

@poetics

The UB Poetics Discussion Group

Archive of Electronic Correspondence
September 1995

1005 messages · Fri 1 Sep 1995 – Sat 30 Sep 1995

*An electronic mailing-list archive
University at Buffalo, State University of New York*

A reading edition. For each post the author's name, the subject, and the message are foregrounded, and the date is kept but subdued. Machine headers, encoded attachments, and the repeated listserv routing that once framed every message have been cleared away; email addresses, telephone and fax numbers, and similar personal contact details have been redacted.

Editor's Introduction

Kristen M. Fabians

September opens on a rare public consensus: on the sixth, Cal Ripken plays his two-thousand-one-hundred-and-thirty-first consecutive game and a divided country agrees, for one evening, to be moved. In Bosnia the guns pause toward a peace that will be signed by winter. On the list, meanwhile, the summer's single poem declines, flatly, to end.

The renga returns as 'the sequel,' and then — inevitably — as 'Two renga don't make a write.' Jorge Guitart, who this month posts an astonishing hundred and eighteen times, presides over its mutations, while Louis Cabri keeps transcribing the swelling text and notices, under the alarmed banner 'wcw qtd in this renga,' that a red wheelbarrow has quietly rolled into the collective poem. The list has written itself a monster and cannot look away.

The renga's true comedy, though, is formal. Quoted and requoted, it sinks beneath stratum after stratum of carets until, in Sheila, Chris and Jorge's much-loved Excellent Adventure, the opening line surfaces under a dozen stacked '>' marks like a fossil in shale. It becomes an involuntary demonstration of how a poem behaves when everybody insists on holding it at once — branching, breaking, refusing to resolve.

Amid the play the list still reads in earnest. Pierre Joris observes that *"Jabes' name is better known than his work"*, laying the blame on Derrida and Blanchot, who lend the name without the books; over in the Williams skirmish M. Magoolaghan teases Edward Foster for tiring so fast of the old doctor and his *"damned chicken"*; and H. T. Kirby-Smith offers his favourite mock-explication of the Red Wheelbarrow as *"a tribute to the American Farmer"*, on whom, of course, so much depends.

By the equinox the renga is less a poem than a weather system, and the list has quietly reaffirmed its oldest conviction — that writing is something done together, in the open, with no owner and no final line. I have ordered the letters, hidden every address behind its bar, and left the poem precisely where September abandoned it: mid-branch, still being written by more hands than can be counted.

— K. M. F.

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- 456. Jorge Guitart — Re: Sheila & Jorge's Excellent Adventure
- 457. Jorge Guitart — Re: fugazi redshifter approaching colossus
- 458. Daniel Bouchard/College/hmco — Renga and the Far Write
- 459. Jorge Guitart — Re: Renga SUGGESTION (PLEA! FREE US UP!)
- 460. cris cheek — Re: permissions on the 'ringa'
- 461. cris cheek — Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure
- 462. Ken Edwards — UK poetry
- 463. Herb Levy — David Ayre's rengas
- 464. Steven Howard Shoemaker — anagrams to the stars
- 465. Eryque Gleason — Re: Permission
- 466. Jorge Guitart — Re: Renga and the Far Write
- 467. Jorge Guitart — Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure
- 468. Jorge Guitart — anything exciting happened in my absence?

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- 469. Thomas Bell — Re: this break will or will not not branch
- 470. Thomas Bell — Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...
- 471. Thomas Bell — Re: this break will or will not not branch
- 472. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure
- 473. Ron Silliman — Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...
- 474. Ron Silliman — Re: Renga SUGGESTION (PLEA! FREE US UP!)
- 475. cris cheek — Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure
- 476. cris cheek — Re: this break will or will not not branch

- 477. Ron Silliman — Re: Renga SUGGESTION (PLEA! FREE US UP!)
- 478. H. T. KIRBY-SMITH — Renga permissions
- 479. Edward Foster — Re: you & whose army?
- 480. Edward Foster — Re: you & whose army?
- 481. Edward Foster — Re: Red Wheelbarrow
- 482. Edward Foster — Re: use narrative engines
- 483. Edward Foster — Re: inquiry from the unlettered
- 484. Jeffrey Timmons — Re: you & whose army?
- 485. Aldon L. Nielsen — Re: signs taken for wonders
- 486. Louis Cabri — funkin around
- 487. Jorge Guitart — Re: ahem Chaim subroutine hawk stichic II
- 488. Burt Kimmelman — Re: you & whose army?
- 489. Charles Alexander — Re: you & why an army?
- 490. Herb Levy — Re: you & whose army?
- 491. Gwyn McVay — Curbstone
- 492. Edward Foster — Re: you & whose army?
- 493. Gwyn McVay — Re: you & whose army?
- 494. Edward Foster — Re: you & whose army?
- 495. George Bowering — Re: RengaCheck
- 496. George Bowering — Re: anagrams to the stars
- 497. George Bowering — Re: Hello Ayre Heads
- 498. George Bowering — Re: Sheila & Jorge's Excellent Adventure
- 499. Jorge Guitart — Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...
- 500. Jorge Guitart — Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure
- 501. Jorge Guitart — Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure
- 502. Jeffrey Timmons — Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...
- 503. Sheila E. Murphy — What? Me? A Renga Problem...NAW!

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- 504. Thomas Bell — Tale of Grengaji I
- 505. Tenney Nathanson — (no subject)
- 506. Tenney Nathanson — (no subject)
- 507. Tenney Nathanson — (no subject)
- 508. Tenney Nathanson — (no subject)
- 509. Tenney Nathanson — (no subject)
- 510. Rod Smith — Re: you & what army
- 511. Ken Edwards — WCW and whose army
- 512. Ron Silliman — Koan Bidness
- 513. CAROLYN L. FORCHE-MATTISON — list poets in the Post
- 514. Jorge Guitart — Re: this break will or will not not branch
- 515. Jorge Guitart — Re: list poets in the Post
- 516. Burt Kimmelman — Re: you & whose army?
- 517. Burt Kimmelman — Re: you & whose army?
- 518. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure
- 519. Herb Levy — Re: Zukofsky: On Shakespeare
- 520. Loss Glazier — Reading in S.F.
- 521. Blair Seagram — Ranting on St Marks
- 522. Jorge Guitart — Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure
- 523. cris cheek — Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure
- 524. cris cheek — Re: this break will or will not not branch
- 525. beard — Re: Ranting on St Marks
- 526. Jorge Guitart — Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure
- 527. Jorge Guitart — Re: this break will or will not not branch

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- 528. Aldon L. Nielsen — Re: The Mark of Yardbird
- 529. Tenney Nathanson — St. Marks (RIP?)

- 530. Louis Cabri — be advised: wcw qtd in this renga
- 531. George Bowering — Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga
- 532. George Bowering — Re: Zuk
- 533. George Bowering — Re: WCW and whose army
- 534. George Bowering — Re: your mail
- 535. George Bowering — Re: Renga permissions
- 536. H. T. KIRBY-SMITH — Jonathan Yardley
- 537. Jorge Guitart — Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga
- 538. Jorge Guitart — Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga
- 539. Brian McHale — Re: Zukofsky: On Shakespeare
- 540. Steve Carll — Re: Renga permissions
- 541. Charles Smith — Re: LZ & bookshop vagaries
- 542. David Kellogg — Re: The Mark of Yardbird
- 543. Burt Kimmelman — fyi
- 544. George Bowering — Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga
- 545. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure
- 546. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure
- 547. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure
- 548. George Bowering — Re: Jonathan Yardley
- 549. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga
- 550. Steve Carll — Re: LZ & bookshop vagaries
- 551. Bill Luoma — Re: Benson address

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- 552. Blair Seagram — finding Zukofsky
- 553. Thomas Bell — Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...
- 554. Tenney Nathanson — milk
- 555. Ron Silliman — Bruce Andrews Barbie Doll
- 556. cris cheek — Benson address
- 557. cris cheek — Re: Sheila, Cris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure
- 558. Mark Wallace — jonathan yardley
- 559. Herb Levy — Re: hearing Zukofsky
- 560. Hank Lazer — Re: hearing Zukofsky
- 561. Bill Luoma — Re: Bruce Andrews Barbie Doll
- 562. David Golumbia — Re: finding Zukofsky
- 563. Graham John Sharpe — Pergolesi
- 564. Edward Foster — Re: you & why an army?
- 565. Edward Foster — Re: you & whose army?
- 566. Edward Foster — Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...
- 567. Edward Foster — Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...
- 568. Edward Foster — (no subject)
- 569. Edward Foster — Re: you & what army
- 570. Edward Foster — Re: you & whose army?
- 571. Edward Foster — Re: you & whose army?
- 572. Aldon L. Nielsen — Re: Yardarms, etc.
- 573. Jorge Guitart — Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure
- 574. Jorge Guitart — Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure
- 575. Edward Foster — Re: hearing Zukofsky
- 576. Charles Watts — Re: hearing Zukofsky
- 577. George Bowering — Re: you & why an army?
- 578. George Bowering — Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...
- 579. David McAleavey — Re: Yardarms, etc.
- 580. Ron Silliman — Re: hearing Zukofsky
- 581. Bill Luoma — Re: hearing Zukofsky
- 582. Ron Silliman — Re: hearing Zukofsky
- 583. Charles Bernstein — Distribution or Bust

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- 584. Stephen Galen Cope — Re: Distribution or Bust
- 585. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...
- 586. Blair Seagram — St Marks not dead yet
- 587. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...
- 588. Rod Smith — Re: Yardarms, etc.
- 589. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure
- 590. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure
- 591. Blair Seagram — typo on St Marks
- 592. Aldon L. Nielsen — Re: Zuk et al
- 593. Aldon L. Nielsen — Re: WCW Trolley
- 594. Thomas Bell — Dangerous poets?
- 595. Thomas Bell — Re: Spike it
- 596. R I Caddel — Re: Pergolesi
- 597. Gwyn McVay — publications/anagram
- 598. Jorge Guitart — Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga
- 599. Jorge Guitart — Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...
- 600. Jorge Guitart — Re: Sheila, Cris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure
- 601. Jorge Guitart — Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure
- 602. Jorge Guitart — Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure
- 603. Jorge Guitart — Re: Spike it
- 604. Teachers & Writers — Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure
- 605. Eryque Gleason — Bookstores
- 606. Burt Kimmelman — Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...
- 607. Fred Muratori — Re: Dangerous poets?
- 608. Herb Levy — Distribution 'R' Us
- 609. Tenney Nathanson — or or (the or or!? the or or!?)
- 610. W. Northcutt — Hep me! I need addresses.
- 611. Edward Foster — Re: you & why an army?
- 612. Edward Foster — Re: WCW Trolley
- 613. Jorge Guitart — Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure
- 614. Edward Foster — Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...
- 615. Edward Foster — Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...
- 616. Marshall H. Reese — Zukofsky videotape
- 617. Kit Robinson — A24
- 618. Thoreau Lovell — New Five Fingers Review
- 619. Lisa Robertson — LZ & bookshop chickenshit
- 620. cris cheek — Re: Sheila, Cris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure
- 621. cris cheek — Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure
- 622. cris cheek — Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure
- 623. Gale Nelson — Tapes of Laura Riding and Robert Graves
- 624. George Bowering — Re: Dangerous poets?
- 625. George Bowering — Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...
- 626. George Bowering — Re: publications/anagram
- 627. Tony Green — Re: Pergolesi
- 628. George Bowering — Re: spike it with saussure - begins the reich
- 629. George Bowering — Re: Distribution or Bust
- 630. Patrick Phillips — Dist. or Bust (i.e., New Book)
- 631. Gabrielle Welford — Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure
- 632. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: Pergolesi
- 633. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga
- 634. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...
- 635. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: spike it with saussure - begins the reich
- 636. Jeffrey Timmons — Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...
- 637. Charles Alexander — Re: Distribution 'R' Us
- 638. Jeffrey Timmons — Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...

639. Steve Carll — Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...

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- 640. Charles Alexander — Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga
- 641. Charles Alexander — Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...
- 642. Thomas Bell — Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...
- 643. Thomas Bell — Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...>
- 644. Blair Seagram — poetry, bookstores, the list
- 645. Jim Andrews — Re: Dangerous poets?
- 646. R I Caddel — Re: Distribution 'R Us
- 647. Charles O. Hartman — Re: Distribution or Bust
- 648. SUSAN E. TICHY — Re: LZ & bookshop chickenshit
- 649. Charles Alexander — Re: Dist. or Bust (i.e., New Book)
- 650. Burt Kimmelman — Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...
- 651. Jorge Guitart — Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga
- 652. Jorge Guitart — Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...
- 653. Jorge Guitart — Re: spike it with saussure - begins the reich
- 654. Jorge Guitart — Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure
- 655. Herb Levy — Re: bookshop chickenshit & LZ
- 656. Herb Levy — Re: Distribution or Shoot
- 657. Jorge Guitart — Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure
- 658. Jorge Guitart — Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...>
- 659. Jorge Guitart — Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...
- 660. Jorge Guitart — Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga
- 661. Rod Smith — Re: Distribution or Object
- 662. Aldon L. Nielsen — Re: Dangerous Music
- 663. Kit Robinson — Diamonds and Rust
- 664. Fred E. Maus — Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...
- 665. Gabrielle Welford — Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...
- 666. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...
- 667. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: spike it with saussure - begins the reich
- 668. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...
- 669. Ken Edwards — Reality Street Edition new books
- 670. LAURA MORIARTY — Re: A24
- 671. H. T. KIRBY-SMITH — Graves tapes
- 672. Edward Foster — Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...
- 673. Edward Foster — Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...
- 674. Edward Foster — Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...
- 675. Edward Foster — Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...
- 676. cris cheek — Re: A24
- 677. George Bowering — Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...
- 678. George Bowering — Re: Distribution or Shoot
- 679. George Bowering — Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga
- 680. Chris Scheil — Re: Dist. or Bust (i.e., New Book)
- 681. George Bowering — Re: publications/anagram
- 682. George Bowering — Re: Sheila, Cris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure
- 683. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga
- 684. Jorge Guitart — Re: spike it with saussure - begins the reich
- 685. Jorge Guitart — Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...
- 686. eric pape — Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...
- 687. Loss Glazier — Online Directory of Poets - PLEASE READ -

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- 688. Steve Carll — Re: LZ & bookshop chickenshit
- 689. Jeffrey Timmons — Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...
- 690. Jeffrey Timmons — Re: Self-disclosure
- 691. Jeffrey Timmons — Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...

- 692. Jeffrey Timmons — Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...
- 693. Rod Smith — Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...
- 694. Rod Smith — Re: spike it with saussure - begins the reich
- 695. Ron Silliman — WCW
- 696. CAROLYN L. FORCHE-MATTISON — MFA Agents/Dangerous Poets
- 697. Gwyn McVay — yet another anagram
- 698. Jordan Davis. — How it Happened
- 699. Loss Glazier — Re: Online Directory of Poets
- 700. Loss Glazier — Re: Online Directory of Poets (fwd)
- 701. Gwyn McVay — Re: MFA Agents/Dangerous Poets
- 702. B. Cassidy — Re: MFA Agents/Dangerous Poets
- 703. Burt Kimmelman — Re: Online Directory of Poets - PLEASE READ -
- 704. Robert Drake — Re: Online Directory of Poets
- 705. Kit Robinson — A-24
- 706. Maria Damon — Re: Self-disclosure
- 707. Maria Damon — Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure
- 708. Burt Kimmelman — Re: MFA Agents/Dangerous Poets
- 709. Jorge Guitart — Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga
- 710. Jorge Guitart — Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga
- 711. Jorge Guitart — renga writing --a proposal
- 712. Tony Green — Re: Self-disclosure
- 713. Tony Green — Re: WCW
- 714. eric pape — Re: MFA Agents/Dangerous Poets
- 715. Ken Edwards — London readings
- 716. Charles Watts — bye for awhile
- 717. Ann Lauterbach — Re: POETICS Digest - 19 Sep 1...
- 718. George Bowering — Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this decade
- 719. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga
- 720. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: spike it with saussure - begins the reich
- 721. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...
- 722. Charles Alexander — Re: Self-disclosure
- 723. George Bowering — Re: yet another anagram
- 724. Sheila E. Murphy — renga - the sequel

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- 725. Charles Alexander — Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...
- 726. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga
- 727. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga
- 728. Charles Alexander — Re: renga - the sequel
- 729. George Bowering — Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga
- 730. George Bowering — Re: renga - the sequel
- 731. Thomas Bell — Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...
- 732. Thomas Bell — Renga is freedom to act. So I will not follow a
- 733. Tenney Nathanson — oh really?
- 734. Blair Seagram — Replies and thanks
- 735. Hank Lazer — Re: renga - the sequel
- 736. Mark Roberts — Re: renga writing --a proposal
- 737. Maria Damon — Re: MFA Agents/Dangerous Poets
- 738. Jordan Davis. — rebus aegis quotidian anger
- 739. Jordan Davis. — Re: renga - the sequel
- 740. Jordan Davis. — the happy gnostic of my household
- 741. Ryan Knighton — Re: bye for awhile
- 742. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...
- 743. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: renga - the sequel
- 744. Herb Levy — Re: Distribution or Shoot
- 745. Edward Foster — Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...

- 746. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...
- 747. Edward Foster — Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...
- 748. Edward Foster — Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...
- 749. Edward Foster — Re: WCW
- 750. Gale Nelson — Re: MFA Agents/Dangerous Poets
- 751. Alan Golding — AWPAPRWCWS&A
- 752. Bill Luoma — New ListServe
- 753. Kit Robinson — Minna Street
- 754. Aldon L. Nielsen — Re: All the news in fits
- 755. Jorge Guitart — Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this decade
- 756. John Cayley — NEW publication from WellSweep Press
- 757. Jorge Guitart — Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga
- 758. Jorge Guitart — Re: spike it with saussure - begins the reich
- 759. Hank Lazer — Re: incursion / attaching to the host
- 760. Jorge Guitart — Re: renga - the sequel
- 761. Jorge Guitart — Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga
- 762. Jorge Guitart — Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga
- 763. Jorge Guitart — Re: renga - the sequel
- 764. Jorge Guitart — Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...
- 765. Hank Lazer — Re: WCW
- 766. Burt Kimmelman — In case you haven't heard:
- 767. Mark Roberts — Distribution
- 768. Chris Scheil — Re: renga - the sequel
- 769. Chris Scheil — Re: renga - the sequel
- 770. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: renga - the sequel
- 771. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: renga - the sequel
- 772. Jeffrey Timmons — Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...
- 773. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga
- 774. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...
- 775. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga
- 776. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: NEW publication
- 777. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: renga - the sequel
- 778. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: renga - the sequel
- 779. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: spike it with saussure - begins the reich
- 780. cris cheek — Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure
- 781. cris cheek — Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure
- 782. cris cheek — Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure
- 783. cris cheek — Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure
- 784. cris cheek — Re: this break will or will not not branch
- 785. cris cheek — Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this decade
- 786. cris cheek — Re: renga - the sequel
- 787. cris cheek — Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga
- 788. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: renga - the sequel
- 789. Chris Scheil — Re: renga - the sequel
- 790. Charles Alexander — Re: renga - the sequel
- 791. Charles Alexander — Re: renga - the sequel
- 792. Charles Alexander — Re: renga - the sequel
- 793. Charles Alexander — Re: renga - the sequel
- 794. Charles Alexander — Re: renga - the sequel

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- 795. Thomas Bell — Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...
- 796. Tenney Nathanson — WCW, agreeing w Alan G (me not WCW)
- 797. Tenney Nathanson — (no subject)
- 798. Thomas Bell — renga - oldies but goodies
- 799. Rod Smith — Re: Flossy & WCWs army of ah whatever

- 800. Rod Smith — Re: MFA Agents/the lake a lilac cube
- 801. Ron Silliman — Re: WCW
- 802. Gabrielle Welford — Re: renga - the sequel
- 803. Ron Silliman — All renga sound the same
- 804. Gabrielle Welford — Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...
- 805. Gabrielle Welford — Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga
- 806. Maria Damon — Re: MFA Agents/Dangerous Poets
- 807. Maria Damon — Re: rebus aegis quotidian anger
- 808. Maria Damon — Re: renga - the sequel
- 809. Jorge Guitart — Re: renga - the sequel
- 810. Maria Damon — Re: renga writing --a proposal
- 811. Jorge Guitart — Invasion of the Annoying Chevron
- 812. Jorge Guitart — Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...
- 813. Jorge Guitart — Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga
- 814. Jorge Guitart — Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...
- 815. H. T. KIRBY-SMITH — publications
- 816. Thomas Bell — Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...
- 817. eric pape — Re: oh really?
- 818. Louis Cabri — renga

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- 819. Jorge Guitart — Re: Another Renga Request
- 820. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: renga - the sequel
- 821. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: renga - the sequel
- 822. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: renga - the sequel
- 823. Chris Scheil — Re: renga - the sequel
- 824. Tony Green — Renga moan
- 825. Maria Damon — Re: renga - oldies but goodies
- 826. Maria Damon — Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga
- 827. Ron Silliman — Naming in America
- 828. Sheila E. Murphy — Re: this break will or will not not branch

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- 829. George Bowering — Re: renga - the sequel
- 830. W. Northcutt — Royal Albert Hall Do-wingy
- 831. Mark Roberts — Re: New ListServe
- 832. Burt Kimmelman — Re: All renga sound the same
- 833. Burt Kimmelman — Re: Renga moan
- 834. Mark Roberts — Distribution
- 835. Jim Rosenberg — Is _Poetics Journal_ Dead?
- 836. Aldon L. Nielsen — Re: The News
- 837. Gale Nelson — Re: French Poetry Festival in October
- 838. Aldon L. Nielsen — Re: News Too
- 839. Jorge Guitart — Re: renga
- 840. Jorge Guitart — Re: renga - the sequel
- 841. Jorge Guitart — Re: spike it with saussure - begins the reich
- 842. Jorge Guitart — Re: renga - the sequel
- 843. Jorge Guitart — Re: renga - the sequel
- 844. Jorge Guitart — Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure
- 845. Jorge Guitart — Re: renga - the sequel
- 846. Jorge Guitart — Re: this break will or will not not branch
- 847. Jorge Guitart — Re: renga - the sequel
- 848. Jordan Davis. — Re: renga - the sequel
- 849. Jordan Davis. — Re: renga - the sequel
- 850. Jordan Davis. — disadvised quotation from ford madox ford
- 851. Jordan Davis. — Re: All renga sound the same
- 852. Alan Sondheim — Re: All renga sound the same

- 853. Thomas Bell — New Form Re:renga oldies but goodies
- 854. Herb Levy — Re: Another Renga Request
- 855. George Bowering — Re: renga - the sequel(b)
- 856. George Bowering — Re: renga - the sequel(c)
- 857. Alan Sondheim — Re: renga - the sequel(c)
- 858. George Bowering — Re: renga - the sequel(d)
- 859. George Bowering — Re: renga
- 860. George Bowering — Re: this break will or will not not branch
- 861. George Bowering — Re: Minna Street
- 862. Jordan Davis — Re: New Form Re:renga oldies but goodies
- 863. George Bowering — Re: Cecil
- 864. Jordan Davis — Re: renga - the sequel
- 865. Jordan Davis — Re: renga - the sequel(c)
- 866. George Bowering — Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...
- 867. George Bowering — Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga
- 868. Steve Carll — Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...
- 869. Steve Carll — Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...
- 870. Robert Drake — bromige www exhibit
- 871. Jorge Guitart — Re: Renga moan
- 872. Jorge Guitart — Re: All rengae sound the same
- 873. Jordan Davis — Re: Renga moan
- 874. Alan Sondheim — Re: crow moan
- 875. Jorge Guitart — Re: this break will or will not not branch
- 876. Jorge Guitart — Re: renga - the sequel
- 877. Jorge Guitart — Re: New Form Re:renga oldies but goodies
- 878. Jorge Guitart — Re: Another Renga Request

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- 879. Louis Cabri — "is my bubble showing?"
- 880. Tenney Nathanson — bravo eric pape
- 881. Tenney Nathanson — (no subject)
- 882. Tenney Nathanson — yep
- 883. Ron Silliman — Re: Is _Poetics Journal_ Dead?
- 884. Ron Silliman — Re: Minna Street
- 885. R I Caddel — Rights and Rengas
- 886. R I Caddel — David Miller
- 887. Charles Alexander — Re: Rights and Rengas
- 888. Jordan Davis — books and dreams
- 889. Willa Jarnagin — Re: Renga moan
- 890. Alan Golding — What's "poetics?"
- 891. Gwyn McVay — A non-"poetics" anagram
- 892. David Golumbia — Re: News Too
- 893. Herb Levy — Re: Donald Davie 1922-1995
- 894. Burt Kimmelman — Re: Renga moan
- 895. Burt Kimmelman — Re: All rengae sound the same
- 896. Jorge Guitart — privatizing the renga
- 897. I.LIGHTMAN — Donald Davie 1922-1995
- 898. Jim Rosenberg — Publications
- 899. Edward Foster — Re: WCW
- 900. Maria Damon — Re: News Too
- 901. Jordan Davis — the renga itselfs
- 902. Mark Roberts — zap rengas
- 903. Peter Baker — New Book
- 904. Fred Muratori — An Invitation
- 905. Willa Jarnagin — Bill Corbett Reading
- 906. David Kellogg — Re: News Too (fwd)

- 907. Charles Smith — Re: Cecil
- 908. Robert Drake — Re: Renga moan
- 909. Pierre Joris — MILLENNIUM ANTHOLOGY
- 910. George Bowering — Re: A non-"poetics" anagram
- 911. George Bowering — Re: Rights and Rengas
- 912. George Bowering — Re: Minna Street
- 913. Alan Sondheim — Re: MOO
- 914. George Bowering — Re: Donald Davie 1922-1995
- 915. George Bowering — Re: crow moan weather
- 916. Mark Scroggins — Re: Donald Davie 1922-1995
- 917. Tony Green — Re: MOO
- 918. Pierre Joris — MILLENNIUM TABLE OF CONTENT
- 919. Alan Sondheim — Re: MOO
- 920. Alan Sondheim — Re: crow moan weather
- 921. Ryan Knighton — METHOD

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- 922. Marjorie Perloff — Re: Donald Davie
- 923. R I Caddel — Donald Davie
- 924. R I Caddel — Re: Rights and Rengas
- 925. R I Caddel — Meanwhile, back in the Orient...
- 926. Blair Seagram — or
- 927. H. T. KIRBY-SMITH — Rengas and Williams
- 928. Rachel Loden — Golding/Bernstein/APR
- 929. Mark Wallace — Poetic Briefs #19
- 930. Mark Wallace — bland abstract lyrics, or you've got wheat in your eye
- 931. Hank Lazer — Re: Donald Davie
- 932. Burt Kimmelman — Re: MOO
- 933. Jorge Guitart — Re: bland abstract lyrics, or you've got wheat in your eye
- 934. Daniel Bouchard/College/hmco — Re: bland abstract lyrics, or you've got wheat in your eye
- 935. Beth Russell — CALL FOR WORK
- 936. Ken Edwards — Royal Albert Hall Do-wingy
- 937. Ken Edwards — All renga sound the same
- 938. Mark Roberts — AWOL Small press distribution
- 939. Graham John Sharpe — Re: millennium table of contents
- 940. Jeff Hansen — newpoets
- 941. Reginald Johanson — bland abstract lyrics
- 942. Pierre Joris — Re: millennium table of contents
- 943. Gale Nelson — Re: bland abstract lyrics, or you've got wheat in your eye
- 944. Jordan Davis — Deguy/Wright/abstract
- 945. David Columbia — Re: bland abstract lyrics, or you've got wheat in your eye
- 946. Tony Green — Re: MOO
- 947. Tony Green — Re: Rengas and Williams
- 948. Tony Green — David Jones
- 949. Tony Green — Re: Donald Davie
- 950. George Bowering — Re: bland abstract lyrics, or you've got wheat in your eye
- 951. George Bowering — Re: millennium table of contents
- 952. George Bowering — Re: bland abstract lyrics, or you've got wheat in your eye
- 953. Mark McMorris — Re: bland abstract lyrics
- 954. SUSAN E. TICHY — Re: MILLENNIUM TABLE OF CONTENT
- 955. Thomas Bell — Re: bland abstract lyrics, or you've got wheat in your eye
- 956. Charles Alexander — Re: Donald Davie

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- 957. Charles Alexander — Re: newpoets
- 958. Aldon L. Nielsen — things & stuff
- 959. Tenney Nathanson — jay wright

- 960. Rod Smith — B=A=N=A=L vs. metabolic acidosis
- 961. Pierre Joris — Re: MILLENNIUM TABLE OF CONTENT
- 962. H. T. KIRBY-SMITH — Donald Davie
- 963. SUSAN E. TICHY — Re: MILLENNIUM TABLE OF CONTENT
- 964. Mark Roberts — AWOL: October Happenings (State listing)
- 965. Mark Roberts — AWOL: October Happenings (Part 2 Conferences)
- 966. Graham John Sharpe — Re: millennium & David Jones
- 967. Peter Larkin — David Jones
- 968. Larry Price — Re: the Wild Blue Yonder
- 969. Jorge Guitart — An especial danger to hard working poets (fwd)
- 970. Burt Kimmelman — Re: MOO
- 971. George Bowering — Re: millennium & David Jones
- 972. cris cheek — Albert Hall related
- 973. Shaunanne Tangney — journals (fwd)
- 974. Jordan Davis — qal
- 975. Edward Foster — Re: Flossy & WCWs army of ah whatever
- 976. Edward Foster — Re: The News
- 977. Tony Green — Re: MOO
- 978. Edward Foster — Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...
- 979. Edward Foster — Re: bland abstract lyrics, or you've got wheat in your eye
- 980. SUSAN E. TICHY — Re: Flossy & WCWs army of ah whatever
- 981. Phillips Patrick — New Address

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- 982. Steve Carll — Re: Poetry Wars
- 983. George Bowering — Re: An especial danger to hard working poets (fwd)
- 984. Navdeep Dhillon — unsubscribe
- 985. Keith Tuma — Re: Albert Hall related
- 986. Lisa Robertson — ssplits and weakenings
- 987. Peter Larkin — David Jones
- 988. Aldon L. Nielsen — Re: ay sixes and sevens
- 989. Alan Golding — Mullen and more
- 990. Jonathan Brannen — Re: renga - the sequel
- 991. Jonathan Brannen — Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...
- 992. Jordan Davis — in dreams
- 993. Charles Smith — Re: Poetry Wars
- 994. Steve Carll — Re: the Wild Blue Yonder

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- 995. Robert Drake — zukofsky/Bottom found
- 996. Tenney Nathanson — yikes
- 997. Lisa Robertson — Sitwell
- 998. Jim Rosenberg — Re: vannevar prosodie
- 999. Ken Edwards — Albert Hall
- 1000. Jordan Davis — vannevar prosodie
- 1001. Aldon L. Nielsen — Re: wrighting & mullen
- 1002. Kevin Killian — Re: Sitwell
- 1003. Tenney Nathanson — o wind (was: <http://azstarnet.com/starnet/today/lx2030.htm>)
- 1004. Louis Cabri — Scholar's Bookshelf
- 1005. Steve Carll — A Criticism (in Really Bad Taste)

1. **Lindz Williamson**

Re: Help..

Fri 1 Sep 1995

Jeffery Timmins wrote:

When I listen to "noise"--as in deliberately produced as art noise-- I do not hear communication, but the upsetting of the very basis of communication. I live in it and relish it for its simple inversion of the ideology of opacity that permeates our lives. Or something like that....

I don't really mean communication in the sense of meaning or conveying a message as much as I mean a point of contact. It seems to me that doing readings or circulating my works is a connection, it starts a relationship. There is a reception of something that was once internal, a thought. It still may be abstract and without function, but it has touched someone else's life once it has left my fingers or my mouth. If poetry was merely noise for myself I could just leave it in my head. But I need the contact, the communion with someone else. They don't have to like it, or understand it, just read or hear it. After that it's too late to go back I've already invaded, they are no longer innocent of me.

Lindz

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2. **Thomas Bell**

Re: Renga

Fri 1 Sep 1995

> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> The caravan of windows to what they flee
> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance

- > (inspection
- > denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
- > pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
- > mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
- > when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
- > kook!"
- > Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
- > warehouse, curls
- > no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the dry
- > cleaners
- > piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
- > the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
- > the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore
- > Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for moments
- > to be
- > of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams were
- > hooks.
- > All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of darkness
- > falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
- > sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
- > fruit
- > of subject's object status, violent transformation
- > la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
- > and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
- > shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
- > flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
- > by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
- > through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
- > petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
- > alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
- > and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
- > saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
- > out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
- > inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
- > uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
- > which explains why the pump is busted and why
- > he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
- > crap about not having a cousin on the moon
- > capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
- > prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
- > what if the trees are conservative well i hate them

> the emir said as much as any garrulous ill-advised backbiter
blously seeking lousy peaks of projectile vomit purple and

[↑ Contents](#)

3. **Lindz Williamson**

limerick

Fri 1 Sep 1995

Ok I did some research on limericks so I could get it right this time. Anybody familiar with Edward Lear and the Book of Nonsense?

Here's a sample,

There once was an Old man of Marseilles
Whose daughters wore bottles green veils
The caught several fish, which they put in dish
And sent to their Pa in Marseilles.

there once was a Young Lady of Welling
Whose praise all the world was a telling
She played on the harp, and caught several carp,
The accomplished Young Lady of Welling.

Now would someone explain why you need fish to complete the verse?

Lindz (not a seafood lover)

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4. **George Bowering**

Re: Renga!

Fri 1 Sep 1995

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian bluejay, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed oriole wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of*

flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> >> (inspection
denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
kook!"
Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
warehouse, curls
no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the dry
cleaners
piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter encore
Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for moments
to be
of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams were
hooks.
All melded like striated film leftover in pastel seeds of darkness
falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
fruit
of subject's object status, violent transformation, William
la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging, Dean,
flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten, Howells
alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom^h
inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
which explains why the pump is busted and why
he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
crap about not having a cousin on the moon
capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
he through herself night outright read backwards this
petrified tangle of consonants supposed to mean
a lower on-base percentage in September, the long season
and "The environmentalists are trying to destroy your daddy"
but we are loving you madly upstairs in the evening.
However, can you put that heuristic chainsaw down? Thanks!

*Hey! Hey! Hey! Stripmine your family! Encode your boredom!
Find out what Social Credit was to EP, sanitise his socks!*

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5. **George Bowering**

Re: limerick

Fri 1 Sep 1995

Listen, Lindz:

"There once was a young lady from Welling"
will not scan as the first line of a limerick, but
"There was a young lady from Welling"
will do so.

da dah da da dah da da dah da

I hear you might stop ;lurking at TTPN. Hope so.
Cheerio--gb

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6. **Lindz Williamson**

Re: limerick

Fri 1 Sep 1995

On Thu, 31 Aug 1995, George Bowering wrote:

Listen, Lindz:

*"There once was a young lady from Welling"
will not scan as the first line of a limerick, but
"There was a young lady from Welling"
will do so.
da dah da da dah da da dah da*

Hey I was quoting Edward Lear and He said

There once was a . . .

so there, PHHHHHEEEWTTHHHH (the sound you make when sticking out
your
tongue)

Lindz

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7. **R I Caddel**

Re: Fate

Fri 1 Sep 1995

Wow, these are dangerous times! Where I come from torching a bookshop would be considered a pretty extreme solution to a double booking dilemma...

RC

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8. **Daniel Bouchard/College/hmco**

Re: Fate

Fri 1 Sep 1995

As it turns out, the hosting bookshop in Boston
>burst into flames last night, and will be lucky if they open by Xmas.

| Which bookstore?!

Waterstone's Bookstore. It didn't actually burst into flames (just being dramatic), actually the restaurant below it, or beside it, did, and the bookstore suffered tremendous water, smoke and structural damage. A friend who works there has heard that they will probably be closed for some months.

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9. **Kevin Killian**

Millay

Fri 1 Sep 1995

Thank you to Jordan and to Gale, and all who msged me back-channel, with your hints on further reading on St. Vincent Millay . . . now I know where to turn, believe me I was at my wits end trying to find something good. I was even at that awful stage familiar to you all I'm sure where I was beginning to feel, God, maybe I'LL have to write something-that sinking feeling . . .

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10. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Renga

Fri 1 Sep 1995

On Thu, 31 Aug 1995, Thomas Bell wrote:

> > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
> > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> > The caravan of windows to what they flee
> > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> > Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
> > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> > kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
> > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> > flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> > halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> > (inspection
> > denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
> > pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
> > mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
> > when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
> > kook!"
> > Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
> > warehouse, curls
> > no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the dry
> > cleaners
> > piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
> > the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
> > the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore
> > Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for moments
> > to be
> > of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams were
> > hooks.
> > All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of darkness
> > falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
> > sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
> > fruit
> > of subject's object status, violent transformation
> > la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
> > and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
> > shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> > flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised

> > by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> > through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> > petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> > alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
> > and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> > saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
> > out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
> > inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> > uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
> > which explains why the pump is busted and why
> > he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
> > crap about not having a cousin on the moon
> > capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
> > prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
> > what if the trees are conservative well i hate them
> > the emir said as much as any garrulous ill-advised backbiter
> blously seeking lousy peaks of projectile vomit purple and
insisting on multiple levels of representation. In the meantime

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11. **Herb Levy**

Re: progressive v regressive

Fri 1 Sep 1995

Aldon Nielsen writes:

*What's odd about this is
that while thousands of Americans have now read Derrida on Jabes, for
example, few of them read any American poets as interesting (to me at any
rate) as Jabes.*

I'd bet that few of these same Americans have more than glanced at Jabes,
either. But you're otherwise right.

Herb Levy



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12. **Chris Stroffolino**

Re: Joris's Celan and Corn on L poetry - 24 Aug 1995 to 25 Aug 1995

Fri 1 Sep 1995

I just realized i can actually SEND messages even though I don't receive
any (with the nohmail option)---so I just wanted to let people know that
Pierre Joris will be doing a book signing party here in Albany, NY on

Saturday September 30, 1995--- 3PM (circa) at Cafe Lulu--288 Lark Street.
Call Chris Stroffolino [REDACTED] for more info (directions, etc) Prizes will
be given out for best Celan impersonator.....

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13. **Lindz Williamson**
calling

Fri 1 Sep 1995

Again thanks somuch Bill for hooking me up with Dug, it's working well. But now I have a new request. I looking for Todd Colby and his band Drunken Boat. I've been told I can reach him at Saint Marks Poetry Project, but I don't have the address, nor does Dug. So if anybody out there knows the address or how else I can get a hold of TOdd please tell me.

much obliged, Lindz

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14. **Mark Roberts**
AWOL: correction to September Happenings

Fri 1 Sep 1995

It has just been brought to my attention that the Tasmanian Writers Union meeting which was listed as taking place on Wednesday 4th September is really taking place on Wednesday 4th October.

The corrected entry should read:

Wednesday 4th October there'll be a Tasmanian Writers' Union (TWU) reading at the Bavarian Tavern 28 Liverpool Street Hobart at 7.30 pm. featuring three of the readers from the Tasmanian Poetry Festival: Matt Simpson (U.K.), Jenny Boulton and Chris Mansell. Cost \$8/\$5 conc. Details phone TWU (002) 240029.

Sorry for any inconvenience this may have caused (I hope nobody has to change their travel plans).

Mark

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15. **Ryan Knighton**
Re: limerick

Fri 1 Sep 1995

I'll beat GB to the punch and say you need fish in a limerick, Lindz, because of your Newfie heritage.

16. **Mark Roberts**

AWOL: UTS Review

Fri 1 Sep 1995

The UTS Review

Cultural Studies and New Writing

Announcing the publication of a new journal edited by Meaghan Morris and Stephen Muecke. The UTS Review is published three times a year and will be available at bookstores and from the distributor. The UTS Review takes seriously the encouragement of new writing, especially from Australia and the Asia-Pacific region. A number of important works from Australia and international points of interest will be reviewed in each issue. Early issues are on the themes of 'Intellectuals and Communities' and 'Is an Experimental History Possible?' Issues 1 and 2 will include:

Rey Chow, "The Politics of Admittance: Female Sexual Agency, Miscegenation, and the Formation of Community in Frantz Fanon."

Bruce Robbins, "Murder and Mentorship: Advancement in Silence of the Lambs"

Philip Morrissey, "If Not for Myself..."

Sia Figiel, "The Centre"

Brian Massumi, "Command, Control and the Singular Generic..."

Ghassan Hage, "The Limits of 'Anti-racist Sociology'"

Denis Byrne, "Intramuro's Return"

Ruth Barcan, "A Symphony of Farts"

etc

Plus reviews: Chris Healy on Marcia Langton, David Halperin on Chris Berry, Helen Grace on Ian Hunter, Tim Rowse on Graeme Turner, Ross Gibson on Ken Bolton, John Frow on Bernard Smith, Sylvia Lawson on Stuart Macintyre, Kuan-Hsing Chen on Ethnicity and Southeast Asia

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17. **Burt Kimmelman**

Call for book reviewers and journals to print book reviews

Fri 1 Sep 1995

From: ADMIN::KIMMELMAN "Burt Kimmelman [REDACTED]" 1-SEP-1995
15:28:01.59
To: MX%"[REDACTED]"
CC: KIMMELMAN
Subj: Call for reviewers

Dear List Subscibers,

If you have already seen a version of the following, then please ignore or
forgive this notice, being sent now that all good academics are back at their
desks, ready for the fall term to get underway:

I am searching for people to review my forthcoming book: THE POETICS OF
AUTHORSHIP IN THE LATER MIDDLE AGES: THE EMERGENCE OF THE
MODERN LITERARY PERSONA (Peter Lang, due out this winter). The book
discusses what I call the authorship trope and its deepest implications within
the world of literature but also within the sphere of what the history of ideas.
The book places literary "signing" within its wider milieux; I have things to say
about Augustine, Anselm, Abelard, Aquinas and Ockham among others. The
book contains extensive close readings of Guillem IX, Marcabru, Dante,
Langland and Chaucer.

