

BELLADONNA* 15

The Arugula Fugues
VII-VIII

by

Adeena Karasick

*deadly nightshade, a cardiac and respiratory stimulant,
having purplish-red flowers and black berries

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THE ARUGULA FUGUES VII

My chitty chitty shebang
boening of emblazoned tracteries wavin' in the gutter of
a reupholstered trompe l'oeil vei,
like sticky picky boca toasted
flake-rack nested in
the itsy bitsy
flummox phlox of
porched mournings, arching like
a woosie pussy poesis

of invaded casements
mi casa su
que sera surrogates ('cause
all that is, is the
quesadilla / with a dollop of
fresh fission, a
frizzy frisée, frosty fricative. Floss that
in yr hotsy-totsy
bungee jambalaya, jelly jamboree

And, “fluff me up” with an ameliorated marinade,
a dithyrambunctuous unctuous encore of
bleating turrets, nettles,
spongy flecked-expectant sketched, stained fragments

[[[allouetta]]]

like a halter topoi
drenched
in tasty cadences

like mesostic masticates
frolicking in
the misty reticence of
a hubba-hubbalicious hoochie-koochie
mama soothing woozie ouzi usura ruse

So, cosy up to my
hexasticha pastiche postulate, plump
suckling, glossolalic
flailing matrix, 'cause my
aleatora furora febrile sombre
bombast, an intransigent
antinomian milly-millenarian mystically
loving you through

a lingering linguarum
of a prissy precinct
a sexy *sinq* a succinct, a
décolétté fret
in the dusk flung seeping.

So, hug my cumulative glottis collosus
pro quo a-go-go
for, there's a tempest in my
bemoanéd monad middling in the
verbal effusion of

heretic tac talkative tactility of tuppèd uppity fop toppling
encrypted in the pothery swamp of
textualis, malice, solace, bolus, silos –
i'm trippin' on textual excess, lexis, feckless exits
toasted exlogues. So,
take yr fluffly knock-knock
knick-knack paddywack
fiddly-fie phoneme
& milk my
multëity in the parlance of
sweet affliction chiseled
in the sly benignity of
cool-rooted fleur fragrance
weltering in the succulent swill of
musty punctures like
wrinkled variants,
rollicking in the coiffed sleek clamour
of decorous hysteria.

THE ARUGULA FUGUES VIII

*On the outskirts of an utterance,
in the phrasal interface of
enfolding inflexions*

My slick-sided sassy saddle of swaggering angles
struggles in the trip-hop heavy power pop
palimpsested pucker pout
of migrant glyphs

So, lap it up in the liting lexis, with a
revved-up apparatus lattice -- By golly, miss
moll lolling meliflua, my
sucking schism of ample sweetmeat
trips me up in the shmaltzy waltzing
ongepotchket putchky chachkes
of shared property.

And, i've got strong things to say in the
pompatus romp of a cuppa jo jiggy gyrate bougie-bougie
jujube jivin' like a fickle decoy, a
dopple-gangrene, gangly angling
of teeming memes

{{smuggly preening}}

like a petite pitipot / pickinini packrat
Pooh-pooh my
sexpot, my fleur de
spritzzy spaetzle spinster
spit-roasted polka
volken vox popu lattice
gratis swashbuckling

with a tangle of flowering
meaning. maladjusted with
a dillydally dollop of ricotta gnocchi gnocchi
who's there

in the perky jerksauce
in the soggy-bottom, ballsy borscht-belt flange stanza
in the retro gush of
a honkeytonk tinker toiling
cranky rancour, creamy slipknot
of slickly secreted swollen surfaces,
thick with
churning vortices
filching like a fractal fashionista
ghetto-flecked flaky phoneme-fabulous / fusion's fizzy romp
of fresh fetish

IN THE MECHANICS OF THE S(ub)LIME

If indeed, there is an emergent sense of post-national consciousness, there remains a very real problematic of the politic surrounding “linguistic borrowing” (ie how that ethically intersects with (& claims to overlook) cultural, gender class, racial or religious specificity). But of course that whole question is founded on the fantasy that *place* is a fixed and identifiable topos. So a new poetics of TRANS (moving across and through) NATIONALISM must firstly question the metaphysical erection of property (historically inscribed in empirical notions of being, purity, autonomy). It must acknowledge the *PROPRE* as a differential process of appropriation. *SENS PROPER* (the clean or proper sense) *IS SANS PROPRE*. Improper, inappropriate (impropriitous, riotous) deappropriated, ex-appropriated and thus repels, *re-appelles* or propels itself into a place of contaminated difference. A differential productivity that is continually stained, soiled, sullied in semiological processes of pharmakapoetic inf(l)ection.

My cultural history is Russian, Jewish, Canadian, (& now) American – my nation-place is not necessarily “transnational” but in transit; is a multiplicity of positions, acts, voices, intra-transitional structures, sutures; an intertextual matrix nested in mesostic masticates, a smashing pageant of *puissance* which circulates, converges, recedes and BECOMES simulacric of an economimetic network of radical indeterminacy.

