

>> The blab of the pave, let's start with that. Blab of the Pave. What's pave? >> Street. >> Street, short for pavement, right?

Blab? >> Anna? >> Kinda babble. >> Yeah, babble. Keep going. Anybody else? Blab, what's that word? >> It's the talk of the street just to. >> Talk of the street, the Blab. The, it, it, because of it's a monosyllable, because it's so American in its connotation. >> It's vernacular, first of all. >> Vernacular, this is really about the sound of the vernacular, of this passage. >> Which is great cuz it's like in, in one sense that's so unpoetic, you know. >> Unpoetic in a traditional sense, yeah. >> This is so unpoetic like he's making a poet. >> What's he doing in this whole scene linguistically or conceptually? What's going on? What he's doing? What's his purpose? >> I think he's being innovative in that. First, he, poet out into nature and that was [inaudible] and now he's crafting ah, an urban poetry which is also [inaudible]. >> An urban poetry, so cool. An urban poetry, here we are in the 19th century, in New York, presumably. He loved the crowd, he loved to be a flaneur. He loved to be involved but also standing aside. And what's he doing with this list? Blab of the pave, tires of carts sluff of boot-soles, talk of the promenaders, heavy omnibus. The driver with his interrogating thumb. We go many, many instances in a list before we get to a verb. It's a fragment, the driver with his interrogating thumb. Just the very notion of that grammar, what's it suggest? Emily, what do you think? >> Well, it seems sort of there's an attempt for this, this driving for a kind of phonetic inclusiveness and via delaying the verb, he's trying to maintain the sense of disorder and chaos even within the naturally ordered to the system of this syntactical structure. >> And there's almost a politics of the verb here. There's almost a critique of the verb and of the subordinated clause. So, let's talk about catalogs and democracy, lists and democracy. This supposedly is democratic writing. Okay? So, how so? What's it about the catalog and lists? Start us off, Max. >> Well, it's inclusive. He's, he's not making, at least, not until the end, he doesn't seem to be making ah, a judgment or, or, or even telling us what all this information is. It's just sensory detail. It's, it's everything that he can see. >> Whatever he can see, he's writing it all down. Hurrahs of the favorites, fury of the rousd' mobs. >> And he's not going to get it at all. It's just kind of like a possible [inaudible]. >> But he seems to have a. >> But it seems. >> To have a fantasy >> Yeah. >> That he can't get it all. Which of course, at the very end of our course gets to conceptual to think that, that subject can get out of the way and simply, simply reduce as Kenneth Goldsmith does everything in the issue of the New York Times or.>> [laugh] >> Text will be discussing everything that he says in a week. And his editorial poetic self steps out of the way. Or Jackson McLowe who by chance, operations will reproduce a text without the subject in, in contributing at all. This is seems sort of beginning of that. >> [inaudible] that all that deserves inclusion. Even he isn't able to, there are seemed to be like the individual blades of grass. >> Yes. >> He even argued like the image of it. I don't know. >> Yes. >> That's even taking it too far but um. He just seems like. >> He invites you to take it pretty far.

Let's just try on the politics of subordinated clauses, and cause effect clauses. This is pretty hard to do. Anybody want to give it a try? >> Well, I mean, you can look at like, if you just take the whole poem and look at the

