing displaced? big picture big picture...

11-23 "culture" perhaps is a false notion, something dreamed up by humanism or "the humanities" (in turn dreamed up by that accumulation of notions foucault termed MAN)...go deeper. then deeper.

11-24 postculturalisme = the new postantihumanism?

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it's the inheritance, the accumulation: of genetic social cultural gestural idiomatic everyday practices. how deal with this new (latest?) species of reflexivity, this phenomenological dilemma of NOTICE this or REPRESS that. the pheno-aporia of being aware that one is aware is being nowhere (one of the goals of tantra)

11-26 experimentation in the deep south—or elsewhere as a token southerner): create a sense of home under the "battle flag" or sign of exile...?

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thanksgiving: the day americans celebrate the fact that they are not yet a starving 3rd world "nation"

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pop culture is the 3rd world of the 1st world (it's discursive value-power is overrated); here, leisure (the praxis of non-seriousness) is a serious multi-billion dollar business.

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though caucasoid by accumulation, i accept my tendrils leading to preafrique: so, i am afro-american (or amero-african) in span, southern by default...for now, i will stay and critique, stalk in the vernacular and refrain from speaking in tongues at funerals

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"deep south" is an invention (of the tourist industry, from stuckeys to the casinos: "It's yours in Mississippi...") and its rabid, late-capitalist underclass grasp of semiotic relics like confederate flag stickers is a sure sign of an evolutionary cult(r)ural dyslexicon: they are keeping the caste system alive.

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ethnographers: when a peoples' identity is forged and replicated ad infinitum & fetishistic objects xeroxed into oblivion and made accessible via pocket change : leave, ignore...

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next environs for alkmem fieldwork: poly(am)nesia

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stop and remember that you have forgotten that you are not a "primitive"

11-28 most "experimental" literature has all but been written in the "old house" of bourgeois culture

12-4 cultures are belated, accumulative "gesture/enunciative" systems: don't find yourself caught in that moebius trap of "cultural discourse" but...who reads outside of this industry? the essay format needs more ventilation, apertures, telephone jacks. modems need modems

12-5 what is it to be in a culture? how many can one participate in and how many of those are subconscious? and then what is it to be aware of this polystatus, the ironic "awareness of awareness" of phenomenology, the aporia of aporia? nietzsche's abyss' abyss

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not to write about phenomenology (or a "phenomenon") but rather to write/be/do phenomenology or, more precisely, phenomenography. observing the other, the "strange attractor" is being them, it

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to write texts, explore info-grids, create overlaps, etc. that attract not only literary-types (i.e., to produce material arrangements that are still—marginally—literature) but also linguists, art/visual theorists, jungians, ethnographers...pull them all in, blur the lines of genre, of FIELDS, of intention & articulation indeterminacy. to pull this off as an "experimental" writer IS the challenge (how not turn off the more linear minded narrativists); to do this in deep south with its baggage of place & tradition & sense(s) of

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somewhere in deep woods—perhaps along the natchez trace—lies the menstrual throat of artaud: it eats wholesale the inbred violence and banjo violation of Deliverance...

12-7 born in exile but closing in (...almost one-with-the-body)

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one may live in the First World, but only dream in the Third

12-8 no more ideologies or IDEOLOGY <soi-mem>: instead maintain a compassionate understanding of ideological momentums-and-dynamics...we have vox & means & memes by which to articulate the senses, the species of displacement we observe and/or experience HERE in this regime of narrative and history-qua-ideology

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am i refugee of own mind-set?

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epidemiographics

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cannot quite identify myself (culturally), tho i have been "identified"...

12-15 meaning lies in the particle, the molecular aggregate-nexus NOT the "field": meaning's holism lies not in topos or ideal but in the link, the links, the linking (text)...meaning is embedded in scatter, in the reading. holism is aftereffect, result, reflection, accident, afterwardsness

12-19 jihad junta un-go-wa fatwa....standard operating equipment

:"bioregion" is la question originale du cyborgisme

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we can continue to invent new spaces but must always return to the evening news of collective current arenas of mass discourse (one-way talking head tape feed)...guerilla (t.a.z.) spatialization is not always (re)productive, relative or desirable. know when to speak in tongues. and when not to

12-21 the sperm-egg axis predates love just as breath tribalism & skillful means predate anthropology etc. these came into being as eye opened mind opened one split second behind beat the totality, the panoptich field to the punch by the second half of the split second

12-25 hail odin/osiris on your rebirthdays; hail mother isis/inanna/iviaplurabelle (= <<mary-christ mess>>)

12-28 titles/subtitles of recently acquired books are revealing to current concerns (placespacetimespliced): einstein's space, writing sites, prosthetic territories, the space of subjectivity, routes, state of seige, sad tropics, location of culture, bend in the river, van gogh's sky...

12-30 and head tipped over
(the ethers) &

1. dragged back the

unused

ochres &

2. made perforations in

the

veil &

3.

V. postscript: -(d)rift

Let us leave theories there and return to here's hear.
James Joyce

Damn it all! all this our South stinks peace.
Ezra Pound

song of the south... okra, grits, black-eyed texts (corn pone deliverance = porn zone of inbred voyeurism): a large faulty cauldron akin to the balkans (bumpersticker rebels in south mississippi counties—among other locales—are no different in sentiment than those rural serbs kicking any non-serb ass) unable to hold all that has been poured and pissed into it. the stench is awful. or so it seems some days.

