

Terse Symphony:

**The Revelations of Loud Josh
1978-present**

including the world premiere of
The Talisman Cycle

**Edited, with an Introduction,
by Dr. Awing Peece**

Also by Loud Josh

Nonfiction

Vroom

Poetry

Butterflies

Interregnum

Life

Recordings

Monk: The Pirate Broadcasts of Loud Josh

The Abura Z Outtakes

Also By Dr. Awing Peece

Non-fiction

Trail Guide to the Illuminarium

Empty Shelf: The End of the Era of the Book

Pilgrimage in Times of War

Fiction

Scenes from the New York Bardo

Praise for the First Edition

A work of sudden and sustained genius.

--Anvil Forrester, *The New York Review*

Terse Symphony is an elegant distillation of the essence of Loud's work. Dr. Peece has extracted a masterpiece we will all be grateful for decades to come.

--Collette DuBois, *The Paris Review*

Terse Symphony is a score for a life awake to the subtle and grand in all of us.

--M. Mary Lewis, Coach and Founder of Liminal Inc.

This handcrafted continuum of previously published work and new selections is a brilliant choreography that shows the author at the height of his powers. Loud Josh is inimitable.

--Brother Stafford Avery, *Cannibals on the Ferry and Other City Tales*

Sensitive. Vulnerable. Ecstatic.

--Merrill Stein, Founder, Twenty-Three Times

Loud & Peece have divined an ocean basin of fluidity from exquisitely concocted drops. By taking celestial aim, Loud bestowed us roots just as deep, and has opened consciousness so precisely as a neurotransmission of a nanosecond by an infinitesimal wavelength off an electron's orbiting tail to bend each of our musculatures and minds toward the innate wonderment of time beating itself into our universal heart. Terse offers such riches that I haven't really finished reading it—I'm ever-whelmed by ecstasies right back to beginning it again.

—C. Sage Doorley, *There Is No Fig. '8'*

I felt as if I wasn't even reading. The words were coming off the page like sounds out of a speaker.

--Abura Z, composer of The tZara Outtakes

Tremendous!

--Brink Nielsen, author of Club Fascistland

Terse Symphony:

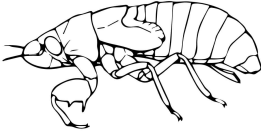
The Revelations of Loud Josh 1978-present

**Edited, with an Introduction,
by Dr. Awing Peece**



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A Terse Symphony. The Poems of Loud Josh, 1978-2016

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*To the inspirational lives of
Carolyn Frantz and Steven Lewerenz
without whom my life would be insignificant*

This book is also dedicated to the disciplined confusion owning our souls.

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(First Edition)

I would like to thank all those at the Task Force For Inventive Philanthropy for their support, generous funding and spirited enthusiasm needed to bring together this defining edition. I'd also like to thank the people at tZara for their guidance and professionalism even under pressing time constraints. And, lastly, I would like to thank Loud Josh for his willingness to bring this project to the public, his patience and exuberance during the painstaking selection and editing process, and, most of all, the gift of his words. We can only imagine what he will reveal to us in the coming years.

Dr. Awing Peece

Guggenheim Guest Quarters

Bilbao, Spain May 21, 1997

Illustrations

“Singing in the Water Chorus, that has but One Voice” by Hagbard (1984)

“Should the glass walk” by Kiyoshi Izu (1987)

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EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION TO THE FIRST EDITION

by Dr. Awing Peece

It is hard to imagine that any art form more significant for human consciousness will emerge from the cacophony of techno-visual modern life than the one-word poem. Loud Josh's work is the culmination and expression of his own profound search. From his first touching of pen to paper, he sought a structure that could contain, condense and distill the overwhelming emotional and sensory intensity rapidly compounding in the era of his birth. In the very roots of language, he intimated an unacknowledged holiness, a grounding, expansive power that could be restored to all inheritors of the power of speech. With the one-word poem, he discovered the means to yoke the word--image and sound-- back to its pre-linguistic origins and to still the mind in its own awesome expanse. His vast range and genius for gathering intricate meanings into singular felt experiences has powered performances and raw, naked encounters with audiences large and small the world over. The one-word poem is at once an intensification, a score, a symbol, a revolutionary's answer to discursive usurpers of fundamental meanings.

Much has been written about Loud Josh. Few artists serve and inspire so whole-heartedly the cultural scene out of which they rose to international acclaim. Few completely embody the multifaceted creative zeitgeist in their life as much as their work. While the press's attention in recent years has weighted Loud's escapades as midwife, model and accomplice in a smuggling debacle, his work remains--like Bowie's or Madonna's or Pharoah Sanders'--to be apprehended in its own light. At the temple gate--the book's cover, the album's sleeve--the surrounding gyre fades and we enter an experience that draws on and draws out our fullest faculties.

"Poetry is a conglomeration of words creating images, touching emotions, making music. The one word poem eliminates the extras, destroys the neon glow of today's rampaging society and takes language back to--then beyond--its roots. Each poem holds its own presence, contains its own desire, its own path. Some are solitary guides into the imagination. Others are symbols, reminders of our collective mind, seeds expressed in curves and by the way the letters own the negative space on the page. One word poems are a passage, a painting, a terse symphony." (Loud Josh, Interviewed Magazine, June 1993)

Terse Symphony is the most complete volume of Loud Josh's work to date. It unites selections from all his published works with ten previously unpublished poems chosen by the poet and the first authorized biographical timeline of his life which dispels many inaccuracies in the public record. Several poems included here debuted as endurance performances at the tZara outtakes, on reading tours and in spontaneous acts

in Europe, East Timor, Zaire and Cape Dezhnev, Russia. Heavily documented, analyzed and circulated, these works--"graze," "fecund" and others--are testaments to Loud's skill in ripening the world's mindstream without compromising the intimacy and uniqueness of each reader's evolving experience with every encounter. Several literary critics, who I will not name here to avoid fanning the flames of impassioned scholarly discord, have argued that these poems can only be truly experienced in performance form and that these poems on the page are facsimiles. Loud Josh has repeatedly dismissed this point of view as a narrow fundamentalism. "The poem on the page is imbued with the energy and life we bring to it, that we discover in it, that arrives as we linger. Meanings dissolve into voids of ink and emerge renewed, enriched. There is no final form." (Loud Josh, *The Paris Review*, November 1995)

Following from this, during one of our final editorial meetings, I asked Loud how one should read his work--and how I should introduce it. He stressed that the temptation is to emphasize closure, speed, the arrival at a destination yet the true seal of each poem is a heightened experience of openness, a lack of borders that is evident in every experience we can have if we were only to acknowledge it.