line, what howls restrain'd by decorum, you know, restraining about decorum can sort of imply that kind of like, push me against decorum that he's doing. >> Absolutely. That is definitely meta-poetic statement. But let's talk about this, the subordinated clause. You can't look at the poem cuz they aren't in here. When someone subordinates a clause, what are they implying? >> If that clause is sort of subjectible. It's unnecessary. >> It's dramatically unnecessary. You can take it out and the sentence still does its main work. And so, whatever is in this subordinated clause, it's subordinate is not as important. Saying. >> Subordinate. >> Everything here is equally important that he does not make the decision for you as to what to pay attention to. >> Mm-hm. >> This is a crowd scene and it is confusing because urban life is confusing and he allows the confusion to stand without organizing it for you, without subjectivizing it, without subordinating anything to anything else. So the eye and the ear don't know what to do, you are modern, you are watching, you are in the thick of it. And I mind them, he says, I come and I depart. He seems, the subject position seems to be a little like mind, and there's a verb, I mind them. He almost takes the noun sense of mind, as in the brain. I brain them. >> [laugh] >> I mind them. >> [laugh] >> Or the show or resonance of them, resonance has an oral quality, I come and I depart. He's in the scene, he's out of the scene. Let's skip to section fourteen. Quick passage here. What is commonest, cheapest, nearest, easiest, is Me, capital M. These are not words that are usually positive, common, you common person. You, cheapest. >> Hm. >> Easiest, nearest is interesting too. What does any of these mean? Tell us about Walt. Max. The subject, the writer, the eye of Sound of Myself, tell us about it. >> He's, he's saying here that the, that the common denominator is the self that what is the most common, what is the most accessible is, is well at least, for him it's, it's me. It's him. >> Anybody else? What, what, what, what do you think of this person? What is this person? Ann Maris? >> Um, maybe he's just referencing the physical experience and that solve physicality, what is common universal and that might seem the most indecent or basest experience or some. >> Why celebrate cheapness? >> Um, because it accessible. >> Democratic, free, why easiest? This is weird because we, we just celebrated the difficulty and complexity and open-endedness of Emily Dickinson's poetry. >> Whereas. >> Now, it's okay to like different modes. But, easiest? What does he mean by easiest? >> Accessible. I mean, he wants this poem to be something that everyone can read and understand. >> Well, I assume. You shall assume. And if you do grab each other that way, it's implicitly. If so fact so easy. >> And also. >> I'm sorry. >> Having something would be easier, allows it to be more spontaneous because you don't have to worry about some process that kind of enforces the difficulty. Um, so there might be more potential for joy through. >> There's joy and ease. >> Kristen? >> It's also like a bodily easiness of Ann Maris was saying. It's more of base, physical, um, easy sexually. >> Sexually, easy. I'm easy. I think that was a song once or a film in Nashville. None of you saw that,

but I did, I did. I'm easy. Ah, if you just go up to the stanza preceding, I am enamored of growing out-doors. Well, we know that, he wants to get out of the perfumed dreams. Of men, and really interested in men here. Men who live outdoors, men who are essentially like the beast, who travel like hobos across the country. Fast. Of men that live among cattle or taste of the ocean or woods, of the builders and stirrers of ships and the wielders of axes and mauls, and the drivers of horses, I can eat and sleep with them week in and week out, I'm easy. This is the way which he's looking, ah, omnivorous, sexual longing and love. It's not just homosexuality, it's kinda omnisexuality um, or bisexual. Whatever it is. The idea that he is um, that, that there's a queer Walt is easy, accessible. He's basically self obligation to the point where he loves everyone and is accessible to everyone, and that becomes an aesthetic. So we go to ah, Section 47 and we get to another favorite passage of mine. Again, I think it's a meta [unknown] moment in this poem, Song of Myself. I am the teacher of athletes. He that by me spreads a wider breast than my own proves the width of my own. He most honors my style who learns under it to destroy the teacher. What are we going to do with that? Dave, have you thought about this? >> I think he's saying that ah, I, as a teacher, am only as good and successful as my students. >> And that's a nice notion to teach. Again, not the traditional, I speak you listen lecture of it. >> [cough] >> This is the one who says that if my knowledge enables you, then I'm better successful. Okay, that's nice, very progressive notion of teaching. I am a teacher of athletes. He that by me spreads a wider breast than my own, proves the width of my own. Is this an analogy to the reader, really? What's going on? Who's he teaching? And what does he mean by honors my style? Anna, your thought. >> I think that if he's, and I think he is doing this but he's really breaking up form. And if, and if, people later on like, let's say beats or let's say, Juan Carlos Williams take this and, and expand it even more and do even greater things with it. Then, Walt can say like, yes, like I was successful here. Like by breaking up form, I, I opened up possibilities to do even more with poetry. >> And, Kristen. What could he possibly mean by destroy the teacher? >> Well, it's kind of. >> It's. >> He's. >> A little agonistic and brutal. >> Yeah. Yeah. It's very aggressive and it's, it's kind of undermining the self when in the beginning he was seeing himself. So, it's a bit of a flip there. >> A bit of flip. >> It's reckoning with the paradox going, nature of the poem. Calling ah, through the asking or commanding that people ah, not follow what's in books or not follow commands. >> And yet, if we honor his style, he leaves a [unknown]. He leaves being a page. We will be deriving our style from his and we will have this thought somewhat in a conventional way by him. >> Also, that destruction of the teacher, I think, indicates this kind of going back to the kind of org, the keyword we're getting um, or original. Um, it kind of points to like the circle of life notion and the impermanence of himself, so we get to that at the very end of the poem. Um, when he know he is, he is look for me under your boot-soles out. He is that kind of decomposed material. >> He's everywhere. >> Yeah. >> He's, he's the sandman. He's Zelig. He's in the air that we breathe. Um, I teach stray, what's that? >> [laugh] >> Alright. I teach straying from me, I love this. And in fact, it

