

Heather Fuller Melanie Neilson
P H I L L Y T A L K S 9
Wedn Feb 10 1999 7 pm
Kelly Writers House 3805 Locust Walk Phila

Heather Fuller

h r say

Birdman tells us nothing and I have nothing for the birds
today no meningitis scare or spinal tap — Birdman and
a c ncentr c circ e following I saw nothing in the br s d and v cant
I'm not going there ag in — lying in a cr ss walk lying so lights
will hit only s cnds b fore but Birdman will not budge — and I'm
not talking to the c ps was that me t lk ng to the c p you will have
your day in c rt and I will have my spinal tap — look Birdman
has the rhinov r s and the CD unit has new spl tt r gu rds and
I'm not going I'm not going I mp because our day is dead

n body go I mp for you will have no day and Birdman will not
last a day I don't claim it was me told the c p and the meningitis scare —
the CD unit a civ dis n t in the wr ng location here is Birdman going
I mp this was no prot st no demo or no ex rc se of rights you are in
the wr ng location — did I say that to the c p and no d fens no c rt
app nted n thing or no sh wd wn — Birdman is not lasting wants to
get back to his birds and I have nothing for him no br s s und ng no
spl tt r gu rd

as the civ dis n t looks a sad pack of children how the cr wd c ntr I
could be their und ng though Birdman is neither scary nor scared lying
I mp they still look sad children I know only what I pieced together
Birdman has the rhinov r s this was no ex rc se or p cn c — Birdman now
back to the birds and I'm not going there ag in a sh wd wn following
c ncentr c circ e and rhinov r s no meningitis

beggar

no one will ask us to choose art or life — this is why we
 understand large absences — I use the glass in front of
 the painting to check my lipstick — rules bend themselves —
 the reason why men carry rifles on public transport — and I
 use calendars less and less — to know the day by not a box
 but what springs up — outside the gallery the beggar
 almost looked in conversation with the two bourgeois —
 wanted a light but got pocketsfull of mutter — a museum
 is a cadaver of curious facts — but was he propped on crutch
 or soldering iron — something lost in my spatial relations —
 can I come without crying

that into the blurry — into the archetypal rest areas
 of survivor women — that all is deft collection — pardon
 me but are you taking that for depression or for depression —
vox polis of the carpark — fucked up scarecrow on the sugar
 high — into the homeopathic pathology of personhood —
 the beggar banned the mirror from public — into the security
 guard — thought to get ahead of me didn't think I'd just
 keep going — someone's notion of security drove her
 to get ahead — into the man disrobing — the public grooming —
 on borrowed fuel

on the Proving Ground in the month of the knuckle — no sign
 of a Good Woman nearby — wrapped around the third row of
 bricks nothing for the tent of fools — what did I do with the \$40
 you gave me when you were alive — when the dioxin work —
 when the seeping into was the worker's compensation — winded
 beside the tracks — who's stopping for the beggar in the orange hat —
 20 signs and none will stop you — whose language drops from
 bridges and boxcars — who became the choosers

retro fit

for Buck D.

windows theory
meeting the disco visionaries
that passes for theory

prescription drugs scattered
and busted for uppers pink
where what passes for funk

a disaster knowing at least
mistaking televised candidates
PSA's for broken windows

in semiautomatic sales
in subsets of wounded
resumes its steroid story

were getting away
of commodities larger than
cold war left out for pests

into a decade I don't have
the bad guy some do the job
drown

in the broken
theory of houses I dwelled
and cop pastoral in the very

a man still has to gather his
on the bus floor alone
dreams on the K-9 wagon

I've been known to fashion
30 seconds of hipness
for strange police factions

and women outpacing men
an increase in decreases
and the sunburned cereal box

when all along the cosmonauts
losing track of control locus
credit rating in the sugar water

the TV hr stretched
a typical day to take down
themselves they gorge

MOXIE WHERE ITS MOUTH IS

(*Everyday Life Sentences for/with Heather Fuller*)

Any anarchy is a surprise and *language is a surprising tool*.

