Reginald Gibbons
*Frances Hooper Professor of Arts and Humanities*
Northwestern University

Harlan Wallach
*Media Architect*
NUIT Academic & Research Technologies
ISSUE 138, SUMMER/FALL 2010

Featured in Issue 138:

- FICTION
  - Joe Nenzi: Home Safaris
  - Steve Almond: Evacuated Material
  - Benedicta Nibok: Four Seasons and a Cross: a Love Poem
  - G.K. Wuori: Doodle, Doodle: A Play of Harsh Revenge in One Act
  - Tonya Nelson: The Village
  - Kathryn Watterton: Sunshine 200 Days A Year
  - Ayeh Obsida: Juana Forever
  - Katherine Hurst: Wake Up Right
  - Judith Kitchen: Uncertainty
  - Jenny Boully: Nuit

- POETRY
  - Sara Fleischauer: In the Kitchen
  - Stephen Dunn: A Child
  - Thomas Lux: A Raw Homologous Traits
  - April: A Raw Homologous Traits

- DRAMA
  - Lisa Aziz: A Raw Homologous Traits

- ART
  - Images by Jim Henson: "A Little Girl by Jim Henson"

- OTHER
  - Image from "When Will I Be Famous: A Little Girl by Jim Henson"
What can a literary journal be?

http://www.triquarterly.org/
Provost Funded Initiative

- Project funded by the Office of the Provost
- The project is now housed in SCS
- Production is based in a pedagogical model
- Professor Reg Gibbons, Professor Sandi Wisenberg, Adjunct Faculty and students in the graduate creative writing program.
Partnering with the NU Library

- Working closely with NUL
- An example of the NUL digital repository being used outside of the Library
- Long term goal: repository-aware website
Reginald Gibbons

- Poet, fiction writer, translator, literary critic, and artist
- Frances Hooper Professor of Arts and Humanities
- Author of *Creatures of a Day, Slow Trains Overhead: Chicago Poems and Stories*, *Desde una barca de papel*
- Finalist for the 2008 National Book Award in poetry
- Named Literature’s 2009 Chicagoan of the Year by the Chicago Tribune
Readership since 2010

TriQuarterly Readership Numbers
website access by issue

Issue 138 | Issue 139 | Issue 140 | Issue 141 | Issue 142 | Issue 143 | Issue 144 (EST)
---|---|---|---|---|---|---
Visits | Unique Visits | Pageviews

NUIT
Issue 145 | Winter/Spring 2014

Featuring the work of:
Kyle McCord, Alan Spearman, Annick Smith, Ben Ehrenreich, Carolyne Wright

New fiction, creative nonfiction, and poetry from Ron Carlson, Juan Martinez, Ben Ehrenreich, Nicole Walker, Chineho Okparanta, Susan Dalch, Marianne Boruch, Stephen Dunn, Kate Braverman, and others.

FEATURED CONTENT

Fiction
Domokun in Fremont
Juan Martinez

Poetry
Speak, Again
Mark Wagenaar

Poetry
Collected Stories
Sarah Crossland

Poetry
Felony in Yellow
Kate Braverman

Nonfiction
Ascent
Harrison Candellaria Fletcher

THE LATEST WORD

aminamania: Let's not forget this. - in Tumblr Posts

“Everyone wants advice about how to do something but it really only works if you're only going to...” - in Tumblr Posts

Watch a cinemove that attempts to represent absence. How, really, do you shoot loss? http://t.co/ntHc0M41k3 - in Tweets

RT @ankurthakkar: Amazing advice on publishing your first book. Be humble, shed fear, plow forward. http://t.co/h4io0Hk2LI by @rgay @alexan... - in Tweets
Social Integration
Social Integration

TriQuarterly @TriQuarterlyMag 21 Nov
Watch a corriepoem that attempts to represent absence. How, really, do you shoot loss? bit.ly/1lUBmMF

TriQuarterly @TriQuarterlyMag 21 Nov

Ankur @ankurthakkar 21 Nov
Amazing advice on publishing your first book. Be humble, shed fear, plow forward. bit.ly/1alUsbg by @gay @alexanderchee, more.

TriQuarterly @TriQuarterlyMag 15 Nov
What Was the Rejection Letter? themillions.com/2013/11/ask-th...

TriQuarterly @TriQuarterlyMag 17 Nov
“‘There is no doubt fiction makes a better job of the truth.’” — Doris Lessing

TriQuarterly @TriQuarterlyMag 12 Nov
This Thursday, join @alexanderhemon and a slew of Chicago writers and poets to honor Marcel Proust: bit.ly/1s1Cnwx

At

Ankur @ankurthakkar 21 Nov
Amazing advice on publishing your first book. Be humble, shed fear, plow forward. bit.ly/1alUsbg by @gay @alexanderchee, more.

TriQuarterly Online @TriQuarterlyOnline November 12
This Thursday, we remember Marcel Proust.

