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A dao of poetry? Non-intentional composition, emergence and intertextuality

Abstract:

Ten poems are presented, sampling my PhD research and exploring how poetry might harmonise 'Western' scientific and 'Eastern' spiritual worldviews. The poems invite a liminal consciousness where science's epistemic authority may meet on equal-not privileged-terms with the more ancient authorities of body and Earth. My chosen primary foci are modern physics, philosophical Daoism, and the ecosystemic perspective afforded by complexity theory (Capra & Luisi 2014), in which large-scale patterns emerge unpredictably from relatively simple processes. This emergence, as Smith (2006: 172) remarks, is helpful in theorising how an artwork frequently 'develops its own autonomous identity and ... takes the creator in directions quite different from his or her original intentions.' My methodology carries this further by seeking to abandon intention entirely. To achieve this I choose randomly from lists of sources and writing experiments. Influenced by found poetry (Perloff 2012) and by the aleatory processes of conceptual writing and LANGUAGE poetry (Dworki n.d.; James 2012), I appropriate, combine and re-present ideas and text from creative and non-fictional works. I take words from books or from what Tobin (2004: 126) calls the mind's 'other place' of poetry. A poem may or may not emerge; if one does, I have little idea what it may say or do. I work with eyes and fingers, pointing, highlighting, cutting and shuffling. I select and place text using body and instinct, not the thinking self. This non-intentional composition strives for the Daoist ideal of *wei wuwei*, action without action-egoless, selfless, apparently-effortless action. Moeller (2004) likens wei wuwei to Csíkszentmihályi's (1990) concept of flow, the focused, effortless mental state also called 'the zone'. Aspiring to become *daojia shiren*, 'poet of Philosophical Daoism', I practise yun you, 'wandering like a cloud', 'searching everywhere' for the Way (Chen & Ji 2016: 178, 188).

Biographical note:

Jackson is a computer science graduate and poet. Her doctoral research at Edith Cowan University explores how poetry might harmonise 'Western' scientific and 'Eastern' spiritual worldviews. Her journal and anthology publications include Westerly, Plumwood Mountain, the Australian Poetry Journal and the forthcoming Fremantle Press Anthology of Western Australian Poetry. Jackson has published two books, a chapbook, seven zines and a CD. She won the 2014 Ethel Webb Bundell Poetry Prize. Jackson's many guest appearances include the Queensland and Tasmanian Poetry

Festivals. She is the founding editor of online poetry journal *Uneven Floor*. The National Library archives her collected works website <u>www.thepoetjackson.com</u>

Key words:

Poetry - non-intentional composition - emergence - Daoism - intertextuality

Ten poems

Note:

Following current scholarly practice, for Chinese words I use pinyin romanisation (as in *dao* and *Zhuangzi*) except where quoting sources that use the Wade-Giles system or its variants (*tao*, *Chuang-Tse*, *Chuang Tzu*).

between the bones of my temples

the silence has no colour no temper and yet is as warm as my blood according to Husserl¹, Descartes' cogito includes not just thinking as red as my reddest meat on paper fingers riffle but also feelings desires I love therefore in my throat a clicky gulp refrigerator snargles and screes I am if you're human love is a thing of the flesh we don't speak of its discordant gasmetal anthem the wide sigh of a car passing even platonic love is about physical

the silence is the liquid inside my eyes like ultrasound gel the Enlightenment without love is yang without yin anarchy without a transmission medium the sounds so cold the riffle white the sigh a black swathe empathy or land unable to touch

that is the god that when my breath goes out of my nostrils goes out and becomes all the air justifies murder in the name drives the father to sell the silence between

the stars in space my ears into slavery that instructs the mother abandon her between the bones of my temples a crow's voice from a blue baby that legislates the lovers they cannot aeroplane's voice collecting sky spitting it everywhere

but the Divine if you actually experience for example the rails singing green heralding a crow's open voice by the Headless Way² is love benevolent

Process notes:

2016-06-07 Edited interleave from original texts sounds.txt (cut into 10-syllable lines) descartes.txt (cut into 9-syllable lines)

1. Husserl, 1913/2004

2. Shollond Trust, 2005

A coat of ashes

I fell into conversation with an ash-smeared and completely naked sadhu... William Dalrymple (2010)

