

ZAZIL 2

art, education, and poetic activity : : : san diego, may 2005 no.7 : : : free

: : : *the official newsletter of the San Diego Poetry Guild* : : :



About SDPG & Zazil2

Now in its third year, the **San Diego Poetry Guild** is a collective of poets, writers, artists, educators, dancers, and other creatives who come together to pursue common goals, share experiences, and combine resources. We use the word 'poetry' broadly to make room for all kinds of productions, performances, and endeavors, only some of which are represented in these pages.

Zazil2 has been the official newsletter of SDPG since June, 2001. Focusing on art, education, and literary activity in the Baja-Cali region, Zazil2 has featured work written and produced by Guild members and special guests. Back issues of Zazil2 are available in PDF format through the Factory School website (factoryschool.org/zazil). After this issue (No. 7), Zazil2 and SDPG will part ways but Zazil2 will continue on through issue No. 10. After that, watch for the launch of **Zazil3**, the first-ever poetry automozine bumper sticker series.

Copyright © May 2005 Zazil2 and SDPG. All rights revert to authors upon publication. Front cover art by J.R. Osborn. Production by Bill Marsh and J.R. Osborn.

Email Contact: guild@factoryschool.org

SDPG Website: <http://sandiego.factoryschool.org/guild>

Labor donated.

Guild Notes

VULGAR :

Crudely indecent. *De*fficient in

taste, delic**a**cy, or re**fin**ement.

Marked by a **LACK** of good

*breed*ing; **boor**ish, Com**mon**.....

Bill Marsh

OH SHIT (a natural anthem)

Oh shit can you shag by the dead's earthbound load,
What so pearly we hurled at the twit-load's last glutting?
Whose brusque struts and brute steam, through the pestilent filth,
O'er the ramrods we wedged, were so garishly strumming?
And the road-rot's red guile, the bums busting and all,
Gummed prunes through the nob that our flatus still thrall.
Oh shit does that steam-spewing blabber still wag
O'er the lap of the frig and the hump of the bag?

Bobbie West

VULGAR MODE

Yeah, vulgarity can be fun. I like to burp, fart, and cuss as much as anybody else. The trouble with vulgarity, as a subject for public consumption, is that it gets done, overdone, left out in the sun until it's nothing but a faded stain. In order for it to be new and interesting, it has to have some point to it other than just trying to offend the delicate sensibilities of the middle class, because the middle class really doesn't care, despite the fuss a few people make over it. They've seen and heard it all before. We've all been 12 years old.

For vulgarity to be effective as art it has to be part of some sort of social commentary or critique (check out Dodie Bellamy's writing). Simply waving a bucket of shit under people's noses won't get them to pay attention. What they need is to be taken on a tour of the source of the shit—where it comes from, who produces it and how it gets spread around. Make everyone aware of their own complicity. That would be harder to ignore.

ick for ick's sake—
you think i'm shocked?
just bored!
why don't you lick it up yourself?

*

he thinks he's so avant garde
using women's bodies for his art—
such an OLD trick!

The other kind of vulgarity—the pornographic sort—has also been done to death. We're immersed in a tidal wave of female body parts: oceans of bare skin, crotch shots, tits and asses selling cars and such to make a few billionaires richer. So I have a suggestion: If you want to indulge in sexual vulgarities, try leaving the female out of it. If you want to ejaculate verbal spasms over body parts, make them male. Any fan of Nabokov should try changing *Lolita* to *Little Willy*. Then imagine yourself as that character. That would truly “make it new.”

Carlos Conrad

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA VULGUS

I screech up to the stopped bus sweaty,
(8 miles behind me
and one minute to spare)
lever down the bus' bike rack,
grab the water bottle,
wipe my forehead,
load the bike,
take off the helmet and
hop on the bus
grinning a mile wide.

I flash my monthly pass,
survey the folks,
find a seat that affords
a vantage point of my bike
and settle in for the
45 minute ride to
8 hours work
with human blood.

My recent DUI
has necessitated the
use of mass transit.

But, this is a return.

Pop sold his car when I
was in 1st or 2nd grade.
We biked and bused and walked
to work, school and market.

