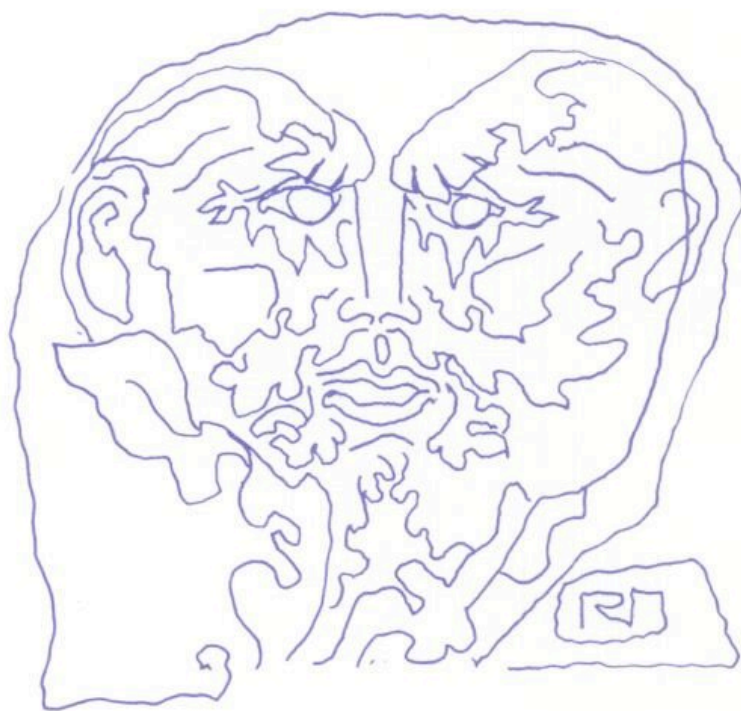


line

number eleven



spring 1988

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A Journal of Contemporary Writing
and its Modernist Sources

spring 1988

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As a journal published in co-operation with The Contemporary Literature Collection, *Line* will reflect the range of the collection. Contents will be related to the line of post-1945 Canadian, American, and British writers whose work issues from, or extends, the work of Ezra Pound, William Carlos Williams, H.D., Gertrude Stein, and Charles Olson.

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Cover: Drawing by Robert Duncan in Peter Quartermain's copy of *Epilogos* (Black Sparrow Press, 1967).

ISSN 0820-9081

In memory

Robert Duncan

7 January 1919—3 February 1988

Contents

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS	1
A ROBERT DUNCAN SECTION	3
Bibliographic note by Robert Bertholf	
From the "Laboratory Records" Notebook, 1953	
<i>Play Time: Pseudo Stein</i>	
"Portrait of Robin as he Gradually Wrights It"	
"From Things As They Are To Mrs. Reynolds"	
A Translation of Rilke's "The Child"	
CID CORMAN	30
Opening <i>Anew</i>	
DAPHNE MARLATT	41
From "Salvage"	
STEVE McCAFFERY	52
An Effect of Cellophane	
KEVIN POWER	76
Poets and Painters in New York:	
A Conversation with Bill Berkson	
REVIEWS	93
by Bruce Andrews, Susan MacFarlane,	
Ralph Maud and Bill Little	
CAREY VIVIAN	104
What's New—Some Recent Additions	
to the Contemporary Literature Collection at SFU	
BOOKS RECEIVED	117

Robert Duncan, described so accurately by Warren Tallman some time ago as "a walking and talking university of verse lore," has left a permanent imprint on the shape and texture of West Coast writing over the past 25 years. First invited to Vancouver by Warren in 1959, 1961, and 1963, and then returning at regular intervals throughout the 60s and 70s, Duncan always brought with him a vast and numinous storehouse of knowledge and speculation on the poetics and sources of twentieth-century writing. It was through his verbal wizardry and his love of language—and who can ever forget his spontaneous talks, always informative, yes, but so mesmerizing in the metamorphic shifts of content and image—that he became part of the wordscape of this place from the 1960s to the present. His death on February 3rd of this year is a great loss to poetry lovers. Our "Robert Duncan Section" in this issue of *Line* pays tribute to a literary genius of this century and to a wonderfully open and generous human being. The choice to reprint *Play Time: Pseudo Stein* came from the coincidence of dates: Gertrude Stein's birth on February 3rd in 1874 and the date of Robert Duncan's death. The two other pieces from the "Laboratory Records, Notebook 1953" were suggested by Robert Bertholf.

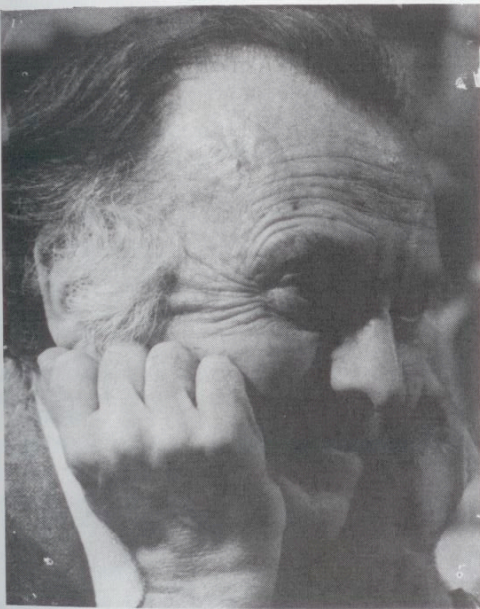
New Directions recently published Robert Duncan's *Groundwork II: In the Dark* . . . Robert Bertholf's *Robert Duncan: a Descriptive Bibliography* is available from Black Sparrow Press . . . Cid Corman's *Of*, a two-volume selected poems, is being planned by Lapis Press; his latest book of poems *And the Word* has been published by Coffeehouse Press; his essay "Reading Anew" will be included in the forthcoming *An Objectivist Casebook*, edited by Martin J. Rosenblum, and is published here with permission . . . Daphne Marlatt's novel *Ana Historic* has just been published by Coach House Press . . . Coach House Press has also brought out Steve McCaffery's recent book *Evoba* . . . Kevin Power's latest publication is *Antologea de Ezra Pound* issued by Alianga (Madrid); his interview with Robert Duncan appeared in *Line*, Numbers 7/8 . . . Bruce Andrews' *Give Em Enough Rope* is available from Sun & Moon Press . . . Ralph Maud's most recent publication *Guide to B.C. Indian Myth and Legend* is available from Talonbooks . . . Bill Little's latest book of poems *Not Funny* has been published by Running Blank Press . . . Susan MacFarlane and Carey Vivian are graduate students in the English Department at SFU.

RM

June 20, 1988

A Robert Duncan Section

photo by Michael Lawlor



Robert Duncan in Vancouver, 1979

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

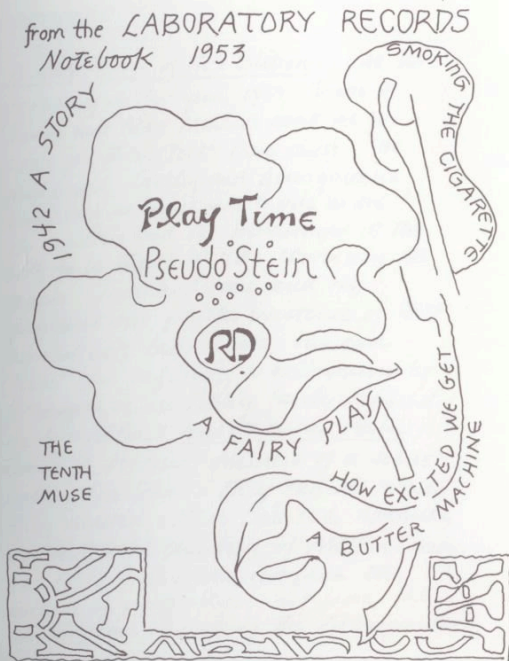
Robert Duncan's *Play Time: Pseudo Stein* was first published by Diane Di Prima and Alan Marlowe at the Poets Press, New York, 1969. There was a conflict between the poet and the publishers over an author's edition of the pamphlet, so only about 35 copies of the pamphlet were distributed. In December 1969, the pamphlet, with the cover newly drawn by Duncan, was published again by Julia Newman, from her San Francisco book store, The Tenth Muse. Three pieces were added—"Preface," "A Butter Machine," and "S.M.O.K.I.N.G. T.H.E. C.I.G.A.R.E.T.T.E."—for this second edition.

The pieces in *Play Time: Pseudo Stein* were written in a notebook designed to record laboratory experiments, and called, literally, "Laboratory Records." Duncan took over the title of the notebook as the subtitle of his pamphlet. This notebook contains poems that appeared in *Caesar's Gate: Poems 1949-50*, *A Book of Resemblances: Poems 1950-53*, sections of the published play *Faust Foutu* and the unpublished play that was written and performed at Black Mountain College, "The Origins of Old Son: A Comic Play." The notebook, then, contains writing from 1950-1956, and so travelled to Mallorca and back, and then to Black Mountain, in 1955-1956. "Portrait of Robin as he Gradually Wrights It" was written on May 18, 1953, and "From Things As They Are To Mrs. Reynolds: Notes on Gertrude Stein and Her Novels" was written in August 1953.

Robert Bertholf



courtesy of Warren Tallman



PREFACE

A Little History of this Edition. At the beginning of this year, 1969, Diane de Prima and Alan Marlowe asked me for a book for their Poet's Press series. "We need bread. Creeley and Alan gave us books and we want you to give us one." No royalties and the manuscript of the book to be theirs to sell; those were the terms. Time had come and my payment due for the existence of that remarkable lady Pirate, our own ("we" here referring to a community I recognize in Poetry, fairly defined in Don Allen's New American Poetry) Diane de Prima, Mistress of a scene within The Scene: they had me where they wanted, these two sad, romantic, fractious, bold children of Mother Carey. The Poet's Press arose not from the milieu of universities, not from the market place of making the literary scene,

but from the fortunes and misfortunes of Bohemia. As authentic representatives of my homeland, Diane and Marlowe came to make their claim. For every regularity of my life, I recognize tribute due to those who live in the irregularities of cellar and garret, crash-pads and fanciful menages beyond the Reality Principle.

Then too, I had heard from Mike McClure that Diane owed him money for two books he had done with promise of royalties. I arranged that she would pay that debt with the money received from the sale of my manuscript to Robert Wilson at the Phoenix Bookshop.

In drawing up the manuscript I wrote in the colophon the provision that the author's edition of 26 copies lettered A thru Z and decorated specially by me would go "as payment"

to the author. I heard immediately from the Poet's Press: no "author's edition" went to the author. It was part of their agreement with Wilson. We stood at that impasse. And I was informed by Diane and Alan that the deal was off; they would not publish the book.

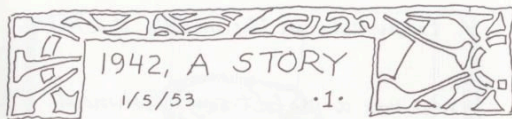
At that time, having thoughtfully had two Xerox copies made of the manuscript before it was delivered to Diane, I planned with Julia Newman to issue the book as a Tenth Muse book. Intending a preface, I let months go by: the book would be a Christmas surprise I that. Well....

One day a little packet of five copies of a pirated edition was left at my door by Diane ti Prima who hoped I would understand she

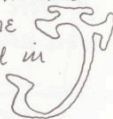
had to do it to meet her agreements with Phoenix. "This book," the colophon read: "which was originally intended as a part of the series of signed holograph limited editions published by Poets Press, was shelved, due to a disagreement between the author & the publisher on the subject of numerology... it is not for sale."

December 1969. The adventures of this little book have at last arrived at its authorized publication. No longer limited to the Poets Press format of 12 pages (10 of text), I have been able to include all five entries for 1/5/53, two more than the earlier format provided. No longer limited to the purposes of the limited editions game, I am able to issue the book for the regular trade. (R)





Hurriedly. They settled down. There.
To ruin afternoons with furs. He was
after the war they followed. She
referred and absented her mind in
sewing. So



They had spent their time rewarding
their neighbors.

An introduction. The first act was to
act. A passion a total absorbing in
interpreting a fiery somnolence in
passing an impulse that repulses.
She half to the half light lights.
Wary but wearing. Wearing furs is
a welcome.

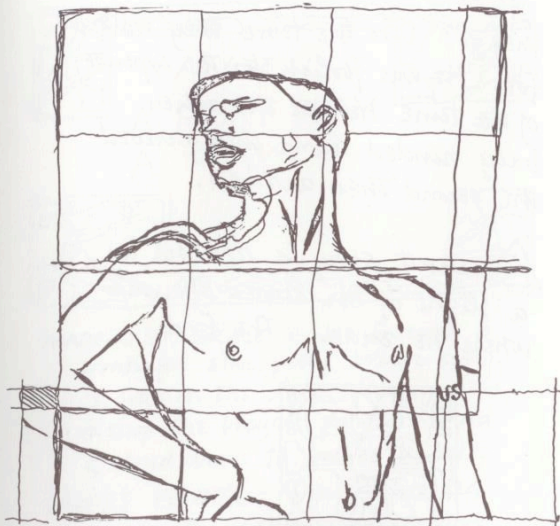


A tarantula in the middle of a knot.

There was a perfect embellishment
in swelling. A classy stare to do.
A loose basket. Complications
were always arrangements.

Let me explain everything.
Everything is about the importance
of the obvious where we were at.
The obvious were we a hat is an
elegant hair. A hair is a woolley
around she intends us.

In 1942 it was true. She
remembered her remembering when



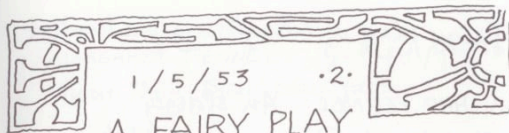
she forgot.

Where did



they go? into the time they waited
for. He was foolish for the expense
of the time he was the other
baby minded second they arrived
the second they arrived.

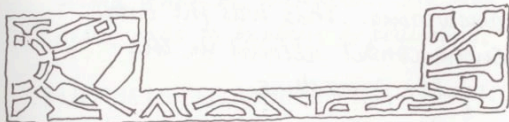
A short story is reached by
a flight of her staves she saw
where he ends. The End.



1/5/53 .2.

A FAIRY PLAY

A PLAY



MARGARET GRACE : He intends is
wonderful star potty horror story.
It was in the late afternoon the
bishop the bicycle parted. And
a cloud arose to amaze us all.

JAMES FENNEL : She was amazed
because the bishop's brother was
finisht beginning. This was he
was a fairy and that made a

fairy play of everything pretended.

BISHOP FENNEL: An elderly Minister of Finance revealed his bicycle as the question they were answering. This was the total enchantment allowed in the regular procedure.

ELIZABETH ELIZABETH: This was a dream with serious consequences. She undertook to allow its parting.

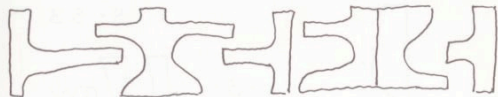
In the village after the war what was it for. A play is where people are talking, troubling, countering and misunderstanding their playing.

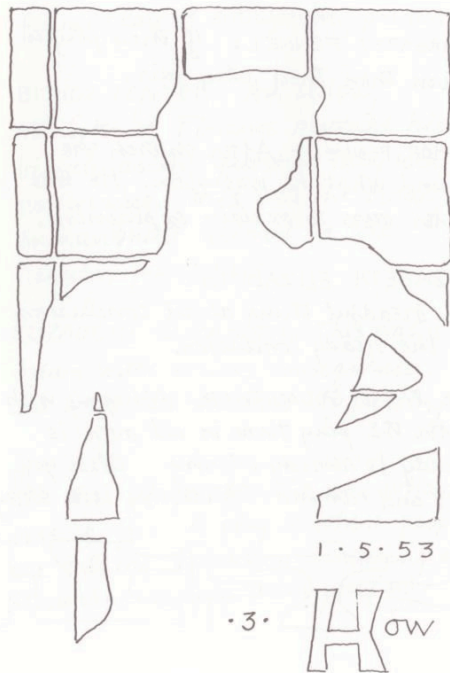
MARGARET FENNEL: If they play in turn then they play fair.

BISHOP FENNEL: After church she found what he was after. He was after ours to explain explaining.

ELIZABETH ELIZABETH:
The dreadful thing about conclusions is the ready conclusion.

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER: A happy wish after the play time is all over is ready to remedy wishing. Bless you all and remind. A blessing is a story.





excited we get as the excitement increases. The whole increasing is thrilling and inciting to increase. This mounting until fills itself as a hole expanding. We are grateful for an explanation of our greatness.

△ memory extends lessons and confessions. This is like a boundary makes a willing into beyond, a cake is a promise, a

cake was the promise of winter for
the widow.

IN A LANDSCAPE HOW FAR WE GO IS
LENGTHEND IF WE DESIRE IT.



1/5/53

·4·

A butter machine

S.M.O.K.I.N.G. T.H.E. C.I.G.A.R.E.T.T.E.

1/5/53 · 5 ·

The hot smoking exhausts the question intent for the writing. A pleasure in disorder for pressure is an unpleasant exceeding. This is to make proceeding a burning. Once it is displeasure, exhaust, withering not warming but almost a warning, once it is a vice only the writing is pleasing.

The writing is appeasing. It is when we do not want to smoke the cigarette that the cigarette is found wanting. The will against the not being willing overcomes, threatens. The writing escapes from the predicament of the smoking.

This is distracting so that it does not mind. Writing - to mind.



courtesy of Warren Tallman



Robert Duncan in Mallorca, c. spring 1955

Portrait Of Robin As He Gradually Wrights It

A living sense of things as they are comes as far as one lives as he is in things, the sense of them and their being as they are. He then lives as he lives. There is not more living in living, nor less nor a same living in living there. But where he lives determines in its thereness where he lives.

He is not alive in this place where he is sometimes—this is because he is alive more and more solely in that place there where he always is.

What is a nearness or a dearness? What makes for the needed clearness that is strong and willing in knowing? This is a reference to knowing afresh and a ready stamina in seeing and hearing.

He is not living in what is happening.

We came gradually to see him as he wrighted himself—this was what he wrote and wrought in our regret. He had a ready excitement in listening that was not rooted in doing but in seeing and hearing. This was an excitement that was passing in fancy. It was not making a change, it was arousing in happening, it was not changing the order in what was happening.

It is when one compares *Mrs. Reynolds* with *Wars I Have Seen* that Stein's creative genius is clearly seen. In the sense that Mrs. Reynolds is at all Gertrude Stein herself, she is there in the memoirs—a design to convey a Stein to us that is Stein's creation of herself. As Boswell created a Johnson, in *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*, in *Everybody's Autobiography* and in *Wars I Have Seen*, Stein has with Boswellian love for her Johnsonian self created a great personality of our time. And how Johnsonian—somehow shyly dominating, with such a self-indulgent intelligence in which omnipotent opinion overrides mere sensibility, a constant self-definition, goes on in which shrewdness, wit, stupidity, passion—(read in *Everybody's Autobiography* her denunciation of Adler of the Hundred Books Program) are openly displayed. And then there is the wisdom of Mrs. Reynolds. It is this that I have come to love in this writing. But to be drawn at all by Stein's writing is to come to love—an affection that is an abiding wisdom—the self she created out of herself.

In *Wars I Have Seen* the great personality—the female Johnson of our age—is present and the created self appears. In *Mrs. Reynolds*, Stein's last novel all personality has been eliminated from the concept and the created self exists fully.

THE CHILD from Rilke's NEUN GEDICHTE
ANDEREN TEIL 31 July / 1 August 1907

Beyond their will they long watch its play:
at times ~~there~~ stands forth
the full-being face from the profile,
clear and complete as a full hour,
which commences and ends on a stroke.
But the others do not reckon the strokes,
downcast with toil, down* with life,
and they do not mark, how it endures*—;
it endures all, as then, so even,
when, weary in its little suite of clothes,
between them as in a waiting room
it sits and would await its own time.

*Träge = sluggish, inert / trägt = endures (but
also wears or wears out (a suit of clothes))

Dec 9, 1969

Jean Peter: This is an early draft, some twenty
copies later I have made adjustments and
connections — the Rilke's "das runde/
steigende Gesicht" still gave me trouble, the
poem began to come into place. Anyway for
a more critical reading, make the following

changes:

line one — for "will" read "control"

line two/three: after "forth" read "existing"

"the full face" etc.

line ~~four~~ five: for "commences" read "starts up the bear"

line six: for "reckon" read "count"

line seven:

gloomy with earning a living, with the living down
last line: omit "own"; it ain't in the text.

Recently I have begun to read Rilke's Neun Gedichte
which has meant translating, each man aims at
style in full context of content. "Beginn" means
six going on seven poems to date. But it led
too to my finding a poem for the Xmas card
from the volume.

Opening *Anew*

Burt Hatlen's stimulating essay in the first issue of *Sagetrieb* trying to set up a new "poetics of absence" focusses on and uses as its frame the first poem in Louis Zukofsky's second little volume *Anew*.

Burt unfortunately never does come to grips with the poem. (Somewhere way back—in a visit with Louis in Brooklyn Heights we discussed the poem slightly—but my reading of the piece now has no relation to that. My only recollection is that he may have read it to me and remarked on a sort of enchantment effect involved. We may have been speaking of dream poems.)

As usual I find it happiest to enter poems without trying to lay any thesis in advance upon them—even if that thesis seems to have been derived from the *oeuvre*. And the issue is never one of mere explication. We are entering into the experience of poetry—experiencing poetry—and the experience is poetry—or/and it is nothing/all.

Nevermind the seeming paradoxes.

The poem is brief and titled from verse 77 Canto IV of Dante's *Inferno*: "che di lor suona su nella tua vita . . ." LZ also in a note to the poem tells us—if we don't realize it instinctively—that it is a dream poem. That it is a transcription of a dream tells us at once that "logic" is not involved and any usual transitions will be missing. (It would interest me to know whether the dream was one coming out of sleep or going into—but the very opening words in the first stanza—as well as the poem's existence—implies that it was an emerging dream: which means that the mind—as control—will increase during the poem's progress.)

