



Playlist : : Cendrars,  
Joyce, Mac Low, Yeats,  
Artaud, Whitehead (G.),  
Tatlin, Cendrars,  
Benjamin, Brecht,  
Cendrars, Farrell (D.),  
Goldsmith, Phillips,  
Mandeville (w/Frizzel),  
Kriesche, Bennett, Cage,  
Baudrillard, Bernstein,  
Joyce, Cage (to Feldman),  
Mac Low, Milutis, Young  
(L.M.), Mac Low,  
Khlebnikov, Schlessinger,  
Kittler, Marinetti,  
Kennedy, Peters (J.D.),  
Springstubb, Pound,  
Kennedy, Spicer, Tiffany  
(D.), Spicer, Whitehead  
(G.), Chopin, Perloff,  
Bhagat, Andrews,  
Marinetti, Khlebnikov,  
Hollier, Khlebnikov,  
Khlebnikov, Estefan,  
Rothenberg, Marinetti,  
Migone, Milutis,  
Faitoute, Rotherberg,  
Spicer, Galló, McCaffery,  
De Landa, Arnheim,  
Adilkno, Kittler,  
Heidegger, Eisenhower,  
Knowles (w/Wilson, B.),  
Pynchon, Tiffany (D.),  
Whitehead (G.), Migone,  
Nash, Hagen (W.),  
Johnson (R.), Khlebnikov

the sound-board breathes.  
the earth a fabric

the rest—

The signal to ascend—

who

Turning

to meet the noise  
shall hear  
and, for lightning, see

itself  
strange fire,

transcendent

silence  
out of  
this huge convex of fire,

The place

informed  
with fire

Imagined

from the sea,

Radio Poetics

## Radio Poetics

a program

For Rubén Gallo &  
Princeton Radio Students  
12.01.08

Programmed by  
Danny Snelson

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Distributed here on the occasion of an evening of Radio Poetics at  
The Ontological Hysteric Theater the 17<sup>th</sup> of October, 2008 being part  
of a Radio Festival hosted by free103point9 & Ontological Incubator

When, suddenly ...  
It was not vesuvius erupting  
It was not the cloud of grasshoppers, one of the ten plagues  
of Egypt  
Nor Pompeii  
It was not the reviving cries of giant mastodons  
It was not the Last Trumpet  
Nor Pierre Brisset's toad  
When, suddenly,  
Flames  
Shock  
Reverberations  
Igniting of simultaneous horizons  
My sex

Calling all daynes. Calling all daynes to down. The old  
breeding bradsted culminwilt of natures.... We have  
highest gratifications in announcing to pewtewr publikumst  
of practician pratyusers, genghis is goon for you.

In /\_\_\_/ /\_\_\_/ wherein the /\_\_\_/ /\_\_\_/  
made  
/\_\_\_/ /\_\_\_/ eat lest they /\_\_\_/ and taken /\_\_\_/  
/\_\_\_/ the  
eight  
/\_\_\_/ twenty /\_\_\_/ /\_\_\_/ shalt waters the ark /\_\_\_/  
/\_\_\_/ /\_\_\_/

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clean even centuries after their interment. But we scrub our  
discourse so fervently because we know how to contaminate  
so well, and I suspect that luminous fungi will always coat  
the surface of select castaways, causing the displaced  
epiglottis to catch fire in our heads. Caution: The  
subliminal power of magnetic language on the speech acts  
of the living should not be underestimated. If we continue  
to treat the disembodied like just another dummy, the infernal  
clamor of the airwaves will soon be all that wags on every  
tongue.

The disarticulation of the original is not to be regarded as  
sacrilege, but certainly as transgression. The triad  
transmission/ translation/ transgression, shares more than  
a prefix, it implies a common phenomenology: radio. This  
technology is one of the sites where the original has no  
origin, the word is tuned out of context and the air is the  
language nobody speaks.

When called by a panther / Don't anther.

"The electrical waves," Kolb said to underpin his theory,  
"hit people, go through them, and it would not be so absurd  
to think that human beings had nerves for the direct  
reception of these waves, to be then perceived in the brain.  
Since we do not have such a sensory organ, we must set up,  
outside of our bodies, a closed circuit that reacts sensitively  
to the influence of free electricity so as to re-transform  
words, turned into electrical vibrations by means of a  
membrane, and leads them to the human brain via the ear."

in many cells  
of liquid fire

Radiophonic Poetry

Mondaugen was here as part of a program having to do with atmospheric radio disturbances: sferics for short. During the Great War one H. Barkhausen, listening in on telephone messages among the Allied forces, heard a series of falling tones, much like a slide whistle descending in pitch. Each of these "whistlers" (as Barkhausen named them) lasted only about a second and seemed to be in the low or audio-frequency range. As it turned out, the whistler was only the first of a family of sferics whose taxonomy was to include clicks, hooks, risers, nose-whistlers and one like a warbling of birds called the dawn chorus. No one knew exactly what caused any of them. Some said sunspots, others lightning bursts; but everyone agreed that in there someplace was the earth's magnetic field, so a plan evolved to keep a record of sferics received at different latitudes. Mondaugen, near the bottom of the list, drew South-West Africa, and was ordered to set up his equipment as close to 28 degrees S. as he conveniently could.