If I leave I will not order boxes

There will be no packaging tape

no moving men

no truck

I will take none of it

A blanket, a water bottle

A coat of ashes

A poem attributed

to the wrong author

A corrupt index

A broken database

A partial catalogue of songs

A blanket, a water bottle

A coat of ashes

A sky, a sun, a system

of monosyllables

The pure tone

of each electron

The pure functions

The math inside the atom

The muscles connecting

the trunk to the legs

The tendons connecting

the moon to the earth

The ligaments connecting

the brain to the bones

A blanket,

A coat of ashes

Spangles

The Tao that can be trodden is not¹ | The random clicks of a geiger² All in the world know | Sun flung spangles, dancing coins³ Not to value and employ men | Through very short times of space³ The Tao is the emptiness | Between the bones of my temples

Heaven and Earth do not act | Their books do not proceed⁴ The valley spirit dies | The mountain spirit rises up Heaven is long-enduring and earth | Of newly-minted leptons⁵ The highest excellence | Spun in a synchrotron's shining turn

It is better to leave a vessel unfilled | Or leave it out in the rain When the intelligent and animal | Meet, the ands are given back The thirty spokes unite in the one | For thirty years of protest Colour's five hues | Music's ∞^6 harmonies

Favour and disgrace would seem equally | Luminous compared to concrete *We look at it, and we do* | Nothing we don't know how to do *The skilful masters in old times* | Had cunts that curved space *The vacancy should be brought* | To the feet of the blonde-eyed anarchists

In the highest antiquity, did not know | The arguments of men When the Great Tao | Counting the sounds of an acausal realm² If we could renounce our sageness | Without going bankrupt When we renounce learning | And watch repeats of a reality show

The grandest forms of active force | Are all derived from hunger *The partial becomes complete* | *For something even more precious*⁷ *Abstaining from speech marks him who is* | Who truly glarks⁸ the light *He who stands on his tip toes* | Still can't reach the bulb

- The left-hand half-lines are the opening words of each of the first 24 chapters of the *Daodejing* in Legge's translation (Lao-Tse & Legge 2008), selected according to a metrical pattern.
- 2. Friedman & Donley 1985: 120.
- 3. Joyce 1922/2000: 45.
- 4. Durrell 1952: 31.
- 5. A certain type of elementary particle, such as an electron; also a small coin. From Greek *leptos*, small. http://www.dictionary.com/browse/lepton

- 6. Infinity.
- 7. Jackson 2013: 89.
- 8. Computer hacker jargon: to understand something's meaning from its context. http://www.dictionary.com/browse/glark

A failed poem





it was only when I had scrunched it up to stop it trying to say something that I felt I had made a piece of art

trace

This dropped as a bird fluttered free from a claw. This: black waves, soft sines gathered and stitched along a wand. This

is not an artefact. Between its closed hooked ranks its flaw, a slit, diffracts the light. I long to give the smooth folds of this to my fingers, take its intricate truth, but if

I caress, my adamant digits will unrender this, unpick, unzip, split, crush, scramble its whispered Is.

On the turned face of my fist, with the breathy tip of this, I tickle the trace of a wish.

The title may refer to Derrida's (1968/2004) concept of the trace.

The thing U2

how long to sing this $song^1$

rains bass-drum toms lights them with qi

pairs and sets

them down in the light my feet

upon a rock

on a good night

Larry plays his solo and hands it over

the cymbal-shimmer-rains

the bass-drum the seeking toms

underpins and lights them

showers them with glitter

sprinkles them with *qi*

then neatly pairs his sticks and sets them down

leaves

them in the light

Process notes:

2016-06-06 This is one of the two results of doing a 5-syllable constraint and remix on teaching-without-words-31aug15.txt

1. The quotations are from U2 (1983).

What is Tao?

An erasure from Zhuangzi, as quoted in Reninger (2015). Translator unknown.

out a hand

down a foot

a knee

like a dance what

is Tao?

when I first began I would see me all in one mass

after three years I saw

but now I see with the eye free to work space finds its own way I cut no joint chop no bone

a year I have use	ed this
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it has cut

its edge

keen

when this finds space

there is all the room

I feel slow down watch hold back move and whump the part falls away like a clod of earth

then I the blade

stand still clean and put it away

The fundamental forces dream

There are five fundamental forces, said my son. Gravitational, Electromagnetic, the Strong, the Weak, and Hunger.

Hunger is the fundamental force from which all the others are derived, I said. And there are accordingly five fundamental particles. The one associated with Hunger is called []

an opera	the universe
of enormous	composed
silences	and microscopic

Process notes:

2015-07-24 edited from original draft Deleted a line about John Cage Deleted a line about my own subjectivity

2015-10-01 retyped from edited printout where I
deleted unnecessary words, changed symphony to
opera, tried two-column layout (aha!) and
changed title.
Then had a go with "centred caesura" columns
as used by Ron Pretty (2015): but the silences
in this are all the same length!
Played further with layout possibilities.
Original version was left aligned + right
aligned.
Both columns right aligned seems best. Sense
of motion. Starts with a silence. Looks a bit
like the Enterprise.