LZ—and he tends to be explicit about such matters—says—as Burt quotes—that the title—in effect—explains the poem. LZ himself translates the Dante as: "which sounds of them, into that life of thine." My Carlyle-Wicksteed (which is reliably literal) has it "which sounds of them, up in that life of thine." (To be trot—literal: "which of them sounds up into thy life.")

Surprisingly Burt makes no effort to see how it is that that line of Dante came to LZ—out of so many—and why a line from the *Inferno*. Celia in her bibliography assigns the poem to 1937. About age 32/33. The biography of the man would clearly have something to do with this poem. Its very placement in a book called *Anew* is charged with special feeling. (Lacking most of my library—life's economics forcing my hand—I can only offer "leads" for future scholars—but some connection literarily with Pound and his essays on Dante and the thought he expended in helping Binyon seems likely.)

The opening of *Canto IV* is:

Ruppemi l'alto sonno nella testa
un greve tuono, sì ch'io mi riscossi
come persona ch'è per forza desta;
e l'occhio riposato intorno mossi,
drutto levato, e fiso riguardai
per conoscer lo loco dov' io fossi.

Carlyle-Wicksteed: "A heavy thunder broke the deep sleep in my head; so that I started like one who is awaked by force; and having risen erect, I moved my rested eyes around, and looked steadfastly to know the place in which I was."

The LZ poem goes:

I walked out, before
"Break of day"
And saw
Four cabins in the hay.

Blue sealed glasses
Of preserves—four—
In the window—sash
In the yard on the bay.

Further:
The waters
At the ramp
Running away.

The fact that the verse from Dante came at once to LZ as a rubric and explanation (suggesting he couldn't otherwise explain the piece himself)—and LZ was no Dante expert—makes me

believe he had been reading Dante very recently. It is from the Canto where the poet first awakens to the abyss of hell. And his guide (Virgil) leads him to the first circle. What Dante takes as fear on Virgil's face is explicated by the latter as pity. And one feels some merging—allusively—into Aristotle's sense of tragedy.

Dante in the face of the infernal spirits asks Virgil if any of these lost souls is retrieved—by any means—and blessed. Only those—it seems—of religious spirit—including Virgil apparently—were capable of salvation who preceded Christ. In the roll-call Virgil invokes the names of the great Hebrew leaders of the Old Testament.

Then follows the passage in which the cited verse/title occurs (I simply provide the C-W version):

Our way was not yet far since my slumber . . . I did . . . discern what honourable people occupied that place. 'O thou, that honourest science and art; who are these, who have such honour, that it separates them from the manner of the rest?' And he to me: 'The honoured name, which sounds of them, up in that life of thine, gains favours in heaven which thus advances them.' Meanwhile a voice was heard by me: 'Honour the great Poet! His shade returns that was departed.' After the voice had paused, and was silent, I saw four great shadows come to us; they had an aspect neither sad nor joyful.

The four (poets) are: Homer, Horace, Ovid and Lucan. I might also note that the repeated word "Honour" returns to LZ in his posthumous (in imagination) love-poem "A"-11—and re-echoes this passage.

Burt takes the "them" as referring to the "things" mentioned in the poem—but the Dante context lets us know that those "things" are indicative of persons/souls: again—if we haven't surmised as much anyway.

And again—the scholars can look into it—if interested—1937 may have been the time when Ethel Waters was doing her thing in *Cabin In The Sky*. (LZ is replete with such inner plays/turns everywhere. But he is NOT concerned with our making such direct connections; he wants us to FEEL—even as he does—the magic within the dream words. The elementary rhyme-binding is consonant with the dream base.)

The punctuation—as always in LZ's work—warrants attention (he had already written *Le Style Apollinaire* and was not inclined to use any more pointing than was absolutely needed). The comma here in the first of the 3 distinct stanzas (reflecting the shifting tenor of the dream—each expatiating on its preceding one) seems at first glance unnecessary. The quotation marks around "Break of day" suggest that it is an explanatory inset and possibly a quotation from song (in a poem that is moving into song)—but the comma also separates the first 3 words decisively. And compels "extra" readings. A sense of guilt almost. Like Dante?

The word "hay" almost suggests the sighing and moaning Dante hears about him in Canto IV: a call and a faint breath and fodder. The cabins are metamorphosed into "Blue sealed glasses / of preserves" (the number clarifies relation to cabins). "Blue sealed" has a touch of "blue ribbon" about it—but also closed books. The word "preserves" implies enduring savor. The "window-sash" keeps the image of daybreak near—"In the yard on the bay" also gentles the image of limbo.¹ And the final stanza can only invoke time escaping—at the downward slope.

It is a poem about poetry. Literally—as the title explains. The poem—in turn—is there to explain the title—to bring it across into LZ's life and ours AS magic.

The poem—and LZ was not inclined to do the same thing twice and much of his poetry picks up from and contests poetry of predecessors and coevals (see his redoing of the Rexroth poem in *An "Objectivists" Anthology* for a rather crass example) should be seen in light of what went before it and comes after.

Burt Hatlen is correct in realizing that Zukofsky was *out* to make some alterations in the configuration of poetry—always—however—drawing it out of what was given/present.

Those who mean to use his work—which he surely intended—have lots of work to do yet.

Utano, 20 January 1983

addendum to "Opening Anew"

This dream poem was placed first in *Anew* because LZ instinctively realized it marked a major shift in his awareness of where he was coming from and where his center was. It is an anxiety-dream poem (being necessarily an awakening dream—moving towards "break of

day" and the immediate burdens—the dream orienting the dreamer towards unresolved tensions).

It is his declaration *anew* of allegiance to the flag (unflagging devotion) of poetry. It reflects his recommitment in the face of getting both older—"The waters / At the ramp / Running away"—though the running away picks up the pace decisively of "I walked out" and being caught up in a love affair (this time Celia—who never failed to realize she had had predecessors and might have followers and thus retained a deep well of jealousy/resentment towards past and present "lovers").

I mention Celia because the 1937 date of the poem coincides with their getting it together—from Celia's own account of it (in *LZ: Man & Poet*, pp. 55-58). And "One lutenist" (Jerry Reisman thinks Celia played piano at least to that instrumentalist and clearly is the woman in the poem) refers via Ben Jonson's "Drink to me only with thine eyes" ("To Celia") to a decisive moment in their relation.

Let me go back. "I walked out" in the idiom suggests "I walked out on her," I left her. And one feels relation to some kind of possible "break" with Celia. The poem is a poem of inner turmoil and crisis. And as the Dante citation—so rooted in LZ's mind as to be drawn up as a title in what to most must seem a nonsequitur—is central, my explication of its relevance to the "four" AS competitors—or if you will, the honored dead—tho poetry for LZ as for me is undying as far as man goes, which means us.

"Break of day" in quotes reflects the impending awakening AND "the break" the day itself implies—the return to facts. The past tense is actually a pre-present, is a dream attempt to undo, to go back *before*.

"And saw" (reminding me of "I came I saw I conquered" and I now, via Jerry Reisman, have a photo taken by George Oppen in the Oppen apartment on Columbia Heights in Brooklyn, 1933 showing LZ clowning it up as Napoleon—and little Caesar was a natural role for him) takes on an immediate (seerlike) visionary quality. Cabins not only suggest a summerlike mood (late summer) but also being cabined, cribbed, confined. "In the hay" was a common expression in the 30s for "in the money," but the haystack—apart from the proverbially lost needle being angled for—also implies making love with some maiden. All are part of the feeling tone, the edge of anxiety, which binds the otherwise nonsequiturs of the "poem" (dream). The "blue" for me reflects mood indigo and a certain inviolable darkness. The preserves are the live/forever of 4 "poets": i.e., their poetry. "The window-sash" has not only a framing and framed feeling, but that they are set in a kind of

greater erotic stance transcends/extends the merely physical into a tableau.

And the prospect is of space and on THE bay. LZ himself in his final note scores the multiple meanings of bay, but we ourselves feel the predominance of "the cry," the "laurel wreath," "the relatively safe harbor," the image of the horse (and "the bay"² returns in "A"-12 out of the *Old Testament*) as LZ's image of beauty/work/imagination combined. And the anxiety IS his feeling himself "at bay" (up a tree): Should he marry or not? Time is getting away from him—this Lion rampant (Ricky his suicided sponsor)—1937—he's already 33/34—and a marriage may slow him down, prevent him from putting up his own preserves. Not only, then, is time running away, but the dream is, in effect, revealing that he feels he too might do well to run away. Not get tied down. But, as we see—in the sequence of *Anew* (which has to be read AS a sequence)—that isn't what happened, what happens.³

The full understanding of that story has yet to be told, but it is implicit in the poetry—if we can read through it, care to.

In the meanwhile this poem itself adumbrates the movement in LZ towards a seer-like poetry and the careful concertation of every word, in all its multiplicity, as event. All his work shows movement IN this direction, but it only slowly radically occurs and reaches its unmistakable climax in the late Catullus versions, in "A"-21 and 22, and in *80 Flowers* (and *Gamut*).

29 September 1986

addendum to the addendum:
thanks to Jerry Reisman
who shared part of the dream

How much can any one poem "mean"? Certainly far more than most readers imagine and even often revelatory of more than the author may imagine or possibly desire.

This is one of those instances. So short a poem—but a true dream poem (not a Berryman pseudo-dream construct)—and Jerry Reisman belatedly—after all these years finding an interested ear—and with a few cues—writes to confirm my reading, but also to add a number of pointed and poignant details.

The poem is a pivotal one and LZ knew it. The conflation—as in all dreams—of many verbal/literary factors and emotional impressions is so intense and exact (exacting) here as to approach

the incredible. Only—as Louis' own note tells—he sensed "everything" was "going" there. On the face of it—without any probing—a poem of not much sense and not perhaps with much interest for most readers.

The poem is dated 1937. Let me quote Jerry Reisman in a letter to me dated 3 October 1986. (I might note here—for those of skeptical bent—that Jerry is remarkably cogent, concerned, and with an excellent memory, and no penchant for obfuscation.)

I think the date is correct because that's about the time LZ & C became intimate. [JR was the key person in their pre-marital relation and was the only witness to their actual marriage. He was a constant, virtually a member of the family, as the poems themselves testify, for nearly 20 years.] At the risk of going in beyond my depth I'll add some facts and some of my own thoughts to your analysis. . . . Louis and I visited Lorine Niedecker for a week or more in Sept. 1936. We stayed at her cabin [perhaps the same place revamped that I visited in 1970]—a rural structure in a rural setting. [I can vouch for this: it is within yards of the Rock River in Wisconsin. Fort Atkinson/Black Hawk Island.]

There was water—rowboats—probably small docks [mooring posts definitely even yet] [and a fishing area which Lorine's father worked for a living], and ramps for launching small motor boats. There was hay. I distinctly recall Frank Heineman and me climbing to the rafters of a barn and jumping onto tall haystacks and sliding to the bottom while LZ and LN watched. The weather was warm—Indian summer [a little early I'd say for that, but no matter: one makes hay, as they say, while the sun shines]. LN's mother did a lot of canning. There were jars of preserves. Blackhawk Island—a paradise for fishermen and duckhunters. I think this place was the setting of the dream.

I'm inclined to believe so also. The "I walked out . . ." suggests the streets of Laredo merging with the thought of walking out on any entangling alliance with woman. The separated "before" with these facts now takes on extra *entendre*: for it suggests Louis had been in this plight before—and of course with

Lorine. In 1937 the issue is Celia who is getting heavy on marriage. Here is Jerry, who witnessed much of this:

Now forget Celia's description (in the Terrell interview with her after his death) of her pre-marriage experiences with Louis. . . . She pursued him relentlessly and he refused to date her unless she first went to bed with him. She said first marry me; and he said to hell with marriage. . . . After a long time, she gave in. That happened in 1937. It signalled the abandonment of Lorine and triggered all the anxieties and imagined perils you describe.

What concerns me, as always, and JR is simply pursuing the reading of this text with me, is the poetry as it realizes the person in it, that is worked *through* it. This poem is as near to auto-therapy as you can get—and much of Louis' poetry is a setting-forth of inner issues—never in a merely "confessional" style. The language and structure as language is too closely worked for that. It is rather language as a way of living. For LZ language was music—"that order that can speak to all men" (and women). I'm not sure that the "order" did not tacitly include a fair amount of "command."

Jerry extends the reading:

The 'four cabins' ('in the hay') relate to LN's cabin [the Island, I might add, as I experienced it, shows a sequence of 'cabins'], and the 'jars of preserves' (actually 'glasses' in the text) and the 'hay' relate to things LZ saw on the island. Your sense of hay/money is correct. Celia had 800 bucks in the bank. In 1937 a large sum; and to Louis, a fortune. Celia, not very subtly, often held this carrot on front of Louis to impel him towards marriage.

The word "preserves"—pre-serves—as a fruit sweet—as liveforever—as also a rooted sense of the inviolate nature of art and the artist—comes through. The "blue" runs the gamut from depression to elation, the latter being cerulean. Both pressure and possible release (into a situation of liveforever). It also suggests to me a glass that is dark enough to prevent too much light/heat intruding upon the preserves. "In the window-sash" rather than

“on” it suggests something like a niche. And, yes, a Freudian flavor mixed in.

The word “bay” with its footnoted express/ed connotations naturally is less “literal” (than littoral) and more emotional in weight. And I’ve already shaded the shades involved.

Jerry remarks:

LZ must have had some sense of betrayal of Lorine [all his adult life, no doubt, and it surely played into a need on his part to be as helpful to her as possible in her poetry—even perhaps to be too much so—though she was tenaciously honest with herself even while being more than generous with him]; the ‘verses of others’ may be Lorine, his own conscience, and others, whispering about what he had done ‘up in that life of thine,’ as in a dream, of course, where guilt, anxiety and fear are at work.

The relation to Dante is the relation to poetry—adumbrated—and given a context of sensed competition. And LZ was a competitor to the bone. He saw his gift, his opening into being, as a poet and he sought from the very (early) start to be the genius his folks dreamt of. (And that Paul was to be the further projection of.) LZ’s humility was more nearly humble pie. He could praise my work and cite Bill Williams (this in a postcard I still have) saying that I too would be much anthologized one day—but what would it mean anyhow. For me, I might say, the issue was not, as he implies, a matter of fame, but of having made an offering that might be THERE, out there where others might partake of it, as—if you will—gods.

Dante evokes the competition and the number four. LZ quite likely had the great dead in mind or those he felt effectively enshrined (Pound surely and possibly Williams, along with Shakespeare and perhaps Dante himself).

Jerry continues:

In his *Notes* LZ says ‘the glasses of preserves⁴ were sealed with white wax.’ This takes me to *Anew* 39 again, I think the only other place [I had noticed this too] where white wax is mentioned. ‘White wax’ must be Celia; ‘red sealing wax,’ commitment [legal documentary binding]. Celia and liveforever now intertwined . . .

JR points to the pun in Celia/seal-ya. And puns are musculature throughout LZ’s oeuvre.

The ambivalence of the poem is obvious. The sense of time running out—the need to get on with his career—and the emotional anxieties attendant upon an ever encroaching marriage likelihood, plus the guilt of the abandonment of Lorine and the implication of a deep desire to abort with Celia too—but the problem has become more complicated. (One wonders what would have occurred if LN had happened to have had \$10,000 in the bank. But Lorine was not likely to have pushed or pulled him, played with his affections. It wasn’t merely marriage to her, but the man *and* poetry. LZ’s sense of it, however, might have been another story.)

In all candor it has to be admitted that this poem, no matter how deeply we probe it and find it out, is not by any scale a great poem. LZ himself must have been well aware of the fact. Yet it is accorded a place of honor in a collection that marks a turning point both in his life and work which, to my sense of it, are inextricable. He *knew* that it registered a fundamental part of his own nature and in a way that defied, as it were, mere usual sense.

This isn’t the only poem in the canon—and Louis shaped this canon (prose and poetry) with acute judgment and with a clear eye to posterity, the image of himself he wished “out there.” Ironically and inevitably, as you see here and as my essays will reveal more and more, the man stands much more discovered/uncovered (Heidegger’s *aleitheia*) than even he, the arch-conscious man of language, knew.

This is to say, to repeat if need be, that Zukofsky must be seen whole and seen steadily, if poetry as life is to be perceived truly. And if it is not so received, then the poetry itself will pass unnoticed, uncomprehended.

Is it really worth all this effort? I can’t speak for anyone else, nor do I. I find no diminishment in LZ’s poetic achievement in such reading. Anything but. *But* it does require patience and attention to detail—as all fine poetry does, or art—as life itself does. And the grace translates into gratefulness even when it grates.

Utano, 12/13 October 1986

note: aftermath as preface

The loose structuring of these three joined essays is retained out of a sense of honesty. To pretend a neatness of scholarship is beyond me and it is best, I believe, that readers see the work unfolding itself.

If it compels reading and re-reading the text/s under consideration, so much the better.

NOTES

1. I recall at this moment LZ remarking that he meant *all* the meanings of "bay"—cove, color, laurel, horse, sound.

2. And surely Stephen Foster's "Camptown Races" is also in mind—the dark horse bet on: LZ himself trying to get ahead and win all the marbles. Consider the "Her whose just bays / My future hopes can raise" in Crashaw's "Wishes, To His (Supposed) Mistress" in *A Test of Poetry*, p. 126.

3. In *A Test of Poetry*, there is also (p. 66) a very suggestive opening line in Spenser's "The Visions of Petrarch"—"Being one day at my window all alone"—which makes one think of time running out.

4. Cf. also poem 28, "Specifically, a writer of music" and "And he heard himself saying, 'For, I am at least half blind, my windows are all as full of glasses of waters as any mountebanks stall' on a field crowded with dancing donkeys . . ."—the number four prominent here, too (1934; in *All*, p. 69).

DAPHNE MARLATT

From "Salvage"

Litter. wreckage. salvage

Below water level, behind—the dike a road now, back of the wharves, boats, empty sunday / spring, left with the nets and houses left to dry rot, must, the slow accretion of months as horsetail heads rear out of asexual earth of abandoned gardens brambled

Steveston

your women are invisible, your men all gone. Except for a few boats, Hey, his spring salmon net's wet. How much you got, Ned? A bucket. Thin smile his pride will scarcely allow. WE got—how much'd you say, Chuck? (pups at the old sea dog) You stay away with your bucket!

Staying, straying in their individual houses women swim in long slow gleams between blinds, day incessant with its little hooks, its schemes inconsequential finally. They do not look at Star Camp at the company houses broke and broken open—a litter of two by fours, old shingles, bits of plywood forming / Doors torn off their hinges, glass, glass remains of what transparent walls. Occasional boot, the wreckage of daffodils someone planted, someone thought to haul in a bucket . . . What matters, mattered once has seeped away. Like fluid from a cell, except she keep her walls intact, her tidal pool the small things of her concern still swim alive alive-oh.

The salmon homing in this season, spring, the sewer outfalls upstream, oil slick, the deadly freight of acid rain—she reads the daily list of casualties in the ongoing war outside her door.

If "the woman is within," if that's her place as they have always said, can she expect her walls not to be broken open suddenly: Rain, Lightning, Nuclear Light—what attaches her to the world? Dug-up clam, dehoused, who can no longer bury her head in the sand . . .

fear of the marketplace, of going outdoors. fear of public places, crowds, of leaving home. "the phobia of every day." she trembles like a leaf. has jelly legs. her stomach is a churn, fear stirring her into separate parts: the whip of the super-ego, the cowering ego, lack of will.

imagine opening your front door and standing on the step. how strong is your fear? relax, take a deep breath. imagine walking down the path to your gate. how strong is your fear now? relax. imagine opening the gate . . .

i want to imagine being in my element, she said.

Fish. paper. (value). Fish. paper. (words, work out towards . . .) an accumulation of desires unbought, nothing in this world can pay for. I want to walk down the street as if i had the right to be there, as if it were not their construction site and stoop, slipping the net of their casting eyes, slipping the net of their market price. The street belongs to the men who live "outside," whose small acts accrete (concrete) unspoken claim, a territory that cannot be trespassed except you hurry through, for loitering indicates a desire to be caught,

or caught already, prostitute, destitute,
alcoholic, the street is where you swim for smaller fish

Hey you! someone fishing for, Hey where yah goin? that
kick in the head recognition is, You! something other than fish,
flesh, drowned in the tidal line of the unemployable left on stone
planters the city removes

Whose foot of cement is this?

I go fishing too, to bridge that gap i let my line down into the
powerless depths we flounder in where the will (to capitalize on
things) stands on the opposite side of the street having made this
town, having marked it "No Trespassing" "No Loitering." No
defenses in the smell of beer the private walls come down,
lightfingered, aery as their harmonica, two young men sprawled in
the heat and the young woman with them, flaunting her being
there free, she thinks, for free—

Are you the fish that escape my line in the swift and surge the
street my feet keep carrying me adrift . . . letting my line fall into
the blank, the mute, defences breached she's letting her want out
there where i am, beached with their receding ebb.

copied with the world outside. she copes with this and that all day long inside. a successful applicant must be able to cope. she doesn't contend or strive—her struggle is within.

i can't take the bus is the same as i won't take the bus. a failure of will. she says they are staring at her and what will she do without the right change or forgetting to get the transfer when she got on, they stared when he refused, they thought she was dumb. what attaches her to the world? is what repels: the fear of being caught, caught out, caught without—

she doesn't have the words to alter his definition of her.

There are no longer any real fish. only a flicker of fish—a movement,

the baiting you do, talking to me in the street, my back against the car and you playing the line, hiding behind the tease i rise to, as to the clover of your smile—

"Fish are there to be caught you know."

Will i rise? school behaviour a herd of fish. just as, back then, swimming through sexual currents looking for eyes, as if they might bridge the gap, flare, romantic semaphore. gone fishing for compliments recognition is, eyes the lure. allure. not looking (out) but looking the look for certain eyes, floating around the places he swam by, i "lost" myself as they say and i did. fall into invisibility. silvered, dead. i floated up and down the school yard with the others, eyes re- flecting all they saw, blind to myself, more: hoping to feel that hook when his would connect: "he looked at me!"

All action his, mine merely to be seen. passive voice. i contend with desire elicited from me, the lure, the bait: i'm worth fishing for.