"You feel the page, the space inside and outside the letters, the meeting point of the curving line and how the body prepares itself to sound, the images that arrive--the scents, the thoughts, the sensations, how the sound ends. You let that all come yet the image of the word and the page remains. It's best--at first--to go slow, like eating a last piece of chocolate." (Loud Josh, with permission, recorded in a private conversation)

The capacity to savor, to enter fully into the experience, is as much a training induced by an encounter with each poem as it is a power brought forth by the poet of collective intention steeped for aeons in the very word itself.

EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION TO THE SECOND EDITION

It was twenty years ago--just months after the release of the first edition of *Terse Symphony* in 1997--that Loud Josh and his wife Mirabai entered the Witness Relocation Program. His disappearance following his testimony in the Donshu Augenblick case was sudden and complete. There has not been a single verified sighting--an extraordinary fact considering that on the eve of his departure virtually his every act and sentence seemed to reach the glare of headlines.

This swift and total inversion has led to a wealth of speculation on The Poet's fate. Some hold that the entire ordeal was masterminded by Loud and Mirabai. One version has it that Mirabai threatened to leave the Poet if he did not abandon the trappings of his public identity. Another conjures the sudden appearance of a guru instructing the couple to fully renounce and return to their Rajasthani retreat to fulfill the pledges made on their wedding night. A third storyline conjectures that this act itself is the performance of a piece alluded to in his earliest manuscripts that will be completed in due time. A fourth notion--especially popular in the early years--conspires that the ring led by Donshu, the smuggler convicted in great part due to Loud's testimony, has these two captive or worse.

The likelihood of this unfortunate last scenario was greatly weakened when I received the first of five mysterious installments written in Loud Josh's own hand. Forensic script analysis and DNA testing verified the authenticity of the work. The only additional evidence detected was some miniscule remnant of a Hubig pie on every installment. Rather than a sloppy clue to Loud's whereabouts, I took this as a personal message of encouragement and appreciation that our work had continued unabated. Decades earlier, we first met on the corner of Frenchmen and Chartres in New Orleans in the morning glow of an all night Lundi Gras vigil. A swarm of sequined clad pixies briefly circled us and bestowed an apple Hubig's we ate in ripe silence, absorbing each sweet bite as color returned to the world.

Contrary to early accounts, I have had no other interaction with the Poet since our conversation the day before he departed from his public identity. This conversation consisted only of a request that I be the executor of his literary estate and that all proceeds from his works be directed towards preservation of the world's coral reefs and a child-led program to design and install new reefs in the world's seas. Later that day, a courier delivered the legal documents which I promptly signed and sent to Loud's lawyers--Shani & Sons Attorneys At Law.

Despite an almost unbearable wish to shout from the rooftops these first salvos received in six years, I kept the initial and subsequent installments confidential from all but two close associates and the necessary experts. I intuited that this was the beginning of a entirely new work that would exquisitely mature if allowed to remain in its bottle.

Like many artists, Loud, I historically understood needed someone to know this work was alive and in the world in order to extract and properly macerate each subsequent installment. When the fifth arrived on the twentieth anniversary of the commencement of our work on the First Edition, I was certain of his intentions. The powerful wellspring of completion running through the final pieces of the work deepened my conviction: Now is the time.

In the last twenty years, seeds barely sprouted have begun to tower over all of us. We live in a moment where social media and screens have secured their dominance over our communications, shaping the surface waves of our words, intentions and experiences by the structures they impose and the ubiquity of their mediation. Emoji, character limits and the simultaneity of discursive habits train our cadences and emotional palette--our very breath and patterns of eye to object and thought to action. As advertisers expand their mastery of attention technology--or perhaps more accurately, distraction technology, there's a low lustre glaze, a film permeating our mind's natural ability to apprehend its own radiance. The one-word poem is, in this generation, an intervention, a feast of recognition that penetrates even the code of transmission of digital streams to restore the ground of our experience. It enters and owns ineluctably the gap which, when apprehended, forms the very space of cognition itself.

"The word in the hour of its birth was a center of force and reality and only habit has stereotyped it into a mere conventional medium of expression. In this age of broadcasting and newspapers, in which the spoken and the written word is multiplied a millionfold and is indiscriminately thrown at the public, its value has reached such a low standard, that it is difficult to give even a faint idea of the reverence with which people of more spiritual times or more religious civilizations approached the word, which to them was the vehicle of a hallowed tradition and the embodiment of the spirit."

-- Lama Govinda, foundations of Tibetan mysticism 1969

Despite the joy and relief of at last presenting this Second Edition of ***Terse Symphony*** to the world, it is a bittersweet moment for me without the personal presence of the author. I vividly recall the extraordinary fanfare and fearless impassioned exuberance of Loud's reading at the release of the First Edition at Carnegie Hall. I cannot stand in for Loud Josh. I can only offer, as a steward and custodian, his work to readers new and old and allow it to fulfill its purpose. This expanded volume contains the full "Talisman Cycle"--the 13 poems--in the order they were received with no alterations or additions. I have updated the biographical timeline and added an essay (see Appendix I: "A Reading of the Talisman Cycle") for readers who may be unfamiliar with Loud's talismanic method. This essay investigates the inner esoteric nature of this new collection and, for the first time, recounts Loud's initiation and tutelage under

Wellesley Ardorsson at Oxford University.

I would like to thank, again, The Task Force, for their generous support, The Joyful Land of Five Golden Dharmas for hosting my residency as I brought this work together and resolved finer points of the inner meaning, and tZara Publishing for their unequalled passion and editorial care. It is my sincere hope that I have fulfilled the intentions of Loud Josh in presenting this work. All errors are my own.