TriQuarterly Online @TriQuarterlyOnline November 12
With us as we pretend to be at the Paris address where Marcel Proust wrote all night long, award-winning author Alexander Hemren, poet Rosanne Warren, readings from Proust "naughty" poems translated, contextual author tools, short bursts &

TriQuarterly Online @TriQuarterlyOnline November 12
Alliance Francaise Chicago - Events www.afchicago.org

TriQuarterly Online @TriQuarterlyOnline October 20
Read "The Dream Within the Dream." http://www.triquarterly.org/fiction/dream-within-dream

TriQuarterly Online @TriQuarterlyOnline October 20
“We had a dream together. Something about a checkpoint. The soldier said please and thank you because you told him that he had to and for some reason he

View on web
Social Integration
Responsive Design
Infinite Scroll
One Art
John D. Scott | Mon Jul 15, 2013

How do you shoot loss? I think it’s an interesting challenge because loss is conceptual and based on something not being there. And so where does one begin finding an image or a sound to represent absence?

One approach might be to show those things that are lost. But to me this approach seems unsatisfactory. How is it helpful to show something that is not there? Another might be to show those things that still remain. This is also unsatisfactory. How is it helpful to show what is still there?

The key for me is showing what is not there. This is a complex challenge. How do you show what is not there? How do you show absence? How do you show loss? These are the challenges for the filmmaker and the filmmaker’s approach to their work.
I don't know if it’s a coldness
or just how the body, overloaded,
tends to shut down,
but as my brother neared death
I felt nothing that resembled grief.
Our unfinished business
finished long ago, our love
for each other spoken and real,
there wasn’t much more to say
but goodbye, and one morning
we said it—a small moment—and one of us cried.
From then on he was delusional,
the cancer making him
stupid, insistently so, and lost.
I was left to walk a bridge
with broken planks.

A Coldness
Stephen Dunn | Mon Jul 15, 2013
Ode on Pride (In Tripplicate)
Hannah Sanghee Park | Jul 1, 2010

turn
There is nothing to be said about it.
Streamed wind and wasserpuff dueling hard
against the house. These days are clipped
from someone’s Fowler’s snare—that is,
with cruel abandon, rags and bones (no heart).
To work around the clock means orbiting
around a sundial. Just remember this:
you cannot love what cannot love
you back. You only love the thing
that loves you back. And if there’s love

counter-turn
there is nothing to be said about it: it's
steam (wind + wasserpuff) dueling heat
again. The hows? these days. Our clipped
forms. Someone fouler snare the win
with cool abandon, ripped and bored. No heart
to work around. The clock works forgetting
a rounded sundial. Remember this:
you cannot love who cannot love you back. You only love
who loves you. And if there’s love

stand
(noting it’s about to be said), there is
dueling heart again. These days lip
forms some foul snarls in a bade
riches a heart
work
means forgetting
daily. Remember this:
you love (who) cannot love
you. You love
back.

A Coldness
Stephen Dunn | Mon Jul 15, 2013

I don’t know if it’s a coldness
or just how the body, overloaded,
tends to shut down,
but as my brother neared death
I felt nothing that resembled grief.
Our unfinished business
finished long ago, our love
for each other spoken and real,
there wasn’t much more to say
but goodbye, and one morning
we said it—a small moment—
and one of us cried.
From then on he was delusional,
the cancer making him
stupid, insistently so, and lost.
I wanted him to die.
And I wished his wife
would say A shame
instead of God’s will. Or if God
had such a will, Shame on Him.
Days later, at the viewing,
again I wanted to feel something,
but for whom? That powdered stranger
lying there, that nobody knew?
I was far away, parsing grief,
turning it over in my mind.
He was simply gone, a dead thing,
anybody’s sack of bones.
Only when his son spoke,
measuring with precise,
slow-to-arrive language the father
he had lost, did something in me move.
There was my brother restored,
abstracted, made of words now.
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Contributor: Reginald Gibbons
Director of Planning

Reginald Gibbons (Ph.D Stanford University, Comparative Literature) is a poet, fiction writer, ... Or at the Los Angeles Times: “Reginald Gibbons Finds Poetry in Chicago,” Dec. 30, 2009, ... Tuesday, January 1, 2013 Blog How Poems Move #12 Reginald Gibbons Blog How Poems Move #11 Reginald Gibbons ...

Contributor: R. Dwayne Betts

Reginald Dwayne Betts is a husband and father of two sons. The author of the memoir A Question of Freedom (Avery/Penguin 2009) and the collection of poetry Shahid Reads His Own Palm (Alice James Books, 2010), Betts has been awarded fellowships from the Radcliffe Institute for Advanced Studies, the Open ...

Issue: Issue 143
Winter/Spring 2013

THE LATEST WORD

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"As an adjunct professor of folklore, I am paid not very much to show up once a week to grade writing..." - in Tumblr Posts
Fedora

BOOKSTRUCT-TQ
- ISSUES (PID)
- PAGES (PID)

NU Library

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TRIQUARTERLY

NUIT
John Kinsella and Susan Stewart

An Epistolary Pastoral/
An Introduction

JK,

Calling for the poems and essays and art works that make up this issue, I've hoped we could work in new ways with an ancient realm of thinking about the practice of poetics in making. In place of the military term of the "avant-garde," or the objectifying scientific term of the "experimental," I would like to return to—that is, I would like to cultivate—the term pastoral, rooted in care, economy, and a symbiosis between human life and nature. I hope the issue is consonant with your own idea of radical pastoral and your motives for reviving pastoral concerns in contemporary culture.

