

***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。把写抒情诗的手
解脱出来。把给上级递烟的手
解脱出来。把高举旗帜的手
解脱出来。把热烈鼓掌的手
解脱出来
把举手表决的手解脱出来
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!