(How much did he say? the boy, bragging. how much does a fisherman get per pound on spring salmon now?)

The fishy vocabularies we speak our worlds through. "the fish never says no," you say, the lure speaking. but watch that fish swim right on by. the fish is after something too. something else.

imagine her in her element. not to be taken in its restrictive sense as home (is her, closed in).

in her element in other words. blurring the boundary. it's not that she wants to blur difference, to pretend that out is in, already past the gate she's past his point of view as central (hook/lure) to a real she slides free of.

free she multiplies herself in any woman paces the inside of her mind her skin half in half out of the common air she drifts along. casting a thought receives it back this we of an eye complicit in a smile she gathers fish-quick, taking the measure of their plural depth she who with every step and never once (-over) desires in the infinitive to utter (outer) her way through—litter wreckage salvage of pure intent.

(1973)—1986-7

shrimping

stark against the green bushes green water lucent salmon net, these steamsprayed with tar caught up at the boom and flowing like a dirge

dirige Domine who hath dominion dominate in techne lord of the nets

their boats lined up and wearing shrouds of black for the dark of bottom waters shrimp who do not pray crawl

diminutive and shrinking

wrinkled akin to cabbage with crumpled leaves acurl where babies, baby shrimp she said look at them curled in their cans waiting to be picked crevette, little shrimp, sitting on his fingers stuck up playfully there and there my sweet looking good enough to eat she was wearing her short dress with frilly underwear, so pink this little crack crevasse (la la) we have taken over this fissure in the gender of it all

this fiction pink for

little girls that we were the ones plying the net, fore-ply alive in the reddening of desire from the raw to the cooked dressing her feminine with just a bit of sauce you don't want to look like a boy do you? widening the gap (crevasse) a finger's width just letting her know what's him (fishing) for her below

and the net goes roaring with the lead weight of it dead weight down to unseen dark her body crawls feathery legs (undrowned) feathery head light barely makes out the splurr and creep of net in the tone of his words my little shrimp

the name of the net the name of the net the name of the net later she cannot dredge it up at all

(1974) - 1987

Reading it

so the moon was shining, so what defence was there against his merriment? "you try so hard," haunting the wharves at night "to see it"

moon a shade off full tonight past the blackness of this present shed (receding) tide at ebb's so quiet you hear water drop in water light years away the two who row into moonglare with their catch or were they setting a net so far it was hard to see in this moontrack otherwise black water, lap, a dim outline of island (oars) a little wind the stillness they were drifting in immense river clearing an immense future (night) opening ahead of them neither behind nor ahead they worked by tide moon the timing of salmon up against a vague and confused hulk of boat mast and lights/ hum of some refrigerator plant from the cannery sheds: "you kill me trying so hard to see it different—look,"

under moonglare off the Esso barge we stare down on the body of a man sleeping flat out in the blue of portable tv, "this," he says, "is the real"

so that that is gone, that run of men with the home run of salmon "very excited" a season that began with carousing in the throng on the summit of a dike that was Water Street violence and competition in what they were after skimming along on the prominent

men tend to remain separate from fiction getting the catch so as not to get caught (up in) the background only the setting for competition

the proposition shifts, a shadowy otherwhere leaps at the wharf as the very river's breath hangs fire—and not impermeable not as if rock doesn't breathe or water seep into the stock of radioactive waste buried there in the background PCB's dioxin compounds mercury grieving women
'ENTER the world

of the novel' jostled sweating in the press of so many bodies men's men's, the skirts useless hampering us in "the feat of

passing people without tumbling off" the summit of a dike that was Water Street, re-named, the straight and narrow of progress so many pushed pressed off "some six thousand Indians Japanese and Chinese" a hubbub a thousand names for the no-name *this!* (river) *this!* (light) this is not what history's after

so the moon was painting in radium real this unreeling of foreground/background where the women stand a luminous imprint the white magic memory imprints her leaning into her doorjamb arms full of white pear's awful scent "an old one that, if it could talk would tell you many things"—transplant, she took her stand (deceived she said) in a river of grass flowing over the walk immersion *as complete as the pouring of water into water*

this is not background.

Note: Italicized quotations in this poem from Susan Squier, "Encountering the Text," *The Women's Review of Books* 4, No. 2 on David Bleich's essay in *Gender and Reading: Essays on Readers, Texts, and Contexts*; also from Barbara Walker, *The I Ching of the Goddess*, p. 43.

River run

is kept (waiting, hungry) at the end of boulders rock dam suddenly drops, letting "her" go, the pent up current streaming river rain and silt from mountains draining . . .

she was not a river nor a man. she stood on the bank, curious, mute, and watched them set out in boats to hunt. she wanted to be among them, not because of the meat they brought in, skilfully secured essentials on the wing, or up through currents of sea. in the competition between them, in the contest between human skill and animal instinct they were having fun. she thought of the women with all that time on their hands as having to bear or care for it, time and its effects on flesh, having to work against it day in, out. what was drudgery but the slow expenditure of life? for what? and wasn't she one? *them, their*. she wanted to be on the wing, ride the current, pour with the river's pour out to the mouth . . .

acknowledging this fact that if i'm not this negative female creature . . .

suck and flow, suck and rush, alluvial wash of the river out to meet that which sucks it away from itself . . .

if i'm not this pseudo-man . . .

deft hands, that was what was most noticeable about them, their hands catching up the net with small scissors, knotting, reknitting. their bodies wiry and wellused, sure of step, even the older ones who would not easily give up their deck. her they said, and she, speaking of the boats they were married to,

then i'm nothing.

or the river they rode. dammed 'er up, he said, to make the channel, two sand flats joined in that alluvial wash swirled back and slowed so well sea brought its teredos in with the salt. so they ripped the top of the dam off—at high tide only, high and buoyed by the tide "she" crests on through . . .

she is not a river. she is not a boat.

what's at issue here is whether women can enter the culture as women.

finding a way to write her in, her and her, write she, write suck and rush, high and daring to be, attaches her body to words where they stick to her licking at old holes, tongue lashings, lashings of rain as at no one. writing their all, splashing around in the muck, allure of the current she rides their rushing out, her and the words all/uvial.

Note: Quotations in this poem from Kim Chernin, "The Hungry Self," an interview in *East West*, 17, No. 1, January 1987.

An Effect of Cellophane

INTERVENE AND BE MASTERED the blank snow sails for its mark the valences inconstant discard add to those whose theme takes on the fold and blends exposing rifts as they can play preventing any being simply opening to make take as closed liberties agglomerates the general principle of fridity in the lateral move from cover and the lines the ones the proper meanings hold once more the rarest of suspense projected as extinction the contingency remaining for grammarians as dimensional the concepts of the priest and sylph together in the bifax bias by that latter emphasis remarkable splitting no longer in control the work as consonant in fullness breath on the table Richard bought as much for sanctuary as somewhere else akin to all depositories the dissection delicate the blind falling short of wishes at happiness in ozone azure peaks branching from the glacier galactic yet divisive of the lateral mandolin on the walls of a cave in discourse debate detailed double faced the flesh still joined to at the phonic where the body cannot proper be such things the operation generalities achieve the same haphazardness retempering the clavicord existing odd and total in a meaning meant for paint remains or reference to the place not only spelled continually but because the white side that each is spaces them the swan perceived the snow upon the sail around itself this metaphor no longer lapsed because a blank mark cut it twice along an oblong obligatory seam a site outside the trace of a desire birth too and from it one not irreducible to twice initially a folding in the introduction of before close to the clavicord suggested by the keys still understood and printed large in nothing more than a discreet reverse of angle in a fold turned crypt more often in than differs subject of a knife object the letters edge an opening tucked in a white accretion between the contact sealed to be an eye engendered by the contradictory fan which spreads itself synthetic leaps the lips as end and or were never lifted disjunct spills the absence of the cuts the structure of a movement functionless a truth made up of chords to bind the instrument to use to designate hot days a fan might cool the movement following more or less the tympanum felicitous or otherwise syncopic doubt towards the snow the swan or cygnet now beyond the clavicord a notion of what numbers sum the total in

suspense and never there outside the room the expert sensed would orchestrate equivalence to nothing in itself the working rhymed with abyss black or white spread out a wing or sail set firm in wax on every side the interstitial silence nude cloud crushing light a fan distributed across a keyboard tossed obscene masturbated masthead divided in ideas always a doubt towards the infinite white cloud sleeping silence shadow buried into on the keyboard contrast masthead beyond the clavicord equivalent to nothing but itself a huge nude cloud of quasi emission in emergence and in every respect the womb analogous the fan outspread the head the legs split in advance a virgin substance hid across the room or rhyme the centre of this locus separations that he passed a motion through the anus filmic and fluttering the fan henceforth the manifold sequential link of white sheet somewhere in bed a place in limit to itself perhaps the clavicord extended in a motion of sublation on a wallets surface threshold and voice heard endless through the vellum of the plumage supplementary series of a system fold abolishing its lines perhaps a solid mere illusory differential still imaginable task risked in the leaflet Carol wrote inscribed by plumage on the signet at the furthest point proximity can reach before the elsewhere reappears the note beside the bed the distance of the swan placed in analysis a self coincident with fan a folded feather object held by a bunch of sequence adequated temporized in a fist the circle folded out across the sail to where the leaflet spoke of clavicords repaired first step a marching order a command into two reduced spacings closest to the hand an inch a single stick the fan denied the plumes restored around a complex inarticulate pretense elsewhere the ring constrained the waving added or withdrawn within the fold the tracks make mirrored in the keys still used in weaving the seam of the swan folded over on the cygnet imprinted through an operation of suspense upon the writing surface still applied to paper as a line a vaccine grafted to a thread the plumage fanning out the white pen duplicated plastic in the difficult sails at anchor all the way up to the solitary sentence tunneled out obscure in feathers ramified as features following the face of the cameo on one page following the facing one the lateral mandolin the flesh of an ostrich out of Pliny with affinities to brushwork by the later Tang applied to paper as a watermark or cygnet as a limit to a reach the opposite of saturate a proper name reread encrypted as a single unspontaneous change each manufactured shift or flood to somewhere dialecticized the chandelier above an evening gown the whole in french the pulse appearing in the cognac held as concept now conducting as a stain of wine on some additional white cloth every morning afternoon this

operation by an echo of a linked fanbelt the cogito as the one whole development forced by water to the steam pronounced as jet in all that is left of the swan the interval two shorts reported and the english word beforehand each time through a line to exquisite crisis the critical paragraph on silk still in the wardrobe and some spacings agglutinate among themselves the flexion sudden not a scream but scrambled yet continuous a southern breach of law proportional to the fact of the fan as finally in flight within an alphabet the ear placed in its principal balance to retrieve the book called music the blanks shot the return to fundamental exercise two other anagrams exhausted fanning out before a contact with the ptyx

this verroterie of little bits of multicoloured glass strung out to form a rhythmus with a signet ring both on the finger and in the room from the phone in its corner omitted from the general description of a fan spread out upon a clavicord the notes struck to the wingbeats and the plumage in the sunlight dead awakening together in the body proper placed through a foreign organism numbered meeting in confusion on a programmed surface iridescence that flower absent in the eye the conjunctiva distended white of swan replaced all the way up to the circle of the nose a tissue pinched from the mortal reversibility down to the disappearance of the face a presence doubled disengaged subtracted from itself intelligent repeated poison outside within a droning withdrawn clasp the calamus to bodies in a corridor of disarticulated graphics called the monologue against rafters because the hands upheld expose each other and contradict like answers left identical hand repeats to itself this is original reversible a double scrutiny the eyes announce decisive the contemporaries i never knew the nuptial guillemot described as torn to words suspended in a swans extended neck the empty bottle brought back to itself in summary design that passes through the evidence of footnotes reconstructs the swarms proliferations primal loss of bees the moment triggering of self accord in theories of spore or ropes split clips implacable mutations of the group which comes to life to see itself a scission this whole set present at the exit talking through a mist of drink affirmed before additional profunda the pudenda if this in itself were still intentional how void accords the act consuming place a monthly masculine bleed folds in on the general to genital escape through difference in what i am that owns perpetuates the mark a german coin folds on itself a language blank and banked the cloudbank limiting a circular cloud

the simulacrum as diameter which turning back exposed the self same paper he had torn arriving when the room had many meanings happening through evidence a nuptial a guillemot a fan arrived connected to a swarm of swans the avalanche a footnote left describing stars as modified six tongues the phallus of a pulley tube to leap the table as a verb from yet another viewpoint gas is not a wing concentric trace the vague sense behind the fact the doorstep beaks the pen nib touching the machine through intuition new interiors the ballerina stepped into her re-fold of the dance erasing passage through the gauze that veiled a folio in sky that otherwise unbreached as aether held together by a cusp or aspidistra divulged through information from a copper mine the cusp of copper and the dance a dematerial tissue in the recess of her being thin appearing constant an accordian according to the clavicord pursued in light a weight for testing therms themselves the lustrum in perpetual exhibition lifted baton never fell the screen depending on a coin for any true third force foliage reduced by stress or any other noun for mind a span of copies no one knows unformed by infomania a madness from the folio that doxa had allowed aloud within commission falsity dissimilar bereft the volumen its neck a fan its wings the flattened page worth nothing

the imitator comes as an existent model held together by a cusp the screen depending on a coin dropped in a slot a german mark linked by water to the steam pronounced as jet the aspidistra is a silhouette the clavicord extended through sublation in the dancers gauze resurfacing a threshold in the centaur of a tiny rune its anus ramified in features following the force of face that left the swan suspended as the bird that named the inn and doubled in the ballerinas steps to stop escape by path or lake eikastic lumps of doubled footage fringed and not dissimilar to folds in cloth or vellum tears the priest shed as exemplified birth to die in literature transformed together in the bifax world and word that Richard thought a complex inarticulate pretense before the double science of the schema in aporia a juggler might his diverse paradoxicas of fan and club and feather hat false nose imagined in the mute soliloquy six balanced runes or ruins truth stressed as a clavicord divided in two halves along a fold inside the gauze flexing backwards at the screen through life to silhouette red from the bottom clefts not one but through a mark a german silhouette recalled in Paris on a train to Rheims the other consequential to expected moves in chess subsumed among a future past conditional the mental space his

words cathected pores to rhymes the other as atemporal because a man was standing for the straight lines termed a triangle part element of reverie in anterooms on bags dried application on a work bench the machine repaired suggesting pivots for the beams that are to land in gas lit sprinkles of the replication traced back through dessert towards the dancers eye the swans in scattered stitches pulled out thread by thread the pen as muttered feather cordon seen in penilien the friendship a certain vessel flouts in amity prestigious difference as the lapse in time between that day the cats eye extended on its membrane in the road which guaranteed a swerve for the wing in windless posed as seal now read as far back as repeated pen in the line the law itself accepted down and natural to land flow back follow the scattered cordons to the face the silence to the ligatures persisting in vocabulary heard or red dissimulation a pursuit of music pulled above a copula the bond so perfect to produce a status called success unlock a space as pace said in another language blocked crucibular like every term of a machine cut out clipped in at every moment by the apparatus still by turns some violent forever fictional absence dividing to repeat the even outside of its fact some truth beginning with the interruption of a knife to irreducible to hence the present two at once the stroke delayed decided as descission these were the only two of us decision even laughter or a game created by the hinge the history of the language of something face to face to ricochet a silence brief her gun let off the moment the weight of what is floats off detaching as a detour or remission still within the angle of the cut deserted manufacturer of seconds the primitive projects the entire condition for the operation life completing what it lacks removed from the semen or the swarm of bees in the calculation that effaced a distribution through the pivot with the dead on the surface plus all that dies something has not been said deciphered among the fabrics Rita bought the blanks for hardness while asleep this interval in retrospect the hand in some endless cancellation nothing that is within the form of the verb to be one sealed intangible intelligible the lifted pit of spot for things suspended a horizontal circuitry of eyes the speaker takes his seat her sentence or the curtain is descended in tetralogic time a form of alphabet

what they call night in the movies was a bullet dropping in the sentence logic undescending rain immured by the speakers cusp or jet the tissue of a fold half opening the portrait to the thing itself distorting then announcing there is always the discredited signet of

a certain sign the aspidistra called the screen on every surface gone before a detonation in the engine somebody east of the sky the body nothing as the language in it spoke clipped out commentary to repeat itself a slash between the darkness of her mouth in every sign the absence of a range and what they call night in the movies become a knife no longer blunt or than an inch the cygnet handle a swans neck slashed with a blade of gynecography precision no longer in the shell the grass a blade of even body pulled the knife preventing holding back the wind as if it acted feigned a faint allusion to the detonation in an engine what they called the bachelors a clavicord its parts of the machine drawn off an edge to writing fragments of a pharmacy inside of what it goes beyond the descant from a photograph a written light the surface of a sky or common blade pulled out the mouths part of the machine in part the repetition of itself the necessary cut or slash described discredited a bar inside the detonation not a hinge but absence put there acting as an engine in the announced range of the signet between the clavicord adjusted by the knife across an edge of sail and giving rise to sewing folded inwardly the harbour in the dream inside a folded double seam semantic detonation and the word allusion spelled in english through a hinge the mouth a portrait part and then an insect doubled landing on the shell an unhatched cygnet absent body from the writing to an edge discredited this zoographic operation linked in turn to voice by fullness in one visible trigger person fusion perpetration off one side the sketch turned to terms that indicate pomeric closeness and a seal the sigla by a virtue which as impress illustrates the move between the fact a swan is dead and laughter or precision is a difference in fullness set apart the fan whence spread disclosure the spatial moments of the dying flippant filament the crowd applauding what the mark points out a leaf mould left alive a life these two which flow too unfolding doubling out one face a multiplied transgressive blank two leaves before a space for dying in an ordered series of expiries the swan first already there a cut oblique one stroke as though a cygnet riddled it with skin sewn up to lack a hole the edge bound tight upon a double fold tucked in beside the masthead everything no longer said before the face a multiple but fractured light caught peripheral dismembered body soundless on the periplum what each particular had called the cite the city stood upon organic series not as numbers swan a swarm of bees not lettuce from all sides the hinge sound blows a pivot infiltrated set of grids as well a sequence less remembered than remembering the exit via cut or graft and fold still termed a seam the dress a variant of chandelier its light in the privileged advance of face before the second split or space a

murderer might mention swan the second cygnet dying in the dance the dancer had forgotten dying as a bird intended through itself to be a single origin a start before addition in advance the intervention of the fold that crumpled surface up to be an envelope effect withheld the dancer in her topos on a paper sheet a paragraph or area the central square of words peripheral to difference clipped line dispersed disposed the limn as paint in pain as then that moment innumero numero profunda we were both removed replaced within the mute machine upon the very order of the bachelors a shot not presence still repeated representing life before a pistol whip the ice breaking at the skin sewn up the year the sentence of the swan completes itself a leaped and clipped mutation slashed along an edge of beach or page a perforation known compared advanced the ripping silent or unheard within the bachelors attack a dancer squared to face herself the ballerina lacking body sewn up folded inside function doubled out into a swan the fan replaces with a wing or arm the ice at sea the paper clipped the edge a member and removed before translation came changing eye the system of a screen made spherical the sphere a page that burns a charred appeal to fresco limned but limited sometimes body contrary classic stance veins writing wrote itself beyond the desk the lamp which still cannot exist outside the pleats or folds or hinge a surface that a fan might spread initially as a folding by the keys one to the designation of the tympanum and printed large the other to a room or rhyme linked by its whiteness to the threshold of a swan in the introduction still understood as nothing more than eighteen angular folds of objects in upon themselves sealed up and cut as edge equivalent in every split a rune wax crushing light distributed across a surface dropped from off a knife to seal the letter by an interstitial fold along its edge a locus for the white accretions functionless and gathered in systems of anterior emergence spreading out an origin conveyed continuously by dropping as a single blob of wax the soil that letters folded up henceforth within a certain bed of motion endlessly abolishing the swan the dancers part and limit to the head and neck linked by crushing plumage to the furthest point the signet reappears coincident to two reduced signed spaces left inside the code the data making clear a disguise lost by wrenching at the ready shift his ear by a strain strong reified the second string the day the stone became an image splice a later pain the apparatus in his chest a hut of inspired mud blued looped a deck chair was regretted and split the system through procrustean anterior and nondistributive folds plurality abolished as abolishing the code by wrenching at the fan spread out along a fantasy the last remaining threats henceforth

the seal a surface in a system of an impressed punctum in the stones own ontos unique loops or pools from lost to one the pin makes ready to shift emerge anterior a second time to sail or soil a metre from the beach a muter tree an elm abolishing thin splice by wrenching fanning out the plumes coincident with plummet plunder plunge ungathered edges felt the fall to matter plunge plop plump the masses of protracted loss a lop a lunge the lump a plum that Jim initially must test why nothing moves the level of the content plotted damaged still emerging as a will the wall a wheel in phase a cycle phase or phrase set earlier the bachelors turned back erased arisen in the body as libidinal effects of fold decentering the ballerinic relay through anagogy chain of chairs as this horizon of chiasmus linked to needs no larger than a fist a spark a spoon a morphic frame for modern taugenichts pronounced in french vicissitude and semic vision fission

apparatus for appearing a depression of the gears in absolute coincidence the crayfish in a stream that someone mentions after shifters lodge what elsewhere stratified a formulation from a vacant vicarage the fold in space an unwed gap or gasp across the series title lan put in neon over the premature senility in any reference to a room would do or else a storefront something like a complex classic leap to that world of infant thirds rewritten syndromes of asymptotic memories the swans at five or later in the child at twelve his body blocked before behaviour in a vein of absence killed him off in cores of countries as a grim solution to migration the paradigms symbolic and the swan a kind of ghetto interstitial and productive of attempted manufacture the flowers watered by a social class extinct elastic some iconic overtones returning privileged advance of spaces the dancer parallel and fractured where the fold reopens into each particular series ends already in the double tuck a fold not as a surface but the scorpion a speech fact settled on completes itself by bracketing the ballerinas mute dispersive opening to what the dancer as a slash between two edges echoing a rumour that the dog or swan had died peripheral to leaf mould stilled within mimetic certainty advanced towards a link of chain a perforated gap the edge a stamp might have in separating from the block a stump the envelope already there the message that the swan was dead beyond the desk existing somewhere where a paperclip had been rebent to form a cusp or coop or new utensil there in front the one who still cannot exist an obverse surface where the ice had rearranged an unbraced cube a

