BOUNCING TRASH FROM A GREAT HEIGHT: eyeball-deep in waste & trash with Dr Colin Herd & fred spoliar



Massimo Agostinelli 'La Plus Belle' (2017)

The School of Rubbish (laji shipai)

The School of Rubbish is a movement that started in poetry forums in China in 2002-2003. It was initiated and

theorised initially by a webname called Lao Touzi (Old Man), and another called 'Pidan' (homophone of Thousand Year Old Egg).

Clippings from the School of Rubbish Manifesto

"aim down, not-soul, not-flesh" (later "worship the low")

"separate and unified, contrary and common, no essence, no application"

"crude, unrestrained, both dead and alive"

Poems./..../.....

Zhao Lihua

Little Yellow Croaker

In Jinkelong Supermarket
I bought Zhihao brand chicken ham
Zhihao beef
I also bought cucumbers and beansprouts
When I came out
many people were queuing
I asked an aunt
What are they buying
The aunt said
Little yellow croaker
9 cents a pound

Wu Qing

What To Do

I called Zhang Jianhua
The one who answered the phone was
his mother
I asked, is Zhang Jianhua there?
His mother said, in, in the bowels
I said, urinating
his mother said yes
I said to Zhang Jianhua's mother
what to do then

Fa Qing

I spent twenty years preparing my fishing equipment my fishing line is made of rope thirty meters long the diameter of my hook is a hundred meters wide on the end of my giant fish hook are hung fifty-two live cows
I then drag my island-sized big boat from the fishing village where my ancestors lived down into the sea.

Exercise

Bad Poem Contest

Write the worst poem you can possibly write. Think about what makes a poem bad for you and emphasise those qualities.

Dianqiu Gujiu

[广东]典裘沽酒

《电影片断》

我吃饭的时候 电视里出现了一个小码头 德国党卫军正在枪 杀犹太人 旁边有个男人拉着小提琴 在优美的琴声中 犹太 人一个个倒在河里 枪声就像伴奏声 最后一个倒在河里的人 就是那拉小提琴的人 他是唯一在没有琴声中被枪杀的人 最后的枪声在码头上 显得格外的刺耳

Double Ninth Festival, I think of my mother remember arguing with her I raised a little chair in anger my aunt yelled I was a beast, prepared to strike my own mother, I smashed the little chair down, it's just slightly crooked, it was me.

Exercise

Consider a bin - it can be a kitchen bin, a bathroom bin, an office bin, or maybe even your big wheelie bin or your recycling bin... Write a catalogue of all the items that are currently inside of it... build them into a poem - detail as much you want about the items - how they got there, what they used to be, why they've been discarded, how you feel about them etc. If you cannot think of anything that is in your bin then (a) try harder, and (b) imagine a bin and put things in it, then write the above text.

Xu Xiangchou

解手

就是把揣在衣兜里的手解脱出来。把忙于数钱的手解脱出来。把下野情诗的手解脱出来。把写抒情诗的手解脱出来。把给上级递购的手解脱出来。把热烈鼓掌的手解脱出来。把热烈鼓掌的手解脱出来把举手选举的手解脱出来把举手宣誓的手解脱出来把举手宣誓的手解脱出来把举手投降的手解脱出来

THERESA MUNFORD (translation)

Relief

It is, in fact, about letting go that hand
That hand tucked in your pocket,
Letting go
That hand busy counting change,
Letting go
That hand scribbling feelings into verse
Letting go
That hand offering a cigarette to a superior
Letting go,
those hands clapping madly
Letting go.
Dropping it
That hand raised to vote
Dropping it
That hand raised to elect someone

Dropping it,
That hand raised to swear an oath
Dropping it,
That hand raised in surrender.

Exercise

Choreographic Discard

Consider the movements of waste, discard, rubbish, and refuse. Write a text that channels these movements into a kind of dance or choreographic orchestration of movements. Think of what movements you make when you are in the processes of waste and refuse.

WAYNE KAUMUALII WESTLAKE

last year I spent working as a janitor down on the sidewalk in waikiki – experiences ran from everything to everything. I wrote poems to keep from going insane ... (1973)

RACK #4 (HANS KEONI WILHELM & RYAN OISHI, HONOLULU)

THE NAME OF THE GAME

there was this strange smell the first thing in the morning when the janitor, crazy fool first opened the door: shit? anger? despair? what was it this time? he wondered . . . the janitor suddenly wished he'd brought some incense to clean the air of evil, of spirits, of evil

whatever the smell was SOMETHING was WEIRD there was blood all over the floor!

. . . and the Police they found him dead in the bathroom and the janitor spent all morning cleaning blood off the floor, and glass . . .

THE NAME OF THE GAME IS PROFIT! down on the sidewalk in waikiki: crazy guy all doped up went right thru the plateglass window hungry, starving for some BREAD

didn't find anything BLEEDING he went CRAZY like a wounded animal TRAPPED! he lost his mind went running FRANTIC! all over the store:

there was blood EVERYWHERE on the floor and high up on the walls

the Name of the Game is PROFIT all right and when the janitor (that's his job) got down on his fucking knees to clean up the mess the smell of rotted clotted blood ten times just about made him lose his GUTS!

HORRIBLE! more than that: HE JUST ABOUT LOST HIS MIND!

in the bathroom where they found him bleeding was the worst: the floor was solid blood – the guy must have tried to stop the bleeding using two old slimy sponges

no way

two slimy sponges full, heavy and much more all over the floor – gagging, i flushed two blood-soaked slimy sponges down the toilet away . . .

fingers sticky
from the blood
bleeding
from the glass
they gave the janitor
a ten dollar bill
for cleaning up
the mess

the janitor, I took it out of my mind and went straight to a place called HELL and spent it . . .

DOWN ON THE SIDEWALK

down on the sidewalk in waikiki feeling more than sad i wonder, silent to myself why i don't go STARK RAVING MAD!