The first couple years
after college I commuted.

The crude smells come back to me,
men and women just off work,
waitresses, construction workers, maids,
an unstable appearing woman
with a companion dog
weeps loudly on her cell-phone-
people look away,
or reassure her weakly.

My world's gone urban again,
Spanish phrases float and fall,
a profusion of black people,
Walkmen are plugged in,
books are opened,
glances are avoided,
the homeless arrange and rearrange
a stinking assortment of plastic bags.

The world warped ostent
of air brushed boobs,
glossy lips and
super- svelte
cigarette smokers
populates the bus stop ads.

It's Narcissism—
this dopey love
of the reflected,
depth lost on the
shifty surfaces of things,
a debased want of original light.

A perhaps gift—
this glimpse into my origins
via State ordered
punitive inconvenience.

Writing poetry on the bus
feels conspicuous,
always made me self-conscious,
a flight, of sorts,
from the immediate.

So, generally, I don't.

After all, there's something to it.

That is, the reflexive recoil
away from a world refined
until cut-off from the
primal urge and wrestle
of its dank roots
in the ripe, dark earth.

The way opera is made fun of
in bars with Schlitz on tap.

Words approach from within,
congeal and separate themselves,
making unsteady progress
toward a conclusive unknown.

Always this hierarchy,
The delicate built upon
the durability of the lower—

nameless strong backs
shouldering the load,

sound, syllable, sentence—

rungs up and down.

The integration of the simple
into an over-arching,
consuming complexity.

Molecules (made of atoms)
ordered to and fro
by most monarchical DNA.

Someone else
empties the Kings chamberpot,
lances his boils, shoes his horse,
smiths his sword,
carves and crafts his throne,
prepares and serves his meals.

And so familiarity with the origin
has, over time, come to be
considered indelicate.

If one is
in direct contact with life,
one is dirtied, sullied, rendered
unfit as company for those
who've achieved that
most desired, most revered state:
the ability to live
life without effort.

Reality, apparently too real,
we evade the actual.

The bus pulls up to my stop,
I review the situation:
medical technologist,
stigmatized status
as a DUI arrestee,
20 mile midnite bike ride home,
the trebled commute time,
probation, risk pool insurance...

ad absurdum.

I realize that I have come
to contact again with distances.

I know what a mile is.

My legs and lungs know.

I curse because
I come from there;
where people still work
in contact with life,
with the earth, with blood and bodies;
where the sweetness of limbs
is worn lightly brushed
by the ocean's tang;
where advertising is
a known charlatan.

I sing because
I come from there;
where people drown
their sorrows in drink,
shout and fight and
still laugh about it after.

That last, so necessary:
the after-laughter.

I think,
"Mine's the grace that lights
the guttersnipe's grin"
as I dismount and undo my bike.

I smile, say "Fuck it,"
and go to work with life's-blood.

Carl Sachs

PROLEGOMENON TO ANY POSSIBLE FUTURE POETICS

A sideways glance. A shadow of a tree. A crumb of bread. A vein in a leaf. A cluster of soap-bubbles. A dying star. A ...

Follow this line, this line of thought, this line of flight ...

This line that skips and runs from one to the next is the trace of a crack, a crack that flows and breaks, that moves and rests. This crack is the crack between the concept and the real, and it is a condition of any possible poetry that there be a crack between the concept and the real. It is the crack that makes it possible for a poem to place all of language under a question-mark.

If there is a crack between the concept and the real, this is because, as Valery observes, "God made everything out of nothing, but the nothing shows through." What Valery neglects to add is that God and the Nothing are different sides of the same Moebius comic-strip. This is just to say that the nothing created the non-nothing out of itself, and that presence is nothing other than how absence hides from itself. But in a masquerade ball where the dramatic unmasking is forever postponed, it is only the fool who is permitted to speak the truth. Only the fool? Only the poet!

It is because of the crack between the nothing and the non-nothing, between the real and the concept, between God and the Ninety-Nine Names, that poetry is the gentle murmur that can level a city.

San Diego Poetry Guild
c/o Factory School
P.O. Box 948568
San Diego, CA 92037

