

An exhibition of handwritten poems & poem portraits
May 19-23rd 2004

The Room Notes: how One reads the poems and portraits

(Plagiarised from the forthcoming 'Penguin Book of 21st Century Art Writing; edited by Protogenes Jones and Delores Back; \$US99.00; December 2004)

(Can you sniff the anxiety of the poets' mind crunching, buckling, steaming thinking, 'I feel like a poet although I don't read poetry')

I had the Opportunity in March 2004, with two other *confreres*, of attending a Poetry reading at The Bus Stop on the Edge of My Brain. There was little Time for Critics to hum & Haw over Quality, or for Quack Doctors of poetry to Say 'These are Not Poems this is Not Art'; instead everyone Listened, was Uplifted, Saliva was salvaged.

However, like it Was an Accident I was born, it too is an Accident I, & my philosophical genius, were Invited to Translate The Red Room Company's 'Fingerprints' exhibition, which Aims to find Harmony in Poetry*, Pictures & Sound, but Falts because Emotions complicate Everything,

Fingerprints asks 'What makes it Different to Read (a poem) than a Painting? & I Answer this: The Random eye Flashes, Regimented, no wild Knife slashes of the Jungle hacker, in our Quest for meaning we are told, pushed >>> (Forced to go from

left > > > to right > > > > as

You were just then. Imagine how intrusive this Left > > to right > reading is for Jew or Arab who Read right <<<<< to left or Japanese who Read Down & Backwards. In this way, I feel 'Fingerprints' is harmony retarded, it is racist, or borderline racist at best. Actually, the decision to print these notes in English is racist.

This exhibition is also Sexist, with its pin up photographs of Naked Phallic Middle digits, dangling above the poems. & the Majority of poems are written By female poets, or by Male poets who are born from Females, who at some Stage must have read a poem. The exhibition itself has a female curator & the Visual artist is Obviously of a V shape.

But, let us distrust this offensive exhibit (that, with the inclusion of digital ART hints Technology is superior to fingers & Ink) & move on, Let us Walk & Read & rip into Wine, Accept A Nature of poetry, That After Reading a few Poems we get Lazy, we don't want to try, Reading, Reading, Reading to birth meaning - after along day of Thinking bring on some Patriotic duty, Maybe a Bite of art, a Snuff Poem.

For Now, read only a Little Count lines, rhymes randomly & when you're asked for an opinion (& you don't have one), utter only a breath, suggesting you're Stunned to Silence by the beauty of the Words, Or recall that Famous phrase Fran Pork uttered when the King of Card asked her why she wrote poetry: 'I never wanted to be a poet or an artist, I wanted to be a battery'

*irrelevant asterix