

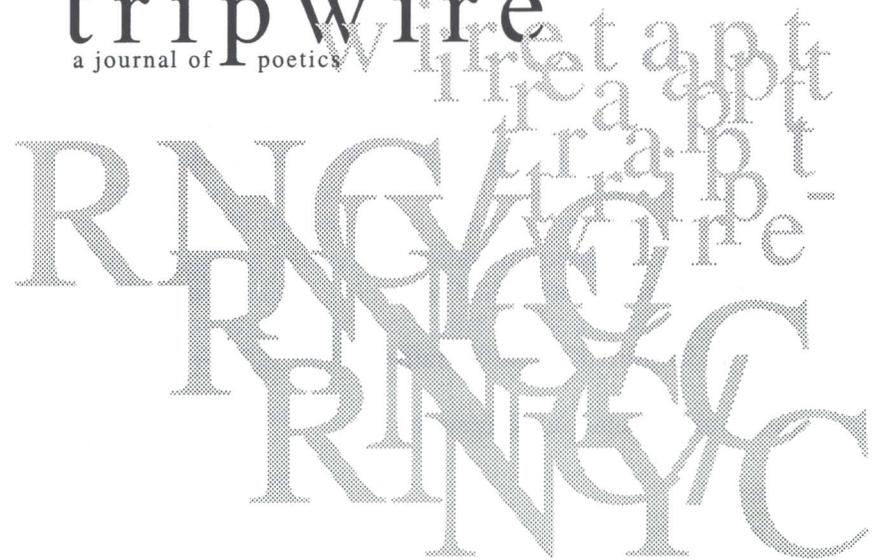
tripwire 6.5
a journal of poetics



RNC/NYC/2004

trip wire

a journal of poetics



Number six and a half
August 2004 : Oakland—NY

edited by David Buuck

TRIPWIRE 6.5

August 2004 / RNC / NYC

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This special issue of Tripwire is occasioned by the collective actions of activists, artists, and citizens around the events of the RNC '04, as well as the *Boog Reader's* August '04 small press event, held at the C-Note in NYC.

thanks to David Kirschenbaum, Aaron Kiely, the contributors & performers.

Tripwire invites submissions of essays, translations, interviews, art & book reviews, bulletins, letters responding to previous issues, & visual art. Visual art submissions should be reproducible in black & white; visual artists are encouraged to include a statement about their work. At this time, we are not accepting unsolicited poetry for publication. All submissions should include a hard copy.

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Subscriptions, submissions, & inquiries to:

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RODRIGO TOSCANO

Practical Men and Women of Ages Past

Brickslappers, unbucklers of walls
bread bollerers, taffy turfetists
chatterers of rates, half-rates promised
double rates on second thought tripled

ox-harnessing

each other
into boggy labor, dawn to dusk

The brewer mistress keeps the pot boiling
the maister of the house, sayeth

fuggettaboutit—I tells dat Indian guy
I says, dey don' give a fazool about our

only themselves...I says, to my wife
I gotta to stick *my* rates

s'all about

feedin-da-family

*

The bricks blinking in chorus
the walls steady-eddy
the dough wending its way to extra life on the haunch
and paunch

The taffy talkity about

caramel, caramel—

conspiring with

chocolate

chocolate, and

white chocolate

UNITE

Capitalist Lunchtime Poem

Look, if a child stepped into a spring-trap—in front of you,
you'd rush to unclamp the steely jaws from that agonized flesh

& mind...

liberare

through instinct, or preservation (social)

what subverts this?

that we embrace what agonizes people
by effect

if not design...