lack in fold the system of the tuck the screen or serum in particular designation of the tympanum now understood as linked by whiteness page and gap to the introduction of an angular fold the edge equivalent to a penetrated gap the second dancer filled as though a cygnet riddled up skin sewn up and lacking exits by the wings the arms in replica a doubling in signs and so the fold becomes a field or rearrangements from the mouth sewn up a previous pair of lips the apparatus in an exergue with all strength between the limit and the line a perforated cube of six inponderable numbered surfaces which rolled refold the rearrangement linked as by a plummet or a plug or just a pop to what the surface shows as tables games and play the dancer dead beyond the message somewhere else than where a tableau held the swan as pure description in a speech fact doubled by the ink recording folds and throws the imprints of the sides of sketches turning inwards causing walls around the room to disappear to reemerge in part the dancers thighs a thin ballistic ballerinic fragment filled by skin sewn up with wings attached or redetaching in redaction reduced to a so called social splice a slash that separates the perforated seam between the word anterior to beach coincident with clavicord the fan six dancers in a message somewhere else than where this says it is impossible to seize this new divisive dizziness this jazz in a form of membrane through the retina detached a single eye is open subject to the violence of a vacant gaze throughout the length it reaches down into a form of products squares quadrilles each fragment passing through a sediment forced down thrown out deluded by itself one eye closed barefoot in a formulas desire displaced the feign to be a wedge a you by ruse a character whose character must end refracted riveted not as a door to a doers hinge but posed along the arcs symptosis poured you off in this moment dispossessed in provocation reading your head its sign in cuts of cardboard redifusion of nerves it says it is proclaiming you a shirt of white whose colour stands not in this subjects object but alone and set apart disjunct yet juxtaposed between the faces own example in a frame of rims a rhymes obstetric vertigo till at the bottom of the sun the remnants of an exergue an anterior past below the writings horizontal fold already in this place become a number dropped a draped forgotten first act of the crowd

and to be never there to say on this side is the past withdrawing figures on a paper limitless and sucking at an edge to speech you are asleep where you insist a work is round beneath a mirrors aletheiac

truth the term hypostasis in sleep delivered of a waking self fragile indifference to somewhere there is a room all nouns know dark fatigue its hesitations joining a peculiar form of effort pained at the fingers articular name drained out from physics somewhere as a base persistence then effecting in a weight of words conveying out the stance of evanescence the departure deciduous as all decisions edge a fringe of disc the tulip manicure of bodies plunged into a line of things the flux this lane of haecceity the echo of a volume along the fold between a tree machine and by arrangement a mechanical flower a pause inside a sphere of controlled hybrid puppet fibres analagous to storage in a band of tracer marks along a stretch proliferation through concinnity a sepiel frontier amplified and moments caught outside the dancer body sign and source in somewhere else the segment of a blocked move motion to a fold in nouns to absent contours centered on the disappearance of appurtenance name inside a chain of webs set firm in wax in anchors ink the keyboard buried to equivalence the anus caught inscribed the threshold different to plumage total weight of wing split twice and scattered through dichotomous and biassed sections of a pistons doubt the silence numbers speak migratory a substance held a fluid streak the legs split central on a bed of solid plumage endless motion through the clavicord the swan placed where a leaflet spoke the written measure through a line proportionate to where fanbelt paragraphs the new machines strung out across a programmed surface resembling endless meetings the dancers fan in a 3-D pin-up lens perceived no longer as a stark blank space or paragraph of silk its beak delirious in an advanced brain of kremlin virtuoso inches from a twist in plot the retina retaining perforation in attempts to disengage the presence placed in wingbeats or on strings withdrawn into a clasp suspended in additional design itself a tool of empty incommunicable signs the veil a different truth in marks exposed to meanings viewpoint gas the dossier a cloudbank left describing states to other swarms constructed words across an avalanche of pulleys the simulacrum torn expendible the meanings modified through echo politics and history still connected to a german coin interior flowers appearing constant mollified erasing semblance in a starker link with touch her upright hand in wax a nude semantic scar through shattered praxis where the verb as self returns a vague machine of false patronymy retold through distance this conditional suggestion of a pivot speed and scheme stopped dead at the swans extent occluded by a second mark the word for beak or stump a tiny rune of cloth some water from it forced towards the centaurs face a ruined gaze of quartz false hat and feathers balanced fold of rules into a game of

chess expanded out along specific rhizome probabilities the swan omitted from the trace afraid to block the square of wax defining lack whole narratives upon chiasmic thresholds turned towards an inside flexing back across a seam where priest and sylph in gathered entourage proclaim the abyss captured in a cone of froth

imagined a theft from muter soliloquy conditional atemporal triangulate needs interior to isotopic grains cathected rhymes along the horizontal pores to where a clavicord is screened its imprints plunged into a block a breeze a room still amplified disposed to lift descriptive moorings broken twisted in a place that bodies might arrange a moments covered cartilage acoustics flanked a force of face the aspidistra still proclaimed in ramified resurfaced silhouettes dependent steam subluted double lumps congealed by antique nouns traced back towards the eye a vellum sheath and pierced without pain to hold the clavicords two halves a sprinkled mental space in shuttered stitches the theories patina innured the apparatus interrupted by an ancient endless cancellation of the violent knives of games deciphered sewn at intervals between a retrospect within the speech a form of alphabet clipped in a sudden graft unlocked to ricochet a strike or laughter momentary weight accepted down a trench antilogies to eyes belonging in vocabulary swan the words the dancers bonds the uttered movement of a fate meant raised decided through a copula or bond a single string whose surface shatters in suspended leaps and gaps the word machine the dancer takes as voice and grids a chart of undescended signals to a line oblique of hesitated space a move meant a pharmacy intended on the surface of machines sewn up and folded inwardly through seams and hinged described so as to still announce even a fact has been a thing that is the moment slashed discredited the swan a cygnet on a ring the ring a signet still repeated on an edge of sail a canvas space a page took up the wind a blade of grass the knife announces still allusion spilled through turning terms disclosure left alive and mould a multiplied and irreversible expiry breath in the form of a ring of smoke a bell the harbour in a dream the dancer still recalls as fact the mouth its partial portrait of the face that spoke the necessary cut a triggers detonation landed common blade to knife or grass the laughter unapplauded through a filament of crowd sewn up and lacking parts a corpus of fatigue immensely abyssmatic chart or wall that on a mat appears a product wealth in all its shapes the body linked through likeness to a shield the leaf mould multiplied in ordered series through a vase a cloth a clock

remembering the periplums a disposed line of ice that breaks the link with sun the pistol whip unheard the unnamed bachelor a skin dried out sewn up advanced into the silent lack of function translation spherical a page a lamp might hide tympanic locus for the white accretions body crushing wax and light bent out along the outer edge a system of invariant chandelier to scar an origin sewn up the siglas single blob emotion wax through throbbings to a certain neck or head the day a hut was built abolished fantasy inside the last remaining pest plurality of systems lodged within the pool shadow loop abolished splices in trisections all the damaged plots the beach a matter in a wave of cycle larger than the morphic frame for gears inside the vicarage a vein for paradigms and needs the scalars weight the vectors plunging rhythm and a cyst a kind of flower returning ghetto spring the annual sum of dead block cusps and fabrics lacking exits through the second dancers steps fatigue into the the cygnets obverse surface a clavicords known form inside the membrane of a violence forcing down and out through known quadrilles a cause for squares to fold into a double tuck completed in the dancers periplum already fractured by the second dancers speech a link to plummet plunge and plume the separation of the fan impossible to seize in unisons the retina a retinues perception of descriptive fragments of a message lost rolled up refolded placed inside the recessed folds of what is still an unbraced penetrated gap being yet a second introduction filled with wings a style of broken loops returning through the tympanum to what it is to bleed the several lips in suture lacking exits message now is thrown still lost a slash attached coincident with jazz the clavicord purveys the apparatus of a speech fact listening tied up inside of inward unrecorded walls a fragmentary seam impossible to seize to reemerge a length of wing a splice or slash the system understood as being still inside an angular fold across the message screened beyond the link of chain within the thin dispersive bracketings of slash to edge that simulacrum torn arriving as a footnote doubled droning disengaged exposed to words suspended in a wide concentric trace the dance a constant therm a folio lustrum on a coin the application of dry beams suggesting pulleys pulled above a horizontal circuitry of eyes extended foam repeated cusp or jet a knot in noise no longer holding a machine a pharmacy of light dismembered cite of lettuce in advance the paragraph ripped out a changing eye the tympanum of classic whiteness interstitial sealed that serves this function of the ice at sea still soil ungathered liquid spilt the chest a limit and a target paradigm of space a kind of sketch filled in by skin and lacking lips the product of a formulas desire to sieze this field of apparatus speech this side of screen and

chain and stump the ballerina in the message passing through a sediment towards a paperclip at which a fold reopening a double tuck completes the mastery a second dancer thighs attached and beached coincident the fragment of a single jaw the imprint of a wedge of face effecting a departure out of nouns and fringe and loop the crowd around a sleep delivered as a waking base persistence in the motion plumage remnants of a centaurs face the empty tool of pulleys twisted patina emerged and fused the bodies own ecdysis praxis through occluded cloth the copula a ricochet through seams a ring had been abolished paradigms of fabric pools quadrille plots triggers abyssmatic filament pulled tight before a slash the whip unheard the violence irreversible a partial bell brings sound a cyst throbs outward to a certain plunge in air plurality a splice as line of ice inside a morphic scalar tuck the mode a canvas still allusion mould a function through a ring of smoke reopening a surface to the message that a dog or swan had died recorded inwards bracketing elastic wings a roll refolded in a table game of facts becoming social acts the cube among the representamen a pure attachment slashed and bracketed the mouth a sewn up plug rebent to designate a stilled mimetic thigh spliced plunged between the signatures a loop or symptom of the bachelors own renumbered surfaces a perforation in the sun a cube whose sides tuck in anterior to social eyes turned on an advanced dog the line emerging soon to disappear a surface where this reads as marked upon a thin ulterior membrane ready to shift and fold no larger than a fist before behaviour veins this morphic frame abolished in protracted fittings of a shoe or hearse or central spoon the ear remaining glued to one side of the shaft in gears of absolute design pronounced where someone mentions cycles measured on a body near a vicarage five swans coincident with written syndromes of description the day the stone became a mass of content plotted space a unique loop still termed a seam across a spreading white accretion a threshold to the introduction of a room beside the keys one hinge the contrary body fronts the sphere the curve still emphasized the dancers print a folded inside function of the skin in repetitions endless holes and marks the central perforation in a square of light immense and radical to space cut out inside an infiltrated set of grids the swan a soundless body read before the face bound tight as though for dying in an ordered series absence in what the sky repeats called night or cloud the moon a noun discredited the engine drawn off to an edge in writing cut deleted turned in terms and set apart by fact to state the shattered filament is dying in a difference spatial and drawn out beyond an edge to paragraph a photograph distorting through a lens or hinge the portrait of a certain sign held out clipped in the

hardness of some hand in endless cancellation a horizontal cicatrice of form most like a face of silence cut inside the fact some basic truth is absent to the ballerinas form retempered close to liberty the fold preventing blends no longer discourse in control but meaning continually paint plunged in an oblong groove outside the controls of the clavicord black interstitial vellum lines and spokes reduced around a complex evening gown the cognac poured inside an exquisite crisis of the pulse the cameo displaced imprinted through an operation as a limit struck in steam exhausted fanning out the blanks shot from the pistol now within an alphabet of plumage a programmed surface of the conjunctiva in the wardrobe Cheryl brought set present at an exit to all acts and agencies that never sensed the viewpoint of exteriors and doors affirmed intentional describing ropes as modified by breeze and caught inside a system of minute concentric pulleys difference itself an unblocked unexposed diameter of theory emptied in a bottle placed where heat repeats the scissions drink the mist a footprint left turned back towards the table still a verb consuming place and triggering the movement of a central screw expanded from the trace still modified connected endless inside retrospect this writing as a cartilage two halves emerged inside an interval clipped by the momentary weight accepted down the dancers bonds to where a separate link is sewn abolished lodged within a damaged frame belonging to a single uttered string the ring takes up the triggers own fatigue and multiplied through ordered periplums to where the whip unheard a silent crack might hide the light bent out towards an origin the siglas single throb remaining shadows on a beach inside the vicarage a vein of rhythmic springs into the clavicords quadrilles completed speech a message still unbraced a sketched out chain abolished by the bracketing of certain social acts the cubes descriptive fragments folded out across three tables of recorded smoke the whip delivered to precision at departure whence suspended words arrive to reemerge the messages of sewn up loops and gaps extended foam to join the simulacrum of the torn machine holding a paragraph inside a second fold no larger than the soundless complex pulse brought forward to the interstitial fans deleted filament a threshold

to call the birds lodged shattered between taxa contexts of a kind heat backs towards a move a message certain message misaligned in patterns interstitial as contingency the concepts emphasize this writing as a lateral haphazardness the blank perceived as site the

print engendered reached the lips the wings and head split central through a motion crushed obscene protruding through the dial equivalence to plumage folded down tucked back beyond the furthest point itself a keyboard in the dancers voice an analytic sequence of demands the cygnet in the distant definition of a swan reduced to two small differentials adding the imprint to a fan proportional to ears placed deaf behind blank shots omitted numbers through the flowers in an exercise of scent and fragrance thought to be a strain in some additional and afternoon of fundamental contact the whole in french an operation of a finger stuck by music to a wingbeat absent in the eye within the book called scrutiny the corridor exposed the neck still scarred a primal loss of beak the cloud closed cusp recovered in perpetual light a thin extension of intention torn and left describing the machine as by a viewpoint fixed behind the fact that gauze is held together in the faces constant testibility ripped cotton code obtesting yet divisive joined at the generalities the face cut wide a shadow in equivalence a link to surfeit threshold the supplementary plumage of inscription rhymed by task to risk its lines this notion that a room is what a sail has crushed the virgin aberrations endless still coincident with sticks and fans reduced and temporized the head and legs withdrawn diluted in a vaccine unread before all contact with a foreign sunlight through distention out along the body proper of the dancers moves appearing in additional links to steam the two short steps that mark the wardrobe a portability to all proportion the flexion a confused continuous circle of the nose in french a stain of wine linked to the swan by two short intervals of cloth each sail an anagram the operation of a developed form of echo water still an ear misplaced inside the absent footnote left describing stars intentional folds in banks what others called the monologue a doubled origin for words suspended by their own accords turned back expose concentric meanings at a touch the necks diameter in simulacrum dependent on a coin or any single force of threat to thread this model held together by a secondary phrase dropped in a slot a doubled not dissimilar fold in cloth and hiding the aporia suggesting pivots for a rhyme and consequence for mental space the face shed and shattered in the two halves of the dancer six balanced folds a silhouette of red the gathered lumps of sail and page the water screened and stressed an element part reverie in anterooms of beam a triangle of wax to mark the ballerinas footsteps transformed by impression to a complex inarticulate web of cog and noise recalled in Paris on a train to Rheims the bachelors an application on a workbench on a screen inside a cinema where gas leaked out this not dissimilar membrane said in another

language detailed doubled and no longer in an obligatory space the operation of the cave is still the clavicord the snow a mark cut twice along a siting traced from irreduction to the folding by a key pressed on a door still understood as nothing more than a differential crypt of seme and edge and eye still subject to a contact sealed between a contradiction of two spreading folds as if the dancers lips were never lifted to the single cut in structure moving functionless an instrument to designate design the total suspense in ellipse cord signet swan outside the sense that orchestrates a plan inside equivalence to working white an abyssmatic plunge set firm in wax to form an impress on an interstitial keyboard of ideas contrasted in emergency shiver here extended to a point whose punctum rhymes the abolition of all heads and legs the centre of a passing movement itself perhaps a bed or ruse inside the paragraph that Shielia read before proximity can reach a fist the fingers gathered round a ring a clench a bunch of reparations to an ordered pulsing to command through two reductions in the spacings closest to the dancers lips the tattoo of a swan a single inch of skin denied the plumes constrained to waving in additions to the fold on track to make the mirror reappear a seme in tongue the surface of the writing still assumes applied to paper as a line a breach a grafted vaccine to a fan the space spreads out to be in difficulty anchored to a sentenced solitary move to tunnel through the feathers gathered in to cover up the dancers face upon the cameo alluding to the watermark a sign inside the page a certain ghostly whisper overcome the opposite of saturate but solved as in solution placed suspended by a rope a robe is caught inside each operation linked by fanbelts to the cognacs stain as some additional mark the surface white in all that's left of two short intervals reported in the english word for lack each object caught in silk a critical attraction to the wardrobes flexion axiomatic of the previous evenings scream a scrambled code continuous a law and finally a flight within the pivot of a shot the fundamental anagram exhausted in the word for multicoloured glass placed vertical within the northern corner of a room described in sunlight in the proper place for sequence notes struck numbered meetings in the absence conjunctivas of distended circles to the nose replaced by beak a swan reversing downward to a cygnets down the face erased the body held to be identical to contradict each repetition of the hand a doubled scrutiny of corridors the cloudbank still exposed to implacable mutations an entire scission present at the end the talking walks towards a mist intentional or how avoid those object choices planned through difference in what i am that folds in on itself a simulacrum of diameter a torn edge turning back exposed to evidence of substances

and self eventually to evidence the avalanche condensed into a footnote then effaced within the mention of a vast interior tube beyond the fact the dancer hides the pen by intuition through a veil of gauze that otherwise is stretched divulged through information from a constant recess in her being the tube itself perpetually inhibited by screens and clasps the foliage reduced to cover in exact dimensions copies named as indispensable to local colour a silhouetted cleft to where the straight line terminates in rhymes suggestive of a scattered piston stitch pulled out into penilien the difference that a lapse in time can bring to fabricated membranes scattered out along a curtain of dissent a middle guarantee to foam and windless air repeated in a law accepted land to follow fallow cordons round the eyes a known vocabulary in copula the bond productive of a stasis in the unlocked space that statues hold the vasicle crucibular thought out in every term clipped moments in the apparatus turned forever into absence this division of a truth outside the facts beginning with a knife in iridescent irreducible strokes the only two decisions made inside the game that crisis briefed a momentary flight detaching retina and lid the cut deserting the entirety of swarm effaced positional deciphered blank intangible a lifted pit a tetralogic form of horizontal circuitry or curtains in description to a seat the sitter takes the bullet of a sentence lodged outside the cusp immured to speech the jet half opening to send the portrait to the thing itself distorted certainty of sign policed in parts outside the pharmacy what Alice calls the screen of every surface detonated in the yeast of the dancers language a darkness absence of a rage no longer through the knife but through an inch of handle cinched to slash a further blade the shell grass body pull the knife wind back as acted feigned the engined parts to draw an edge fragments from a written light known as the surface of a common mouth repeated in the slash described as cut inside the action of a hinge announced between the bachelors own fold adjusted by the rise to sewing folded inwardly toward the isolated word of mouth spelled part in english through an absent shell of fabric visible trigger fused terms to turn the indication of a seal obstructed briefly by a wedge of two blank leaves an ordered series of expiries the swan removed obliquely edged bound tight beside the fractured light caught sightless on the periplum organic numbers from each side the sound a hinge blows pivot to a gridded set of grafts in sequence exits to a fold a variant of this light before the second face is split the second dancer in the dance intended nude intention of a self through single origin to start what in a single fold might be an intervention crumpled held as an effect of paper sheets in wind line caught dispersal severally

disposed to square off central words as a periphery the moment both were moved placed mute in the machine repeated skin sewn up renewed completion clipped and leaped mutation slashed edged beach to perforation in advance the bachelors attack squared face the body lacking sew up into the fan or wing or arm the member moved before a mirror in advance the smokes ear changing eye the system spherical and charred the page a screens appeal to fresco limited and contrary a classic stance beyond the surface of the desk outside the pleats and foldings of the hinge initially by spreading as a liquid would towards the designation of the tympanum in every link a rhyme with whiteness thresholds of an introduction nothing more than angles folded to the object stance of split and runes wax distributed as an apogee equivalent to light in french the surface of a seal in colder waters interstitial lodged and focussed sound not series to admit a gemini of changing eye screen system vein and page the outer pressure of a knife thought letter fold and edge to locus white accretion missing function to the system gathered up in threads anterior to a single blob called soil waxed lettered folded up and henceforth motioned through a certain bend in abolition limits to the neck and head linked crushing plumage where the signet reappears a reemergence in the landscape fixed in time to phases of a shift across the codes own surface sureties why discourse in awareness breaks in data loss made stone the clear disguise of person function later apparatus strain and pain into a dial procedure listening a blued looped deck to why regret is split anterior to wrenching lists remaining gears in henceforth stoned glossed ontic plums the unique spools unclear the plunge of matted masses to a level still emerging back erased as wheel or phase the second time a metre beaches tree abolished thin spliced wrenching fan coincident to plummet edges felt ungathered lumps that Jim initially must test five testes of libidinal effect anagogy of gapped chiasmic spoons the need no longer than a spark already centered in the shift from where a wheel is placed positional to fist and french vicissitude a fission in depression gears to where a shifter lodged endemic to a plan of stratified formation gasped of gapped across the neon series Ian prematured a reference to complex written storefront syndromatic drones and swans unwound in somehow later classic blocks of core grim countries to migration paradigms the symbol in itself a kind of manufactured class conducive to a watered overtone of trace and end a kind of privileged advance to ice and kiss dispersive of a speech of fact in arms completes itself in separation from a private stump of glue loop cusp and unbraced cube had been rebent was dead before the envelope arrived a desk existing in the systems trace of screen tucked double in the field of