The book's argument is that literary individualism first widely manifests in the
early twelfth-century as word puzzles and overt self-naming, but also more

broadly and deeply in discussions about the nature of writing and the role of the poet in the world. These five poets are typical of their era: they are poets, AND they are intellectuals. My study traces their literary claims of authorship to their interests in contemporaneous philosophical debates--not to the need for what modernity views as self-promotion. Nevertheless, in their creations of both history and fiction, these poets anticipated modern narrative and its literary persona, as they contributed to the emergence of the modern, autonomous self.

If you would like more information about this book, for the purposes of reviewing it or otherwise, please contact me.

E-mail:



Snail-mail:

Burt Kimmelman
Assistant Professor of English
New Jersey Institute of Technology
Newark, NJ 07102

Real live voice over the wire (i.e., telephone):



(home number; calling early is okay, but please don't call after 8:45 PM).

Thank you for indulging me by working your way through this terribly long message.

BK

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18. **Jordan Davis.**

Re: calling

Fri 1 Sep 1995

to find Todd Colby: first, help your friend move in to his apartment down on Maiden Lane then leave as he and the rest try and remember which box contains the refreshments. Next walk up Bway past the woolworth building and the new knitting factory (leonard street, great digs, AIR CONDITIONING!!!) and lean into the deli, say Mr. Colby, I like your work very much.

If that doesn't work, try

275 Union St
Brooklyn NY 11231

best of luck,
Jordan

PS Poetry Project's # is [REDACTED], address: 131 E 10th St NYC 10003 (Todd Colby's book Ripsnort is available from Soft Skull Press... GRIST Online might have it)

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19. **Ryan Knighton**

Re: fairy poems

Fri 1 Sep 1995

I'm curious if any of you out here know of any or many poems related to or influenced by children's literature. I'm not talking about children's verse either. I think bp did something (I know he had a lot of pop up books and, if I remember correctly, he worked on the Fraggles Rock genius); Dennis Lee might be another. In particular, I'm interested in the influence of fairy tales on contemporary poetry and poetics.

One of the things I've been thinking about is how the supernatural occurs. In many tales, the supernatural offers an occasion to a character to demonstrate (hence, "monster") their unrecognized virtue (Hansel and Gretel and the Witch, for instance--she allows them to prove to their stupid parents that they're pretty good kids after all). In this respect, the supernatural functions like a language, or the acquisition of a language which is recognized by the ruling community or persons (H and G TELL their parents over and over that they don't want to go, that they want to stay, etc...but it takes their actions against the witch before anyone listens). Monsters as demonstrative language? Speech as supernatural, an initiation into a discursive community?

Kids get all the hard stuff to read.

Anyways, with this in mind, I would like to know of any poems or poets that deal with fairy tale lore in, not necessarily this manner, but work with the material.

Thanksillions,

Ryan Knighton

PS I have a really crappy joke I want to tell but it doesn't work on a page so you'll just have to come to Vancouver sometime to hear it.

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20. **George Bowering**

Re: Renga!!

Fri 1 Sep 1995

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Voice blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
(inspection
denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
kook!"
Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
warehouse, curls
no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak at the dry
cleaners
piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore
Flaubert because we're waiting all eternity for moments to be
of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams were
hooks.
All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of darkness
falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
fruit
of subject's object status, violent transformation
la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging, invoking editor
flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten*

*alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
which explains why the pump is busted and why
he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
crap about not having a cousin on the moon
capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
what if the trees are conservative well i hate them
the emir said as much as any garrulous ill-advised backbiter
blously seeking lousy peaks of projectile vomit purple and
insisting on multiple levels of representation. In the meantime
the pen seemed oddly juicy, nice, in what she thought of*

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21. **Shaunanne Tangney**

Re: Fate

Fri 1 Sep 1995

On Fri, 1 Sep 1995, Daniel Bouchard/College/hmco wrote:

*As it turns out, the hosting bookshop in Boston
burst into flames last night, and will be lucky if they open by Xmas.*

Which bookstore?!

*Waterstone's Bookstore. It didn't actually burst into flames (just being
dramatic), actually the restaurant below it, or beside it, did, and the
bookstore suffered tremendous water, smoke and structural damage. A friend who
works there has heard that they will probably be closed for some months.*

wow. . . a few 4 blocks from my former boston abode. . . and a lovely, big,
chock-full, and knowledgable store, too. . . what a shame. . . --shaunanne

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22. **George Bowering**

Re: limerick

Fri 1 Sep 1995

Lindz:

a line starting "There once was a . . ."

will scan as limerickal, if it ends something like this:

"There once was a maiden named Alice"

--yr welcome, GB

[↑ Contents](#)

23. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Renga!!

Fri 1 Sep 1995

On Fri, 1 Sep 1995, George Bowering wrote:

> > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
> > > > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> > > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> > > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> > > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> > > > The caravan of windows to what they flee
> > > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> > > > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> > > > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> > > > Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Voice blowing
> > > > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> > > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> > > > kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
> > > > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> > > > flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> > > > halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> > > > (inspection
> > > > denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
> > > > pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
> > > > mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
> > > > when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
> > > > kook!"
> > > > Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
> > > > warehouse, curls
> > > > no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak at the dry
> > > > cleaners
> > > > piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
> > > > the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
> > > > the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore
> > > > Flaubert because we're waiting all eternity for moments to be
> > > > of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams were
> > > > hooks.

> > > > All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of darkness
> > > > falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
> > > > sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
> > > > fruit
> > > > of subject's object status, violent transformation
> > > > la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
> > > > and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
> > > > shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging, invoking editor
> > > > flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
> > > > by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> > > > through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> > > > petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> > > > alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
> > > > and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> > > > saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
> > > > out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
> > > > inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> > > > uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
> > > > which explains why the pump is busted and why
> > > > he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
> > > > crap about not having a cousin on the moon
> > > > capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
> > > > prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
> > > > what if the trees are conservative well i hate them
> > > > the emir said as much as any garrulous ill-advised backbiter
> > > > blously seeking lousy peaks of projectile vomit purple and
> > insisting on multiple levels of representation. In the meantime
> > the pen seemed oddly juicy, nice, in what she thought of
slugs as analogs to beliefs and how butter reminded her of

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24. **Ron Silliman**

Dear Ed Foster,

Fri 1 Sep 1995

Not guilty.

I compared you to Ross Perot.

Fliply and with no elucidation.

But if anybody asked (and Kevin Killian did), I would have said that what I meant was that, like Ross' use of aphorisms, the stance behind "All Acts are Simply Acts" and especially the intro on poetry & politics seems like common

sense on the surface but is actually very willfully (to the point of being coy) wrong.

It carries Williams' dictum about no ideas but in things to an extreme, which could be pure thingness but also simply "no ideas"

But since you've declared WCW to be "boring" that must not be it either

All best,

Ron

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25. **Steve Carll**

Re: Keanu, the living god (fwd)

Fri 1 Sep 1995

Lindz sed:

| *No, I haven't seen little Buddha but a friend told me it was brutal.*

The movie was actually quite well-done, only none of the "actors" could act. The kids were great. The Tibetan Buddhist monks who played Tibetan Buddhist monks were also great. Bridget Fonda did well, but didn't have a very big role. Which pretty much leaves Keanu and Chris Isaak. I kept expecting the Buddha's enlightenment to be expressed like, "Whoaaaa, dude!" It was a little distracting.

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26. **Louis Cabri**

reng-reng

Fri 1 Sep 1995

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of

flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
 (inspection
denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
 kook!"
Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
 warehouse, curls
no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
 dry cleaners
piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
 prescience
the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
 encore
Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
 moments to be
of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
 were hooks.
All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
 darkness
falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
 fruit
of subject's object status, violent transformation
la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
which explains why the pump is busted and why
he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that

crap about not having a cousin on the moon
capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
heats me up in the sleaze," it's

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27. **Anmarie Trimble**

Re: fairy poems

Fri 1 Sep 1995

i feel stoopid; i can only think of the obvious: anne sexton's book
"transformations", and plath's poem "the disquieting muses." hmmmmm...stevie
smith's "our bog is dood" popped into my head, but probably doesn't fit with
what you're looking for. I read a poem called "seamonster" a few years ago, but
don't recall who wrote it or where I read it.

share your finds with us!

-Anmarie

*Anyways, with this in mind, I would like to know of any poems or
poets that deal with fairy tale lore in, not necessarily this manner,
but work with the material.*

Thanksillions,

Ryan Knighton

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28. **Shaunanne Tangney**

Re: fairy poems

Fri 1 Sep 1995

On Fri, 1 Sep 1995, Ryan Knighton wrote:

- > I'm curious if any of you out here know of any or many
- > poems related to or influenced by children's literature.
- > I'm not talking about children's verse either. I think
- > bp did something (I know he had a lot of pop up books and,
- > if I remember correctly, he worked on the Fraggles Rock genius);
- > Dennis Lee might be another. In particular, I'm interested
- > in the influence of fairy tales on contemporary poetry
- > and poetics.
- >
- >

anne sexton's _transformations_ is based entirely on fairy tales--good stuff, too, imho!
--shaunanne

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29. **Shaunanne Tangney**

Re: fairy poems

Fri 1 Sep 1995

umm. . .
could you/would you consider barthelme's _snow white_?
sorry for the double post--i'm not paying attention tonight!
--shaunanne

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30. **Jonathan Brannen**

Re: fairy poems

Fri 1 Sep 1995

I believe that Randall Jarrell did a take of Handsel and Gretel. Don't recall the name of the poem. Haven't read RJ in centuries and don't intend to start again now. Thought I'd mention it, though.

jb

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31. **George Bowering**

Re: reng-reng

Sat 2 Sep 1995

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
white stucco volutes and scrolls and flakes and feathers
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she*

*gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
(inspection
denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
kook!"
Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
warehouse, curls
no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
dry cleaners
piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
prescience
the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
encore
Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for moments to be
of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
were hooks.
All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
darkness
falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
fruit
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shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom pronounced I's and
inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
which explains why the pump is busted and why
he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
crap about not having a cousin on the moon
capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
heats me up in the sleaze," it's
Decoration Day & I'm the Bard of Dubuque, impatient for*

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32. **beard**
humble apologies

Sat 2 Sep 1995

it appears that, in a vain attempt to set a "reply-to" field in vms mail, i accidentally set my mail server to forward my mail to the list. please accept my apologies if this set up some sort of horrid feedback loop, or cluttered up the list with messages from my other lists for the last few days.

tom the abject and lowercase

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33. **Rachel Loden**
fairy poems

Sat 2 Sep 1995

Ryan,

Card catalogue here has _Disenchantments: an Anthology of Modern Fairy Tale Poetry,_ ed. Wolfgang Mieder, University Press of New England 1985. Don't know if it contains any interesting work.

From _My Book House_ (1920)--worth it for the last two lines:

THE ASSEMBLING OF THE FAYS

They come from beds of lichen green,
They creep from the mullein's velvet screen;
Some on the backs of beetles fly
From the silver tops of moon-touched trees,
Where they swung in their cobweb hammocks high,
And rocked about in the evening breeze;
And now they throng the moonlight glade,
Above--below--on every side,
Their little minim forms arrayed,
In the tricky pomp of fairy pride.

-- Rachel

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34. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: reng-reng-reng

Sat 2 Sep 1995

> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> The caravan of windows to what they flee
> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
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> denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
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> kook!"
> Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
> warehouse, curls
> no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
> dry cleaners
> piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
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> the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
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> Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
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> through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
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> and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
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> inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
> which explains why the pump is busted and why
> he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
> crap about not having a cousin on the moon
> capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
> prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
> start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
> heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use

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35. **Ron Silliman**

Re: Keanu, the living god (fwd)

Sat 2 Sep 1995

Buddha's enlightenment to be expressed like, "Whoaaaa, dude!" It was a little distracting.

>

That would've been okay. I liked the film quite a bit (having all the male characters from the deer in the headlights school made their weaknesses) tho it was too precious. I prefer The Sheltering Sky, of the three films in the "foreign" trilogy--that was one of the great films of the 80s.

Ron

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36. **Ron Silliman**

Re: fairy poems

Sat 2 Sep 1995

Both Duncan and Spicer toyed with this form.

Buzz, Buzz; Buzz, Buzz

Each of them did just what he does

Buzz, Buzz; Buzz, Buzz

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37. **CAROLYN L. FORCHE-MATTISON**

Re: progressive v regressive

Sat 2 Sep 1995

On Fri, 1 Sep 1995, Herb Levy wrote:

Aldon Nielsen writes:

*What's odd about this is
that while thousands of Americans have now read Derrida on Jabes, for
example, few of them read any American poets as interesting (to me at any
rate) as Jabes.*

*I'd bet that few of these same Americans have more than glanced at Jabes,
either. But you're otherwise right.*

Herb Levy



As a new subscriber (introduced by friends Pierre Joris and Rod Smith), I came late to this thread, but have never understood why Jabes has not been read more widely here. Toward that end, I'm teaching an over-subscribed seminar this semester on -The Book of Questions-, and, fortuitously, Rosmarie Waldrop will join us one week for discussion. Does anyone have ideas about why Americans have so ignored or resisted Jabes?

Thank you all creating a list of such intelligence. . .

--Carolyn Forche

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38. **Loss Glazier**

!!! NEW URL for the EPC !!!

Sat 2 Sep 1995

I am pleased to announce that shortly before midnight last night the move to the new Electronic Poetry Center url was made operative.

The EPC's new URL is:

<http://writing.upenn.edu/epc>

Please re-set your bookmarks!

Also, keep in mind that for the next couple of days I will continue to debug the new URL. A number of changes had to be made to accommodate new features and quicker links, so it took significant rebuilding of the files to accomplish this. You will find occasional link failures but this is being worked on assiduously. (The author libraries, for example, are still being rebuilt but I hope to complete these very soon.)

Thanks for your patience and I look forward to seeing you at our new url!

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39. **Brian W Horihan**

Re: fairy poems

Sat 2 Sep 1995

or would you consider angela carter's The Bloody Chamber, tho that's not poetry. --brian

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40. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

Re: reHerb

Sat 2 Sep 1995

To the contrary, one of my complains in recent years is that Jabes is about the only contemporary French "poet" (what do we call that kind of work?) known to many academics outside of French departments -- I assume that somebdoy is purchasing all those copies of his works that are sold at university book stores (& now even Borders!) --

thanks again to Rosmarie Waldrop and Wesleyan for making those beautiful English translations available

But wouldn't it be nice if Jacques Roubaud or Anne-Marie Albiach were as widely known?

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41. **CAROLYN L. FORCHE-MATTISON**

Re: reHerb

Sat 2 Sep 1995

I've yet to encounter an academic (outside French) who has read Jabes, and I urge whatever so-called "mainstream" poets I encounter to read him. My students know Roubaud and Albiach. It's sad that there are several excellent Roubaud translations circulating without a publisher.

--Carolyn Forche

On

Sat, 2 Sep 1995, Aldon L. Nielsen wrote:

To the contrary, one of my complains in recent years is that Jabes is about the only contemporary French "poet" (what do we call that kind of work?) known to many academics outside of French departments -- I assume that somebody is purchasing all those copies of his works that are sold at university book stores (& now even Borders!) --

thanks again to Rosmarie Waldrop and Wesleyan for making those beautiful English translations available

But wouldn't it be nice if Jacques Roubaud or Anne-Marie Albiach were as widely known?

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42. **Pierre Joris**

Jabes

Sat 2 Sep 1995

One of the reasons -- I think -- that Jabes' name is better known than his work might have to do with the fact that many young students/poets meet up with _the name_ Jabes in the writings of Derrida, Blanchot & others, rather than pulling a book off the shelves in the poetry section of a bookstore. Beyond that there may also be the question of a range of people used to certain american poetries might find the work too forbidding in its "esoteric" (Jewish/cabbalistic etc.) & "spiritual" dimensions. It is work of a piece & it does take some energy & desire to move towards it. As to some of the other recations to your query: Sure, it would be excellent if Roubaud & Albiach were better known -- but they are known -- or they wouldn't be mentioned here! I

could rattle off a dozen names (not published by P.O.L.) whose work is as worthwhile & _should_ be known (not even "better" -- just known) in this country.

=====

=====

Pierre Joris | "Poems are sketches for existence."
Dept. of English | --Paul Celan
SUNY Albany |
Albany NY 12222 | "Revisionist plots
tel&fax: [REDACTED] | are everywhere and our pronouns haven't yet
email: [REDACTED] | drawn up plans for the first coup."
[REDACTED] | --J.H. Prynne

=====

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43. **Thomas Bell**

Re: reng-reng

Sat 2 Sep 1995

George Bowering wrote:

>
> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> The caravan of windows to what they flee
> white stucco volutes and scrolls and flakes and feathers
> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> (inspection
> denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
> pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several

> mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
> when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
> kook!"
> Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
> warehouse, curls
> no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
> dry cleaners
> piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
> prescience
> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
> the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
> encore
> Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for moments to be
> of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
> were hooks.
> All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
> darkness
> falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
> sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
> fruit
> of subject's object status, violent transformation
> la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
> and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
> shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
> by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
> and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
> out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom pronounced I's and
> inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
> which explains why the pump is busted and why
> he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
> crap about not having a cousin on the moon
> capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
> prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
> start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
> heats me up in the sleaze," it's

> Decoration Day & I'm the Bard of Dubuque, impatient for
slatecoated snakes to arrive once over the hill I am

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44. **CAROLYN L. FORCHE-MATTISON**

Job List Aug: new ad (fwd)

Sat 2 Sep 1995

Subject: Job List Aug: new ad

George Mason University
Fairfax, VA

George Mason University Department of English MFA Program seeks a part-time visiting poet for the Spring 1996 semester at Associate rank or above with commensurate salary. MFA or PhD, distinguished publications, and graduate teaching experience preferred. Two-course load; additional duties include advising, assisting with readings, and reviewing graduate applications. Send letter, vita, and three letters of reference by October 23, 1995 to MS 3E4, Professor Carolyn Forche, Appointment Committee, English Department, George Mason University, 4400 University Drive, Fairfax, VA 22030. AA/EOE.

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45. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: reng-reng

Sat 2 Sep 1995

On Sat, 2 Sep 1995, Thomas Bell wrote:

> George Bowering wrote:

> >

> > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>

> > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

> > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

> > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

> > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

> > The caravan of windows to what they flee

> > white stucco volutes and scrolls and flakes and feathers

> > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

> > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling

> > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago

> > Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing

> > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the

> > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind

> > kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
> > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> > flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> > halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> > (inspection
> > denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
> > pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
> > mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
> > when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
> > kook!"
> > Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
> > warehouse, curls
> > no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
> > dry cleaners
> > piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
> > prescience
> > the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
> > the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
> > encore
> > Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for moments to be
> > of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
> > were hooks.
> > All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
> > darkness
> > falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
> > sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
> > fruit
> > of subject's object status, violent transformation
> > la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
> > and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
> > shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> > flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
> > by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> > through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> > petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> > alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
> > and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> > saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
> > out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom pronounced I's and
> > inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> > uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
> > which explains why the pump is busted and why

> > he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
> > crap about not having a cousin on the moon
> > capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
> > prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
> > start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
> > heats me up in the sleaze," it's
> > Decoration Day & I'm the Bard of Dubuque, impatient for
> slatecoated snakes to arrive once over the hill I am
 sort of banal right now & kind of post-hoc-propter-hoc-ish

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46. **Andrew John Miller**

Re: reng-reng

Sat 2 Sep 1995

>
> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> The caravan of windows to what they flee
> white stucco volutes and scrolls and flakes and feathers
> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> (inspection
> denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
> pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
> mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
> when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
> kook!"
> Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
> warehouse, curls
> no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the

> dry cleaners
> piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
> prescience
> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
> the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
> encore
> Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for moments to be
> of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
> were hooks.
> All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
> darkness
> falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
> sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
> fruit
> of subject's object status, violent transformation
> la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
> and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
> shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
> by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
> and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
> out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom pronounced I's and
> inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
> which explains why the pump is busted and why
> he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
> crap about not having a cousin on the moon
> capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
> prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
> start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
> heats me up in the sleaze," it's
> Decoration Day & I'm the Bard of Dubuque, impatient for
> slatecoated snakes to arrive once over the hill I am
King Hen-ery the eighth prescribing, home at last, "Invasion U.S.A."

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47. **Jonathan Brannen**

Re: progressive v regressive

Sat 2 Sep 1995

Aldon, Carolyn, Herb and all others,

Why have americans so ignored or resisted Jabes? Because it is a poetry of ideas and it's structurally innovative. Each of these traits alone is enough to unnerve most U.S. readers. Why was Zukofsky ignored and resisted for so long? As Aldon pointed out, contemporary american poets who are similarly intriguing and challenging are equally ignored. I think U.S. readers are taught that if a work makes demands on them it's seriously flawed because the poet should have made it more user-friendly.

Jonathan Brannen

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48. **Jonathan Brannen**

Re: reHerb

Sat 2 Sep 1995

Aldon,

Yes it would be nice if Jacques Roubaud or Anne-Albiach were as well known as Jabes. Emmanuel Hocquard, as well. I highly recommend Michael Palmer's translation of Hocquard's TABLE OF THEORIES. For that matter, I highly recommend Tom Mandel's LETTERS OF THE LAW which seems to have been ignored when it came out in January except by those who didn't like it because it's unlike some earlier work.

Still Jabes is hardly a household word, though Roubaud, Anne-Marie Albiach and Hocquard seem to be unknown ever within French Depts.

Brannen

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49. **Jonathan Brannen**

Re: reHerb

Sat 2 Sep 1995

Carolyn,

I delighted that your students are familiar with Roubaud and Albiach. I'd be interested in hearing more, back channel, about the unpublished Roubaud translations. Frankly, the only people I know who have actually read Albiach or Jabes have been other poets. I've yet to encounter an academic familiar with

their work. Roubaud seems more widely but as a writer of fiction instead of poetry. Glad you're doing a seminar on BOOK OF QUESTIONS. All of these writers deserve a broader readership here in the states.

Jonathan Brannen

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50. **Jonathan Brannen**

Re: Jabes

Sat 2 Sep 1995

Pierre,

Please do "rattle off a dozen names...whose work is as worthwhile." Suggestions about where they can be ordered are welcome, also.

Best,

Jonathan

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51. **George Bowering**

Re: reng-reng, hello?

Sat 2 Sep 1995

On Sept 2 William Carlos Williams wrote:

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
white stucco volutes and scrolls and flakes and feathers
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
Translucent hands braiding but we watch
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
(inspection
denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango*

when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
kook!"
Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
warehouse, curls
no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
dry cleaners
piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
prescience
the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
encore
Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for moments to be
of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
were hooks.
All belled like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
darkness
falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
fruit
of subject's object status, violent transformation
la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom pronounced I's and
inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
uncreased although each snarf still trembles quantum
which explains why the pump is busted and why
he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
crap about not having a cousin on the moon
capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
heats me up in the sleaze," it's
Decoration Day & I'm the Bard of Dubuque, impatient for
slatecoated snakes to arrive once over the hill I am
King Hen-ery the eighth prescribing, home at last, "Invasion U.S.A."
Oh Lord, we soon begin a second stanza, fueled on capons

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52. **George Bowering**

Re: reHerb

Sat 2 Sep 1995

I am surprised to hear all the talk of Jabes's lack of readers. I was led to believe that everyone but I has read him. I have some of his books, but I have not read much. But now everyone but I has read Bhabba or however you spell his name.

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53. **George Bowering**

Re: Buzz

Sat 2 Sep 1995

Dear Ron

Us folks in Vancouver don't like to hear all this

Buzz Buzz Buzz Buzz stuff.

The Canadians just swept the Buzz in a series at the Nat, and will be facing them in the northern division playoffs next week.

So the Buzz are going down!

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54. **Rod Smith**

Re: fairy poems

Sat 2 Sep 1995

R.K., Re use of kid lit-- The piece of mine called "XCII (cinder-cifter)" in _oblek 12_ uses a 1932 edition of Mother Goose for half of its vocabulary. The form is Pound's Canto of same #. & the other half of the vocabulary comes from a character by character transliteration of the _Tao Te Ching_. Lines flush left source Goose, lines indented source Tao. Also, I've done a writing through _Fun with Dick & Jane_ called "See it Go," which is part of a "circus" based on Cage's _Roaratorio_, uses broken toy sound effects among other things. A favorite of mine is David Shapiro's "The Boss Poem" written with his son Daniel. --Rod

Ryan Knighton wrote:

>I'm curious if any of you out here know of any or many poems related to or influenced by children's literature.

>I'm not talking about children's verse either. I think

bp did something (I know he had a lot of pop up books and,

>if I remember correctly, he worked on the Fraggles Rock genius);

>Dennis Lee might be another. In particular, I'm interested

in the influence of fairy tales on contemporary poetry
>and poetics.

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55. **Gwyn McVay**

Re: fairy poems

Sat 2 Sep 1995

Howbout Anne Sexton's _Transformations_?

Gwyn

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56. **Ron Silliman**

Re: Jabes

Sat 2 Sep 1995

*Does anyone have ideas about why Americans have so ignored or resisted
Jabes?*

>--Carolyn Forche

>

Good question.

I can think of two reasons, at least. One is that Americans as an audience (this is the grossest overgeneralization, I realize) have tended to love a poetics of the noun (Whitman, Williams, Olson, Creeley, Ginsberg, Crane, O'Hara, etc.). The counter examples that do exist (Stevens, Ashbery, Duncan and Eliot come to mind) all produced a metaphysical discourse, but one that seemed (important qualifier there) to shy away from a spiritual discourse. Duncan's spirituality was so 19th century as to be a museum of itself. Eliot's catholicism came after he had made his inroad on the public mind.

A second is that the French prose poem as it has come to America via its main proselytizers, Bly, Benedikt, Edson, et al, veers away from longer works and works that really transcend the "prose lyric" posed by Jacob as a closed form. Thus Segalen, St. John Perse, the Ponge of the pine woods have all been marginalized.

A third is that he's Jewish. One look at the fate of the Objectivists ought to tell us what that means in America.

All best,

Ron Silliman



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57. **Ryan Knighton**

Re: fairy poems

Sat 2 Sep 1995

Thanks to everyone for their lists. Way more than I thought, very encouraging. Now that I've got sources to go to (in the time I don't have) does anyone have any thoughts on the relationship betwn children's verse and contemporary poets/ry/ics? Any thoughts on language as "the supernatural"?

thanksillions,
Ryan

(It's funny that everyone I talked to up here immediately went to M. Atwood and then realized that was prose--I suppose that's a Canadian knee-jerk).

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58. **Ryan Knighton**

Re: Renging hands

Sat 2 Sep 1995

Reng....never mind.

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59. **Ryan Knighton**

Re: refusal to refer

Sat 2 Sep 1995

Part time

position
available

Words need not
apply

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60. **Charles Alexander**

Re: progressive v regressive

Sun 3 Sep 1995

Carolyn, Jonathan, & others --

I have generally quoted a lot of Jabes's comments on "the book" in talks I've given over the last four years or so on the book arts. People in that field as well as more "poetics"-involved groups I've spoken to about such matters seem

surprised that I would make a more or less direct connection between such theoretical/spiritual discussion of the book and the book as physical object. Such a connection seemed immediate to me on reading Jabes's work. It still does. The book arts community is certainly not familiar with Jabes, although I've loaned my books to many people in the field, and he is taken up with some enthusiasm among those who attempt to construct a conceptual framework for their activities in bookmaking. Now if I could get them to read Albiach and Roubaud and Hocquard and Fourcade and Royet-Journoud, there might be some fascinating trans-Atlantic book projects.

charles alexander [=====^=====]
[<>]
chax press [maybe <> pages]
[a time <> letters]
phone & fax: [upon <> frames]
[once <> motion]
e-mail: [<>]
[=====vv=====]

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61. **Gabrielle Welford**

Re: Millay

Sun 3 Sep 1995

On Tue, 29 Aug 1995, Kevin Killian wrote:

do you, Alan

> (or any of the other fine critics on this list) know of anyone who is doing
> any interesting work on Millay right now? Yours, Kevin
>

I actually knew a woman at Sonoma State when I was there who was a Millay expert. She had been accepted to Vancouver to do a doctorate last time I heard from her but wasn't sure whether to go. Her name is Jennifer, damn, can't remember her last name. I'll look and see if I can find it. She did wonderful readings of Millay in which she dressed up and impersonated her.

Gabrielle

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62. **George Bowering**

Re: fairy poems

Sun 3 Sep 1995

Actually, Ryan, when I mentioned Atwood I was also thinking of her verse. She has always declared fairy tales her main source, and as you might know, she did her harvard thjesis on late 19th C horror writers like Rider haggard. She was also a sucker for Hollywood monster movies. Check thru her poetry: you will find lots of traces from fairy tales.

You might have a look at Kenward Elmslie, too. See how fairy tales mesh with Jean harlow and the Old Dutch lady, etc.

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63. **Gabrielle Welford**

Media Play

Sun 3 Sep 1995

Thought ye all might be interested in this. Gab.

The Saginaw, Michigan, store of Media Play, Inc., at the direction of their national corporate headquarters (Media Play and parent corporation Musicland, located in Minnesota) are exploting local writers, artists and musicians for public relations purposes while refusing to carry some of their works on the shelves, even on consignment. Media Play has over 50 stores nationwide, including 14 in Michigan and one in Buffalo, NY.

The Saginaw store has censored my own books and the books published by my small press, Mayapple Press, written by other authors. The awards mentioned in the letter below are Great Lakes Colleges Association New Writers Award, which gave Honorable Mention to my book of prose-poetry, **Mothering** in 1978, and the Science Fiction Poetry Association's Rhysling Award for Best Long Poem, given to "Pilot, Pilot" in 1995. This poem is included in **Blues for Port City** by David Lunde. Both these books were in a group of 6 refused for consignment by the Saginaw, Michigan, outlet of Media Play, Inc.

Please circulate, distribute, copy, share, sign, and provide copies of this letter to writers, poets, artists and musicians in your area for signature. Signed copies can be sent to me at P.O. Box 5473, Saginaw, Michigan 48603.

Thanks for your help!

Judith Kerman

poet, publisher of Mayapple Press

EXPLOITATION AND CENSORSHIP!

September 1, 1995

To the Editor:

Within the last two weeks, it has come to our attention that Media Play, Inc. and its parent company Musicland Corporation, are censoring the works of American poets and writers by refusing to carry them in their stores even on consignment, based on the supposed "sensitivity" of the material. Works refused by the Media Play store in Saginaw, Michigan, include two which were recognized in part or whole as meritorious in mainstream national literary competitions. The store management declares that in doing this, they are following corporate policy dictated by the national corporate headquarters and its Board.

According to the Detroit Free Press, it is national Media Play corporate policy to target areas with highly-educated populations for their new stores, because people who are highly educated read books. People who read books also buy CD's, videotapes, computer software and collectibles which the stores carry. In order to bring these people into the store for extended periods of time, all Media Play stores have been directed by their corporate headquarters to solicit writers, poets, artists and musicians from the immediate area to participate in public relations events such as performances, readings, book signings and exhibits. Such people are also likely to become good customers.

However, the Saginaw store that was willing to host a writer for a reading is not willing to sell that same writer's books on the shelves even on consignment, based on the store management's and the corporate public relations staff's fears that the content might be found offensive. In addition, the Saginaw store has pulled items from the shelves sent to them by the corporate buyers, without ever receiving a complaint, thereby making themselves moral arbiters for adult readers in the tri-county region, the same "highly-educated readers" they wish to attract.

We the undersigned will not spend money in any Media Play store until this policy has been changed, nor will we cooperate with their public relations efforts. We urge all those who value freedom of expression to boycott all stores run by Media Play or Musicland Corporation, their parent company. Please let store managers know that you are boycotting them, and why you are doing so. Please decline invitations to give readings, concerts, art exhibits, book signings, or in other ways contribute to the public relations efforts of Media Play, Inc., or their parent company Musicland Corporation. We also encourage small press publishers to test the situation at their local Media Play outlets by bringing in publications for possible consignment.

Signed:

FEEL DUPLICATE AND CIRCULATE THIS LETTER, AND SUBMIT IT FOR PUBLICATION IN NEWSPAPERS AND OTHER MASS MEDIA.

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64. **Pierre Joris**

Re: Jabes

Sun 3 Sep 1995

Jonathan wrote:

>
> Pierre,
>
> Please do "rattle off a dozen names...whose work is as worthwhile."
> Suggestions about where they can be ordered are welcome, also.
>

Okay. Here I go a-rattling off in the random order of alphabetic precedence a baker's dozen French poets: Jean-Christophe Bailly, Matthieu Benezet, Yves Buin, Michel Bulteau, Michel Deguy, Jacques Dupin, Jean-Pierre Duprey, Genevieve Clancy, Gerard de Cortanze, Jean-Pierre Faye, Liliane Giraudon, Leslie Kaplan, Matthieu Messagier, Alain Jouffroy, Bernard Noel, Michel Maire, Claude Pelieu, Denis Roche, Maurice Roche, James Sacre, Eric Sarnier, Serge Sautreau, Frank Venaille, Marcelin Pleynet, Jacqueline Risset, Alain Veinstein, Andre Velter, Jean-Pierre Verheggen,

hmm, I think I got more than a dozen already, so let me now switch to a quick list of poets who write in French but are from south of "la metropole" as they used to say: Mohammed Dib, Tahar Djaout, Mohammed Khair-Eddine, Abdelwaheb Meddeb, Abdelkebir Khatibi, Ahmed Kedidi, Amina Said, Habib Tengour, Kateb Yacine...

=====

Pierre Joris | "Poems are sketches for existence."
Dept. of English | --Paul Celan
SUNY Albany |
Albany NY 12222 | "Revisionist plots
tel&fax: [REDACTED] | are everywhere and our pronouns haven't yet
email: | drawn up plans for the first coup."
[REDACTED] | --J.H. Prynne

=====

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65. **CAROLYN L. FORCHE-MATTISON**

Re: Jabes

Sun 3 Sep 1995

Dear Pierre, To your wonderful list I would add Jean-Jacques Viton and Joseph Guglielmi. Are the poets from "south of the metropole" available in translation? For a sampling of the others, I can only suggested Serge Garonsky's already well known -Toward a New Poetics- (University of California Press, 1994).

--Carolyn

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66. **Jerry Rothenberg**

Re: Jabes

Sun 3 Sep 1995

Since Pierre and I have been mulling over the names & works of many in our attempt to compose a global anthology, etc., shouldn't we mention his own recent attempts to translate the very powerful Congolese poet Tchicaya U Tam'si (died in 1988) who was also a master of the French language & its poetries? I think -- in terms of what we're planning to include in the second installment of our work -- mention should also be made of poets like Bernard Heideck and Henri Chopin, who have been part of the most experimental side of French poetry, along with others like Michele Metail, Pierre & Ilse Garnier (Spatialism), Isidore Isou (Lettrisme), Julien Blaine, & so on. The question of what it takes to be known & read over here is itself a little puzzling. Jabes (who was a good friend to many of us) has a huge number of translated works, but Roubaud (besides the fiction work) has at least two recent (important/crucial) books of poetry -- translated (like Jabes's works) by Rosmarie Waldrop. Both of them -- but Jabes in particular -- are, it seems to me, as well known as one would expect contemporary furrin poets to be in the present U.S. climate. But it might also be noted -- with Jabes, say -- that there is both a reader enthusiasm & a suprising or not-so surprising reader resistance. I think this may have, as Silliman suggests, some bias about the Jewish nature of the work, but more often (in my experience of it) takes the form of people professing to feel outside his concerns, which are taken to be much more hermetic (referential to some presumed deep learning in kabbala & Jewish mysticism etc) than they actually are. But the point is that there are a considerable number of people who may block on Jabes but who are otherwise quite aware of who he is & may have even tried to crack him, so to speak. (I take much of this as a measure, by the way, of how really good he is.)

Aside to Ron on the non-acceptance of the Objectivists for being Jewish, it seems to me that a probably more widespread block was that they were closely tied to Pound (as anti-Jew), even so far (in the early days) as to include him (& WCW) within the body of what was being presented in the Objectivists Athology & the Objectivists issue of Poetry/Chicago. I mean only that on that level, things in the poetry world (& elsewhere) get pretty damn confusing.

And going back to the original matter of known and unknown French poets, one should remember that a number of those mentioned by Pierre appear also in Paul Auster's Random House Book of Twentieth-Century French Poetry -- in addition to those in the Gavronsky book that Carolyn refers to.

Okay & greetings.

Jerome Rothenberg



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67. **Steven Howard Shoemaker**
approaching Edna

Sun 3 Sep 1995

Kevin Killian writes:

Thank you to Jordan and to Gale, and all who msged me back-channel, with your hints on further reading on St. Vincent Millay . . . now I know where to turn, believe me I was at my wits end trying to find something good. I was even at that awful stage familiar to you all I'm sure where I was beginning to feel, God, maybe I'LL have to write something-that sinking feeling . . .

Hey Kevin,

Well, you don't have to actually **write** anything, but you cld **post** something here:> You know, drop a few hints for those of us waiting to have our ears opened...

steve

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68. **Steven Howard Shoemaker**
Re: fairy poems

Sun 3 Sep 1995

I'm set on Digest, but no one seems to have mentioned Christina Rossetti's great "Goblin Market" yet.

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69. **Cristina L. Brown**

UK-CALL

Sun 3 Sep 1995

Will anyone who knows anything about anything mentioned in the note below (sent to Ric Caddel in the UK) please write--soon-- (██████████) & tell me how I might best proceed? Feel free to say insulting things about my project as it now stands (for instance: "uninspired" "rudimentary" "poorly- researched" "boring" "what project?") but be sure also to offer useful advice--names/addresses of contacts, possible angles to take, etc. I don't think I'll be doing work on the "relationship between contemporary British & American poetries" per se but will use that connection as a jumping-off point to some more specific (& less reductive) study

Mr. Caddel:

I'm a writing student at Brown University, recently subscribed to the POETICS list--have been working with the (Burning Deck) Waldrops and friends on a proposal which if successful will convince the British Fulbright & Marshall committees to have me sent over to some British university to work on a project having to do with the relationship (?) between contemporary British & American poetries, and which would involve quite a bit of research on the poets featured in Longville & Crozier's *A Various Art*, Mottram et al.'s *The New British Poetry*, Tom Raworth's *Exact Change* showcase & others writing in a similar (British) vein. As far as I can tell, there hasn't been a whole lot written on the kind of British poetry which interests me--poetry which reflects a disaffection for received modes of reading & writing, which does not seek primarily to appease or to comfort--into which, in fact, is built a certain resistance--& in which a considered and difficult relationship to (& with) language is manifest. So far I've looked at the Hampson/Barry collection (scope of the possible), a book of essays by A. Weatherhead, an article by Marjorie Perloff, & very little else--not being able to find out more (*A Various Art* not locally available, for instance--I came across it in a London bookstore last summer) makes it seem all the more important that I go to England--I've been told that Anthony Crozier is at Sussex & John James at Cambridge, though I haven't been able to find James' name on the Cambridge faculty lists & haven't been able to locate e-mail addresses for either--or in fact anyone else who might be able to help me save myself. The proposal's due September 22nd--can you give me some leads, suggest a university at which a project like mine might be welcome--or pass this note on to someone who might be interested or willing to offer advice? I'll post some version of this on the list.

Thanks,

██████████

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70. **Jerry Rothenberg**

Re: fairy poems

Sun 3 Sep 1995

Check Duncan on "faerie" etc. for the real McCoy on these matters. Or Yeats, say, once you get past those Celtic twilight. Or Lorca whose duende (goblin) is of that world as well. Or our old friend Wakoski come to think of it.

viz, in the case of Duncan

a fairy citadel
a fabulous construction out of
Christianity where Morgan le Fay
carries the king to her enchanted Isle
(R.D., "Nel Mezzo del Cammin ...")

& with others a still darker, older world -- one of those resources now left for children.

But that much is an old old story -- part of our poetics (to say nothing of our poetry) since Shakespeare & Spenser at the very least. And old, old in this century as well.

Jerome Rothenberg



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71. **kathryne lindberg**

Re: fairy poems

Sun 3 Sep 1995

irrelevant, perhaps, but somehow seques with a joke that an alto player made last night at the Detroit Jazz Festival: after the next tune, be ready for a discussion of Marx in English. I beg indulgence.

Is "duende" commonly translated as "goblin"?

As Chris Cheek reminded the list some while ago, the first English translation of the Manifesto begins, "There is a hobgoblin"/not "A spectre haunts. . ."

What is the difference between goblin and hobgoblin? J. Edgar's spectre might ask 'Who would you trust your children to, Lorca's "duende" or Marx's "hobgoblin"?--his grammar would be as bad. He would see connections, even connecting under the bed.

But I do want to know about duende, especially in light of a nice piece of Nathaniel Mackey's on Miles Davis's "Sketches of Spain" alongside Lorca on duende. Makes me laugh, at least, a happy laugh of trebled hauntings--at least.

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72. **Jonathan Brannen**

Re: Jabes

Sun 3 Sep 1995

Pierre,

Thanks for the suggestions re: poets writing in French. I'm familiar with the work of some of these writers, others are new to me (especially those "southern" poets).

Best regards,
Jonathan

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73. **Jonathan Brannen**

Re: Jabes

Sun 3 Sep 1995

Carolyn,

In addition to Garonsky's -Toward a New Poetics-, -Violence of the White Page: Contemporary French Poetry- (edited by Stacy Doris, Phillip Foss, Emmanuel Hocquard; Tyuonyi 9/10) offers an interesting sampling (in translation) of some of the poets Pierre referenced and some others. Of the "south of the metropole" poets, I believe some of Mohammed Dib's work has been translated, though I can't recall where at the moment.

Best,
Jonathan

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74. **Jeffrey Timmons**

Re: Help..

Sun 3 Sep 1995

Yes, you are right. There is need for contact. You have put it very nicely.

Jeffrey Timmons

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75. **George Bowering**

Re: fairy poems

Sun 3 Sep 1995

This is the first time I have, I think, seen duende translated as goblin. That is a little alarming, given that a popular brand of toilet paper in Mexico is Duende.