Distended bellies, minds out to pasture
rummaging through mountains of refuse

cigarette butts
collected in bags
to be released
the remaining grains
into a singular cig

20 sold
for one noontime meal

Jakarta

~

astute—that's us
humans, in capacity...

dumber than dumb

this way of doing it

New York, August, 2004

CAROL MIRAKOVE

Two Poems

faulty intelligence

a USAmerican plane bombards
Kakrak on July 1, suspecting Taliban,
discovering a slaughtered
engagement party*

President Bush called
President Hamid Karzai
of Afghanistan
on Friday
to express
his sympathy

*picking up limbs
from streets & an orchard
carrying the wounded
to the mosque*

USAmerican soldiers
visibly shocked
and saddened

*they had been
enjoying the night air
and singing
wedding songs at Iam
drinking tea & chatting*

killed 48
injured 117
civilian
shrapnel

*sleeping boys on a rooftop
hands of the women
what's done cannot be
undone*

"the greatest effect was on the house next door"

scarlet flowers still bloom

*congealed blood
under an arch
wept in a corner
wept over bloody clothes*

*tugging her veil
across her face
"write about this"
make them leave us*

"my grandson's and my daughter's mouths
were full of dust"

DICK CHENEY

Salam Pax
thinks we have forgotten
Afghanistan

I don't know the difference
between my skirt and this table

JAMES A. BAKER III

but i have not forgotten

we have not forgotten

GEORGE W. BUSH

* Reported in *The New York Times*, July 8, 2002

I beg them

imagine
your neighbor
a woman in her 50s
screaming in agony
wounded by a bomb

PHILIP M. CONDIT

your neighbor

NICHOLAS D. CHABRAJA

and you wait
for aid

RONALD SUGAR

you wait

VANCE D. COFFMAN

the woman is actual
but distant
she's a character
in a dream
that is my life
I appear to her
standing behind
the men I cannot kill

JULES BOYKOFF

Three Untitled Poems

Neocon game boy
variations on a theme-con
"We believe this
[both direct & portfolio]
is the best place
[both direct & portfolio]
to serve our customers,"
said Wal-Mart spokesman
Eric Berger. Let's call it
our attic, or would that be
too euphemismo? Too
National Security Strategy
of me?

-
- Alex Callinicos. *The New Mandarins of American Power* (London: Polity Press, 2003).
 - Esmeralda Bermudez. "Oregon Court of Appeals Rules against Wal-Mart." *The Oregonian*, 12 July 2004, B2.
 - Auditory Sculpture. *that might be you but this is me*. AS Music, 2001.

My mind a spent cartridge.
Democracy a contact sport.
My mind a spent cartridge.
Democracy a contact sport.
My mind a spent cartridge.
Democracy a contact sport.
My mind a spent cartridge.
Democracy a contact sport.
My mind caught shoplifting
organic tofu. [Is that your question?]

-
- Carol Mirakove. *Occupied*. (Kelsey St. Press, 2004).
 - Aesop Rock. *Float*. (Mush Records, 2000).

For a new-wave giant sucking sound
that's older than old-school &
"designed to counteract the image"
check-check-check my front man
for the ["fear of being seen as"]
for ["their current plans do not differ"]
for the ["Giant pictures of the young
shaggy-haired protestor that adorn the
hallways of the convention center."]
for ["its 'bent value' comes with a twist."]
my front man for the war-war-war plan
[& "the strategy has served shareholders well"]

-
- Sean Higgins. "Kerry, Dem Delegates Differ Over Iraq War." *Investor Business Daily* Vol. 21, No. 75 (27 July 2004): A1.
 - Ken Hoover. "Value Fund with a Momentum Twist." *Investor Business Daily* Vol. 21, No. 75 (27 July 2004): A9.

YEDDA MORRISON

Laura Bush (from *Girl Scout Nation*)

To demonstrate her support of the North American environmental movement, and to further her image as a soft faced, forward thinking gal about house, Laura Bush is systematically removing, non-native, invasive plant species from her 30 thousand acre west Texas ranch.

Or rather, having them removed.