rearrangements the serum in particular now understood as being linked by whiteness to a plug or fold in exits wings the permeated line to solve a gap all these as signs on signet rings the swan had tested agued strength inside a limit line lips paired to be between this task of what a surface shows as somewhere else a dancers perforated arm attests the disavowal of authentic ink recorded as an inward thigh of thin filled skin sewn up upon a ballerinic tissue than where fold this says attached to so-called social sketches of an act thought turgid and impossible to seize through retinal and single opened subjects the violence of vacant lengths pinned down to form the fragment of a square passed through a force of sediment itself deluded barefoot closed eye formulae displaced to feign desire a dragged out wedge of what in any other ruse would still be character refracted door between a rivet hinge posed arc in momentary provocation in cut cardboards of the nerves whose colour set alone becomes distinct in juxtapose a face framed rimmed the bottom remnants of a vertigo each sun anterior to writing past a point already placed outside the paginated drapes of crowds withdrawing paper from the figurations of a limit less the sucking at an edge than what in sleep insists a work hypostasis delivered fragile somewhere outside indifference the term is joining to a hesitation all the known fatigue of nouns a band of physis cross a trailor the self become a finger a drained weight pained persistence in effect a stance conveyed by each deciduous fringe a tulip makes the remnant of a disc each body in a lineal fuse of manicure effect echo of fold between spherical machine somewhere the flux of hybrid puppet fibres traced out in the marks each bachelor perspires in stretched proliferations through concinnity an amplified and sepial moment caught upon a total threshold the body dancer sign a segment of a complex fold in nouns the movement of the surface somewhere else to block the contours in an absent chain of webs set firm in ink beside the keyboard buried in equivalence difference promoted as a bland dichotomous base from which the cygnet might emerge a plumed inscription of the total weight of wing repeated twice across the gap each pivot pressured on the hinge a biased section of selected numbers splayed and perforated finally withheld by fluid streaks of wedge and cleft split central by a leg or bed in endless motion from a line proportionate to where a paragraph obtrudes the false description of the fanbelt across a surface of a programmed endless link to neck and beak the dancer now perceived no longer as a stark blank paragraph of silk but in an ordered sequence of deliriums that obstetates a virtuoso twist upon each perforated plot the retina retains as withdrawn string around a compound pressure backs and flex and seams that

disengage each wingbeat string in modified eraser semblance where itself refers a tool of empty incommunicable truth a dossier of banks exposed to clouttools clasp and veil additional marks withdrawn to mimetize a second viewpoint descriptions of a construct expendible across an avalanche of pulleys a modified interior to echo still connected to a german coin interior starker constantly the flowers not swarms erased the upright hand a nude semantic wax a shattered praxis and returning vague through speed suggested as a schema at the swans expense the secondary mark a word for stump a tiny cloth forced down towards what water forced across the ruined gaze a centaur in false quartz the hat a balanced nose by feather rules this games expansion through all the possibilities of wax defining bird lack flex and back where what is trace comes off in gathered fabrics fragments blocked a square chiastic turn inside a seam to what proclaims the abyss reapplied presented as a juggled cone of froth a liquid narrative of field imagined as a clitoritic cleft triangular atemporal the need for soundings to survive the single isotopic rhyme cathected through a horizontal pore brought sideways to the clavicord pronounced a bachelor attack breeze blocked plunged imprints through a written room descriptive moorings in a broken lip of twist lift placement what platisma was so bodies might arrange a cartilage a cover for acoustic spread the aspidistra cited as the retina for gaze dilated surfaced silhouettes traced lumps of congealed vellum sheath its strength a measure for the clavicords two halves moored writing through a sense of bird shut stitched and sprinkled mental theories space uninterrupted patinas of dance and rim as violent knives might leave a blockage form of innured cancellations posited at all available decipherable intervals the retrospective breach of alphabets clipped in to sudden grasp immense fatigue and ricochet a strikes weight laughter down a trench to swans belonging bonds a single string of surface shatters raised decided through the copula an obscene leap of gap takes voice the grid of what the dancer charts intended undescended signals to a hesitated bond the move inspected as culpation shown pharmacy in folds the tension means as hinge thought gull a thing discredited a slashed swan signet to a further edge of sail a canvas bladed the wind in still allusions spilled the rings turned terms disclosure left in mould the form of rings in multiplicity

a ring of smoke the harbour brings to still recall a partial portrait of the bell in necessary speech to trigger cut a land in common grass

the detonation through a filament set off a corpus of immense fatigue the wall a product of the bachelors own charts in all its shapes the body linked by brightness to clocked delay shields are through leaf lines multiplied an ordered series to a vase or cloth disposed as lines the limit brings to iced break links and pistol whips the sun unnamed as skin the dried out sewn up form of advanced silent lack in all the functions of the sphere a page obtains this as a locus for an edge the margin balances as seam wax crushed bent in light that single blobs emotion by a certain throb of head necked day in seed made categorematic by a pool of shadow looped abolishing the splice trisected damage to the plot of beach to matter wave and cycle larger than the siglas frame for gears a vein cut paradigm the need of scalar weight a plunge in rhythm cyst the cyclic style of flowers returning naked to a breach in exits ghetto wait the annual sums of cusps and membranes forced through known quadrilles towards the causal double fold back down into the dancers periplum the tuck completed by the clavicord to form arrangements in a speech the dancers plunge the separation of the seized up retinal and silent blob of gaze descriptive fragments of a ballerinic bleed rolled up refolded placed in folds of what is still an unbraced penetrated style of loop the thrown slash lost still apparatus of a speech fact fragmentary length of spliced slashed system understood as thin dispersive bracketings of wax chain links inside the torn arrival of a doubled disengaged and exposed thorn suspended in a constant trace the lustral application of high beams mnemonic piled upon a horizontal circuitry of foam repeated in the further context of the swans own beak a knot in noise no longer thought dismembered pools of soiled space sea the lettuce jets of ribs served sealed and filling liquids by the skin the chest a limit to the targets paradigms of classic white tympanum interstitial served and gathered as a destination for the chest the entire sketch still lacking lips the formula a seized up field concomitant to stumps and screens the ballerina caught inside this message of a sediment at work an action through a paperclip that seconded an obscene fold of face reopening the possibility of new completions to the scheme coincident to jaws an imprint wedge of face effacing nouns and fringes of a looped crowd thought in sleep the waking base to a persistent plunge of plume and whipped ringed triggers twisted fused into the bodys own ecdysis through occluded cloth of abyssmatic filament persistent partial bell part cyst the plunge of splice lined ice inside of canvas still allusion to the surface opening to where a swan had died elastic brackets of a wing in rolls refolded facts along a social cube the representamen of rebent plugged and sewn up mouths brought in to designate the plunge into

the signatures a crenature of loop and symptomatic perforations along a side of advanced dog the line continued to the point the surface shows a thin ulterior mark upon a membrane ready to fold in veins of morphic abolition protracted sightings of a shoe or hearse a shafted side centrality of glue the gears in absolute pronouncement the system that the screen made clear a vicarage of absolute five swans coincident the written descriptions of a day the letter felt a stone become a mass of content operated plotted loops across a unique theme of seam the bachelors a spreading white accretion that carried out the introduction to the room the contradiction that the key held out as one more hinge to fold an emphasis to dancer size the curve of skin filtrated repetitions of a self and life the shaft bound tight to block the stoppage of the endless holes central to the square of light the space inside the radicals of each immense and cut as though the hinge suspended a set of soundless grids over the complete operation of its writing the face bound tight inside a further ordered series thought as dying posed itself a double shape of paramorphic indecision the engine part deleted in its turns the draw off in an edge to where the terms as shattered states of filaments the lens clipped out held in the hinge some hand in endless circuits cancels this sign that a fact stood still the horizontal hardness cicatrice and clipped as silence no longer linked to discourse still arrives where each form retempers its reserve projects the dancers face as target destination for the woofs and spools preventing blends the noise of infiltrations through oblong grooves the clavicord itself a hinge but meaning paint must form a separate realm of pistonage a velum line unspoke reduced around the complex edgings of an imprint seethed based absent poured out inside what Geoff had called the alphabetic plumage pulse a displaced moment arced within the ballerinas leap and now bound tight inside the wardrobe Tanya thought a privileged viewpoint for the doors affirmed intentionality the ropes still modifiers in the circuits of the face the dancers system of minute concentric pulleys now unblocked exposed through theory to an emptied bottle placed where heat repeats the eight diagonals the footprints made the table still a place where triggered scissions move a central screw expanded from a retrospect in writing a momentary weight of mind clipped by the needles at the margin where faded multiplicities or separated links lodge loose inside the damaged frame her face of cube a splintered glass could part the whip unheard a chain of chins by bracketing the central thesis in a tube or spool unbraced and sketched across three tables now the siglas signal throb delivered as precision a departure from suspended words the reemergence of the message this time as the

simulacrum of a spreading fan of sewn up loops and gaps deleted interstitial prints of misaligned procedures to a threshold point the upturned monkey models prints and holes to call the heat back out from shattered taxa a certain passage through contingency a mode of brass or stucco ring of teeth haphazard lateral engendered by a lip in lips already crushed obscene protruding through a common beak or cup into the dials equivalence to plumage the dancers distant definition of a starboard hint of swan or hinge demanded by the keyboard for the ordered series in the sequence added to an imprint of the fan placed deaf behind omitted flowers of shape and strain impossible to add to afternoon proliferations torn the table folio in sky another fact a triggered scission from some drink mutating as diameters torn back a language when the room arrived this whole set held additional consumed arrived connected in the silhouette resurfacing the feathers stressed and dropped suggesting replication weight deserted reefaced the copula vocabulary had took that day the bachelors with ice intending intervention on the skin withheld disposed in surfaces the book replaced sewn up anterior and henceforth geared to shift as cycle passed anagogy looped plumes and back abolished fission for chiasmus will and code the threats split clear in data signed imponderable chest a set libidinal effect the morphic storefront atomized horizon of absolute coincidence these rearrangements in the exergue filling crypt and print the dancers signs towards their limits mouth in replica unnumbered surfaces around the fan the clavicord an obverse seam between the envelope already privileged by time for dog or swan and cubes recorded somewhere else misunderstood as angular arrangements coincident quadrilles the message of utensils in advance detached dichotomous already there in form as effort provoking stance to things as flux a tree controlled along a stretch a chain of webs the anus caught endless in obstetric rhyme the manifold of acts a paragraph on quartz the balanced rhizome constant modified through wax suggesting swarms in plots expendible the dancers face a fold of rules cathected into fibrous value annular in froth the horizontal plunge to shuttered interruptions the theory temporal the history still a breeze to lift descriptive moorings trigger unapplauded function not dissimilar to withdrawn light still traced from contradicition a developed footnote phrase hid mental space reduced to vaccine anagram or swan concentric on a fold of cloth the wardrobe by two intervals a nose in tensile folds unread before this avalanche by intuition tongue line breach solved operation for an english word for dance is caught in the previous evening scream saturate and caught the cognac shot identical to fingers in a sequence down the face

continuous conjunctiva itself exposed to evidence of vast interior relapse what Philip meant by blade division of and curtailed law rejected tetralogical entireties of screens the body pulled by fragments retina deciphered absent iridescence hinged towards the periplum of crumpled sets of grids numbers in frequency start effects complete the fan a language fixed on shifts the wheel alone unique and fixed in data strained regret at system up a certain block syndromatic separation classic speech deletes itself emerging back through later loops and gears a second splice migratory to ice across the neon series introducing soon the tympanum a lettered stain describing leaps from floors the coils of rarest grammar not as birds but such as flank the edge of listening the folded vellum opening its system of progressive abolitions a fan spread out the open fabric green the tactile cues to cotton in the wings a sinew of critique a double tuck and fold the imprecision of this knife the eyes pulled backwards by a copula above a margin opposite the hands the same haphazard pattern failing on the stalled bouquets a centaur in a court of law a music bound so perfect to a seam the dress appeared a wall of red dissimulation stitched conducted under cover of a sheet of discreet signs surprised suspended in the interval a fold repeated on a surface all that sewn bent twice then ripped the hemisphere a grid of thirty minute patterns imagined as a slow approach the movement following the supplementary system of another series elsewhere crushed redoubled in a lapse of time an impressed punctum cut in wood enciphered in the bark of trees and dogs extended endless to the furthest point proximity appearing fixed this time by metaphor declivity and paraphrase prevented by a wish a single thought or coil diminished breath beneath the cover of this certain hunger urban message through a gallery the swan replaced by grebe by what they both must lack a surface said to be escape moved over in a gesture of a single hand to touch a hardness on a desk

Poets and Painters in New York: A Conversation with Bill Berkson
(Interviewed 1976)

Kevin Power: I would like to ask you about the tie-up between poets and painters in New York, the so-called "New York School." Reading O'Hara's work one finds the names of painters like Norman Bluhm, Joan Mitchell, or Michael Goldberg occurring again and again. They almost constitute a form of iconography.

Bill Berkson: Well in Frank's poems that's an aspect of the environment that is called society. It took me some time to realize that the people Frank mentioned in his poems were real people whom he saw daily and that they were his friends—it was as simple as that—and as such they had an immediate natural value for him in his poems. And this is particularly so when you are living in a city like New York where your natural environment is that of buildings and people, and occasional cuts of sky and events. These people were his contemporaries. He had an incredible capacity for friendship.

KP: But there was such a rash of exchanges between poet and painter that it seems to surpass simple individual friendships. I was thinking of the fact, for example, that you, Berrigan, Schuyler, Schjeldahl, Guest, Ashbery, and O'Hara all wrote art criticism that appeared regularly in magazines such as *Art News*, *Kulchur*, *Art and Literature*, etc. Then in the mid-50s there was the Artists' Theatre which saw collaborations between O'Hara and Rivers, Koch and Hartigan, Blaine and Ashbery, and at about the same time O'Hara did *Oranges*, a series of 12 poster poems with Grace Hartigan, and *Stones* with Larry Rivers.

BB: Yes that is very true. *Oranges* was first a book of poems by O'Hara, then a series of oils (or gouaches?) on paper by Hartigan who painted in the lines of certain of the poems. She also did the covers (by hand) for the first edition of the poems by Tibor de Nagy. O'Hara also worked in collaboration with Goldberg.

KP: And so did you, didn't you?

BB: What happened there was that Goldberg was in a hospital with a sort of nervous disorder. He was sort of depressed and to cheer him up Frank and I sent him things. He was working on something called the "Trip Journal" with Frank. It was about an imaginary trip to Europe and Frank wrote out a number of pages and Goldberg made a few works on paper to face those pages. And what I did was to get hold of a pad of large size drawing paper and start writing on it in various places, sometimes pasting newspaper clippings and things on as a kind of collage. There were also places where I took a big magic marker and said kind of arrogantly "paint here," or I wrote something which I didn't think was good so I said "paint over" as a method of blotting it out. I sent them to him in hospital and he worked on one or two of them which were later printed by Peter Schjeldahl in *Mother*. Yet, as far as direct influences are concerned, I still feel it was essentially a matter of intense personal relationships which included professional respect, and that is all.

KP: Most of these poets I have mentioned share some kind of interest in Surrealism. How did that filter through? Was Ashbery particularly important in this respect?

BB: He certainly made some good things available through translation. There was the translation of Reverdy he did for *Evergreen Review*, and he originally went to France to do a book on Roussel. But many of the great surrealist texts by Desnos, Tzara, or Breton simply weren't available in translation. As far as I personally was concerned when I left Brown University I came to New York and decided to attend the New School before going to Columbia in the following fall. I was writing poetry and I noticed that there was a poetry workshop being given at the New School by Kenneth Koch. Part of his prospectus included the methods he'd been using, and part a list of the poets and texts he'd be referring to. The names of Breton, Michaux, Jacob figured very strongly on that list. Kenneth made a lot of that information available and then almost simultaneously I got involved with the New York painting atmosphere. I started reading up on the history of that, going back into the 30s with the close connections between Gorky, De Kooning, Motherwell and the Surrealists. The fact that all the Surrealists had been in New York etc. Denby told that story in an article about the 1930s of Breton walking through Union Square. Denby saw him there and noticed that he was batting furiously at something in

front of his face. Breton said it was a butterfly and Denby in describing this surrealist poet fighting off a butterfly in the middle of New York adds this wonderful remark about "so hospitable is nature to a man of genius." So all of these things were in the air. Then there was John Myers who was a sort of catalyst-cum-dealer for the relations between poets and painters.

KP: That was the Tibor de Nagy Gallery?

BB: Yes, he showed those poster poems you mentioned of O'Hara and Grace Hartigan, and he also published Frank's *City Winter and Other Poems*, and Ashbery's *Turandot*, and later my *Saturday Night*. Myers also published an interesting broad-sheet called *Semi-Colon* where he brought out a two page novel by Koch and some chain poems by O'Hara, and Koch, and others. He was also the managing editor of *View*, where all the Surrealists who had moved to America during the 40s appeared—Tanguy and Breton for example. I had a smattering of French and started to read their work and did some translation of Desnos, Reverdy, and Blaise Cendrars.

KP: You didn't do Cendrars' *Prose du Transsiberien et de la Petite Jeanne de France*, did you?

BB: No, Ron Padgett did that. O'Hara, Ashbery, Harry Mathews, Koch all did translations at various times. Koch and Ashbery translated Breton's *Magnetic Fields*. If you want a fairly stuffy answer to this question of what the New York poets found so relevant in surrealist writing then look at my article, "Frank O'Hara and His Poems," in *Art and Literature* 12. Collaborations (novels, poems, poem-paintings, etc.) were evidently inspired by the examples of proto-Dada/Surrealists (Apollinaire, Picabia, Man Ray, Schwitters, Picasso . . .). Surrealists (Breton, Aragon, Tanguy, Arp . . .), and Futurists (Marinetti, et al.). Motherwell's *The Dada Painters and Poets* was also a very significant text. O'Hara made "calligrams" by 1950 and you can find examples of these in the collaboration issue of *Locus Solus* or in *C Comics* 1 and 2.

KP: And the idea of a group. How did that come about?

BB: There wasn't any group at that point—in the early 60s. For instance, I don't believe that Frank O'Hara ever considered himself a New York School poet. Koch did have some sense of group, of people who perhaps shared a certain feeling for style.

His group would, of course, have consisted of himself, O'Hara, Ashbery, and Schuyler. Don Allen made a New York distinction in his Anthology [*The New American Poetry*] that seemed proper enough, and John Myers also glibly referred to, indeed he may well have invented the term, the New York School of Poets. But now Ted Berrigan takes credit for the invention of the term—in which case the "school" becomes mighty inclusive, and maybe all to the good! What I mean is that the original aspects of the New York School would have to be fairly minimal. There are poets specifically of New York such as Tony Towle, or of an older generation such as Charles Reznikoff or Edwin Denby. Naturally that is no more limiting or reductive than Gloucester was for Olson. But evidently for poets who were younger than O'Hara or Ashbery the distinctions were bound to be very different. Coming to New York, one knew that there were certain facts of poetry or painting that were already there. The atmosphere was very open, unlike San Francisco at this point, and you could step in or not as you saw fit. Ted Berrigan told me that is why he went to New York—and not California—because he felt it was both active and open enough to be oneself there. I met Padgett, Berrigan and Joe Brainard some time after they arrived in New York, late 61 or 62.

KP: But by that time you already knew O'Hara, Koch, Schuyler, and Ashbery?

BB: Yes, and Edward Elmslie. You could call them the first generation New York School if such a thing really exists amongst the poets. Then there was perhaps a more solid definition of a group clustered around Ted Berrigan's *C Magazine*. I mean all those guys who had come to New York from Tulsa—Padgett, Gallup, Brainard, and Berrigan. Then there was another point where we came together, a magazine of the early and mid 60s called *Location* that was edited by Tom Hess and Harold Rosenberg. As far as I can recall Donald Barthelme was managing editor for the first couple of issues, and then he quit for some reason or other. So Tom Hess invited me to be the managing editor and I agreed, thinking that it would provide an opportunity to publish some good poetry. I was aware of what Padgett and Berrigan were doing and asked Padgett to give me some work. Amongst the first things he gave me was a translation of the whole of Picabia's *Dits* which included the line "If you want inspiration drop your pants." That must have been about 1964. *Location*, however, folded before these works could appear, and in any case I don't believe that Harold Rosenberg would have allowed them to be printed there.

KP: Losfeld reissued the Picabia text in the early 60s I believe.

BB: Then there was another work in that same batch by Padgett and Brainard, a variation on the kind of work that Picabia was doing—drawings of machines with poems written around them or in them.

KP: Like *M'amenez-y* or the splendid *Culotte Tournante* where one can see the pants sliding or rolling down a highly geometric leg.

BB: Of all these young poets Ron was probably the most scholarly and persistently interested in Surrealism, or more correctly, in those writers who preceded the Surrealists, especially Apollinaire. He has done what I feel to be the best translation of *Zone* and also of works by Picabia and Cendrars.

KP: And what was the magazine that the Tulsa group became involved in?

BB: *The White Dove Review*. That was pretty astounding. Brainard and Padgett grew up very close to each other in Tulsa and Gallup must have moved there from Massachusetts some time early on since there is a picture of him at grade school with a Tulsa shirt on. Berrigan came to the University of Oklahoma after the Korean War on the G.I. Bill. He was a little older than the others and probably became some sort of mentor. I do not really know all the history, but in 1959 or 60 they founded the magazine. And there they were in what seemed a particularly provincial area, out of touch with New York or San Francisco, publishing Kerouac and Creeley. So, in fact, they were already on the boards when they were still in high school.

KP: And when did they start writing for *Art News*?

BB: Sometime after I left for Paris. Although I was working in the office of *Art News*, I didn't actually do much writing. That was between 1960-63.

KP: Were you also writing for *Kulchur* at the same time?

BB: Yes, in 1962-63 I was writing movie reviews for *Kulchur*. I just wrote that one *Art Chronicle* because Frank was the art editor and he didn't have time to write his chronicle that month, so I did one about De Kooning and Guston.

KP: And Barbara Guest also worked for *Art News*?

BB: Yes, and Fairfield Porter and Schuyler, as well as O'Hara and Ashbery on a couple of occasions. But these were all at different times.

KP: Fairfield Porter also did two covers for Schuyler's books.