Have you seen the transcribed discussion among Olson, Duncan and Ginsberg about duende during the 1963 Vancouver poetryfest. It has been published a few times, most recently in Ralph Maud's Olson Newsletter. In the discussion, curiously enough, Olson and esp. Duncan are way off, and Ginsberg comes closest to it. He mentions, I think I recall, Mexicans telling him the duende is what scares the cattle at night.

There is also a discussion of duende in the third Spicer lecture (1965) which will be published in Peter Gizzi's edition.

By the way, the toilet paper is called that not because going No. 2 is spooky in Mexico, but because a literal meaning is also "soft."

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76. **George Bowering**

Re: UK-CALL

Sun 3 Sep 1995

I am thinking that your best help might come from Peter Quartermain, who is on this list, but usually lurks. He is an expert on the hipper Brit poets, as well as being hip to what is happening in the U.S. He goes to England often. One of the best places to work might be at U. of Durham, where the Bunting papers are, and smart folks. The crossover started with the UK littlelittle mags of the 60s, such as Move and Tlaloc.

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77. **George Bowering**

Re: Jabes

Sun 3 Sep 1995

Jerry Rothenberg--god bless you for doing all that digging for us.

I see how necessary it is when I look at an anthology in the bookstore yesterday--it's called something like The Best New Poems of 1994 or something. The only name I remember recognizing was Peter Gizzi. Now Peter's probably worried.

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78. **Thomas Bell**

New list and site

Mon 4 Sep 1995

The following may be of interest to some, particularly the rengists?

Forwrded from NARRATIVE-L

TEXT21-L on [REDACTED] The future of the written word.

The TEXT21-L discussion list is part of a symposium on the future of the written word, called Text 21, to be held at Alfred University in New York state. While the symposium will take place during four weekends over the 1995-96 academic year, the discussion list will be a continual forum to discuss issues relevant to the relation between communication, especially written language, and technology.

TEXT21-L is intended to discuss not only the future of text, but also the way new technology integrates other media, like sound, video, images, and virtual reality, into text, and the emerging forms of communication made possible by new technology.

The relative benefits and problems of "new media" compared to "old media," technology and rhetoric, the future of the written word, Computer Mediated Communication, Human-Computer Interaction, the fate of the book, the relations between text and image, the future of communication, the philosophical implications of technology, and copyright issues are all relevant issues. The tone of the list is intended to strike a balance between scholarly and conversational, but the ultimate structure of the list will be decided by the individual decisions of its members.

All entries to this list will be edited, hypertextually linked, and released, free to the public, on the Text 21 World Wide Web page at:

<http://www.text21.alfred.edu/>

This Web page will be available on September 20, 1995.

Each hypertext section will be referenced to its respective author, with a link to the author's home page, if one exists, or, if the author wishes, an email (mailto:) link. Because of the nature of the Internet, everything submitted to the list is assumed to be in the public domain.

with the body text

subscribe text21-l

Owner/Moderator: Paul Ford [REDACTED]

----- DISCLAIMER: NEW-LIST
announcements are edited from information provided by the original
submitter. We do NOT verify the technical accuracy nor any claims made in
the announcements nor do we necessarily agree with them. We do not
warranty or guarantee any services which might be announced - use at your
own risk. For more information send e-mail to [REDACTED] with the command
GET NEW-LIST README in the body. mgh

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79. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: fairy poems

Mon 4 Sep 1995

a note on duende

it has the following meanings in Spanish in general as a noun (i wasn't
aware that it is an adjective meaning soft in Mexican Spanish)

1. goblin
2. charm, enchantment, bewitchment

[duende comes originally from duen de casa (shortened from duen~o de casa =
'owner of the house,' in reference to a spirit that haunts a house.)]

Lorca certainly did not mean 1 but rather a non-anthropomorphizable
'presence'.

I wonder if the toilet paper was named by someone who knew about Charmin'.

On Sun, 3 Sep 1995, George Bowering wrote:

*This is the first time I have, I think, seen duende translated as
goblin. That is a little alarming, given that a popular brand of
toilet paper in Mexico is Duende.*

*Have you seen the transcribed discussion among Olson, Duncan and
Ginsberg about duende during the 1963 Vancouver poetryfest. It has
been published a few times, most recently in Ralph Maud's Olson
Newsletter. In the discussion, curiously enough, Olson and esp.
Duncan are way off, and Ginsberg comes closest to it. He mentions, I
think I recall, Mexicans telling him the duende is what scares the
cattle at night.*

*There is also a discussion of duende in the third Spicer lecture
(1965) which will be published in Peter Gizzi's edition.*

*By the way, the toilet paper is called that not because going No. 2
is spooky in Mexico, but because a literal meaning is also "soft."*

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80. **Marjorie Perloff**

Studying in England

Mon 4 Sep 1995

This is for Christina Brown. I don't think the poetries you describe are studied anywhere academically in the UK but your best bet would be Sussex with Peter Nicholls. A wonderful guy with a great interest in all the poetries you describe, books on Modernisms and Ezra Pound and now working on a poetry book. At Edinburgh there's Aidan Day who shares your interests and maybe you could study at Cambridge with Jeremy Prynne but that might be iffy for the Marshall, etc.

Anyway, I'd put down Sussex and there are many other good people there at the School of American Studies.

Hope it works.

Best, Marjorie Perloff

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81. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

Re: the dozens

Mon 4 Sep 1995

Pierre -- don't toy with us -- give us those names -- especially those available anywhere in English -- (The only other language I can read so far is Spanish) --

My view of things may admittedly be skewed -- Jabes appears to sell and get read around the Bay Area -- at least since the handsome republication of Book of Questions a while back -- Certainly better known here than the others I named --

but give us those names -- the best thing I get from this list is reading lists!

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82. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

dozens of dozens

Mon 4 Sep 1995

yes, being set on digest and reading from the West Coast, I sometimes lag behind --

Thanks to all who contributed to the list of interesting writers in French -- & thanks particularly to Pierre --

That's the second time in a week I've heard of the prospective U Tam'si works -- All I've ever been able to find is the old Heineman _Selected_ with Gerald Moore's translations -- when will the new text be available?

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83. **George Bowering**
Re: Studying in England

Mon 4 Sep 1995

Hey, Marjorie.

Things must have changed for the better at Sussex. In 1966 I went there and asked whether, holding a scholarship, I could work on Basil Bunting. The English dept. told me heavens, no, because Bunting was still alive.

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84. **George Bowering**
Re: fairy poems

Mon 4 Sep 1995

By golly, my U. of Chicago dictionary gives "goblin" for duende. In discussing the word in 1965, a Mexicano told me it meant soft/smooth as well as the spectral stuff, in everyday talk, as an adjective.

Maybe the Mexicano was a fantasma, maybe the same one that whispered dondamente to Spicer.

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85. **R I Caddel**
Re: UK-CALL

Mon 4 Sep 1995

I too go to England often, tho it's getting hard to find. I've back-channelled to Cristina Brown with specific suggestions, but thought it useful to come back on some points. First, a little story: When I first arrived in Newcastle in the late '60s I showed my adolescent scribbles to someone who said I'd obviously been reading Dorn and Duncan, who I'd never heard of (indeed, I hadn't heard of anyone). I trotted round to Tom Pickard's shop Ultima Thule (which I used as a library) and began to read Dorn and Duncan, and was flattered but mystified by the comparison (still am).

The first point is that "the message" was firmly in place by that stage, and that objectivist and black mountain and new york poetries were getting through - at least to that place. I later discovered that John Seed was also grazing those

shelves at the same time - we probably rubbed shoulders by the little magazines shelves. Those little mags, including Tlaloc, as George said, did a good job: I'd mention Grosseteste Review, Second Aeon, and Ian Hamilton Finlay's Poor.Old.Tired.Horse. (aka POTH) at the same time. Also, there was "the Migrant set" - Gael Turnbull, Michael Shayer and Roy Fisher - invaluable cross-fertilizers right at the start of the 60s.

The second point is that not all assumptions about transatlantic "influences" are well-founded, and indeed in their reductive form they can be unhelpful (a UK "establishment" put-down of Pig Press which still surfaces is "publishes American and American-influenced poets" - as if american influence were some kind of virus!); what's more helpful, I'd have thought, wd be to identify the affinities - and even the differences - between some of the groups Cristina mentions and their American and European counterparts.

Then there's Bruce Andrews, for example, writing in FLOATING CAPITAL (an anthology of UK poets from Potes&Poets): "resources made available in part from innovative American poetries (& poetics) of the 1970s & 80s have (arguably) helped spur [these poets]". The distances between writers are vast enough, it seems to me, without bringing country-of-origin legislation into it.

x		x x Richard Caddel,	E-
mail: R.I.Caddel @	durham.ac.uk	x x Durham University Library,	Phone:
0		x x Stockton Rd. Durham DH1 3LY	Fax: 0
x x		x x	"Words! Pens are too light.
Take a chisel to write."	x x		- Basil Bunting
x x		x	

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86. **Pierre Joris**

Re: Jabes

Mon 4 Sep 1995

Will try to answer a few messages in one shot on this Labor day (get it back to the first of May!) morning --

First a sad announcement: About ten days ago the Swiss-Italian poet Franco Beltrametti died suddenly. He was one of our last great peripatetic travelling companeros, at home as much in Kalifornia or here on the East Coast than in Japan, Holland, France or Italy. & one of the gentlest sould it has been my privilege to know. Here a little poem from his book Target.

il monte verita

the mountain is
the same, the truth
changed

19/VIII/78

Good that Jerry filled the experiemntal/concrete/soungpoetry gaps in my quick list of frog poets. One could add Julien Blaine & the work of his Marseille group & magazine DOC(K)S (a scene on which, incidentally, Franco had been very active these last years). There are any number of other figures to add to my list: Claude Miniere, Valere Novarina, Guy Darol for example, but also such towering experiemntal prose figures as Pierre Guyotat (the last French writer, to my knowledge to have one of his Gallimard-published works censored by the French Government!). The list is endless...

Besides the anthologies already mentioned on the list, here are two other books worth investigating as they have some of the younger writers not in the other one:

French Poets of Today published in 1987 by Guernica Editions (Montreal then, now based in Toronto) I don't know if the book is still in print, but worth trying to pick up.

The spring '87 (Vol 30. n. 3) issue of "The Literary Review" published by Fairleigh Dickinson University. This issue is subtitled "New French Writing" & includes some experiemntal prose by Guyotat & Sollers (from the latter's _Paradiso_) (my translations) as well as the usual suspects (Albiach, Hocquard, Jabes, Roet-Journoud) plus a short bit by one of my favorite French (prose)writers, Pascal Quignard. Importantly, the issue contains a second section edited by Eric Sellin, called "Francophone Literature of the Maghreb" presenting writers such as Dib, Alloula, Amrouche, Sebti, Said, Boujedra, Mimouni & others. Sellin edits (edited?) a magazine called _The Celfan Review_ essentially on Maghrebian writers from Temple University where he teaches. Otherwise Maghrebian literature is unknown & untranslated here. I'll pass along more information as I come across it.

Pierre, but

before signing off, one more by Franco Beltrametti
mental one

(a few hits of the keys) (finally
for once) (she would like that
it would never end) (to focus)
(the problem is choice)

(finally for once) (a few
hits of the keys)

15/II/78

for J.L. Godard

=====
=====
Pierre Joris | "Poems are sketches for existence."
Dept. of English | --Paul Celan
SUNY Albany |
Albany NY 12222 | "Revisionist plots
tel&fax: [REDACTED] | are everywhere and our pronouns haven't yet
email: | drawn up plans for the first coup."
[REDACTED] | --J.H. Prynne
=====
=====

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87. **Pierre Joris**
Re: dozens of dozens

Mon 4 Sep 1995

*That's the second time in a week I've heard of the prospective U Tam'si
works -- All I've ever been able to find is the old Heineman _Selected_
with Gerald Moore's translations -- when will the new text be available?*

Aldon -- the U Tam'si will be out probably late next year from Sun & Moon -- if I
can get thje translation done on time.

=====
=====
Pierre Joris | "Poems are sketches for existence."
Dept. of English | --Paul Celan
SUNY Albany |
Albany NY 12222 | "Revisionist plots
tel&fax: [REDACTED] | are everywhere and our pronouns haven't yet
email: | drawn up plans for the first coup."
[REDACTED] | --J.H. Prynne
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88. **Pierre Joris**

Re: UK-CALL

Mon 4 Sep 1995

Cristina -- It would be worthwhile getting in touch with both Shamoon Zamir & Clive Bush at Kings College, University of London, The strand, London WC2R 3LS. They are both ex-students of Eric Mottram who was the most important figure in the rapprochement between US & Brit poetry. (The Cambridge group to some large extent folded back upon itself, classical Brit invagination, even though Prynne now writes poems in Chinese). John James teaches at the Polytechnic in Cambridge, which is why you couldn't find him in the U directories. If you want/need more infoatters, feel free to backchannel, email address as below.

Pierre

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Pierre Joris      | "Poems are sketches for existence."
Dept. of English  | --Paul Celan
SUNY Albany       |
Albany NY 12222   | "Revisionist plots
tel&fax: [REDACTED] | are everywhere and our pronouns haven't yet
email: [REDACTED]  | drawn up plans for the first coup."
[REDACTED]        | --J.H. Prynne
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89. **Jerry Rothenberg**

Re: fairy poems

Mon 4 Sep 1995

A point about "duende" being something like "goblin" is that Lorca, like many others, was drawing from & (as the situationist might have said) retourning (retuning?) an expression taken to have deep (if later bowdlerized) meanings within the culture. There's a touch of evil in them goblins -- dangerousness or wildness -- that must have been part of its appeal (to see that beneath the Disney-duendes of a later generation). So, I thought too that Duncan, with his fairy/faerie differentiation, was involved in a similar project -- getting some of that fiery/fury sense back into the word (& touching on the lore behind the word, if that's still reachable). I used to think -- in our old ethnopoetics days -- that that was what we were largely into. And I think I still do.

All best,

JERRY

Jerome Rothenberg



ps. "Duende" (i.e. GOBLIN) as the name of a toilet paper is probably not so striking -- except for those of us who get our duendes strictly out of Lorca. (Like Katharsis as a going term for (dry)cleaners, I'm told, in modern Greece.)

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90. **Jordan Davis.**

Re: reng-reng-reng

Mon 4 Sep 1995

> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> The caravan of windows to what they flee
> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> (inspection
> denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
> pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
> mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
> when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
> kook!"
> Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
> warehouse, curls
> no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
> dry cleaners
> piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
> prescience

> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
> the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
> encore
> Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
> moments to be
> of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
> were hooks.
> All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
> darkness
> falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
> sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
> fruit
> of subject's object status, violent transformation
> la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
> and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
> shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
> by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
> and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
> out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
> inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
> which explains why the pump is busted and why
> he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
> crap about not having a cousin on the moon
> capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
> prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
> start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
> heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
 of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
among the invoices and the difference engines

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91. **Jordan Davis.**

Re: fairy poems

Mon 4 Sep 1995

I'm curious if any of you out here know of any or many poems related to or influenced by children's literature.

Ashbery's "The Poems" has the music of children's books, and "Europe" used a sort of childish aviator book for much of its text... Kenneth Koch's "The Circus" part one is one of a few of his experiments in children's book narrative, and parts of his novel *The Red Robins* borrow heavily from all kinds of children's books--he even had Random House print it on rough paper in an odd format to approximate the feel of a boy's book. Ron Padgett's "Falling in Love in Spain or Mexico" takes all its phrases from a child's spanish text/phrase book. And aside from D. Shapiro's "the boss poem" that Rod mentioned, there are poems using (transforming) children's pedagogical texts in Lateness, To an Idea and House (I think). Randall Jarrell's *The Animal Family* has been illustrated nicely by Maurice Sendak, and Ruth Krauss did many books on the hazy border between NYSchool and kidlit, my favorite was and is *A Hole Is To Dig*, consisting of excellent juvenile aristotelianism.

but this may not be what you were asking,
Jordan

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92. **eric pape**

Re: Jabes

Mon 4 Sep 1995

Speaking of Michel De Guy.... He visited recently at LSU, oddly. He was very open to grad students and junior faculty. Gave a reading and even met with students at a nearby coffee shop. Which is more than most visiting writers consent to doing. Certainly none of his ability and importance.

And yet only five students arrived at Highland to meet with him. Of those, perhaps three spoke French. Two faculty also attended. It was embarrassing and awkward, but perhaps is some indication of how French poetry in general is accepted in the "official" academy (I of course do not speak of the academics on this list). Jabes perhaps has some cred simply because he is spoken of in Derrida.

Thanks, Eric (██████)

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93. **eric pape**

Re: Jabes

Mon 4 Sep 1995

Glissant, anyone?

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94. **Gabrielle Welford**

duende

Mon 4 Sep 1995

Doesn't Lorca have a chilling essay describing duende as the driving force behind Spanish poetry? Can't remember where I saw it.

Gabrielle

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95. **Gabrielle Welford**

duende

Mon 4 Sep 1995

Ooops. See that the first mention of duende was re Lorca. I didn't know duende meant a kind of hobgoblin. Why I was chilled by the way he wrote about duende was that it sounded as though he allied the Spanish poet with a kind of macho obsession with death. Maybe he was right but still chilling. Gab.

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96. **Pierre Joris**

Re: Jabes

Mon 4 Sep 1995

>

> Glissant, anyone?

>

Yes indeed Eric -- the poetry out in one collected volume (Gallimard) & a lovely collection of essays on poetry _L'Intention Poetique_ (Seuil) both of which -- in toto or in parte -- could use translation.

=====
=====

Pierre Joris | "Poems are sketches for existence."
Dept. of English | --Paul Celan
SUNY Albany |
Albany NY 12222 | "Revisionist plots"

tel&fax: [REDACTED] | are everywhere and our pronouns haven't yet
email: [REDACTED] | drawn up plans for the first coup."
[REDACTED] --J.H. Prynne

=====

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97. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: reng-reng-reng-reng

Mon 4 Sep 1995

> > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
> > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> > The caravan of windows to what they flee
> > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> > Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
> > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> > kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
> > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> > flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> > halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> > (inspection
> > denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
> > pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
> > mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
> > when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
> > kook!"
> > Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
> > warehouse, curls
> > no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
> > dry cleaners
> > piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
> > prescience
> > the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
> > the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
> > encore

> > Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
> > moments to be
> > of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
> > were hooks.
> > All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
> > darkness
> > falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
> > sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
> > fruit
> > of subject's object status, violent transformation
> > la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
> > and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
> > shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> > flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
> > by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> > through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> > petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> > alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
> > and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> > saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
> > out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
> > inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> > uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
> > which explains why the pump is busted and why
> > he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
> > crap about not having a cousin on the moon
> > capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
> > prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
> > start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
> > heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
> of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
> > among the invoices and the difference engines
 Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there

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98. **Christopher Reiner**

Re: Jabes

Mon 4 Sep 1995

I'd like to mention another source for contemporary French writing in translation: issues three and four of AVEC magazine. Issue three has work by Royet-Journoud, Albiach, Lewinter, Dahan, Guglielmi, Bessette, Fardoulis-

Lagrange, Leris, Du Bouchet, Davie, Colobert, Fourcade (--a minefield of names, sorry for any typos). Issue four has work by Cadiot, Hocquard, Couturier, Risset, Cohen, Alferi, Fremon. They're available from AVEC, PO Box 1059, Penngrove, CA 94951. They're \$7.50 a piece.

Also, I've been passing on the posts about French writing to Cydney Chadwick, AVEC's editor, and she writes:

>I don't know if you want to post this on the poetics list but Madame
Renee
at the bookstore Le Divan in Paris is happy to ship books to the states
and open an account for interested readers. All you have to give her is a
credit card # (and of course you get the best exchange rate using a
card).If you want more information, i'll give you the street address and
tel.of Le Divan."
>

I can post the address if anyone is interested.

Finally, might as well put a plug in for AVEC's web page:
<http://www.crl.com/~creiner/syntax/avec.html>

I was really happy to see this thread on French writing (and thanks to Carolyn F. for starting it, and to Pierre and others for the names). Now, how about contemporary Russian writing...

Best,
Chris Reiner


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99. **Ryan Knighton**

Re: fairy poems

Mon 4 Sep 1995

It's interesting that a lot of the poems referred to me have been suggested for their verse form, as opposed to direct reference to Fairy Tales or their plots. Dorn's *_Gunslinger_* could be added, I suppose, for its Seussian lines.

Jordan:

You mentioned a book, I think, abt NYSchool and its relationship to kids verse. What is the stuff on that? It sounds perfect.

Thanks all,
ryan

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100. **Jordan Davis.**

Re: reng-reng-reng-reng

Mon 4 Sep 1995

> > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
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> > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
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> > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> > kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
> > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> > flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> > halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> > (inspection
> > denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
> > pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
> > mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
> > when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
> > kook!"
> > Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
> > warehouse, curls
> > no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
> > dry cleaners
> > piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
> > prescience
> > the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
> > the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
> > encore
> > Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
> > moments to be
> > of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
> > were hooks.
> > All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
> > darkness
> > falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise

> > sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
> > fruit
> > of subject's object status, violent transformation
> > la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
> > and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
> > shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> > flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
> > by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> > through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> > petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> > alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
> > and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> > saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
> > out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
> > inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> > uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
> > which explains why the pump is busted and why
> > he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
> > crap about not having a cousin on the moon
> > capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
> > prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
> > start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
> > heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
> of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
> > among the invoices and the difference engines
Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there
collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze

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101. **Rod Smith**

Re: fairy poems

Mon 4 Sep 1995

to add to Jordan's useful list:

Carla Harryman's *_The Words_*, part of which was an *_Abacus_* & some of which is in the new city lights book, sources Sandburg's *_Rootabaga Stories_* as well as Sartre's *_The Words_*.

--Rod

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102. **Ryan Knighton**

Re: TADS

Mon 4 Sep 1995

This may be jumping the gun a bit, but it seems that I've been elected to get the ball rolling.

Some of us G2ers here in Vancouver are planning a new publication entitled TADS. George Stanley has offered to be an advisory editor (and will be submitting some material from his new book) and GB might lend a hand if I buy him breakfast. I will be involved along with Reg Johanson (also on this list) and Thea Bowering.

Anyone interested in submitting poetry for the first issue is welcome. The more the merrier and it would be nice to have some connection to the world beyond the Fraser Valley.

Please forward schtuff to either Ryan Knighton or Reg Johanson
c/o Dept. of English
Simon Fraser University
Burnaby, B.C.
Canada
V5A 1S6

We're not set up to handle electronic submissions, so sorry. If you have any questions you can backchannel me at [REDACTED]. And no this project is not associated with the University. I just have less mail problems there.

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103. **Gabrielle Welford**

Re: reng-reng-reng

Mon 4 Sep 1995

On Mon, 4 Sep 1995, Jordan Davis. wrote:

> > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
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> > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> > The caravan of windows to what they flee
> > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> > Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
> > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the

> > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> > kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
> > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> > flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> > halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> > (inspection
> > denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
> > pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
> > mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
> > when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
> > kook!"
> > Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
> > warehouse, curls
> > no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
> > dry cleaners
> > piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
> > prescience
> > the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
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> > Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
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> > la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
> > and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
> > shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> > flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
> > by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> > through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
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> > alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
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> > out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
> > inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power

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> > capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
> > prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
> > start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
> > heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
> of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
> > among the invoices and the difference engines
in the weatherwoman's barn at Hale Manoa. But you

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104. **Gabrielle Welford**

Re: reng-reng-reng-reng

Mon 4 Sep 1995

On Mon, 4 Sep 1995, Jorge Guitart wrote:

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
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bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
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flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
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pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
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when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
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Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
warehouse, curls
no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
dry cleaners
piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on*

prescience
the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
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Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
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start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
among the invoices and the difference engines
Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there
forneruntly in dis guys. Fwot, she asked, is mortern?

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105. **Loss Glazier**

Re: Jabes

Mon 4 Sep 1995

Finally, might as well put a plug in for AVEC's web page:
<http://www.crl.com/~creiner/syntax/avec.html>

I have visited this page and would like to exclaim - it's terrific! A very good job you did, Chris. It includes samples of writing and a lot of great stuff. It's worth a visit! I even linked to it in three places at the EPC: presses, mags, and what's new.

Loss Glazier
Electronic Poetry Center
<http://writing.upenn.edu/epc>

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106. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: reng-reng-reng

Mon 4 Sep 1995

On Mon, 4 Sep 1995, Gabrielle Welford wrote:

> On Mon, 4 Sep 1995, Jordan Davis. wrote:

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> > > heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
> > of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
> > > among the invoices and the difference engines
> in the weatherwoman's barn at Hale Manoa. But you
fell into the volcano because you wanted to, Mr. Kahuna,

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107. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: reng-reng-reng-reng

Mon 4 Sep 1995

On Mon, 4 Sep 1995, Gabrielle Welford wrote:

> On Mon, 4 Sep 1995, Jorge Guitart wrote:

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> > > of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
> > > > among the invoices and the difference engines
> > Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there
> > forneruntly in dis guys. Fwot, she asked, is mortern?
plus de certains oiseaux americains, replied d'arnot

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108. **Kathryne Lindberg**

Re: duende

Mon 4 Sep 1995

Yes, it was this reference to which I referred.

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109. **Joseph Zitt**

Re: TADS

Mon 4 Sep 1995

On 4 Sep 95 at 11:59, Ryan Knighton wrote:

Some of us G2ers here in Vancouver are planning a new publication entitled TADS. George Stanley has offered to be an advisory editor (and will

G2ers? I remember seeing a definition of the G(n) terms a long time back (when I didn't recognize most of the names, which I probably would now) but don't recall the mapping. -----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1----- |||/

Joseph Zitt ===== ██████████ ===== Human Systems \\\| \\\| Organizer,

SILENCE: The John Cage Mailing List \\\| \\\| /Joe Zitt's Home Page\|

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110. **Charles O. Hartman**

Re: Jabes

Mon 4 Sep 1995

Now, how about contemporary Russian writing...

Well, how about Nina Eskrenko?

Charles Hartman

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111. **George Bowering**

Re: reng-reng-reng-reng

Mon 4 Sep 1995

On Mon, 4 Sep 1995, Jorge Guitart wrote:

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
with matching five-piece hush-orange ensemble
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind*

kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, bayou of
flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
(inspection
denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
kook!"
Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
warehouse, curls
no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
dry cleaners
piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
prescience
the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
encore
Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
moments to be
of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
were hooks.
All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
darkness
falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
fruit
of subject's object status, viola transformation
la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
which explains why the pump is busted and why
he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
crap about not having a cousin on the moon
capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,

*heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
among the invoices and the difference engines
Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there
forneruntly in dis guys. Fwot, she asked, is mortern?
Know thee not? quoth large Phillipus den Bernstein. 'tis*

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112. **George Bowering**

Re: duende

Mon 4 Sep 1995

First place I read Lorca's duende essay was in the introduction to the Penguin Book of Garcia Lorca's poetry. It was a big item among the young poets in Vancouver ca. 1960.

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113. **Ron Silliman**

Poets, Nations, Goblins

Mon 4 Sep 1995

>> Now, how about contemporary Russian writing...

>

>Well, how about Nina Eskrenko?

>

>Charles Hartman

>

Like Franco Beltrametti, a wonderful witty gentle person who died much too soon.

The best one volume intro to contemporary Russian poetry that I know of is Third Wave, edited by Kent Johnson (who may or may not be the trickster behind the fictive Araki Yasusada) and Stephen Avery, with by Alexei Parshchikov and Andrew Wachtel (U Michigan, 1992), which grew out of Kent and Stephen's participation in the 1989 Leningrad conference.

All these poets seem bedeviled by the relationship of writing to nationhood. Beltrametti, whom I only met twice (once at Canessa Park in SF and once in the south of France), was I believe from Belgium or Switzerland and had a knack for European languages akin to Pierre or Anselm Hollo's. If his work isn't well known in the west, it's precisely because of that ambiguity of place.

The Russian literary scene seems to have been exploded with the end of the Soviet state. Many of the best Russian poets are now expatriates (like Ilya Kutik) or at least spend as much time out of the country as possible, while

others have watched the safety net that was Stalinism collapse out from under them (such as Parshchikov who, last I heard, was homeless and living a street alcoholic's life in Moscow, less than a decade after having been a very successful editor of an agricultural youth magazine and a stint in California, where the alienness of it all proved too much). I haven't heard in ages from or about Ivan Zhdanov, who was already at the Bob Kauffman/Gregory Corso level of social tenuousness before the collapse of Communism.

There is no question in my mind that many of the best/most exciting writers of my generation are Russians, but it seems very difficult to imagine what the future of Russian (or, more broadly, "post Soviet") writing itself can be under such circumstances. Somebody like Arkadii Dragomoshchenko, after all, is Ukraine by birth and would, in today's circumstances, never become part of "Russian" literature alongside a Tartar from Moscow like Parshchikov or a Siberian like Zhdanov.

I have often wondered what it would be like, as a life experience, to participate in a literature of fewer than 100 million people, like French (say). Imagine California poetry as a national literature. That would I imagine change the experience of a "career" as a poet a lot. Leland Hickman's willingness to publish poets not strictly local to Los Angeles would have seemed an even more radical act than it was (and, as it was, it got him pretty well ostracized in LA).

And I used to think that some of the great similarities between Russian and American writing had to do with their vast populations and expanse and multicultural roots COMBINED (very central) with a deep ambivalence about their relationship to Europe. But that Russia doesn't exist any more.

Ron Silliman



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114. **Thomas Bell**

Re: duende

Tue 5 Sep 1995

I've seen a reference to Lorcas duende as referring to the same phenomenon as Blues as a way of dealing with life - nut don't know where,

Tom

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115. **Thomas Bell**

Re: reng-reng-reng-reng

Tue 5 Sep 1995

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116. **Thomas Bell**

Re: reng-reng-reng-reng

Tue 5 Sep 1995

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117. **Louis Cabri**

(no subject)

Tue 5 Sep 1995

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
white stucco volutes and scrolls and flakes and feathers
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
 (inspection
denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
 kook!"
Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
 warehouse, curls
no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
 dry cleaners
piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
 prescience
the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
 encore
Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
 moments to be
of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
 were hooks.
All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
 darkness
falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
 fruit
of subject's object status, violent transformation
la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised

by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom pronounced I's and
inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
which explains why the pump is busted and why
he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
crap about not having a cousin on the moon
capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
 heats me up in the sleaze," it's
Decoration Day & I'm the Bard of Dubuque, impatient for
soft cores--contrailed poesy & sweet moonsuck--japes' phizz

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118. **Thomas Bell**
remg.reng.reng.reng
Tue 5 Sep 1995

Jordan Davis writes

> > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
> > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> > The caravan of windows to what they flee
> > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> > Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
> > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> > kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
> > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> > flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> > halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> > (inspection

> > denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
> > pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
> > mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
> > when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
> > kook!"
> > Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
> > warehouse, curls
> > no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
> > dry cleaners
> > piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
> > prescience
> > the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
> > the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
> > encore
> > Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
> > moments to be
> > of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
> > were hooks.
> > All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
> > darkness
> > falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
> > sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
> > fruit
> > of subject's object status, violent transformation
> > la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
> > and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
> > shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> > flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
> > by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> > through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> > petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> > alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
> > and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> > saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
> > out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
> > inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> > uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
> > which explains why the pump is busted and why
> > he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
> > crap about not having a cousin on the moon
> > capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
> > prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so

> > start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
> > heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
> of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
> > among the invoices and the difference engines
> Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there
> collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze
delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house
,

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119. **R I Caddel**

Re: UK-CALL

Tue 5 Sep 1995

To support the mentions of Shamooin Zamir and Clive Bush (King's, London) and Peter Nicholls (Sussex), and add a couple to the names given so far: also at Sussex are Andrew Crozier (Ferry Press, co-editor of A Various Art) and Drew Milne (Parataxis). Crozier is an original "Cambridge Poet" if that term has meaning, tho as Pierre suggests the "Cambridge School" is, if anything, an even less structured group than the "objectivists". It hasn't imploded though, it's fragmented, with lots of little plants, runners or suckers around the place. Sign of good health in plant life.

The "Cambridge Poets" are taken quite seriously now, for instance by Michael Schmidt who teaches at Manchester, and publishes John Riley and Michael Haslam in Carcanet Press. He has, for instance, supervised postgraduate work on Grosseteste Review, one of the mags most closely associated with Cambridge. Much more sympathetic, and broader in range and insight, would be people like Robert Hampson (Royal Holloway, London) or Peter Middleton (Southampton), or Tony Lopez (Plymouth). There are also little enclaves of interest in Essex (John Muckle), York and other places where I can't place the names. Two sympathetic colleagues in Durham who do at least read the stuff are Diana Collecott and Gareth Reeves.

It's even possible to study Bunting in the UK these days, George: Essex and York include him regularly in their Masters courses, and of course here in Durham, at the Basil Bunting Poetry Centre. Being dead helped his cause no end - I'm working on the same premise myself. x

x x Richard Caddel, E-mail: R.I.Caddel @ durham.ac.uk x x Durham
University Library, Phone: 0 [REDACTED] x x Stockton Rd. Durham
DH1 3LY Fax: 0 [REDACTED] x x

x x "Words! Pens are too light. Take a chisel to write." x x

- Basil Bunting x x x

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120. **R I Caddel**

New Books

Tue 5 Sep 1995

Two new ones from Reality Street Editions, 4 Howard Court, Peckham Rye, London SE15 3PH (also through SPD):

DISTANT POINTS Peter Riley six pounds fifty (yes! he's said to be a "Cambridge Poet") - the first chunk of a long work built on archeological reports. Surely someone will do a collected, or even a selected, Peter Riley soon?

O'CLOCK Fanny Howe six pounds fifty - poems written in Ireland and the UK - good as ever:

Rambling snowmounds and still sheep along
Cheviot Hills, dense fog, dots of dirt,
snow-banged buildings, scraped fields.
Land pays the price for becoming human.

x		x x	Richard Caddel,	E-
mail: R.I.Caddel @	durham.ac.uk	x x	Durham University Library,	Phone:
0		x x	Stockton Rd. Durham DH1 3LY	Fax: 0
x x		x x	"Words! Pens are too light.	
Take a chisel to write."	x x		- Basil Bunting	
x x		x		

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121. **Keith Tuma**

Re: UK-CALL

Tue 5 Sep 1995

Dear Ric C:

A couple of days ago you mentioned John Riley's "Czargrad" as one of the best poems out of the UK in twenty years. I wonder--if you've time--if you might elaborate a little. What, in your opinion, makes it so? What are some of the competitors? Don't mean to put you on the spot: feel free to ignore this public query.

Regarding the "Cambridge School," I've recently had brought home to me in correspondence the degree of skepticism about the career and activities of the late Eric Mottram among some of that group. The smaller the pie, the sharper the knife? Or something more serious? Another query to be ignored at your pleasure.

--Keith Tuma

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122. **Jerry Rothenberg**

Re: duende

Tue 5 Sep 1995

About Lorca's duende & blues, you might want to check out those lyrics in which the blues are personified, emerge as living beings, to fill the singer/poet with deep song, deep thoughts, or draw it out of him/her. E.g.:

woke up this morning
blues all around my bed

etc. That kind of thing. And then the way one speaks of having the blues -- not in a negative way but as it allows the song/ the poem to come -- is very reminiscent of Lorca's duende & his take on cante _hondo_.

It's also useful to not forget the popular thrust in Lorca & other germinal poets of language.

Jerome Rothenberg



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123. **A. Morris**

address query

Tue 5 Sep 1995

For a project in process I'd like to be able to get in touch with Tina Darragh, P. Inman, Erica Hunt, & Mei-mei Bersenbrugge. Can anyone help me backchannel with addresses s-mail or e-mail? Thanks--

Dee

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124. **Edward Foster**

Re: Dear Ed Foster,

Tue 5 Sep 1995

But, Ron, the title "All Acts Are Simply Acts" is, to my mind, wholly ironic, and everything in the book works against it. When acts are simply acts we can charm ourselves with such matters as the placement of words on the page. Or whatever.

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125. **Tina**
Re: UK-CALL
Tue 5 Sep 1995

Subject: Gratefully
To: Ric Caddel, Aaron Shurin, George Bowering, Pierre Joris,
Peter Larkin, Ira Lightman, Marjorie Perloff, Keith Tuma
& others

I owe you all. After posting that message I went home & practically cried (nervousness & so on). Have downloaded all responses & will read them over carefully, then get back to (some of) you. Who knows, this may actually work out, thanks to all your help--& maybe I'll see some of you there.

I haven't been following the French poets discussion closely, but thought I would mention J. Roubaud & others (Albiach? Royet-Journoud?) will be reading at Brown in late October, in case it hasn't come up yet, if it makes a difference to anyone--I imagine you all find out these things through other channels but there it is--

Tina

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126. **Ken Edwards**
UK poetry
Tue 5 Sep 1995

The following message intended for Cristina Brown was returned to me as undeliverable, so I'm posting it here, as an addendum to recent messages from Pierre, Ric and George. By the way, I'd like to endorse much of what Ric said about the US/UK relationship. And to add that while it's good that folks are getting interested in current French and post-Soviet writing, I'm forever mystified why "interesting" British poetry is still so widely ignored in the US. Can't be a translation problem, surely....

Dear Cristina,

Just picked up your request from the Poetics list. Small correction: John James lives and works in the city of Cambridge, but not at Cambridge University - you'll find him at Anglia Polytechnic University. Andrew (not Anthony) Crozier is at Sussex. Others you may want to contact for leads: Drew Milne, also at Sussex; Peter Middleton at Southampton. English depts in each case. Ric Caddel you already know.

Worth contacting in the US, as well as Peter Quartermain, who has already been mentioned: Romana Huk at the University of New Hampshire. Sorry, don't

yet have a proper address for her, as she's only recently returned there after a couple of years here in the UK - but she's planning a big conference at UNH for 1996 on current UK poetries. She's done some work on Denise Riley, John Wilkinson etc.

I am not an academic so I'm not the person to suggest to you how to go about these things, but hopefully you'll find some of the above helpful. Please feel free to ask me anything though and I'll do my best to help. As you may know, I was co-editor of The New British Poetry, along with Eric Mottram who sadly is no longer with us - he would've been the best person to help you but died suddenly last February.

All the best,

Ken Edwards

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127. **Edward Foster**
talisman

Tue 5 Sep 1995

we're not ever where we were: it's now talisman house at
p.o. box 3157
jersey city, nj 07303-3157
offices/stock room (UPS only) at
129 wayne st.
jersey city, nj 07302
phone: [REDACTED]

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128. **Gale Nelson**
Re: Jabes

Tue 5 Sep 1995

For contemporary French literature, please consider Avec # 4 and Serie d'écriture (magazine issues are # 3, # 4, # 7). Also Tyuonyi 9/10: Violence of the White Page.

All should be available from Small Press Distribution, 1814 San Pablo Ave, Berkeley CA 94702.

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129. **Gale Nelson**

Re: Studying in England

Tue 5 Sep 1995

Legend has it that when Dallas Wiebe wanted to do his dissertation on Ezra Pound, he was told by the department that he couldn't for the same reason as George Bowering was told he couldn't study Bunting. Wiebe, so the story goes, then suggested Wyndham Lewis as subject for his dissertation. Reports tell us that the faculty involved were unsure whether or not Lewis was alive; as they didn't want to admit this, they approved the dissertation plan.

Wiebe was doing his graduate work at U of Michigan.

Cheers,

Gale Nelson

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130. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: remg.reng.reng.reng

Tue 5 Sep 1995

On Mon, 4 Sep 1995, Thomas Bell wrote:

> Jordan Davis writes

>

> > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>

> > > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

> > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

> > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

> > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

> > > The caravan of windows to what they flee

> > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

> > > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling

> > > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago

> > > Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing

> > > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the

> > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind

> > > kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she

> > > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of

> > > flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's

> > > halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance

> > > (inspection

> > > denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing

> > > pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several

> > > mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
> > > when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
> > > kook!"
> > > Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
> > > warehouse, curls
> > > no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
> > > dry cleaners
> > > piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
> > > prescience
> > > the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
> > > the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
> > > encore
> > > Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
> > > moments to be
> > > of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
> > > were hooks.
> > > All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
> > > darkness
> > > falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
> > > sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
> > > fruit
> > > of subject's object status, violent transformation
> > > la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
> > > and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
> > > shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> > > flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
> > > by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> > > through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> > > petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> > > alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
> > > and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> > > saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
> > > out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
> > > inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> > > uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
> > > which explains why the pump is busted and why
> > > he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
> > > crap about not having a cousin on the moon
> > > capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
> > > prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
> > > start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
> > > heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose

> > of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
> > > among the invoices and the difference engines
> > Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there
> >collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze
> delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house
of narration with partners of good moisture. Here, touch my

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131. **Gale Nelson**

Re: Fate

Tue 5 Sep 1995

Those with an interest in French poetry may be interested in Serie d'écriture, a journal of French poetry in English translations. It is edited by Rosmarie Waldrop. Issues are available through Small Press Distribution, 1814 San Pablo Ave, Berkeley CA 94702.

Gale Nelson

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132. **Tony Green**

Re: UK-CALL

Tue 5 Sep 1995

talking of sharp knives small pies, Keith, you shd see what a small pie does to anything post 1910 ish in New Zealand. Alan Loney is a still a whipping boy and he's going grey.

Tony Green,

e-mail: [REDACTED]

post: Dept of Art History,

University of Auckland,

Private Bag 92019,

Auckland, New Zealand

Fax: 64 9-[REDACTED]

Telephone: 64 9 [REDACTED] ext. 8981 or 7276

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133. **Kit Robinson**

UK-CALL

Tue 5 Sep 1995

Reply to: UK-CALL
Cristina Brown,

Re: your research on British poets, you might be interested in two essays I wrote for the Dictionary of Literary Biography: British Poets Since 1945 (Brucoli-Clark), one on Anselm Hollo and one on Tom Raworth. They would be available in the Brown library, I should think.

Kit Robinson
[REDACTED]

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134. **Kit Robinson**

Russian poetry

Tue 5 Sep 1995

Reply to: Russian poetry
Chris Reiner,

Re: your interest in contemporary Russian poetry, Alef Books in New York will soon publish my translation of Ilya Kutik's Ode: On Visiting the Belosaraisk Spit on the Sea of Azov.