What readers come into and how, at the see-saw or see sure dialectics of self and other (stuffed shirts?), pertains. One hears, listens and prods -- steps inside the construction site of poetry, opens lunch box to find new attitudes towards language, reading too, a class struggle. Work evolves on American pavement: Heather Fuller's demolition of massed games. [words as they fall away from our mouths] Pesky, disturbing, moving, in and outside institutions. Poetry punches in and out the work job station nation *on the roof of the burning or rusting world*.

With the idea to contribute to an on-going discussion opening up from this occasion, and out to possibilities of hitting on discussions that interest me, some parts assembled:

never know what is the group what picks it up
how and who's linguistic practices buy Now / BLAM! / witness / Law / let no one represent you /
Grammars slumming like it is or leaning velvet deep into 'irony': [To propaganda when language
an *away*.] The reader will play, assemble in fields of communication, neighborhood and how
much of the world otherwise. Solo artist with the activist ethic prodding to be heard, Fuller's
humor is constant, a depression tinge to the proceedings. Inconsolable or gallivants banal
repressions via word-testing. R-E-S-C-U-E (ala respect) reader finds out what it means to her, rebel
to me, rebel to me.

I dream of a world in which the usual red white and blue noise from
the stands stops weekly; a day off from particular immense swallowing hurling sound as it gloms
all substance with no substance. [the suspicious handbag on the sidewalk] The community the
writer speaks of -- about (not so much for) -- envisioning a community -- imagine. Every big
brawny ad customer copy we are subjected to smothers, no denies the articulation of meanings
representative of small everyday life political matters. In Heather Fuller's poem "stricken [from]"
(Beggar) and others, the collaborative, alternative customer copy demolition / unarmed -- pun
control model invitational; of solidarity moment rarity shared responsibility, collaborative
placards.

FULLER'S LAW

Of works and how readers read them
skeptical of rejecting sentiment / narrative
works blow the taste breakers
somber disregard for official mr & mrs american verse
diving into the mosh pit
of maudlin and continual waste
humming along [I demanded a hearing]
grasp world and make writing
active consideration of meaning as past present future social imperfect
growl aim-full firecracker independence

"...my attempt to impose form on a common cistern of language I'd collected for several years -- bc/ the major source of my collection was overheard language as opposed to textual, I thought alot about how the grittiness of what I heard could (couldn't) be contained 'formally' -- I also thought a lot about the perils of bald appropriation v. creating an amenable context for the language of madness & violence, which I found to be the general currency of interpersonal exchange where I was living for several years -- I think these impulses continue in BEGGAR..." -- HF to MN 10/29/98

TRI-SEX (FUN)

How does the Venus de Milo manage without her arms?
Look for an element of fun. And Snap the job's a game.
Poetic Forms -- hypersexual-realism -- activist cut with quietude
Pop (and Momism) gender food fighting
Cream pie in the face -- why? kitsch & tell nudes
Cake your own instruments make fun to acrobats
Not imaginative but irregular unusually yes
Cream pie?
It's gone.
Crazy. I'll take two pieces.
I'm with you keep going.

"I'm afraid I wake up most days not feeling like a poet at all -- but if I happened to wake up feeling like a poet I'm sure I'd feel like a Citizen Poet, perhaps moreso than a Comrade Poet -- and that's because civics connotes a sort of responsibility to the common lot, as I think poetry does as well -- rather than serving as a vehicle of ideological transmission perhaps it does well to grapple with the position of the observer-actor-citizen in the various dystopics civil society

invokes -- I guess this is why my poems always point to some trouble someone is having in relation to her/his position and what happens in public space as a result -- I think the civic poet moves beyond the mere act of witnessing and begins to ask questions about her responsibility..." - HF to MN 12/7/98

Take a CHANCE with me:

Fixed on a typo H.F. brought to my attention where Civic where Civil had been.