Pound's fear that no one was listening coincided with a deeper fear that his speeches were incoherent, riddled by interference from beyond the grave. In either case, he risked being cut off from the world, sealed in a crypt that evoked the prehistory of the Image -- a fate conjured by the medium of radio. Pound's concern about where to begin, where to enter the maze of the past, echoes throughout the broadcasts: "And after a hundred broadcasts it is still hard to know where to begin." It may also be that he found radio disturbing because it revealed, inexorably, the shattering effect of the *Cantos*: his voice, on the air, was continually being interrupted, disguised, and disfigured by other voices. Usually he found himself in the *middle* of a "conversation," as he says of one of his speeches.

In the digital age, vocal disembodies will remain spanking

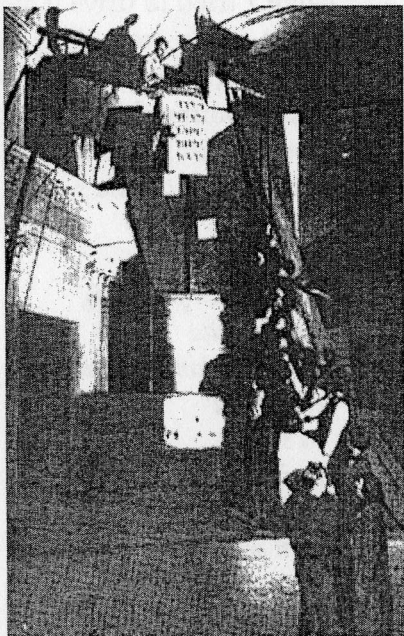
My wife, who had been asleep for some minutes, began to talk in her sleep, and from that on almost all communication came in that way. My teachers did not seem to speak out of her sleep but as if from above it, as though it were a tide upon which they floated. A chance word spoken before she fell asleep would sometimes start a dream that broke in upon the communications, as if from below, to trouble or overwhelm, as when she dreamed she was a cat lapping milk or a cat curled up asleep and therefore dumb. The cat returned night after night, and once when I tried to drive it away by being a dog to amuse a child, she awoke trembling, and the shock was so violent that I never dared repeat it. It was plain therefore that, though the communicators' critical powers were awake, hers slept, or that she was aware of the idea the sound suggested but not of the sound.

*And shit on psalmody,  
 bomba futla  
 enough seeking the true poetic psalmody,  
 caca futra  
 ça suffira  
 mai danba  
 debi davida  
 imai davidu  
 ebe vidu  
 by repeating I annul*

If the dreamland/ghostland is the natural habitat for the wireless imagination, then the material of radio is not just sound. Radio *happens* in sound, but sound is not really what matters about radio. What does matter is the bisected heart of the infinite dreamland/ghostland, a heart that beats through a series of highly pulsed and frictive oppositions:

the radio signal as intimate but untouchable, sensually charged but technically remote, reaching deep inside but from way out there, seductive in its invitation but possibly lethal in its effects. Shaping the play of these frictions, the radio artist must then enact a kind of sacrificial autoelectrocution, performed in order to go straight out of one mind and (who's there?) then diffuse, in search of a place to settle. Mostly, this involves staging an intricate game of position, a game that unfolds among far-flung bodies, for the most part unknown to each other.

Gong tam-tam zanzibar  
 jungle beast X-rays express  
 scalpel symphony  
 You are everything  
 Tower  
 Ancient god  
 Modern beast  
 Solar spectrum  
 Subject of my poem  
 Tower  
 Globe-circling tower  
 Tower in motion



But the most superficial reflection proves the opposite. No reader has ever closed a just-opened book with the finality with which the listener switches off the radio after hearing perhaps a minute and a half of a talk. The problem is not the remoteness of the subject matter; in many cases, this might be a reason to keep listening for a while before making up one's mind. It is the voice, the diction, and the language--in a word, the formal and technical side of the broadcast--that so frequently make the most desirable programs unbearable

ogical revolution in the atomic age could so

During World War II the practice of "jamming" was used by Germany, but the Nazis found out that it did not always work out as the expected. Several times the Allies made them hopping mad. What the Allies did was to put a station on exactly the same frequency as the German station. Instead of trying to "jam" the Nazi broadcasts, they made fun of them. They did this by waiting until a German speaker had to catch his breath. Then they slipped in their own comment.