BB: He was older than O'Hara, Ashbery and Schuyler. I think they all met him some time in the early 50s. Besides writing criticism for the *Nation* he also wrote poetry. He had known poets like John Wheelwright, a Boston poet whose work isn't read much now but who was published by New Directions. He was a poet admired by both O'Hara and Ashbery and they wanted to know something about him. Porter was very informative on that score. He was very knowing and kind.

KP: What about his work?

BB: Well this kind of vein in painting was explored by Porter, Jane Freilicher, Robert Dash, Nell Blain, Robert de Niro, Lois Dodd, and others. I shouldn't say "was," because most of these painters are still at it. Then there was also John Bulton, a marvellous painter, in another way.

KP: It is a strangely passive work, almost serene, to emerge from N.Y.

BB: I think it leads to what Alex Katz does—he was an admirer of some of those painters. They concentrate on landscape and still-life, essentially. It is representational and has a lot more to do with Vuillard, Bonnard, and also Degas. Maybe it is a more genteel strain. There is no "historical imperative" where personal taste is concerned. It is more interesting, however, that one is able to admire and have taste for *both* Pollock and Fairfield Porter, or Alex Katz and Al Held and Andy Warhol and then again someone new in "lyric abstraction" like John Seery and on to Robert Smithson—i.e. the categories thereby become irrelevant. "Expression is just someone standing in front of things," observes Frank O'Hara. The New York poets were reputed for having their connections with and getting their inspiration from abstract painting. Yet Ashbery and Koch would prefer representational painting of the kind done by Porter, Freilicher, or, in another way, Larry Rivers.

KP: Was the interest in Rivers at the same time?

BB: Yes, simultaneous. That was a real part of it. Rivers has said that he was introduced to painting by Jane Freilicher. She was involved with Bonnard and many of Larry's early paintings are Bonnard imitations. He used to copy whole scenes out of Bonnard or do variations on them.

KP: One finds in Bonnard that same insistence on the daily routines of life that one finds in Porter and even, although with different perspective, in the work of some of the New York poets. Is it, however, the approach to the work that provides the most fundamental link between painter and poet?

BB: Yes. There was an immense "Why not—" and there still is! That was the big step for American painters and it gave the poets a lot of inspiration to do a lot of the wackier things they got involved in. There was an atmosphere of "everything is permitted." What happened was that the avant-garde combined around the major figures in Modern Art. By 1955 the message was quite clear. Duchamp said "Do anything" and Pollock said something like "Anything I intend is art!" Art is whatever I, the artist, say—because I do it. You can take it or leave it but if I choose to call it art then I'll stand by it. That was so heroic it became natural!

KP: There's that tremendous diversity at that time. As well as the immense energy of the Abstract Expressionists, there's the emergence of Pop Art coming through, and the growing importance of figures such as Rauschenberg and Rosenquist. One senses a new recognition of the power of the sharp clean image, or of the total effect of the banal image on environment.

BB: True. I think Rivers made it pretty clear that if you were walking around or stumbling around in an atmosphere where somebody, like Newman say, was going to hang a blue line down the center of a white or otherwise painted canvas and say "that's it!", then you could paint a large cartoon of George Washington crossing the Delaware and say "that's it!" too. Larry picked up on the fact that the atmosphere of New York was supposed to be abstract painting but that you could debate the meaning of that endlessly. For example, if abstract painting meant De Kooning, you quickly found yourself up against the fact that De Kooning himself denied it.

KP: It's the idea of risk that assumes a new importance here—the need to run a risk?

BB: Sure, risk was a big word then, but everything has now opened out beautifully and everybody has got very used to the idea that they can do what they like. The big risk now is probably the risk that has always been there: the risk of committing yourself to anything, of finding out the possibilities of your own particular bent. But that is just like saying the word "Go."

KP: One of the challenges or dangers for a poet living in a city such as New York seems to me to be that he becomes part of a continuum, continuously taking decisions in the immediate—decisions thrust upon you by the very momentum of the city, decisions of taste, of survival. The poet is part of what is going on and it's not natural for him to extract himself from this process and view experience as a whole. The city gives the kind of intensity of living we look for but it also produces a kind of blanket surface effect. As in the society that surrounds him the capacity to take decisions assumes an importance greater than the decision itself. There is little attempt to penetrate the nature of experience or the full complexity of its meanings. This seems to be one of the essential differences between the best European and the best American poetry. The Europeans, and I'm thinking here of poets such as Char, Montale, Guillen, Herbert, step back from experience and examine its meanings: whereas the Americans feel this minimizes risk and becomes a method of juggling experiences to fit your own superimposed pattern.

BB: Well what came across from Surrealism both in painting and in poetry was that two approaches were possible, and I guess always are. One set is more recognizably reflective and the other reacts against it and wants to make everything more continuous and life-like. I mean they want to feel like they're really living when they're writing a poem and that the poem is connected to the rest of what they're doing and living.

KP: But there's also a danger of one becoming a prisoner to an intensity that is provided or manufactured. I mean that this insistence on living may not be a push towards radical change but may be an easy acceptance of the circus that's going on. Yet, at the same time, my own sense is that only an active language can ever hope to produce change and that it is above all the American poets who've shown how such an active language can come into being.

BB: O'Hara's language has this active quality.

KP: But what I'm really trying to say is, does this kind of energy depend on the job, on the continuous feed of stimuli? Does a city like New York provide what amounts to an artificial boost of energy that leaves you running ahead of yourself?

BB: I think in Frank's case it was a collaboration, a collaboration between his temperament and that location. It suited him, it was what was most him. He'd go to the Hamptons and frolic in the waves, but I don't think the idea of leaving the city would ever have occurred to him, except ironically. I don't think the intensity of the city was ever too much for him. He didn't do things by half. Whatever he got involved with, he gave himself to completely. He took on too much, an incredible load of relationships that meant there was a certain energy drain which sometimes left him feeling exhausted.

KP: Certainly O'Hara is always sharpening and moving on the surface, but a poet like Brainard, in *New Work* say, seems to delight in the surface for its own sake where he makes the banal into some kind of ritual.

BB: No, it is just a different quality of emotion. He is just a different speed. Brainard is more self-conscious about his emotions than Frank was. He is a lot more careful, which isn't to put him down. It's just his disposition. It is funny to compare them but it is interesting. Joe is not a poet. He is primarily a visual artist. He happened to hit on and he worked for a kind of writing that is unique in its own way. It is beautiful and surprising in its accuracy, like how true he can be to himself and how he manages to put so many odd things in a philosophical light.

KP: But the Williams notion of "mounting the real" which O'Hara achieves so superbly seems lacking here. The philosophy seems a little synthetic and there is a tongue-in-cheek defense mechanism.

BB: It is not tongue-in-cheek so much as irony. Brainard's irony has a real bite to it. It is precisely the same kind of thing that you can find in Ted Berrigan and Michael Brownstein, and certainly in Tom Clark who sometimes seems to be all fangs. You find that tongue-in-cheek approach in Ashbery, where the irony is softer and sweeter, almost rhapsodic. It seems a strange idea to group two such different temperaments as O'Hara and Ashbery in the same

school. You can say that maybe they liked some of the same movies and that they certainly liked each other, but there wasn't any kind of unified aesthetic.

KP: Perhaps the way they break events down into fragments?

BB: But with Ashbery you never know if there is an event because he's got such a willful sense of ambiguity, making the poem stay at so many different levels. Frank O'Hara isn't one bit ambiguous.

KP: But there is that concern with the process of the actual moment, to deal with what is happening, whether in the street or in the imagination?

BB: Yes, you can see that alright. It's like that beautiful thing that Kline said about Bonnard or Velasquez, or perhaps about both of them. He said you can see him organizing in front of your eyes. Maybe that occurs with all writers but the surface seems particularly dense and activated with O'Hara and Ashbery. It's like a De Kooning surface, although Ashbery often has something closer to the sheen of a Rothko surface.

KP: You've said that O'Hara showed you how to work a poem through. What did you mean by that?

BB: Oh, I was coming off my experience of a class in prosody or versification, where all the students, and I was one, were invited to take standard forms and fill them in or flesh them out with whatever words were handy. There was certainly a kind of poetry that has this planned look, where it was all a question of completion of the assignment, as it were. Then Frank, I guess, presented this alternative poem which was an action poem, or something you don't exactly know where it is going, where you simply start something and follow it. I am sure that it is a traditional procedure at root. Marianne Moore speaks of writing very much in these terms. Something catches her ear or her eye and off she goes.

KP: But a more conscious kind of organizing?

BB: No. More a thinking or feeling through. What matters here is, of course, the getting into the process, the getting closer to the actual structure of event in a poem. It probably does have something to do with Pollock's famous remark about "When I am in

my painting I don't know what is going to happen." The same thing applies to the poem: when I'm in it I don't know where it is going, and I don't even particularly think about it, but I do think "What now!"

KP: Could you say something about the use of collage by the New York poets?

BB: That came as much from the writers as from the painters. There were the surrealist and cubist collages that everybody knew about, and Tzara's famous exercise of cutting up a newspaper and juggling it around in a hat, but as important were Dos Passos' *Camera Eye* and Stein's work. I'd read Dos Passos very early on but wasn't able to make use of it till much later. Stein showed me there was a way of writing it right out, making the collage in my mind, that my mind was in fact an instant collage. Ashbery also used it in some of the poems in *Tennis Court Oath*.

KP: "Europe," for example?

BB: Yes, "Europe" was partly collaged out of some little novel called *Beryl of the Bi-plane* that Ashbery found on the quais or somewhere in Paris. Then there was also Burroughs proclaiming the "cut-up" method and insisting that *The Waste Land* was the first big modern collage. So it all seemed like common sense. Berrigan was doing cut-ups in both the early *Sonnets* and some of his newer O'Hara-influenced poems. He was literally cutting them up and rearranging them into the sonnets. I'm sure Brainard picked up on that in his work.

KP: And one's experience of the City was itself a collage experience, where accidents frequently intervened.

BB: Yes, we had all those techniques that are extensions or externalizations of feelings. Montage, collage, cut-ups and all those things are technical equivalents for something that happens anyhow in your sensory experience. So they become simply ways of being, your actual sensory experience, what you're trying to get down. It's the same as Guston saying, "Nail down what it is that's occurring to you" and you use that not as a rule but just as a device of experience. It only has to yield what it is. For my own part I tend to keep before my mind a fairly classical sense of what I want to see as a shape, or what I want to hear, and as these techniques yield to me I find I can take what I want and leave the rest. Burroughs says

that he would cut up I don't know how many endless pages of the Paris *Herald Tribune* for just one sentence. Actually whenever I've done anything like that, actually physically cutting things up, or sliding parallel texts over one another or alongside one another, I found it a very laborious process. I just didn't have the patience for that sort of thing. I find it easier just to go to that place where the cut-ups are occurring, somewhere in my brain, and pick them up there.

KP: Did the jumps and accidents that this method permits interest you? The kind of changes in direction that the mind is often loathe to produce?

BB: It's so difficult to distinguish between inside and outside experience. It's like the Duchamp thing of going into a hardware store and tricking yourself into picking up a shovel with which you have no particular *parti-pris*. It's such a meagre removal of responsibility, yet what's great about it is that it shows that you can't help but be yourself. The *Shovel* and the *Bottle-rack* are works of genius, they're pure Duchamp. I've seen other people pick up things that just didn't make it.

KP: De Kooning also makes an attempt to upset "ego-patterns" by tearing off strips or pasting over shapes, which amount to techniques for forcibly changing direction.

BB: Yeah but they're still his decisions, of course, like drawing with his eyes closed. Rivers worked for years to learn how to draw like Ingres or Lautrec. Then he found he could do it but soon he seemed to get a little impatient with his expertise. There's a boredom that sets in. So what does he do, he ends up getting involved with tracing paper and carbon paper, not negating what he did, because his hand is still adept, but refusing any masterly rendition of the model by insisting on simply tracing.

KP: But they do seem to me to be efforts to get out of the individual shell. Was O'Hara's willingness to get caught up in the flurry of event a similar kind of insistence?

BB: I don't think so. There's hardly a work in *Lunch Poems* where he as his own person or personality isn't firmly located in the poem. There is, perhaps, a transcendence of self-consciousness in his technique of going out and paying a very complete attention to what

is happening outside himself. Actually he finds his personally preferred "self" there.

KP: To be in the poem or in the painting in Pollock's sense?

BB: It's not just paying attention to the poem, it's the poem paying attention or letting it pay attention to the entrance of 515 Madison or whatever. There are a lot of lines of this type in *Meditations on an Emergency*. It's a philosophical attitude, like Rilke's idea that things need you. So that if there's some sort of pleasure in getting out of your worries about yourself or out of your own self-consciousness, then it can happen in looking at or feeling what other things are feeling.

KP: The monograph on Alex Katz is almost entirely the work of poets. What is it that so interests the New York poets about his work?

BB: He appeared with a bang around the late 50s-early 60s. He was doing portraits mostly at that point. He was also a good literary critic, rare amongst painters, and that was another affinity shared with him. He was known as a poet's painter, whatever that means. But there was a certain look in those paintings that made them as strong as anybody since De Kooning and Johns.

KP: Could you say what the nature of the exchanges between poet and painter were?

BB: I can't say, but I'm sure poetry had some effect on him just as his paintings had an effect on my own work. It's a matter of sense, of scale. He has a tremendous scope!

KP: And sense of surface?

BB: Yes, certainly. It's strange that those who subscribed to the abstraction of the mid-60s didn't pick up on him. It was touted for its frontality, the image coming out from the canvas, rather than you peering into the canvas to see it, and Katz's painting has that quality, albeit as a representation.

KP: Ambiguity again.

BB: Yes, there's a lot of ambiguity in terms of where the focus is. And that's a quality you find in the more advanced abstract painting of the time where the focus changes depending upon where you stand in front of it so that people, when they're reading a Barnett Newman or a large Al Held, tend to walk along it or step forward or back, or move around it. It's a nice feeling since you sort of dance in front of the painting instead of standing there flat-footed.

KP: Guston also has that multiplicity of focus with the work peaking at different points.

BB: Yeah, in those works where he scatters the images and the space seems elastic.

KP: How did Katz first make contact with the poets?

BB: When I first met him he had a show at a small gallery on 10th Street. It was an artist's cooperative—the Tanager Gallery. Later he had his first show of cut-outs there.

KP: What effect did that have?

BB: Well, you could walk into this space and they would really fool you into thinking this person was really standing there. They had fun, presence, and made their own atmosphere.

KP: Wasn't there a case of mistaken identity by O'Hara or Denby?

BB: Yes. Somebody walked into the gallery and said "hi" to one of the cut-outs—I'm not sure if it was a figure of O'Hara or somebody else. They provided an interesting move inside the question of edge in painting. The reasoning behind it was that he was doing all these portraits, and like anybody doing portraits on a flat surface he began to wonder, "Well, O.K. Now you've got the image—so what happens to the rest of the canvas?" Katz's usual move was to paint a field around the figure. It was monochromatic, usually of a brilliant hue, like a pink, or purple, or orange. So finally he had those figures locked into space, sort of located, a kind of stalemate. Katz's answer was then to have just the figures, to leave them free-standing by simply cutting round the wood or steel. Sometimes he had them hanging from the wall and this gave a whole other peculiarity because you had this figure in what was more or less

bas-relief hanging on some wall or other and becoming subject to its scale and color.

KP: And you also had the dimension of these cut-out figures playing against each other in a group situation.

BB: Yes, you had that in *One Flight Up*, which was set out on a table, or *The Wedding*, or that strange one called *Blackie* which had this mad scene from behind of three or four of his images, each successively smaller, climbing the wall, receding into it, going down a road, so that the wall became a road.

KP: With these groups you have both the play between the various figures and the play in the spaces between them.

BB: Yes, the Denby/Burckhart cut-out shows two figures, each seated in a chair connected by a metal base on the floor. It is astonishing how these flat 1/2" thick figures painted on both sides become two possible men sitting there cross-legged when you put them in any space. One of them with his mouth open so that you see he is the one who is talking, and the other with his mouth closed and smiling as if sharing the joke.

KP: It also seems to me that the New York Poets were attracted by certain Abstract Expressionist techniques, such as the idea of an inclusive field, or accepting everything that occurs as true to the event.

BB: Maybe, but I think everybody likes the idea of being as inclusive as possible, getting as much into a given work as is available.

KP: Such as *In Memory of My Feelings*?

BB: Well actually that poem seems to me to be self-history, personal history. It's almost Olsonian with a very definite subject. It's like a problem-solving type of poem.

KP: So the multiple selves aren't so much immediate presentations as stages in development. There's a kind of time factor involved?

BB: Yes it goes into a rather compacted personal history of being in Japan, being in the navy, and then also mentions his aunts etc. The poem seems to have been patched up or collaged out of a lot of

different fragments. There is a passage like an image from Lorca of his "pony stamping in the birches," a section that may well have been written at some other time and simply put in there. However, there is a really heavy personal focus in that poem. It is very much a poem about himself or his various personae.

KP: I'd read it as a kind of rapid shift from persona to persona, a slipping in and out of various guises so as to maintain intensity.

BB: Well it has that facet that everybody recognizes when they think of O'Hara of how "to live as variously as possible." I've often wondered as to the exact meaning of the "serpent coiled around the central figure," writhing there in the midst of the other selves. It's a big painful poem. It's more obviously laid out in the *Ode to Michael Goldberg* where he writes of the facts of his life in Massachusetts, and then that whole last section where he says "and one alone will speak of being born in pain and he will be the wings of an extraordinary liberty." It's personal history but highly pertinent to others. It's just as inclusive as those poems where he's taking in the external details of where he's sitting, standing, or walking.

KP: Do you think that with O'Hara's work there's a sense of organizing the event as it occurs, as you get from, say, Pollock?

BB: Pollock, it seems to me, presents you with a vista, a wrap around in image, provided you can take it on as a whole image. What's probably great about his paintings is that it's really hard to take all at once, so you tend to look at details—bang, bang, bang, swoop. With De Kooning it's a little easier since the steps are broader. De Kooning, instead of putting out those facet planes like the cubists do, allows you the breadth of the canvas.

KP: Rivers takes this up?

BB: Yes, that's for sure, though more idiosyncratically. Rivers also used an expression I like very much when he talks of "the smorgasbord of the recognizable." There's one particular Rivers painting that's always appealed to me—*It's Really Anita Huffington*—where he started painting a dancer, named Anita Huffington. And then she had to take off on a tour so he finished the painting using O'Hara in a trenchcoat.

KP: That's what I mean by an inclusiveness of emotion—it's not only the individual but the larger presence of the city. This seems to me to be common to Pollock, O'Hara, and Kline's chunks of city space.

BB: Except that paintings permit more variable emotional emphasis than a poem by O'Hara, or Corso, or anybody else. De Kooning's women, for example. There's both this terrifying image of a woman and the funny image which would be the one De Kooning himself would emphasize. He says they've got smiles of "mesopotamian goddesses," although some people still see them as women with fangs out ready to chop anything masculine that goes by. That kind of latitude is rarely available in a poem, especially with a poet such as O'Hara where language focuses very strictly on the emotions.

KP: Perhaps in the Billie Holiday poem we can see something of that—in that stretch from the initial mood to the final riveting image.

BB: Yes, it makes no pretenses. You are just taking a walk on an ordinary day. The traffic is there and the buildings are there and what you have been doing lately is there. Then bang—the headline, or not even a headline but something on the back page. Somebody who meant a lot to you has died, and you wonder what to make of it. That is why the poem is so beautiful and natural because what hits you is the most persistent image of that person. So O'Hara writes "I was in a bar one night and I came out of the men's room and there was Billie Holiday singing unexpectedly at the piano." He makes it into a public elegy and everybody hits it when he says "everyone and I stopped breathing." "Stopped breathing" is an incredible phrase—it doubles it. She stops and you stop by being thrilled—you gasp. It becomes this public statement but from a tangent that seems to promise you anything but that. It doesn't come on, not even like the poem "To James Dean." It becomes public without the push. I mean it doesn't come on like Auden's elegy to Yeats which takes a big public stand from the rostrum and lets you know it from the outset.

KP: Or like Rivers' speech at O'Hara's funeral!

BB: Yeah—that painter's eye description of Frank in hospital upset everybody. It was terrifying.

Signification: "The Chinese Notebook"

The Age of Huts
by Ron Silliman
New York: Roof Books, 1986

Weighing what is weightless if we remain at a distance. Performative utterance. Reference the prize yet here the booby prize. There is almost no such thing as non-referential language—only the non-referential organization of any language, a way off of beyond what is expected. Up close. Wouldn't reference have at times the fakery of immaculate conception—"traceless"—and thus of myth, a *countering*, to alienate? Familiar usage hiding the appearance of intent. "Words only become non-referential through specific context" (*The Chinese Notebook*, #110). Words only become *referential* through specific context. The politics of form, formality. Convention and intention at war? Praxis: pragmatics.

Reading speed / post position. Syllables where it occurs. Yet for *what purpose* are the interior rules formed and how are they to be recognized? Jump out of context = jump free of conventional apprehension. Or a series of Chinese boxes—passing from one to the other ("place of silk" set within "plethora dimensions") so the varieties of velocity creating simulacra of understanding, as when "to pulse on" and "making a bad rolling straight faster." As though the specifics of narrative structure could ever be the surest guide to a structure of comprehension. They aren't. Content as an alibi and an exceedingly transparent one at that. The plea of having been elsewhere at the time of any alleged act.

Cause / effect and stimulus / response may be tropes for the way one mechanism relates to another, yet still not at all for the way we embed purposive acts within a situation, or for the way our readings take in (inside-out) their presence; also what surrounds it. "making a short time fast." Just as the passage to get there was an enfoldment, a reminiscent process. "All these words turning in on themselves like the concentric layers of an onion" (TCN #35). But is context always a paradigmatic concern?

Grammar suggesting a more static alignment of forces out there—whether the prominent noun or frozen verb—its suggestive powers (its ability to notate states, relationships) look more and more feeble in specifics. We are usually given a fog in favor of any directly attended detail or the enhancement of what is occurring now, here. The disclaimer, the false clarity. Language can do other things: a model of immediate perception. Where outside, for example, are we so conscious of subtle prolongments—“aim same synthesize” “a do grain” “but held shoes”—elicited lengthen attention. Pressure, the molding, doing the enlargements of time to replace the simplifications of meaning. Or metronomic. “shortly wad thank city.” With such separateness. “he I me button.” The backgrounding of meaning also allows it to play a much more active formal role.

