

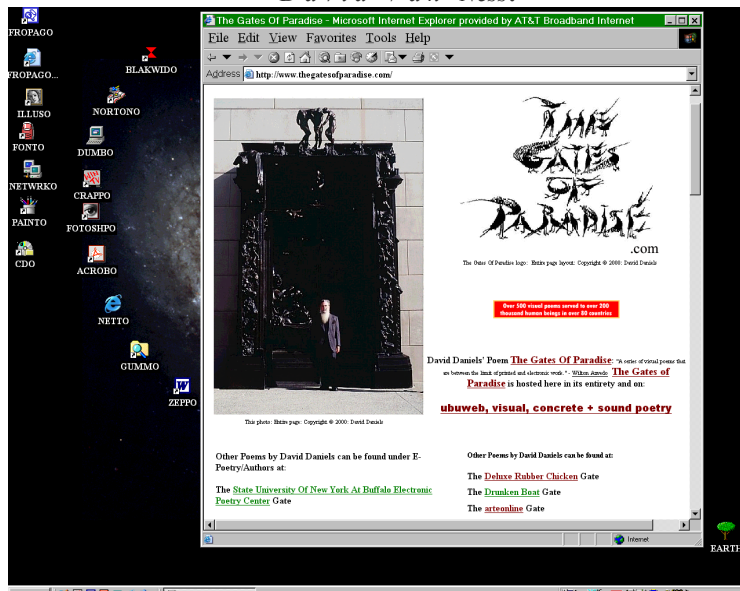
2000

Suddenly: In too early 2000:

The Visual: Sound: Poetry: Dream: Ubuweb: Millions of megabytes: Treasures

of art: Crashed: Ubuweb: Crashed: No Back Up: I did not know if The Gates Of Paradise would ever be published: Or if http://www.ubu.com would ever exist again: It did: Kenneth Goldsmith worked all summer to redo his gigantic archive: Meanwhile: Mark and Virginia Zielinski had telephoned me and told me they had purchased the domain name: thegatesofparadise.com: For me: Why didn't I do my own web site?: A web site by the way costs \$25 a month: Just Imagine:¹ In 1952 my friend Paul Finkelstein rented a small apartment at 22nd St and 2nd Avenue for \$22 a month: That apartment must be \$2200 a month in 2002: The wherewithal to publish to the world is \$25: Give me the good new days:¹ My millionaire friends in Silicon Valley: Janice Spampinato: David Silva: Adam Shiffman: Mark Terwilliger: Havi Hoffman: Kevin Mc Carthy: David Van Ness: Peter Donovan:

Whom I first met: starving children I gave them a cup lice of pie maybe go: Helped me to ge: I was very ha wish to share with the fabulous shap ry age and contin ed over the years to see in current v of the tragedies of Cowering to past hion in absurd fail door to world art wide: Cowering t they're supposed critical belief sys ks: Poetry should holding a sick Job ko: Snoro: Boro: is an out pouring in anyway any Hu pour out its Self or wishes to pour out and Poetics is the



When they were of the night: And of coffee and a s 20 or 30 years a create my web papy: I had a deep other humans all e poems from eve ent that I had lov and did not seem iew: I believe one our age is artists: present future fas ure to see that the of all ages is open o the whorl of what to do in tiny: Over tem art trash podun not be ransom to in all those: Klun Morgues: Poetry of the Human Self man Self wishes to any Human Self its Human Being understanding of