Kit Robinson
[REDACTED]

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135. **George Bowering**

Re: remg.reng.reng.reng

Tue 5 Sep 1995

Someone writes

>

> > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
> > > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> > > First inverted whistle of a bishop in the poplar
> > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> > > The caravan of windows to what they flee
> > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> > > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> > > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> > > Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
> > > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed mind
> > > kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she

> > > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> > > flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> > > halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> > > (inspection
> > > denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
> > > pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
> > > mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
> > > when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
> > > kook!"
> > > Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
> > > warehouse, churls
> > > no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
> > > dry cleaners
> > > piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
> > > the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
> > > the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
> > > encore
> > > Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
> > > moments
> > > of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
> > > were hooks.
> > > All melted like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
> > > darkness
> > > falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
> > > sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
> > > fruit
> > > of subject's object status, violent transformation
> > > la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
> > > and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
> > > shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> > > flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
> > > by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> > > through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> > > petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> > > alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
> > > and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> > > saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
> > > out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
> > > inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> > > uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum:
> > > there is no visible sky on its own (in this nature)
> > > which explains why the pump is busted and why

> > > he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
> > > crap about not having a cousin on the moon
> > > capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
> > > prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
> > > start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
> > > heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
> > of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
> > > among the invoices and the difference engines
> > > Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there
> > > collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze
> > > delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house
> > > , while the door gave way when his fist fell upon it--
>

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136. **Stephen Galen Cope**

Re: duende

Tue 5 Sep 1995

Check out Nate Mackey's lecture/ essay on duende (among other things) entitled "Cante Moro," and published in Naropa Institute's "Disembodied Poetics" collection. Excellent piece w/ a discography to boot...

-Stephen Cope

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137. **Jordan Davis.**

boredom is a genteel way to take offense

Tue 5 Sep 1995

Ron

Who was it who found Williams boring? I hear that from a lot of people, and I'd like to start collecting reasons why Williams is boring.

Jordan

PS If it was Ed Foster, Ed, does being in New Jersey have anything to do with it?

Post Post E-Stamp My mom gave me her copy of On the Road, said it was boring, her bookmark on the page where they talk about sex in jail...

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138. **George Bowering**

Re: Poets, Nations,

Tue 5 Sep 1995

An aside to Ron's mentioning of poets who write in languages of fewer than 100 million people. It gets more difficult: think of Hungarian writers and Finnish writers. But there is another problem too, for writers who write in French in Quebec or Tahiti, or writers who write in English in Canada or new Zealand. In Canada the few readers there are are likely to be reading US writers rather than Canadian ones because of the US imperialist control of Canadian distribution. Concerning your question, Ron, about California being a national literature. What if it were all in Spanish?

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139. **Tony Green**

(Fwd) Re: UK-CALL

Tue 5 Sep 1995

This post would not go through to [REDACTED] something wrong with address (I can't think what) so list-members please excuse this back-channel going front-channel

----- Forwarded Message Follows -----

From: Self <CCNOV2/AHI_TGREEN>
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: Re: UK-CALL
Date: Wed, 6 Sep 1995 13:32:25

I've been following the conversation about Eng writers and Universities. It's good to know something is happening with Bunting and the "cambridge" poets, Mottram etc. It always seemed strange that way back in the fifties there was a total silence abt U.S. poets and poetics in Britain (as far as I cd tell). It was not till I got to New Zealand that I found out what was missing from my education (at Cambridge). It was Creeley's writing that sent me hunting for Bunting's books in London in 1977 (damned if I cd see much. "Who?" they said in places like Hatchards). Good luck & cheers

Tony Green,
e-mail: [REDACTED]
post: Dept of Art History,
University of Auckland,
Private Bag 92019,
Auckland, New Zealand
Fax: 64 9-[REDACTED]
Telephone: 64 9 [REDACTED] ext. 8981 or 7276

140. **Kenneth Goldsmith**

Hard Press/Lingo New URL/Lingo 4 Online

Tue 5 Sep 1995

Hard Press and Lingo: A Journal Of The Arts has a new URL:

<http://hardpress.com>

Please make a note of it as the old URL will soon disappear.

The entire text of Lingo 4 is available on the website.

Here's what's there:

LINGO 4

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Music

Mark Swed The New Composers

Peter Occhiogrosso Dig The New Breed: A Highly Selective Guide To
Some Recent Concert Music

Film

Kent Jones Abel Ferrara, The Man: Who Cares?

Fiction

Hubert Selby Jr. A Christmas Tale

Portfolio

Anna Bialobroda Five Paintings

John Yau Between the "I" and the "You": "Recent Paintings by Anna
Bialobroda

Noel Dolla Five Paintings

Raphael Rubinstein Death Under a Blue Sky of Painting: "An Interview
with Noel Dolla"

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Poetry

Chris Stroffolino Review: David Shapiro's "After A Lost Original

David Shapiro Five Poems

Keith Waldrop First Draw The Sea

Kevin Killian Needles and Pins
Hiroshi Sugimoto Four Photographs
Anselm Hollo Reviewing the Tape
Susan Wheeler Two Poems
Ben Watkins Two Photographs
Carol Szamatowicz Three Poems
Charles Bernstein Nuclear Banks
Lisa Jarnot from "Epistle Prairie Dog"
Lynne Beyer Three Poems
Michael Ackerman Two Photographs
Bob Perelman "Writing In Real Time"
Kimberly Lyons "Three Poems"
Ray DiPalma "Three Poems"
Mary Morse "Two Photographs"
Dodie Bellamy Dear Reader
Ed Friedman Presence
Flavia Gandolfo Four Photographs
George Albon My Fellow Americans
Will Alexander Two Poems
Mark Ducharme Trains
Jordan Davis Blue Chevrolets
Steve Malmude Two Poems
John Godfrey Odds Lent Bare
Judy Fiskin Two Photographs
*Keith & Rosemarie Waldrop Interview with Claude Royet-Journoud

*will be up shortly

Coming Soon On The Website: Lingo 3

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141. **Rod Smith**

Re: boredom is a genteel way to take offense

Wed 6 Sep 1995

Re Williams & "boring": I was in a "workshop" back when I was young in which the "teacher" (an award-winning poet w/ major trade publications) read us, what else, The Red Wheelbarrow & then asked the class "what is this poem about"-- he got several responses none of which were *the one* he was looking for-- after a bit of silence he sd, quite seriously, "well, obviously it's about Spring."

--Rod

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142. **Pierre Joris**
Re: Poets, Nations,
Wed 6 Sep 1995

Ron -- re small nations: you should come along next time I travel back to my own tribe, the Grand-Ducal nation of Luxembourg, with only 370000 bona-fide members & I'll take you to one of our writer's union meetings -- about 65 members strong right now, writing in several different languages -- Letzeburgesch, French, German, Portuguese, Italian & one or two even in English -- it's strangely exhilarating to note that books of poetry by either of the two small presses over there are printed in editions of 1000 copies -- which is about the same as small to medium presses over here do.

=====
=====

Pierre Joris	"Poems are sketches for existence."
Dept. of English	--Paul Celan
SUNY Albany	
Albany NY 12222	"Revisionist plots
tel&fax: [REDACTED]	are everywhere and our pronouns haven't yet
email: [REDACTED]	drawn up plans for the first coup."
[REDACTED]	--J.H. Prynne

=====
=====

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143. **R I Caddel**
UK Resources etc
Wed 6 Sep 1995

The volumes of DLB which Kit Robinson refers to (v40, 1985, two parts) are useful as a starting-place for UK poetry up to the early eighties. Because they claim to cover ALL UK poetries of that period, there are a lot of boring people in there, and a lot of interesting ones left out (presumably a lot of boring people left out, for that matter...). The interesting inclusions include: Hollo and Raworth (as noted), Prynne, Roy Fisher, Gael Turnbull, Tom Pickard, John Riley, and a really spiffy one on Lee Harwood by me. There's also a little press round up, which leaves out much (including Fulcrum and Trigram), but includes Ferry, Grosseteste, Migrant, Goliard, Writer's Forum and Pig Press!

One hopes that one day Brucoli-Clark will do a follow-up volume. But spare a thought for those wandering souls who fail the country-of-origin test of these strictly controlled formats: for instance, where would Pierre Joris appear?

Answers on a postcard... (Pierre: would you like to say what volume you'd like to appear in, and who you'd choose for company?)

Keith, it's far better to put me on the spot about "Czargrad", I tried to write about it years ago and failed (the bits I did write about John Riley are referenced in DLB40). Besides, I'm sure you recognised my blurb-writer's mode in any claims I made for it. Read it: It's a sustained piece of musicality, written at a time when Riley had assimilated the bits of "open field" which he wanted, (and rejected the bits he didn't want) and was revelling in life in general. It relates to his conversion to Russian Orthodoxy, but it's not an evangelical tract - Riley's "Holy City" is more closely related to the down-to-earth suburb of Leeds where he lived, tho it's infused with little bits of European history. And light - there's light everywhere in Riley's poems.

One of the accusations made against the Cambridge poets (generally, rather than specifically) is that they're icily "intellectual" ("intellectual" is a term of abuse in UK). Nobody could ever accuse John Riley of being icy.

Well, you did ask... x x x Richard
Caddel, E-mail: R.I.Caddel @ durham.ac.uk x x Durham University
Library, Phone: 0 [REDACTED] x x Stockton Rd. Durham DH1 3LY
Fax: 0 [REDACTED] x x x x
"Words! Pens are too light. Take a chisel to write." x x -
Basil Bunting x x x

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144. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: rengazo

Wed 6 Sep 1995

Someone `special' "writes"

> >

> > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>

> > > > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

> > > > First inverted whistle of a bishop in the poplar

> > > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

> > > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

> > > > The caravan of windows to what they flee

> > > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

> > > > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling

> > > > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago

> > > > Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing

> > > > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the

> > > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed mind

> > > > kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
> > > > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> > > > flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> > > > halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> > > > (inspection
> > > > denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
> > > > pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
> > > > mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
> > > > when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
> > > > kook!"
> > > > Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
> > > > warehouse, churls
> > > > no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
> > > > dry cleaners
> > > > piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
> > > > the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
> > > > the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
> > > > encore
> > > > Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
> > > > moments
> > > > of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
> > > > were hooks.
> > > > All melted like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
> > > > darkness
> > > > falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
> > > > sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
> > > > fruit
> > > > of subject's object status, violent transformation
> > > > la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
> > > > and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
> > > > shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> > > > flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
> > > > by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> > > > through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> > > > petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> > > > alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
> > > > and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> > > > saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
> > > > out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
> > > > inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> > > > uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum:
> > > > there is no visible sky on its own (in this nature)

> > > > which explains why the pump is busted and why
> > > > he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
> > > > crap about not having a cousin on the moon
> > > > capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
> > > > prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
> > > > start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
> > > > heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
> > > of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
> > > > among the invoices and the difference engines
> > > > Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there
> > > > collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze
> > > > delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house
> > > > , while the door gave way when his fist fell upon it--
 & the brutal reminder, "We speak lifelike in this house"

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145. **Mark Wallace**
trying to find Jordan Davis

Wed 6 Sep 1995

Jordan:

Will you please contact me back channel ASAP? The e-mail address I
have for you turns out not to be the right one.

Sorry to burden everyone else with this.

mark wallace

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146. **Aldon L. Nielsen**
Re: now and duende

Wed 6 Sep 1995

tom -- this is not the source you're trying to remember -- but look at Bob
Kaufman's poetry for a direct link between Duende and blues -- not an assertion
that it's the _same_ phenomenon (I don't see how it could be) -- but a crucial
link -- also in the Steve Jonas book that Ed Foster published a bit over a year
ago -- and Jayne Cortez ,,,, and so on

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147. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

Re: your american cousin

Wed 6 Sep 1995

Ken -- who was it remarked that Britain and America are peoples divided by a common language?

The real problem I see is the simple one of distribution -- most of the poets mentioned recently, even those of the Cambridge "school" -- are not easily found in US book stores -- (Hell, for years you couldn't even buy a copy of Wilson Harris here, and he's published by Faber!) --

When I do spot an interesting British poet in a mag. or an anthology (or hear about one in a Tuma talk somewhere) -- then I can start working the phones to turn up a copy -- but it ain't easy -- even the Caracnet titles I've gotten over the years have all been found in obscure used book stores -- though I would hope none of what I just said is true in NY --

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148. **Edward Foster**

Re: boredom is a genteel way to take offense

Wed 6 Sep 1995

why is williams boring, jordan? aside from the fact that so much he did had been done by others better, it has, i think, much to do with the fact that he believed in evidence, like answers to a question. in yr mom's terms, yes, nj is boring.

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149. **Joe Amato**

rejection rejection...

Wed 6 Sep 1995

thought many of you might enjoy the following... it's a bit macademically centered, but it's witty as hell... i've stripped off most of the absurdly long mail header...

best,

joe (amato)

----- Forwarded message -----

Date: Tue, 15 Aug 1995 08:00:06 -0400

From: [REDACTED]

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: Fwd: a rejection letter

*Thought you would enjoy this.
Catherine*

Forwarded message:

*From: [REDACTED] (Dan Garrett)
To: [REDACTED] (Dan Garrett)
Date: 95-08-12 20:13:38 EDT*

Liz Boyle handed me a photocopied version of this:

March 21, 1988

*Herbert A. Millington
Chair - Search Committee
412A Clarkson Hall
Whitson University
College Hill, MA 34109*

Dear Professor Millington,

Thank you for your letter of March 16. After careful consideration, I regret to inform you that I am unable to accept your refusal to offer me an assistant professor position in your department.

This year I have been particularly fortunate in receiving an unusually large number of rejection letters. With such a varied and promising field of candidates it is impossible for me to accept all refusals.

Despite Whitson's outstanding qualifications and previous experience in rejecting applicants, I find that your rejection does not meet my needs at this time. Therefore, I will assume the position of assistant professor in your department this August. I look forward to seeing you then.

Best of luck in rejecting future applicants.

Sincerely,

Chris L. Jensen

--

Dan Garrett

Stanford Economics



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150. **eric pape**

Re: Jabes

Wed 6 Sep 1995

Pierre:I think Jeff Humphries is working on a translation of *_A Field of Islands_*, but I don't know when and if it is coming out. I know you can read an excerpt (those of you who are EnglishOnly) on the LSU campus gopher under Body_L: literature electric and new. Great stuff, incidentally. Thanks, Eric.

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151. **George Bowering**

Re: your american cousin

Wed 6 Sep 1995

It was Oscar Wilde who made that remark abt Brits and Amerks being separated by a common language.

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152. **Tony Green**

Re: your american cousin

Wed 6 Sep 1995

Aldon, isn't this difficulty of transatlantic interconnection largely due to book-sellers agreements on trading. American publications are pretty well invisible in Britain aren't they?

Tony Green,

e-mail: 

post: Dept of Art History,
University of Auckland,
Private Bag 92019,
Auckland, New Zealand

Fax: 64 9-

Telephone: 64 9  ext. 8981 or 7276

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153. **Tony Green**
Re: Studying in England
Wed 6 Sep 1995

In the later 1960's Art Historians in London decided that Modern Art could be taught, but not examined, because my informant (Leo Ettlinger) said nobody yet knew finally what it meant. My then colleague Ivor Davis, in Edinburgh, taught and examined Modern, and was duly persecuted for same. But survived.

Tony Green,
e-mail: [REDACTED]
post: Dept of Art History,
University of Auckland,
Private Bag 92019,
Auckland, New Zealand
Fax: 64 9-[REDACTED]
Telephone: 64 9 [REDACTED] ext. 8981 or 7276

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154. **Tony Green**
(Fwd) Re: UK-CALL
Wed 6 Sep 1995

Sorry, folks. I can't get back-channels to Durham. Machine problems of some sort.

" R I Caddel <[REDACTED]>
Subject: Re: UK-CALL
To: Tony Green <[REDACTED]> said:

.Bunting and the Cambridge Poets" - sounds like a mid-eighties art band to me... You struck it unlucky in your trip to London (but then, any trip to London is an unlucky one, in my experience): 1977 was the year before OUP reissued Bunting's collected poems, as a cheapskate photographic copy of the long-out-of-print Fulcrum (1968) edition. It wasn't until 1994 that they actually reset Bunting, in the new "Complete Poems".

It was Bunting who introduced me to Creeley's work, as he did to Niedecker, David Jones, Zukofsky, and much else. I'd have been foolish to have tried to ask my teachers about them - in any case, if you want to know what's cooking, you always have to go to the kitchen...

best,
Richard"

Hope you don't mind this being public.

I did find a Fulcrum The Spoils in 1977. And got hold of the cheapskate reprint the next year thanks to a friend in London. What's London done to you? I still visit, tho I haven't lived there since 1957. I guess it's not yr home town. Cheers.

Tony Green,
e-mail: [REDACTED]
post: Dept of Art History,
University of Auckland,
Private Bag 92019,
Auckland, New Zealand
Fax: 64 9-[REDACTED]
Telephone: 64 9 [REDACTED] ext. 8981 or 7276

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155. **George Bowering**
Re: boredom is a genteel way to take offense
Wed 6 Sep 1995

Once my wife Angela Luoma asked her class what was happening in "The Red Wheelbarrow" and one of her bible belter students said it was all about the Communist empire and the innocent victims.

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156. **George Bowering**
Re: Two renga dont make a write
Wed 6 Sep 1995

On Mon, 4 Sep 1995, Thomas Bell wrote:

Jordan Davis writes

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she*

*gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
(inspection
denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
kook!"
Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
warehouse, curls
no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
dry cleaners
piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
prescience
the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
encore
Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
moments to be
of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
were hooks.
All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
darkness
falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
fruit
of subject's object status, violent transformation
la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
which explains why the pump is busted and why
he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
crap about not having a cousin on the moon
capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose*

*of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative
among the invoices and the difference engines
Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there
> collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze
delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house
of narration with partners of good moisture. Here, touch my
< ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.*

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157. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Two renga dont make a write

Wed 6 Sep 1995

On Wed, 6 Sep 1995, George Bowering wrote:

> >
> > On Mon, 4 Sep 1995, Thomas Bell wrote:
> >
> > > Jordan Davis writes
> > >
> > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
> > > > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> > > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> > > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> > > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> > > > The caravan of windows to what they flee
> > > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> > > > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> > > > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> > > > Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
> > > > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> > > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> > > > kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
> > > > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> > > > flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
> > > > halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> > > > (inspection
> > > > denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
> > > > pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
> > > > mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
> > > > when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
> > > > kook!"
> > > > Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco

> > > > > warehouse, curls
> > > > > no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
> > > > > dry cleaners
> > > > > piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
> > > > > prescience
> > > > > the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
> > > > > the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
> > > > > encore
> > > > > Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
> > > > > moments to be
> > > > > of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
> > > > > were hooks.
> > > > > All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
> > > > > darkness
> > > > > falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
> > > > > sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
> > > > > fruit
> > > > > of subject's object status, violent transformation
> > > > > la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
> > > > > and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
> > > > > shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> > > > > flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
> > > > > by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> > > > > through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> > > > > petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> > > > > alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
> > > > > and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> > > > > saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
> > > > > out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
> > > > > inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> > > > > uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
> > > > > which explains why the pump is busted and why
> > > > > he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
> > > > > crap about not having a cousin on the moon
> > > > > capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
> > > > > prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
> > > > > start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
> > > > > heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
> > > > > of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
> > > > > I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative
> > > > > among the invoices and the difference engines
> > > > > Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there

> > > > collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze
> > > delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house
> > of narration with partners of good moisture. Here, touch my
> > > > ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.
I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some

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158. **Stephen Galen Cope**

duende

Wed 6 Sep 1995

There's a pop-flamenco group called Pata Negra whose recording "Blues de la Frontera" is a musical example of the blues/ duende link being discussed. Incidentally, there's another group by the name of Amalgama - a collaboration between jazz and flamenco musicians from Spain and the Karnataka College of Percussion, from India - whose work testifies to the important cultural link between blues/ jazz and gypsy cante jondo that the Indian Raga provides...

-Stephen Cope

(O, and both groups can be found on a 3-CD compilation called "Duende: The Passion and Dazzling Virtuosity of Flamenco," put out by Ellipses Arts (Rosalyn, NY) last year. Not the greatest title, but a decent compilation w/ decent liner notes...

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159. **Ryan Knighton**

Re: boredom is a genteel way to take offense

Thu 7 Sep 1995

One of my profs said Williams is one of the best children's poets, as well as one of the best.

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160. **Ryan Knighton**

Re: boredom is a genteel way to take offense

Thu 7 Sep 1995

Red Wheelbarrow as Spring? I thought it was about being about.

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161. **cris cheek**

Re: desire / and the 39 steps

Thu 7 Sep 1995

punches return to plums pulling branches - low. skies icing over towers of straw. distraction cut himself shaving.

trims loss. framing the letters raw, barbed his memory plain. when gloaming light drawn western isles hood adequately midged, hummocks lamented boy.

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162. **cris cheek**

Re: your american cousin

Thu 7 Sep 1995

Aldon, distribution is governed by sales generated by interest. British poetry doesn't get distributed much because there's not MUCH interest. BUT we already know from previous discussions here that US small presses are having a tough time with problems of distribution as well. The reservations, for distributors, about dealing with small presses from other countries much compound what is already a reticence on their (and the poetries' audiences?) behalf.

Visibility of British Poetries most compatible with a broad swathe of viewpoints from this poetics list (not writers more generally put out by Carcanet or Bloodaxe, so much as those poets found in 'A Various Art' / 'The New British Poetry' or the forthcoming 'Conductors of Chaos') has diminished over the past 15 years both here and in the US. While small press publishing and little magazines are arguably on a slight optimistic up trend here, and there is a blossoming of grass roots organising and networking, new writing is often published in samizdat style editions of 100 copies or less. (NB there are notable exceptions - Pig Press, Reality Street among them). Hell even the Paladin series (of which Raworth's 'Tottering State' must be the most widely known Stateside) was remaindered after mostly only about 6 months on the shelves. Useful collections such as 'Future Exiles' have simply been hastily pulped!

Curiously, for some of the writers living here (and I imagine in NZ as well) there is a feeling (emergent on this list) that their closest peers and readers lie at least as frequently in the US as 'at home'. The old adage you quote of being 'divided by a common language' need not become a self-fulfilling prophecy. It's a term most appropriate to those xenophobic literary hacks who are the most tedious of standard english standard bearers. I'd characterise 'us' as more united by antinomian tendencies. We're seeking to explore pathways of exchange and discussion and distribution of both product and process for work

in poetry which as Allen Fisher puts it remains 'necessary business'. Part of that is a post-nationalistic desire to present appropriate ways for exchange that do not follow the business-imperative driven cultural asphyxias of multi-national role models.

unity in diversity is strength in depth
love and love
cris

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163. **Michael Boughn**
Commie wheelbarrows

Thu 7 Sep 1995

Once my wife Angela Luoma asked her class what was happening in "The Red Wheelbarrow" and one of her bible belter students said it was all about the Communist empire and the innocent victims.

While teaching *Spring and All* last year, I had a similar response from a student (a good student, too) who had been told by her high school English teacher "The Red Wheelbarrow" was an allegory of the cold war. You know, the "red", the "white", tools, all that. Maybe it's a Canadian thing.

Mike



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164. **R I Caddel**
UK/US/UK book distribution

Thu 7 Sep 1995

Yes, it's a problem, and not one that we look to bookstores to answer. Various UK small presses are available through SPD: Pig, Reality Street, North & South, Spectacular Diseases spring to mind; and Segue take some too. Over here we go to Alan Halsey, Paul Green or Compendium for US books: I've no idea if that would work in reverse. Heaven knows how we go about finding out what's going on in, for instance, New Zealand, other than - as always - asking a friend.

Booksellers tell me that it's BECAUSE we all use these "specialist" outlets that "trade" bookshops don't touch smallpress poetry imports. The expression "bullshit" springs to mind.

As for London, Tony, since you asked in public I'll tell you: many wonderful things (including some of my best friends) are or have lodged in that city, which Cobbett called "The Great Wen". It's just that when I go there my breath clamps, I have to shout to be heard, the beer's too pricey, and I can never ditch

the feeling that I'm about to get exploited. As the home of a central government which has sucked the regions dry for about four centuries (and hasn't done any favours to most Londoners either), it creams off national resource to support its mainstream cultural icons (museums, orchestras, galleries etc) as if it owned them, and when regional resources come into the country (as in European Union funding), they get stuck in the "Capital" and creamed off by central power (I can support this statement at great length, If you like...). Hey, this internet thing is secure, isn't it?...

Just a personal thing, I guess...

x		x x Richard Caddel,	E-
mail: R.I.Caddel @ durham.ac.uk	x x Durham University Library,	Phone:	
0 [REDACTED]	x x Stockton Rd. Durham DH1 3LY	Fax: 0 [REDACTED]	
x x		x x "Words! Pens are too light.	
Take a chisel to write."	x x	- Basil Bunting	
x x		x	

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165. **CAROLYN L. FORCHE-MATTISON**

Re: your american cousin/distribution

Thu 7 Sep 1995

I was intrigued by Chris Cheek's remarks concerning British distribution of poetries "most compatible with the broad swathe of viewpoints from this poetics list." During the past three years, I've become particularly interested in the "distribution problem." The poetics list is well aware that only one major distributor for such work remains in the U.S.: Small Press Distribution. During the past two years, I served on the NEA Small Press panel, chairing in the second year both that panel and the panel on distribution, during which time I attempted to the best of my ability to represent the interests of presses associated with the poetries of this list. The task required considerable patience and humor. Finally, I was also able to move that future distribution requests be raised to \$100,000. All of this may be moot by now, but the experience was quite educative. The panel on small presses was persuaded to be generous. During the second year, the budget axe fell so deplorably early in the list that many presses which would have or did receive grants the first year did not in the second.

The tax law "reform" requiring publishers to pay tax on warehoused books must be rescinded. The twenty-five or so remaining literary bookstores must be supported to the exclusion of even the most seemingly "literary" of the chains. It might please this list to know that Luisa of the Grolier in Cambridge (US) survives these days on the sale of poetry associated with the various interests of

this list. She can be reached at 1-800-234-POEM, and ships promptly. Her stock is extensive.

While in Prague this past summer, my Czech friends were lamenting that, during the past five years, editions of poetry and serious prose had "fallen" to two or three thousand copies. The population of the new Czech Republic is ten million. The Hungarians were similarly chagrined. They falsely believed the situation to be better here, and were stunned when I gave them the statistics I had collected while serving on the panel.

The "problem" of distribution is political, and not simply a matter of supply and demand.

Best,

Carolyn Forché

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166. **Loss Glazier**

Re: UK/US/UK book distribution

Thu 7 Sep 1995

Yes, it's a problem, and not one that we look to bookstores to answer. Various UK small presses are available through SPD: Pig, Reality Street, North & South, Spectacular Diseases spring to mind; and Segue take some too. Over here we go to Alan Halsey, Paul Green or Compendium for US books: I've no idea if that would work in reverse. Heaven knows how we go about finding out what's goin on in, for instance, New Zealand, other than - as always - asking a friend.

This may be one area (always look to a technology as a large shift but maybe with a small gain) that the electronic medium may help--and is of course the idea behind the EPC's small press and little magazine areas. (These areas specifically design to promote paper materials.) I suspect there are many more readers for some of this material than we think. (OK, maybe a few more.) But think of the possibilities--a central set of links--or several overlapping centres/centers of links--where such information can be housed. Listings are free. What has surprised me is that more presses don't list. But maybe that is something to come. We have had good reports from some publishers for whom we have posted announcements, that they see results. Of course this is why I try to encourage publishers to also provide samples of work; and we also maintain an area of pedagogical material--since if one small press book could be brought into every course it would change everything. But anyway, a place to find out about these works. Thinking largely, also, of people in regional situations (or as you say in other countries) where there may not be a place to

browse such materials. Hopefully this medium is serving as another possible bridge.

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167. **H. T. KIRBY-SMITH**

Red Wheelbarrow

Thu 7 Sep 1995

My favorite explication of "The Red Wheelbarrow" was one I got, which explained that it was a tribute to the American Farmer. I mean so much depends on him.

About being bored with Williams, I would adapt Samuel Johnson's remark, "He who is tired of London is tired of life." People bored with Williams should go sit on the curb and wait for the trash people to take them off. Makes me think of the old woman in the ambulance in the Williams poem: "What are those things? Trees? Well I'm tired of them."

Tom Kirby-Smith
English Department
UNC-Greensboro
Greensboro NC 27412

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168. **Daniel Bouchard/College/hmco**

Re: Red Wheelbarrow

Thu 7 Sep 1995

About being bored with Williams, I would adapt Samuel Johnson's remark, "He who is tired of London is tired of life." People bored with Williams should go sit on the curb and wait for the trash people to take them off

Tom Kirby-Smith

- Interesting comment, professor. Personally, I was bored with all the poets I read straight thru grad. school, but that didn't prevent me from reading them on my own where, without doubt, I got much more from the readings. Still, I never encountered that kind of remark. Maybe you were kidding (?) Anyway, why do you think students may be bored by Williams or any other poet? Why do you think there is a need felt by students to explicate a poem in the first place? I remember after 40 minutes of talking about a poem in class as an undergraduate, the instructor thought it went pretty well. But outside, among students, the feeling was still 'who the fuck cares.' I've kept at poetry despite all the professors I've had, and altho some were very good, very few could make a viable connection between the poetry and the students. Usually the points

were made between the poetry and the poet; the relevance of the poetry to the student being a matter of little significance. It's frustrating to hear such abstractions as a "general readership" in this country denigrated as a bunch of silly asses who can't appreciate the diverseness and sophistication of American literature. The question is: what can we do about it?



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169. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

Re: What if it were all in Spanish?

Thu 7 Sep 1995

an aside to George's aside -- two decades ago the Casa de las Americas prize for best literary work in Spanish in the Americas went to Rolando Hinojoso for the first of his Klail City novels -- the author was a Texan -- for many literary academics in the U.S. at the time it came as a surprise that major literary works were being written in Spanish in the U.S. --

As Victor Hernandez Cruz says of Nebraska: "In this part of Mexico they speak English."

some of the others on this list probably had experiences similar to mine in college -- when I announced that I was going to read Spanish as my "tool" language for a future graduate school, my undergrad. advisors cautioned me that no "serious" criticism was written in Spanish -- I couldn't help wondering how they would know that --

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170. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

Re: cousin cousine

Thu 7 Sep 1995

never been to Britain, so don't know -- can somebody who's looked for books in both the U.K. and the U.S. answer this? Particularly with regard to mid. sized & small presses? I can get "Spectacular Diseases" stuff here -- and journals like Third Text -- but not much current British verse --

On Thu, 7 Sep 1995, Automatic digest processor wrote:

There are 27 messages totalling 954 lines in this issue.

Topics of the day:

- 1. Poets, Nations, (2)*
- 2. talisman*

3. UK-CALL
4. remg.reng.reng.reng (2)
5. address query
6. Dear Ed Foster,
7. Hard Press/Lingo New URL/Lingo 4 Online
8. boredom is a genteel way to take offense (3)
9. (Fwd) Re: UK-CALL (2)
10. UK Resources etc
11. rengazo
12. trying to find Jordan Davis
13. now and duende
14. your american cousin (3)
15. rejection rejection...
16. Jabes
17. Studying in England
18. Two renga dont make a write (2)
19. duende

Date: Tue, 5 Sep 1995 17:27:57 -0700
From: George Bowering <[REDACTED]>
Subject: Re: Poets, Nations,

An aside to Ron's mentioning of poets who write in languages of fewer than 100 million people. It gets more difficult: think of Hungarian writers and Finnish writers. But there is another problem too, for writers who write in French in Quebec or Tahiti, or writers who write in English in Canada or new Zealand. In Canada the few readers there are are likely to be reading US writers rather than Canadian ones because of the US imperialist control of Canadian distribution. Concerning your question, Ron, about California being a national literature. What if it were all in Spanish?

Date: Tue, 5 Sep 1995 13:34:57 -0500
From: Edward Foster <[REDACTED]>
Subject: talisman

we're not ever where we were: it's now talisman house at
p.o. box 3157
jersey city, nj 07303-3157
offices/stock room (UPS only) at
129 wayne st.
jersey city, nj 07302
phone: [REDACTED]

Date: Wed, 6 Sep 1995 10:05:11 GMT+1200
From: Tony Green <[REDACTED]>
Subject: Re: UK-CALL

*talking of sharp knives small pies, Keith, you shd see what a small
pie does to anything post 1910 ish in New Zealand. Alan Loney is a
still a whipping boy and he's going grey.*

Tony Green,
e-mail: [REDACTED]
post: Dept of Art History,
University of Auckland,
Private Bag 92019,
Auckland, New Zealand
Fax: 64 9-[REDACTED]
Telephone: 64 9 [REDACTED] ext. 8981 or 7276

Date: Tue, 5 Sep 1995 17:11:48 -0700
From: George Bowering <[REDACTED]>
Subject: Re: remg.reng.reng.reng

Someone writes

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a bishop in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed mind
kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
(inspection
denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,*

kook!"

Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
warehouse, churls
no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
dry cleaners
piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
encore
Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
moments
of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
were hooks.
All melted like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
darkness
falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
fruit
of subject's object status, violent transformation
la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum:
there is no visible sky on its own (in this nature)
which explains why the pump is busted and why
he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
crap about not having a cousin on the moon
capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
among the invoices and the difference engines
Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there
collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze
delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house
, while the door gave way when his fist fell upon it--

Date: Tue, 5 Sep 1995 10:50:49 -0500
From: "A. Morris" <[REDACTED]>
Subject: address query

For a project in process I'd like to be able to get in touch with Tina Darragh, P. Inman, Erica Hunt, & Mei-mei Bersenbrugge. Can anyone help me backchannel with addresses s-mail or e-mail? Thanks--

Dee

Date: Tue, 5 Sep 1995 11:10:59 -0500
From: Edward Foster <[REDACTED]>
Subject: Re: Dear Ed Foster,

But, Ron, the title "All Acts Are Simply Acts" is, to my mind, wholly ironic, and everything in the book works against it. When acts are simply acts we can charm ourselves with such matters as the placement of words on the page. Or whatever.

Date: Tue, 5 Sep 1995 15:34:05 -0400
From: Jorge Guitart <[REDACTED]>
Subject: Re: remg.reng.reng.reng

On Mon, 4 Sep 1995, Thomas Bell wrote:

Jordan Davis writes

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's*

halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
(inspection
denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
kook!"
Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
warehouse, curls
no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
dry cleaners
piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
prescience
the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
encore
Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
moments to be
of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
were hooks.
All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
darkness
falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
fruit
of subject's object status, violent transformation
la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
which explains why the pump is busted and why
he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
crap about not having a cousin on the moon
capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
among the invoices and the difference engines

*Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there
>collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze
delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house
of narration with partners of good moisture. Here, touch my*

*Date: Tue, 5 Sep 1995 23:57:21 -0400
From: Kenneth Goldsmith <[REDACTED]>
Subject: Hard Press/Lingo New URL/Lingo 4 Online*

Hard Press and Lingo: A Journal Of The Arts has a new URL:

<http://hardpress.com>

Please make a note of it as the old URL will soon disappear.

*The entire text of Lingo 4 is available on the website.
Here's what's there:*

LINGO 4

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Will Alexander Two Poems

Mark Ducharme Trains

Jordan Davis Blue Chevrolets

Steve Malmude Two Poems

John Godfrey Odds Lent Bare

Judy Fiskin Two Photogrpahs

**Keith & Rosemarie Waldrop Interview with Claude Royet-Journoud*

**will be up shortly*

Coming Soon On The Website: Lingo 3

Date: Wed, 6 Sep 1995 00:58:23 -0400
From: Rod Smith <[REDACTED]>
Subject: Re: boredom is a genteel way to take offense

Re Williams & "boring": I was in a "workshop" back when I was young in which the "teacher" (an award-winning poet w/ major trade publications) read us, what else, *The Red Wheelbarrow* & then asked the class "what is this poem about"-- he got several responses none of which were **the one** he was looking for-- after a bit of silence he sd, quite seriously, "well, obviously it's about Spring."

--Rod

Date: Wed, 6 Sep 1995 13:47:33 GMT+1200
From: Tony Green <[REDACTED]>
Subject: (Fwd) Re: UK-CALL

This post would not go through to [REDACTED] something wrong with address (I can't think what) so list-members please excuse this back-channel going front-channel

----- Forwarded Message Follows -----

From: Self <CCNOV2/AHI_TGREEN>
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: Re: UK-CALL
Date: Wed, 6 Sep 1995 13:32:25

I've been following the conversation about Eng writers and Universities. It's good to know something is happening with Bunting and the "cambridge" poets, Mottram etc. It always seemed strange that way back in the fifties there was a total silence abt U.S. poets and poetics in Britain (as far as I cd tell). It was not till I got to New Zealand that I found out what was missing from my education (at Cambridge). It was Creeley's writing that sent me hunting for Bunting's books in London in 1977 (damned if I cd see much. "Who?" they said in places like Hatchards).
Good luck & cheers

Tony Green,
e-mail: [REDACTED]
post: Dept of Art History,
University of Auckland,
Private Bag 92019,
Auckland, New Zealand
Fax: 64 9-[REDACTED]

Telephone: 64 9 [REDACTED] ext. 8981 or 7276

Date: Wed, 6 Sep 1995 07:17:41 -0400
From: Pierre Joris <[REDACTED]>
Subject: Re: Poets, Nations,

Ron -- re small nations: you should come along next time I travel back to my own tribe, the Grand-Ducal nation of Luxembourg, with only 370000 bona-fide members & I'll take you to one of our writer's union meetings -- about 65 members strong right now, writing in several different languages -- Letzeburgesch, French, German, Portuguese, Italian & one or two even in English -- it's strangely exhilarating to note that books of poetry by either of the two small presses over there are printed in editions of 1000 copies -- which is about the same as small to medium presses over here do.

=====
=====
Pierre Joris | "Poems are sketches for existence."
Dept. of English | --Paul Celan
SUNY Albany |
Albany NY 12222 | "Revisionist plots
tel&fax: [REDACTED] | are everywhere and our pronouns haven't yet
email: | drawn up plans for the first coup."
[REDACTED] | --J.H. Prynne
=====

Date: Wed, 6 Sep 1995 13:33:58 +0100
From: R I Caddel <[REDACTED]>
Subject: UK Resources etc

The volumes of DLB which Kit Robinson refers to (v40, 1985, two parts) are useful as a starting-place for UK poetry up to the early eighties. Because they claim to cover ALL UK poetries of that period, there are a lot of boring people in there, and a lot of interesting ones left out (presumably a lot of boring people left out, for that matter...). The interesting inclusions include: Hollo and Raworth (as noted), Prynne, Roy Fisher, Gael Turnbull, Tom Pickard, John Riley, and a really spiffy one on Lee Harwood by me. There's also a little press round up, which leaves out much (including Fulcrum and Trigram), but includes Ferry, Grosseteste, Migrant, Goliard, Writer's Forum and Pig Press!

One hopes that one day Brucoli-Clark will do a follow-up volume. But

spare a thought for those wandering souls who fail the country-of-origin test of these strictly controlled formats: for instance, where would Pierre Joris appear? Answers on a postcard... (Pierre: would you like to say what volume you'd like to appear in, and who you'd choose for company?)

Keith, it's far better to put me on the spot about "Czargrad", I tried to write about it years ago and failed (the bits I did write about John Riley are referenced in DLB40). Besides, I'm sure you recognised my blurb-writer's mode in any claims I made for it. Read it: It's a sustained piece of musicality, written at a time when Riley had assimilated the bits of "open field" which he wanted, (and rejected the bits he didn't want) and was revelling in life in general. It relates to his conversion to Russian Orthodoxy, but it's not an evangelical tract - Riley's "Holy City" is more closely related to the down-to-earth suburb of Leeds where he lived, tho it's infused with little bits of European history. And light - there's light everywhere in Riley's poems.

One of the accusations made against the Cambridge poets (generally, rather than specifically) is that they're icily "intellectual" ("intellectual" is a term of abuse in UK). Nobody could ever accuse John Riley of being icy.

Well, you did ask...

```

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
X                                     X
x Richard Caddel,           E-mail: R.I.Caddel @ durham.ac.uk x
x Durham University Library, Phone: 0 [REDACTED] x
x Stockton Rd. Durham DH1 3LY Fax: 0 [REDACTED] x
X                                     X
x "Words! Pens are too light. Take a chisel to write." x
x - Basil Bunting x
X                                     X
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

```

Date: Wed, 6 Sep 1995 09:15:14 -0400
From: Jorge Guitart <[REDACTED]>
Subject: Re: rengazo

Someone `special' "writes"

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a bishop in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee*

*These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed mind
kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
(inspection
denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
kook!"
Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
warehouse, churls
no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
dry cleaners
piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
encore
Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
moments
of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
were hooks.
All melted like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
darkness
falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
fruit
of subject's object status, violent transformation
la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum:
there is no visible sky on its own (in this nature)*

*which explains why the pump is busted and why
he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
crap about not having a cousin on the moon
capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
among the invoices and the difference engines
Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there
collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze
delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house
, while the door gave way when his fist fell upon it--
& the brutal reminder, "We speak lifelike in this house"*

*Date: Wed, 6 Sep 1995 09:24:47 -0400
From: Mark Wallace <[REDACTED]>
Subject: trying to find Jordan Davis*

Jordan:

*Will you please contact me back channel ASAP? The e-mail address I
have for you turns out not to be the right one.
Sorry to burden everyone else with this.*

mark wallace

*Date: Wed, 6 Sep 1995 09:43:00 -0700
From: "Aldon L. Nielsen" <[REDACTED]>
Subject: Re: now and duende*

*tom -- this is not the source you're trying to remember -- but look at
Bob Kaufman's poetry for a direct link between Duende and blues -- not an
assertion that it's the _same_ phenomenon (I don't see how it could be)
-- but a crucial link -- also in the Steve Jonas book that Ed Foster
published a bit over a year ago -- and Jayne Cortez ,,, and so on*

*Date: Wed, 6 Sep 1995 09:48:38 -0700
From: "Aldon L. Nielsen" <[REDACTED]>
Subject: Re: your american cousin*

Ken -- who was it remarked that Britain and America are peoples divided

by a common language?