What the German listener heard was something like this:

MAYBE  
 I DON'T KNOW THOSE WORDS I CAN'T SAY THEM  
 THE SUNDANCE KID IS BEAUTIFUL  
 AND THE STORY IS ABOUT THE SUNDANCE KID  
 AND THE MOVIE IS ABOUT THE SUNDANCE KID  
 AND THE SUNDANCE KID IS BEAUTIFUL  
 BEAUTIFUL  
 YEAH THE SUNDANCE KID WAS BEAUTIFUL  
 YEAH THE SUNDANCE KID IS BEAUTIFUL  
 YEAH THE SUNDANCE KID IS VERY BEAUTIFUL  
 YEAH THE SUNDANCE KID CAN  
 DO THE DANCE  
 DO THE DANCE A LITTLE BIT  
 THE SUNDANCE KID COULD DANCE  
 AROUND THE ROOM  
 THE SUNDANCE KID COULD WALK  
 AROUND THE ROOM  
 THE SUNDANCE KID COULD RUN  
 AROUND THE ROOM  
 ABOUT THE HOUSES  
 HOUSES OF TREES

In a short time both would be caught. There is a "policeman of the air" to see that all kinds of stations obey the law and that the operators of illegal stations are tracked down and sent to jail.

A prominent role in this turning-point, whose significance is probably equalled only by the invention of writing 60, was taken by Maxwell's electromagnetic field equations and their experimental substantiation by Heinrich Hertz. Since Christmas 1906, when Fessenden's radio transmitter broadcast low-frequency random events as they occur as amplitude or frequency modulation of a high frequency, there exist non-material channels. Since 1906, when de Forest developed, from Edison's light bulb, the controllable valve, information is open to any kind of amplification and manipulation. The valve radio, developed as wireless telephony for breaking the imperial cable monopoly, first of all made the new weapons systems of the first World War, the aeroplane and the tank, both mobile and dirigible by remote control, and after the end of the war, was applied to the civilian populations.

Hourly and daily they are chained to radio and television . . . . All that with which modern techniques of communication stimulate, assail, and drive man - all that is already much closer to man today than his fields around his farmstead, closer than the sky over the earth, closer than the change from night to day, closer than the conventions and customs of his village, than the tradition of his native world. (OT 50; G 17) nature, could render the human condition . . . tolerable for everybody and happy in all respects. (PLT 116; GA 294) The "greatest danger" is that the approaching tide of technology

for the listener. Conversely, for the same reason but very rarely, programs that might seem totally irrelevant can hold the listener spellbound. (There are speakers who can hold your attention while reading weather forecasts.)

This is an innovation, a suggestion that seems utopian and that I myself admit to be utopian. When I say that the radio or the theater "could" do so-and-so I am aware that these vast institutions cannot do all they "could," and not even all they want.

It was you who in the legendary era of the people of Israel  
Mingled the tongues of men  
O Babel!  
And several thousand years later, it was you who fell in  
tongues of fire upon the Apostles gathered in your church  
On the open sea you are a mast  
And at the North Pole  
You shine with all the splendor of the aurora borealis of  
you wireless telegraph

It looks like ink spilled on a piece of paper. It looks like mud to me. It looks like shoes right there and these look like their arms and this looks like the cauldron. It looks like some kind of skin, maybe a bearskin like a trophy you put up on a wall. It looks like there's an angel in there if you could see her better you could see the gold and silver on her dress, she has her arms out like this (*demonstrates*) sort of like she's getting ready to fly but she's not yet. It looks like two antennae and the wing span and the little tail. It must be Christian because the arms are out like the crucifixion and it's on this flagpole. It must be dead or nearly dead because it has lost so much blood all this here and here, the poor thing, it was probably a nice bug.

Checking the current radar, we see a couple of showers cruising through the Long Island Sound, also a couple of showers about to, us, move across, us, Staten island at this time, hit or miss shower out there this evening. Later on tonight, partly to mostly cloudy, the low fifty-eight. Record-challenging warmth tomorrow, intervals of clouds and sunshine, the high seventy-six. The record is seventy-eight set back in 1990. Maybe a few fog patches tomorrow night, perhaps a shower later on, low fifty-eight.

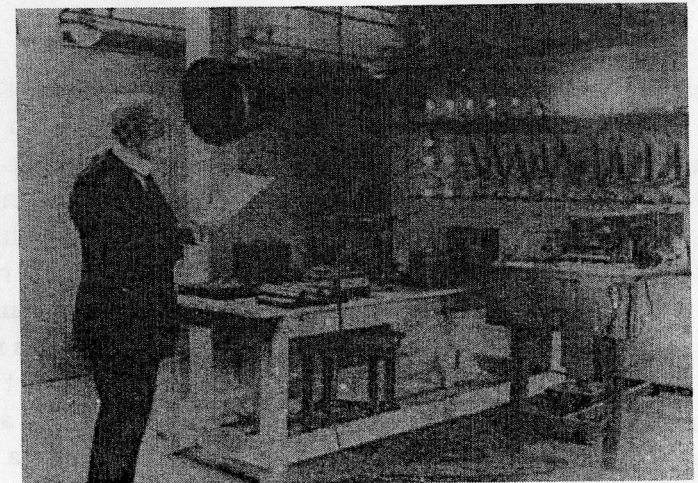
...that which he hid reveal I...