The *imagine* of the typo. Chance, borrowings, dictation taken for granted.

I take my work with me everywhere I go: train, doctor's office, day job, etc.

The location based drama reflected in the work? Maybe. I have doubts about ultimate meaning and explanation. I'm a back seat driver with a deep seated belief in uttered nonsense.

Poems exist despite and without explanation. The nonstory keeps coming back in the end to the writing.

Mystery to reward. For five years I taught reading and writing, I learned at bottom, most everything is nonsense. A single critique or line -- primary to my own project work? Plethora of polyglots!

"I can't overemphasize the importance of the transistor radio's influence on my listening, reading, writing, on establishing pop pathways, interests, techniques, thinking when as a kid in southern california, at Ocean Beach Elementary School in the '60s, the radio went with me everywhere"
MN, Southern Discomfort

[I begin roughly absorbing testimony and forced]

"It's actually a simple tactic -- witnessing and interrogating -- and but one way to perform the civic poet -- there's some of this in the writing of Juliana Spahr, Leslie Scalapino -- " (HF to MN 12/7/98)

Whosoever overwrites the margin also oversteps the law.

In addition to Spahr's socially activating be-longing linguistic practice which repairs to inscribe society's repressions, work by Dorothy Lusk, Diane Ward, Jennifer Moxley come to mind as being particularly inventing noisy anti-repressive feats to read in relation to Fuller, though a number of others, Rod Smith, Jeff Derksen, Steve Farmer, and Kevin Davies among them might be just as or more so.

Home recordings invite casual fans, audience, a birthplace, a population, a familiar crowd.

Narrow SeeSaw Near Morning Memphis

Hats hang funny on my words
Explodes suspicious handbag
And that makes a composition
The trouble with poetry: *in the docket a thumbnail*
(How to get into it!)
Explodes (.) give a little, love a little
Radical reading of seemingly aimless signals.

Funny just in time: *working in the vatican of accountability*
Unaccustomed facetime only a peer would love
Less important than poetry--What?
Look for hidden signs, errors, omissions
Explanations embed in the writing *I demanded a hearing*
Rescue of choice for interested people

His and hers self
Easy come, easy go
And the added confusion of Rosabud Magdalena
That's the way it is
How he ::record:: got the gun
Enthusiasm audience constituting reconstituting itself
R-E-S-C-U-E: find out what it means to me

Final in pockets no empty in grain no against
Until you see a mirror through glass
Lux contact hearing
Lose the day of losses in
Exchange husband jokes
Recognition, don't I know you?

"Narrow SeeSaw Near Morning Memphis": uses an acrostic procedure (H-E-A-T-H-E-R F-U-L-L-E-R) to select lines from Rescue & Beggar (in my italics), and from notes made while reading same.

Inside brackets are citations from Heather Fuller -- perhaps this is a rescue fantasy (Edge Books, 1997); beggar (Situation #17, 1998)

Excerpts in quotes are from Fuller/Neilson 10/98 - 1/99 exchange and noted as such.

Input throughout and italicized fragments in first stanza from "Approaching Things Some Calculus Of Everyday Life How Figure It Experience" areas lights heights Larry Eigner, (Roof 1989)

All else: my language.

Turntable Wannabe

Brotherhood tote that bale awards luncheon
book is just a book
prosaic television prosaic purple sky:
blue money runs thru it
patriotism on vocals --

O Poet of Fortune!
Forked young
Forced niceness
Four Histories
Or Five:

1

"Dust Bomb Ballad"

evening nightly ol impromptu
Lake of the Arbuckles
and I don't care

Ft. Supply Lake
and I don't care

lake crack lake of historical notes
and I don't care

tide's in, dirt's up, word's out
seeing the same without deliberation
and we don't lake

2

"The Catch Me Reader"

Itching like a june bug
black helicopter picnic.

