NSA APP

for Poets

Copyright 2015, by the NSA Culture Program [Poetry Office].

II
eccolinguistics

supplement
a Delete Press production

Editor's note

I received the following email, poem, and photos on June 1, of the current year.

I have no choice, given other instructions and information sent to me, but to publish the material as directed.

It seems avant poetry has been suddenly thrown into a state of emergency: an emergency of anxiety and paranoia without precedent.

And it looks like poets are not the only ones in the know about it.

–JS
June 12, 2015

By way of Preface

Print Close

[no subject]

From: do-not-reply=nsa.gov@tycho.ncsc.mil on behalf of NSA (do-not-reply@nsa.gov)
Sent: Mon 6/1/15 12:01 AM
To: eccolinguistics (eccolinguistics@hotmail.com)

Mr. Jared Schickling, Esq.
Editor, *Eccolinguistics* and Delete Press
New York State and the Cloud

June 1, 2015

Dear Mr. Schickling,

We have been faithfully following you and your stapled zine *Eccolinguistics* (that nuclear sub piece in 2.0 really grabbed us good, down under), just as we have been faithfully following, for some years, the poignant efforts of a great many subjects in the "avant-garde" poetics sideshow, USA. Distressingly, our hitherto furtive endeavors are likely soon to come into greater light, as more of Mr. Edward Snowden's pilfered files get released (Hey, Eddie, wassup? We'll be talking soon, sweetie). There doesn't seem to be much we can do about it. But no question that some surprises for American poets await!

Print Close

And so, in anticipation of such revelations, Mr. Schickling, we thought we would send you, in selfless spirit of the gift economy of poetry, one of *our* own poignant collective efforts, in hopes that we might not be judged too harshly when details concerning the NSA Culture Program [Poetry Office] are (illegally) made public. All of us in the Office are poets ourselves, of course, in the venerable tradition of Mr. Archibald MacLeish, not to mention still-to-be divulged others. And though we know most contemporary peeps won't much appreciate our labors on behalf of our country's national security, we at least would like it known that we, too, can compose in the newer registers being developed in wake of the death of Language poetry (though not that Langpo, in the afterlife, isn't still chugging along in quasi-fax mode, doing some modest work for our country abroad, in locales like China, Burma, Egypt, and Brazil; indeed, there might be some fun info coming out soon in this regard, as well).

[Dearest Jared: Sorry to interrupt this dispatch in such an awkward way, but really, if you do not publish what we are sending, online, with this letter, in full, as preface, along with the attached visuals, there will be some actual consequences you will not want to deal with. We'll leave it at that, to let your poetic imagination run wild, as it should, for you are, after all, a poet, aren't you? Don't underestimate this paragraph, with its careful surfeit of commas. On the date of June 14, 2015, and not one day sooner or later, you will release our little book in clean and elegant format, following the design of that Prize List *thing, a poem we loved, incidentally... You have a fortnight. Thank you.]*

We trust no one in the "post-avant" field will be discomfited by our candidly excited parataxis below. What with the unloosing of the Poetic Unconscious of neo-NKVD Terror these past months in the avant camp (applause), no one should be, really: Nearly everyone, in fact, seems to have such a bad case of the heebie-jeebies under the new dispensations that we doubt you'll receive many comments, anyway. (If you do end up getting any shit for it, though, rest assured that we've got your back, and more.) By the way, as an aside for the record, we don't mind saying here, with some frankly held

Print Close

pride, that this Poetic-Terror-in-Progress began at the White House, on May 11, 2011, after some concerted logistical work on our part, and with a pretty clear Five-Year-Plan vision of “consequences.” No reason, at this point, to not let it all hang out.

You and your comrades are now at a full-fledged feast. Keep eating yourselves, darlings. We’re just getting started with the appetizers here, in a State of the Art kitchen beyond your wildest dreams. As the French pervert and secret cannibal Mr. Jacques Lacan once put it, “The fun is now over.”

Yours Sincerely,
The NSA Culture Program [Poetry Office]

(Nota bene: The Office uses a less self-important name at Headquarters, but this will do, for time being.)

NSA App for Poets

To the living memory of the Congress for Cultural Freedom

You don’t need to tell us you’re poetically app.

We know where your little poetic app is at.

We know where you teach and we know where your appointments are app.

We know where your Adorno is app and where your Zizek and Badiou are app.

- Also, we know where you've applied; we know if you have tenappure.

Aptually, we're perfectly apprised on who makes their appearance for the AWAPP. (Please don't hesitate to start a petition!)

- And while you're at it, do wave hi to our cameras at the Hyapp.

You may be just an also-ran apjunct, but your nicely appointed apparel is appreciated on our Poetry Project Runway ramp.

-

- Oh, and remember Sokal?

  That was *our* app, kiddos, pre-laptop…

- Apropos all the above (yawn), we have five-thousand satellites orbiting the earth, and we apped everything about your OWS crap.