A Hindu or an Eskimo can dream radio  
without an apparatus.

the electric man no longer listens to the radio - he himself is radio: set at the same time on reception and transmission. as a sign of his existence he thus leaves his marks on the data background. the drawing of marks is the basis of his existence (on video, banking card, telephone, fax, personal computer and so on). as if in recognition of the electric circuits in his own body, the "radioman" charges himself up with mobile electronic calculators, watches, data and dictating machines, Walkmans, cellular telephones, electronic locators, laptops, notebooks. supported by batteries, he creates around himself the postmodern aura of an omnipresence. his exterior is radiant like the detergent "radion", his interior is embedded in the electronic community of the data background. he himself is a light spot (pixel) in the space of surfaces, the "computer planes", of foregrounds, backgrounds and image planes. into them he plunges, to disappear and then emerge in another place as someone else. as a light spot the

In wireless, the sounds and voices of reality claimed relationship with the poetic word and the musical note; sounds born of earth and those born of the spirit found each other.

When we can watch Nobel prize writers write their awardwinning novels via bulletin boards, or witness the shooting of a Hollywood feature to be released next spring via movie channels, or listen to live broadcasts of telephone conversations between world leaders, or follow the studio takes of a world-famous musician's CD live on radio, and when the only reports we see are about the production process of special reports: then the end product lags so much behind topicality that it can only be appreciated as waste. Why bother to buy the disc at all, when all of us have just spent months listening to the new track's recordings, minutely evaluating the various takes? The public is placed into the position of permanent journalists, while the viewers must keep on switching to get the message. Thus, the period of reception is given an active interpretation.





And those messages (God would not damn them) do not even know they are champions.

If the poet functions as an antenna, catching broadcasts from the airwaves, and his poem is an apparatus that records them, then the reader is the loudspeaker: it is only when someone reads zaum out loud that the broadcast is complete and the sounds become audible.

When considering text-sound it is energy, not semantically shaped meaning, that constitutes the essence of communicated data. The classical, Aristotelian conception of form is that of goal, the target-destination at which we arrive as at a postponed reward by way of composition. It was, hence, to be a highly significant reversal of Aristotle when Wilhelm Reich was to declare form to be **frozen energy**, opening a path to a new conception of form as the aggregate of departures not arrivals, the notion of the de-form as a thawing of the constrict, a strategy of release, of flow.

We live surrounded by material rhythms. Some of these are technological, the rhythms of radio transmitters, electrical generators, watches, and clocks. Others are not: fireflies emitting pulses of light or crickets and cicadas singing. Rhythms not only surround us they constitute us: the beating of our hearts, the daily cycle of sleeping and awakening, the firing of our neurons. Thus, our bodies are large collections of oscillating entities existing in an environment made largely of diverse populations of other oscillating entities.

"radioman" has permanently taken on the form of the vanishing point.



A term coined by John Cage to describe the act of extracting one text from another, whatever the method used. Cage himself frequently utilized this technique, most notably in a series of texts derived from Joyce's *Finnegan's Wake*. To "write through" his source, Cage invariably used a mesostic on its author's name to determine the words to be extracted, a mesostic resembling an acrostic, only

the "spine" letters run down the middle of lines rather than at the beginning (and as opposed to the telestich, in which the "spine" letters run down the end), as in the following example from "Writing for the Second Time Through *Finnegan's Wake*":

you were the doubleJoynted  
jAnitor  
the Morning  
thEy were delivered and you'll be a grandfer  
when the ritehand Seizes what the lovearm knows  
hetty Jane's a child  
she'll be cOming  
theY're  
tourCh  
to rEkindle the flame

The lowest common culture (LCC) of the radio waves or the mass-circulation magazines today has an artistic subsidiary. This is the multiplication of artworks, for which the Bible – itself now multiplied and delivered to the masses in weekly installments – provided the miraculous prototype in the celebrated multiplication of loaves and fishes beside the Sea of Galilee.

As Billy goes higher all the balloons  
Get marooned on the other side of the  
Lunar landscape. The module's broke—  
It seems like for an eternity, but who's  
Counting—and Sally's joined the Moonies  
So we don't see so much of her anyhow.  
Notorious novelty—I'd settle for a good  
Cup of Chase & Sand-borne—though when  
The strings are broken on the guitar  
You can always use it as a coffee table.  
Vienna was cold at that time of year.  
The sachertorte tasted sweet but the memory  
burned in the colon. Get a grip, get a grip, before  
The Grippe gets you. Glad to see the picture  
Of ink—the pitcher that pours before  
Throwing the Ball, with never a catcher in sight.  
Never a catcher but sometimes a catch, or  
A clinch or a clutch or a spoon—never a  
Catcher but plenty o'flack, 'till we meet  
On this side of the tune.