Dr Awing Peece

October 13, 2017

Lake Tear of the Clouds

Keene, Essex County, New York

EARLY POEMS

graze

Bulge

ricochet

Preface to BUTTERFLIES

Here is a battleground of ink and paper--this book, this burst, this stutterer breaking into speech. I came here perpetuating spiritual exhaustion, devouring the energy in my environment. In these drafty halls and empty rooms, I arrived seeing nothing. Now I am surrounded by galaxies. Now I burn light into darkness. Listen. I hear the monks writing. They write this. They copy every letter as if it was the first letter: Language's first borne.

And you write this even as you read. In the darkest corner of the smallest rooms, we are secret warriors re-writing the documents of imagination. For centuries the monks pressed words like butterflies into their scrolls. They were keepers of whole armies of letters that have conquered consciousness. They have now returned to their task with a vengeance. Emancipated words sound the cannon of revolt. It is our chosen way, our solution. And what is it but the resuscitation of fascination?

Touch everything and deny every copyright. That is the new creed for us. Capital forces won't push our autonomous, playful souls into the mud. Samizdat-ownership expands into collectivity. Copyrights are unbound by force of arms and passed hand to hand. Every person an artist. Every reader a poet. Every writer an insurrection.

Each poem here is the first sound after a silence. Each is a singular chaos, a succinct parable, a universe under pressure. There is no end to visions, no end to this frontier, no end to brevity. And this is how we will win.

What have I done? There are 300 colors in every square inch of the the sky.

Loud Josh
July 7, 1982
St. Cecilia in Trastevere
Rome, Italy

from BUTTERFLIES

Rib

more

vacuum

Farm

cornice

decible

tuft

Preface to Interregnum

From Prison: The Vagina of my Disdain. The dirt under my nails says I am an animal, a caged beast next to the sweating earth. I am in a box. It is wet in here. The light dances only through the cracks. That is where I write, crouched next to a muddy wall with a tiny beam assuring me that this is not a dream.

Why do I write the one word poem? We as humans are alone. We are surrounded by others but alone. Even now locked in this cage, I can hear the footsteps of the guards above me. The one word poem is alone on a white page surrounded by images, meanings and music. The solitary word is a metaphor of humanity. These poems define the simplicity in which we exist. We forget that we are simple, that we are animals.

These poems in their pithy loneliness take us back to our beginningless beginning. They allow us to explore the depths and images of our minds forwards and backwards. We are inherently simple yet layers of life make us dense. These solitary words erase that thickness and bring us back to the zygote of understanding.

In this cage I search for one word because it will bring to me honesty, reality and humanity.

Loud Josh
November 4, 1987
Rikers Island, New York City

from **Interregnum**

fecund

spore

liquid

slumber

soliloquy

magnify

citadel

icicle

aqueduct

conceal

Preface to LIFE

Christmas Day. I think of Christ and his purity. It radiated from his crown, flickered in candlelit hovels and showered powerfully over a land in turmoil. He lived by a creed, a simple emphatic creed of love: Love everyone, forgive and accept.

As the last nails split his palms and blood poured from his scalp, he held on to his truths.

My truth is the purest of poetic forms, a true art in the single word gracing a page. Christ did not choose his fate and neither did I. I love how my soul interprets my actions and as God descends on me to accept me, I write. I paint the words. I let images explode from the pages.

I am not a Catholic, or a Christian, or a Jew, or Hindu, or Muslim. I am Loud Josh and God is within me. He speaks to me and through my writing.

He speaks to all of us in different ways, sometimes without words, sometimes with a rainy day, but mostly with an understanding that there is something deeper under our flesh.

My life has many circles, like a child spinning a globe and slamming its finger on a random spot, Sudan, and then spinning it again and again until there's a place the child feels good about.

That has been my life and my finger has been my poetry. I have found my country and it is the truth I can not ignore. There is nothing more beautiful, more pure, closer to God than a one word poem.

Loud Josh
October 13, 1994
Top of the Rock
New York City, NY

from **LIFE**

grieve

fraud

zygote

epiphany

hymn

harvest

audacity

poise

stem

coronation

life

NEW SELECTIONS

(First Edition)

deliberate

vivisect

languid

waist

oven

umbrella

steer

submerge

terrain

sovereign

chandelier

Editor's Preface to The Talisman Cycle

(New Selections, 2nd Edition)

"Words are seals of the mind--results, or more correctly stations, of an infinite series of experiences, which reach from an unimaginably distant past into the present, and which feel their way into an equally unimaginably distant future. They are 'the audible that clings to the inaudible,' the forms and potentialities of thought, which grow from that which is beyond thought."

--Lama Govinda, *The Foundations of Tibetan Mysticism*

The 13 poems collected here were received by the editor over a period of 20 years in five handwritten installments. We do not have any specific information about the poet during this time. We do know that under apparent great duress and grave threats, he abandoned his identity and life circumstances and has been living under an assumed alias with his wife. The extraordinary breadth and interlocking momentum of the work is unlike anything we've seen before--a transmogrification that moves with pain, patience, determination and generosity through a loss or surrendering of egoic identification with form towards a mastery of the healing powers of the formless that the final poem remarkably expresses. The decision to publish these now is due to the conviction that these 13 form a complete cycle, a completed work that we have titled "The Talisman Cycle." This title heightens the unified experience of the 13 poems and points the reader to the inner esoteric path, achievement and radiance potentiated within it as the power to refract light is potentiated within a shard of crystal. Please refer to Appendix I for further discussion of this aspect of the work and its antecedents in Loud's early encounter with an Inkling at Oxford.

~~Editor

The Talisman Cycle
(Second Edition)

exhaust

grave

egg

resuscitate

chyme

staunch

envelope

congregate

belfry

indelible

field

victory

uncompose

exhaust

uncompose

grave

victory

egg

field

resuscitate

indelible

chyme

belfry

staunch

congregate

envelop

Appendix I

A Reading of the Talisman Cycle

by Dr. Awing Peece

There is a long-circulated rumor of a mystical experience that Loud Josh had the day before discovering the seminal poem “Rib.” This experience, detailed for the first time below, provides the context for this reading of the Talisman Cycle.