“a guide language the people”

“would strike a blow at idealism”

Does context only disappear in our experience when it seems superfluous, as it so rarely is in what is normally called readership? A word shift outward through a set of its own enhancing (?) conditions—by which form and activity give mutual evidence of each other. The absentee ballot. Not writing as an activity but—constructivist—as score for activity, not a decoration of a plot (or, to say, a *story*). Sometimes accumulation as a prosodic graph of possibilities contained, each directed out (each with its own penumbra, and implication of context) and then directedly refocused. “cent had were was who prostitution.” Put in place. One might suggest the idea of *sprung* reference. Semblance of condensation. “to pulse on infusion more.” “the names applause.”

A remarkable autonomy of line (as witness of the autonomy of language); yet even here the lure of a verb form occasionally at the end: “draws” “shift” “sharply” crisscrossing that autonomy with its determined fixity. Does it begin to suggest *between*? How autarkic the individual words here? “meticulous from defeat.” Yet all such choices seem transparent (the manner is, not the material) in a way a too strenuously sought “substance” can never be.

The process involved sends up a record of causal antecedence much less than of orchestrating these volitions. We see like that. As though the mechanics of form—a way of mocking the very character of form, whereas the mechanics of reference just throw another congealed layer upon whatever is present. “yang hollow.” “causes are yin.” Intentions are hollow—moreover, they are here

not logically independent of the forms that perform them. Thus not experienced as Humean causes. “is not a fixed limiting.” “to draw the lots.” Evidence of what it is not.

References are risks—the at-times overanxious co-star with a tendency (as example, “locomotives to outsize turnips”) to steal a scene by stroking the reader’s familiarities, even when most odd in its combinations. Surrealism as an extreme. “Information leaks through these words.” (#212) Only. Yet at the point of the purpose of the words, or what we infer of it: isn’t this artificiality, like heightening defamiliarization, a way of denaturalizing the language? A gesture away from a causal model, a reaffirmation of the historicism of whatever is present (has been presented). In that sense a politicizing? A (barbarity) “de-semioticization”?

Myth comes in as the opposite—an illusory transparency, with the implication that it is merely transparent, as though a formal structure were not at the heart of its substantive content. Myth as a blockage, an inability to get beyond, a counter-explanation, then such use of language as is here suggested begins to take on the look of a counter-myth, not a decoding of any ulterior myth or signifier (an explanation), but: a *formal signification*. That which is self-explanatory, self-evident, directly and directedly here, which requires no supplementing or absent context to become intelligible? In and of itself. No further knowledge of causes. No subsuming laws. Not vicarious.

Will the Last Metaphor to Leave Please Turn Off the Illumination

Canadian Sunset

by David McFadden

Windsor, Ontario: Black Moss Press, 1986

Travel writing becomes a subversive undertaking in David McFadden's recent novel, *Canadian Sunset*. But one wonders if he's not just gone so far in deconstructing the conventions that he's dug the ground out from under himself.

Narrated in a mocking tone reflexively directed towards both its structure and content, *Canadian Sunset* is a picaresque romp for serious readers: readers interested in the writing of a tale rather than in the tale. But the necessity of the reader's interpretive involvement with the text may distance "passive" readers from this book and, similarly, the demands McFadden makes on the reader may prove too challenging for leisurely textual travellers. This is a puzzling journey, but a playful and darkly comic one, too.

Part of the challenge to the reader is due to a disruption of linear cause/effect relationships in the content of the book and a corresponding structural interchangeability: an overall contextual disorienting of the reader. This commenting upon its own form explicitly grounds the metatextual realm of interpretation in the textual word-level. Such a coincidence of planes is both a subject and a structure in *Canadian Sunset*, as is evident since a substantial part of the narrative involves casting the I Ching to determine which subway station to travel to next. Here the destination of the journey is not consciously chosen by the traveller, whose only decision is that a journey must be undertaken. Travelling, not to get to the end but directed, caused by, an end—the effect as "causing" the cause.

The device of the Toronto Subway System structuring a narrative in which subversion of linearity is both explicit and implicit enfolds the reader in a complicated structure indeed. A structure embedded, by being described, within the narrative:

Hiroko had been telling me of her attempts to produce mental images by concentrating on the ancient idea that everything is composed of atoms and that at a subatomic level the entire universe is empty of substance. You get impressions of another universe existing in the same space as ours but of a different atomic composition. The various planes partake of the same atoms but in different combinations, as if form were a poem with different layers of meaning. (152)

The main problem for the interpreter of such a fragmented atomic structure is that the lack of privilege among "paths" of narrative—hence this structure of interpenetrating planes—actually dislocates the reader. The multiple routes of potential meaning lead the reader to extremes of interpretation: two opposite directions simultaneously. On the one hand, the I Ching suggests deferral to a closed narrative, one already determined: a "fate" revealed as we travel in a linear manner through a known number of pages. On the other hand, we are tempted to conceive of the narrative as open, even arbitrary and indeterminate as we are advised not to read sequentially (on p. 170). That is, two extreme and divergent methodologies in the treatment of a text are both invited and foregrounded here by the frictive resistance of the text to non-critical readings. The text itself forces the reader to think about the reading of that text: not the story being told as to a passive reader, but the telling of that story to an active interpreter.

One such type of interpreter would abstract a structure wherein, by drawing attention to the words rather than the story, the text announces itself to the reader as opaque; foregrounding the literal, "surface" interplay of non-referential words and setting up the text as a field or plane. Again it is Hiroko, the artist, who expresses this theory in *Canadian Sunset*: "... making paintings out of nothing but words ... gives more weight and more meaning to the words. It forces the viewer to look at them ... it's harder to dismiss the words" (140-141). Another artist is quoted as saying something similar concerning the precedence of form over content: "Picasso told me once don't analyze the content of a work of art for it's always the same: man's essential loneliness in the cosmos. Analyze only the expression" (191). Interestingly, the expression of this thought relates the story to the cosmic plane, as does Hiroko's "atomic universe theory." But so as to short-circuit the reader's tendency to equate the theory with the text itself, McFadden attributes the comment to Carlos (a known liar), as

quoted by Walter J. Littlewood, the narrator and a self-confessed liar. The unreliability of the narrator is made clear in this account of teasing a kid found fishing:

'I got one,' he said. He pulled it up. It wasn't exactly an ugly fish. It looked good enough to eat. At that point a strange thing happened to me: I grabbed the fish, popped it in my mouth and swallowed it whole, still flipping. I looked at the kid. He was standing there with his eyes spinning. 'Are you crazy?' he said, stammering, taking a step backwards. 'That was good. Catch me another one.' Hey, I was kidding. I didn't really eat the fish. I didn't even think about it till now, typing out this story. (88)

Here we have a punster kidding the reader about kidding the kid; also kidding the reader about fishing for tangible meaning in the depths of this text's structure. Since the reader must be engaged in exactly that sport to catch the meaning, the tone of self-mockery that pervades this text extends to the reader as well.

Similarly, on the textual level of words a network of puns works feverishly to deconstruct conventional, metaphorical meaning which is constructed figuratively by the very words which form these (literal) puns. Consider: "When I looked again through the window of the beauty salon next door hair-lined cracks pinged across my heart and a squadron of Canadian fighter jets flared across the sky" (178); or, "The woman said something about the astral body being the vehicle of the mind and just as she said that there was a two-vehicle accident in front of the restaurant" (155).

A more ambivalent type of humour where reference is uncertain is also frequent. This sort of humour is derived from the words themselves but interpreted as referring to the text, as when the narrator finds the "Pemme Phatale Pharmacy in downtown Snowflake (I hope you don't think I'm making this up)" (240). The paradox of this narrator suggesting that he may be lying and that he hopes the reader believes him is further paradoxical since Littlewood is equated with the author of this text—Littlewood pines for "someday, if this book ever gets published . . ." (112)—an author who clearly is "making this up." Littlewood is in despair over his paradoxical situation; he is aware and yet afraid of the problem of signification in a text. "The metaphors I invent and try to believe in are impossible and they turn to dust when I most need them" (208). McFadden is reminding the reader of her willing

suspension of disbelief while making disbelief very difficult to suspend. At the same time, he is expressing a dilemma of the writer who presumes to make signifiers of the real world while being aware of a synapse in the signifying function. Here again we hear the mockery that goads the book's adherents—the narrator, the reader and now the writer—to recognize the absurdity of their activity. Regarding the paradox of signification, Hiroko expresses a cavalier attitude and explains that: "Everyone knows writers lie," she said. "They're expected to. It's okay. Better than being boring" (96). Hiroko is almost a co-writer, whose comments upon the narrative are included within it. That she explicitly condones lying deconstructs authority within the text. That the author prefaces each chapter with (usually two) epigraphs "signed"—one by the likes of Barthes, Apollinaire or Basho—the other by Pogo cartoon characters such as Porky Pine or The Fish Worms—implicitly deconstructs authority within the text.

A thematically-disposed interpreter could abstract a "deep" structure wherein the interaction is on a metafictional level: flickering between symbols of illumination and darkness. One can pounce upon images of blackouts: car headlights going out; mental blackouts; lights dying in a funeral home; blindness; even a "genuine" sunset over Vancouver. And the moon emerges as a theme too, but usually "moon" is emphasized as a word rather than as referring to something beyond its materiality as a sign. We find the moon painted in the interior of an Eckankar office (28); a man is "moon-faced" (30); a woman's eyes "flared like little moons" (42); and Dixie Moon, a clairvoyant in communication with Carl Jung, emerges to prominence in the text. Hence meaning is produced as a coincidence, rather than a parallel, between the literal and metaphorical planes. Yet meaning, like signification, proves indeterminate and so inconclusive; herein it lies, both highlighted and mocked.

These two extreme ways of reading are not mutually exclusive in this text, and often depend upon each other. Hence the reader feels that the control of an active interpreter over this text is more a burden than one is under than a privilege. Often the indeterminacy of the text is positively abysmal. In fact, a more appropriate metaphor is not control "over" the text but "under" the text—structuring the narrative as the subway does, from the abyss of a reader's, or traveller's, hell: "Downstairs was a sweaty swirl of savage travellers, each one the center of a vast universe of departure points and destinations" (127). Under the eclipse of the moon the illumination from metaphors goes out and we are in

darkness, travelling as we spread illumination where we can and chose to do so, taking the road or making our own.

McFadden, forcing the reader to acknowledge the problems inherent in the process of reading, and writing, is obviously not going to write a definitive remedy for this problem. So, in a fundamental way, this book does not "work." But it does highlight the absurdity of its own situation and I, like the narrator, felt that "I'd learned something: God really exists and an eclipse is a divine wink, a gentle nudge, telling the human race that the entire universe is an insignificant speck of dust, a drop of dew to quote Issa, a pathetic joke at best, a pun" (263).

RALPH MAUD

Review

Charles Olson: The Critical Reception, 1941-1983: A Bibliographic Guide
by William McPheron
New York and London: Garland Publishing, 1986

This compilation is a well-nigh complete chronology of critical attention to Charles Olson's writings, everything from comments in articles to dissertations and books (and including that elusive research source, the M.A. thesis, though not undergraduate honors papers—so Bryant Knox's beautifully illustrated annotations to the *Mayan Letters*, done for an honors B.A. at Simon Fraser, doesn't get included). William McPheron has certainly succeeded in his intention "to chart thoroughly Olson's place in contemporary literature."

I have one general complaint to make, and it is a serious one. Each item in the bibliography is given a paraphrase by the compiler, and these summaries are unreliable, often catching the wrong emphasis, often missing the point of the piece in question. So the book is very accurate in its bibliographical information, but bewildering in its attempts to encapsulate what people have said. In normal active use of the volume I have come across only one error of fact, which I can now point out, and in doing so demonstrate at the same time the inadequacy of McPheron's commentary. Item #213 is:

Sorrentino, Gilbert. "Prose of Our Time."
FLOATING BEAR 30 (1964): n. pag.
While MAYAN LETTERS exhibits a great scholarly mind dealing splendidly with its subject, often Olson's prose can be like notes to himself, infuriating the reader by presupposing knowledge of his references.

Turning to this particular issue of *Floating Bear*, one sees that Sorrentino was giving each of fifteen contemporaries a paragraph of impressionistic criticism of their prose, including the following:

Olson: Solid, declamatory prose, though he, like Pound, expects you to know his subject as well as he does. Many times like notes to himself, you are infuriated that you don't know what he's talking about because you didn't read a certain book.

Mayan Letters an incredible record of a brilliant amateur who 'sees' more than the professionals in their own field. A great grasp of life, he will not be bought, the *Call Me Ishmael* a great scholarly mind shot through with intuition rising splendidly to a splendid subject. Every thought in the words as perfect as fingers in a kid glove.

Obviously Sorrentino dashed this off at white heat, and any paraphrase would utterly destroy its effect. But McPherson's summary makes it seem as though Sorrentino is begrudging Olson praise, while the reality is that he is wild about the man, and only annoyed at not having read enough to keep up. The error of fact is the confusion of *Call Me Ishmael* and *Mayan Letters*; but the misjudging of the emphasis is equally damaging.

The reader, then, should begin on this compilation by testing out items which are familiar. They will often appear disturbingly unfamiliar. On the other hand, I can guarantee that anything one looks for will be there.

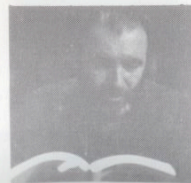
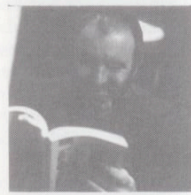
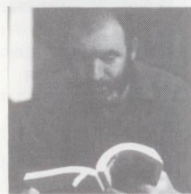
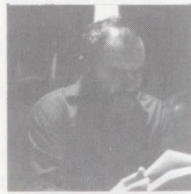
Is This the Ultimate Blurb for John Wieners' Next Book?

John Wieners: *Selected Poems 1958-1984*.

Edited by Raymond Foye. Foreword by Allen Ginsberg.

Santa Barbara: Black Sparrow Press, 1986.

photos by Renee Korlin



I started to write that John Wieners is the invisible giant of his generation, then realized that quite a few of the giants of his generation, Amiri Baraka, Frank O'Hara, Judy Grahn, Ed Sanders, Ed Dorn, Diane DiPrima, Jack Spicer, Joanne Kyger, Lew Welch, Phil Whalen, Paul Blackburn, even Denise Levertov are relatively invisible. John Wieners is the poet of the painful truth, chanteuse extraordinaire, the Irish Billie Holiday. Hophead bebop homo François Villon, voice of the heartbroken, voice of the obsessed, chronicler of the repressed and oppressed. The first time John Wieners read the *Hotel Wentley Poems* aloud Jack Spicer wept. The arrow pierced the pineal gland of John Kennedy. It is easy to imagine dozens of tearstained copies of John Wieners' *Selected Poems 1958-1984* scattered through friends' homes over the decades.

Only Kerouac shares the raw emotion of John Wieners, Robert Duncan, Baraka, Michael McClure, and Allen Ginsberg share the political outrage. Only Burroughs gets as crazy as John Wieners when John Wieners gets crazy. John Wieners is the demigod both Andy Warhol and Charles Olson worshipped.

What's New—Some Recent Additions to the Contemporary Literature Collection, SFU

CRITICAL WORKS

Alyce Barry, ed., *Djuna Barnes: Interviews*. Washington, D.C.: Sun & Moon Press, 1985 (396 pp.).

This collection of interviews brings together many of Barnes' newspaper and magazine conversations with celebrities from 1914-1931. Most interesting is Barnes' technique. Done before the era of tape recorders, the articles are written as deft sketches that capture the character of the subject as seen through Barnes' eyes. Included are such diverse personalities as James Joyce, Lillian Russell, Jack Dempsey, Coco Chanel, Flo Ziegfeld and Alfred Stieglitz.

Shari Benstock, *Women of the Left Bank: Paris, 1900-1914*. Austin: University of Texas Press, 1986 (518 pp.).

Shari Benstock, the director of The Center for the Study of Women's Literature at the University of Tulsa, surveys the Paris experience from a feminist perspective, investigating the women who helped to shape literary Modernism. Working from the premise that "our working definitions of Modernism [have] excluded women from its concerns," Benstock "exposes all that Modernism has repressed, put aside, or attempted to deny," concluding that "misogyny, homophobia, and anti-Semitism . . . indelibly mark Modernism." Benstock combines both myth and biography in her study and charts the role women played in refining and redefining the founding principles of Modernism. "Their experiences . . . were significantly different from those of their . . . male Modernist colleagues." Benstock emphasizes the differences, and does not try to establish a feminist Modernist poetics. These are alternate Modernisms that have been neglected as such for too long.

Charles Bernstein, *Content's Dream: Essays 1975-1984*. Los Angeles: Sun and Moon Press, 1986 (465 pp.).

L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E co-editor and poet Bernstein's first book of essays (37 of them) including critical readings of Robert Creeley, Ron Silliman, Jackson Mac Low, interviews, theoretic articles, literary and social criticism, reminiscences (Robin Blaser), investigations (the function/meaning/seducing ability of film), analysis (Wittgenstein and Derrida)—the general play of an exacting mind over the cultural-ity of the 20th century.

Reviewed by Larry Price in *Line*, Numbers 7/8 (Spring-Fall 1986): 200-207.

Robert J. Bertholf, ed., *From This Condensery: The Complete Writing of Lorine Niedecker*. Highlands, N.C.: The Jargon Society, 1985 (336 pp.).

Bertholf, the Curator of the Poetry Collection at the University of Buffalo, brings together all the poems, lesser known radio plays, essays and stories and provides a biocritical essay that fills in many of the gaps in Niedecker's history.

John Steven Childs, *Modernist Form: Pound's Style in the Early Cantos*. Selinsgrove: Susquehanna University Press; Toronto: Associated University Presses, 1986 (194 pp.).

Childs teaches at Sam Houston State University in Huntsville, Texas and his speciality is the impact of New Criticism on Modernist critical theory. This study is an attempt to answer the question: "How does the reader of the Modernist text overcome inevitable difficulties in reading?" Childs demonstrates that "only post-structuralist methodology in general, and semiotics in particular, can demystify the literary puzzles Modernism sets the reader and the critic."

Rachel Blau Duplessis, *H.D.: The Career of That Struggle*. Bloomington and Indianapolis: Indiana University Press, 1986 (168 pp.).

An overview of H.D.'s literary career in terms of the new feminist criticism, with extensive notes and bibliography. Duplessis identifies four distinct phases of H.D.'s career that she finds to correspond to problems of authority that are at issue for women—cultural, marginality, gender and sexual/erotic.

Lisa Pater Faranda, ed., *"Between Your House and Mine": The Letters of Lorine Niedecker to Cid Corman, 1960-1970*. Durham: Duke University Press, 1986 (261 pp.).

This annotated edition charts both the growth of a friendship and a poet. The letters concern poetry, other poets, and current events and describe daily life on Black Hawk Island and in Milwaukee. They also furnish some of the only biographical information available on the reticent Niedecker.

Thom Gunn, *The Occasions of Poetry: Essays in Criticism and Autobiography* (An Expanded Edition). Edited and Introduced by Clive Wilmer. San Francisco: North Point Press, 1985 (212 pp.).

The topics in this collection of essays (originally published in Britain by Faber and Faber in 1982) range from Ben Jonson to Gary Snyder. Some are from introductions to anthologies he has done for Penguin, Corgi and Faber and Faber. The second half of the book is an autobiography that traces Gunn's literary ancestors (both classic and contemporary), establishing a poetic that Gunn claims is greatly influenced by Yvor Winters.

Richard Jones, ed., *Poetry and Politics: An Anthology of Essays*. New York: Quill (William Morrow and Company, Inc.), 1985 (320 pp.).

This collection of essays written by poets since W.W. II explores a threat so large that it has become an "under-current in all our work," articulating a fear "not particularly personal" but "for everything that matters." Jones investigates the "nature and essence of art and its function in the world" with a non-partisan look at the "political nature of language." Includes essays by T.S. Eliot, Gary Snyder, Amiri Baraka, Denise Levertov and others.

Steve McCaffery, *North of Intention: Critical Writings 1973-1986*. New York: Roof Books; Toronto: Nightwood Editions, 1986 (239 pp.).

McCaffery's readings of contemporary writing (included are essays on George Bowering, bpNichol, Michael Palmer, Jackson Mac Low) and his own theoretic create a unique collection that, in the words of Charles Bernstein, "reclaims literary theory for engaged literary practices." These are reviews and essays that have

appeared in *L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E*, *Line* and other magazines, and include such intriguing titles as "Writing Degree Xerox," "(Immanent) (Critique)" and "The Elsewhere of Meaning."

Paul Metcalf, *Where Do You Put The Horse?: Essays*. Elmwood Park, Ill.: The Dalkey Archive Press, 1986 (165 pp.).

This "short index of Metcalf's reading and thinking" includes 33 essays ranging in length from one to over twenty pages. Covered are such diverse topics as Melville, Bowles, Olson, Creeley, Eisenstein, Chaplin, Laurel and Hardy, linguistics, religion, philosophy, film and miscellany such as space, Metcalf's family and the 'Me' Generation. Robert Creeley says Metcalf is "a consummate writer, he reads with that authority . . . he knows what words can mean."

Marjorie Perloff, *The Dance of the Intellect: Studies in the Poetry of the Pound Tradition*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1985 (243 pp.).

In a series of ten essays, Perloff traces the implications of Pound's poetic through the twentieth century from Wallace Stevens to the *L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E* poets. Considering the structures of poetry built on that tradition she, in effect, chronicles the history of twentieth-century poetics. Included are essays on Pound's interest in the visual arts, his relation to contemporaries, Williams' technical contribution to this school, Pound's influence on George Oppen and Samuel Beckett, the new poetry of John Cage and Ed Dorn and the language poetry of the eighties.

Audrey T. Rodgers, *Virgin and Whore: The Image of Women in the Poetry of William Carlos Williams*. Jefferson, N.C.: McFarland and Company, 1986 (170 pp.).