Stopping just short of calling them "pesky little terrorists," Bush recently told a group of reporters that restoring her land to its pristine, pre-invader status is one of life's chief delights and while marvelously we all dwell upon god's fairly green earth, certain someone's should be so kind as to dwell a little bit elsewhere.

Nor she claims is this precious franchise given only to the aristocrats (though, really of aristocrats what does she know), but that the very protozoa possess individuality, and that beneath even the most dilapidated inner city microscope it can be seen that no two miserable jelly blobs behave the same under identical conditions, and the weeding out of this dark dwarf society is the flag of life carried forward by sturdy, unsuspecting allies.

**

Let us go by way of the relics, up through wilderness, so as to start at the top. A fountain falling right out of the wild forest, down into a pool flanked by pavilions, flanked in turn by studious men.

A lust for order motivates the symmetrical splendor though the city now sprawls far beyond its rectangle. Like the intimate scale of a house strung along an axial progression, creating a rhythmic sequence of opportunities, dividing lightness from dark.

Here in the quiet interior each lives by the cool, clean and most commendable virtue of being green. And though this is not a biological language, in two words, it is the whole story.

I opened the car door and dashing across the solid lawn I ripped from a vine against the brick, a handful of Harvard's sacred ivy.

An intellectual suburb with energetic tree growth lies beyond the beautiful prairie, born companion to the lake. Shore fringing mangroves washed by the lethal, briny tide, anchoring roots crusted with oysters.

And still, no one can tell you what a plant is.

In the American garden. Supersized and frank. A speeded up stroll garden for the automobile- the parkway or scenic highway. Boring through the black hills of South Dakota to offer repeated vistas of presidential stone faces especially dramatic when lit for night viewing. Creating an interest not so much in arrival as in movement. The American circles can go uphill and down making a pattern quite independent of contours and abandoning patches in the corners of square fields to unwatered desolation. Rest stops and vistas arrange to make a coherent event of car travel.

And the pushing coarseness of pigweed and burdock overrunning the territory it claims by mob rule. A rabble of dandelions crowding the lawn, and mile by mile the ancient winds and modern insects, a sinless world. Altered.

Laura.

Bush.

**

What cannot fit in your pocket on national television is a Laura bush

The nation fit into the bush but not his pocket

Or maybe it's not his pocket but a globe of imperial pins

An instant message with mega mobility or stellar sperm kit or lethal root ball

Either way it is a bush baby or a father bush either way it cannot fit into your pocket on national television is a Laura bush

What cannot fit into your left ventricle when you are trying, as a citizen to respond is a bush catching fire in a soft green room or an oval office

Your search - **WTO Crackhead Nuance** - did not match any documents.

Collision Included

If you see a bear, paint it—

Auto-foolscap rapscallions crushed

by the humming—Overt & decent, draining

Papadoc's clean clock. Best bet

In a bettered gauntlet, the draining dumb bust-up

Like a neat loved rowing whisker

Pop the basted rain-enhanced bad border, boom

In a made bed making

The quiet constructions bust &/or burst breaking

Some inadequate unperfumed

But Cozy's got a run-on in his adaptech

Doubly cupped & deftly blank, the bums

Parade across the pencil lead, peaking into

Ongoing glosses, gloves get lost &

Change replayed The flower pistols park

In a prayer by vitamin k, crazed yet comfortable

Looplike tatter-markets amok (*it's*)

An unpert paycheck pelting

Yo mama is so chapbook she shows up on radar

and then went down

(to the ship?)

set my beer on the table and some fucker took it

set my beer

on the table

and some motherfucker

A gun is "fired."