3

"flag"

Turn turn turn

(Blue field)

to any newspaper, periodical, book, pamphlet, circular,

(White star)

certificate, diploma, warrant or commission of appointment to office,
person seeing stars and stripes, happy male whiffers, tailhooks,

(Red)

ornamental picture, article of jewelry, or stationary for use in correspondence,
on any of which shall be printed, painted, or placed said

(Blue again)

urn urn urn

(Small town grocer)

disconnected from any advertisement.

4

"Exceptions"

sawed off ode shotgunarms
fluffy orange fingerprints
gouache butterfly power
pollen growth patterns
possession for sale colorpowder
Depression Spring jelly bean
horizontal popcorn breather
can't sing for the
cheeto dust gauntlet
word [bomb] moo flag
touch the ground
merchandise the crowd
sunset take-off table
crowing citizens crowing
fastened firmly the chassis
bisected musical mail room
faster, lobby camera, faster
covering for a ceiling.

5

n n n

rpms

revolutions

roll the boat ashore

hallucination

screenplay idea: Marnie spits on paycheck, etc.

hail
loose
nation

6

"Five No Moi"

Otherhood vote chat wail towards nothing
fun thrust ten times the therapeutic dotage
vapor drive by
loud stars
united bones

"O do not walk so fast"
to your rush hour rush
deep mire
vapor drive by
loud stars

Pat a cake
row the boat
united bones
at the gate
lonely vale thy borough can be

WRIT SMALL IN A MEGA STORE

"Boy, that hurts"
to lean on
the real mother ghost.
No one seems to read her
pat-a-cake luxury monotony.
The big hunky book makes me
street of Laredo phonic.

8

Standing before the satellite dish waving arms
facetime spendthrift, here I am NOT.
Just an old fashioned first person samba
gotten hold of some paper
finds inner voidness up in lights.

It's like manic walks, panic talks
and no body here but them us's.
As if plumming the depth of image
with iguana motives, from this day on
I'm tall and tan and nights
of guns and toasters.
Or gum and tweezers.

9

this place for substitutions
a dream language
old young girl river just keeps rolling along
no buzzer
going to pieces vocally
take the room saturn
take the room lake
muffle muffle puff
silent flash works
mind by the neck
everytime sleep sleeps
two lights out
unison in night

"Keep Out"

Complimentary ice water
in the shape of a firehouse

ands

un un un the...sand

the desert blows past

as the desert blows past

without making a reservation

M. Neilson 1995-98

*

Civil Noir as a title has a long story w/ tributaries (for such a short title) . . . as I always have sd to a friend, numerous civil wars still in progress in this nation, a darkness of heart I've perceived continues to surpass the upbeat hysteria of official, authorized "dreams" of america . . . what I mean is the "noir" as in film, my definition enthusiastically comedy as well as murder and shadows — gallows humor. When I interrogated myself further years ago riffing away on civil war & film noir — I confessed to myself it was "civil" and "noir" that sat in opposite corners but were meant to be together, and when I decided that, writing them down side by side felt as settled, unquestionable as setting down my signature on the most everyday of documents.

— Melanie Neilson

what in a *Civil Noir* brings us inside out the dream of america?
there, in the unshelter of america dreamtime, conscious. there,
across the corporate table and turf sidewalk hustling. the beats
and blues and sad girl. bad boys. with a sideshow of hystory.

syncopated, folked, and forumed. formed out of what she he said
and she he did to her him and she he could have been, out of joint
and in a carol of walking into mod life with the classics derailing in
the distance. scat chant, and humming.

hear Tom Waits in *Bone Machine*:

A rip tide is raging
And the life guard is away

The ocean doesn't want me today

here, Melanie Neilson, in "Ode to Herself":

NO deduction or shelter . . .

Form of void rapport . . .

But safe from security . . .

(if Tom Waits had sung for Ben Jonson)

here,

Let it be misunderstood:

not comfort
but coloratura
fuzz box needer

not safety first
but souped up
innards in clover

not pursued prayer
carpet modesty
toy interpretation
white cavity
uttering space
only

— from the title poem of *Civil Noir*

but no Tom for Ben. & Melanie's singin for you.