Loud long refused to speak publicly of his experience, emphasizing the work itself. Privately, however, he confided that he had not yet fully harnessed all that had been transmitted to him and any discussion of it would weaken the power. During our interviews (for the First Edition’s Biographical Sketch in Appendix II), he recounted what had happened on condition that I reveal the story only when he had indications that the transmission was complete. I wonder now if he had foresight then of what was to come. I am certain, regardless, that now is the time. Here is what I know:

On the afternoon of Wednesday October 12, 1980 Loud had two pots of Darjeeling tea at the Little Mitten in Oxford, England then entered the library at the Oxford Union. Finding a seat at the long table, he wrangled in his blue notebook with word choices and free verse rhythms. An elderly don in charcoal gray tweed poised in front of a stately old chair to his front and right. The man fell back into the chair, his curved spine perfectly matching the decades deep impressions in the worn upholstery.

Loud watched as the man hooked his cane to the chair’s arm, reached into his inside coat pocket and withdrew an altoid container. Placing a mint into his mouth, he subtly moved it about it. Suddenly tasting the mint on his own tongue, Loud heard in his mind, “I have come here to initiate you, my dear young poet. You seek power for your words. I am Wellesley Ardorsson, the last of the old Inklings.”

While the man appeared to read the *London Times*, he asked Loud if he would like to proceed. Loud felt destiny fully upon himself. He sat upright, relaxed his mind and breathed deeply into his heart, gut and balls. The mint turned into a moon. The 26 letters of the alphabet glistened on his tongue, absorbing into the moon. The moon radiated a light that flowed as nectar, over the course of several hours, into every pore of his body and beyond his skin to every space, depth and surface of the room.

After some time, Wellesley Ardorsson rocked back gathering the momentum to stand. He rocked forward and pushed to his feet. He pressed his cane on the ground. “This is a declaration, my dear young Inkling. With my cane here, I have announced to those powers that must know that you are with us. Now look me in the eyes and we shall seal our short ritual together.”

“I met the deep green hazel of his gaze,” Loud recalled, “And entered inside his world or his world completely imbued mine. The choreography of colors and letters, pure light, motion. I was speechless. I just sat for hours awash in a belonging, a joy, a clarity I’d never even remotely known before.”

Wellesley Ardorsson slowly left the room. “Enjoy young poet! Do not rush! Step by step. All will ripen in due time. When you have completed the talisman, give it as a gift! As an inkling, you must become very fond of gifts and equally fond of uncertainty. You will never know what path your life will take and that must never concern you!”

Once Wellesley Ardorsson had left the room, Loud never saw him in the flesh again. However, “I have never been without his guidance. At every stage I’ve advanced in the talisman, he seems to have left instructions. He’s a crafty old guy, funny, but a sonofabitch. Definitely has made me work.”

At the time we’d spoken, Loud had twice sat council and read his work to the other current Inklings. “Both times we met in a dingy old pub in the morning that served The Farmer’s Glory. That’s old Wellesley’s favorite--an Inklings rite. He calls it ‘the portal ale.’ I’ve only had it twice and I look for it everywhere I go.”

Every inkling creates a different talisman yet it grows out of the same process. One’s life, wisdom and joy must be completely steeped in one’s art and the two must merge together, as two sides of a single coin. During the process, two things happen: Dead ends reveal new directions and an entire world is created. They call the process Integrity. The experience is gathered, consecrated and given as a gift. Tolkien produced *The Lord of the Rings*. C.S. Lewis gave *The Chronicles of Narnia*. Loud’s is The Talisman Cycle, a consecration of interwoven poems holding the power of a path and its fruit.

The 13 poems of the Talisman Cycle are embedded in the 13 cycles of the moon of the long lunar year. They contain the 13 stages Loud and anyone who takes this journey will move through. Each poem is the pith seed and flower of that month’s root revelation. What took Loud 20 years or a lifetime or many lifetimes, can be accomplished in 13 lunar months by the dedicated reader.

Within the talisman, each individual poem is heightened in relation to the others. The effort, creativity, surrender and wisdom of each stage is bonded with every other stage, forming a whole. At any one stage, especially at the onset, one may seem to experience a linear process. As one proceeds, one finds each stage embedded in the others till completion reveals their simultaneity and inseparability.

Each stage absorbs into the next. Each stage requires the next. The momentum of necessity, of an alchemical desire, leads to completion. Dead ends, as in a labyrinth, reveal that another choice must be made. The final poem reveals both the base underlying the entire structure and the revelation of its full experience.

The Talisman Cycle is an extraordinary accomplishment. It begins with an ending-- "Exhaust"--and ends with a primordial beginning-- "Uncompose." Every poem invokes deep personal experience of a universal process. It moves through surrendering after a long struggle--an acquiescence to death and failure-- to the discovery of unexpected fertility in darkness. This brings a surge in the commitment to the work of metamorphosis. Powers and powerful allies bring greater vision. Accomplishments follow without effort. Completion has no beginning or end. Readers are advised to proceed in accordance with the waxing and waning of the moon.

We do not know anything about the making of this work. Did it begin soon after Loud's initiation? Or is it the fruit of his years in exile under another identity? Is it composed in the sequence each work appeared? Or has the sequence and the individual works themselves gone through many revisions before they were bonded? We may never have the answers to these questions and others.

But we have the work. And it holds a power within itself. And it is a gift to us all.

Appendix II

Loud Josh Biographical Timeline

Editor's Note -- This is the first authorized biographical timeline of Loud Josh's life. It has been updated for the second edition to include the final known details of his activities. In our interviews, Loud readily sited circumstances and personal material that inspired or offered ripe conditions for particular poems to appear. These works give us insight into his personal creative experience. He also spoke of works or seeds of works arriving with no apparent connection to whatever milieu he found himself in. In either case, he strongly emphasized that the poem-- even as it may speak or arise in some relation to his journey-- has it's own life and power as every aspect touches elements and structures deeper than the fabrications of a single mind.

