

Plutarch in *Glory of Athens* said

Simonides of Ceos called “painting silent poetry and poetry painting that speaks.”<sup>1</sup>  
 Michael Basinski, the man of a thousand letters paints poems that speak: speaks paints that poem: and sings sounds that  
 paint: He paints poems: speaks poems: sings from his individuality. A poem is a melody 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 dam of Dull.  
 He is a first class kindness grinder on the edge of the cup of life. He is a fearless joy engraver of caricatured scripts. His lemon  
 yellow leopards and carved granite 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 eagles, his lungs door, his hands wild bird, 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  
 snout 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 humanity: 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 Kerouac 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 ReManuscripting: 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 e e e i i i o o o u u u u u**  
 A haunting remembrance of archaic pottery and carvings and weavings Cézanne cri sp. Michael B  
 is the father of Natalie Basinski, editor of Basinski i: A Zine Of The Arths: sp. Michael B  
 \$20 per year: Checks Payable To: Natalie Basinski: At: 30 Colonial Avenue: sp. Michael B  
 Lancaster: NY: 14086. Natalie Basinski has attend ed and perfor med Poetry et eyes she is  
 events since a baby. Like Sappho of poetry from birth. O yes. Michael Basinski is now  
 bathed in the shining sea of poetry from birth. O yes. Michael Basinski is now  
 the Assistant Curator, Poetry/Rare Books Collection, University At Buffalo, SUNY:  
 James Joyce’s first edition of *Ezra Pound’s Cantos 17-24* for instance. A fabulous  
 collection of manuscripts and first editions of James Joyce, Mary Shelley, Ezra  
 Pound: You name it. Books bound of fabulous leather carved ha nd tooled em  
 bossed edges s polished gold leaf: Angel crying endp astic books of the el Basinski  
 now spends each day among fan tastic books of the world bound impeccable  
 in a collection on Lord Lockwood could only dream of: Like a child d who like  
 Rumi’s rec d was a straw lined with sugar who was loved as a child who could  
 sip books for hours should. Perhaps the UB Poetry/ Rare Books Collection  
 will someday have the special organ of perception an of perception eeded to af  
 ford all 24 first editions of Edgar Rice Burroughs’ Tarzan. For s omewhere  
 somehow so mewhen somewhat so meway in a high tree is a giant English  
 speaking person who sits in a leopard skin and roars: “I swing with the Jew:  
 The book we ns: I swing because with the Arab: Can the Kor r there are  
 three opinio ns: I swing because with the Arab: Can the Kor r there are  
 paper?: I swing ing with the Chinese: To see its own m ind move, th e black hair  
 people investe K nted paper: I swing wi th the Polish: It t akes seven bi llion humans  
 to close rea d thorough ly anything y killer cra b snot for one pi rough fifty  
 thousand tr I ees full of jo y killer cra b snot for one pi rough fifty  
 child’s book: For can any book be worth one millionth part as much a s the sweet  
 spark in the child who breathes the life of his life into their paper? T hank you:  
 Michael Basinski for being alive: Your old Friend: Tarzan the terrible: the  
 untamed: the triumphant: the invincible: the lord of the jungle: t he lion man:  
 beyond the earth’s core: beyond Carpen hall: beyond the amazon s: the golden  
 lion: under lake la salle: the leopard m an: the buffalo w the jewels  
 of Opa: the electric building: the city of gold: old: the ant men: the lost safari:  
 honors high school: the abominable snowman: beyond A my’s Place: Far beyond  
 the valley of gold: the cave city: the forbidden en city: the last e nd the lost  
 city: roaring up monstone oath in the stars apphire tree of lif erald dark  
 Korzeniowski river in the ruby rain fabled diamond shining mountains o f the moon.”

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