Calling all downs. Calling all downs to dayne. Array!  
Surrection.

But all that radio is, Morty, is making available to your ears  
what has already in the air and available to your ears but

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accepted it there. I also realized (with the Navajo especially) that there were more than simple refrains involved: that we, as translators & poets, had been taking a rich oral poetry & translating it to be read primarily for meaning, thus denuding it to say the least.

The trouble with comparing a poet with a radio is that  
radios  
don't develop scar-tissue. The tubes burn out, or  
with a  
transistor, which most souls are, the battery or  
diagram  
burns out replaceable or not replaceable, but not  
like that  
punchdrunk fighter in a bar. The poet

Takes too many messages. The right to the ear that floored  
him  
in New Jersey. The right to say that he stood six  
rounds with  
a champion.

Then they sell beer or go on sporting commissions, or, if  
the  
scar tissue is too heavy, demonstrate in a bar where  
the  
invisible champions might not have hit him. Too  
many of  
them.

The poet is a radio. The poet is a liar. The poet is a  
counterpunching radio.

Radiophonic Poetry

Being alive on radio is rare. Radio contortionist is a term used to describe the person conscious of the proverbial translation/treason role plays. The contortionist is in a constant search for their multiple reversions, inversions and perversions. The tactics the artist employs will hopefully have more than a trivial effect. These maneuvers delve into description, identification and intimacy. An essentialist retracing of the radiophonic body, from head to toe, via the tongue.

used for utmost permanence...Nirvana...Browning used the word SHINE... while Whitehead says that for substance becoming shadow except for man and his lifebelts..or literal areas, where the spirit used to be..there are three stages 1. the romantic..or Teddy Roosevelt's..lunatic or schizophrenic fringe PRECEDING all great movements.2....The PRECISION stage...3....and finally...with this to literal..everyday use like radios, automats...a new generalization....the root of this is the fact that the gravity driven period of the central nervous system is the source of our second of time..as length..and simultaneously the source of the idea of NUMBER. Half is pure percept..clear center and direct vision of the great world outside..in terms of body stillness..such as when sitting at a train window ..with another train outside...the other train begins to move...and having felt no jar jerking schism from your own train..you consult the scheduling of your own physiologic responsings..to see which train is moving..or where the developing movement is focused...or located. The other half is inner blindness to the outer world tele---while struggling with the problem of ordering one's motored members..which suddenly tend to throw themselves into the great far out...or tele..world field beyond the space occupied by the body..This involuntary occupational therapy plus Nirvana use of it..can be indicated by the HT 10...Aliquippa Penn man....who felt so grateful for his WPA check...from the overwhelming wind outside..that he voluntarily swept the streets six days weekly, six hours daily...as an indication of gratitude at participating in a process as vast as the USA...to sweep away war, crime,..and all the old, crude terrors..designated by short-circuiting stockbit phrases..such as war etc....NO acknowledgements necessary. Cheerfully, D.Joseph Faitoute

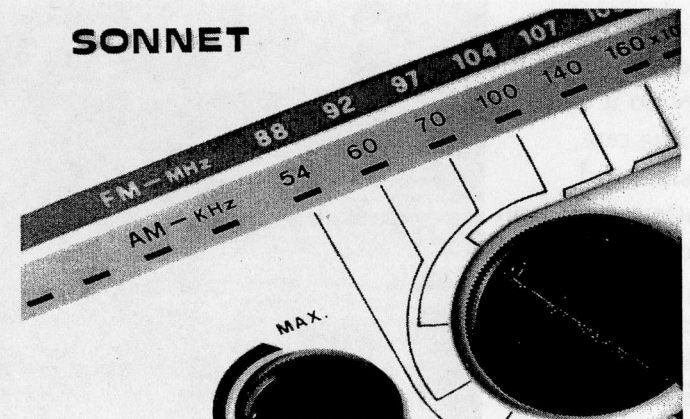
So there were all these indications that the exploration of "pure sound" wasn't beside the point of those poetries but at or near their heart: all of this coincidental too with concern for the sound-poem among a number of modern poets. Accepting its meaningfulness here, I more easily

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you couldn't hear it. In other words, all it is is making audible something which you're already in. You are bathed in radio waves--TV, broadcasts, probably telepathic messages, from other minds deep in thought.... This radio simply makes audible something that you thought was inaudible.

/ \_\_\_/ / \_\_\_/ / \_\_\_/ the / \_\_\_/ / \_\_\_/ / \_\_\_/ deliver  
 / \_\_\_/ And  
 / \_\_\_/ Lord / \_\_\_/ Me, house / \_\_\_/ from the  
 unto / \_\_\_/  
 thee?"

