

PoBiz Stock Index Update, 12 April 2016

A post ("[Poetry Betrays Whiteness](#)") touching on the heroic Quilombo dos Palmares at the Poetry Foundation's Harriet Blog by Lucas de Luna, CEO of MongPo Inc., both gave needed boost to the firm's stocks and calmed growing shareholder and customer unease over what has been perceived as sluggish marketing of the company's brand.

Daniel Borbinsky, a fellow-traveler in Poetry Foundation circles, but perhaps not for long, introduced de Luna. Borbinsky, prominent opponent of the erstwhile dictatorship of Augusto Pinochet, and widely admired for his politics in that regard, flatly stated his agreement with de Luna concerning a jejune Warhol-like posting of five years ago by Kenny SilverSmith de Neruda (currently CEO of Capital Rebranding Solutions, Inc.) that exposes the breasts of the Land o' Lakes maiden, a cut-out trick done with scissors and knuckles that was invented by a Puerto Rican twelve-year-old in the Bronx, in 1942.

*The disgusting post must be immediately erased from the record,* demanded de Luna and Borbinsky.

The Poetry Foundation, quaking in its Chicago Police Department-issued boots, immediately agreed to do so-- though they apparently have not yet agreed to share a public apology, as demanded by both de Luna and his agent Borbinsky.

When asked if such neo-Stalinist *and* Pinochet-like airbrushing tactics were perhaps not the best way to politically expose racism and misogyny and educate future generations about them via example—something undertaken by old-fashioned codgers like Sojourner Truth, Malcolm X, Martin Luther King, and the Surrealist Benjamin Péret (who seriously studied and wrote about the Quilombo dos Palmares and the Revolt of the Lash, actually, when he was in Brazil from 1929 to 1931, before he was extradited to France for helping to establish the first Brazilian Trotskyist organization with his brother in law, the great cultural critic and Left-Opposition leader Mario Pedrosa, both of whom would have gagged over the Show-Trial tactics of MongPo, in case anyone wants to know), none of whom ever seemed to feel the need to call for censoring speech, de Luna replied that “This is the poetry field we are talking about right now, not the bigger civic arena. That will come later.”

When asked in follow-up where it all stopped, and if the Poetry Foundation should also ban any and all work by obvious racists in their archives, which would mean most of the Modernist tradition starting with Whitman, de Luna replied with some testiness, “We’re now investigating the question; I won’t deny it is a challenging problem. What do you do with Vachel Lindsay’s ‘The Congo’, for example, not to mention Pound? Come to think about it, I’m not really sure why we’re so intent on eradicating a long-forgotten blog post instead of expunging Vachel Lindsay’s poem from the PF website.”

When another reporter asked de Luna if he didn't feel a bit uncomfortable that the record of 87 comments under the offending post (most of them early and strong expressions of contempt for the opportunist nature of ConPo and Flarf, back in a time when de Luna was a freshman in college) would likewise disappear in the airbrushing, de Luna countered that "In any Revolution there are bound to be, what do you call them, the people who die by accident, I can't remember the term right now. Plus," he continued, apparently somewhat flustered, "butter is bad for you."

Borbinsky, who is also doubling as de Luna's legal counsel for a separate, company-related issue, stepped in and told the press that no more questions would be taken by Mr. de Luna. When a reporter then asked Mr. Borbinsky why he and de Luna were angrily demanding that the Poetry Foundation publicly apologize for the offending post by Silversmith de Neruda, and not also demanding that the Poetry Foundation publicly apologize for trying to send young and peacefully civil disobedient poets *to prison* a few years ago, Borbinsky replied. "We will wait until we get our blogging paychecks from the Poetry Foundation before entertaining that obviously hostile question."

The two poets then descended the stairs and climbed into a rented limousine, which took them to a pop-up Martini bar, near Wicker Park.