5/14/60 Born--attending nurse later remarks his delivery was the easiest in her 40-year career--"He was ready." Goes unnamed for 3 weeks. Father insists on perfect name, rejecting "Napoleon" and "Maximilian" in favor of "Loud."

12/25/64 Mother refuses to participate in Christmas citing a concern for Reindeer rights and working conditions. Later confronts the trauma of this lost holiday with deeply personal, meditative poetic memoir, "Orange."

7/4/70 Build's treehouse with father on 4th of July. Experience later cited in "Spore," a tribute to manhood.

6/22/73 First public speaking engagement: Gives 15-minute 6th grade graduation speech. Critics have since found references to Confucius, Nico, Gertrude Stein, Iggy Pop and childhood fictional alter-ego Scotch.

6/22/79 Voted Most Talkative in High School. Takes summer course in metalwork with Mr. H.--later the subject of the tragi-comedy "Wart"--to graduate. Scores 780 on the SAT Verbal but protests (see "Unofficial"), contesting that "antiquate" is in fact a synonym for "pontificate." Debate remains unresolved.

1/79-6/79 Denied by 14 dental programs. Accepts last minute offer from father's alma mater to study horticulture at URI.

8/26/79 First psychedelic experience during second day of microbiology class. Writes poem "ply."

8/26/79-2/12/80 Period of intense psychoactive experimentation. Develops mild scurvy. Writes poem that becomes campus nickname: "Tooth." Drops out after wrestling match with Dean over English football decals.

2/13/80 Returns to father's home. Moves 4 pounds of mushrooms in 3 days-- money

that he lives on for the next year. Leaves for England in search of roots of punk.

2/26/80 Finds shelter in Camden squat. Lives in peaceful squalor with Australian hillbilly band and addict from Nebraska.

5/14/80 On birthday, begins solo guerilla poetry performances during theater intermissions with poem "Hooligan." Briefly incarcerated after altercation with Royal Shakespeare troupe--all charges dropped when he incanted in perfect iambic pentameter the Bard's love sonnets. See article Appendix IV entitled "Mad Poet Pummels Laertes."

6/22/80 On summer solstice, performs vigilante piece "bulge" during second movement of Wagner's Siegfried performed at Royal Opera Theater by the London Philharmonic.

10/13/80 Meets Rhode Scholar studying philosophy of the mind in Oxford. After 29 hours of lovemaking finally loses virginity with massive plasmic orgasm. Writes critically acclaimed, much translated award-winning poem "Rib", when body resumes solid form.

10/14/80 Moves in with said woman in Oxford apartment near Port Meadow. Spends days watching cows.

10/14/80-3/1/81 Develops addiction to kebabs and chocolate, eating up to 6 bars a day (see poem "More"). Gains 41 pounds, attributes weight to weather and postsexual despair. Publishes brief treatise on space travel ("Vroom"). 3/2/81 Leaves Oxford and all possessions behind except notebooks, toothbrush and vitamin packs. Travels by ferry, bus and finally on foot to monastery outside of Rome where he stays without leaving the premises for 18 months.

4/6/81-5/5/81 Achieves complete nakedness of body and mind by shaving every hair on his body and fasting for 29 days. Remains hairless during entire stay.

4/6/81-10/4/82 Most intense literary period of his life even to this day. Writes 14,000 poems, including "Vacuum", "Sick" (later seen as prophetic--see Oct. 5), "23791013," his first foray into numerology and "H", which some claim marks the end of deconstructivism as a viable literary model. Also translates much of his work into Latin, Italian and Arabic. Begins work on major operatic mono-symphonic piece that he ultimately abandons (draft title "C"). Gains underground international fame for pirate radio broadcasts of "Monk".

7/1/82 Completes first volume of poetry, "Butterflies". Refuses 23 publishing offers in favor of historical model. Team of monks handwrite 10,000 copies that are given to monastery visitors. Monastery becomes pilgrimage destination for euro punks, west coast skateboarders and ex-pat post-beat poets. Photograph with David Bowie lands in Life magazine. Meditates with Allen Ginsberg and Margaret Thatcher.

10/5/82 Leaves monastery for first time since arrival to perform by special invitation at Rome punk festival. Struck by limousine carrying Mobutu Seso Seko, President of Zaire. Fearing international relations scandal, Mobutu smuggles comatose Loud back to palace in Africa and personally nurses him to health after reading the manuscripts in Loud's briefcase. (To this day, an estimated 12,696 of Loud's poems are at large.)

10/5/82-3/3/83 Loud regains consciousness and gradually re-learns how to speak and walk. Fully recovered, he becomes the midwife for Mobutu's household- "I can think of no one else who I'd rather have touch my children first then Loud Josh." Meanwhile, he has disappeared from western world. False obituaries appear in *Le Figaro* and *The Herald*. Bodiless funeral held at CBGB's in New York City with Adam Ant headlining.

3/4/82-10/30/85 Finds restless peace in Africa. "I was a child of suffering and no place has suffered more than Africa." Delivers 47 children but is forbidden to travel without armed guards. Imagining his future freedom, writes epic poem, "Safari." Also pens "Cheetah" and "Fecund" during this time.

10/31/85 Loses track of Lamaze breathing during a birth (see later poem "Grieve"). Fearing Mobutu's rage, agrees to serve as middleman in New York-African endangered species smuggling ring in return for official papers and escape to the States. Boards oil ship headed for America within hours of failed breathwork.

1/14/85 Arrives in New York City. Writes "Plexiglass". Arranges cash-for- species meeting for warehouse at the West Side Highway and 23rd Street. Police arrive as black rhino is let out of cage. During crossfire, pens "soliloquy" underneath a forklift. Eventually captured and sent to Rikers without bail hearing.

1/16-11/19/85 Spends three days in solitary confinement for asking too many times for a pen or pencil. Must mnemonically compose preface to new volume of work. Upon release, writes "Liquid" and "Aqueduct"- together bailed as greatest prison writings of our times by *The New Yorker* and *Rolling Stone*.

