

# MULTIPLE RESONANCES

By Richard Kostelanetz

**WHY I LIKE IT:** *Guest Editor JOEY CRUSE writes...*

You will, dare I say, know what resonates, in Richard Kostelanetz's, "Multiple Resonances," rather quickly. When you've lost all hope for 2020, can softball in easy comparisons to the Lost Generation with the acute awareness that the American dream has always been dead, that 100 years made no difference on goldfish, what is it that you can give no more of? When repetition, rhythm, and vulgarity combine to tickle your ass do you pull away or lean in hard? I'm here to tell you why you should lean in a bit further than you normally would.

If it were me, and it is, I would not call this piece poetic (if I dare more, this is not insulting to Kostelanetz because he has heard it before and more than likely could not give a shit). If I went full editor, I would turn this piece into a prose poem (an act I think the author would object to) or put quotations on each line so that they actually speak to each other, but Kostelanetz has been in the game longer than me...and, in this case, doesn't need any correction from me – which is rare. The style is simple (individual lines of individual thought arranged to be juxtaposed), the hook is obvious, the bluntness, simply that, blunt, but, after a few Google searches about the author later, the full scope of why his style works within this material shines through. What separates Kostelanetz, a self-described "inventive un-poet," from poetry is his knowledge of the history behind his process. He is more literary historian than literary, more expert on the transgressions of criticism than critic, or even, perhaps, more self-aware, and a bit pedantic, about the roots of literature than you would like - but your sentimentality has no bearings here. At worst, this piece would be more appropriately called theater, at best, pure art, but we can argue about poetics later.

This piece is not poetry, specifically, because it does resonate. The lines perform, and, in performing, Kostelanetz's language becomes artifact. The words transcend text and become individual actors speaking over each other to where they can operate outside of author intention because daddy isn't there and probably didn't want to be there to tell you how to read anyway. Say these lines out loud and you will feel the repetition echo to the point that you're forced to act them out differently for change of pace. Read these words quietly to yourself and the consonance will blur the piece into meaning. The lines themselves are not poetic, but, as the title suggests, the resonance, the reverberation of repetition throughout your brain and lungs which reminds you just how hard this goddamn year has been, is.

There is no requirement that you believe me, that you should read on because of my rhetorical flattery, or, truly, even read the entirety of this piece and like it, but there is a

requirement to understand this work as craft, as language as performance, a style that is unique in its, to borrow from the author, “anti-anti-formalist,” technique as it is as an art.

Fuck.

**Personal Comparisons Thought of (i.e. – an imperfect list) While Reading:**

John Fante (If I had to pick an author from a previous generation to Kostelanetz’s, and I do have some doubt that he would agree, I would pick Fante for his ability to create the hard line and being overlooked for his influence on canon); Susan Steinberg – *Spectacle*; Richard Brautigan – *Loading Mercury With a Pitchfork*; there are others but, you know, bottom of the page.

MULTIPLE RESONANCES

Richard Kostelanetz

In memory of Richard Pryor

Fuck you.

I fuck you.

Fuck off.

Don’t be a fucking nuisance.

Who the fuck are you?

Fuck me over.

How do ducks fuck?

Sooner fuck than screw.

Fuck it.

Accept no substitute for fucking.

Fuck the errant knight.

What the fuck do you think you are?

Don't give a fuck.  
That's fucking awesome.  
Fuck yourself.  
You're fucking good.  
Make me feel fucking comfortable.  
Public fucking.  
What the fuck?  
Ambitious people don't fuck around.  
Fucking asshole.  
Don't fuck me.  
You're a fucking idiot.  
How the fuck did you do that.  
Who the fuck are you?  
Motherfucker.  
Oh, fuck it.  
How the fuck are you?  
The salesman fucked me.  
Where the fuck are we now?  
You're my first fuck.  
Flying fuck.

They fucked a good deal.

Oh, fuck.

Let's get the fuck out of here.

A fuck he is.

What a fucking crime.

Full fucking speed ahead.

He's a dumb fuck.

They had a dozen fucking children.

What better can a couple do than fucking.

Disputing him is no fucking good.

A helluva fucker.

They ranked as a double fuck in spades.

Our team will go for fucking all.

That fuck conned us all.

The fucking diet defeated me.

To us he became a fuckface.

A fucking defeat it was.

What now, fuckhead?

Only someone fucked up could fuck himself so routinely.

The fuck-off is sleeping on the job.

His first assignment he fucked up.

Fuck you too.

She fucked every man she met.

Don't fuck with me.

Don't be a fuck.

Fuck a duck.

What the fuck is taking so long?

I don't give a fuck.

What the fuck?

What a fuck.

Kill fucking flies.

Hippos fuck.

Fucking cunt.

Fucking good.

Be fucking comfortable.

Not fucking is dangerous to your health.

**AUTHOR'S NOTE:** ...the principal influence of my playwriting is, of course, Gertrude Stein. Perhaps these plays extend her radical ideas. \otherwise, may I please welcome, as her play texts have, a variety of radical interpretations that depart from familiar performance...

**AUTHOR’S BIO:** Individual entries on Richard Kostelanetz’s work in several fields appear in various editions of **Readers Guide to Twentieth-Century Writers, Merriam-Webster Encyclopedia of Literature, Contemporary Poets, Contemporary Novelists, Postmodern Fiction, Webster's Dictionary of American Writers, The HarperCollins Reader’s Encyclopedia of American Literature, Baker's Biographical Dictionary of Musicians, Directory of American Scholars, Who's Who in America, Who's Who in the World, Who's Who in American Art, NNDB.com, Wikipedia.com, and Britannica.com, among other distinguished directories. Otherwise, he survives in New York, where he was born, unemployed and thus overworked.**

**EDITOR’S BIO:** Joseph Cruse is a writer, an actor, a bad painter, and an even worse English student – he is, easily more, a lot of nothing and everything. When not getting into trouble, he explores New Orleans, sprays graffiti scenes of movies onto canvas, and finishes a Masters in Composition and Rhetoric in Lafayette, LA. His other short story work has also been featured in Phree Write and Viewfinder Magazine; while small spacklings of poetry can be found at Cacti Magazine and W.I.S.H Press. His story **The Scarf** appeared in Issue 5.