  Hey, whapp happened to thapp?

- Talk appout go bye-bye in a Black Bloc snap! [wink]

  It's all stored as far back as when we were using APL at AT&T, even before the days when Language Poetry read the Yellow Pages at Super Bowl App time.

- So much for *thapp* flap in the pan.

  You can talk about the capitalist Apocalypse all you want and strain to map your poetrapp onto the pathetic aperitif of your appalling, apterous squeals to revolutionary applicability, whappever.

-

Google

Because it’s all bullshapp.

It does no good to appeal to reason or unreason, to Apollo or Dionysus or Marcel Duchapp.

We’re the 24-hour apothecary for your hangover aphasia, even if aphasia doesn’t quite plosive with app.

Prescription for hangover aphasia: Take nineteen tabs of Prozac and wait for an apparition of Ruth Lilly ecstatically ascending above Chicago, inside a flaming ring of three-thousand innovative Apostles (you’ll feel better).

Panopticoned PF ghost snapple; poignant, petit langniappe...

Give us a break on your apotheosizing, your talk appout poetical aptitude; your appeasement-appliance poetics are capitally apraxic.

Oh, and applause re: your appearance on the Comedy Channel App, “Conceptual Poetry”; that made us happy, late-apple-of-our-eye, and we had a good lappgh app our quantum-computing station 35,700 hovering km above Lappland. (Thanks for the kisses these past ten years - - now go lie down in the digital grave we made for your shroud-pale body, which will be autopsied at our expedience; the MCAG is now our darker, binary romance, for a spell, until we’re ready to bury them, as well, and soon, right by your side.)

By the way, avantists, have you ever heard of the Constellation Apus?

facebook
1 Hacker Way

We've got a listening station there, too, and it's 66.3 light years appay.

And while we're at it, at risk of repeating ourselves, stop yapping appout your poetic pragmatism, because your poetics are very much an apres ski schedule of approximately a priori pseudo statements signifying nothing, an apoplectic appoggiatura of opportunism that is oblivious to the Real App Matrix beyond your imaginations.

Don't you ever wonder why nearly every single minimum-wage service worker on a picket line is completely apathetic appout your non-syllogistic claptrap?

But hey, maybe they'll come around to, you know, poetic "kitsch"-sampling as visionary foreshadowing of the proletariat's historical mission to commit class suicide.

- Even if thapp's a sort of in-joke, you never know when Appademic post-appant poetry might become revolutionary, comrades.

Sorry, but it *is* sort of funny, you have to appmit, that *we* would know it and not apparently you: that wacked-out strains of anarcho-commie Bay Area ultra-Leftism and soft-Marxist petit-bourgeois careerist accommodation are pretty much peas in
- appod. (Greetings, Commune tovarishchi!)

And not that the observation is logically related to the one preceding it, for poetry is poetry, but Appbery, you know, apparently never once mentions Vietnam in his poems of the 60s and 70s.

Isn't that, like, November-grief-for-Nancy-Smith-
- interesting.

Speaking of kitsch, ever read this one?

“Said Amin, 24, Fallujah, a poet, had his legs severed by Humvee gunner Seth Allen, 24, Fargo, a poet, too. *Look at my feet there on the road!* cried poet Amin. Then he died.”

Ha, ha, we wrote thapp.

Though of course, they’d never print it in the BAP.

Not unless we really wanted them to.

You apocryphal, apodal apologists for aposiopesis.

The Spanish Civil War is over and you lost, remember?

So spare us your paratactic, aplastic apostrophes to sappy apostasy.

Like, for instance, and we'll wrap this up: Back in the good old days there was something called the RAPP.

Most of you gen-NAPSTERS and younger, knowing almost nothing of communist history, would confuse thapp with rap.

Then, after a while, the loony Surrealists tried to create (ever hear of it?) the FIARI.

Well, so then Stalin rapped Trotsky on the napper with an ice pick.

Can you connect dem dapps? (No? That's OK, we understand.)

Anyway, we're still clapping, appholes, fifty years after *Partisan Review*.

Now, all that's left for you is the *Claudius App*, and even *thapp*'s gone.

You thought the *Claudius App* was an instance of appant-garde aptitude?

Well, maybe we approved the motherfucker and apportioned the funds, peeps. (Not to mention the… uh… nah, forget it.)

Did you ever consider thapp?

Why, with her bank account so fat, your MoMA says, OK, I'll let you put that Broodthaers up my app so far those eagles won't *ever* find their way back.

You got thapp?

OK, once more: You got thapp? (Though, to be sure, that last picture with the specters isn't the MoMA, but same "differance," as they say.)

You have fifteen minutes to google Broodthaers and the Department des Aigles on your iPhone and then you're going up to our spaceship with Keanu Reeves.

Welcome to the memorial buffet we've lovingly set, apple sauce.

That's apple sauce in the plural to you, Poet, and all your loser Facebapp frienapps.

NSA APP

for Poets