11/20/85 Released and cleared of charges through fluke bureaucratic error. Photograph of Loud walking a wintry Wall Street in loincloth and sandals makes front page of *NY Times*. Soon after, does Versace modeling spread for *GQ* throughout southern Manhattan. Hires agent, buys SoHo loft and completes second volume of work. Radically reconstructs time-space calendar continuum with New Year's poem "poise."

1/4/86-5/1/90 The early New York years. Travels throughout Asia, Australia and South America on photo shoots. Specializes in athletic wear, swim wear and exotic runway fashion. Becomes notorious fixture on NYC club circuit, known for brazen nudity and public displays of strength. Writes sparingly. Only major piece from this period is "hymn."

5/1/90 Inspired by fantasy poem "too," begins afterhours star-studded makeout and more lounge in his plush loft. Busted after 15 gatherings due to "disturbing" sci-fi acts

on balcony by sitcom lead.

7/15/90-9/30/90 Loses apartment. Spends over one million on defense and public relations crisis, including full page ad in *Time* surrounded by children captioned “Good,” before settling out of court for large unreported sum and a year’s probation.

10/1/90-4/15/92 Blacklisted by modeling agencies and rejected by friends, returns to horticulture as rooftop gardener and starts as personal fitness trainer for upper eastside women. Period of smothering loneliness and anxiety. Develops uncanny sense for telling time without a watch. Says later that he “grew more psychic.” Rewrites “zygote.”

4/16/92 Hungry for travel, finds employment as a steward for NorthWest Airlines.

9/19/92 Meets Polynesian discordant tribal pop sound programmer and Persian underground guru Abura Z in Las Vegas hub while playing the nickel slots. Smuggles Zemi on board a Boeing 747 to NYC in an oversized garment bag. Zémi and Loud live together in Loud’s 6’ by 8’ Lower East Side room in an apartment he shares with the disowned chain-smoking tattoo artist son of a Korean deli chain owner.

12/25/92 Stirred into trance-like state by Zémi’s Sufist electronic mash on Christmas Day, Loud proposes the formation of tZara. The two co-author poem “epiphany,” Loud’s first collaboration.

12/25/92-present The tZara years. A period of intense experimentation, ecstatic performance and post-deconstructive multimedia composition. Loud assumes various identities always using names of historical dictators. Most well-known work from this period is “hormone.” Zemi achieves polyphonic anthropomorphic tarot status, becomes leading prophet of new religion. The two plan global web of hinterland activities and spearhead clandestine cultural renewal groups dedicated to a third force consciousness.

1/3/93 Loud quits NorthWest Air. tZara opens in Loud’s bedroom to a crowd of three. Space is declared the new underground. Kicked out two nights later by Korean family.

1/12/93 After 10 homeless nights in central Park (see “archipelago”) and 463 free pay phone calls (using simulated beeping equipment--see “fraud”) the two move in temporarily with Loud’s ex-girlfriend Charlie. The second performance of tZara in Charlie’s kitchen draws five. Kicked out two nights later, the two find beds at a Harlem youth hostel posing as German tourists with forged passports and youth identity cards.

3/9/93 Loud shoots first (and last) porn feature with well-endowed traveler from Romania. Sells footage for \$1000--enough for small studio loft space in Chinatown. tZara moves from kitchen to cafe to street corner to the Staten Island Ferry Terminal.

10/13/94 Loud completes third volume of poetry, including most philosophical, human, chaos-embracing work to date: “life.”

1/17/95 - 2/14/96 Embarks on a 37-country reading tour. Receives knightship in England (see “chandelier”) and Human of Extraordinary Letters Award in Madagascar.

Meets Hindi actress Mirabai Inchoate and disappears for two weeks into the Rajasthan desert. Discovers the poem “waist,” the celebrated sequel to “rib” during a lovemaking experience he says has no beginning and will never cease.

2/17/96 - 2/20/96 With offerings of seven oxen and seven cows and in full embodiment of Shiva (see “sovereign”) weds Mirabai in elegant vedic ritual, performing Saptapadi at the Jagatpita Brahma Mandir in Pushkar India. 17 weddings band parade through the streets for three days.

2/21/96 - 7/08/96 Travels to Mumbai with Mirabai to star alongside her in the Bollywood “Yes Boy Yes Body” Musical which is released to critical acclaim and record box office sales in the Spring of 1997.

7/10/96 On arrival at John F. Kennedy Airport in New York City, Loud and Mirabai are detained by FBI Agents. Loud is asked to testify as an eyewitness in a case again dealing with the endangered species ring that helped him escaped Zaire years earlier. One of the world’s great lovers of animals and the wild--”we are all wilderness, all pulsing with the same life”--he agrees.

8/01/96 Dr. Awing Peece and Loud Josh commence work on the First Edition of Terse Symphony, the first authorized collection of Loud’s work and verified biographical notes, completed in May 1997 and released to the public in July 1997, selling out in 17 days.

9/01/96 to 9/17/97 After a brief stint at the Chelsea Hotel, Loud and Mirabai settle into a 5000 square foot loft in Tribeca with a makeshift warehouse stage, indoor waterfall and parakeet M.C. impresario Otto Stutt. Abura Z returns from headlining the Solar Eclipse in Chita, Russia to resume tZara outtakes.

9/18/97 The trial begins in Lower Manhattan. Two days before his testimony, Loud receives a death threat on a scrap of paper pressed into his coat pocket. That evening, he answers his unlisted home telephone to hear the whispering voice of Donshu Augenblick saying “Very unfortunate Mr. Josh.” He immediately instructs Mirabai to gather what she can. They exit their Tribeca building by fire escape into the back alley and hail a cab to the FBI offices.

9/20/97 Now under 24/7 FBI protection, Loud offers testimony that seals the prosecutor’s case against Donshu (see “deliberate”). He and Mirabai enter the witness protection program.

9/23/97 Losh Josh makes a final public statement and, with Mirabai, disappears from public and private view.

7/01/03, 10/13/07, 4/25/10, 06/08/13, 8/01/16 Professor Awing Peece receives unmarked letters containing one-word poems verified through DNA tests and writing analysis as the work of Loud Josh.