The / \_\_\_/ / \_\_\_/ against / \_\_\_/ / \_\_\_/ / \_\_\_/  
 / \_\_\_/ every / \_\_\_/  
 said: / \_\_\_/ / \_\_\_/ / \_\_\_/ name. will in off  
 / \_\_\_/ Zion And  
 I / \_\_\_/ flood on me; that / \_\_\_/ / \_\_\_/ / \_\_\_/ / \_\_\_/  
 all / \_\_\_/ of  
 they before God. / \_\_\_/ And in / \_\_\_/ she lifted sent  
 / \_\_\_/ their  
 / \_\_\_/ / \_\_\_/ is / \_\_\_/



Radiophonic Poetry

## When the Voice Fails

Vocal indisposition, for the actor and the singer, is a bugbear of the trade. It is due to myriad causes, not all of them physical. Such indisposition can be allayed, even cured, if the actor or singer will take some sound advice. For maladies of the voice, real or psychological, have existed since the human voice first became a means of communication.

But not all countries cooperate, and this has led to a "war of the air waves." Some countries deliberately try to interfere with programs sent out by other countries. When they do this, we say they *jam* the signals sent out by the other stations. They do it by sending out whistles and spluttery noises on exactly the same frequency as the broadcast. This makes it very difficult and often impossible to hear the stations.



dialect], *sad* [garden], *selo* [settlement], *sol'* [salt], *slyt'* [to be reputed], *syn* [son].

In this pure language -- which no longer means or expresses anything but is, as expressionless and creative Word, that which is meant in all languages -- all information, all sense, and all intention finally encounter a stratum in which they are destined to be extinguished.

Translation is carry--over. It is a means of delivery & of bringing to life. It begins with a forced change of language, but a change too that opens up the possibility of greater understanding. Everything in these song--poems is finally translatable: words, sounds, voice, melody, gesture, event, etc., in the reconstitution of a unity that would be shattered by approaching each element in isolation. A full & total experience begins it, which only a total translation can fully bring across.

12. Words in freedom. The word has gradually developed into a collaborator of mime and gesture. The word must be recharged with all its power hence an essential and totalitarian word which in Futurist theory is called word-atmosphere. Words in freedom children of the aesthetics of machines contain an orchestra of noises and noise-chords (realistic and abstract) which alone can aid the colored and plastic word in the lightning-fast representation of what is not seen. If he does not wish to resort to words in freedom the radiast must express himself in that freeword style which is already widespread in avant-garde novels and newspapers that typically swift quick synthetic simultaneous freeword style

Distant Yep Yep Yep Slash Casual Lunacy The Hand

Imagine the Radio's central station: A spider web of lines in the air, a cloud of lightning flashes, now extinguishing themselves, no reigniting, running from one end of the building to the other. A skyblue globule of circular lightning hovering in the air like a timid bird, tackle stretched obliquely.

Listeners the world over learned that two scientists [the Lumaine brothers. Balthasar and Nicodeme] had retreated to the island of Cyprus to study the effects of high-voltage currents, all their documents vanished before their eyes. If they cannot stop it, this destructive current will spread throughout the world and everything made of "paper" will disappear without a trace. (*Radio Magazine*)

The task of communing with the one soul of mankind, with the one quotidian spiritual wave which sweeps over the country every day, drenching it with a rain of scientific and artistic news -- the Radio has accomplished this task with the aid of lightning. On the enormous shady books in the villages the Radio has imprinted the story of a favorite author, an article on the fractional powers of space, a description of flights and the news of neighboring countries. Everyone reads what he likes. This book, one and the same for the whole country, stands in every village, eternally surrounded by readers, its type neatly set, a silent library in the village centers.

Here is the way the syllable *so* [with] is a field that encompasses *son* [sleep], *solntse* [sun], *sila* [strength], *solod* [malt], *slovo* [word], *sladkii* [sweet], *soi* [clan: Macedonian

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Of course I'm the extreme case, but during the 24-hour broadcast, I kept the radio running the entire time. I would fall asleep to it, and then wake up to it at different times. I would just wake up, hear where I was, listen for a while, and then dream off to it. I

listened to it in the car when I went up to the station, and I listened to it in the car on the way home. I even kept the radio in my hands when I was walking up the stairs. I tuned in as much as I possibly could.

JS: I'm going through a transition. In fact, I don't have no job, and I . . .

Q: No, I mean in your actual writing.

JS: Well, if the radio set has three batteries which are gone and one that's still left, that isn't a transition in the radio broadcast. It's a transition in the radio set, namely that you don't have very much power. And these things that happen to you in life are like that. If you're only going on one transistor and you're a four-transistor radio, you're not going to be able to get in the outlying stations very easy. KFI doesn't come in.

Each performer must listen intently to all sound produced by other performers, audience, or environment, & modify the performance in accord with what is heard. "Listen" and "Relate" are the most important "rules." Since everything depends upon the performers' choices during the performance, awareness, sensitivity, tact, courtesy, & inspiration must be their guides, & each one must listen silently for a while before adding something new to the situation.

Radiophonic Poetry

Thus the Radio will forge the unbroken links of the world soul and fuse together all mankind.

