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hoods conveys the vastness of Hurricane Katrina's destruction, a vastness no one outside of New Orleans has received:

from Poydras to Kenner
from Violet to Metairie
from Meraux to Bucktown
from Village de L'Est to Old Metairie
from Chalmette to Lakeview
from Arabi to Mid-City
from Lower Ninth to Broadmoor
from New Orleans East to Gentilly
from Bywater to Treme

Greg Fuchs was born and raised in New Orleans. His most recent book of poetry is Metropolitan Transit *published by Isabel Lettres. Fuchs serves as the President of the Board of Directors of the Poetry Project.*

ABIGAIL CHILD
THIS IS CALLED MOVING: A CRITICAL POETICS OF FILM
UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA PRESS / 2005
REVIEW BY DAVID JHAVE JOHNSTON

Because *This Is Called Moving* with conscious intention differs from both formal theory and informal poetry (hybrid-genred, it refuses to be contained in a single category), it risks slipping into a crevice between disciplines. Theorists may find it too personal and raw, sexual, and non-linear; poets entranced by rapturous language play may find their engagement interrupted by swift jolts of dense terminology. However, an open, interdisciplinary info-forager will recognize in *This Is Called Moving* a very contemporary, lush interwoven accumulation of raw datum. Swirling around gender, poetry, film, and politics, an accretional labyrinth of fertile memes forms a body, and the body is breathing.

Hear Abigail Child read *This Is Called Moving*, imagine it, because it's in the reading, the flow of cadences, the tangled turbulent swelter of voices, that the book's strength emerges. Dry, thick, dense, and difficult prose is revealed to be a living and aerobically-intense song: polyphonic and polyrhythmic. Conceptually, *This Is Called Moving* is a literary-theoretical-poetic-revolutionary cousin of Glen Gould's "Solitude Trilogies" in that a multiplicity of voices (choral and contrapuntal concepts, poetic fragments, and considered arguments) are brought into an ecosystem which is a book. I dissolves, and eye opens.

Abigail Child's swerving tangential style reminds me of a friend who uses Twitter incessantly. Twitter (for those who may not know) is an online social-networking tool that allows for real-time, small (max. 140 characters) web-posts. Reading a list of Twitter posts offers insight into the osmosis of normal mental fluctuations. Similarly oscillatory and osmotic, Child, intuitively and algorithmically, weaves sensual id and formal theory. This is not linear-math; in an interview with Charles Bernstein in the same volume, Child refers to "subverting" the algorithms she uses to construct her texts. The sediment of the brain-body of our civilization's ontological queries are filtered through her voice. Child's style

belongs to a literary lineage that has known many names: collage, bricolage, cut-up, remix, mashup. Mashups are web-applications that absorb data into a single tool; the term is now applied to artworks that recombine diverse material, and it has analogies to poetic practice: Language poets swiveling on Wittgenstein's turn toward language, as well as the more raw surrealists.

In this era of discontinuous attention, when computation provides the capacity to network hop between subjects and styles, Child's book is fiercely contemporary and topical. Readers who desire linear continuity or normalized cadence will jettison the book in protest. But there are rationales for Child's montage: tangible experience as an editor-poet and contemporary entropy. In addition to being a preeminent mashup precursor, its style is evocative of computational literature which has sought to construct poetry using algorithms. Usually these algorithms apply grammatical rules to a corpus of words and phrases to create verse. But Child's text-mashups are readable and even engaging while most (if not all) of computationally-created literature is not. Why? There are subtle lessons to be unraveled and relevance here for programmers of poetry and digital poets, lessons that suggest engagement partially arises through purposeful permutations which focus on cadence (the suture of literary sensitivity).

Child morphs from ontological proclamations ("Ideology works through all forms") to inclusive political axioms ("How to deal with information? Make all the voices present"), to sensual-intellectual probes ("Film makes an architecture. We want to walk in it. Entering space, collapsing and distributing time...."), and bits of life-story ("After four years in San Francisco I am back in New York living in a downtown neighbourhood with drug busts monthly (the potato chip truck delivers heroin to the local bodega)....").

Fortunately, her velocity is balanced by a taut focus that radiates through the potential topologies of each argument. Rhythmically woven, heir to Vertov's formal filmic concerns, Jameson's imaginative radicalism, and Goya's enraged heart, Child's voice (like her montages) rapidly splashes and fractures conventionally separate academic domain-species into a nourishing idiosyncratic broth. A primer in radical ontologies. A gateway into a continuum of engaged textuality. Analysis that functions as art by keeping its capacity for fluid tangents alive. Time falls apart and what remains is a sinuous ribbon of reflections on culture's cutting floor, and

Child is chuckling there, clutching her shearers, film's history running through her fingers like soft milk.

The way Child explains her filmmaking process is equally applicable to her poetry: "In *Prefaces* I wanted to use found images as a resource, a dictionary, to de-acculturate our 'image bank'–to break the bank image in fact, to redistribute, to structure a pulse-field-pulse through which and with which permutations act exchange." To unfold her project is to encounter multiple skins. Between mind and body, between intellect and passion, between physics (field) and sex (permutations pulse).

And outside it all, pristine somehow, removed from the riot of montaged potentialities, a meta-awareness examines the effluence. The essay closes with the enigmatic sentence: "The character of the material analyzes the mind." Read the preceding sentence too quickly and it seems that mind analyzes matter, but the real implication is more perverse; it involves a radical inversion of ontologies of consciousness: material analyzes the mind.

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