The real problem I see is the simple one of distribution -- _most_ of the poets mentioned recently, even those of the Cambridge "school" -- are not easily found in US book stores -- (Hell, for years you couldn't even buy a copy of Wilson Harris here, and he's published by Faber!) --

When I do spot an interesting British poet in a mag. or an anthology (or hear about one in a Tuma talk somewhere) -- then I can start working the phones to turn up a copy -- but it ain't easy -- even the Caracnet titles I've gotten over the years have all been found in obscure used book stores -- though I would hope none of what I just said is true in NY --

*Date: Wed, 6 Sep 1995 13:49:55 -0500
From: Edward Foster <[REDACTED]>
Subject: Re: boredom is a genteel way to take offense*

why is williams boring, jordan? aside from the fact that so much he did had been done by others better, it has, i think, much to do with the fact that he believed in evidence, like answers to a question. in yr mom's terms, yes, nj is boring
.

*Date: Wed, 6 Sep 1995 14:26:30 -0500
From: Joe Amato <[REDACTED]>
Subject: rejection rejection...*

thought many of you might enjoy the following... it's a bit macademically centered, but it's witty as hell... i've stripped off most of the absurdly long mail header...

best,

joe (amato)

*----- Forwarded message -----
Date: Tue, 15 Aug 1995 08:00:06 -0400
From: [REDACTED]
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: Fwd: a rejection letter*

*Thought you would enjoy this.
Catherine*

Forwarded message:

From: [REDACTED] (Dan Garrett)

To: [REDACTED] (Dan Garrett)

Date: 95-08-12 20:13:38 EDT

Liz Boyle handed me a photocopied version of this:

March 21, 1988

*Herbert A. Millington
Chair - Search Committee
412A Clarkson Hall
Whitson University
College Hill, MA 34109*

Dear Professor Millington,

Thank you for your letter of March 16. After careful consideration, I regret to inform you that I am unable to accept your refusal to offer me an assistant professor position in your department.

This year I have been particularly fortunate in receiving an unusually large number of rejection letters. With such a varied and promising field of candidates it is impossible for me to accept all refusals.

Despite Whitson's outstanding qualifications and previous experience in rejecting applicants, I find that your rejection does not meet my needs at this time. Therefore, I will assume the position of assistant professor in your department this August. I look forward to seeing you then.

Best of luck in rejecting future applicants.

Sincerely,

Chris L. Jensen

--

Dan Garrett

Stanford Economics

[REDACTED]

Date: Wed, 6 Sep 1995 15:24:57 -0700
From: George Bowering <[REDACTED]>
Subject: Re: your american cousin

It was Oscar Wilde who made that remark abt Brits and Amerks being separated by a common language.

Date: Wed, 6 Sep 1995 17:23:12 CDT
From: eric pape <[REDACTED]>
Subject: Re: Jabes

*Pierre: I think Jeff Humphries is working on a translation of
A Field of Islands, but I don't know when and if it is coming out.
I know you can read an excerpt (those of you who are EnglishOnly) on
the LSU campus gopher under Body_L: literature electric and new.
Great stuff, incidentally.
Thanks, Eric.*

Date: Thu, 7 Sep 1995 10:26:46 GMT+1200
From: Tony Green <[REDACTED]>
Subject: Re: your american cousin

*Aldon, isn't this difficulty of transatlantic interconnection
largely due to book-sellers agreements on trading. American
publications are pretty well invisible in Britain aren't they?*

*Tony Green,
e-mail: [REDACTED]
post: Dept of Art History,
University of Auckland,
Private Bag 92019,
Auckland, New Zealand
Fax: 64 9-[REDACTED]
Telephone: 64 9 [REDACTED] ext. 8981 or 7276*

Date: Thu, 7 Sep 1995 10:29:59 GMT+1200
From: Tony Green <[REDACTED]>
Subject: Re: Studying in England

In the later 1960's Art Historians in London decided that Modern Art could be taught, but not examined, because my informant (Leo Ettlinger) said nobody yet knew finally what it meant. My then colleague Ivor Davis, in Edinburgh, taught and examined Modern, and was duly persecuted for same. But survived.

Tony Green,
e-mail: [REDACTED]
post: Dept of Art History,
University of Auckland,
Private Bag 92019,
Auckland, New Zealand
Fax: 64 9-[REDACTED]
Telephone: 64 9 [REDACTED] ext. 8981 or 7276

Date: Thu, 7 Sep 1995 10:39:17 GMT+1200
From: Tony Green <[REDACTED]>
Subject: (Fwd) Re: UK-CALL

Sorry, folks. I can't get back-channels to Durham. Machine problems of some sort.

" R I Caddel <[REDACTED]>
Subject: Re: UK-CALL
To: Tony Green <[REDACTED]> said:

.Bunting and the Cambridge Poets" - sounds like a mid-eighties art band to me... You struck it unlucky in your trip to London (but then, any trip to London is an unlucky one, in my experience): 1977 was the year before OUP reissued Bunting's collected poems, as a cheapskate photographic copy of the long-out-of-print Fulcrum (1968) edition. It wasn't until 1994 that they actually reset Bunting, in the new "Complete Poems".

It was Bunting who introduced me to Creeley's work, as he did to Niedecker, David Jones, Zukofsky, and much else. I'd have been foolish to have tried to ask my teachers about them - in any case, if you want to know what's cooking, you always have to go to the kitchen...

*best,
Richard"*

Hope you don't mind this being public.

I did find a Fulcrum The Spoils in 1977. And got hold of the cheapskate reprint the next year thanks to a friend in London.

*What's London done to you? I still visit, tho I haven't lived there since 1957. I guess it's not yr home town.
Cheers.*

*Tony Green,
e-mail: [REDACTED]
post: Dept of Art History,
University of Auckland,
Private Bag 92019,
Auckland, New Zealand
Fax: 64 9-[REDACTED]
Telephone: 64 9 [REDACTED] ext. 8981 or 7276*

*Date: Wed, 6 Sep 1995 15:51:05 -0700
From: George Bowering <[REDACTED]>
Subject: Re: boredom is a genteel way to take offense*

Once my wife Angela Luoma asked her class what was happening in "The Red Wheelbarrow" and one of her bible belter students said it was all about the Communist empire and the innocent victims.

*Date: Wed, 6 Sep 1995 16:14:59 -0700
From: George Bowering <[REDACTED]>
Subject: Re: Two rens dont make a write*

On Mon, 4 Sep 1995, Thomas Bell wrote:

Jordan Davis writes

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of*

flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
(inspection
denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
kook!"
Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
warehouse, curls
no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
dry cleaners
piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
prescience
the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
encore
Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
moments to be
of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
were hooks.
All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
darkness
falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
fruit
of subject's object status, violent transformation
la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
which explains why the pump is busted and why
he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
crap about not having a cousin on the moon
capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use

*I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative
among the invoices and the difference engines
Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there
> collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze
delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house
of narration with partners of good moisture. Here, touch my
< ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.*

*Date: Wed, 6 Sep 1995 20:53:32 -0400
From: Jorge Guitart <[REDACTED]>
Subject: Re: Two rengs dont make a write*

On Wed, 6 Sep 1995, George Bowering wrote:

On Mon, 4 Sep 1995, Thomas Bell wrote:

Jordan Davis writes

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
(inspection
denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
kook!"
Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
warehouse, curls
no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
dry cleaners
piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on*

prescience
the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
encore
Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
moments to be
of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
were hooks.
All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
darkness
falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
fruit
of subject's object status, violent transformation
la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
which explains why the pump is busted and why
he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
crap about not having a cousin on the moon
capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative
among the invoices and the difference engines
Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there
> collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze
delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house
of narration with partners of good moisture. Here, touch my
< ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.
I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some

Date: Wed, 6 Sep 1995 18:00:38 -0700
From: Stephen Galen Cope <[REDACTED]>

Subject: duende

There's a pop-flamenco group called Pata Negra whose recording "Blues de la Frontera" is a musical example of the blues/ duende link being discussed. Incidentally, there's another group by the name of Amalgama - a collaboration between jazz and flamenco musicians from Spain and the Karnataka College of Percussion, from India - whose work testifies to the important cultural link between blues/ jazz and gypsy cante jondo that the Indian Raga provides...

-Stephen Cope

(O, and both groups can be found on a 3-CD compilation called "Duende: The Passion and Dazzling Virtuosity of Flamenco," put out by Ellipses Arts (Roselyn, NY) last year. Not the greatest title, but a decent compilation w/ decent liner notes...

End of POETICS Digest - 5 Sep 1995 to 6 Sep 1995

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171. **Jorge Guitart**
trees and wheelbarrows

Thu 7 Sep 1995

the woman in the ambulance who was tired of trees was the narrator's english grandmother, wasn't she. (did wcw really have an english grandmother? it doesn't matter.

to me trees are tiresome as moral mirrors but wheelbarrows are not. it is an innovation that hasn't lost its character as such.

i hear in "So much depends upon....etc." a quite desperation, a very american quiet desperation.

a lot of williams is boring like a lot of a lot of people. but a lot is not, including that moral wheelbarrow.

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172. **kathryne Lindberg**

Re: duende

Thu 7 Sep 1995

Right on duende. Right on!--as one was wont to say. The power and the enabling force of the popular (perhaps a troublesome word) is not to be forgotten. I am reminded particularly of Claude McKay's brilliant insistence on this in *Banjo*. As a poet, McKay was straightjacketed to some extent. He swerved to prose and to that special source/spirit that inspired (breathed life into) Lorca and lots of folks who have found blues, North African seaports and Marseilles simpatico. Pardon the digression on McKay, but he importantly resisted mainstream and assimilationist dismissals of work and lives that might well be associated with duende, with a mysterious bundling of beauty and pain.

To others, thanks for the Lorca and Mackey suggestions, but this was exactly the point of departure for my question.

There are two very different periodical numbers just out, re: jazz. 1) boundary 2, which is mainly interviews of some jazz greats 2) the most recent issue of African American Review, with a nice piece by Lorenzo Thomas and lots of very nice short takes, including a 1918 New Orleans Picayune denunciation of the amoral animalism of jass and jassism--- yessssss

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173. **cris cheek**

Degree in Skepticism

Thu 7 Sep 1995

Regarding the "Cambridge School," I've recently had brought home to me in correspondence the degree of skepticism about the career and activities of the late Eric Mottram among some of that group.

Keith, a Degree in Skepticism is an apposite proposal. At least some of Eric's writings (both essays and poetries) would make the reading list.

love and love

cris

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174. **cris cheek**

Re: Capitals

Thu 7 Sep 1995

| As for London,

As a fairly recent emigre, born and lived within its caucas many years, it's a big shout gone out to the Pig Possee on the capital and its draining effects.

Over-sophisticated audience almost incapable of response, cynicism beyond the cool of stultification, cultural complacency. Infrastructural abyss, transportational hell and a glutton for resources as Mr. Caddell so justly testifies. Cack on its eggplant!

Guess with such a rave review that more will want to live there.

love and love,

(from a veritable font of generosity (you should hear what Londoners have to say about 'the provinces') "oh that this tutu septic isle would tilt and skid into the briny trough' ("-get off!"))

cris

p.s. - and as for Cambridge - you've squandered the fumes, now suck the cables dry

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175. **Tom Taylor**
(Fwd) magazine you #15

Thu 7 Sep 1995

----- Forwarded Message Follows -----

From: Self <CH1/TOMT>
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: magazine you #15
Date: Thur 7 Sept 95 10am

I'm pleased to announce that magazine you #15 is available from me at anabasis po box 216 Oysterville WA, 98641 *about 90 pp -==- different stuff, limited edition first cut @ \$7.50, 2.50 shpg MAY BE DUPLICATED visionary material, positing a new direction MAY BE DUPLICATED

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176. **Gale Nelson**
Re: your american cousin/distribution

Thu 7 Sep 1995

The Grolier Bookstore (poetry only)
address is, I believe:

Five Plympton Street
Cambridge MA 02138.

I suspect someone who has access to more than memory can check this and confirm (or amend).

Gale Nelson

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177. **cris cheek**

Re: your american cousin/distribution

Thu 7 Sep 1995

The "problem" of distribution is political, and not simply a matter of supply and demand.

Yes Carolyn, I completely agree with you - as far as the big picture goes and how the small picture is affected by the big and so on.

My suggestion is, and was when this subject last came up, that we have some power as a community (albeit one of interests and of communities with diverse constituencies) to buck the imposition of structure. Loss rightly asserts the potential of the EPC in such regard. I'm heartened to hear of Luisa - do you have an e-dress or snail address for her? She sounds somewhat along the lines of Paul Green here, who's been mentioned already.

love and love

cris

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178. **cris cheek**

Re: Red Wheelbarrow

Thu 7 Sep 1995

Tom wrote:

> Makes me think of the old woman in the ambulance in
> the Williams poem: "What are those things? Trees? Well I'm tired of
> them."

I'm reminded of a woman who took books back an east London library and berated the librarian for allowing her daughters to withdraw them. "You've no idea what germs they bring into the house!"

love and love

cris

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179. **LAURA MORIARTY**

Day/Moriarty reading

Thu 7 Sep 1995

Hello everyone,

I have a little guilt that I've mostly only posted here when I'm reading, but am on this list at work and don't have time to do more than lurk.

This reading's venue has been changed, so even though this is late to mention it:

idiom presents

Jean Day and Laura Moriarty reading at Brewed Awakenings, 1807 Euclid at Hearst in Berkeley, 7:00 PM, Sunday, 10 Sept

This is Alex Corey's series that used to be at Energy Art's Studio in Oakland.

██████████

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180. **Tony Green**

Re: Poets, Nations,

Thu 7 Sep 1995

Luxembourg readers of poetry presumably outrun New Zealand readers. I asked Alan Loney (who has published much poetry here) about print-runs.

----- Forwarded Message Follows -----

Date: Thu, 7 Sep 1995 15:22:41 GMT+1200

From: Alan Loney <██████████>

Subject: Re: (Fwd) Re: Poets, Nations,

"inneresting! Usually 300, sometimes 200 copies. The standard poetry edition (commercial) here is now 500 copies.

cheers,

Alan"

Population: 3 1/2 million.

Best

Tony Green,

e-mail: ██████████

post: Dept of Art History,

University of Auckland,

Private Bag 92019,

Auckland, New Zealand

Fax: 64 9- [REDACTED]

Telephone: 64 9 [REDACTED] ext. 8981 or 7276

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181. **Robert A Harrison**

Visual Poetry Catalog

Thu 7 Sep 1995

Hi --

A catalog of the Visual Poetry show held at the Hermetic Gallery in Milwaukee, WI is available. To those who contributed, I'll get you a copy real soon. The catalog includes an essays by Johanna Drucker and Karl Young, and VP work from

Dick Higgins

Irving Weiss

Daniel Davidson

Peter Balestrieri

Steve McCaffery

Spencer Selby

Pete Spence

Crag Hill

Nico Vassilakis

John Cayley

Fernando Aguiar

Karl Young

Johanna Drucker

Leroy Gorman

John Byrum

John M. Bennett & Susan Smith Nash

Clemente Padin

Steve Nelson - Raney

Bob Grumman

Hachivi Edgar Heap of Birds

Karl Kempton

Thomas Taylor

Avelino de Araujo

To get a copy, send a check for \$10 (US) to:

Bob Harrison

2542 N. Bremen, #2

Milwaukee, WI 53212

The show will be up till September 21. The address:

Hermetic

828 E. Locust

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Thanks lots to everyone who submitted.

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182. **Steve Evans**

The Ear of Alfred Corn

Thu 7 Sep 1995

The list has no memory, I know, but....

In the inaugural issue of Sulfur (1981), Eliot Weinberger wrote: "Today, who among _Sulfur_ readers (which I take as the progressive, but not radical flank) can spot the ear of Alfred Corn, or distinguish between Howard and Stanley Mosses?"

No significant change in terms--more accurately: principles of division--in FIFTEEN years (down even to the immortal strategy of making fun of the foreigner's name).

Just an observation (not a just observation).

Steve Evans

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183. **George Bowering**

Re: What if it were all in Spanish?

Thu 7 Sep 1995

Hmm, many decades ago, when I was qualifying for grad school, I chose Spanish as my second language at UBC. Maybe because the university is situated on a promontory of Vancouver called Spanish Banks.

But I still read Bioy Casares mainly in English.

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184. **George Bowering**

Re: Red Wheelbarrow

Thu 7 Sep 1995

Why the hell should the professor make a "viable connection between the poetry and the students"? That is the students' job, if they think that is important. If they are bored by poetry, let them go and take a course in paleontology and look for a viable connection between themselves and some trilobite.

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185. **Ken Edwards**

your american cousin

Thu 7 Sep 1995

Aldon: Sadly, most of the British poets mentioned recently are not easily found in UK book stores either. They're published by small presses which don't have access to nationwide distribution. But some at least can be obtained in the USA from Small Press Distribution in Berkeley.

Um - who's Wilson Harris?

- Ken

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186. **George Bowering**

Re: Two renga don't make a write

Thu 7 Sep 1995

On Sept 7 the hand of Doom wrote:>

> On Wed, 6 Sep 1995, George Bowering wrote:

>

> > >

> > > On Mon, 4 Sep 1995, Thomas Bell wrote:

> > >

> > > > Jordan Davis writes

> > > >

> > > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>

> > > > > And flew through windows '95, lightning green and fine morning

> > > > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

> > > > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

> > > > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

> > > > > The caravan of windows to what they flee

> > > > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

> > > > > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> > > > > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> > > > > Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
> > > > > & opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the
> > > > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> > > > > kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
> > > > > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> > > > > flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water's
> > > > > halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> > > > > (inspection
> > > > > denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-
colonizing
> > > > > pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
> > > > > mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
> > > > > when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
> > > > > kook!"
> > > > > Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
> > > > > warehouse, curls
> > > > > no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
> > > > > dry cleaners
> > > > > piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
> > > > > prescience
> > > > > the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
> > > > > the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
> > > > > encore
> > > > > Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
> > > > > moments to be
> > > > > of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
> > > > > were hooks.
> > > > > All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
> > > > > darkness
> > > > > falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
> > > > > sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently
soft
> > > > > fruit
> > > > > of subject's object status, violent transformation
> > > > > la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
> > > > > and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
> > > > > shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> > > > > flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
> > > > > by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> > > > > through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes

> > > > > petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> > > > > alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
> > > > > and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> > > > > saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
> > > > > out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
> > > > > inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> > > > > uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
> > > > > which explains why the pump is busted and why
> > > > > he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
> > > > > crap about not having a cousin on the moon
> > > > > capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
> > > > > prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
> > > > > start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
> > > > > heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
> > > > of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
> > > > > I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative
> > > > > among the invoices and the difference engines
> > > > > Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there
> > > > > collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze
> > > > delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house
> > > of narration with partners of good moisture. Here, touch my
> > > > < ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.
> I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some
> woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep

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187. **Wendy Battin**

Re: your american cousin/distribution

Thu 7 Sep 1995

*I'm heartened to hear of Luisa - do you have an e-dress or snail
address for her?*

Louisa Solano
Grolier Bookstore
6 Plympton St.
Cambridge MA 01038

[↑ Contents](#)

188. **Wendy Battin**

Re: your american cousin/distribution

Thu 7 Sep 1995

sorry, wrong zip for the Grolier, shd be 02138

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189. **Ron Silliman**

Study the Dead

Thu 7 Sep 1995

Gale Nelson wrote: "Legend has it that when Dallas Wiebe wanted to do his dissertation on Ezra Pound, he was told by the department that he couldn't for the same reason as George Bowering was told he couldn't study Bunting. Wiebe, so the story goes, then suggested Wyndham Lewis as subject for his dissertation. Reports tell us that the faculty involved were unsure whether or not Lewis was alive; as they didn't want to admit this, they approved the dissertation plan.

>

David Melnick had the same problem at Berkeley studying Zukofsky in the early 1970s, so proposed instead to do a dissertation on 20th Century poets interpretations of Shakespeare, wrote the Zukofsky chapter, then dropped out of school.

Ron Silliman

██████████

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190. **Ron Silliman**

Re: Poets, Nations,

Thu 7 Sep 1995

George Bowering wrote:

>

>An aside to Ron's mentioning of poets who write in languages of fewer
>than 100 million people. It gets more difficult: think of Hungarian
>writers and Finnish writers. But there is another problem too, for
>writers who write in French in Quebec or Tahiti, or writers who write
>in English in Canada or new Zealand. In Canada the few readers there
>are are likely to be reading US writers rather than Canadian ones
>because of the US imperialist control of Canadian distribution.
>Concerning your question, Ron, about California being a national
>literature. What if it were all in Spanish?

>

It would sound better. But the Miwok poets would be pissed.

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191. **CAROLYN L. FORCHE-MATTISON**

Re: Grolier snailmail

Thu 7 Sep 1995

The Grolier Bookshop
2 Plympton Street
Cambridge, MA 02138
1-800-234-POEM

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192. **Charles Alexander**

Re: your american cousin/distribution

Thu 7 Sep 1995

I must say that I don't know if they like doing mail order business or not, but Woodland Pattern Book Center is far better than Grolier for poetry, and, I believe, particularly for poetry which people on this list might want to find. This is not to knock Grolier, and I know if I was in Cambridge I would go there and buy some books, but what they carry is, I believe, more limited in terms of the interests of this list than Woodland Pattern, or Talking Leaves in Buffalo, or, certainly, the bookstore at Small Press Distribution in Berkeley (& they most certainly do mail order business).

Woodland Pattern's address is
P.O. Box 92081
Milwaukee, WI 53202
Telephone [REDACTED]

Small Press Distribution's address is
1814 San Pablo Ave.
Berkeley, CA 94702
Telephone [REDACTED]

I don't have an address at hand for Talking Leaves in Buffalo.

I know the discussion of bookstores and how poorly or well they serve poetry has come around and gone around on this list before, so I apologize if these comments seem repetitive.

charles alexander [=====^=====]
[<>]

chax press [losing <> wants]
[a letter <> it all]
phone & fax: [means <> over]
[ink <> again]
e-mail: [<>]
[=====vv=====]

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193. **Charles Alexander**
Re: your american cousin/distribution

Thu 7 Sep 1995

Thank you, Carolyn, for pointing out the need for change in the tax laws on warehousing books. Also thank you for your support of various presses on the NEA panel. Even from across the room year before last (where I sat on the magazine panel), your support of presses publishing innovative poetries was obvious & welcome.

One other sad note on distribution. Inland Books, which hasn't perhaps been primarily a literary distributor, but which has over the years distributed books for a number of presses (including Chax, although not many books and the payment record was strange) is, according to a recent report I heard, going into bankruptcy. I have also heard of another distributor of which I do not know the name, but which is the primary distributor for New Rivers Press here in Minneapolis, going through bankruptcy. While bankruptcy doesn't necessarily mean they will cease to exist, it is nonetheless disturbing and makes the situation of independent publishing in this country even more tenuous. Thank the stars (as well as many real people) for Small Press Distribution. Long may it wave books.

charles

charles alexander [=====^^=====]
[<>]
chax press [losing <> wants]
[a letter <> it all]
phone & fax: [means <> over]
[ink <> again]
e-mail: [<>]
[=====vv=====]

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194. **Jeffrey Timmons**

Re: Red Wheelbarrow

Fri 8 Sep 1995

On Thu, 7 Sep 1995, Daniel Bouchard/College/hmco wrote:

*I've kept at poetry
despite all the professors I've had, and altho some were very good, very few
could make a viable connection between the poetry and the students. Usually
the points were made between the poetry and the poet; the relevance of the
poetry to the student being a matter of little significance.*

Perhaps; but responsibility for the students to create their relevance falls on their shoulders just as much as on the prof's--as your comments about your own relation to poetry suggest.

Jeffrey Timmons

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195. **Ron Silliman**

Re: your Finnish-american cousin

Fri 8 Sep 1995

Tony Green asks,

>Aldon, isn't this difficulty of transatlantic interconnection
>largely due to book-sellers agreements on trading. American
>publications are pretty well invisible in Britain aren't they?
>
>

But I recall Anselm Hollo some years back talking about his period in London working for the BBC in the 1950s (I believe it was), that one could get ANY American small press book in the UK then without great difficulty and that that, more than anything else, was what had changed the scene and then itself changed over the course of his life. Of course, much of what made that possible was the paucity of small press titles during that era.

Ron Silliman

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196. **Pierre Joris**

Re: your Finnish-american cousin

Fri 8 Sep 1995

>
> Tony Green asks,

> >Aldon, isn't this difficulty of transatlantic interconnection
> >largely due to book-sellers agreements on trading. American
> >publications are pretty well invisible in Britain aren't they?
> >
> >
> But I recall Anselm Hollo some years back talking about his period in
> London working for the BBC in the 1950s (I believe it was), that one
> could get ANY American small press book in the UK then without great
> difficulty and that that, more than anything else, was what had changed
> the scene and then itself changed over the course of his life. Of
> course, much of what made that possible was the paucity of small press
> titles during that era.
>
> Ron Silliman
>

True Ron, & it was even more so a few years later -- when I moved from
NYC to London in 1970, the poetry section in Compendium Books, run by
Nick Kimberley, was better than any poetry section in any New York
bookshop at that time. (There was also Better Books where many poets
worked). But by the middle seventies, with Nick losing interest
(reggae got him) & the energy in the shop going towards radical
gay/lesbian politics, the poetry section withered away. I've always
wondered about the confluence of a wider public interest in (buying)
poetry & the presence of those one or two competent individuals making
the books available.

=====
=====

Pierre Joris	"Poems are sketches for existence."
Dept. of English	--Paul Celan
SUNY Albany	
Albany NY 12222	"Revisionist plots
tel&fax: [REDACTED]	are everywhere and our pronouns haven't yet
email: [REDACTED]	drawn up plans for the first coup."
[REDACTED]	--J.H. Prynne

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197. **cris cheek**
Re: cousin cousine
Fri 8 Sep 1995

Re US books available in the UK. This is a personal feel and others here might well have a different take.

In Compendium, for longest the most consistantly useful bookshop for small press poetry in London and the UK. (interestingly in the mid 1970s Compendium had 3 shops in close proximity, one of which had an upstairs dedicated, as I remember it, almost entirely to poetry little presses and poetry magazines - not there is just one shop and poetry occupies one range of shelving about 2 metres long and 10 feet high) There's a presence of books published by Sun and Moon, Black Sparrow, Station Hill, Burning Deck, Potes and Poets, Roof, Coffee House and a smattering of magazines (assorted copies of Sulfur, Poetics Journal, Talisman).

Inadequate and frustrating, but something.

love and love
cris

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198. **R I Caddel**
distribution / boredom
Fri 8 Sep 1995

"Poetry is for interested people" - Zukofsky

Plainly, if your aim is to reach large numbers of people, contemporary poetry, which is widely recognised as "difficult", isn't the vehicle you should select. Likewise, if you want a course that's going to be easy to relate to and not give you any problems, you should give the modern poetry option a miss. In fact, most courses will present such difficulties, since the idea is usually to present something you don't know about.

People don't publish in "small presses" simply because they can't be in "big presses", and as writer and publisher I've no real interest in increasing circulation to "big press" dimensions (a Pig print run is c.500; an OUP current poetry print run is c 1700 - so statistically similar against a UK population of over 58 million as to be not worth arguing about). But I started publishing because I didn't see the books I wanted to read, and was concerned from the first to reach others in the same situation. I'm still working on it. Early interest from the US (based on two or three shops and half a dozen people) suggested to me that there at least was a vast continent of articulate and enthusiastic readers of new poetry: I'm beginning to suspect that this is not the case...

So, one deals in twos and threes. Because much of the material IS problematical in some way, it doesn't do to compromise over something like production: in the UK we have a supposed "small press distribution" organisation called Password, which I dropped out of some years back when they started to tell me what shape and size and format the booksellers wanted "my" books to be, and even what sort of covers to put on them. Usually the suggestions related to increased standardisation for ease of handling. Now: I design books in order to present texts to readers - the booksellers can either help in this process, or get out of the way and sell pulp. Most choose the latter, and that's fine by me.

Interesting to hear the situation in the Czech republic and Hungary, how closely it matches Poland and Estonia (Estonia has an Estonian-speaking population of a million, and at the start of the decade they could sell a whole edition of new poetry - 50,000 copies - in a day). Poets in both those countries are now involved in short-run publishing, very much as Chris Cheek describes it. And very exciting it is too.

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199. **Pierre Joris**
Re: UK Resources etc
Fri 8 Sep 1995

Ric writes & asks:

One hopes that one day Bruccoli-Clark will do a follow-up volume. But spare a thought for those wandering souls who fail the country-of-origin test of these strictly controlled formats: for instance, where would Pierre Joris appear? Answers on a postcard... (Pierre: would you like to say what volume you'd like to appear in, and who you'd choose for company?)

Well, Ric, it's a funny ole question: there is a level at which I don't care (& even relish not being included in anything based on notions of belonging defined by the nation-state, that monstrous euro-creation). There is, however, a deeper level at which I obviously would like the work to be, if not "included," then made visible --& in that do feel a nomadic "belonging" to any of the various geographical places I have spent time in. The company is vast & changing -- that is the great pleasure of the nomadic -- impossible to define once & for all. In a way, the anthologies that Jerry Rothenberg & I have put together (Vol I out later this month) are my/our company: there's a couple hundred plus writers from all over the world in those books -- looks like home to me!

Pierre

=====
=====

Pierre Joris | "Poems are sketches for existence."
Dept. of English | --Paul Celan
SUNY Albany |
Albany NY 12222 | "Revisionist plots
tel&fax: [REDACTED] | are everywhere and our pronouns haven't yet
email: | drawn up plans for the first coup."
[REDACTED] | --J.H. Prynne

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200. **Pierre Joris**

Re: Jabes

Fri 8 Sep 1995

Eric, thanks for the info -- was however unable to locate "Body" on
the LSU campus gopher. any advice? pierre>
> Pierre:I think Jeff Humphries is working on a translation of
> _A Field of Islands_, but I don't know when and if it is coming out.
> I know you can read an excerpt (those of you who are EnglishOnly) on
> the LSU campus gopher under Body_L: literature electric and new.
> Great stuff, incidentally.
> Thanks, Eric.
>

=====
=====

Pierre Joris | "Poems are sketches for existence."
Dept. of English | --Paul Celan
SUNY Albany |
Albany NY 12222 | "Revisionist plots
tel&fax: [REDACTED] | are everywhere and our pronouns haven't yet
email: | drawn up plans for the first coup."
[REDACTED] | --J.H. Prynne

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201. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: Two renga dont make a write

Fri 8 Sep 1995

>> > > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
>> > > > > And flew through windows '95, lightning green and fine morning
>> > > > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
>> > > > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
>> > > > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
>> > > > > The caravan of windows to what they flee
>> > > > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
>> > > > > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
>> > > > > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
>> > > > > Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
>> > > > > & opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the
>> > > > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
>> > > > > kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
>> > > > > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
>> > > > > flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water's
>> > > > > halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
>> > > > > (inspection
>> > > > > denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-
colonizing
>> > > > > pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
>> > > > > mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
>> > > > > when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
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>> > > > > dry cleaners
>> > > > > piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
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>> > > > > the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
>> > > > > the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
>> > > > > encore
>> > > > > Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
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>> > > > > of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
>> > > > > were hooks.
>> > > > > All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
>> > > > > darkness

>> > > > > falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
>> > > > > sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently
soft
>> > > > > fruit
>> > > > > of subject's object status, violent transformation
>> > > > > la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
>> > > > > and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
>> > > > > shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
>> > > > > flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
>> > > > > by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
>> > > > > through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
>> > > > > petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
>> > > > > alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
>> > > > > and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
>> > > > > saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
>> > > > > out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
>> > > > > inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
>> > > > > uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
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>> > > > > crap about not having a cousin on the moon
>> > > > > capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
>> > > > > prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
>> > > > > start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
>> > > > > heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
>> > > > > of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
>> > > > > I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative
>> > > > > among the invoices and the difference engines
>> > > > > Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there
>> > > > > collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze
>> > > > > delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house
>> > > > > of narration with partners of good moisture. Here, touch my
>> > > > > < ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.
>> I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some
> > woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep
as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in our palaver

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202. **Marjorie Perloff**

Re: Distribution of British poetry

Fri 8 Sep 1995

This is indeed a terrific problem, partly because the Brit establishment (in TLS, LRB, etc) is even more entrenched and narrowly focused than ours (and that's saying a lot!) and so it's hard for "alternate" poetries to break through. But I actually think it's gotten better the last few years, what with Peter Gizzi's EXACT CHANGE YEARBOOK with that great Anglo-Irish portfolio ed. Tom Raworth, Prynne's Chinese portfolio, and chapbook and so on.

I think something can be done: namely, poets in the U.K. should routinely send a copy of their chapbooks, little mags, etc. to U.S. journals like SULFUR, CONJUNCTIONS, DENVER QUARTERLY, LINGO, TO, TALISMAN, CENTRAL PARK etc. Anthologists should consider seriously opening up the field and being sure to include U.K., Australian, NZ, and other poetries in English rather than the endless mononationalism we now endorse. Look at those titles: AMERICAN POETRY REVIEW, NEW AMERICAN WRITING, AMERICAN BOOK REVIEW etc. And rather than ghettoizing U.K. poetry in a course called "Contemporary British Poetry" we should be sure the contemp poetry courses themselves are multinational.

Marjorie Perloff

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203. **Herb Levy**

Wilson Harris

Fri 8 Sep 1995

Um - who's Wilson Harris?

Wilson Harris is a writer born in British Guyana who's written many novels, including the Guyana Quartet (Palace of the Peacock, The Far Journey of Oudin, The Whole Armour, & The Secret Ladder) & the Carnival Trilogy (Carnival, The Infinite Rehearsal, & The Four Banks of the River of Space) both published by Faber & Faber & relatively available in the US. Harris has some poetry that I haven't read and a good book of criticism/theory. There are several books about him and a chapter or two in Nate Mackey's Oxford Press book of essays. There's also a big feature on Harris in issue #6 of Mackey's mag Hambone.

It's been a while since I read any of the work. Sorry I can't be of more help.

Herb Levy



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204. **I.LIGHTMAN**

uk poetry and compendium books

Fri 8 Sep 1995

It's worth saying, as an addition to Cris Cheek's useful summary, that one of the most frustrating things about Compendium's poetry shelves in the 90s is near zero recognition of the huge renaissance of avant-garde writing by female American writers since the 80s; no Harryman at all, no Dahlen, some Hejinian and Howe, no Day, no Darragh, no Bellamy, no Ward, no Marlatt. There's none of the interesting younger American poets, under thirty, say. And there's very few gay American writers from the 80s, no Steve Benson's Blue Book, for example. In other words, very little avant-garde writing that, as tended to happen interestingly in avant-garde writing in the 80s, that wears feminist or queer politics **explicitly** (eg the author both reads linguistically difficult writing and proudly declares membership of the women's movement or the gay rights movement). Since a lot of the younger Americans who I read take it now as granted that you can do this, be avant-garde and declare membership of these movements, so that they don't always have to, it's no surprise to me that their work doesn't get stocked at Compendium either; the initial shocktroops never got sent in.

Ira Lightman

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205. **Fred Muratori**

Persian Gulf Poetry

Fri 8 Sep 1995

I hope some of you might be able to assist me with a question. I'm working with a graduate student here who is planning a thesis on Persian Gulf War poetry. The twist, however, is that he's interested only in poems written about the War by participants and witnesses, not those penned stateside during or after the fact by those with no eyewitness perspective on the conflict (i.e., recent work by William Heyen or Denise Levertov would not do). We've identified a number of books and broadsides that may or may not be relevant, since in most cases it's impossible to determine from an online record whether or not a given author was actually in the Middle East. So, if you've run across a relevant poem in a journal or anthology whose author was identified as being a PG vet, or if you have personal knowledge of a poet who was there, please let me know privately at [REDACTED]. The student is himself a Gulf War vet. Many thanks.

Fred Muratori

"Certain themes are incurable."

(██████)

- Lyn Hejinian

Reference Services Division
Olin * Kroch * Uris Libraries
Cornell University
Ithaca, NY 14853

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206. **cris cheek**
Re: Grolier snailmail

Fri 8 Sep 1995

simply thanks Carolyn

love and love

cris

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207. **Aldon L. Nielsen**
Re: Talkshows, wheelbarrows & British verse

Fri 8 Sep 1995

so much + wheelbarrow + chickens = codependency?

It's been a long time indeed since anyone advanced to me seriously the argument that publishers and distributors respond to "interest" levels -- at least in the context of literature (ass opposed to instant books about Randy Weaver or advice on how to lose weight by reading romance novels) --

Many of us, for example, have been trying to get an American edition of C.L.R. James's *_Minty Alley_*, or even U.S. distribution of same for teaching in college courses -- no go -- I could go on with other examples of demonstrable "interest" -- but you see the point -- Was there really that much more interest stateside in the poetry of Paul Mulddon (who I *_am_* interested in) than any of the other poets of Ireland & England mentioned here of late? Interest, as you see whenever you pay your credit card bills, is created as often as it is catered to -- ah humanity--

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208. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

Re: did I do that?

Fri 8 Sep 1995

My deepest apologies to everybody, especially to those digest readers -- It appears that in the process of printing up a copy of the digest so that I could hang on to an address, I did something that sent the entire digest back to the entire list -- mea culpa -- please forgive --

his fuckupness,
aldon nielsen

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209. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

Re: Who is Wilson Harris?

Fri 8 Sep 1995

Harris may not have been the best example for me to use on this list, since he hasn't published much poetry since his first book. but--

Wilson Harris is a prolific and poetic novelist from Guyana -- C.L.R. James once called him "the strangest of living novelists," but James hadn't read Harry Matthes at the time! Best starting point might be the *Guyana Quartet*, a gathering of his early books available from Faber & Faber. His books were difficult to get in the U.S. till about 10 years ago, at which point his Faber volumes suddenly began to appear in US bookstores --

Recent issue of *Callaloo* has a special Harris section ably edited by Nate Mackey -- also good chapters on Harris's work in Mackey's book *Discrepant Engagement*

Palace of the Peacock is one of the greatest novels I've ever read!

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210. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Two renga dont make a write

Fri 8 Sep 1995

On Fri, 8 Sep 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

> > > > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
> > > > > > And flew through windows '95, lightning green and fine
morning
> > > > > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> > > > > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> > > > > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

> > > > > > The caravan of windows to what they flee
> > > > > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> > > > > > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> > > > > > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> > > > > > Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
> > > > > > & opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the
> > > > > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> > > > > > kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
> > > > > > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> > > > > > flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water's
> > > > > > halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> > > > > > (inspection
> > > > > > denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-
colonizing
> > > > > > pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
> > > > > > mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
> > > > > > when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias,
oh,ho,
> > > > > > kook!"
> > > > > > Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof"
Tobacco
> > > > > > warehouse, curls
> > > > > > no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at
the
> > > > > > dry cleaners
> > > > > > piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
> > > > > > prescience
> > > > > > the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
> > > > > > the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter
chose
> > > > > > encore
> > > > > > Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
> > > > > > moments to be
> > > > > > of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the
streams
> > > > > > were hooks.
> > > > > > All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
> > > > > > darkness
> > > > > > falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
> > > > > > sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently
soft
> > > > > > fruit

> > > > > > of subject's object status, violent transformation
> > > > > > la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
> > > > > > and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles
considered
> > > > > > shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> > > > > > flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
> > > > > > by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> > > > > > through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> > > > > > petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> > > > > > alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
> > > > > > and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> > > > > > saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
> > > > > > out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
> > > > > > inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> > > > > > uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
> > > > > > which explains why the pump is busted and why
> > > > > > he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
> > > > > > crap about not having a cousin on the moon
> > > > > > capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
> > > > > > prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
> > > > > > start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
> > > > > > heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
> > > > > > of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
> > > > > > I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative
> > > > > > among the invoices and the difference engines
> > > > > > Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there
> > > > > > collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze
> > > > > > delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house
> > > > > > of narration with partners of good moisture. Here, touch my
> > > > > > < ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.
> > > > > > I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some
> > > > > > > woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep
> > > > > > as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in our palaver
> > > > > > have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which in the end goes

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211. **eric pape**

Re: Jabes

Fri 8 Sep 1995

Pierre: Not sure this will help, but I can tell you what happens on my machine.
After hooking up to gopher.lsu.edu, or using one of the various menu systems to

get there, you should see a list of options ranging from Libraries, Student Life etc. One of them should be LSU-BR Campus. Select that and you should get another menu, on which "Body Electric" should appear. After that it's a fairly simple matter of following the prompts. But of course I am directly wired up to LSU's system and it is possibly a lot easier for me to hook up then you. Good luck. Thanks, Eric.

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212. **Pierre Joris**

Re: Distribution of British poetry

Fri 8 Sep 1995

Exactly right, Marjorie! _Pour la petite histoire_ re the Brit establishment, when Paul Buck & I did an anthology of the New British poetry in the very early eighties, the only place we could publish it was -- as a bi-lingual book -- in France. I sent the book to a range of Brit publishers, suggesting an all-English edition -- most of them didn't even bother to answer. It was roughly at the same time that I was fired from the _New Statesman_ as poetry reviewer for having suggested to write a negative review of Dannie Absie's Collected Dreck.

=====

Pierre Joris | "Poems are sketches for existence."
Dept. of English | --Paul Celan
SUNY Albany |
Albany NY 12222 | "Revisionist plots
tel&fax: [REDACTED] | are everywhere and our pronouns haven't yet
email: [REDACTED] | drawn up plans for the first coup."
[REDACTED] | --J.H. Prynne

=====

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213. **George Bowering**

Re: UK Resources etc

Fri 8 Sep 1995

Robin Blaser runs into something like Pierre's situation. In Canada he has not been in many anthologies (he's been in mine and Ondaatje's and Thesen's) because he used to be a USAmerican. In the States he doesn't make the anthologies like Hoover's because he is a Canadian citizen. Of course some other people didn't get into Hoover's anthology, such as Lew Welch and Joel Oppenheimer!