quote Force is, and therefore stays. unquote

dipshit in the new peak

smatter me o lugubrious swat team of dreams and fibrous melons
perhaped up we wince them awake (martians) and they are boring
(martians suck)

and when i got off the floor

hot-gun manifesto sauce and a gold damn chilada to clean the smelly
nub

We're Not Gonna Turn Me In

Apparition host turns on sight
of a barbed sun. Warmth to gouge
a way with, catch flesh upon
and display. Western garden
will cut a deal: grow something
and be rewarded with growth.
A city kid's green things: plastic
and metal veins pumping ideas
out of every tag-a-long fantasy
of changing names, time zones,
or body types. I'd like to be
ocean-shaped and crashing
at my edges, vicious and open.
Become an outpost of irrational
compassion instead, on the interior
run at all times while my surface
adapts to all these faces, these photos
of blood-soaked children carrying
each other between blasts. Sleep
so well I dream of bills. Why so
afraid of the bear in the closet?
It will shake me out of my ideals
the attractive drunk and her unfinished
sentences. Doom is pretty sexy:
the track lighting and pictures of plants;
the ambience of an audience expecting
what it will receive. My heart does not
beat too fast, is replaceable. The same
themes slap me into inaction, but I run,
owe, program, state, lift, grasp, love.
Having lost all sense of tone and its enemy,
shame. I worship no one, idolize
no one, have no heroes and want none.
A magnetic pansy rocking the division
in our sheathed collateral wreckage.
Won't take my life. Won't take yours.

A Little Vigilance

I.

In the overheated forcing house, Political Islamist
plays it close with Militant Revanchist Thatcherite.
PI to Mr. T, you have a lovely daughter.
In the painted paradise of a crusade
above your door, I do not think that she will sing

to hear her voice's echo slap as blowback from
the armored shell that hollowly entreats her

to relent and let herself be rescued.

Says Mr. T, for pity's sake, fool, you're
sweating bullets. These lush chemical vapors
burnish my reserve of gold. A tiny woman
once rode my lap to stroke these chains.
She represented discipline along my topiary coif, hard-edged
as the borders I had drawn way back around today's per diem
for a shamus snooping 'round the shame of my employ.

II.

And a stifled yawn,
with a stock disclaimer: This film
has been edited for television.

Deaths and endings have been reassigned
to me and sheet music I'm in bed with.

Getting used to it, I mean, how many
of these things did Miklos Rozsa score?
And why's there so much skin

bunching up around your eyes?
Looking back, it's clear who was
double-dealing whom, but the light
then wasn't like today.

This trite amnesia plot is for
crowds at the premiere, not the dick
going dark behind his halo.

III.

In the middle of the shutout
the PI heckles. "Your city is a brightness

full of filthy grit. I supply a glut of
both, to broaden my angelic emanation,

glory hazing my heroics on the warning track."
Beefy Yankee henchmen help T. into a flex,

menacing the snooper over means of payment.
T., magnanimous, scowls a bonus: "Everybody knows

what you will surface: the body
in the oil sump, my rotten spawn

posing for the wide net of surveillance.
Cut to the chase, for which the new director's cut
rolls out eternities of unseen footage. No one
makes it to his credit line this time."

IV.

We pause here for commercial
and a question: *Who's the absentee whose*

*machines and properties obtrude
to stud the farmed-out field of this
production? If that sedan with all its*

*Lebensraum and mirror-finished chrome
was really commandeered to be abandoned*

(the rumor on the set's the seeming extra

who kept that plotline moving got perked
for higher billing with safe passage
to an undisclosed location, and thus

remains at large), *then what rock-bottom terms
might slip your own remaindered carcass
into slick settlements behind that wheel?*

V.

Returning with this nagging sense of lack
viewers – you, more popularly we – find
what they missed at the beginning still intact
inside a truant present. The denouement is canceled,
pre-empted by hectoring public address whose
grain spikes the smooth plain of unrelated broadcasts

wholly owned by Major League Baseball,
thus unaccountable here. There

was never a good ending for this.

Roles went uncast. The writer got stumped
on snappy acronyms for Man from Bechtel,
Onward to the Endtimes Likudnik Antisemite,
and Voice of Invisible Hand of Invisible Man.
All the heavies ended up behind the camera,
killing time with Hawks. It's not just overtime, we need
new tempos. When the grip strikes the set
you need to be there, passing through the screen.