Throughout its long tradition pastoral evokes idyllic landscapes, especially in the elegy, and agricultural practices, especially in the pastoral. The works we have gathered here open up and extend the possibilities of pastoral into the present. They wander across various kinds of territories and so break open the merely territorial. The garden, the forest, the meadow are in a definable relation to urban spaces and spaces of waste or wilderness. When we first began talking about this project, I described to you the small-scale raspberry farming in vacant lots, the goats and chickens being raised in plywood pens on sidewalks, in North
John Kinsella and Susan Stewart

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Throughout its long tradition pastoral evokes idyllic landscapes, especially in the ecologic and agricultural practices, especially in the rural. The works we have gathered here open up and extend the possibilities of pastoral into the present. They wander across various kinds of territories and so break open the merely territorial. The garden, the forest, the meadow are in a definable relation to urban spaces and spaces of waste or wilderness. When we first began talking about this project, I described to you the small-scale raspberry farming in vacant lots, the goats and chickens being raised in plywood pens on sidewalks, in North
The pastoral, then, does not need to be located in the fields. Yet it still relies on setting up oppositions or contrasts around nature and simplicity on the one hand, and civilization and artifice on the other. There is also still an affective structure based around separation and loss. That much is evident in Guest's "The Location of Things."

The street, the street bears light
and shade on its shoulders, walks without crying,
turns itself into another and continues, even
consumes this barroom atmosphere into a forest
and shucks its leaves on my table (P 111)

As Terence Diggory notes, the poem pivots between "indoor" and "outdoor," helped along by such architectural terms as "cas-
tle" (109). The elegiac tone is evident as the narrator regards dra-
matic afternoons "from this floodlit window / or from a potted rose
on this theatrical b". The rain, metaphorically likened to curtains in the term "water's face," "creates funerals / it makes us see someone we
love in an acre of grass" (P 12). The material separation of watcher
and the world beyond emphasizes a continuing urban alienation. The
poem ends with the "melancholy of the stair" that could link the inter-
ior and the external. Instead, the narrator wanders "into clouds and
air," the retreat of the imaginary.

William Watkins has argued that the real "is conceived of as a post-
surrealist scene of an encounter with total novelty, total otherness" in
the New York pastoral of poets like Frank O'Hara (14). Certainly, sur-
naturalistic elements are evident in Guest's work but the city is also linked
to the old and the traditional. Indeed, it is sometimes only understood
through patterns of repetition—even if they are "old." In the tenta-
ively titled "Fuscal Sts", Guest extends Vergil's pastoral vision to
the urban domain:

The poet Virgil concerned about meadows
in his Eclogues, added that God
preferred the old
numbers

Yes, Skid's took
buildings. Marine streets.

The fog stairs
down from the Rupert Brewery Plaza

230
a cloum of snowshoe and compass nothing could stall it or when it onward, not when it had already been stated, and called us so we came.

5

Lightning and suddenly everything seemed in relief now as zaging from guard-rail to limb, from telephone wire to the treads it linked, bellbirds scolding an atmosphere of storm clouds roaming in, unbidden but almost showers close behind. These were the margins we swore we’d not tamper with, as dampness engrossed its intention, or allow to be displaced by a sensen dividing us too a car without wheels at the side of the yard, rusting into the night until nighttime itself, cor-
don of timber for months without warmth or causture. Standing be-
 tween two modes of indifference and flight, we held the kitchen door ajar, in ease of whatever else might need to depart, if not to preserve a silence fogging windows in the wake of the already gone, while the patio door, at back of this home no longer a home, shuddered in gusts that neither assailed nor had, but offered a scent. Had there been someone who slept through the onslaught, collar turned up at the exit of even himself, we’d have heard him calling out for the women he never loved, trapping from sun to sun in a stowaway wind.

6

The docks had been taken apart for the season, plank by plank, washer by bolt, and kids would earn extra cash, come spring, for putting them back out. The casino three miles over was boarded up, fast food and faster girls a cure for midsummer malaise since winter meant bus stops and work, if any, and lunch in one of the lodges near the church. We walked where the boats had been, no trace of the floating names this brine water was otherwise painted. To Carry On Conversation With Houses, Whosoever They Do Not Recognize. When We Saw We Leave Behind While What We Did Not See Or Catch We Take With Us Away. In flemish and fluorescent hunting vests, men drilled holes in matte champagnes ice, thermoses raised against wind that gnawed their signatures like a bone, plumbing with hooklines for anything underneath. Skaters leaned as if weightlessness could erase intaglio then lifted above the scrolls their blades had whirled and hewed into glare to untie the letters from lamps they’d hung, longer than anyone knew.
Building a rich journal model that can be applied to other projects
NUIT A&RT TriQuarterly production team

Harlan Wallach  Rodolfo Vieira  Alex Miner  Nick Gertonson
THANK YOU