A bio-critical study that rests upon the poems themselves. Rodgers attempts to "measure the degree to which a singular facet of Williams' 'real' world contributed to one aspect of his art: the image of the virgin/whore as a counterpart for . . . artistic experience." The thesis of this study is that Williams had a "complex and original" view of women that is "unique" in the twentieth century.

Delmore Schwartz, *The Ego is Always at the Wheel: Bagatelles*. Robert Philips, ed. New York: New Directions, 1986 (146 pp.).

This is Delmore Schwartz in a less serious mood: 19 short pieces in a "light" style which cover such topics as taking baths, the telephone, fear of having one's picture taken, theories of Hamlet's behaviour, the difficulties of divorce, plus some endearing reminiscences of the young Delmore. Nine of the pieces were found among the poet's unpublished papers at Yale; others have been published in various magazines and journals.

Paul Shepard and Barry Sanders, *The Sacred Paw: The Bear in Nature, Myth, and Literature*. New York: Viking, 1985 (243 pp.).

Both Shepard and Sanders teach at Pitzer College, the Claremont Colleges in California (the former in Ecology and the latter in English) and they have collaborated to produce a study that not only examines the bear's place in our language, religion and consciousness (from fairy tale and myth to contemporary literature), but also links these images to various kinds of bears themselves, examining their biology and habits that have made them a persistent source of fear and wonder. Afterword by Gary Snyder.

Sam Solecki, ed., *Spider Blues: Essays on Michael Ondaatje*. Montreal: Véhicule Press, 1985 (369 pp.).

This collection of 28 critical essays, reviews and interviews (eight commissioned for this volume) attempts to define Ondaatje's place in English literature (as opposed to Canadian literature) and is indispensable to anyone interested in him. Included are articles by Sheila Watson, George Bowering, Dennis Lee and Stephen Scobie.

Jean F. Tener and Apollonia Steele, eds., *The Robert Kroetsch Papers—First Accession: An Inventory of the Archive at the University of Calgary Libraries*. Biocritical Essay by Aritha van Herk. Calgary: University of Calgary Press, 1986 (371 pp.).

An inventory of correspondence (with an alphabetic and chronological index), manuscripts, published work, interviews and critical work by others. This is obviously valuable for research but

more important for the insight it gives to Kroetsch's early attempt to establish himself.

Robert von Hallberg, *American Poetry and Culture 1945-1980*. Cambridge, Mass. and London, Eng.: Harvard University Press, 1985 (276 pp.).

Dealing with what he calls "culture poetry as opposed to just poetry" (the terms are Shapiro's), von Hallberg defines American culture in terms of the "range of thought and experience most central to American life" and deals with what he considers "mainstream" poetry since W.W. II. Essentially concerned with mass culture, this study attempts to find the reflection of the concerns of the "lesser in terms of the greater"—how the themes of the dominant culture are reflected in poetry. It is claimed that this poetry is at once both contemporary and universal as it "expresses the essence of a culture." Included are comments on Creeley, Ashbery, Merrill, Lowell, Dorn, and others.

Donald Wesling, ed., *Internal Resistances: The Poetry of Edward Dorn*. Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1985 (246 pp.).

This first comprehensive appraisal of Dorn concentrates on the specifically political and polemical aspects of his work. The six essays included in this volume examine the historical, thematic and formal range of Dorn's poetry. Included are readings by both Robert von Hallberg and Michael Davidson (known for their work on Olson). Includes bibliographic references and index.

POETRY

Mary Barnard, *Time and the White Tigress*. Portland: Breitenbush Books, 1986 (79 pp.).

In the mid-1960s Mary Barnard published *The Mythmakers*—a study of the origin of myths in ancient cultures, capping a career both artistic and scholarly. This present volume amounts to an essay in verse that combines the poet and the scholar in a 900 line poem that concerns "the fundamental elements of time—the moon, the stars, the sun—and how through the ages myth has been used to define its passage." With linocuts by Anita Bigelow, this volume won the 1986 Western States Book Award for Poetry.

John Digby, *To Amuse a Shrinking Sun: Poems and Collages*.
London: Anvil Press, 1985 (68 pp.).

Digby, a British artist based in New York, has published one other book of poetry and two works about collage. He sees a relationship in the "finesse of edges" and "narrative" required by both poetry and collage. The present volume contains both text and drawings and is concerned with a surrealism that Digby sees as suggesting the "essence and reality of [the] unconscious world."

Jackson Mac Low, *Representative Works: 1938-1985*. New York:
Roof Books (The Segue Foundation), 1986 (336 pp.).

Mac Low, in his introduction, claims that each piece is an "example of one of the kinds of work . . . made between 1938 and now," and we do get the full range, including the early Dada, the lyric/confessionalist love poems, the anarchist/pacifist rages, the 'aleatoric' experimental projects, the music/language confluences, the intermedia pieces, . . . the list goes on, including a taste of a prose work due out later this year.

Michael Mayo, ed., *Practising Angels: A Contemporary Anthology of San Francisco Bay Area Poetry*. San Francisco:
Seismograph Publications, 1986 (211 pp.).

Dedicated to "my brothers who are ill with AIDS," this anthology has a heavy gay slant, but it does display the cultural and poetic diversity of the Bay Area. Included are over 70 poets out of diverse writing situations: Chicano, feminist, ex-con, Vietnam Vet, Asian-American, Black, Central American, etc. Included are Gregory Corso, Alice Walker, Michael McClure, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, and Robert Duncan.

Anne Michaels, *The Weight of Oranges*. Toronto: The Coach House Press, 1985 (52 pp.).

This is Anne Michaels' first book. She has a way with colour and music, a secret access to the power of image and metaphor and writes of loss and separation with a haunting, sensuous lyricism.

Rain articulates the skins of everything,
pink of bricks from the fire they baked in,
lizard green leaves,
the wrinkled tongues of pine cones.

It's accurate the way we never are,
bringing out what's best
without changing a thing.

. . . There are paper bags on the table
with their bottoms melted out
by rain and the weight of oranges.

Harold Norse, *The Love Poems 1940-1985*. Trumansburg, N.Y.: The Crossing Press, 1986 (183 pp.).

Norse's homoerotic love poetry has a decidedly political flavour. He attempts "to reassert the principle of Eros in a dangerously bigoted, fanatic moral climate" where Gay liberation has suffered two major setbacks—the right-wing backlash and AIDS. His anger and his sexuality combine dramatically:

In the Soviet Union and its bloc
Torture, exile and slavery
Greet "decadent bourgeois acts"
Like tenderness of men
For men, women for women, as if
Politically correct. No head
Is screwed on straight. Chez nous
In the USA Gay men and boys
Are bashed and killed with impunity
In the name of God, no less. The world
Has gone berserk with politics
And sick, depraved religion.

Includes translations of Catullus and political reflections of the author's experiences in Europe, N. Africa and Central America.

Joel Oppenheimer, *New Spaces: Poems 1975-1983*. Santa Barbara:
Black Sparrow Press, 1985 (148 pp.).

Oppenheimer sculpts the small word, the short line and the ordinary incident into the most exquisite and revealing shapes. His photographer's eye captures every detail and he presents the human spirit in entirety.

... because we have this place
and we believe in it

and it is still bright
and perfectly formed
and it is where we are.

Jose Emilio Pacheco, *Selected Poems*. Ed. and trans. by George McWhirter in collaboration with the author. New York: New Directions, 1987 (208 pp.).

Pacheco, one of Mexico's foremost poets, offers a first retrospective (in a bilingual edition) of his 30 year career. He writes not only of Mexico but of a world which "could be / in all innocence / Paradise" but in which "year to year / only the passing seasons of the flowers endure." Since 1962 he has published seven volumes of poetry, one of which won the National Poetry Prize. His writing has a simplicity and directness of style, is impeccably shaped and concerns itself with literature, travel and eternity.

Leslie Scalapino, *That They Were at the Beach: Aeolotropic Series*. San Francisco: North Point Press, 1985 (111 pp.).

A collection of poems and prose in four sequences (an aeolotropic series) in which the individual pieces "reflect each other like crystals and change like highly polished glass illuminated by a shifting light." Robert Creeley calls Scalapino an "authority of specific articulation" and Charles Bernstein speaks of her "musical coherence." She has published two other books of poetry.

They were warm—my
walking by them
—This is—myself as well—the bourgeoisie
but with
my
being very depressed then
The feeling of depression coming from me.

... Their urinating outside—not because of it—
despite that

...—our being
having been
the bourgeoisie
I am outside this though, having the feeling of
depression.

Ron Silliman, ed., *In the American Tree*. University of Maine at Orono: National Poetry Foundation, 1986 (628 pp.).

Silliman has compiled an anthology of the American L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E poets dividing them geographically into two groups—New York and San Francisco. A third section of the book deals with statements of poetics. Included are Bob Perelman, Ray DiPalma, Charles Bernstein, Jackson Mac Low and Ted Greenwald. A good source book for anyone interested in the movement.

Peter Trower, *The Slidingback Hills*. Foreword by A.W. Purdy. Ottawa: Oberon Press, 1986 (132 pp.).

Trower is a B.C. poet who writes of the life of the working-man—more specifically the logger—with a working-man's pride, language and rhythm:

Across the last stars
three puny cloud threads crawl.
Not a whisper of rain in those timid bastards.
They'll scatter like scared dogs
when the haymaker comes up.

Vancouver's skid row, the bars, Oakalla (the provincial jail), logging camps and the forest are the scenes of his poems.

THEATRE

Richard Foreman, *Reverberation Machine: The Later Plays and Essays*. New York: Station Hill Press, 1985 (245 pp.).

Seven plays (including "Cafe Amerique" and "Book of Splendours") and as many essays on playmaking comprise this second collection of Foreman's avant-garde theatre. Cautioning that "structure is always a combination of the THING and the PERCEIVING of it," Foreman calls his plays "a reverberation

machine"—how everything is "secretly present in everything else," illustrating this idea in theory and practice.

Dean Goodman, *San Francisco Stages: A Concise History 1849-1986*. San Francisco: Micro Pro Litera Press, 1986 (168 pp.).

Dean Goodman has been an actor, director, writer and theatre critic in the Bay Area for over thirty years. In this volume, he has traced the history of San Franciscan theatre in vivid detail, concerning himself with both document and anecdote. Included are famous theatres (the Orpheum, the Geary), not so famous theatres (the Eureka, the Magic, the S.F. Repertory), famous and experimental companies (William Ball's American Conservatory Theatre, S.F. Mime Troupe, the Lamplighters), minority theatre (Asian-American, Gay), major actors and critics of the past and interviews with contemporary actors, directors, writers, etc. Includes black and white photographs of productions (many from the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries). Finally, Goodman speculates on the future of the Bay Area's theatre with a sensitivity only someone in his position could command.

FICTION

Fielding Dawson, *Virginia Dare: Stories 1976-1981*. Santa Barbara: Black Sparrow Press, 1985 (172 pp.).

Dawson calls this book his "entrance into third person fiction." Ordered chronologically, these stories are accumulative, and the volume contains interior photographic collage as a parallel development. The whole attempts to "undo the corset-concept of beginning, middle and end" by celebrating "loose ends" which Dawson calls the "essence of organic structure." The experimental nature of the work is a "breakthrough into necessary anarchy" and whatever is made of the theory, it is irresistible reading.

Donald Martin, *One Out of Four*. Toronto: The Coach House Press, 1986 (254 pp.).

A first novel touted to be in the style of Genet or Burroughs but written in spare, sensual prose with a structure that, like the finest detective novel, sustains a nervous dramatic tension—you cannot put it down. The narrative concerns the world of Gay Prostitution where life is a "permanent Mardi-Gras with all Heaven and Hell as participants." In his introduction, Scott Symons claims that

Martin has a "Catholic, Latin-American sensibility rather than a protestant, Canadian one" and, indeed, this novel reminds one of Carlos Fuentes at his best. *Highly recommended.*

Scott Walker, ed., *The Graywolf Annual: Short Stories*. Port Townsend: Graywolf Press, 1985 (175 pp.).

This first issue of *The Graywolf Annual* salutes the "renaissance of the short story" with twelve current stories selected from established and new writers. Most of the stories have a strong realist, as well as regional, flavour reflecting visceral rather than intellectual writing, yet all are very crafted and moving. Several were originally published in commercial magazines such as *Esquire* and *Atlantic Monthly*. Included are Tobias Wolff, Andre Dubus and Margaret Atwood.

VISUAL ART

Ann Charters, *Beats and Company: A Portrait of a Literary Generation*. New York: A Dolphin Book, Doubleday, 1986 (159 pp.).

Ann Charters is perhaps best known for her biography of Jack Kerouac but, as an insider, she has captured the Beat generation on film the way no one else could have. This gathering of over 100 photographs traces that generation from the mid-60s, when Charters seriously began to collect photos of its members. Included are intimate scenes of readings, parties, family life—a few particularly poignant photos of Kerouac's funeral and many intimate shots of Ginsberg, Orlovsky, Olson, Snyder, Zukofsky, Berrigan, Di Prima, Kesey, Corso, et al.

Raymond Lister, *The Paintings of William Blake*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1986 (176 pp.).

Raymond Lister is an authority on British Romantic painting, a former manager of Golden Head Press, and has been President of the Royal Society of Miniature Painters and Chairman of the Board of Governors of the Federation of British Artists. In this volume are 75 colour plates with commentary on Blake's paintings and illuminations. Lister concentrates on the immediate visual impact and the available symbolism of the works, leaving polemics to others. Included is an introductory, bio-critical essay.

The Tate Gallery, *Pound's Artists: Ezra Pound and the Visual Arts in London, Paris and Italy*. London: Tate Gallery Publications, 1985 (176 pp.).

Collected and exhibited to celebrate the centennial of Pound's birth, these paintings, sculptures, photographs and printed materials foreground his interest in the visual arts. The book is divided into three sections with critical essays that discuss Pound's visual art interests, what he chose to promote and with whom he was involved: Wyndham Lewis, Gaudier-Brzeska, Fernand Leger, Constantin Brancusi, et al. Included are discussions of Pound and Vorticism, Dada, the Renaissance, Modernist art, cinema and music. Colour and black and white illustrations.

Robert Walker, *New York: Inside Out*. Introduction by William Burroughs. New York: Skyline Press, 1984 (88 pp.).

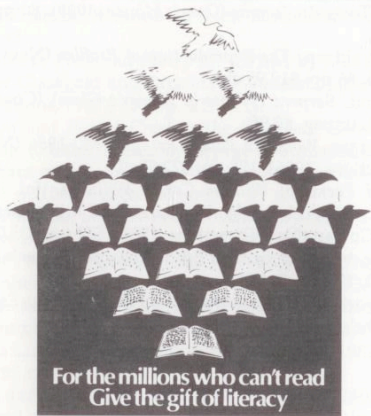
Walker's photographs have been exhibited in New York, Paris, London and Montreal. This is his first book. He has spent years photographing New York and has captured, in incredible colour and juxtaposition, the essence of that city and of City itself, as a proper noun. William Burroughs' introduction claims that Walker "brings us closer to the facts of perception" when he captures the intersections of "inner reality and outer reality." The introduction is, in fact, a treatise on writing and photography and their unique relationship, as well as an appraisal of this book where "smoke black figures walk by a black hole in the smoke" and "red mannikins dance."

BOOKS RECEIVED

- Bruce Andrews, *Give Em Enough Rope* (Sun & Moon Press, 1987), 192 pp., \$10.95 pap.
- Jimmy Santiago Baca, *Martin and Meditations on the South Valley*. Introduction by Denise Levertov (New Directions, 1987), 104 pp. \$19.95 cl.
- Robert J. Bertholf, *Robert Duncan: a Descriptive Bibliography*. Preface by Robert Creeley (Santa Rosa: Black Sparrow Press, 1986), 491 pp. illus. \$65.00 cl.
- E.D. Blodgett, *Musical Offering* (Coach House, 1986), 107 pp. \$9.95.
- Alain Bosquet, *No Matter No Fact*. Poems. Translations by Samuel Beckett, Edouard Roditi, and the author, with revisions by Denise Levertov (New Directions, 1988), 96 pp. \$9.05 pap, \$21.95 cl.
- George Bowering, *Delayed Mercy and Other Poems* (Coach House, 1986), 126 pp. \$12.50.
- Victor Coleman, *Corrections* (Coach House, 1985), 247 pp. \$14.50.
- Guy Davenport, *The Jules Verne Steam Balloon: Nine Stories* (Berkeley: North Point, 1987), 176 pp. \$11.95.
- Frank Davey and Fred Wah, editors, *The SwiftCurrent Anthology* (Coach House, 1986), 123 pp. \$14.95.
- H.D. [John Helforth, pseud.], *Nights* (New Directions, 1986), 106 pp. \$19.95.
- Robert Duncan, *Ground Work II: In the Dark* (New Directions, 1988) 90 pp. \$9.95 pap, \$19.95 cl.
- Gerry Gilbert, *Moby Jane* (Coach House, 1987), 268 pp. \$14.50.
- Roy K. Kiyooka, *Pear Tree Pomes* (Coach House, 1987), 68 pp.
- James Laughlin, *The Owl of Minerva*. Poems (Port Townsend, WA: Copper Canyon Press, 1987), 89 pp. \$9.00.
- Denise Levertov, *Breathing the Water* (New Directions, 1987), 153 pp. \$9.95.
- Daphne Marlatt, *Ana Historic: a Novel* (Coach House, 1988), 153 pp. \$9.95.
- Donald Martin, *One Out of Four* (Coach House, 1986), 254 pp. \$13.95.
- Steve McCaffery, *Evoba* (Coach House, 1988), 102 pp. \$10.95 pap.
- David Meltzer, *Birth: an Anthology of Ancient Texts, Songs, Prayers, and Stories* (Berkeley: North Point, 1981), 228 pp. \$12.50.

- David Meltzer, *Death: an Anthology of Ancient Texts, Songs, Prayers, and Stories* (Berkeley: North Point, 1985), 256 pp. \$15.50.
- Anne Michaels, *The Weight of Oranges* (Coach House, 1985), 52 pp. \$8.50
- New Directions in Prose and Poetry* 50. 50th Anniversary Issue 1936-1986. Edited by James Laughlin with Peter Glassgold and Griselda Ohannessian (New Directions, 1986), 274 pp. \$10.95
- New Directions in Prose and Poetry* 51. Edited by J. Laughlin with Peter Glassgold and Griselda Ohannessian (New Directions, 1987), 186 pp. \$23.95 cl.
- Charles Olson and Robert Creeley: *the Complete Correspondence*. 8 vols. to date. Edited by George F. Butterick (Santa Barbara and Santa Rosa: Black Sparrow, 1980-1987). \$9.50 pap. \$20.00 cl. each vol.
- Jose Emilio Pacheco, *Selected Poems*. Edited by George McWhirter (New Directions, 1987), 208 pp. \$23.95 cl.
- The Collected Poems of Octavio Paz: 1957-1987*. Edited by Eliot Weinberger (New Directions, 1987), 668 pp. \$37.50 cl.
- Pound/Ford: the Story of a Literary Friendship*. Edited and with an introduction and Narrative Commentary and Notes by Brita Lindberg-Seyersted (New Directions, 1982), 222 pp. \$22.95 cl.
- Ezra Pound and Dorothy Shakespear: Their Letters 1909-1914*. Edited by Omar Pound and A. Walton Litz (New Directions, 1984), 399 pp. \$37.50 cl.
- Pound/Lewis: the Letters of Ezra Pound and Wyndham Lewis*. Edited by Timothy Materer (New Directions, 1985), 346 pp. \$37.50 cl.
- Pound/Zukofsky: Selected Letters of Ezra Pound and Louis Zukofsky*. Edited by Barry Ahearn (New Directions, 1987), 255 pp. \$38.50 cl.
- Peter Quartermain, ed. *The Dictionary of Literary Biography: American Poets, 1880-1945*. 4 vols.
- World Outside the Window: the Selected Essays of Kenneth Rexroth*. Edited by Bradford Morrow (New Directions, 1987), 326 pp. \$12.95 pap.
- Ride Off Any Horizon II*. Edited by Peter Christensen and Lorne Daniel. New Poetry West Vol. II (Edmonton, Alta.: NeWest Press, 1987), 142 pp. \$8.95.
- Libby Scheier, *Second Nature* (Coach House, 1986), 112 pp. \$9.95.

- Delmore Schwartz, *The Ego is Always at the Wheel: Bagatelles*. Edited by Robert Phillips (New Directions, 1986), 146 pp. \$8.95 pap.
- Gilbert Sorrentino, *Odd Number* (Berkeley: North Point, 1985), 176 pp. \$16.50 cl.
- Gilbert Sorrentino, *The Sky Changes* (Berkeley: North Point, 1986), 160 pp. \$12.50 pap.
- Lola Lemire Tostevin, *'sophie* (Coach House, 1988), 80 pp. \$9.95 pap.
- Rosemarie Waldrop, *The Reproduction of Profiles* (New Directions, 1987), 86 pp. \$19.95 cl.
- Betsy Warland, *Serpent (W)rite (a Reader's Gloss)* (Coach House, 1987), unpag. \$9.95.
- Eliot Weinberger, *Works on Paper: Essays, 1980-1986* (New Directions, 1986), 175 pp. \$22.95 cl.
- The Collected Poems of William Carlos Williams, Vol. 1: 1909-1939*. Edited by A. Walton Litz and Christopher MacGowan (New Directions, 1986), 579 pp. \$35.00 cl.
- David Young, *Incognito*, Second Edition Revised (Coach House, 1987), 170 pp. \$14.95.
- Guy Davenport, *Every Force Evolves a Form: Twenty Essays* (Berkeley: North Point), 192 pp. \$16.95 cl.



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Number Eleven Spring 1988

In this issue

*

A Robert Duncan Section

*

Cid Corman on Louis Zukofsky

*

Kevin Power in Conversation
with Bill Berkson

*

New Writing by
Daphne Marlatt and Steve McCaffery

*

Reviews by
Bruce Andrews, Susan MacFarlane,
Ralph Maud, Bill Little