resonates surprisingly with, surprisingly well with, Emily Dickinson that allows the mind, the brain to go to some direction. I teach straying from me, he says in the middle of Section 47. Yet, who can stray from me?

First of all, I teach straying from me. I teach the aggression, I teach freedom. I teach and

he's just got an ironized notion of teaching. I teach, the aggression, I teach freedom. I teach breaking rules. But who can stray from me? I mean, it's hegemonic, it's impossible to spread, from spreading. I follow you whoever you are from the present hour, from here, in the sense that we met earlier. My words itch at your

ears till your understanding. Kristen? >> Well now, now it's like he's ubiquitous. >> He's, he's in your ear. >> And it's kind of what, what Allie was saying, he's going to be with your forever. He's laying the, laying deceive for his class. >> Straying is very powerful in the same sense that Emily meant when she talked about the

flood of the break. Strength is the most powerful thing that we can do. Letting your mind go

free with where it wants to go and that would never leave you once you, once you. Modernism comes from this and we can never go back. There's no such thing anymore as, as unconscious pre-modernism. When someone chooses to write a traditional poem after modernism, they have to be conscious of the fact that they're writing a traditional poem after we hear it at which the traditional poem

was called into question. There is no going back. It's a Pandora's box. And finally, Section 52 which I would like to read in it's, in it's entire, and invite you for comment on them. Um, someone, Ann Maris talk about, I sound my barbaric yaws over the roofs of the world, not surely what you say about that other than wow, that's a great line. >> [laugh] >> Um, Dave, I depart as air, I shake my white locks

at the runaway sun. Ah, Kristen, I bequeath myself to the dirt, to grow from the grass

I love. If you want me again, look for me under your boot soles. And Allie, you will hardly know who I am or what I mean. And, Anna, missing me one place and search another I stop

somewhere waiting for you. Here it is, 52. The spotted hawk swoops by and accuses me, he complains of my gab and my loitering. I too am not a bit tamed.

I too am untranslatable. I sound my barbaric

yaws over the roofs of the world. The last scud of day holds back from me. It flings

my likeness after the rest and true as any on the shadow'd wilds. It coaxes me to the vapor

and the dusk, dusk. I depart as air, I shake my white locks at the runaway sun I effuse my flesh in eddies, and drift it in lacy jags. I bequeath myself to the dirt to grow from the grass I love. If you want me again look for me under your boot soles, you will hardly

know who I am or what I mean, but I shall under your boot-soles. You will hardly know who I am or what I mean But I shall be good health to you nevertheless And filter and fibre your blood Failing to fetch me at first keep encouraged.

