Czech avant-gardes:

WWII:

**Jiří Kolář: Meaningless Poem**

Socialism (1945-1989):

„PTYDEPE“ bureaucratic speech (=„newspeak“) reaction: hiding behind the idea of play; translations from older poetry; surrealist bent

(NO EXCERPT)
Btw: DALKEY ARCHIVE: works Michal Ajvaz, Patrik Ouředník, Josef Škvorecký and Jiří Gruša (novels)

1960s: Bohumila Grögerová and Josef Hiršal: in contact with Eugen Gomringer, Noigandres etc.

Published in Emmett Williams: An Anthology of Concrete Poetry

(Ladislav Novák)

Ladislav Nebeský - binary poetry:

![Binary Poetry Diagram]


Gerhard Jürgen Blum-Kwiatkowski: Das offene Buch (town Hünfeld)

(„já“ = I; „slova“ = words; „ty“ = you)
1990’s Czech poetry:

Petr Borkovec (translated by Justin Quinn)

WE ROSE. SEPTEMBER. Long house shadow.
Dust everywhere, the radio’s drone.
Sun on the bedframe's chrome.
You reached for your cigarettes.
The stairwell dreaming still beneath us,
the curtains slowly stirring, flowing down.
The empty sink was like a silver bust
and the seconds always flowing and flown
past warmth, its touch. Time at a standstill,
and all things aswell, unmoored from their roles
the sunlight on the bedframe stalled,
the hook, the picture on the wall.
I saw your cigarette's fresh smoke,
the books beside us in a stack,
and the duvet's fish and fowl and flowers
all slipped and slid down to the floor
where they cooled in blue geometry.
Dust on the wardrobe, dust on the aria.
The window's coloured block going nowhere.
Outside, no plans were hatched in shadows,
and the towel, lying idle by the chair,
had the same story as us.

Poetry of the zero decade (written by authors born in the 1980s)

Jonáš Hájek: isoliteric verse (translated by David Vichnar)

COTTAGE
Moth-eaten quilts show explicitly
which creature's settled in here;
a slimy frame remains underneath
skin to princess-compressed peas.

A burly lime astride like Michael
grows through the roofs, and bees
provide blooming with soundtrack.

Drenched foundations, beams loose
with a crap signal, a pig of job.
The fruit press recalls no fruit.

Burglars check in on us at times.
Thanks to the last one our closet
is now open. Maybe someone on The
Road sought for canned treasures.
I'm a permanent foreigner, I was born in Peru, but my parents were not Peruvian, and then I moved to Brazil. My husband is Brazilian and now I live in London. I have a son, which makes my life really weird in the art world because it's not really common, so I do a lot of work about that. I don't really like art very much, there are some weird artists out there and I'm not that much of an activist, so... (laughing)
ONDRÉJ BUDDEUS

quattro formaggi

[Alternative title: Postsonnetism I. – IV.
Alternative title: I’ve broken my elder brother’s toys and got to let him beat me up.
Alternative title: Status nascendi/quo/vivendi/morendi
Alternative title: Brand new retro style poem fun go ok?]

NO. 1

Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet,
consectetur adipiscing elit,
sed eiusmod tempor incididunt
ut labore et dolore magna aliqua.

Ut enim ad minim veniam,
quias nostrud exercitation ullamco
labore nisi ut aliquid
ex ea commodo consequat.

Quis aute iure reprehenderit
in voluptate velit esse cillum
dolore eu fugiat nulla pariatur.

Excepteur sint occaecat cupidatat
non proident, sunt in culpa qui officia
deserunt mollit anim id est laborum.

NO. 2

Populism is neoeexpressionism
Communism is cannibalism
Dadaism is pluralism
Objectivism isibalism

Postcolonialism is humanism
Liberalism is surrealism
Socialism is automobilism
Structuralism is optimism

Lyricism is Leninism
Pessimism is exhibitionism
Constructivism is devotionism
Anthropocentrism is multiculturalism

Subjectivism is Darwinism
Nationalism is occultism

(Optional punchline:
Feminism is sexism
Ecoterrorism is minimalism)
Michal Šanda:


Tramvesty 2 (translated by Tereza Novická)

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SLK1906111232

**Jablonec n. N. – Tyršovy sady**

teď sem si ale úplně
z toho vzpomněl ale
to ti musim vyprávět
že když jedes tramvají
z Liberce tak jedeš
dvacet šest minut sem
na konečnou a pak jedeš
plus minus patnáct minut
dojdeš k přehradě pak
objevíš hráz a najdeš
takové dvě jako hody
což jsou Sluneční lázně
**Liberecká**
 já teda ani nevím
jestli to tam ještě je
ale vždycky to tam bylo
platilo se deset korun
a muži byli zvlášť
a ženy zvlášť
**Brandl**
 moje sestra chodila

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**Jablonec n. N. – Tyršovy sady**

now it just totally
popped into my mind so
i gotta tell you
that when you take the tram
from Liberec it takes
twenty six minutes here
to the terminal and then
after another fifteen minute walk
you come to the reservoir
you walk around the dam and find
these two sort of huts
which are the Sun Spa
**Liberecká Street**
 i don’t even know
whether it’s still there
but it’s always been there
you paid ten crowns
and the men were separate
and the women separate
**Brandl**
 my sister would go to

Projects:

TŘYIE (http://tryie.tumblr.com/ + https://twitter.com/tryicollective)

PRAGUE MICROFESTIVAL: www.praguemicrofestival.com (an international Prague-based festival for innovative, intermedia and translocal poetry)


(Submissions till the start of December!)

Other sources:

Up the Devil's Back / Po hřbetě d'ábla: A Bilingual Anthology of 20th Century Czech Poetry
translations by Andrew Lass

etc.