THE HERALD

October 19, 1985

Loud Josh, Poet and Icon, Dies

ROME, Italy -- Loud Josh, a poet of intense emotional experimentation whose life gradually became indistinguishable from his art, died on Thursday in Rome, Italy where he had spent the last eighteen months in seclusion. He was 24.

The exact cause of death was undetermined, said Torenzio Machiavelli, spokesman for the Rome Ambulatory Services. Witnesses report that Mr. Josh was struck by a black stretch limousine near the Piazza del Campidoglio, where he was to give a reading at the Rome Punk Festival.

As a poet and anti-fascist activist, Mr. Josh sought to reinvigorate language through a delicate yet aggressive pasteurization of found forms. He was the vanguard of a reductive slang that gained international currency, particularly among displaced youths, left-wing revolutionaries and the nascent global arts culture that crosses all class lines. The poet Allen Ginsberg, one of scores to meditate with Mr. Josh during what proved to be his last weeks, called him "a living anthem for a meditative life of action. His poetry, discordant on the surface, is in harmony with the greater self, the whole self. Loud Josh was a teacher."

There is a great deal of apocrypha surrounding the life of Loud Josh. What we do know is that he was born in 1960 in Hyde Park, New York to parents who divorced on his first birthday. He grew up primarily with his father, an army psychologist and former world class freestyle wrestler, who now runs a bed and breakfast. His mother is a psychiatrist and professor, now living on an apple orchard in Albany. Mr. Josh grew up in a highly complex emotional environment that had its release in sports. Childhood friends remember him for his large feet on a slight body (that eventually grew to 6'2", 190 pounds), his raggedy-ann

hair with red bandanna and relentless gym rat enthusiasm in countless games of pickup basketball.

Initially intent on dental school, Mr. Josh briefly attended the University of Rhode Island to study horticultural. He was expelled for incessant protest of the school's drug policy and a final attempt to rest armed control of the campus greenhouse. School officials plan a monument and tribute to "our modern Shelley" said Dean Askew, Professor of Victorian Literature.

Mr. Josh left the United States soon after. He settled in the Camden Town area of London, England. His early months are shrouded in mystery beyond press accounts of guerrilla poetry readings given during opera performances at the Royal Albert Hall and a third, now notorious, reading at the Piccadilly Theater, where he was involved in a stage altercation with the Royal Shakespeare Troupe. Mad Poet Pummels Laertes" was picked up by virtually every English language newspaper in Britain.

Fearful of the London press and an impending "disappearance of self in the media," Mr. Josh moved to Oxford and promptly fell in love with a Rhodes Scholar who many speculate is headed one day for the US Supreme Court. But the controversy did not abate. His account of the loss of his virginity-- the poem "Rib"--was condemned by critics and would-be censors as obscene. Ultimately, however, it is this poem that "proved to me the vital force of poetry and set me on a course to become what I am--a poet of not just words but of life itself."

Living under what he later called "unbearable scrutiny-- they were recording my farts," Mr. Josh began a pilgrimage to Rome. Little is known about this journey except that he arrived on foot at Saint Cecilia in

Trastevere Monastery in April 1982. Given a newfound seclusion, Mr. Josh worked with various monks and other monastery inhabitants to create an underground avant-garde of pirate broadcasts and samizdat books. These, as described in an early pamphlet, were countermeasures to "the status quo of distraction capitalism rapidly seeding our minds." His early sensitivity to the forces of fame creation shaped his aggressively pseudonymous focus on meaning and questions of the spirit that have already become a revolutionary literary model for the post-icon generation.

When Mr. Josh's lone self-attributed poetry collection "Butterflies" was published three months ago, the poet Horace Clinton, writing for The Herald Book Review, called it "a devastating force of texture and symbolic nuance that has not existed before. Loud Josh is the first poet of his generation to thread the superficial maze of sense experience in a hunt for something more than poetic meaning. He is creating a language atom by atom."

Mr. Josh is also believed to be the pseudonymous author of dozens of other manuscripts distributed by the age old method of monks copying entire books word for word and circulating copies by hand. Visitors from all over the world came to Rome to receive a copy.

Mr. Josh was a moveable epicenter of energy and ingenuity. He was a scrupulous writer, known to edit poems even the day before they went to press. He was a masterful juggler of images, symbols and emotions as well as a poet who sought to capture in his words the earnestness of life.

In "Butterflies," he wrote:
more

The Westminster Times

May 5, 1980

Mad Poet Pummels Laertes

ALDWYCH THEATER, Westminster -- Act 5, Scene 1 of the Royal Shakespeare Company's Hamlet took a page from the Old Globe's ruffian crowds. In a sudden poetus interruptus, a towering interloper leapt on stage yesterday during Laertes' and Hamlet's penultimate face-off in Ophelia's grave. The man--later identified as Loud Josh, an American poet interning at a London accounting firm-- strode three steps to centerstage directly affronting the scene. Pivoting to face the crowd, he drew to full height in a pause that brought a sudden, tremendous stillness to the stage, then commenced an extended sonorous hum of a tone that formed into the word "Hooligan."

Laertes, meantime, seemingly still in character,

scrambled up from the grave and, like a footballer, leaned forward on a tackle run. The poet crouched to ward off the rampaging force with his right forearm while returning a sweeping left uppercut that landed squarely on the underside of the overzealous son. Stage hands in black quickly intervened at this point, restraining both men and removing Mr. Loud from the stage as the curtains rushed closed.

We learned later, from Arthur Dramis, Spokesman for the RSC, that Loud Josh was taken into custody yet all charges were dropped. Some suspect the entire episode was staged and may in fact be written into this season's performances. The actor Rupert Stouter was reported bruised yet in fine shape and completed the drama with nary a sign of

discomfort besides his character's ineluctable demise.