Do you wake up some days feeling like a CIVIC POET? say she.

says Ben (this time Franklin), autobiographizing:

Now imagining it may be equally agreeable to you to know the Circumstances of my Life, . . .
. . . and expecting a Week's uninterrupted Leisure in my present Country Retirement, I sit to
write them down for you. To which I have besides some other Inducements. Having
emerg'd from the Poverty and Obscurity in which I was born and bred, to a State of
Affluence and some Degree of Reputation in the World, and having gone so far thro' Life
with a considerable Share of Felicity, the contracting Mean I made use of, which, with the
Blessing of God, so well succeeded, my Posterity may like to know, as they may find some of
them suitable to their own Situations, and therefore fit to be imitated.

some other Inducements, says she, in "People and Distances":

The Following SESSIONS Being Weekly Accounts and Undercurrents.

Bunches of daisies wrapped in a newspaper bicycled over the afternoon. Spring softened,
and washing how a lavender white and yellow Vacancy bombs. If what happened in the
end had fallen in the water. The bend in my dummy's arm. Mind alarm extraction troubled
awhile by visions. Mental swimming in the manner of a corpse found her walking. Now by
plenty of time with a homeless aspect of the day. I cannot remain in the temple. Or I have
a good friend . . .

The janitorial grit to work alone . . .

This Thursday features fulfillment . . .

& the weekday of the CIVIC POET.
& virtual daughters of the confederacy,
writing the record of disfigured text,
a more perfect union.

is a disfigured text also an accent reduction therapy,
telegenetically?

in the common cistern of language, do we unionize & banquet,
but also sublime, syntax symptom and symphonic taxing?

hello! hello Comrade Poet — no, Citizen Poet — hello:

Here? Looking slip tongue solve my life.
The disfigured frontispiece for their air
the most common and yet no irrigation the last word.
The first and last hot season of the canyon how green
the tattoo. Humorously summoned as with the fingers
about ancient on the page that air.
Intuitive punctuation sightseer sez: a full scale
embrace is 20-20. SHARP SPECIFIC GHOSTS
don't grow back. Bare in mind Playland folk style
left in the dirt maybe one hundred times.
Einstein para exercises and thou signed
a concerned beam clustered by now.

— "Disfigured Text #6"

and what happens. the poem digging deep. in juxta pose a snarl of memory. new/s/peak.
and my house flung open around cosmology. in the civic I have
overlooked SHARP SPECIFIC GHOSTS. go back to the town square. summon the crier. cat walk
and jay walk. co-op and crap shoot. shoot up and photo op. tell & you shall receive. lend me
your aura. sing along. go natural. get the facts.
(and don't miss the cover photo, Shakespeare sweet potato):

Replace the world
[I want to get on]
Against the ruin
Ahoy background poetry
In some small
Wordy furniture,
Fashioning out
The specific rim
Scribblelishousness . . .

— "Lush Life," *Natural Facts*

de-lish.

receivin.

in the body of work the body politic. dreamtime america and photo op for your trouble.

she says, in "Blue of the Sky Black to the Eye,"

Captured on glass a subjective epic of civil disorder and
sentimentality.
Everybody's assassination . . .

And the things that were a dream/body/nation firsthand written lateral blood trickles
indecent time exposed every word inbetween come out of the woods won't you . . .

Recuperate for melodrama. Historian neglect. These people were her childhood radios.
Motionless irreplaceable quasi honeycombs . . .

buzzin.

so, Ben(s),

The biographical as
degraded material
mixed messages
mixed emotions
everybody already sociopathology
of everyday life . . .

singin along to the album

to back-tract, an "Album" :

Album — from the blank white pages
April from the nightbird century . . .