“experimental” writing (whether in the south or whatever seemingly contradictory space it has temporarily set up shop, planted its ‘maters) needs to clarify and continue on its trajectory into newer discursive fields and to make discourse—as action, praxis—conform to the poetry. there is—of course—a trade off in committing such an invasive (albeit aesthetic) maneuver & setting up “colonies” in other disciplines. we may appear as elitists, unable to address the every/wo/man/child; at the same time, we seem to be blurring the lines of proper grammatical, syntactical, discursive, academic, administrative, parliamentary protocol. nonetheless, we should take what unique knowledge/perspectives we possess, and subtly challenge and “delight.” in the same corps d’esprit of surrealism in the service of the revolution, we should consider the “masses” their dark—unknowing, unimaged—longing for new relative experience: surregionalism in the service of evolution..yet... (reality check: go to a “gun show” or sit in the wal-mart parking lot in pearl, mississippi... baudrillard does not tread here!). young or new (southern?)(experimental?) “writers” would do well to avoid the lure of the contest-workshop-so-you-want-to-be-a-poet-or-noveli\$t mentality (but that’s another semiotic void...). for us who are drawn to the current “challenge,” it IS a matter of articulating & responsibly creating strategic perforations in the cultural/linguistic fabric of the (southern or local) everyday. get off the pavement and check out the back roads. this is interfacial empathology: see the southern “gaze” for what it is... **the gawk.**

what i’d like to see in this reified, rarified “southern” milieu: southern “crowd symbols” & institutions finally identified as the sub-historical phantom artifacts that they are: sites of mask-upon-mask, topos-over-topos, no core or pneuma spark to be found... yet, in the realm of literary devices, the much used memoir DOES provide an exemplary, authentic glimpse into southern “life-structures” and, thus, a way in: the autobiographical mirror and le quotidien (willie morris meets michel leiris or michel de certeau). magnolias and debutante-systems still maintain a value, albeit as alchemical “base material” :merde. in the hands of such experimental “scholarship”—like ed sanders’ post-projective “investigative” poetics—such an other south heterogeneticxtextuality has the uncanny ability to cross over into other modes of discourse, to assume them, or assume them assuming poetry. this, i believe, is the next conscious move, the next itinerary to take up towards a unique renaissance in both experimental writing and cultural studies. the microinterdisciplinary. **the auto-alembic macrowave gumbo tongue.** the mixture. the maximal.

ux-mal

ur-fax

a confession:)ceci n’est pas un texte clotur...) at this particular, accumulated moment am confused, ambivalent, exacerbad, desirous, distracted uneasy with these open face statements, these leaking, bursting vessels, these partially cooked casseroles of the everyday & the phenomenon, this herd of hissing & simmering alembics: this is a snapshot, unedited celluloid...

the creature walking out of the goop—not fully cooked|no longer raw—is not so terrifying (as derrida prophesied 33 years ago); though antlered and amphibious, its face and voice seems to be “human”
:s/he is m/us/e

this is not a call for homogenous solidarity but perhaps a call to shake up the canon (& the pumpkin & the kaleidoscope) in the name of those ideas, texts, persons, temporary autonomous tribes to EMULATE.

i seek to trade trade-secrets with that exquisite postnietzschean renaissance corpse wo/man, s/he who is a new golem (& walks the streets and backroads with a wandering eye), a collage of being, a foucauldian empathographer-poet working—mournfully, compassionately, excruciatingly, playfully—in the “eros/violence” chiasmus mess of the “dixie” episteme. not every day. but in the **everyday.**

Culture takes place in closed, even closeted places, involving the alchemical putrefaction, or decadence as the body of

fermentation...

|
Civilization looks ahead...

|
Culture...looks backward and reaches back as a nostalgia
for invisibilities...

|
The key syllable in culture is the prefix re....
James Hillman

so—with font image scrawl yelp ludditech digititis
w/IN & beyond this persistent old south alembic of emotive stew
shall we do our decultural
civic duties

and see & hear &
be here?

in the name of :now

celebrate—when you can—the words growing on trees
for the carcass of death is ripe apples & things ready

SELECT (southern or leftist or global or ethnographic or autobiographical or postcolonial) APORIAS

Articles/Texts

"Regional Particulars and Universal Statement in Southern Writing" / Albert Murray (*Callaloo* 12:1)

"The Resistance" / Charles Olson (*Selected Writings*)

Journals

Mesechabe ("Against Region as Such?" issue, 17)

African American Review ("Black South" issues, 27:1 & 2)

Third Text

Dissent

semiotext(e)

Lost&Found Times

Sulphur

Granta

Hambone,

Plural You

Books

The Location of Culture / Homi K. Bhabha

The Tears of the White Man / Pascal Bruckner

noa noa / Paul Gauguin

Fatu-Hiva / Thor Heyerdahl

The Practice of Everyday Life / Michel de Certeau

L'Afrique Fantome / Michel Leiris

Fracture / Clayton Eshleman

Supposing the Subject / Joan Copjec (ed.)

I'll Take My Stand / Twelve Southerners

Black Skin White Masks / Frantz Fanon

Routes / James Clifford

Roots / Kamau Brathwaite