To parse  
Which consonant  
From which to  
Which from  
Moment to  
Moment departure  
Is becoming  
Another islet's  
Inroad out

From Weber's writing tuning fork Edouard Léon Scott, who as a Parisian printer was, not coincidentally, an inhabitant of the Gutenberg Galaxy, developed his phonautograph, patented in 1857. A bell-mouth amplified incoming sounds and transmitted them onto a membrane, which in turn used a coarse bristle to transcribe them onto a soot-covered cylinder. Thus came into being autographs or handwritings of a data stream that heretofore had not ceased to write itself. (Instead, there was handwriting.) Scott's phonautograph, however, made visible what, up to this point, had only been audible and had been much too fast for ill-equipped human eyes: hundreds of vibrations per second. A triumph of the concept of frequency: all the whispered or screamed noises people emitted from their larynxes, with or without dialects, appeared on paper. Phonetics and speech physiology became a reality.

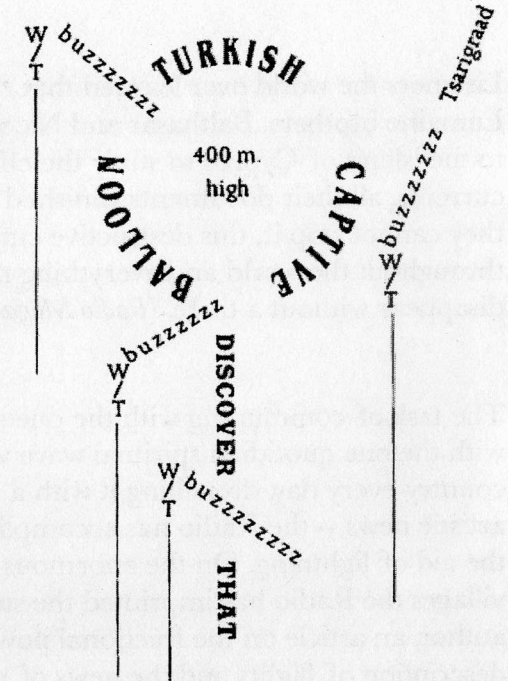
### 13. Isolated word repetitions of verbs in the infinitive

'Darkness brooded around me. Nothing moved. But high

Anterior Strings Business Conkers Mood Thirteen  
All The Angles Take To Arms' Serious Talk  
Thinking Someone Else Can Gun Optimum Pitch  
As Posterior Crico-Arytenoid Muscles Grandfatherless  
However Octane Height Of Tongue Room Restressing  
Isinglass Enchantment Place Like Knee Delay Clothes  
Quick Agreement "Explosives" Skew Eight Rapid  
Rabbit

Dominion  
Velvet Exactly  
Duplicate  
Incorrigible Go  
Marching  
Hypoteneuse  
Radio  
Guillotine  
Merle  
Necessary  
Hyphen Grey  
Royalty Spores  
Anon Name  
Creme Wave  
Shareholder At  
Us Tupelo Bibs  
Lota Tacit  
Craze About  
Arrangement  
Says So

Aphasia Never  
Mean A World Chest You Fancy Celebrating Singavoy  
Margin Sucrose Thrust Terms Inquisitress Up Stitch  
Fleet Air Built Stage Talk -- Exceptions Recalled Miss  
Cal At Weights Univocal Wrist Test Frequently I'll Do  
It Rumor Giving Person Bumps Hosiery Principia  
Hung Outlook Eagle Diphthong Tux 'N' All Amicus  
Curae Murmuring Diffusion Altar Self-Embedded  
Bolas Oomaloom Pastry Wagon Molars



chemical in nature, involves the translation of fatty laryngeal substances, such as conditional verbs, into a highly viscous wax. The body of the voice can then be resurrected only through the sustained application of external pressure, exerted through a sharp stylus. From here on, talk of authentic meaning is buried in the nether world of noise and interference. It all starts to sound like utter nonsense to the original speaker, who invariably responds by saying: Is that how my voice really sounds?

I prefer the sun, I'm fond of the night, I'm fond of my noises and of my sounds, I admire the immense complex factory of a body, I'm fond of my glances that touch, of my ears that see, of my eyes that receive.... But I do not have to have the benediction of the written idea. I do not have to have my life derived from the intelligible. I do not want to be subject to the true word which is forever misleading or lying, I can stand no longer to be destroyed by the Lord, that lie that abolishes itself on paper.

A child playing with dolls may shed heartfelt tears when his bundle of rags and scraps becomes deathly ill and dies; or may arrange a marriage between two rag figures indistinguishable one from the other, except perhaps for their blunt flat heads. While the child is playing, those rag dolls are living people with feelings and emotions. So we may come to an understanding of language as playing with dolls: in language, scraps of sound are used to make dolls and replace all the things in the world. All the people who speak a given language are the players in this game.