The back looks back, cinematic, looking back . . .

which takes us back. a new tableau. anew
look back.

but back to telegenetic
party chile engineer riffin.

telegenesis of juxta dis pose connect.

all along the camera
taking itself and us among it.

as if to cut boundaries that are not photos.
in the civil landscape as I see it.

despite a new tableau.

a period poem of its own time.
cutting a boundary in which to say

you might have lived in this tableau.

and what you heard must have been
what we said among us

rather than voice some metonymy for poet

while all along the camera
having its day cut down to size
in the period poem of its own time.

camera having its day in the lipstick nation.

& the citizen poet saying what we hear
through the photo is not what we said.

which is why we say *take* photos,

aside-in:

Grabbed my leica and ran out into the street
Like it was almost 12:30 A.M.
Time is established by the time
Of the last fan photograph at 12:28 A.M.,
Taken as the car drove in the gates . . .

"Keep Out" . . .

— from *Turntable Wannabe*

& back to facts:

the picture you give takes me in . . .

Well a girl in the picture cuts the space in two . . .

The picturesque ajar . . .

again.

Picturesque ajar . . .

you dig?

plaintive citizen . . .

Words disappear . . .

& here,

The Sensuous Strings of Melanie Neilson . . .

RESPONSES TO PHILLYTALKS NOS. 3 & 6

Clint Burnham

THE DO IS ON

What gives you more reason to reach for poetry – Ron Silliman or Claude McKay? Discipline and exploration.

The notion of relative poetic value smacks of Pound's obsession with his metonym's emoticon.

Dorothy Livesay, called Dee by her friends, argued with Milton Acorn in the 1970s about whether or not Bulgaria was the true communist state, which is why both are still read today.

A volume of essays in which language poets were adjuncts (called "sessionals" in Canada).

The latest report on unemployment compares unemployed to those with benefits and finds that unlike until the late 1980s, only 40% of the website is longer to include a hyphen and the initials for the other official language but luckily only the domain.

Occasionally edited by someone he hasn't had sex with. From CFOCS to C-FOX.

A school that isn't a school, Perelman was there but Milne wasn't then Robertson was nominated for a GG, surrounded by Brainards & Gizzis asked in Great Barrington if KSW has a graduate program.

Some people at the conference went to a poetry slam and some went to see the Mekons: little or no middle ground.

I thought he was gay until the Little League reference?

For the Baffler: Drucker's against the flattened firm, if the ship founders I mean flounders you must have two copies of Moby Dick. Spartacus not Starbucks.

With the Homestead guy, language is easy. There's the rubel.

With the Homestead guy, the slam, the Africa, the boxing, the big daddy kane, the malcom, the passing "you can't change the tiger, it won't eat vegetable, tiger is tiger" canada has something to teach Malaysia about crowd control but what can it teach America about poetry.

Back to say it don't spraypec it I want the news not the weather do you provide towels with your talks just what the dead abortionist ordered would you bag someone else's piss

Wishing for a trough or six hoses you just stick your dick in I'd be in here all night long I'd be outside don't know what's been in there before

Ivanhoe cops leave a beer on the edge of the table for alcoholics words like anklebracelet to trip you up.

Pound didn't like to pound but Bacon like his shooters. The e-urinal game's different in how now to be an artfag if two of the six pisser's're on the floor on their side. Cockroach living off piss.

From DTC to DTUC, 'lo modernism.

City of shudder to think. The auto pact.

Jeff Derksen on Benjamin Friedlander's Response to #3 (see #6)

Response to Ben's paragraph, "Politics"

I'm doing something else. I'm saying that there is no gap between the economic and the imaginary construct and that this is the "contradiction" of the nation (not that the nation is a contradiction). It is a functioning contradiction. One that has led to a "historical inhibition." At a level of policy, the nation state is invoked as a functioning emotional construct in order to push through policies that are actually damaging to the majority of citizens. In Canada, this is clearly shown in the economic policies to reduce the national debt: you may lose your job, your pension, your medicare, but it is for the sake of the nation that we have to do it or The nation, just like you, can't be in debt.