I CHOOSE my heritage, my history, my context; what i hang on to, what i discard, what i remember. The importation of “continental philosophy” cannot hinder any more than the importation of a maladjusted micromini, ooh la la sunny pom pom pop smarm *ouside* my alphabet city co-op. How can i imprison myself in some worn out notion of agoraphobia when *there is no outside* [ne pas de whore text] i wanna play in an agora floria flourished in euphoria, a flurry of inseams, outlets. And in no way, can all of this “transnational” otherness get reduced into a global universalization when even my own “lived-experience” is always already something other (not to mention how it shifts and evolves when translated into a completely unstable language).

That language need not be acknowledged as the authoritative, patriarchal, legitimized language of all languages for itself is hybridized, syncretized. Infused with otherness and as such does not buy into some reductive fallacy of an anglo-American imperium 'cause my lingua franca is a francified english drenched with contingency. What the hell is WORLD ENGLISH? My english anglaise includes british english, Ca na dada english yiddish 'n glish academic english, latinate and vulgar hip hop talk a boogie woogie wiggged out english mangled, angled english fingered with a specific yet slippery history. my femme fatale franco-phonemic angered english is hungry, flung and saturated with a licky sticky ad hoc snap crackle pop my aporia with a petty praline password, pop-up sesame sememe semi(o)tic hip optics of Kabbalistic exejésus. My english, Old English an excluded Middle of mutant englishes muddled *mots*, matrices. Litigious fidgets. A glossolalic flailing matrix; a malange flange ranging in New Coast barriers, reefs, way out baby english puff 'n stuff singed with eccentricities, ecstasies. New-fangled, wrangled coinings, economies of a steamy lineage; con ed english cabled in a diasporic, euphoric english re-sounded in scandal dispersed through migration, translation, r(elation, intervention. Embodying a genealogy of crossings, couplings, switches, detours and branchings -- which does not effect a free flowing vacuum buying into some liberalist fantasy of unfettered freedom --- but is grounded within a socio-historic discourse. Thus, this semiological agglutination of anglaise glides glissades through a polyglossic glissando CAN NOT BE REDUCED to some warped notion of universalization. Because each syntagm, trope, scission HAD a context, HAS a context which is carried and redispersed, dispersed. Displaced like sexual difference. And thus, must be viewed as a panaglossic glossary of inscriptive networks. An intra-national, irrational, relational english of intransigent freedoms. Of reciprocal incitations, invitations and struggle.

goose my logos, my log on
agon retro trope hip to
be contingent...

And what is the ethics in this?? When my law, *la loi (l'oeil)* to look *Poeil* **VEI** which is single and homeless. sub s(tr)ut lett(er)ing / *lettristed* in a twisted sisterhood. So, my question then is, how can i constitute *membership* when i don't know what it is i would be *belanguing* to? How would i join? And where? What are the dues? Especially, this is disturbing when i think that *membership* from *même* (self-same) is predicated on some fantasy of autonomous identity. Premised on patriarchal relations of the reproduction of sameness. And, as i can not re-member where i was, who i wanted to be; and, as i shift with every letter, every syntagmatic fracture, fission, pericope a go-go, i cannot re-member one moment to the next. Rather, i think it's crucial to acknowledge that *member* comes from *meme* (as in a unit of cultural meaning virally replicating itself across languages, cultures, codes) and thus would produce a memetics of instability. A dis-membership or embership of traces, residues, specters, ghosts and hauntings. i want to join a membership that feverishly hangs on to some loose sense of fractured assembly. When what is *same* is always different, and "every other is every bit other", i am smothered, bothered by a notion of bonding and community -- when, *really* i am just obsessed with commuting, mutants, a community of exile, bonded by diasporic separation which jells in its exilic trajectory.

What must be called for, is really then a full-scale re-thinking of law's duty. A collective ethics which must call into question not only what is being said, and *in what language* but HOW. It must call into question institutions, foundations and structures of knowledges and powers. Producing a collaberate syllabory which has no clearly empowered or disempowered subject which would effect a poetics of abstract duty that carries within it a violent logic. a virulent logic. And just as there is no uncontaminated space (globally, locally), i am not irreducible in my singularity, my gender, my nationalism, my class (which shifts each semester). And, *all i wanna do* is frolick in the itsy bitsy flummox phlox of porched mournings which festers in afterthought, arches as a culmulative glottis collosus with a range of consequences and possibilities, projections, reactions, resistences, modalities; capacities of duty and obligation.

*So, milk my
multēity in the parlance of
sweet affliction* glowering
with luxuriant screams
scattered in backwash,
in lumbering comets of
prompt swamp / pampas,
passing conduits of acrid suck
seated in a campy compendium of
frisky phonic found bite / me
in the heave of
a blurry yearning

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