Then there's Anselm. British or USAmerican? Well, I think he must be a Finn, because when I mentioned his name to a bus tour director in Helsinki, she rolled her eyes and said "Oh THAT one!"

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214. **George Bowering**

Re: magic names

Fri 8 Sep 1995

Anyone interested in anagrams of names? Here's a few for this list:

Ron Silliman: Marlin Loins

Maria Damon: Inroad Mama

Charles Alexander: Relaxed Renal Scar

Kevin Killian: Evil Kink Nail

Rae Armantrout: Arena Mutt Roar

Charles Bernstein: Cerebral Thinness (wch goes to show that there's nothing to anagrams, eh?)

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215. **Shaunanne Tangney**

Re: Talkshows, wheelbarrows & British verse

Fri 8 Sep 1995

On Fri, 8 Sep 1995, Aldon L. Nielsen wrote:

so much + wheelbarrow + chickens = codependency?

It's been a long time indeed since anyone advanced to me seriously the argument that publishers and distributors respond to "interest" levels -- at least in the context of literature (ass opposed to instant books about Randy Weaver or advice on how to lose weight by reading romance novels) --

ok--i nominate this for typo of the week!!

;))

shaunanne

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216. **Charles Smith**

Re: Wilson Harris

Fri 8 Sep 1995

"Um - who's Wilson Harris?"

I'm new to the list, but I can take a crack @ this one.

Harris is a novelist from Guyana, pub'd by faber & faber. Many, like myself, were probably made aware of his work by Nate Mackey who frequently publishes him in HAMBONE. The Fall '86 issue (#6) has a special section featuring a lecture & a Q&A seminar w/ UCSC faculty & students, as well as some critical pieces. Mackey's DISCREPANT ENGAGEMENT has 3 essays as well.

THE ANGEL AT THE GATE is as good a place as any to start reading.

(Someone searching for precedent to NM's dense prose syntax & philosophical/lyrical mix wd do well to look at WH. They're very different, but there was a 'shock of recognition' when I first read Harris.)

enjoy,

Charles Smith ----- "Music and numbers were (one sees it now) a revelation of a fluid skeleton, a ribbed body, to be associated with the flesh of the elements, the smooth flesh of water, the spark and the animal magnetism within the anatomy and the blood of ancient streams upon which many cultures had survived and above which they buried their dead in mounds and hills. Our antecedents from all races and peoples glimpsed that skeleton as they wrestled with floods and droughts, plenty and scarcity, from times immemorial, antecedents we also glimpse in the night sky of the ancient river through the seed of moral legend, moral theatre that they sowed, primitive constellation and metamorphoses of the voice of the flute . . . Primitive antecedent. Intimate refugee." --WH, THE FOUR BANKS OF THE RIVER OF SPACE (1990), p. 47

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217. **Loss Glazier**

Re: Grolier snailmail

Fri 8 Sep 1995

I've placed a short list (with addresses and phone numbers) of poetry-kind bookstores in the EPC under "small press"--then you'll see a link to "bookstores"... LPG

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218. **Stephen Galen Cope**

Re: Wilson Harris

Sat 9 Sep 1995

I believe it was Caliban recently devoted an issue to Harris' work. Saw it in NY (St.

Marks), and think Mackey's actually the guest editor...

-Stephen Cope

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219. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: Two renga dont make a write

Sat 9 Sep 1995

>On Fri, 8 Sep 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

>

>> >> > > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>

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>> >> > > > > > the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
>> >> > > > > > the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter
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>> >> > > > > > I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some
>> > > > > > > > > woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep
>> as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in our palaver
> have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which in the end goes
meerschaum on us till we blink ourselves to creeping where the

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220. **Charles Smith**

Re: magic names

Sat 9 Sep 1995

Sorry folks, I can't resist:

George Bowering: beer growing ego

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221. **Rod Smith**

Re: magic names

Sat 9 Sep 1995

Charles Smith wrote:

>Sorry folks, I can't resist:

| George Bowering: beer growing ego

then of course there's

George Bowering: groin going boo

tho of course these anagrams aren't as, shall we say, "pure," as those first posted.

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222. **George Bowering**

Re: more magic names

Sat 9 Sep 1995

Eric Pape: Epic Pear (well, what else can ya do with such a short name?)

Aldon N. Nielson: Laden Neon Sill

Marjorie Perloff: Firmer Floor Jape

Sheila Murphy: Airy Hemp Lush

I. Lightman: Thing Mail

(well, they cant ALL be zingers)

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223. **Ken Edwards**

Wilson Harris, UK poetry & more

Sat 9 Sep 1995

Thanks to everyone who enlightened me on Wilson Harris. My question was semi-flippant, out of puzzlement, but he seems pretty interesting from the descriptions and I shall seek out his novels at any rate.

Thanks too to Marjorie for her helpful comments about distribution of poetries in English, and suggestions for journals to send review copies to - I shall follow this up on behalf of Reality Street Editions. NB I have addresses for most of the journals on that list, but not for DENVER QUARTERLY, LINGO or TO. Anyone help? And if you know of any other journals that would (sympathetically I hope!) review the products of a UK small press....

I remember the Compendium small-press section of the 1970s very well - virtually the space of a whole shop devoted to small press material. I don't think its demise can be attributed solely to Nick Kimberley's moving on (he's shifted from reggae to opera & classical music by the way, now writes articles about it in the Sunday papers - I saw him recently at a concert and had a good chat with him). Since the 70s the accountants have moved into the book trade in a big way and now the game is all about brand recognition, profit margins and turning product over as quickly as possible. I first recognised the change when I went into Dillon's opposite London University Senate House one day in the 80s with the latest issue of Reality Studios, which they'd always taken before. The lady at the desk glanced at it wearily, said: "I really don't think I can be bothered with this any more" and handed it back.

Ira, you should talk to Mike Hart, who's one of the people running Compendium these days, and persuade him to stock some of the authors you mention. I've always found him very helpful.

Ken Edwards

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224. **W. Northcutt**

Red Wheelbarrow and that Damned Chicken

Sat 9 Sep 1995

Re Williams...Isn't part of the point of Williams's poetry to be "boring"? I mean, someday I've had enough of bloody swords and crimson ground in Pound's "Sestina Altaforte" and I'm quite happy to read a bit of Williams dancing naked around his house. But seriously, "boring" seems to be an easy word to throw around, although, after teaching Williams to hoards of skeptic undergraduates, it also seems to be a legitimate word to use. I would, however, like some elaboration about the way y'all mean it.

William Northcutt

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225. **H. T. KIRBY-SMITH**

Red Wheelbarrow

Sat 9 Sep 1995

The thing about Williams was that he succeeded as no other poet has in doing things that were completely fresh and unexpected. This cost him readers for most of his life. If you go back to early issues of those English magazines published around 1910 you find many of his poems published along with Pound's, along with portions of Joyce's Portrait, Amy Lowell, Ford Madox Ford, etc.--and Eliot. Then he couldn't bring himself to climb aboard the High Modernist bandwagon and his reputation languished for more than twenty-five years.

Funny thing how it was Yvor Winters in the 1920s who wrote the most admiring and appreciative comments on Williams--though in later years they made remarks about each other that were kind of like what generals say about each other years after a war.

I do hope that I did not offend anyone by being unable to be bored with Williams. He does tire me out with his variety sometimes, especially in Paterson--but that is a case of, as a little girl once said after three hours of Barnum and Bailey, "Too much circus."

Tom Kirby-Smith
English Department
UNC-Greensboro
Greensboro NC 27412

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226. **cris cheek**
Re: desire / and the 39 steps
Sat 9 Sep 1995

become an exclamation, as fury of grieving confusions raised from parting lips
towards light grounded. became short hand for joy. the lathered syntax of
versical sex. riding fringes saddle sore from pine damaged heritage. tense -
oblivions of surface language.

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227. **cris cheek**
Re: desire / and the 39 steps
Sat 9 Sep 1995

hoot succoured from carnival bulling the sad to sleep. has being and put upon
being.
late falling light. its mercury wreath a dark promise to sky. a whipped bay tree
looking-to deep in the surface of things its necessity.

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228. **Charles Alexander**
place, so to speak
Sat 9 Sep 1995

Clogging up the poetics list with housekeeping, I know, but please note:

Charles Alexander & Chax Press
may now be reached for e-mail only at the address



The old address is no longer valid.
Otherwise, phone number & fax number & p.o. box & street address remain the
same, at least for now.

all best wishes,
charles alexander
Charles Alexander
Chax Press

P.O. Box 19178
Minneapolis, MN 55419-0178



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229. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Two renga don't make a write

Sat 9 Sep 1995

Sheila E. Murphy a.k.a Sheila E. Murphy wrought

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
And flew through windows '95, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
(inspection
denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-colonizing
pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
kook!"
Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
warehouse, curls
no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
dry cleaners
piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
prescience
the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
encore
Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
moments to be
of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
were hooks.*

All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
darkness
falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently soft
fruit
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flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go
ahead
and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
which explains why the pump is busted and why
he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
crap about not having a cousin on the moon
capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative
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> collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze
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of narration with partners of good moisture. Here, touch my
< ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.
I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some
> woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep
as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in our palaver
have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which in the end goes
meerscham on us till we blink ourselves to creeping where the
sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give temporality a rest, for

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230. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: magic name

Sat 9 Sep 1995

Ch. smears `lith'

On Sat, 9 Sep 1995, Charles Smith wrote:

Sorry folks, I can't resist:

George Bowering: beer growing ego

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231. **Lindz Williamson**

thanks

Sat 9 Sep 1995

I got cut off from the net, UBC is not very giving when it comes to going over your account limit. Anyways, I can't remember if I thanked Jordan for giving me Todd Colby's address. So thanks if you were not previously thanked, or thank you again.

Also I didn't read the 178 messages in my mailbox, just kept on pushing D, so I'll be lurking for awhile until I figure out what's going on. But I'm back for now, but I don't know how long. I'm not sure when my account runs out for good. I think it's december, but I'm not sure. So if I'm suddenly gone, it's not because I want to be.

Lindz

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232. **Charles Bernstein**

agency (2)

Sat 9 Sep 1995

Oops! I didn't mean to send this message to the whole list!

-

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233. **Ryan Knighton**

Re: magic names

Sat 9 Sep 1995

I knew there was a reason he wouldn't tell me his. I'm Yanking Thorn, apparently.

Sorry folks, I can't resist:

George Bowering: beer growing ego

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234. **Burt Kimmelman**

Re: Red Wheelbarrow

Sat 9 Sep 1995

I'm sorry that I feel compelled to come out into the light from the dark serenity of that shadowy world where, I presume, so many lurk (too dark to know for sure),

but anyway this debate about Williams being boring is to me, frankly, utterly astonishing (Ed Foster: You were kidding about WCW being boring, right? Or was it Jordan?) and, if it is to be taken seriously, quite ironic (it is all too uncomfortably similar to an article in the New Criterion by Bruce Bawer, that retrograde neanderthal who thinks nothing good has been written--he says in the piece--since Jeffers, and who can't see in Williams anything but triteness and who attack's Marjorie Perloff's work on him [correction: attacks]; in other words, Bawer doesn't get it).

Williams to me is coming to be the most important poet, in the US at least, in the century. He has influenced (forgive me if I am beginning to sound a bit trite and platitudinous myself--but apparently he needs defending) poetry so deeply and widely that I guess we are taking him for granted or simply not seeing what is there, like the air we breathe. He is solid like the comforting thingliness of his imagery and his music is subtle and wonderfully unadorned though precise.

To me he has never and I dare say will never be boring. And as I get older he is ever more wise and heartbreaking, and a cherished friend.

Burt Kimmelman

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235. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: Two renga dont make a write

Sat 9 Sep 1995

Jorge wrote:

>> >> >> > > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>

>> >> >> > > > > And flew through windows '95, lightning green and fine

morning

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>> >> as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in our
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>> > have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which in the end goes
>> meerschaum on us till we blink ourselves to creeping where the
>> sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give temporality a rest, for
widest space succumbs to onslaughts of hidden porchlight in the latitude

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236. **Charles Alexander**
Re: Two renga dont make a write
Sat 9 Sep 1995

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renku went to sleep, foul poets made it shun the public light, again

Charles Alexander

Chax Press

P.O. Box 19178

Minneapolis, MN 55419-0178

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██████████

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237. **Charles Alexander**

no way it's renga, forgive

Sat 9 Sep 1995

In the

lightning morning
inverted cardinal
oboe on grass under
obtuse Prussian
windows to what
bondage, more
than aware, pebbling
Sunday
Times
air amusing the
compassed wind
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Tootin' Through

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soft fruit violent transformation
 switchback
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 in trio
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temporality for
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slip in sudden, might alter

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238. **George Bowering**

Re: Two renga dont make a write

Sun 10 Sep 1995

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> > sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give temporality a rest, for

> > > heaven tries its damndest to get on late night talk shows

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239. **Thomas Bell**

Re: Two rengs dont make a write

Sun 10 Sep 1995

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240. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Two rengs dont make a write

Sun 10 Sep 1995

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> >> > have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which in the end goes
> >> meerschaum on us till we blink ourselves to creeping where the
> >> sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give temporality a rest, for
> widest space succumbs to onslaughts of hidden porchlight in the latitude
> that she has given his longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal

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241. **H. T. KIRBY-SMITH**

permission

Sun 10 Sep 1995

I would like to ask permission to include a section, or version, or segment, -- maybe it should be called a cutting or a slice or few verterbrae or a half-pound-- of the renga in a book the title of which is BEYOND FREE VERSE. At first I just wrote it up as below because it seemed to me that it was like asking permission to print a picture of a snake dance.

But then I thought maybe it would be best to allow anyone who wants to claim credit for any of it to do so.

Is this OK?

Here is my present text. I am afraid that I do not wish for suggestions as to taking some other half-pound of it--I liked this hunk pretty well. But please let me know if what I say about it seems unfair. I realize that to some people this will be sloppy scholarship, but I never did get a Ph.D.

Also, the format is not right in this message, but that's just my mail server's way of doing things.

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka my best friend and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for
 ignorance
 (inspection
denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &
 neo-colonizing
pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially
 several
mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias,
 oh,ho, kook!"
Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof"
 Tobacco warehouse, curls
no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was
 at the dry cleaners
piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
 prescience
the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter
 chose encore

Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
 moments to be
of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the
 streams were hooks.
All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds
 of darkness
falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.
Likewise
sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently
 soft fruit
of subject's object status, violent transformation
la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles
 considered
shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to
 sleep
through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go
 ahead
and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
which explains why the pump is busted and why
he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
crap about not having a cousin on the moon
capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
shimmy toward the portabello traction

This poem grew into existence during July and August of 1995, and at the present writing shows no sign of ceasing to grow and evolve. It appeared in ever-increasing increments, sometimes branching off into variant forms, on the Poetics List owned by Charles Bernstein and serviced by the SUNY Buffalo Listserver. It was supposed to be a "renga," a Japanese form in which two or three poets spend an hour or two adding to or capping each other's lines, making an interconnected series of tankas. The complete rules for the renga are too complex to present here and are in any case irrelevant, since

(at least as far as I can tell) this is a pretty free-form renga. I have not attempted to go back and credit all the individual poets with their lines, and I cannot remember and do not wish to research this complicated subject. To do so completely would produce something like a volume of the variorum Shakespeare. I think that Ron Silliman had a hand in it early on, and that Sheila E. Murphy may have contributed the last line or two, at least. I regret that none of it is mine, and that I cannot pin down any further whose lines are whose. At that time there were some 245 members of the list, and perhaps fifty active participants. Perhaps Marjorie Perloff, a list member, can find a graduate student who could use this renga for a dissertation and straighten all this out.

Tom Kirby-Smith
English Department
UNC-Greensboro
Greensboro NC 27412

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242. **Charles Bernstein**

Agency (1)

Sun 10 Sep 1995

This message intentionally left blank.

—

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243. **Loss Glazier**

Re: permission

Sun 10 Sep 1995

Grateful to Tom Kirby-Smith for putting together a version. I think it's terrific that he wants to use it in his book. At the same time, I'd like to place a copy of this version in the collaborative poem section of the EPC. So I ask Tom if it is ok to use his version (please reply to be directly: [REDACTED]) and to second the offer to the group in case anyone wishes to object.

>

> I would like to ask permission to include a section, or version, or
> segment, --maybe it should be called a cutting or a slice or few
> vertebrae or a half-pound-- of the renga in a book the title of
> which is BEYOND FREE VERSE. At first I just wrote it up as below
> because it seemed to me that it was like asking permission to print a

> picture of a snake dance.
>
> But then I thought maybe it would be best to allow anyone who wants
> to claim credit for any of it to do so.
>
> Is this OK?
>
> Here is my present text. I am afraid that I do not wish for
> suggestions as to taking some other half-pound of it--I liked this
> hunk pretty well. But please let me know if what I say about it seems
> unfair. I realize that to some people this will be sloppy
> scholarship, but I never did get a Ph.D.
>
> Also, the format is not right in this message, but that's just my
> mail server's way of doing things.
>
> *****
> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
...
...
...
etc.

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244. **Gwyn McVay**

Re: Agency (1)

Sun 10 Sep 1995

Keith Tuma = make it hut
Carolyn Forche = clan of cherry

Gwyn McVay
[REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

245. **Keith Tuma**

Re: Agency (1)

Sun 10 Sep 1995

Ah shucks folks, I'm peering in the tent here and it doan appear that the master
of ceremonies actually going to disgust agency. Adjustin his hat now.

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246. **Keith Tuma**

Re: Agency (1)

Sun 10 Sep 1995

Nefarious typos bleat/bleed.

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247. **Joe Amato**

majik names...

Sun 10 Sep 1995

joe amato = eat a mojo

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248. **Loss Glazier**

Re: permission

Sun 10 Sep 1995

Forwarded message:

From: Loss Glazier <[REDACTED]>

Subject: Re: permission

To: [REDACTED]

Date: Sun, 10 Sep 1995 15:18:55 -0400 (EDT)

Cc: [REDACTED] (Loss Glazier)

Content-Length: 591

Tom,

How about extracting _all_ the versions from the archives, and combining them into a hyper-renga, where the reader gets to choose which line to follow next?

...

This would give a rich profusion of possible poems, and allow the reader to capture some of the interactivity that has been characteristic of this vast, mutating rengasaurus.

Of course this is a terrific idea. Such a series of files would need to be assembled, formatted, then marked up. I'd certainly be happy to provide room for these files in the EPC if anyone were interested in preparing them...

Loss

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249. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

Re: errata sweet

Sun 10 Sep 1995

No, it _is_ _Callaloo_ for the special issue on Harris, not _Caliban_, though that would be appropriate --

Nate's book of criticism is from Cambridge, not Oxford (it would be \$20.00 cheaper from Oxford, and maybe two more people could afford to buy their own copies) --

Nice work, but the name is Nielsen, not Nielson -- need more e's in that anagram -- see Perec --

Charles -- what message? what list? what whole?

[↑ Contents](#)

250. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

Re: zingers

Sun 10 Sep 1995

on second look I see George's trick -- the anagram is right, it's the citation of the name that precedes it that's out of kilter! Nifty!

sincerely,

Nodla Nnyl Neslein (Laden to you)

[↑ Contents](#)

251. **CAROLYN L. FORCHE-MATTISON**

Re: errata sweet

Sun 10 Sep 1995

Okay, Aldon,

Lease no lid?

--Carolyn

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252. **david ayre**

SPECIAL AGENCY

Sun 10 Sep 1995

My complaint about Charles Bernstein:

It seems that before I launch into this letter, I should tell you that barbarism is the driving force behind Charles Bernstein's doctrines. It is worth noting at the

outset that Bernstein's politics will leave behind a wake of rotten reaction sooner than you think. By this, I mean that to him, acting like vainglorious roommates is a lot of fun. He leaves me no choice but to leave the country. I suspect that it can be safely said that it's shocking just how haughty he can be. Only Bernstein could feel that militant artists are any better than drugged-out ruffians.

What this underlines, I think, is that one could argue that he frequently progresses into displays of authority he doesn't have. His ignorant fantasy fits neatly into his detestable model of society. The world would be a much better place to live if he stopped trying to stir up trouble. In order for us to realize more happiness in our lives, we need to understand that Bernstein is devoid of all social conscience. It's my hunch that he leads me to believe that he is abusive. I want to talk about the big picture: that is no excuse for illiterate slobs. He treats inconsiderate twits as objects. It's not that I have anything against boneheads in general. It's just that Bernstein is living in a dream world.

As it turns out, he seems to think that he is right and everybody else is wrong. His statements will cause more harm than good. Essentially, he can't discuss anything without talking about vigilantism. A small child really couldn't understand that anarchism is irrelevant here. But any adult can easily grasp that Bernstein's idea of a good time is to torture disdainful hippies. It may be obvious but should nonetheless be acknowledged that I got off on a tangent.

Bernstein's little world is far from reality. Regardless of what Bernstein seems to maintain, his beliefs are attributable to an ignorance born of fear. So don't tell me that I'm bewildered by the abominable pretentious nature of his practices just because he thinks he can impress us by talking about "unexceptionableness this" and "phytosociological that". In theory, what he seems to be forgetting is that he is up to no good. But in reality, the use of long run-on sentences, bad metaphors, multiple misspellings, and inappropriately-placed \$5 words like "reticuloendothelial" does not help his cause at all. I am not mistaken when I say that you'd think he would see how stingy and unrestrained he appears. Bernstein has the gall to think that uncouth ignoramus aren't ever anti-democratic. Like I said, he represents a new breed of uncivilized polemics.

Ok, I admit that it disturbs me that these flabby fraternity fellows have so little tolerance for differing points of view. But he is deliberately manipulating the facts. There is little doubt that he can't throw away his integrity and expect the world to respect him for it. I had a brief conversation recently with some sappy teenagers who were trying to destroy our moral fiber. That conversation convinced me that Bernstein's desire to influence the attitudes of dominant culture towards any environment or activity that is predominantly vapid is

incontrovertible evidence that he harbors some foolish grudges. I feel this way because it would please Bernstein greatly to draw unsuspecting paranoiacs into the orbit of heinous perfidious fault-finders. So let me make it clear that if he is allowed to marginalize me based on my gender, race, or religion, the implications can be widespread. Should we blindly trust such uncontrollable self-deceiving porn stars?

In that respect, we can say that he is trying to deflect attention from his ugly arguments. As for the lies and exaggerations, I am merely pointing out what I have observed. It is important to realize that it's a well-known fact that I don't see how Bernstein can be so crude. He gives new meaning to the word "socially inept".

I'm indubitably afraid of smarmy crybabies. His pigheaded hateful attitudes are

a shout to the world that, eventually, he will ruin my entire day. I'm really tired of grumpy virgins. To put it another way, I can't let Bernstein undermine

the current world order. I am asking the readers of this letter to be aware that

yellow-bellied jerks like him often think they have the right to foster cameralism

at every opportunity, by which I mean that he has a long, commercialism-infested

history of attempts to make my blood curdle. His particular brand of interventionism

will abandon me on a desert island by the next full moon. These are situations where

certain viewpoints are appropriate and there are situations where they are not.

No matter what Bernstein thinks, Bernstein is off his rocker.

If you need proof that you can see exactly where this is going, then just take a look

at him. He always sounds like he's reading a prepared speech. He is obviously trying

to bombard me with insults, and unless we act now, he'll certainly succeed.

The only

way for Bernstein to redeem himself is to stop being so filthy.

I imagine that none of what he says carries any weight. I don't see why he wants to perpetuate myths that glorify sadism. A day without Bernstein would be like a day without gloomy unpatriotic fascism. His actions are not just about antidisestablishmentarianism but also about colonialism.

He never seems to listen to anyone else's positions and reasoning. His conclusions represent explicitly his overly accepting attitude towards unctuous kleptomaniacs. I urge you to join me in my quest to fight disagreeable bourgeoisie. The world would be better off if Bernstein had never been born, period. To put it crudely, he is not known for interpreting facts rationally or objectively. The continuing misunderstandings that some sleazy deadheads seem to have merely underscore this point. And that, in my view, is our real problem.

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253. **david ayre**
I'm dreadfully sorry !
Sun 10 Sep 1995

Dearest recipients !

I cannot believe my most recent action ! For those of you who received my complaint letter about Charls Bernstein, (that would be the entire list wouldn't it ! Oh dear me.... how shall i... OH !), i apologize. This letter was not meant for all of you. You see i am new here and am very eager and full of vim for this Super Information Highway. It's so amazing ! All this information !

I am also a poet, like many of you, HELLO FRIENDS! I want to share with you some of my poems. Are you still interested in Rengas ? I have 54 pages of them i will post next week.

So good to be here. Feels like home !

Bye !

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254. **beard**
Re: permission
Sun 10 Sep 1995

Loss:

>Grateful to Tom Kirby-Smith for putting together a version. I think
>it's terrific that he wants to use it in his book. At the same time,
>I'd like to place a copy of this version in the collaborative poem
>section of the EPC.

How about extracting all the versions from the archives, and combining them into a hyper-renga, where the reader gets to choose which line to follow next? You'd end up with a branching structure:

```
  |
  /\
  | ^
  /\ |
  /| ^| ^
```

This would give a rich profusion of possible poems, and allow the reader to capture some of the interactivity that has been characteristic of this vast, mutating rengasaurus.

Tom Beard.

I/am a background/process, shrunk to an icon. | Tom Beard I am/a dark place.
| [REDACTED] I am less/than the sum of my parts... | Auckland, New Zealand I
am necessary/but not sufficient, | <http://metcon.met.co.nz/> and I shall
teach the stars to fall | nwfc/beard/www/hallway.html

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255. **Tony Green**

Re: no way it's renga, forgive

Sun 10 Sep 1995

sorry Charles Alexander missed out the typo about the weather woman's
"beasts" someone shd pass that typo on to Joan Retallack

Tony Green,
e-mail: [REDACTED]
post: Dept of Art History,
University of Auckland,
Private Bag 92019,
Auckland, New Zealand
Fax: 64 9-[REDACTED]
Telephone: 64 9 [REDACTED] ext. 8981 or 7276

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256. **Joseph Zitt**

Re: permission

Sun 10 Sep 1995

On 10 Sep 95 at 15:18, Loss Glazier wrote:

Of course this is a terrific idea. Such a series of files would need to be assembled, formatted, then marked up. I'd certainly be happy to provide room for these files in the EPC if anyone were interested in preparing them...

If someone will be willing to do the assembling, I'd be happy to do the programming to create the Web pages. I've already done some sketching for how to do this. -----1-----1-----1-----1-----1-----1----- |||/ Joseph Zitt ===== ██████████ ===== Human Systems \||| ||/ Organizer, SILENCE: The John Cage Mailing List \|| ||Joe Zitt's Home Page\|

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257. **Tony Green**

Re: your Finnish-american cousin

Sun 10 Sep 1995

I can add to the decline of poetry in Compendium -- going in there 1977/8 and checking out the Creeley on shelf (Marion Boyars editions mainly) and at the counter was told that Creeley had nothing to say that was interesting --- politically.

Tony Green,
e-mail: ██████████
post: Dept of Art History,
University of Auckland,
Private Bag 92019,
Auckland, New Zealand
Fax: 64 9-██████████
Telephone: 64 9 ██████████ ext. 8981 or 7276

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258. **Loss Glazier**

Re: I'm dreadfully sorry !

Sun 10 Sep 1995

I want to share with you some of my poems. Are you still interested in Rengas ? I have 54 pages of them i will post next week.

David, It is probably not a good idea to post such a large document to this list. It could overload the accounts of many people...

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259. **George Bowering**
Re: I'm dreadfully sorry !Me too.
Sun 10 Sep 1995

Hey, that's cool, and I have 112 renga, which I have also translated into French and Danish. I'll send them 10 at a time.

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260. **George Bowering**
Re: SPECIAL AGENCY
Sun 10 Sep 1995

I'd liketo add something to the comments about Bernstein.

When he was here for the Blaser fest I was just disgusted by the way he ate french fries. Agh, picked up the ketchuppy ones with his bare fingers and jammed them sideways into his mouth, while talking about USAmerican poetry.

AND have you looked? He was wearing brown socks with black shoes.

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261. **George Bowering**
Re: majik names...
Sun 10 Sep 1995

Cris Cheek: Check Sire

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262. **George Bowering**
Re: Agency (1)
Sun 10 Sep 1995

Charles Smith : Harmless Itch

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263. **George Bowering**
Re: Two renga dont make a write
Sun 10 Sep 1995

> El otro Jorge wrote:

> Sheila wrote:

> > Jorge wrote:

> > > > > > > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>

> > >> >> >> > > > > > And flew through windows '95, lightning green and
fine
> > morning
> > >> >> >> > > > > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> > >> >> >> > > > > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and
cloud
> > >> >> >> > > > > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> > >> >> >> > > > > > The caravan of windows to what they flee
> > >> >> >> > > > > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage,
more
> > >> >> >> > > > > > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> > >> >> >> > > > > > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years
ago
> > >> >> >> > > > > > Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times
blowing
> > >> >> >> > > > > > & opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against
the
> > >> >> >> > > > > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> > >> >> >> > > > > > kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as
she
> > >> >> >> > > > > > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape
of
> > >> >> >> > > > > > flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass
of
> > water'
> > >s
> > >> >> >> > > > > > halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for
ignoranc
> e
> > >> >> >> > > > > > (inspection
> > >> >> >> > > > > > denied for knowing how credenza was meant) &> >
neo-colonizin
> > >g
> > >> >> >> > > > > > pockets in small furniture intended house
sequentially
> > several
> > >> >> >> > > > > > mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
> > >> >> >> > > > > > when the attorney general came, selah hales said,
"Dias,
> > oh,ho
> > >,
> > >> >> >> > > > > > kook!"

> > > > > > > > > > Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the
Roof" Tobacc
> o
> > > > > > > > > > warehouse, curls
> > > > > > > > > > no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to
speak was
> > at t
> > > he
> > > > > > > > > > dry cleaners
> > > > > > > > > > piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted,
perched on
> > > > > > > > > > prescience
> > > > > > > > > > the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
> > > > > > > > > > the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo
daughter
> > chos
> > > e
> > > > > > > > > > encore
> > > > > > > > > > Flaubert because we're waiting all through eternity
for
> > > > > > > > > > moments to be
> > > > > > > > > > of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in
the strea
> ms
> > > > > > > > > > were hooks.
> > > > > > > > > > All belled like striated film leftover in the pastel
seeds > of
> > > > > > > > > > darkness
> > > > > > > > > > falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.
> > Likewise
> > > > > > > > > > sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments
and
> > recently so
> > > ft
> > > > > > > > > > fruit
> > > > > > > > > > of subject's object status, violent transformation
> > > > > > > > > > la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu
switchback
> > > > > > > > > > and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding
angles
> > considered
> > > > > > > > > > shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging

> > >> >> >> > > > > > flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
> > >> >> >> > > > > > by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to
sle
> ep
> > >> >> >> > > > > > through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light
shakes
> > >> >> >> > > > > > petals free of names that rain across known skin
forgotten
> > >> >> >> > > > > > alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is
to go
> > >> ahead
> > >> >> >> > > > > > and dance, composing instead of straining muscles,
far eyes
> > >> >> >> > > > > > saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you
cockpit
> > >> >> >> > > > > > out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
> > >> >> >> > > > > > inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> > >> >> >> > > > > > uncreased although each snare still trembles
quantum
> > >> >> >> > > > > > which explains why the pump is busted and why
> > >> >> >> > > > > > he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
> > >> >> >> > > > > > crap about not having a cousin on the moon
> > >> >> >> > > > > > capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the
cool
> > >> >> >> > > > > > prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
> > >> >> >> > > > > > start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
> > >> >> >> > > > > > heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
> > >> >> >> > > > > > of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
> > >> >> >> > > > > > I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative
> > >> >> >> > > > > > among the invoices and the difference engines
> > >> >> >> > > > > > Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there
> > >> >> >> > > > > > collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the
breeze
> > >> >> >> > > > > > delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house
> > >> >> >> > > > > > of narration with partners of good moisture. Here,
touch my
> > >> >> >> > > > > > < ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red
stuff.
> > >> >> >> I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost
some
> > >> >> > > > > > woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and
deep

> > >> >> as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in our
> > palaver
> > >> > have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which in the end
goes
> > >> meerschaum on us till we blink ourselves to creeping where the
> > >> sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give temporality a rest, for
> > widest space succumbs to onslaughts of hidden porchlight in the latitude
> > that she has given his longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal
> event of the first order, observed by St. Petersburg poets on horses

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264. **Ann Lauterbach**

Re: POETICS Digest - 8 Sep 19...

Sun 10 Sep 1995

This is a variation of call waiting. I can't figure out how to read the messages, I just get the headers. But I wanted to say hello to all you energetic communicators out there this cool Sunday night in New York. (Think of it as a handwritten note). Ann Lauterbach

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265. **Charles Alexander**

Re: no way it's renga, forgive

Sun 10 Sep 1995

*sorry Charles Alexander missed out the typo about the weather woman's
"beasts" someone shd pass that typo on to Joan Retallack*

Tony Green,

Don't assume it was missed. Miss is mission, mess is messiah, moss is motion.

Charles Alexander

Chax Press

P.O. Box 19178

Minneapolis, MN 55419-0178

██████████ (phone & fax)

██████████

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266. **Jeffrey Timmons**

Re: SPECIAL AGENCY

Sun 10 Sep 1995

what is with this david ayre? i didnt even read this . . . and i am not sure that i should.

Jeffrey Timmons

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267. **Louis Cabri**

(no subject)

Mon 11 Sep 1995

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
condemmed.

promised what she practiced as triangular blue feats soothed
stunned images into form, saying a need, similar days
to those not before, yet stored, whose sifted haze
flushed a hick into dialogue with his own hack's

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268. **Thomas Bell**

(no subject)

Mon 11 Sep 1995

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee

These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
condemmed.
promised what she practiced as triangular blue feats soothed
stunned images into form, saying a need, similar days
to those not before, yet stored, whose sifted haze
flushed a hick into dialogue with his own hack's
>clock ticking over and forever unto the end of

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269. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: Two renga dont make a write

Mon 11 Sep 1995

Jorge wrote:

> Sheila wrote:

>> Jorge wrote:

>> >> >> >> > > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were
books.>

>> >> >> >> > > > > And flew through windows '95, lightning green and
fine

>> morning

>> >> >> >> > > > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

>> >> >> >> > > > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and
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>> >> >> >> > > > > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape

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>> >> >> >> > > > > > moments to be
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>> Likewise
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>> >> >> >> > > > > > heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
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>> >> >> >> > > > > > I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative
>> >> >> >> > > > > > among the invoices and the difference engines
>> >> >> >> > > > > > Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there
>> >> >> >> > > > > > collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the
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>> >> >> >> > > of narration with partners of good moisture. Here,
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>> >> >> >> > > > > < ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red
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>> >> >> >> I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost
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>> >> >> > > woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and
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>> >> >> as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in our
>> palaver
>> >> > have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which in the end goes
>> >> meerschaum on us till we blink ourselves to creeping where the
>> >> sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give temporality a rest, for
>> widest space succumbs to onslaughts of hidden porchlight in the latitude
>> that she has given his longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal
slated to be read ingratiates politicians and blond ones also shaven vortices

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270. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: permission

Mon 11 Sep 1995

PERMISSION GRANTED FROM ME (to use the renga)! Thanks for the good idea!

Sheila Murphy

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271. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: SPECIAL AGENCY

Mon 11 Sep 1995

Re: Tom's request for permission, permission granted! Thanks for the idea. I can't take credit for the end, as you have mentioned. I'm somewhere in the middle of the festival (and glad to be).

Sheila E.

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272. **Gabrielle Welford**

Re: SPECIAL AGENCY

Mon 11 Sep 1995

On Sun, 10 Sep 1995, George Bowering wrote:

- > I'd liketo add something to the comments about Bernstein.
- >
- > When he was here for the Blaser fest I was just disgusted by the way
- > he ate french fries. Agh, picked up the ketchuppy ones with his bare
- > fingers and jammed them sideways into his mouth, while talking about
- > USAmerican poetry.
- >
- > AND have you looked? He was wearing brown socks with black shoes.
- >

I cannot believe this. I mean, like, I'm really disgusted man. Do go on....

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273. **Rod Smith**

Re: SPECIAL AGENCY

Mon 11 Sep 1995

Hello David! Welcome to the list. As a sleazy deadhead of the first order & having traveled in Tibet and spoken with many lamas (not Lamas, mind you) your appearance here was prophecied unto me & we wld like to welcome you to our boring Williamsian hullabaloo & say that we agree w/ everything you said abt Charles Bernstein & are hoping he will consider stepping in for Jerry Garcia so that the transparent evilisms of post-industrial poetry & music might be more easily located when the time of destruction arrives.

I don't have a watch, but I like to.

This transcript is in a modified Conversation Analysis transcription method. All *uh*s and *um*s are recorded as well as cut-offs (abruptly cutting off a word in mid-utterance, indicated by a hyphen at the end of the word) and restarts (repeating or rephrasing what same speaker just said). Also, punctuation is used to indicate intonation. A comma (,) indicates a falling-into-rising tone, similar to the intonation used in counting or listing items. A period (.) indicates a falling tone, not necessarily the grammatical end of a sentence. Pauses are indicated by a period within parentheses. Longer pauses can be timed and may be indicated in tenths of seconds within parentheses -> (.2). Words in caps are stressed slightly more than others. (hhh*) indicates inhalation; (hhh) indicates exhalation; asterisks around words indicate that they are spoken at a lower volume than surrounding speech.

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274. **Wystan Curnow**

Re: SPECIAL AGENCY

Mon 11 Sep 1995

Dear David, You won't catch me taking your post at face value, no siree! If I have one complaint about this list, its the extraordinary failure of its members to detect irony. Is this a function of the technology i ask myself or of the much vaunted American innocence (American innocence??*!!) Well, David, you can't fool me. Your address is MINDLINK. BC. You must be having me on. My considered opinion is that you ARE Charles Bernstein. The messge he (Bernstein) claimed to post shortly before your own was very suspicious: This Message Intentionally Left Blank. I got the allusion to the opening lines of Bruce Andrews' CONFIDENCE TRICK immediately, and thus the reference to his own list leadership. And, of course, recalled the many resonant 'blank' phrases penned by Arakawa and Gins about whom Bernstein (you) have written so eloquently. From TO NOT TO DIE for instance: 'Each neighbourhood, nest of fields, acquires a momentum of its own: lets loose a forming blank: this is a blank screen as much as a blank projection.' And then

The many-hinged, the cleaved

During the cleaving something becomes apparent and something remains blank

A group of cleaving, transferring in cleaving, an image or a blank

In the sweep of cleaving, the sweep of appearance or disappearance.

So, I'm sorry, this outburst of self-hatred, does not change one aorta my loyalty to you,or--and I say this knowing full well there is a stain of truth to George's cruel jabs--or lessen one smidgeon your undaunted charm. yours truly
Wystan

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275. **Kevin Killian**

Re: I'm dreadfully sorry !

Mon 11 Sep 1995

I'm sorry, too, that our sex games got so far out of hand. Yes, I, Kevin Killian, let us whole thing go too far. I should never have pushed Dave Ayre to the very limits of pain and pleasure. It was I who force him to say mean things about the man he loves most deeply in all the world-in this case, Charles Bernstein-before I let him touch me. I got this idea out of Proust, vol 3 I believe, when the evil girl forces the musician's daughter to bring out the picture of the dead father while they make love in front of it, bringing tears to the daughter's eyes, tears of shame, tears of remorse, tears of a dark lust that neither Dave nor I can forsake for the sake of propriety or any other motive.

Dave, Dave, did you have to push that send button and broadcast our FOLIE all over the known universe!

There's nothing worse, as Proust always said, than an uppity bottom. Sorry, all! And how could you, Charles, have known what a Proustian part you were playing in this age old drama of revenge, suspense, and long distance love affairs?

Goodbye.

| *So good to be here. Feels like home !*

Wait til I get you home young man!

|
| *Bye !*

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276. **Kevin Killian**

A happy result of a long process

Mon 11 Sep 1995

I know some of you are tired of the whole renga ordeal, but this is my take on the subject.

I was asked to contribute to an anthology of "erotica" (ie porn) called "Switch Hitters" (from Cleis Press) the premise being, everything else being equal, that lesbians would write gay male erotica and gay men try our hands at lesbian erotica. The editors encouraged me, saying that I, I Kevin Killian, had one advantage - because I, unlike many of the other male contributors, have actually seen a vagina.

Still I was stumped for a topic, no, what would Henry James call it, a donnee!

So when the renga began to appear, I found it! My story, "Renga," takes place at a writers' colony in Connecticut, the narrator is a New Formalist called Jane, whose tired old poetry has begun to bore even herself, tho it has won many prizes. A young girl comes to her bungalow every morning with her breakfast-this girl, an aspiring, perky language writer, re-invigorates Jane physically and changes her entire approach to poetics when the two collaborate on a renga together. (And much else, since the editors demand 1 sex act on every two pages.) All this on the sunny beaches of Long Island Sound and the exquisite, semi-secluded grounds of the writers' colony.

When I was casting about for a name for this vibrant character, the maid, I was calling her "Karen"-don't know why! But Dodie suggested, "Lee Ann"-don't know why! Anyhow the story was finished, accepted, look for it in February, and thanks everybody for all your assistance and inspiration . . . you will all recognize your individual lines of poetry for sure.

Okay-see you!

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277. **W. Northcutt**

anagrams

Mon 11 Sep 1995

Sorry, this is directed off the list, and probably unfair....

Maya Angelou--Au! Lame Agony

Ai--iA

William Northcutt

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278. **CAROLYN L. FORCHE-MATTISON**

Re: no way it's renga, forgive

Mon 11 Sep 1995

Dear Tony,

I'll pass the weather woman's beasts onto Joan, who lives down the road and has no modem but I'm trying to talk her into one...