The light

The light has to get somewhere, touch something, to exist You take acid as we're sitting in the air The old woman pours whitewash over her husband's head We're on the left There's no box, no comfort zone Anything but raw paper is a compromise Two girls with acne and stringy bleached hair Occupy Wall Street A month in the hole In solitary The way to connect is to work together I had a clear vision Looming orange clouds, an apocalyptic sunset Something that makes you smaller or channels your movement

The light has to get somewhere A curve through spacetime A function A journey, transmission, idea In the dream we're on a plane, rows of seats, going somewhere We don't know what we want but it isn't this People keep pets The husband is grey and decrepit If your mother couldn't hold you while you cried hold yourself now Try to hide yourself If you throw up the next morning does that mean you've poisoned yourself? When you look for yourself as a thing there is nothing there

The light has to get somewhere, touch something Is that the same t-shirt? Occupy Breastfeeding Howl, keen, be the banshee of yourself, announcing your death I take scissors out of your hand You're taking acid Seeing the nothing inside yourself A curve through spacetime A function A journey, transmission, idea In touching something, the light

is not destroyed, but changed In the dream the husband is grey and decrepit The woman pours whitewash Anything but raw paper is a compromise The noises when I cried and cried frightened me

The light has to get somewhere, touch something, to exist People keep pets instead Curl into a ball, try to hide yourself We don't know what we want but it isn't this Fenced in, fenced out You in the aisle seat I in the middle Light is nothing, only potential When you look for yourself as a thing there is nothing The way to connect is to work against each other In touching something, the light is not destroyed, but changed Reflected, absorbed, refracted Tear at your clothes and hair, bite yourself

The light has to get somewhere I smile a little Acid, you're taking acid Light is nothing, only potential, just an idea **Occupy Everything** Looming orange clouds The window seat free No-one looking out This is not conditional A month in the hole Two months Give you time to think What if the neighbours come and try to cheer me up? Not depressed Not ill

Don't need anything In full control of self, life, responses An adult Tear at your clothes and hair, bite yourself I don't know what I want If your father couldn't hold you while you cried hold yourself now In touching something, the light is not destroyed, but changed Polarised, amplified, focussed There's no box This is not conditional You don't have to be a good boy, a good girl I had a clear vision The light has to touch something



"The light" under construction

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The poem "[]" was first published in *foam:e*.

"The light" was published first in Uneven Floor and later in Writ Poetry Review.

Research statement

Research Background

These poems sample the author's PhD project, which explores how poetry might harmonise 'Western' scientific and 'Eastern' spiritual worldviews, focusing primarily on modern physics, philosophical Daoism, and the ecosystemic perspective afforded by complexity theory. During the past two hundred years relations between poetry and science have been characterised by struggle, but recently, as shown by the critical scholarship of Robert Crawford (2006), Kurt Brown (2001) and others, they have started to become more complementary. This is partly because environmental and political concerns have provided a common enemy, but also because the nature of science has changed to accommodate relativity, quantum theory and the study of complex systems. These poems acknowledge science's authority without privileging it over more ancient investigative modes such as the mystical or meditative.

Research contribution

These poems add significantly to the small corpus of Daoist-influenced English-language poetry, which includes twentieth-century work by Randolph Stow and Judith Wright, and twentieth- and twenty-first-century work by Ursula K. Le Guin. The project innovates thematically by attempting to juxtapose the insights of Daoism with those of physics and complexity theory. It also innovates theoretically, contributing to the scholarly discipline of creative writing by drawing upon both conceptual and orthodox poetics to propose and test a methodology, non-intentional composition, that strives toward the Daoist ideal of *wei wuwei* (action without action). It builds on Hazel Smith's (2006) emergence-based writing model.

Research significance

Some of these poems have been published in well-known literary journals *foam:e*, *Writ Poetry Review*, and *Poetry Matters*. 'A coat of ashes' was shortlisted for the *Poetry Matters* Competition. Another poem from this project is to be published in Australia's leading online poetry journal *Cordite*. To date, the project has resulted in two invited public readings: Perth Poetry Club (24 September 2016) and Smiths Alternative Bookshop, Canberra (4 December 2016). At the 2016 Australian Universities Language and Literature Association Conference the author will speak on 'Poetry meets science'. UK-based literary journal *The High Window* has accepted her proposal for an essay on Daoist influences in Australian and overseas poetry.

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