the causes in the Human Self of the results of this process and the effects this process has on the Human Self: Poetry is not only dumb: Numb: Fake: Humble: Churchy: Bumble: In small toilet training increments: Never saying what you are so no one will fire you or ridicule you: Bullshit rules: Telling humans what they should be: So everybody can pretend to be the same chicken shit: Fuck The Collective: Fuck Schools: Fuck Machines: Fuck Rules: Fuck Jobs: Fuck Safe: Fuck God: Be what you ARE: Say what you ARE: DO What You LOVE: Seek to describe what was: Is: And will be outside you: And what was: Is: And will be inside you: In every possible form: This is the way of all flesh: Seek all possible pleasure and avoid all dishonorable pain:² If you don't SEE what's INSIDE you: Who will?: If you don't TOUCH what's INSIDE you: Who will?: If you don't SING what's INSIDE you: Who will?: Meanwhile: (Thanks to the late Charles Mordaunt³ for all the capitalized italics:) As the sun of Idea rises in the yeast of 'Pataphysic west east beast cease feast crease fake peace grease: Let us return to Reality Ranch: Electronic Acres Back Section: The inestimable Kenneth Goldsmith e mailed me the following:: David: A statement: As long as you like: Would be good on Ubuweb to help folks understand your work better: Yrs: Kenny:: A week later I'd e mailed the inestimable Kenneth Goldsmith my first .pdf:

1 See: JUST IMAGINE: George Gard De Sylva: Ray Henderson: Louis Brounstein: David Butler: 1930 2 Read: THE WAY OF ALL FLESH: Samuel Butler: 1903 3 Read: I SAID TO MY HEART BETWEEN SLEEPING AND WAKING: THOU WILD THING: THAT EVER ART LEAPING OR ACHING: Charles Mordaunt: 1658-1735

Each of the over
350 gates of The Gates Of
Paradise is an icon of our world, with idea,
picture, meter, prose, or melody all shaping each other. I
have been making words out of pictures and pictures out of words
for over sixty years. The Gates Of Paradise is a poem that exhibits some of

Part One of the poem The Gates Of Paradise: The Breath Garden Entrance: Explores Breath.

the many ways I've seen living and dead human beings struggling to find happiness
inside of themselves and outside of them. These gates are paradisiacals of people, and
animals, and objects, from dancing body parts to Las Vegas lounge singers, from Brooklyn
Dodger fans to cyborg Babbits, from nerve wracked saints to L.A. bottom feeder rabbits, from
lovely air heads to heads of state to heads of lettuce, from black holes to pear shaped planets, with
one often transforming into another as the poems proceed. The Gates Of Paradise are created in the
light of, yet unconstrained by, Shape Poems from Technopaegnia of the Greek Anthology, Arabic

Part Two of the poem The Gates Of Paradise: The Flux Garden Entrance: Explores Change.

Pictorial Calligraphy, Persian Garden Rugs, Chinese Phoenix Dragon Writing, Zenga, Hyginus,
Herbert, Apollinaire, Cocteau, Hollander, et al. In many of these gates, shape burdens as meter
might and counterpoints as meter may. Often the picture is the Schubert sunmelody, the
words the buried Verdi mosquitogun violins. Often the picture is the Reubens silverfish
flesh underpainting, the words the surface Rodin shoepolish. Yes. Shapes, words,
pictures, rhymes, rhythms, ideas, jokes, and yokes all at once—This poem is a

For human beings breath and change are the same: And they are different: The same is the gate.

deeply complex work of art, ranging from intricate metaphysical
forms to regional dialects, to just plain old fashioned
crap. No dimension, or pretense, or any fad
of soul crushing human trainings
are left unilluminated

*My endeavor
in the shadow is to create
a light effect that goes down past
the walls of habitual prejudice, down to*

Part One of the poem The Gates Of Paradise: The Breath Garden Entrance: Explores Breath.

*the training broken buried Self, through the
scattering of ideas, images, and words, too quick
of sad or happy for the merciless dog training
to reject. My endeavor is to nourish the buried*

Part Two of the poem The Gates Of Paradise: The Flux Garden Entrance: Explores Change.

*real human inside so that if the buried Self
ever arises to take its place in the conscious
life, the unbound Self will be strong
enough to survive the vicissitudes*

For human beings breath and change are the same: And they are different: The same is the gate.

*of our daily life. Find your Self.
Be your Self. Live from
your Self.*

— David Daniels
Berkeley, CA
1988 – 2000