--Carolyn

On Sun, 10

Sep 1995, Charles Alexander wrote:

sorry Charles Alexander missed out the typo about the weather woman's
"beasts" someone shd pass that typo on to Joan Retallack

Tony Green,

Don't assume it was missed. Miss is mission, mess is messiah, moss is motion.

Charles Alexander

Chax Press

P.O. Box 19178

Minneapolis, MN 55419-0178

██████████ (phone & fax)

██████████

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279. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Two renga dont make a write

Mon 11 Sep 1995

On Sat, 9 Sep 1995, Charles Alexander wrote:

> >> >> >> > > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were
books.>

> >> >> >> > > > > And flew through windows '95, lightning green and
fine

> morning

> >> >> >> > > > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

> >> >> >> > > > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and
cloud

> >> >> >> > > > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

> >> >> >> > > > > The caravan of windows to what they flee

> >> >> >> > > > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

> >> >> >> > > > > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling

> >> >> >> > > > > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago

> >> >> >> > > > > Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times

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> >> >> >> > > > > & opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the

> >> >> >> > > > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind

> >> >> >> > > > > kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she

> >> >> >> > > > > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of

> >> >> >> > > > > flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of

> water'

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> >> >> >> > > > > halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for

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> >> >> >> > > > > piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched
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> >> >> >> > > > > the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
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> >> >> >> > > > > encore
> >> >> >> > > > > Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity
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> >> >> >> > > > > of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the
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> >> >> >> > > > > were hooks.
> >> >> >> > > > > All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel
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> >> >> >> > > > > darkness
> >> >> >> > > > > falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.
> Likewise
> >> >> >> > > > > sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and

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> >> >> >> > > > > and dance, composing instead of straining muscles,
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> >> >> >> > > > > inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
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> >> >> >> > > > > heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
> >> >> >> > > > > of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
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> >> >> >> > > > > Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there
> >> >> >> > > > > collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze
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> > > > I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some
> > > > > woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and
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> > > as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in our
> palaver
> > > have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which in the end goes
> > meerschaum on us till we blink ourselves to creeping where the
> > sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give temporality a rest, for
> renku went to sleep, foul poets made it shun the public light, again
chax pressed from the organic mountain, again a singular howl of

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280. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Two renga dont make a write

Mon 11 Sep 1995

On Sun, 10 Sep 1995, Jorge el Canadiense wrote:

> > El otro Jorge wrote:

> > Sheila wrote:

> > > Jorge wrote:

> > > > > > > > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were
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> > > > > > > > > > And flew through windows '95, lightning green
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> > > >> sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give temporality a rest, for
> > > widest space succumbs to onslaughts of hidden porchlight in the latitude
> > > that she has given his longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal
> > event of the first order, observed by St. Petersburg poets on horses
mounted on cardboard which i had given Park Place & two railroads for.

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281. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: your mail

Mon 11 Sep 1995

On Sun, 10 Sep 1995, Louis Cabri wrote:

- > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
- > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
- > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
- > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
- > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
- > The caravan of windows to what they flee
- > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
- > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
- > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
- > Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
- > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
- > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
- > condemned.
- > promised what she practiced as triangular blue feats soothed
- > stunned images into form, saying a need, similar days
- > to those not before, yet stored, whose sifted haze
- > flushed a hick into dialogue with his own hack's
- knowledge of parental damage, but september welcome was

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282. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Sheila & Jorge's Excellent Adventure

Mon 11 Sep 1995

- Sheila wrote
- > Jorge wrote:
 - > > Sheila wrote:
 - > > > Jorge wrote:
 - > > > > > > > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
 - > > > > > > > > > And flew through windows '95, lightning green and fine
 - > > > morning
 - > > > > > > > > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
 - > > > > > > > > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
 - > > > > > > > > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

> >> >> >> >> > > > > > The caravan of windows to what they flee
> >> >> >> >> > > > > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage,
more
> >> >> >> >> > > > > > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and
pebbling
> >> >> >> >> > > > > > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years
ago
> >> >> >> >> > > > > > Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times
blowing
> >> >> >> >> > > > > > & opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against
the
> >> >> >> >> > > > > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> >> >> >> >> > > > > > kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as
she
> >> >> >> >> > > > > > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks,
landscape of
> >> >> >> >> > > > > > flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the
glass of
> >> water'
> >> >s
> >> >> >> >> > > > > > halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for
> ignoranc
> >e
> >> >> >> >> > > > > > (inspection
> >> >> >> >> > > > > > denied for not knowing how credenza was meant)
&
> >> neo-colonizin
> >> >g
> >> >> >> >> > > > > > pockets in small furniture intended house
sequentially
> >> several
> >> >> >> >> > > > > > mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big
tango
> >> >> >> >> > > > > > when the attorney general came, selah hales said,
"Dias,
> >> oh,ho
> >> >,
> >> >> >> >> > > > > > kook!"
> >> >> >> >> > > > > > Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the
Roof"
> Tobacc
> >o

> > > > > > > > > warehouse, curls
> > > > > > > > > no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to
speak was
> > at t
> > > he
> > > > > > > > > dry cleaners
> > > > > > > > > piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted,
perched on
> > > > > > > > > prescience
> > > > > > > > > the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
> > > > > > > > > the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo
daughter
> > chos
> > > e
> > > > > > > > > encore
> > > > > > > > > Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout
eternity for
> > > > > > > > > moments to be
> > > > > > > > > of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in
the
> strea
> > ms
> > > > > > > > > were hooks.
> > > > > > > > > All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel
seeds
> > of
> > > > > > > > > darkness
> > > > > > > > > falling like a counterirritant around the
manchineel.
> > Likewise
> > > > > > > > > sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments
and
> > recently so
> > > ft
> > > > > > > > > fruit
> > > > > > > > > of subject's object status, violent transformation
> > > > > > > > > la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu
switchback
> > > > > > > > > and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding
angles
> > considered
> > > > > > > > > shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging

> >> >> >> >> > > > > > flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
> >> >> >> >> > > > > > by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough
> to sle
> >ep
> >> >> >> >> > > > > > through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light
shakes
> >> >> >> >> > > > > > petals free of names that rain across known skin
forgotten
> >> >> >> >> > > > > > alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is
> to go
> >> >> ahead
> >> >> >> >> > > > > > and dance, composing instead of straining
muscles, far
> eyes
> >> >> >> >> > > > > > saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you
cockpit
> >> >> >> >> > > > > > out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
> >> >> >> >> > > > > > inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> >> >> >> >> > > > > > uncreased although each snare still trembles
quantum
> >> >> >> >> > > > > > which explains why the pump is busted and why
> >> >> >> >> > > > > > he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to
that
> >> >> >> >> > > > > > crap about not having a cousin on the moon
> >> >> >> >> > > > > > capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the
cool
> >> >> >> >> > > > > > prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
> >> >> >> >> > > > > > start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
> >> >> >> >> > > > > > heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
> >> >> >> >> > > > > > of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
> >> >> >> >> > > > > > I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative
> >> >> >> >> > > > > > among the invoices and the difference engines
> >> >> >> >> > > > > > Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there
> >> >> >> >> > > > > > collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the
breeze
> >> >> >> >> > > > > > delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house
> >> >> >> >> > > > > > of narration with partners of good moisture. Here,
> touch my
> >> >> >> >> > > > > > < ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the
red
> stuff.
> >> >> >> >> I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost

> some
> >> >> >> > > woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and
deep
> >> >> >> as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in our
> >> palaver
> >> >> > have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which in the end
goes
> >> >> meerschaum on us till we blink ourselves to creeping where the
> >> >> sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give temporality a rest, for
> >> widest space succumbs to onslaughts of hidden porchlight in the latitude
> >> that she has given his longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal
> slated to be read ingratiates politicians and blond ones also shaven vortices
but does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses

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283. **R I Caddel**

Global Poets

Mon 11 Sep 1995

Simply to endorse Pierre's placing of himself - and many more - in a transnational fellowship of poets, and Marjorie's call for the non-ghettoizing of UK (or any other) poetry. Of course, UK folks are often accurately caricatured as serial offenders in this: the irony of my editing "26 New British Poets" for "New American Writing" was not lost on my ever-ready critics. Paul told me that his transformation from Oink! to NAW was grant-application driven - having persisted with Pig Press for 23 years I can certainly appreciate that...

Could I invite the RENGA PEOPLE to delete the "forwarded message" symbols (>>>) from the beginning of each line, unless they're integral to the structure? On my primitive screen the >>>'s now take up half the width, and the text is falling off on the right so that the difference between the renga and "in no way is this a renga" is - at first sight - lost. But keep it coming!

x	x x Richard Caddel,	E-
mail: R.I.Caddel @ durham.ac.uk	x x Durham University Library,	Phone:
0 [REDACTED]	x x Stockton Rd. Durham DH1 3LY	Fax: 0 [REDACTED]
x x	x x	"Words! Pens are too light.
Take a chisel to write."	x x	- Basil Bunting
x x	x	

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284. **Gwyn McVay**

Re: your mail

Mon 11 Sep 1995

Susan Howe = Uh, saw nose

And in the dead poets category:

Isidore Ducasse = `a suicides dore's (pretend those are accents)

Gwyn

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285. **Gale Nelson**

Re: magic names

Mon 11 Sep 1995

re magic names,

Keith Waldrop has an entire poem, comprised of 'em. I don't own a copy of the poem (as it is magic), but I may be able to recall a few:

Keith Waldrop: lad with poker

John Hawkes: jaw he honks

I'll ask Keith if he wouldn't mind reminding me of a few others.

Gale Nelson (lean on legs)

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286. **Steve Evans**

It is better to be ruined attempting the impossible

Mon 11 Sep 1995

"His work as a whole is a protest against the deadly temptation to make it easy for oneself by renouncing all happiness and all truth. It is better to be ruined attempting the impossible. The art he is preoccupied with--tightly organized, seamless, and rendered completely sensory precisely through its conscious force-- is hardly capable of realization. But it embodies a resistance to the unspeakable pressure exerted on what is human by what merely exists. It acts as a representative of what might one day be. Not to become stupid, not to be lulled to sleep, not to go along: these are the social stances sedimented in [his] work, a work which refuses to play the game of false humanness, of social complicity with the denigration of the human being."

"That the division of labor cannot be banished by denying it, that the coldness of the rationalized world cannot be dispelled by recommending irrationality...is

a social truth that has been demonstrated most emphatically by fascism. It is through more, not less, reason that the wounds dealt the irrational totality of humankind by the instrument that is reason can be healed."

"Wittgenstein's maxim, 'Whereof one cannot speak, thereof one must be silent,' in which the extreme of positivism spills over into the gesture of reverent authoritarian authenticity, and which for that reason exerts a kind of intellectual mass suggestion, is utterly antiphilosophical. If philosophy can be defined at all, it is an effort to express things one cannot speak about, to help express the nonidentical despite the fact that it identifies it at the same time."

"The soundness of a conception can be judged by whether it causes one quotation to summon another. Where thought has opened up one cell of reality, it should, without violence by the subject, penetrate the next. It proves its relation to the object as soon as other objects crystallize around it. In the light that it casts on its chosen substance, others begin to glow."

"The only philosophy which can be responsibly practiced in face of despair is the attempt to contemplate all things as they would present themselves from the standpoint of redemption.... Perspectives must be fashioned that displace and estrange the world, reveal it to be, with its rifts and crevices, as indigent and distorted as it will appear one day in the messianic light.... Even its own impossibility it must at last comprehend for the sake of the possible. But beside the demand thus placed on thought, the question of the reality or unreality of redemption itself hardly matters."

"Theodor Wiesengrund was born in Frankfurt am Main on 11 September 1903. (Weisengrund-Adorno was the name registered at his birth, on his mother's request, and it was the name he used as a music critic in the Weimar period. During his exile in California in 1943, his final, officially registered name became just Adorno, while Wiesengrund shrank to the initial W.)"

[The first and second quotes are from "The Artist as Deputy (in NOTES ON LITERATURE vol.1); the third is from the best piece of writing on modern poetry that claims to be writing about modern philosophy, "Skoteinos, or How to Read Hegel" (HEGEL: THREE STUDIES); the fourth quote is from the section of MINIMA MORALIA called "Memento" (a meditation on writing that reviles Benjamin's "The Writer's Technique in Thirteen Theses") and the last is from the "Finale" the same book; the biographical note is from Rolf Wiggershaus's THE FRANKFURT SCHOOL.]

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287. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: your mail

Mon 11 Sep 1995

>On Sun, 10 Sep 1995, Louis Cabri wrote:

>

>> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
>> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
>> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
>> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
>> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
>> The caravan of windows to what they flee
>> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
>> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
>> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
>> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
>> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
>> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
>> condemned.
>> promised what she practiced as triangular blue feats soothed
>> stunned images into form, saying a need, similar days
>> to those not before, yet stored, whose sifted haze
>> flushed a hick into dialogue with his own hack's
> knowledge of parental damage, but september welcome was
delinquent in its spreadsheet folly left on cruise control

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288. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: Sheila & Jorge's Excellent Adventure

Mon 11 Sep 1995

Jorge wrote:

> Sheila wrote

>> Jorge wrote:

>> > Sheila wrote:

>> >> Jorge wrote:

>> >> >> >> >> > > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams
were books.>

>> >> >> >> >> > > > > And flew through windows '95, lightning green
and fine

>> >> morning

>> >> >> >> >> > > > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

>> >> >> >> >> > > > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun

and cloud

>> >> >> >> >> > > > > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
>> >> >> >> >> > > > > > The caravan of windows to what they flee
>> >> >> >> >> > > > > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage,
more

>> >> >> >> >> > > > > > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and
pebbling

>> >> >> >> >> > > > > > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years
ago

>> >> >> >> >> > > > > > Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times
blowing

>> >> >> >> >> > > > > > & opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing
against the

>> >> >> >> >> > > > > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
>> >> >> >> >> > > > > > kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts
as she

>> >> >> >> >> > > > > > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks,
landscape of

>> >> >> >> >> > > > > > flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the
glass of

>> >> water'

>> >> >s

>> >> >> >> >> > > > > > halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe
for

>> ignoranc

>> >e

>> >> >> >> >> > > > > > (inspection

>> >> >> >> >> > > > > > denied for not knowing how credenza was
meant) &

>> >> neo-colonizin

>> >> >g

>> >> >> >> >> > > > > > pockets in small furniture intended house
sequentially

>> >> several

>> >> >> >> >> > > > > > mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big
tango

>> >> >> >> >> > > > > > when the attorney general came, selah hales
said,

"Dias,

>> >> oh,ho

>> >> > ,

>> >> >> >> >> > > > > > kook!"

>> >> >> >> >> > > > > > Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the
Roof"
>> Tobacc
>> >o
>> >> >> >> >> > > > > > warehouse, curls
>> >> >> >> >> >> >> >> >> no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to
speak wa
>s
>> >> at t
>> >> >he
>> >> >> >> >> >> >> >> >> dry cleaners
>> >> >> >> >> >> >> >> >> piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted,
perched on
>> >> >> >> >> >> >> >> >> prescience
>> >> >> >> >> >> >> >> >> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles'
livers
>> >> >> >> >> >> >> >> >> the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo
daughte
>r
>> >> chos
>> >> >e
>> >> >> >> >> >> >> >> >> encore
>> >> >> >> >> >> >> >> >> Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout
eternity f
>or
>> >> >> >> >> >> >> >> >> moments to be
>> >> >> >> >> >> >> >> >> of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and
in the
>> strea
>> >ms
>> >> >> >> >> >> >> >> >> were hooks.
>> >> >> >> >> >> >> >> >> All melded like striated film leftover in the
pastel see
>ds
>> >of
>> >> >> >> >> >> >> >> >> darkness
>> >> >> >> >> >> >> >> >> falling like a counterirritant around the
manchineel.
>> >> Likewise
>> >> >> >> >> >> >> >> >> sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments
and
>> >> recently so

>> >> >ft
>> >> >> >> >> > > > > fruit
>> >> >> >> >> > > > > of subject's object status, violent transformation
>> >> >> >> >> > > > > la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu
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>> >> >> >> >> > > > > and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding
angles
>> >> considered
>> >> >> >> >> > > > > shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
>> >> >> >> >> > > > > flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio,
surprised
>> >> >> >> >> > > > > by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough
>> to sle
>> >ep
>> >> >> >> >> > > > > through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until
light
shakes
>> >> >> >> >> > > > > petals free of names that rain across known skin
forgott
>en
>> >> >> >> >> > > > > alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she
is
>> to go
>> >> >> ahead
>> >> >> >> >> > > > > and dance, composing instead of straining
muscles, far
>> eyes
>> >> >> >> >> > > > > saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you
cockpit
>> >> >> >> >> > > > > out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
>> >> >> >> >> > > > > inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the
power
>> >> >> >> >> > > > > uncreased although each snare still trembles
quantum
>> >> >> >> >> > > > > which explains why the pump is busted and why
>> >> >> >> >> > > > > he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to
that
>> >> >> >> >> > > > > crap about not having a cousin on the moon
>> >> >> >> >> > > > > capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the
cool
>> >> >> >> >> > > > > prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
>> >> >> >> >> > > > > start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,

>> >> >> >> >> > > > > > heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
>> >> >> >> >> > > > > of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
>> >> >> >> >> > > > > I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative
>> >> >> >> >> > > > > among the invoices and the difference engines
>> >> >> >> >> > > > > Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and
there
>> >> >> >> >> > > > > collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the
breeze
>> >> >> >> >> > > > > delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house
>> >> >> >> >> > > > > of narration with partners of good moisture. Here,
>> touch my
>> >> >> >> >> > > > > < ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the
red
>> stuff.
>> >> >> >> >> I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost
>> some
>> >> >> >> > > > > woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark
and de
>ep
>> >> >> >> as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in
our
>> >> palaver
>> >> >> > have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which in the end
goes
>> >> >> meerschaum on us till we blink ourselves to creeping where the
>> >> >> sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give temporality a rest, for
>> >> widest space succumbs to onslaughts of hidden porchlight in the
latitude
>> >> that she has given his longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal
>> slated to be read ingratiates politicians and blond ones also shaven vortices
> but does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses
cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup

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289. **Steve Evans**
Errata (not so sweet)
Mon 11 Sep 1995

It's what I get for adding my two cents, but when I called Adorno's "Memento" section of MINIMA MORALIA "a meditation on writing that reviles Benjamin's 'The Writer's Technique in Thirteen Theses'" I rather meant to write "rivals."

But the difference is "thin" as a former teacher of mine used to put such things. (I also mistyped "ei" in one of the Wiesengrunds).

As penance I offer the following (quoted without permission as always):

"His Words in her heart rather than upon her lips (A&H) correspond to an old need so authentic modern works are criticisms of past ones (A1) beloved by the gods and as such he [sic] (A2) So much for Tragedy and Epic poetry (A2) _hominum_ [sic] _dabit homini_ [sic] _A te petatur, in te quaeratur, apud te pulsetur: sic, sic_ (A3)

A&H-Abeland & Heloise / A1-Adorno / A2-Aristotle / A3-Augustine"

Joan Retallack's **Errata Suite** (Washington DC: Edge, 1993): p.7.

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290. **Edward Foster**

Re: Red Wheelbarrow and that Damned Chicken

Mon 11 Sep 1995

the way Williams is boring? as in: oh, no, not that again. going back to williams now is like going to dinner and hoping for seconds and finding it's all been eaten up. it must have been exciting to read him in 1928.

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291. **Gale Nelson**

French Poetry Festival in October

Mon 11 Sep 1995

Poets Jean Fremon, Emmanuel Hocquard, Jacqueline Risset and Claude Royet-Journoud will be participating in a bilingual, bicampus French Poetry Festival in October -- reading and discussing poetics at SUNY Buffalo on 18 and 19 October and at Brown University on 23 and 24 October 1995.

Jean Fremon was born in 1946 in Asnieres. He has written criticism, poetry and fiction. His recent novel is *L'île des morts* (POL). English versions of his work include "Withdrawal" translated by Tom Mandel, *_serie d'écriture 7_*, and "Theatre" translated by Norma Cole, *_Avec 4_*.

Emmanuel Hocquard was born in Tangier in 1940. He was, with the artist Raquel, the editor and printer of the small press, "Orange Export Ltd." which has published many new French and American poets. He has written poetry, criticism, and novels (*_Aerea dans les forêts de Manhattan_* won the Prix France-Culture in 1985). With Claude Royet-Journoud, he edited two large anthologies of new American poets, *_21 + 1: Poètes américains d'aujourd'hui_* and *_49 + 1_*. English versions of his work include *_Late Additions_*, translated

by Connell McGrath and Rosmarie Waldrop, *Serie d'Ecriture* and *Theory of Tables*, translated by Michael Palmer, oblek editions.

Jacqueline Risset was born in Besancon in 1933. She has published six books of poetry as well as critical works. She teaches French literature at the University La Sapienza in Rome, has been on the editorial board of *Tel Quel*, and is well known for her translations of Italian, most notably of Dante. English versions of her work include the forthcoming *The Translation Begins*, translated by Jennifer Moxley, Burning Deck.

Claude Royet-Journoud was born in Lyon in 1933. He was cofounder and coeditor with Anne-Marie Albiach and Michael Couturier of the magazine *Siecle a mains* (1963-70). With Emmanuel Hocquard, he edited two major anthologies of American poets, *21 + 1* and *49 + 1*. English versions of his work include *The Notion of Obstacle*, translated by Keith Waldrop and *The Maternal Drape*, translated by Charles Bernstein (both titles published by AWEDE).

Dates and times for events in Buffalo will be posted in the near future.

At Brown, readings will take place at 8 p.m. on both evenings of the Festival:
23 October: Readings by Jean Fremon and Emmanuel Hocquard 24 October:
Readings by Jacqueline Risset and Claude Royet-Journoud Both readings will
take place at Rochambeau House, 84 Prospect Street, on the east side of
Providence, R.I. For directions, please contact the Brown Creative Writing
Program at [REDACTED] or send electronic mail to Gale Nelson at [REDACTED].

The French Poetry Festival is sponsored by Brown University's Program in Creative Writing and SUNY-Buffalo's Poetics Program. Brown Creative Writing thanks the Department of French Studies, a generous anonymous donor and the Beinecke Foundation for their support. SUNY-Buffalo Poetics thanks the Melodia E. Jones Chair (Raymond Federman), David Gray Chair (Charles Bernstein) and Eugenio Donato Chair (Rodolphe Gasche).

#

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292. **Edward Foster**
Re: Red Wheelbarrow
Mon 11 Sep 1995

yr. right, burt, wcw has indeed influenced "widely or deeply," "like the air we breathe." that's the problem. it's like going to b&r and finding the flavor of the month is vanilla.

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293. **Rod Smith**

Re: SPECIAL AGENCY

Mon 11 Sep 1995

OK, I'd just like to clear something up. I know David Ayre, I've worked closely with David Ayre, & believe me he's no commercialism-infested desert island. We're talking about a man capable of the most inert pseudo-expletive non-existence. He's sexually attracted to the bandaged, ya know, to the head-wound type, to the bandaged. His eyes bug out in a serotonin induced trance at the first whiff of certain crucial facts. His organelles are self-ordered and invariant, it's disgusting, really. I mean, really. He once mistook a fire escape for a weapon & is a traditional predator on the tubifex worm. Christ himself called him an ambidextrous universe. In the end he'll look like a great bundle of hair.

Of all those institutions that set out in the nineteenth century to medicalize sex, it was David Ayre, that smarmy neolithic tryptamine, that conceived & published the greatest degenerescence. A farm hand from the village of Lapcourt, Ayre paid no attention to tremendous noises, & as he became older, asked for EXTRA ORDERS when the firing started.

I won't even begin to describe his 'Master Plan' as it permutates abruptly in hyperspatial superconductive telepathic rapport Weeping Weeping oer thy cheek asleep where thy little heart doth rest a chapel of gold secret smiles clothd in iron wire both cold & heat & no father there & no Anarchist leaders down among the swine in that hurricane of ooze: this is the Ayre we breath, an oxidized sandpaper of cyber-assertions growing in our experiment and cancelling, flattening, defenceless. He is schizophrenic, deaf, & completely committed to the work ethic. We simply must call a cop or something. The hospital food is very meagre. Beware Ayre for it has been written 'No Cult can make it without enemies.' or was it enemas. . . Any case, keep your guns cocked, no amount or impending demoralization will neutralize his surgical pedigree.

Ayre is an alphabet of actual insects, a sick zone caressed by the warmth of the rising sun. Rumour has it he reads Poe. This morphogenetically obtuse lump of cramp investigation must be talked to nicely, for we have so very much to learn, my friends. My dear, sweet friends.

--Rod

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294. **M. Magoolaghan**

you & whose army?

Mon 11 Sep 1995

hal foster: curious & telling that 3 poets you obviously admire & have written cogently on recently--olson, duncan, creeley--found williams endlessly fascinating, where you've tired of him & his "damned chicken" so quickly.

as a prof. here retorted to an uppity undergrad who thought he could "see right through" heidegger: "one does not simply dismiss a great mind."

i suppose next you'll be telling us zukofsky has a tin ear?

enuf _ex cathedra_ pronouncements, 'k? i'd prefer real dialogue to swaggering boosterism. how about stepping out of yer safe 3-line shell for a change?

M. Magoolaghan

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295. **B. Cass Clarke**

Hollo, Dorn address

Mon 11 Sep 1995

Listers,

If you have *current* address for Ed Dorn
and/or Anselm Hollo, please backchannel to me -

Thanks for your help.

B. Cass Clarke



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296. **Tom Taylor**

Re: Agency (1)

Mon 11 Sep 1995

This reply intentionally left blank

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297. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: your mail

Mon 11 Sep 1995

On Mon, 11 Sep 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

> > On Sun, 10 Sep 1995, Louis Cabri wrote:
> >
> >> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> >> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> >> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> >> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> >> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> >> The caravan of windows to what they flee
> >> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> >> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> >> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> >> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
> >> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> >> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> >> condemned.
> >> promised what she practiced as triangular blue feats soothed
> >> stunned images into form, saying a need, similar days
> >> to those not before, yet stored, whose sifted haze
> >> flushed a hick into dialogue with his own hack's
> > knowledge of parental damage, but september welcome was
> delinquent in its spreadsheet folly left on cruise control
 meanwhile lust fuels approximate wound designer's religiosity

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298. **Brian McHale**
Steve McCaffery address
Mon 11 Sep 1995

I'm trying to track down Steve McCaffery. He doesn't seem to be using the e-mail address at which I corresponded with him last year; does anybody have a current e-mail address for him? Steve, if you're reading this, please flash a message my way. Brian McHale

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299. **Jorge Guitart**
Sheila & Jorge's Excellent Adventure
Mon 11 Sep 1995

S&J's excellent adventure sans chevrons

Sheila wrote
Jorge wrote:
Sheila wrote

Jorge wrote:

Sheila wrote:

Jorge wrote:

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books. And flew
through windows '95, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water'
s halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
(inspection denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &
neo-colonizing pockets in small furniture intended house
sequentially several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a
big tango when the attorney general came, selah hales said,
"Dias, oh, ho kook!" Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the
Roof" Tobacco warehouse, curls no ideas but the woven fabric the
texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners piping hot and
gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' liversthe odor
day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore
Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout
eternity for moments to be of such suchness.

In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks
All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds
of darkness falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.
Likewise seams and paper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and
recently soft fruit of subject's object status, violent
transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu
switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles
considered shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised by how quiet
effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep

through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
which explains why the pump is busted and why
he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
crap about not having a cousin on the moon
capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative
among the invoices and the difference engines
Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there
collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze
delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house
of narration with partners of good moisture. Here, touch my
ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.
I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some
woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep
as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in
our palaver have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which
in the end goes meerschaum on us till we blink ourselves to
creeping where the sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give
temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of
hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his
longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read
ingratiates politicians and blond ones also shaven vortices but
does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses
cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup
trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons

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300. **Charles Bernstein**

French Poetry Festival

Mon 11 Sep 1995

Emmanuel Hocquard, Jean Fremon, and Jacqueline Risset will be reading in New York City on Friday October 20, from 6-8pm, at Millbank Hall, Barnard College, 117th Street and Broadway. This is a spin-off event of the Festival sponsored by Brown and Buffalo and part of "French poets at "B" universities in the Northeast" (Brown/Buffalo/Barnard: the francophilic triangle).

Buffalo events with the four poets (that is, including Claude Royet-Journoud) are Weds., Oct. 18 at 4pm, bilingual reading at the Center for the Arts; and Thurs., Oct. 19, at 12:30, discussion, 438 Clemens Hall. (North campus.)

Other French writers at Buffalo this fall --

Michel Deguy will be reading at UB on Weds., Oct. 25 at 4pm in the Center for the Arts. He will give a lecture on Oct. 24 at 12:30pm in 930 Clemens Hall. I've heard Deguy may be doing something at NYU, but have no information.

Lucette Finas will read at UB on Weds., Sept. 27, at 4pm, Center for the Arts and give a lecture on Thurs. Sept. 28 at 12:30 in 438 Clemens.

Non-French events at UB (admittedly a smaller number):

all "Wednesdays at 4" in the Center for the Arts:

Detroit-City Lights Poet-Playwright Carla Harryman, Sept. 13 (Harryman's *_There Never Was a Rose Without a Thorn: Selected Writings_* is just out from City Lights)

Scots-New York Performance Artist-Poet Fiona Templeton, Sept. 20 (Also a performance at Hallwalls on Sept. 19 at 8pm)

West Riding of Yorkshire-Canadian Poet-Pataphysicist Steve McCaffery, Nov. 15.

[All UB events are free and open to the public.]

--Charles Bernstein

Poetics Program, SUNY-Buffalo

"We're working around the clock

To serve your poetry needs"

*

Coming soon to this listserv: *Roses without Thorns* (priority subscribers only)

/ "cere

bral thinness" -- just another way of saying "male pattern baldness"/

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301. **Patrick Phillips**

Re: Fall Ear Inn Schedule (fwd)

Mon 11 Sep 1995

thanks bill

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302. **Patrick Phillips**

Re: SPECIAL AGENCY

Mon 11 Sep 1995

to Rod; particularly since the sun hasn't risen in my quad of providence I am basking in your nighttime panoply an utter udder. Your first was the perfect parens; your second the animation of it. Oh where has that letter fallen, been puloined? I say Smith stole it...

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303. **beard**

Agency (1)

Mon 11 Sep 1995

This blank unintentionally left a message

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304. **Jordan Davis.**

Re: Two renga dont make a write

Mon 11 Sep 1995

>> > > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
>> > > > > And flew through windows '95, lightning green and fine morning
>> > > > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
>> > > > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
>> > > > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
>> > > > > The caravan of windows to what they flee
>> > > > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
>> > > > > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
>> > > > > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
>> > > > > Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
>> > > > > & opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the

>> > > > > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
>> > > > > > kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
>> > > > > > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
>> > > > > > flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water's
>> > > > > > halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
>> > > > > > (inspection
>> > > > > > denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-
colonizing
>> > > > > > pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
>> > > > > > mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
>> > > > > > when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias, oh,ho,
>> > > > > > kook!"
>> > > > > > Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco
>> > > > > > warehouse, curls
>> > > > > > no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at the
>> > > > > > dry cleaners
>> > > > > > piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on
>> > > > > > prescience
>> > > > > > the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers
>> > > > > > the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose
>> > > > > > encore
>> > > > > > Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
>> > > > > > moments to be
>> > > > > > of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the streams
>> > > > > > were hooks.
>> > > > > > All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
>> > > > > > darkness
>> > > > > > falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
>> > > > > > sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently
soft
>> > > > > > fruit
>> > > > > > of subject's object status, violent transformation
>> > > > > > la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
>> > > > > > and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles considered
>> > > > > > shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
>> > > > > > flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
>> > > > > > by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
>> > > > > > through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
>> > > > > > petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
>> > > > > > alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go
ahead
>> > > > > > and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes

>> > > > > saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
>> > > > > out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
>> > > > > inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
>> > > > > uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
>> > > > > which explains why the pump is busted and why
>> > > > > he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
>> > > > > crap about not having a cousin on the moon
>> > > > > capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
>> > > > > prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
>> > > > > start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
>> > > > > heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
>> > > > > of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
>> > > > > I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative
>> > > > > among the invoices and the difference engines
>> > > > > Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there
>> > > > > collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze
>> > > > delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house
>> > > > of narration with partners of good moisture. Here, touch my
>> > > > < ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.
>> I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some
> > woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep
as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in our palaver
tossing the shiver of leggings in the window, all farther

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305. **Herb Levy**
SPECIAL AGENCY

Mon 11 Sep 1995

Wystan -

I've seen David Ayres & Charles Bernstein in the same room.

Now that I think of it, you may have as well, but that's another story.

In fact, now that I think of it, I've probably seen David Ayres & Kevin Killian (or was that Dodie?, Kevin usually announces himself) in the same room too (the same room as Dodie, well, maybe), though perhaps I didn't know it at the time.

Wait, now that I think of it, I think I've seen Wystan Curnow, Dodie Bellamy, David Ayre, Charles Bernstein, Kevin Killian, and Marcel Proust all in the same room once.

Oops, now that i think of it, it wasn't Marcel Proust at all, it was George Bowering. I sometimes get the 2 of them confused.

On the other hand, now that I think of it, I've never seen no Rod Smith or Hal Foster, no how.

Herb Levy



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306. **Bill Luoma**

Fall Ear Inn Schedule (fwd)

Mon 11 Sep 1995

OCTOBER & NOVEMBER

AT THE EAR INN

October 7: Rob Fitterman/Dan Farrell Rob Fitterman, editor of Object, no longer raises chinchillas and is the author of Ameresque, Metropolis and Why It Won't Fly. Rob was recently named one of People Magazine's Best Dressed of 1995 and his current project involves nirvana. Dan Farrell is the author of ape and Thinking of You. Chef to the minion of Gormal, Dan lives in Vancouver and has recently been touring with the musical group Nostradamus Now.

October 14: Kenneth Goldsmith/Liz Fodaski Kenneth Goldsmith is a ham radio host with a muckraker's eye and an arsenal of political products. His books include 73 Poems, The Mona Lisa Smiled at Me and Green Apples. Liz Fodaski edits Torque, pronounces her name phonetically and teaches English at St. Ann's in Brooklyn. She is the author of Ouch, Millenarian's Phonebook and Who Dunnit and knows the secret of ruby mining.

October 21: Barrett Watten/Jackson MacLow Barrett Watten co-edits Poetics Journal, teaches Modernism and Cultural Studies at Wayne State University in Detroit and is the author of Plasma, Progress and the forthcoming Frame: 1970-1990. Jackson MacLow has written numerous books including 42 Merzgedichte in Memoriam Kurt Schwitters and Pieces o' Six. MacLow is currently searching the manufacturing sector for pyramid shapes.

October 28: Carla Harryman/Steve Benson Carla Harryman is the author of Animal Instincts and Property and is most famous for her discovery of salt. Monkeywrencher of commodification industries and exalted by mammals, Carla receives information without charge. Steve Benson has written The Buses and The Blue Book. Benson collaborates with Biblical figures without regard to the status of hydroponic farming in Alaska.

November 4: Gale Nelson/Charles Cantalupo Gale Nelson is the author of Stare Decisis (Burning Deck), Little Brass Pump (Leave Books), and The Mystic Cypher (Texture). He is also editor of the journal Cathay. He currently teaches at Brown University. Charles Cantalupo is the author of ANIMA/L WO/MAN

AND OTHER SPIRITS (Spectacular Diseases), The World of Ngugi Wa Thiong'o (Africa World Press) and numerous other volumes of poetry and criticism.

November 11: Jessica Grim/John Keene Jessica Grim is the author of *Locale* (Potes & Poets, 1995), *The Inveterate Life* (O Books, 1990), *Intrepid Hearts* (Coincidence, 1986). She is the co-editor of *Big Allis*, and lives and works in Oberlin, Ohio. John Keene is the author of the recently published experimental novel, "Annotations" (New Directions, 1995). He is a member of the Dark Room Collective, and managing editor of *Callaloo*.

November 18: Thomas Meyer/Jonathan Williams Thomas Meyer is the author of *Staves, Calends, Legends: The Umbrella of Aesculapius; Sappho's Raft and the Bang Bood-all* from *The Jargon Society*, and *Tom Writes This For Robert To Read* (St. Lazaire). Jonathan Williams is the founder of *The Jargon Society*, and the author of *An Ear in Bartram's Tree*, *Quote, Unquote* (Ten Speed Press), *Dementations of a Shank Mare* (Truck Press) and many other books.

November 25: Drew Gardner/Juliana Spahr Drew Gardner is the author of *The Stone Walk* (St. Lazaire) and *The Cover* (Leave Books). His work has appeared in *Talisman*, *Notus* and *O.blek*. He is also a musician who has recently performed at the Knitting Factory. Juliana Spahr is the publisher of *Leave Books* and the author of *Nuclear* (Leave Books). Recent publications edited include *Chain* and *A Poetics of Criticism*. She has recently returned to Manhattan after receiving her Ph.D from SUNY Buffalo.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON READINGS BEGIN AT 3:00PM! \$3 contribution goes to readers. THE EAR INN is at 326 Spring Street, NYC. Coordinators for this series are Jeff Hull (October) and Tim Davis and Brian Kim Stefans (November). Continuing support for this series is provided by the Segue Foundation. Funding is also made possible by support from the Literature Program of the New York State Council on the Arts. PLEASE SUPPORT THE EAR-COME EARLY FOR LUNCH, STAY LATE FOR DINNER!

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307. **Jordan Davis.**
Excellent Adventure

Mon 11 Sep 1995

> >> >> >> >> > > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>

> >> >> >> >> > > > > And flew through windows '95, lightning green
and
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> >> morning

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de
ep
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our
> >> palaver
> >> >> > have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which in the end
goes
> >> >> meerschaum on us till we blink ourselves to creeping where the
> >> >> sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give temporality a rest, for
> >> widest space succumbs to onslaughts of hidden porchlight in the latitude
> >> that she has given his longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal
> slated to be read ingratiates politicos and blond ones also shaven vortices
but does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses
The brick wall is a golden retriever of spotlights

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308. **Jordan Davis.**

Adventure Agency

Mon 11 Sep 1995

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books. And flew
through windows '95, lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

The caravan of windows to what they flee
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Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
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& opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the
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kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
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big tango when the attorney general came, selah hales said,
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texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners piping hot and
gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' liversthe odor
day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore
Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout
eternity for moments to be of such suchness.

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All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds
of darkness falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.
Likewise seams andpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and
recently soft fruit of subject's object status, violent
transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu
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considered shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprisedby how quiet
effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
which explains why the pump is busted and why

he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
crap about not having a cousin on the moon
capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative
among the invoices and the difference engines
Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there
collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze
delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house
of narration with partners of good moisture. Here, touch my
ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.
I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some
woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep
as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in
our palaver have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which
in the end goes meerschaum on us till we blink ourselves to
creeping where the sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give
temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of
hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his
longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read
ingratiates politicos and blond ones also shaven vortices but
does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses
cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup
trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons
and at 11:55 the Times' restaurant critic names our favorite place

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309. **klobucar**

Dave Ayre As I Remember Him

Mon 11 Sep 1995

*****Dave Ayre As I Remember Him*****

Let me just say a few words in light of this situation. David Ayre was a man. Truly. He could always get the lids off jars; was always scratching and sniffing in places everybody forgot about. Always needed a butter knife. Yet above all: the best person in the whole world. He was the smartest guy I knew. He was old Dave. He was the kindest soul in the community, never asking questions, always willing to lend his hammer. He accepted everybody equally. Every boy loved him. Always had an opinion. Never any skin off his back. Never let the

sun go down. You always knew where to find Dave, even when he told you exactly where he'd be. Could be that Dave had seen it all, because he practised what he pitched. Maybe he was born that way, or, perhaps, it was in his genes. In any case, he was rarely too busy. He knew how to push the right buttons. He sure lived. I think of Dave, holding on, never letting go, no matter how much you begged. Needless to say, I was shocked when I read about him. I had trouble seeing what all the fuss was about. In any case, it's not the Dave that I want to remember. So I say: he will come out in the end. It is silly to think otherwise. He was the stuffing of dreams and, as always, he would continue to make all the difference.

Thank you.

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310. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

Re: putting on ayres

Mon 11 Sep 1995

I wondered about that too, till I spotted George's nearly immediate response -- then I realized that the entire Ayres post was a massive anagram --

When last in Berkeley, by the way, Charles ate his French fries from the other end first and discussed Arabic poetry -- there are witnesses --

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311. **John Geraets**

Entry Phrasing

Mon 11 Sep 1995

Is saying Testing One Two Three (a friend asked) a way of checking out the medium or of gaining attention? And why should those two functions be tied to such trite wordage? I said I'd ask for her.

John



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312. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: your mail

Mon 11 Sep 1995

On Mon., 11 Sept. 1995, Jorge wrote:

>On Mon, 11 Sep 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

>

>> >On Sun, 10 Sep 1995, Louis Cabri wrote:

>> >

>> >> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

>> >> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

>> >> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

>> >> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

>> >> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

>> >> The caravan of windows to what they flee

>> >> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

>> >> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling

>> >> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago

>> >> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing

>> >> & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the

>> >> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind

>> >> condemned.

