ABOUT MICHAEL BASINSKI

Plutarch in *Glory of Athens* said

Simonides of Ceos called "painting silent poetry and poetry painting that s p e a k s."[1]

Michael Basinski, the man of a thous and letters paints poems that speak: spe aks paints that poem: and sin gs sounds that paint: He paints poems: speaks poems: sings from his individuali ty. A poem is a ny outpouring of any human soul in each and every way any human soul roars. Michael Basinski is a natural born soul roarer. He skip bomb bursts the da m of Dull. He is a first class kindness grinder o n the edge of the cup of life .He is a fearless j oy engraver of ca ryatid scripts. His lemon yellow leopards and carved grani te rock monoliths walk. They talk. They wiggle their life. Michael is an artist. Michael proves we are all the same kind. Like us his kidneys dive eagl es, his lungs door, his hands wild b ird, his mind legs soar forests, his art is deep felt psych edelic kaleidoscopic free sound painting chorus to scream humanity back up on the beach of snot free poetry pounded far out to sea the long ship time since great green paeans plowed purple sea roar in wine dark steel basin sky molybdenum roar. Michael Basinski's art is unchained humani ty: More: He is alive: Michael Basinski was born in Buffalo, NY in 1950. Michael's great grand-father came over from Poland, East Prussia Tract, in 1878. Michael's father and grand father worked in the Republic Steel Mills. When Michael was little his family moved to Cheektowaga, New York. His family loved him for sitting quietly and reading. They loved his brain. O yes. Reading is very good for the brain. He sat alone for hours reading. He read all twenty four Tarzan books by Edger Rice Burroughs. On a closer reading of more import: The kid loved them. Michael studied Chemistry later but now we have a young son of Polish American Buffalo Area steel workers flying through the word squeezed Cézanne-ed spaces between the high trees of Africa with the jungle Wasps and Irish and Blacks and Jews and Latinos and Italians and Cheektowagas in fancy pajamas of fur and feather and skin like leather. Then he read Tennessee Williams. He loved Cyrano de Bergerac. His favorite poet was *Shelley*. Michael went to work grinding the edges of pottery to smoothness and saw a book in a bookstore called On The Road by Jack Karosh and heard a human being called Robert Creeley read poetry. In 1978 Michael did performance art: Sound Poetry: He sang of Basinski loud and clear: The man who is never at a sound loss. In 1995 Michael Basinski began Re\Manuscripting: He began by changing letters into tongues or arms or eyes or toes. Today he is a visual poet of zoomin illumine: Persian miniature jewel color gashed splashed flash life chiseled to shake eyes: a a e ee e i i i o o o u uuuu A haunting remembran ce of archaic pottery and carvings and weavings Cézanne cri sp. Michael B

is the father of Natalie Basinski, editor of Basinsk i:A Zine Of The Arts:
$20 per year: Checks Pa yable To: Natalie Basinski: At: 30 Coloni A al Avenue:
Lancaster: N Y: 14086. Natalie B asinski has attend ed and perfor med Poetry
events since a baby. L ike Sapph o of the rose daw n arms and viol et eyes she is
bathed in the shining se a of poetr y from birth. O y Z es. Michael Bas inski is now
Assistant Cur ator, Poet ry/Rare B ooks Collection, U I niversity At Bu ffalo, SUNY:
James Joyce's first editio n of Ezra P ound's Cantos 17-2 4 for instance. A fabulous
collection of manuscrip ts and firs t editions of James Joyce, Mary S helley, Ezra
Pound: You name it. B ooks bou nd of fabulous leat her carved ha nd tooled em
bossed edge s polished gold leaf: Angel crying endp apers. Micha el Basinski
now spends each day a mong fan tastic books of the world bound impeccable
in a collecti on Lord Lo ckwood c ould only dream o f: Like a chil d who like
Rumi's ree d was a stra w lined wN ith sugar who was loved as a chi ld who could
sip books fo r hours sho uld. Perha ps the UB Poetry/ Rare Books Collection
will someda y have the special org an of perception and action n eeded to af
ford all 24 f irst edition s of Edgar Rice Burroughs' Tarzan. For s omewhere
somehow so mewhen so mewhat so meway in a high tree is a gia nt English
speaking pe rson who s S its in a leo pard skin and ro ars: "I swing with the Jew:
The book w as invented because w henever two Jew s get togethe r there are
three opinio ns: I swing with the A rab: Can the Kor an be only bl ots of ink on
paper?: I sw ing with th e Chinese: To see its own m ind move, th e black hair
people inve K nted paper: I swing wi th the Polish: It t akes seven bi llion humans
to close rea d thorough ly anythin g on paper: And I'd swing th rough fifty
thousand tr I ees full of jo y killer cra b snot for one pi ece of paper fr om a human
child's book: For can any book be w orth one millionth part as much a s the sweet
spark in the c hild who br eathes the life of his life into their paper? T hank you:
Michael Basi nski for bei ng alive: Your old Friend: Tarzan the ter rible: the
untamed: the triumphant: the invin cible: the lord o f the jungle: t he lion man:
beyond the ea rth's core: b eyond C arpen hall: beyo nd the amazon s: the golden
lion: under lak e la salle: the leopard m an: the buffalo w ings: beyond the jewels
of Opai: the ele ctric building: the city of g old: the ant men: the lost safari: the old gray
honors high sch ool: the abom inable sno wman: beyond A my's Place: Far beyond
the valley of gold: the cave city: the forbidd en city: the last e mpire: beyo nd the lost
city: roaring up mo onstone oath in the star s apphire tree of lif e over the em erald dark
Korzeniowski river in the ruby b rain fabled diamond shining mountains o f the moon."

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1 Page 259, Lyra Graeca Volume II Heineman, Ltd London, 1952