Missing me one place search another, I stop somewhere waiting for you.

Beautiful. I

can't believe I didn't assign the hawk coming by, but really what's happening there is the hawk is doing it's complaining, [sound] you know, and, and the hawk is

complaining about loafer, his, his aesthetic which is hilariously [unknown] because he's [sound] on his own. Okay, so I sound like barbaric . Who had that? Mariz? I think it to be that he s giving them to impulsive sort of urge and he's not giving them to any sort of cultural formatting.

,, . And it's because word like and Dickinson for example it's. Definitely a celebration of individual voice no matter how. And also the voice published . Right,

standing out from the crowd. From the group of declaration. Who's got our depart as air? I think Dave does. If you don't have white locks, but shake your locks. It's . You don't want to do that. I don't want to . ,, . He's in the sense of leaving the physical world and becoming one with nature and much of the poem is about celebrating nature and here he's you know, at one sense departing as air, but

he's shaking his locks too, so you know, he's trying to be physical and non-physical at the same time. So he's feeling free, he's also leaving the scene.

He departs as air, so air of course is the Is breathing, is the poetic's core. its

inspiration like respiration. It's invention and so, he departs as air, he is in the air that you breathe. It is everywhere, it's ubiquitous. And there's a free dimension shaping his box. In this I bequeath myself to the dirt. This is the

legacy. Who's got this? I do. Christine. Yeah, so it's bequeath myself to the dirt.

It's kind of an ashes to ashes, dust to dust image and with bequeath, it's really

like he's giving himself up for us, it's kind of like godly. >> Christ like maybe. >> Christ like, definitely. Um, and. >> Wherever you want me, I'll be there. >> Yeah, and you just have

to look for him in the dirt. >> Under your boots soles walking on me on the permanent. >> And also under, the grass is the book. S,o the leaves of grass are here. Even though he's saying that you

shouldn't look to things that have been written in the past, that's just kind of paradoxical. >> He's saying you should read this book whenever you want to find him. >> Yeah. >> And he's still there, Walt's still there, he has a powerful effect on us. We're all

kind of in his way. Maybe except for Anna right now. No, you are in his way. He's

whispering in your ear. You hardly know who I am and what I mean. Who's got that? >> That's me. Um, I think of, this has been very transcendental line. Um, because it kind of, it's kind of been saying like I will remain a mystery. Um, but that doesn't really matter because the ones who feel it, it doesn't matter if you know what or, who I am or what I mean. Um. >> The meaning that I am is that you have to invest yourself in my subject position in order to know meaning. >> And that. >> And that's the meaning. >> And, and that the search for a meaning is the meaning. >> The search for meaning is the meaning. It's very cool and it's self referential. And really joins Dickinson in that respect. Um, and finally, is

it Anna? >> Mm-hm. Missing me one place, search another, I stop somewhere waiting

for you. So, wonderful. >> Amazing idea. I mean, I think, well, I think what makes this poem so and what we're talking about how like paradoxical it is like, he's okay with paradox, he's into paradox. He want to be paradox because life is not straightforward and the world

is not straightforward. Civilization is not straight forward so you have to embrace the paradox and, and be okay with it. And I think this ending is kind of all about that, you know, if you don't understand one thing keep going and you'll find another. And if you, if you don't respond to one thing, keep going and respond to another. >> Nice. >> I stop somewhere waiting for you, you know, he's, he's got it all figured out. >> He's really, but he's also generous. He's saying, you know that notion of the relationship between author and authority? Which is sort of, hits its peak in the 19th century in the omniscient novelist ah, Dickens that told the story of the George Elliot, that kind of omniscience starting from the 18th century in the novel tradition. And here we have a poet who's standing against that tradition in the way that's saying, yeah, I've got all that confidence and ego, but really what I am about is enabling you, I'm, I'm about being there when you need me, I'll be there. There is a certain self obligation that's in generosity of spirit that's just underneath the egotism in Walt Whitman.