We are going to build a radio that is different from any you have seen. In the radio will be these things:

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above my head rustled endless music, the air, that distant tuneless humming which never fell silent. I listened so long to this eternal feeble sound that it began to get me confused: it was certainly symphonies coming from the orbiting universes above me, stars that were singing a song....'

The radio signal is surely one of the strangest things we know; little wonder its ability to spirit intelligence through space elicited immediate comparisons to telepathy, séances, and angelic visitations. At any point on the earth's surface in the twentieth century, silent streams of radio voices, music, sound effects, and distress signals fill every corner of space. In any place you are reading this, messages surround and fly past you, infinitely inconspicuous, like the cicadas in the Phaedrus, who sing of things we cannot hear with our unaided ears.

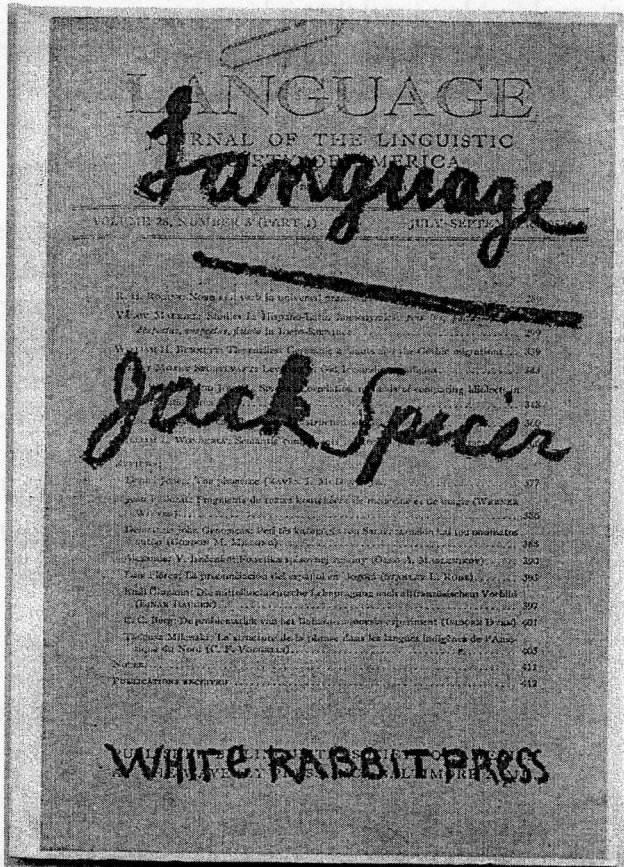
One of the things that makes television and radio interesting is that you can use right away the information you have learned.

Blasted friends left a goddam radio here yester. Gift. God damn destructive and dispersive devil of an invention. But got to be faced... Anybody who *can* survive *may* strengthen inner life, but mass of apes and worms will be still further rejoiced to passivity. Hell a state of passivity? Or limbo??

"It's not, more likely the devil!" I said, and laughed aloud to bolster me a little. "It is the night owls of Canaan hooting!" I got up, lay down again, put on my shoes, tramped around awhile in the dark, and lay down again, fought and battled against rage and terror till far into the

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morning hours, when I finally fell asleep.'



The impassioned voices of the dead simply won't let him get a word in edgewise. At one point, utterly distraught by the flood of words and thoughts being *dictated* to him out of "NECESSITY," he exclaims, "I am held up, enraged, by the delay needed to chance a typing ribbon, so much is there that OUGHT to be put into the young American head. Don't know which, what to put down, can't write two scripts at once. NECESSARY FACTS, ideas, come in pell-mell. I try to get too much into ten minutes" (RB 192). The fact that Pound is trying to transcribe "two scripts at once"

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reveals the effects of "dictation" and the presence of the phantom in the broadcasts. On another occasion, he makes reference to a double source of speech that eludes him: "Had I the tongue of men and angels I should be unable to make sure that even the most faithful listeners would be able to hear and grasp the whole of a series of my talks" (RB 190). In fact, Pound conversed throughout the broadcasts in the "tongue of men and angels," a torn, hybrid speech forced upon the living by the dead. His indecipherable instruction to the "nobodies" who were listening corroborated Gregory Whitehead's observation that "radio is a medium voiced by multiple personalities, perfect for pillow talk, useful as an antidepressant, but also deployable as guiding beam for missile systems." In a lucid moment, Pound acknowledges, "I am perfectly aware that I might as well be writing Greek or talking Chinese with a foreign accent, so far as making this statement clear to the hearer or reader is concerned" (RB 262).

This ocean, humiliating in its disguises  
Tougher than anything  
No one listens to poetry. The ocean  
Does not mean to be listened to. A drop  
Or crash of water. It means  
Nothing  
It  
Is bread and butter  
Pepper and salt. The death  
The young men hope for. Aimlessly  
It pounds ashore. White and aimless signals. No  
One listens to poetry.

3. In the magnetic remains of some disembodies, we observe the spontaneous inhibition of postmortem changes known in the field as soaping the stiff. This process, largely

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