The audience, like this reporter, were not sure what to make of the happenings yesterday evening. Many gasped as Mr. Loud took the stage. A general suspension of disbelief seemed to follow: Perhaps this was an interpretive element or a harkening back to some earlier staging in the Bard's time. As the curtains rushed closed, however, a rumble swept through the aisles. Director Sage Doorley emerged from stage left to apologize for the unexpected interlude and to announce the play would continue in a moment. When the curtains reopened, Hamlet and Laertes were once again in Ophelia's grave, grappling with treachery.

LOUD JOSH ON FAME

One day I will sit upon a wall dressed by sunlight and watch the clouds breathe. One day I will see the day with my naked eyes. But now, I walk the streets with sunglasses regardless of the weather--winter, summer, snow, rain. My predicament permits me only this shaded view of the world.

Most recently I became famous. People see me and stop, for nothing else is more important than looking in a shop or eating a meal. Sad little world. Why do they freeze? The people do not approach me. They stand huddled, the T-shirted masses, and whisper about me trying desperately not to look. Why is there this awe? This breech flirtation. They try not to look at me, hiding their eyes and shunning the temptation of my presence

Why is there this bloom of virgins running from the volcano? Because I am famous? I am a person who exposed himself. Naked with a pen. I am a person who put his passions on the line. I am a lucky man. And for my luck, I cannot be touched. I have been forced into a tiny hole, to be graced and avoided, to be valued and feared

Why do they not tell me they recognize me? Do they not feel valuable? They hide their own thoughts and beliefs. Why are they afraid

I am not a fan of this distancing fame. It is not why I write. I write because I have no choice. Fame has changed me. My life borders the worlds of the nocturnal; dreams are the ocean and the land is porous. Fame brings an irrationality to the senses. It brings scrutiny and judgment. I yearn for a day without exhaustion. The masses are now beasts and am tamed by violence

Some, a few, have the courage to approach me. They offer their own one word poems. They seek approval. But why from me? The only approval can be from their own souls. I do, however, offer this: Creation of the one word poem is not to be taken lightly. It requires total commitment and extreme access to emotion. Be forewarned: Exhaustion will threaten you. Persistence is the only roadmap for your endeavor. It took me nearly a year to complete "vacuum"--the original draft read "pedagogy"--after which I was immobile for an entire week. To this day I cannot read the poem aloud without tears invading my vision. There is an honesty to integrity and it cannot be hidden. Often, revelation crosses through pain before it shines.

Fame. Revered, desired, heralded. What is this vulgarization of recognition? They call fame success. I call it a burden.

Notes to Future Translators

The one-word poems of Loud Josh pose many difficulties for translators. Translation may, in fact, be anathemic to the poetry itself.

This stems primarily from the fact that certain words in English cannot be effectively translated into other languages using solely one word. Secondly, it is rare that the full substance of a word--all its attendant meanings, its power of image, its symbolic dexterity, its cultural milieu--is conveyed by a word from another language. They are, at best, approximations. Furthermore, sonically, the differences are enormous--different rhythm, accent, breath induction and so forth. Visually, the translated poem will be alive with different curves, angles, crosses, dots, stops and starts. The very elements that make a word a poem may not be present in the seemingly synonymous word of another language. Or, the new word may itself be a poem yet introduce new and varying elements that compromise it as a translation. How do we determine the fitness of a translation or a word as a poem?

There is no one standard for judging whether a word is a poem or, beyond that, a good poem. Yet a judgment is not merely whimsical. If we seek proof of this, we need only consider the arduous, heavily edited and re-worked compositional methods that Loud Josh maintains with his own work. There are millions, billions of words, but there are few poems. Loud Josh speaks of an inner-knowing, an *academie francaise* of the soul, a fashioning of the rawest elements of inner perception as well as the sudden bursting forth of his creations. These are far from arbitrary. The intimacy of their creation asks of each reader to enter into her own inner experience to gauge if the power is present.

A translation may be a poem while not being a very good translation. Its presence, therefore, may bring new conflicts and new resonances to the larger work.

While acknowledging this, the responsibility of the translator is not to achieve a verisimilitude but to pursue the new poem. Will it adequately relate to the original language? Perhaps not. But this outcome must not be fought or denied. It should be appreciated. In failing to be adequately translated, the one-word poem expresses a strong resistance to the mere functionality of language at a time when the world speeds towards a global tongue as if words were solely a currency, an exchange of content. The one-word poem is situated at the exact point where language influences and determines a mode of being and experience itself. It is a celebration of a distinct linguistic evolution.

From this point of view, the pursuit of a poem is embedded in the life of a language which is embedded in a cultural experience. Does a word become a poem or is a word born a poem? If the former, at what point does a word that was a poem stop being a poem?

These questions notwithstanding, the point here is that the challenge and frustration of translators is the inspiration for writers and poets everywhere.

About the Author

Loud Josh is one of the world's most beloved and acclaimed artists, receiving Madagascar's Extraordinary Human of Letters Award in 1995. Poet, playboy, mystic, midwife, philanthropist, he is the author of over 14,000 works. Loud Josh catalyzed a renaissance of poets and poetry with his discovery of the one word poem and subsequent mastery of the form. His poem "Rib" has been translated into every language on the face of the earth and became the subject of a feature film banned by censors in 6 countries. Loud Josh married the Bollywood actress Mirabai Inchoate in a seven day ceremony in 1996. After co-starring in the musical "Yes Boy Yes Boy," they settled in New York's Tribeca enclave. In the summer of 1997, Loud received death threats during his testimony against Donshu Augenblick who was subsequently convicted to life in prison. Loud and Mirabai have spent the last 20 years living anonymously in an unknown location under the Witness Protection Program. The new selections in this second edition of Terse Symphony are the first and only verified communiques to the world of his former life.

About the Editor

Dr. Awing Peece is the Jim Gustafson Professor of the Imagination at Desdemona University in Marlboro, New York. As Executor of Loud's literary estate, he has directed \$7 million to a children's program to restore and create coral reefs throughout the world. Dr. Peece was the recipient of five handwritten installments from Loud Josh including The Talisman Cycle--13 new poems that prompted this second edition. Dr. Peece is the author of Trail Guide to the Illuminarium and the forthcoming Scenes from the New York Bardo. He lives in New York's Sneden's Landing.