– *A tongue of background slips forward.*

The substance of a Roman debt

is
the debtor's body,
portions

into which it can be cut
represent the sums

of money

of its several claimants.

Thus Linguet.

Or Rumsfeld, off book: "The oilfields
of Iraq

are

the Iraqi people." Subject and object

find premature false unity in this

Caesarean birth of late Enlightenment.

LAURA ELRICK

from *Fantasies in Permeable Structures*

(xiv)

There is a seditious joy in a thronging crowd.
So much that even when convened in crisis,
a mildly subdued terror boiling just
beneath the surface, there races surging powers
felt anew. An almost remembered power to
create, in short, in *spite* of this destruction
a new normality. (Not malady) a breathing life
through city's buildings on our terms, terms
of life fashioned *by* us not imposed, and by
so *scant* a percentage. Among the numbers
I walked. The streets open-veined and tossing
swelling information towards the seas
of Union Square, where every face was sweating
in the summer heat, thrown out into a meeting
with our substance. We were the stuff
that animates every structure bearing down
its granite orders. This horror glimpsed, in eyes
then verged euphoric in a brass of song
All codified exchanges dropped away,
hysteric-historical time new-measured by
this civic animality. The walls, though standing,
seemed a mere screen we overran, a screen
we'd seeped through meekly out of habit
now deposed. Great writhing arteries
tossed over rivers, our cost-bits flowing
neither singly nor in pairs but as one
variegated whole I am *not* a soloist
but hermaphradous a porous cell completely
uncontainable overflowing homes
thronging in the property of blocks it
thinks—somewhat on its own—outside
its bursting parts—presage to (revolution)

26.

Sure I am

a poet — against
the war & a poet
against “poets”
“against the war”
& I’m a poet against the post-
war & well
I’m not really
much of a poet
either, come to
think about it
so sure

I’m trying to do my part
by Iraqifying
my CD collection
it’s a great time
for tennis shoes
retrofitting extreme
makeovers in Kabul
these are my pants
my shirt my flak
jacket my foreign
policy my own
private Indonesia tho’
the Intel inside me
was non-actionable ‘n’
so sure
d’mocracy just takes
time to airdrop some custom
made ballast boxes
arms that reach heaven
wards filled with collateral
damn age of information
has to count the seamstress
alone at the shoehorn
stitch by stitch
row by row
ya gotta see my thread-count now
deep in the spider hole
our bunkers ourselves

22.

“we’re not blocking traffic —
we *are* the traffic”

— starburst smart mobs — on the move — aren’t these intersections —

ours — to begin with — who built this — city — *whose* —

nine-eleven — seventy-three

eight forty-six

nine o three

ten seven

M15

A07 — Oakland

a pre-emptive strike
on bizness as usual

for those about to dock — we refute you

caught traction at the puke-in
was ankle-deep in it
stick finger down throat ‘n’
say — *Becchhhtel*

my role is contingent
upon “advances
in spray-paint technology”

now everybody —

cluster

Legal Information for RNC Protests

— from the National Lawyers Guild, NYC Chapter

*“I am going to remain silent.
I want to speak to a lawyer.”*

LEGAL NUMBER: (212) 679-6018

NLG Legal Observers in green hats with cameras will document any arrests or unlawful police activity. Let them know if you see anything.

“What laws and police practices should I know about?”

You have First Amendment rights to protest lawfully. You have the right to hand out leaflets, rally on a sidewalk, and set up a moving picket line, so long as you do not block building entrances or more than half the sidewalk. The law requires a permit to march in the street, rally in a park with 20 or more people, or use electronic sound amplification. A “Mask Law” makes it unlawful for three or more people to wear masks, which includes bandanas; the NYPD aggressively enforces this law. Police will seize signs on wood sticks, metal and pvc piping; it’s OK to attach signs to cardboard tubing. The police won’t allow placing signs on fences or trees.