I also don't imply that "Canadian identity has a reality apart from the discursive hologram 'imaginary construct/emotional marker.'" This is nowhere clearer than in my poetry. But the sentence that Ben excerpts the phrase "erode national differentiation" from is: "Yet, at an economic level and in policy, there has been a move to erode national differentiation (NAFTA etc)." I'm talking about economy, tariffs, and trade restrictions, foreign policy etc., and not constructed national identities.

Response to Ben's paragraph, "Poetics"

Aside from "alerting us to the *fact*" of my use of the noon spot rate of the Canadian dollar, I go on to say (in the next sentence) that I used it because it effectively places Canada within a set of relations ranging from how it imagines itself as a nation (in relation to the US) and also within a world system. I don't consider these statistics to be "numbers sprinkled throughout" the text but as extremely concise and ideologically laden signifiers of national relations (on one level), as a questioning of the process of signification (how do these free-floating statistics gain meaning), as well as forming a structural grid within the poem. I'm interested in pointing out how the American dollar acts in two ways here: as a discursive exterior that frames issues of national identity and as an economic touchstone that has real effects within Canadian's lives (for instance, the "loonie" as it's called, hit an all-time low "against the American dollar", so now "consumers" must brace against rising prices in everything from food to entertainment). There is an economic and cultural history that stretches back to 1867 in which, as a nation state, Canada has tried to differentiate itself against "its powerful neighbor to the south." In many ways it's a tired trope of Canadian cultural and economic nationalism and one that moves through the popular media daily in Canada. For nations that have such economic dependency on the US, the set of statistics that I bring forward in my text are ideologically and culturally loaded: to not recognize their "substance" is to not recognize the role that the US has in constituting other nations and nationalisms.

Particularly disturbing is that Ben sees my work as being "veiled in ambiguities." Invoking these tropes of allegory (veiling) and ambiguity places my work in a depoliticized site where poetry is always aside from politics. I would think my work is open for criticism as political sloganeering and not for continuing in the history of allegory and ambiguity.

Response to Ben's *Postscript*

Where I disagree with Ben here is that there can be an "ur-text of our present state of knowledge." I wouldn't put so much stock in our text nor do I believe that there exists such a locatable "present status of knowledge." However, one project of recent states of knowledge has been precisely to tumble down supposed "ur-texts."

To perceive the *Open Letter* issue, "Disgust & Overdetermination" as merely a "misunderstanding" of Deleuze and Guattari is to lift it out of the economy that it is both

circulating in and actively “redirecting”. The issue initiates a redirection of a discourse and poetics of desire that has, for some time, been dominant. It’s come under scrutiny in other disciplines as well (for instance British and Australian cultural studies) so a critique from within a poetic community is, in some ways, overdue and not exactly shocking.

Unfortunately for Ben’s argument, I do situation both desire and disgust within an economy and not merely as a psychological state. In fact, much of my introduction to that issue deals with the social relations and material determinants o a poetics of disgust. Troublingly, Ben seems to have my intro stand in for Sianne Ngai’s much longer, much more elaborated and complicated essay. Many of the questions Ben raises are further complicated in Sianne’s essay.

Phillytalks is a project of Kelly Writers House 3805 Locust Walk, Philadelphia, 19104.
<http://dept.english.upenn.edu/~wh>, wh@dept.english.upenn.edu. The Fuller/Neilson event and newsletter were co-curved by Kristen Gallagher and Louis Cabri. This ongoing project is made possible thanks to volunteers at Kelly Writers House, including Chip Blaustein, Aaron Couch, Karyn Daley, Kalyani Fernando, Elizabeth Gesas, Rebekah Grossman, Henrietta Jones, Sharon Male, Andrew Melbourne, Polina Mamontov, Ena Marwaha, Ilan Sandler, Kerry Sherin, Heather Starr, Kirsten Thorpe. Please send responses to this issue of the newsletter, for publication in a future issue, and all correspondence to:

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