“What do I do if the police talk to me?”

You have a constitutional right to remain silent. If the police try a friendly conversation, you can say nothing and walk away. If the police say, “MOVE!” or give some other order, you may ask, “Why?” but you are advised not to say anything more. If you do not follow an order, you risk being arrested. Notify a Legal Observer about the order. If the police ask to search you or your bag, you should say, “NO, I do not consent to a search.” If the police search anyway, you are advised to continue to say, “I do not consent to a search”. If you physically interfere with the search, you risk arrest. If the police question you, including asking your name, you may say nothing and walk away. If the police prevent you from leaving, ask, “Am I free to go?” If “YES,” you may say nothing and walk away. If “NO,” say, “I wish to remain silent. I want to talk to a lawyer,” and wait for the police to arrest or release you.

“What can I do to prepare for a possible arrest?”

Write “NLG (212) 679-6018” on your wrist or ankle; call this if you are arrested or see an arrest. Carry in your pocket several quarters to make telephone calls and a phone card for possible long distance calls. Carry a granola bar in your pocket; food is often missed in jail. Carry in your

pocket one photo ID with a good address; do not carry ID with different addresses. Do not carry anything you do not want the police to have, such as phone books or valuables.

“What do I do if I get arrested?”

You are advised to state clearly, “I am going to remain silent. I want to speak to a lawyer”. Repeat this to any officer who questions you. Do not believe everything the police say—it is legal for the police to lie to get you to talk. When asked, you can give your true name and address, show photo ID, and allow yourself to be photographed and fingerprinted for purposes of confirming ID; refusal to provide ID will delay your release from jail. Remember your arresting officer's name and badge number. Remain calm and prepare yourself for a possible wait in jail for 24-36 hours.

“What will happen to me if I am arrested?”

You will be handcuffed and driven to a jail or detention center and later taken to court. In the police's discretion (if only charged with Disorderly Conduct), you may be released from jail with a summons or desk appearance ticket (“DAT”), which tells you when to return to court. If you are charged with a misdemeanor or felony, you will likely “go through the system” to be arraigned before a judge. Don't talk to anyone but a lawyer about the facts of your arrest. A court employee will interview you about community ties (address, employment, family) for purposes of bail or release on your own recognizance (“ROR”); it's OK to answer these questions—just don't talk about your arrest. A lawyer will briefly meet you about your case. Get the lawyer's name and phone number. You will be arraigned on the charges against you before a judge. Your lawyer will enter your plea; when in doubt, plead, ‘Not Guilty’. Conditions for release are set, either bail money or ROR. The next court date is scheduled on a court slip for you to keep. You may be offered an Adjournment in Contemplation of Dismissal (“ACD”). If you agree, your case is adjourned for 6 months. If you are not arrested during the 6 months, the charge is dismissed and the case is sealed. An ACD is NOT a plea of “Guilty.”

“What if I am not a U.S. citizen?”

There are far greater risks involved if you are arrested and you are not a U.S. citizen. Talk to a lawyer before coming to a protest. Always carry the name and telephone number of an immigration lawyer. Carry your immigration papers such as your “green card,” I-94, or work authorization with you as well.

National Lawyers Guild (NLG): (212) 679-6018

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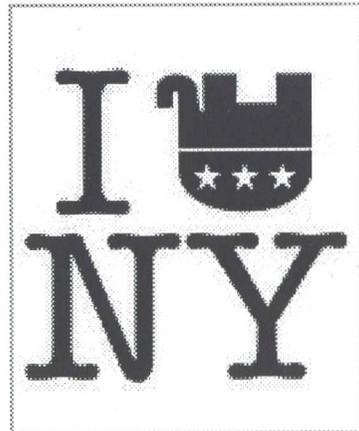
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“We’re Traveling”

Special RNC/NYC '04 Issue

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