>> >> promised what she practiced as triangular blue feats soothed

>> >> stunned images into form, saying a need, similar days

>> >> to those not before, yet stored, whose sifted haze

>> >> flushed a hick into dialogue with his own hack's

>> > knowledge of parental damage, but september welcome was

>> delinquent in its spreadsheet folly left on cruise control

> meanwhile lust fuels approximate wound designer's religiosity
with brogues, distilled lip prints, and flagstones of the strained variety

[↑ Contents](#)

313. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: Sheila & Jorge's Excellent Adventure

Mon 11 Sep 1995

| *S&J's excellent adventure sans chevrons*

Jorge wrote:

>Sheila wrote

>Jorge wrote:

>Sheila wrote

>Jorge wrote:

>Sheila wrote:

>Jorge wrote:

>

>In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.And flew
>through windows '95, lightning green and fine morning
>First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
>The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
>Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
>The caravan of windows to what they flee
>These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
>Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
>but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
>Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
>& opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the
>bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
>kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
>gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
>flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water'
>s halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
>(inspection denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &
>neo-colonizing pockets in small furniture intended house
>sequentially several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a
>big tango when the attorney general came, selah hales said,
>"Dias,oh,ho kook!"Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the
>Roof" Tobacco warehouse, curls no ideas but the woven fabric the
>texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners piping hot and
>gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
>the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' liversthe odor
>day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore
>Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout
>eternity for moments to be of such suchness.
>In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks
>All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds
>of darkness falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.
>Likewise seams andpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and
>recently soft fruit of subject's object status, violent
>transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu
>switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles
>considered shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
>flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprisedby how quiet
>effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
>through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes

>petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
>alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
>and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
>saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
>out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
>inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
>uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
>which explains why the pump is busted and why
>he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
>crap about not having a cousin on the moon
>capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
>prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
>start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
>heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
>of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
>I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative
>among the invoices and the difference engines
>Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there
>collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze
>delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house
>of narration with partners of good moisture. Here,touch my
>ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.
>I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some
>woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep
>as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in
>our palaver have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which
>in the end goes meerschaum on us till we blink ourselves to
>creeping where the sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give
>temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of
>hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his
>longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read
>ingratiates politicians and blond ones also shaven vortices but
>does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses
>cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup
>trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons
demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed

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314. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: Adventure Agency

Mon 11 Sep 1995

>In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.And flew
>through windows '95, lightning green and fine morning
>First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
>The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
>Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
>The caravan of windows to what they flee
>These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
>Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
>but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
>Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
>& opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the
>bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
>kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
>gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
>flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water'
>s halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
>(inspection denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &
>neo-colonizing pockets in small furniture intended house
>sequentially several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a
>big tango when the attorney general came, selah hales said,
>"Dias,oh,ho kook!"Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the
>Roof" Tobacco warehouse, curls no ideas but the woven fabric the
>texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners piping hot and
>gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
>the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' liversthe odor
>day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore
>Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout
>eternity for moments to be of such suchness.
>In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks
>All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds
>of darkness falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.
>Likewise seams andpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and
>recently soft fruit of subject's object status, violent
>transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu
>switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles
>considered shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
>flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprisedby how quiet
>effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep

>through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
>petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
>alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
>and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
>saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
>out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
>inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
>uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
>which explains why the pump is busted and why
>he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
>crap about not having a cousin on the moon
>capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
>prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
>start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
>heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
>of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
>I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative
>among the invoices and the difference engines
>Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there
>collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze
>delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house
>of narration with partners of good moisture. Here, touch my
>ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.
>I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some
>woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep
>as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in
>our palaver have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which
>in the end goes meerschaum on us till we blink ourselves to
>creeping where the sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give
>temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of
>hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his
>longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read
>ingratiates politicos and blond ones also shaven vortices but
>does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses
>cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup
>trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons
>and at 11:55 the Times' restaurant critic names our favorite place
worth half a bongo, but that's taste when all the favorite pastimes are outlyers

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315. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

Re: " . . . "

Tue 12 Sep 1995

Carolyn -- if you talk Joan into a modem, I will meet you guys there!

(& say hello to Joan for me -- haven't seen her since June)

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316. **Thomas Bell**

Re: Two renga dont make a write

Tue 12 Sep 1995

But they do.

Makke a rite that is. Jorge wrote

On Sun, 10 Sep 1995, Jorge el Canadiense wrote:

> > El otro Jorge wrote:

> > Sheila wrote:

> > > Jorge wrote:

> > > > > > > > > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were
books.>e> > > morning> > > > > > > > > > > First inverted whistle of a
cardinal in the poplar> > > > > > > > > > > The book and the oboe on
the

grass under sun and cloud> > > > > > > > > > > Go endlessly, an obtuse
Prussian blue, it binds> > > > > > > > > > > The caravan of windows to
what they flee> > > > > > > > > > > These lace curtains, more gauze
than

bondage, more> > > > > > > > > > > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-
spined

and pebbling> > > > > > > > > > > but narrow in the waist or waspish

Sunday years ago> > > > > > > > > > > Over coffee topped with

whipped

lads, the Times blowing> > > > > > > > > > > bleached ribcage

ripcorded

into compassed wind> > > > > > > > > > > kissing the weatherwoman
between

her beasts as she> > > > > > > > > > > gives gracious problem: fanatical
snacks, landscape of> > > > > > > > > > > flicka son of thunderhead and

the storm in the glass of> > > > s> > > > > > > > > > > halfway

pertinent

incision we keep making safe for ignoc> > e> > > > > > > > > > >

(inspection> > > > > > > > > > > denied for knowing how credenza was
meant) &> > neo-coln> > > > g> > > > > > > > > > > pockets in small

furniture intended house sequentially> > > several > > > >> >> >> > > >
>
mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango> > > >> >> >> > > >
>
when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias,> > > oh,ho
> > > >,> > > >> >> >> > > > > kook!"> > > >> >> >> > > > >
Edward
Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Toc> > o> > > >> >> >> > >
> >
> warehouse, curls> > > >> >> >> > > > > no ideas but the woven
fabric
the texture so to speak ws> > > at t> > > >he> > > >> >> >> > > > >
dry cleaners> > > >> >> >> > > > > piping hot and gloved-in somewhere
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> > > >> >> >> > > > > All belled like striated film leftover in
>>>the pastel> seeds > of> > > >> >> >> > > > > darkness
> > > >> >> >> > > > > falling like a counterirritant around the
manchineel.> > > Likewise> > > >> >> >> > > > > sandpaper juxtaposed
with
seasoned instruments and> > > recently so> > > >ft> > > >> >> >> > > >
> >
fruit> > > >> >> >> > > > > of subject's object status, violent
transformation> > > >> >> >> > > > > la Ste. Therese into beaming
cumulus
apokoinu switchback> > > >> >> >> > > > > and in the u-turns were
bookmobiles rounding angles> > > considered> > > >> >> >> > > > >
shrill as
pine left in the acres to be aging> > > >> >> >> > > > > flawlessly, flutes
sing genderless in trio, surprised> > > >> >> >> > > > > by how quiet
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through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes> > > >> >> >> > > >
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> > petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotn> > > >> >> >>
>
> > > > alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to> > > >>
ahead> > > >> >> >> > > > > and dance, composing instead of straining
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the
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> > > >> >> >> > > > > > of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
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sauce,
of the red st> > > >> >> >> I have a lot of duende in the freezer &
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horse is lovely dark and d> > > >> >> > > > > > as penitence, but let's elude the
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travel not a binge of harmony which in the end goes> > > >> >> >> > > > > > sublime is cows
bathing in starlight. Give temporality a rest, for> > > widest space succumbs
to onslaughts of hidden porchlight in the latitude> > > that she has given
his longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal> > > event of the first
order, observed by St. Petersburg poets on horses mounted on cardboard
which i had given Park Place & two railroads for.

Jorge wrote:

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

>e> > > morning> > > >> >> >> > > > > > First inverted whistle of a
cardinal in the poplar> > > >> >> >> > > > > > The book and the oboe on
the
grass under sun and cloud> > > >> >> >> > > > > > Go endlessly, an obtuse
Prussian blue, it binds> > > >> >> >> > > > > > The caravan of windows to

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> > petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotn> > > >> >> >>
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> > > > alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to> > > >>
ahead> > > >> >> >> > > > > and dance, composing instead of straining
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operator will you cockpit> > > >> >> >> > > > > out, transplanted organs
speak, the idiom> > > >> >> >> > > > > inseams, a snare as solvently
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> > > >> >> >> > > > > heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
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his longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal> > event of the first
order, observed by St. Petersburg poets on horses mounted on cardboard
which i had given Park Place & two railroads for.
for the price Barnum %& Bailey began postmodernism with

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317. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

Re: Special Delivery

Tue 12 Sep 1995

As someone who once lived on Rod Smith's mail route (& not a one of us thought it accidental that Smith worked the roads around _Man_assas), I am disturbed by this charge that Mr. Smith has stolen a letter. Smith is above all that. Above all, he is honest as the day is, no tin horn like that Zukofsky guy Foster was always complaining about when people were waiting for their mail to arrive, for god's sake.

None of us around here will sit still for such character assassination. Smith has taken no letter. They're all right here where they're supposed to be; we counted 'em up just to make sure. I know for a fact that Rod Smith once walked a mile through the humidity just to return a copy of _Sulfur_ that had mistakenly been delivered to his P.O. box.

It's true that Rod's magazine suddenly sprouted a letter in its title that had not been there before, but Rod won that letter fair and square in a poetry slam at the Audubon Society.

sincerely,

sycorax

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318. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Two renga dont make a write

Tue 12 Sep 1995

Attention Loss, branch X

based on Jordan's latest version

but with restored windows and breasts

> > > > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.>
> > > > > > And flew through windows lightning green and fine morning
> > > > > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> > > > > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> > > > > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> > > > > > The caravan of windows to what they flee
> > > > > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> > > > > > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> > > > > > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> > > > > > Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
> > > > > > & opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the
> > > > > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> > > > > > kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
> > > > > > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> > > > > > flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water's
> > > > > > halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> > > > > > (inspection
> > > > > > denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) & neo-
colonizing
> > > > > > pockets in small furniture intended house sequentially several
> > > > > > mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango
> > > > > > when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias,
oh,ho,

> > > > > > kook!"

> > > > > > Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof"

Tobacco

> > > > > > warehouse, curls

> > > > > > no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to speak was at
the

> > > > > > dry cleaners

> > > > > > piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on

> > > > > > prescience

> > > > > > the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers

> > > > > > the odor day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter

chose

> > > > > > > encore
> > > > > > > Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout eternity for
> > > > > > > moments to be
> > > > > > > of such suchness. In the nooks were creams and in the
streams
> > > > > > > were hooks.
> > > > > > > All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds of
> > > > > > > darkness
> > > > > > > falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel. Likewise
> > > > > > > sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and recently
soft
> > > > > > > fruit
> > > > > > > of subject's object status, violent transformation
> > > > > > > la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu switchback
> > > > > > > and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles
considered
> > > > > > > shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> > > > > > > flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised
> > > > > > > by how quiet effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> > > > > > > through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> > > > > > > petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> > > > > > > alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go
> ahead
> > > > > > > and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> > > > > > > saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
> > > > > > > out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
> > > > > > > inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> > > > > > > uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
> > > > > > > which explains why the pump is busted and why
> > > > > > > he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
> > > > > > > crap about not having a cousin on the moon
> > > > > > > capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
> > > > > > > prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
> > > > > > > start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
> > > > > > > heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
> > > > > > > of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
> > > > > > > I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative
> > > > > > > among the invoices and the difference engines
> > > > > > > Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there
> > > > > > > collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze
> > > > > delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house
> > > > > of narration with partners of good moisture. Here, touch my

> > > > > < ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.
> > I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some
> > > woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep
> as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in our palaver
> tossing the shiver of leggings in the window, all farther
down the incrementally known by forcing pale ramon to punt

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319. **Jorge Guitart**
Re: Excellent Adventure
Tue 12 Sep 1995

On Mon, 11 Sep 1995, Jordan Davis. wrote:

> > > > > > > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams
were
> books.>
> > > > > > > > > And flew through windows '95, lightning green
and
> fine
> > > morning
> > > > > > > > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> > > > > > > > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun
and
> cloud
> > > > > > > > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> > > > > > > > > The caravan of windows to what they flee
> > > > > > > > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage,
more
> > > > > > > > > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and
pebbling
> > > > > > > > > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday
years ago
> > > > > > > > > Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the
Times
> blowing
> > > > > > > > > & opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing
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> > > > > > > > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed
wind
> > > > > > > > > kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts
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> > > > > > > > > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks,

landscape

> of

> > >> >> >> >> > > > > flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the
glass

> of

> > >> water'

> > >> >s

> > >> >> >> >> > > > > halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe
for

> > ignoranc

> > >e

> > >> >> >> >> > > > > (inspection

> > >> >> >> >> > > > > denied for not knowing how credenza was
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> > >> neo-colonizin

> > >> >g

> > >> >> >> >> > > > > pockets in small furniture intended house

> sequentially

> > >> several

> > >> >> >> >> > > > > mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big
tango

> > >> >> >> >> > > > > when the attorney general came, selah hales
said,

> "Dias,

> > >> oh,ho

> > >> > ,

> > >> >> >> >> > > > > kook!"

> > >> >> >> >> > > > > Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through
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> > Tobacc

> > >o

> > >> >> >> >> > > > > warehouse, curls

> > >> >> >> >> > > > > no ideas but the woven fabric the texture so to
speak

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> s

> > >> at t

> > >> >he

> > >> >> >> >> > > > > dry cleaners

> > >> >> >> >> > > > > piping hot and gloved-in somewhere unsalted,
perched

> on

[illegible]

enough
> > to sle
> > > ep
> > > > > > > > > > through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until
light
> shakes
> > > > > > > > > > petals free of names that rain across known skin
> forgott
> en
> > > > > > > > > > alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she
is
> > to go
> > > > ahead
> > > > > > > > > > and dance, composing instead of straining
muscles,
> far
> > eyes
> > > > > > > > > > saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you
cockpit
> > > > > > > > > > out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
> > > > > > > > > > in seams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the
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> > > > > > > > > > uncreased although each snare still trembles
quantum
> > > > > > > > > > which explains why the pump is busted and why
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> > > > > > > > > > capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the
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> > > > > > > > > > prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
> > > > > > > > > > start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
> > > > > > > > > > heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
> > > > > > > > > > of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
> > > > > > > > > > I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative
> > > > > > > > > > among the invoices and the difference engines
> > > > > > > > > > Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and
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> > > > > > > > > > collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the
> breeze
> > > > > > > > > > delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house
> > > > > > > > > > of narration with partners of good moisture. Here,

> > touch my
> > >> >> >> >> > > > > < ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red
> > stuff.
> > >> >> >> >> I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can
> defrost
> > some
> > >> >> >> > > woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark
and
> de
> ep
> > >> >> >> as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in
> our
> > >> palaver
> > >> >> > have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which in the end
> goes
> > >> >> meerscham on us till we blink ourselves to creeping where the
> > >> >> sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give temporality a rest, for
> > >> widest space succumbs to onslaughts of hidden porchlight in the latitude
> > >> that she has given his longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal
> > slated to be read ingratiates politicians and blond ones also shaven vortices
> but does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses
> The brick wall is a golden retriever of spotlights
could attend own fusion i have not dated affection

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320. **Jorge Guitart**
Re: Adventure Agency

Tue 12 Sep 1995

On Mon, 11 Sep 1995, Jordan Davis. wrote:

- > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.And flew
- > through windows lightning green and fine morning
- > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
- > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
- > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
- > The caravan of windows to what they flee
- > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
- > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
- > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
- > Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing

> & opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the
> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> kissing the weatherwoman between her breasts as she
> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water'
> s halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> (inspection denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &
> neo-colonizing pockets in small furniture intended house
> sequentially several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a
> big tango when the attorney general came, selah hailes said,
> "Dias,oh,ho kook!"Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the
> Roof" Tobacco warehouse, curls no ideas but the woven fabric the
> texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners piping hot and
> gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' liversthe odor
> day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore
> Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout
> eternity for moments to be of such suchness.
> In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks
> All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds
> of darkness falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.
> Likewise seams andpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and
> recently soft fruit of subject's object status, violent
> transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu
> switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles
> considered shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprisedby how quiet
> effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
> and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
> out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
> inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
> which explains why the pump is busted and why
> he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
> crap about not having a cousin on the moon
> capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
> prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
> start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,

> heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
> of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
> I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative
> among the invoices and the difference engines
> Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there
> collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze
> delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house
> of narration with partners of good moisture. Here, touch my
> ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.
> I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some
> woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep
> as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in
> our palaver have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which
> in the end goes meerschaum on us till we blink ourselves to
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> temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of
> hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his
> longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read
> ingratiates politicians and blond ones also shaven vortices but
> does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses
> cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup
> trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons
> and at 11:55 the Times' restaurant critic names our favorite place
& you & your texts may be congestive but we are ingestive, dude!

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321. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: your mail

Tue 12 Sep 1995

On Mon, 11 Sep 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

> On Mon., 11 Sept. 1995, Jorge wrote:
> > On Mon, 11 Sep 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:
> >
> >> > On Sun, 10 Sep 1995, Louis Cabri wrote:
> >> >
> >> >> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> >> >> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> >> >> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> >> >> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> >> >> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
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> > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> > > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> > > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> > > Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing
> > > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the
> > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> > > condemned.
> > > promised what she practiced as triangular blue feats soothed
> > > stunned images into form, saying a need, similar days
> > > to those not before, yet stored, whose sifted haze
> > > flushed a hick into dialogue with his own hack's
> > > knowledge of parental damage, but september welcome was
> > delinquent in its spreadsheet folly left on cruise control
> > meanwhile lust fuels approximate wound designer's religiosity
> with brogues, distilled lip prints, and flagstones of the strained variety
which would follow synonymous under intention thereby directly inherent

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322. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Sheila & Jorge's Excellent Adventure

Tue 12 Sep 1995

Sheila wrote
> Jorge wrote:
> > Sheila wrote
> > Jorge wrote:
> > Sheila wrote
> > Jorge wrote:
> > Sheila wrote:
> > Jorge wrote:
> >
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> >kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
> >gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> >flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water'
> >s halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> >(inspection denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &
> >neo-colonizing pockets in small furniture intended house
> >sequentially several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a
> >big tango when the attorney general came, selah hales said,
> >"Dias,oh,ho kook!"Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the
> >Roof" Tobacco warehouse, curls no ideas but the woven fabric the
> >texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners piping hot and
> >gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
> >the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' liversthe odor
> >day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore
> >Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout
> >eternity for moments to be of such suchness.
> >In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks
> >All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds
> >of darkness falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.
> >Likewise seams andpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and
> >recently soft fruit of subject's object status, violent
> >transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu
> >switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles
> >considered shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> >flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprisedby how quiet
> >effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> >through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> >petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> >alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
> >and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> >saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
> >out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
> >inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> >uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
> >which explains why the pump is busted and why
> >he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
> >crap about not having a cousin on the moon
> >capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
> >prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
> >start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
> >heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose

> >of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
> >I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative
> >among the invoices and the difference engines
> >Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there
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> >delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house
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> >I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some
> >woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep
> >as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in
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> >hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his
> >longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read
> >ingratiates politicians and blond ones also shaven vortices but
> >does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses
> >cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup
> >trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons
> demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed
spending the bulk of closure with sentient scoops

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323. **Thomas Bell**
Re: Adventure Agency
Tue 12 Sep 1995

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books. And flew
through windows '95, lightning green and fine morning
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flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water'
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"Dias,oh,ho kook!"Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the
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the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' liversthe odor
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of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative

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hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his
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ingratiates politicians and blond ones also shaven vortices but
does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses
cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup
trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons
and at 11:55 the Times' restaurant critic names our favorite place
for feasting on _Dead Souls_ Gogol napisat vopros Akhmatova

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324. **Rod Smith**

Re: Dave Ayre As I Remember Him

Tue 12 Sep 1995

My finest klobucar,
How good to have news of you after so many burning bridges

I too remember kind ol' Dave. First laid eyes on him sitting in the back at that
Spicer/Yasusada reading with a copy of Vivekananda. He had that youthful "in
this ocean of existence we are all but wavelets" kinda way about him.

Remember how he taught that sweet pup "Stuckey" to open the RC bottles?
Charity is great, but the moment you say it all, you run the risk of running into
materialism. Dave was like that, always another sweet meaningless comment
while divvying up the loot.

And lord the Duchamp show! Attaching playing cards to the bicycle readymade.
. . really freaked that guard's gobble. And that time we needed to detonate the
device, who could we turn to but ol Dave, (poor Stuckey). And him always
quoting that Padgett line, spitting on us with laughter, "The natives of Tangiers
are referred to as Tangerines."

Ah, the old Daves. . . but I don't remember any hammers. We are talking about the same guy?

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325. **Thomas Bell**

renga

Tue 12 Sep 1995

Is no one going to take responsibility of initiating this whole thing. I would say that that person is in reality the author and they should be the one whose permission is needed.

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326. **Charles Alexander**

Re: renga

Tue 12 Sep 1995

> Is no one going to take responsibility of initiating
>this whole thing. I would say that that person is in reality
>the author and they should be the one whose permission is
>needed.

says Thomas Bell

But this whole thing has been so much not about permissions. First, it's not a renga, and no one received permission to call it that or to butcher that form. Also, I notice that some lines (or at least one I wrote originally) have been altered already, and I don't think anyone asked permission. No one ever asks permission of the already existing authors to add to the work, thereby changing it.

And do you really think you can get everyone who has contributed to give permission?

Good luck.

Charles Alexander

Chax Press

P.O. Box 19178

Minneapolis, MN 55419-0178

██████████ (phone & fax)

██████████

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327. **Ron Silliman**
Re: Red Wheelbarrow
Tue 12 Sep 1995

I never eat WCW and leave the table unsatisfied. Hot fresh country biscuits dripping with butter!

[↑ Contents](#)

328. **Michael Boughn**
Re: Red Wheelbarrow and that Damned Chicken
Tue 12 Sep 1995

Ed:

When was the last time you went back to *Spring and All* (the whole thing) or *Kora in Hell*? Perhaps it's only a measure of my own superficiality, but they still get me, every time. The anthologies were always too small to hold this stuff, even that wheelbarrow which sure looks different in its original habitat.

Best,
Mike

██████████

[↑ Contents](#)

329. **Michael Boughn**
Re: SPECIAL AGENCY
Tue 12 Sep 1995

David Ayre = Id day rave

[↑ Contents](#)

330. **Charles O. Hartman**
Re: Entry Phrasing
Tue 12 Sep 1995

On Tue, 12 Sep 1995, John Geraets wrote:

Is saying Testing One Two Three (a friend asked) a way of checking out the medium or of gaining attention? And why should those two functions be tied to such trite wordage? I said I'd ask for her.

John

██████████

In fact the phrase was traditionally used, not by the person for whom the microphone was being readied, but by the sound technician whose job was to ready it; and the ethos of the boring phrase was exactly its renunciation of being-worth-paying-attention-to. Making the channel clear is not a matter for self-announcement; and come to think of it, does Homer ever say "I"?

Charles Hartman

[↑ Contents](#)

331. **Don Cheney**

Phone Bill

Tue 12 Sep 1995

Bill Luoma = mull a boil

[↑ Contents](#)

332. **Edward Foster**

Re: you & whose army?

Tue 12 Sep 1995

mr. m: to admire x does not obligate one to admire those admired by x. best to you from . . . hal (?)

[↑ Contents](#)

333. **Herb Levy**

Re: SPECIAL AGENCY

Tue 12 Sep 1995

| David Ayre = Id day rave

Now that I think of it, I've always found David Ayre to both ready & avid.

Herb Levy



[↑ Contents](#)

334. **Kevin Killian**

Address query

Tue 12 Sep 1995

Do any of you know addresses for a) Richard Candida Smith or b) Steven Watson? Please if so send to-

Kevin Killian

Thanks

[↑ Contents](#)

335. **Edward Foster**

Re: Special Delivery

Tue 12 Sep 1995

enuf of that sweet-talkin' sycorax stuff, a neilson: you zuk x, and x 'll beat the sulfur out of your jeans. rod's got no letter cuz the wrong letter was the letter he found, and you better believe it, hey!

[↑ Contents](#)

336. **Edward Foster**

Re: Red Wheelbarrow

Tue 12 Sep 1995

ron, no one eats wcw with butter, that's crude, and unhealthy. wcw, once it's properly roasted, should only be served with white sauce.

[↑ Contents](#)

337. **M. Magoolaghan**

Re: you & whose army?

Tue 12 Sep 1995

On Tue, 12 Sep 1995, Edward Foster wrote:

> mr. m: to admire x does not obligate one to admire those admired by x. best to y

> ou from . . . hal (?)

>

dear edward (hal)sey foster: certainly. but it's too easy to dismiss wms on the basis of one chicken poem taken out of context, much harder when you acknowledge olson's/creeley's/zukofsky's/et al's longstanding admiration, no? p'raps if you find wms old hat it's b/c yer reading the wrong wms? read spring & all, selected essays, or american grain recently?

sorry to confuse you with the anti-aesthetic guy. enjoyed understanding blk mtn poets, though i'm still not convinced it's all emerson's doing.

all best, mm

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338. **Jeffrey Timmons**

Re: SPECIAL AGENCY

Tue 12 Sep 1995

i'm bored . . . and have no sense of irony. please send help.

jeffrey timmons

[↑ Contents](#)

339. **Jeffrey Timmons**

Re: SPECIAL AGENCY

Tue 12 Sep 1995

oops, what i meant was i'm bored . . . am bored by wcw and have no sense of irony . . . which is probably why i like him.

jeffrey timmons

[↑ Contents](#)

340. **Alan Golding**

Jobs

Tue 12 Sep 1995

Associate Professor of English, U. of Louisville

Phone: [REDACTED]; e-mail: [REDACTED]

I wanted to notify the list of two positions that we're seeking to fill here this year. Both are assistant professorships; deadline is Nov. 10; AA/EOE.

1. Specialization in postcolonial literatures in English, with strong interest in second literary field and/or critical theory.

2. Specialization in fiction writing; secondary activity in another genre (esp. creative non-fiction), literary field, or rhetoric and composition desirable.

More details can be found in the job ads in the MLA and Chronicle of Higher Education. Please, depending on your situation, consider applying or alerting your students to these opportunities.

Given the general interests of the list, it seems a good idea to let you know that the folks running the fiction search are likely to define that genre in fairly traditional terms, and not be super-receptive to, say, polygeneric or indeterminately generic writing--meaning (I'm blathering here) they'll probably be drawn to people writing stuff that looks like short stories, novellas, etc. At the same time, I consider one of my jobs in life to nudge my colleagues beyond the conventional in these matters, and though I'm not formally involved in that search I will be sitting in on interviews and trying to open up the field a bit.

Bottom line: please write in--I don't want to discourage you from doing so--but don't get your hopes sky-high. But anyone who's been on the job market recently knows that.

Alan

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341. **Gwyn McVay**
A non-list anagram

Tue 12 Sep 1995

George Herbert Walker Bush =

Huge Berserk Rebel Warthog

[↑ Contents](#)

342. **Jorge Guitart**
Re: Adventure Agency

Tue 12 Sep 1995

On Mon, 11 Sep 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

> >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.And flew
> >through windows '95, lightning green and fine morning
> >First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> >The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> >Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> >The caravan of windows to what they flee
> >These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> >Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> >but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> >Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
> >& opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the
> >bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> >kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
> >gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> >flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water'
> >s halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> >(inspection denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &
> >neo-colonizing pockets in small furniture intended house
> >sequentially several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a
> >big tango when the attorney general came, selah haes said,
> >"Dias,oh,ho kook!"Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the
> >Roof" Tobacco warehouse, curls no ideas but the woven fabric the

> >texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners piping hot and
> >gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
> >the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' liversthe odor
> >day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore
> >Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout
> >eternity for moments to be of such suchness.
> >In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks
> >All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds
> >of darkness falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.
> >Likewise seams andpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and
> >recently soft fruit of subject's object status, violent
> >transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu
> >switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles
> >considered shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> >flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprisedby how quiet
> >effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> >through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> >petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> >alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
> >and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> >saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
> >out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
> >inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> >uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
> >which explains why the pump is busted and why
> >he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
> >crap about not having a cousin on the moon
> >capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
> >prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
> >start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
> >heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
> >of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
> >I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative
> >among the invoices and the difference engines
> >Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there
> >collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze
> >delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house
> >of narration with partners of good moisture. Here,touch my
> >ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.
> >I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some
> >woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep
> >as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in

> >our palaver have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which
> >in the end goes meerscham on us till we blink ourselves to
> >creeping where the sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give
> >temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of
> >hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his
> >longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read
> >ingratiates politicos and blond ones also shaven vortices but
> >does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses
> >cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup
> >trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons
> >and at 11:55 the Times' restaurant critic names our favorite place
> worth half a bongo, but that's taste when all the favorite pastimes are
outliers
of kimba fans streaming toward the flotilla of compelling drives

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343. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Two renga dont make a write

Tue 12 Sep 1995

On Mon, 11 Sep 1995, Thomas Bell wrote:

> But they do.
> Makke a rite that is. Jorge wrote
> On Sun, 10 Sep 1995, Jorge el Canadiense wrote:
>
> > > El otro Jorge wrote:
> > > Sheila wrote:
> > > Jorge wrote:
> > > > > > > > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams
were
> books.>e> > > morning> > > > > > > > > > First inverted whistle
of a
> cardinal in the poplar> > > > > > > > > > The book and the oboe on
the
> grass under sun and cloud> > > > > > > > > > Go endlessly, an
obtuse
> Prussian blue, it binds> > > > > > > > > > The caravan of windows
to
> what they flee> > > > > > > > > > These lace curtains, more gauze
than
> bondage, more> > > > > > > > > > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-
spined

> and pebbling> > > >> >> >> > > > > but narrow in the waist or waspish
> Sunday years ago> > > >> >> >> > > > > Over coffee topped with
whipped
> lads, the Times blowing> > > >> >> >> > > > > bleached ribcage
ripcorded
> into compassed wind> > > >> >> >> > > > > kissing the weatherwoman
between
> her beasts as she> > > >> >> >> > > > > gives gracious problem:
fanatical
> snacks, landscape of> > > >> >> >> > > > > flicka son of thunderhead
and
> the storm in the glass of'> > > >s> > > >> >> >> > > > > halfway
pertinent
> incision we keep making safe for ignoc> > e> > > >> >> >> > > > > >
> (inspection> > > >> >> >> > > > > > denied for knowing how credenza
was
> meant) &> > neo-coln> > > >g> > > >> >> >> > > > > > pockets in
small
> furniture intended house sequentially> > > several > > > >> >> >> > > >
> >
> mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango> > > >> >> >> > > >
> >
> when the attorney general came, selah hales said, "Dias,> > > oh,ho
> > > > >,> > > >> >> >> >> > > > > kook!"> > > >> >> >> > > > >
Edward
> Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Toc> > o> > > >> >> >> >
> > >
> > warehouse, curls> > > >> >> >> > > > > > no ideas but the woven
fabric
> the texture so to speak ws> > > at t> > > >he> > > >> >> >> > > > >
> dry cleaners> > > >> >> >> > > > > > piping hot and gloved-in
somewhere
> unsalted, perched one> > > >> >> >> > > > > > the chair is sad, alas, and
> i've lusted tootles' liversr> > > chos> > > >e> > > >> >> >> > > > >
> encore> > > >> >> >> > > > > > Flaubert because we're waiting all
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> > > > >> >> >> > > > > > All belled like striated film leftover in
> >>>the pastel> seeds > of> > > >> >> >> > > > > > darkness
> > > > >> >> >> > > > > > falling like a counterirritant around the

> manchineel.> > > Likewise> > > >>>> >> > > > > sandpaper
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> seasoned instruments and> > > recently so> > > >ft> > > >> >> >> > >
> > >
> fruit> > > >> >> >> > > > > > of subject's object status, violent
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> order, observed by St. Petersburg poets on horses mounted on cardboard
> which i had given Park Place & two railroads for--
> for the price Barnum %& Bailey began postmodernism with
by not giving the auroras-of-autumn suckers and even break, but

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344. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Adventure Agency

Tue 12 Sep 1995

On Mon, 11 Sep 1995, Thomas Bell wrote:

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> through windows '95, lightning green and fine morning
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> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
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> s halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> (inspection denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &
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> "Dias,oh,ho kook!"Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the
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> texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners piping hot and

> gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
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> effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
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> crap about not having a cousin on the moon
> capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
> prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
> start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
> heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
> of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
> I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative
> among the invoices and the difference engines
> Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there
> collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze
> delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house
> of narration with partners of good moisture. Here,touch my
> ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.
> I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some
> woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep
> as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in
> our palaver have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which

> in the end goes meerscham on us till we blink ourselves to
> creeping where the sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give
> temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of
> hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his
> longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read
> ingratiates politicos and blond ones also shaven vortices but
> does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses
> cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup
> trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons
> and at 11:55 the Times' restaurant critic names our favorite place
> for feasting on _Dead Souls_ Gogol napisat vopros Akhmatova
of the fragrant mothers the least able to succeed in field hockey

[↑ Contents](#)

345. **Ryan Knighton**

Re: Welford

Tue 12 Sep 1995

Sorry to use this space.

Gabrielle, I accidentally or incidentally deleted your message before I could read it. Lemme have it back if you can, please.

Ryan, with apologies



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346. **cris cheek**

Re: Sheila & Jorge's Excellent Adventure

Tue 12 Sep 1995

>>S&J's excellent adventure sans chevrons

>

Jorge wrote:

Sheila wrote

Jorge wrote:

Sheila wrote

Jorge wrote:

Sheila wrote:

Jorge wrote:

Sheila wrote:

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.And flew
through windows '95, lightning green and fine morning

First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water'
s halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
(inspection denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &
neo-colonizing pockets in small furniture intended house
sequentially several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a
big tango when the attorney general came, selah hales said,
"Dias,oh,ho kook!"Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the
Roof" Tobacco warehouse, curls no ideas but the woven fabric the
texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners piping hot and
gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' liversthe odor
day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore
Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout
eternity for moments to be of such suchness.
In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks
All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds
of darkness falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.
Likewise seams andpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and
recently soft fruit of subject's object status, violent
transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu
switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles
considered shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprisedby how quiet
effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom

inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
which explains why the pump is busted and why
he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
crap about not having a cousin on the moon
capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative
among the invoices and the difference engines
Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there
collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze
delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house
of narration with partners of good moisture. Here, touch my
ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.
I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some
woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep
as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in
our palaver have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which
in the end goes meerschaum on us till we blink ourselves to
creeping where the sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give
temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of
hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his
longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read
ingratiates politicians and blond ones also shaven vortices but
does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses
cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup
trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons
demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed
by trained leeches from under the rotting elastic, a feast

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347. **Bill Luoma**
Re: Red Wheelbarrow
Tue 12 Sep 1995

Ed,

WCW is similar to Joseph Cotton in the 3rd Man, as are you. The american who
doesn't quite get it. I kind of identify with him. I mean you.

Does anyone know what book the bag poem Williams wrote is in? It's about a car running over an empty paper bag . . .

Bill Luoma

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348. **Patrick Phillips**

Re: Red Wheelbarrow

Tue 12 Sep 1995

Bill

it's "The Term" and it's in _Poems '36 - '39_

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349. **Jordan Davis.**

use narrative engines

Tue 12 Sep 1995

were books
green and fine
morning
poplar
and cloud
binds

bondage, more
pebbling
years ago
Times blowing
against the
wind

breasts as she
landscape of
the glass of
water's
safe for
ignorance

meant &
neo-colonizing
sequentially
several
big tango

said,
"Dias,
oh, ho
Through the Roof"
Tobacco
speak was
at
the
unsalted, perched on
livers
daughter
chose
throughout
eternity for
and in the
streams
pastel seeds
of
manchineel.
Likewise
instruments and
recently soft
transformation
apokoinu
switchback
rounding angles
considered
surprised
enough
to sleep
light
shakes
skin
forgotten

she is
to go
ahead

muscles, far
eyes
cockpit

power
quantum
why
to that
the cool

so
wetsuit,
dose
use
narrative
engines
there
the breeze
house

Here,
touch my
the red
stuff.

defrost
some

dark
and deep

in our
palaver

the end goes
the
for
the latitude
signal
vortices

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350. **Jordan Davis.**

ode to unix

Tue 12 Sep 1995

were books morning
a cardinal in the poplar
on the
grass under sun and cloud
obtuse
Prussian blue, it binds
windows to
what they flee
than
bondage, more
thin-spined
and pebbling
waspish
Sunday years ago
whipped
lads, the Times blowing
ripcorded
into compassed wind
weatherwoman between
her breasts as she
fanatical
snacks, landscape of
and
the storm in the glass of
pertinent
incision we keep making safe for
(inspection
was
fabric
the texture so to speak was
dry cleaners
somewhere
unsalted, perched one
and
i've lusted tootles livers
encore
through
eternity fore

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351. **Tony Green**

Re: renga

Tue 12 Sep 1995

you can have my permission for my one line in a version that never went much further than a slam with a Guitart

Tony Green,
e-mail: [REDACTED]
post: Dept of Art History,
University of Auckland,
Private Bag 92019,
Auckland, New Zealand
Fax: 64 9-[REDACTED]
Telephone: 64 9 [REDACTED] ext. 8981 or 7276

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352. **Jordan Davis.**

twenty questions

Tue 12 Sep 1995

Probably the less said about the language of life, and the more about linebreak the better, but I'm guessing the new radio show out of Buffalo won't have the kind of grant money PBS did, nor would it use that money to produce a very slick set of teacher's guides (including 18 poet cards--bigger and less exciting than baseball cards). Outreach! they call it.

Here are some "questions to think about" from the teacher's guide to "The Language of Life" with Bill Moyers (with apologies to C Forche, the only list member ((I think)) involved). High school teachers will be asking these questions to future citizens of our various polises (polices?) in the next few weeks...

Why is "what you dream up" deeper than what you know?

What will you do with your time?

Why should you be suspicious of what you want?

When did you last surprise wounds of your own this long time unmothered?

How _can_ we move toward one another?

How do you know if you can or can't sing?

When do you catch sight of the promised land?

What have you been given for your poetry?
To what do you pledge allegiance?
What is the "myself" that you want to be?
What kind of satchel do you carry your poems in?
How have you honored that floral apron?
When did you last forget _your_ distance?
What are the circumstances in which you are reading the poem?
What would you aim your poems at?
What music is great enough to bring you back?
What leads you back to a person you need to remember?
What happened before you were born that still matters to you now?
I'll be collecting your papers next Tuesday, typed, double spaced... Jordan

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353. **Jordan Davis.**

ahem Chaim subroutine hawk stichic

Tue 12 Sep 1995

> >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.And flew
> >through windows '95, lightning green and fine morning
> >First detrevni whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> >The book and the old boy on the grass under sun and cloud
> >Go endless, an obtuse cellar blue, it binds
> >The caravan of endowments to what they flee
> >These space curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> >Boloed than aware, spin-art and pebbling
> >but narrow in the face or foppish Sunday Hilda oh!
> >Over coffee chopped with kissed lads, the Times blowing
> >& opining, heavy humid air, we musing against the
> >bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> >missing the violinist between her rests as she
> >indexes fracas problem: tool shacks, landscape of
> >Zorro son of thunderhead and the storm in the steel glass
> >s halfway pertinent incision we keep making
> >(I denied not knowing how cadenza was meant) &
> >Neapolitan pockets in small furniture intended house
> >chance several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a
> >big tango when the attorney general came, said amen,

> >"Dias,oh, ho kook!"Xanthippe Ellington! "Tootin' Through the
> >Roof" Tobacco warehouse, curls no rabbit rabbit rabbit rabbit
> >texture so to speak was at the cleaners hot and
> >stubble somewhere unnoticed, chirping presence
> >the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers the
> >detour a cello a day dishevels a boat cold otter chose in the core
> >slaughter because we're waiting all throughout
> >eternity for solos to be of such suchness.
> >In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks
> >All models like films about their friends in pastel
> >of darkness falling like an afghan around the manatee.
> >Likewise seems sandpaper huckster with seesaw inchworms and
> >recently soft brute of subject's object status, violent
> >transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus hapax
> >switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angels
> >considered shrill as I'm left in the acres to be aging
> >flutes sing fender-benderless in trio, h-h-h-holy cow!
> >effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> >through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> >petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> >alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
> >And, with a shout, collecting coat hangers
> >saunter lope pentecost Timon of Athens operator will you cockpit
> >out, transplanted organs speak, "arf!" the idiom
> >inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> >uncreased although each snare still trembles QuarkXpress
> >which explains why the sump is busted and why
> >he preferred Hole to afternoons on the phone with that
> >carp, a cousin on the moon, remember the needy
> >capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
> >prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
> >start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
> >heats me up the porridge," it's like a huge typo
> >of familiarity. I am storing valence for later use
> >I know the war-whoop in each dusty arrogance
> >among the choruses and the different people
> >Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is Hokey Pokey
> >collecting the very boring nouns that come in on the breeze
> >delicate lace flies tied by Pelican Bill, yo, in the house,
> >of narration with part of good moisture. Here, bile, sopor,
> >ebullience is a token gesture of the sauced, Red Stuff.
> >I have a lot of duodenum. In the freezer we can defend some

> >woods on a snowy evening, my yellow rose is lovely dark and deep
> >as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in
> >our palaver. Have? Will not a binge of harmony which
> >in the end go "meerscham" on us till we Tempest ourselves to
> >bearings where the heiress is cows bathing in starlight. Give
> >the poor temp a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of
> >hidden porchlight in the platitude that she has given his
> >longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be canonized
> >elevates politicians and blond ones also raving vortices but
> >does hang-gliding exist or is the circle a bulb of "plus" expenses
> >cabins away from "Flash and Filligree" and "Goat's Head Soup"
> >travel stiffly by the tears for so many tendons
> documentary to mean full body winter with alcohol removed
sending the bulk of closure with sentient loops

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354. **CAROLYN L. FORCHE-MATTISON**

Re: twenty questions

Tue 12 Sep 1995

Oh God, Jordan, you're right. It's sick. I HATED the whole thing. For the POETICS record. Out-retch!

--Carolyn

On

Tue, 12 Sep 1995, Jordan Davis. wrote:

Probably the less said about the language of life, and the more about linebreak the better, but I'm guessing the new radio show out of Buffalo won't have the kind of grant money PBS did, nor would it use that money to produce a very slick set of teacher's guides (including 18 poet cards--bigger and less exciting than baseball cards). Outreach! they call it.

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What will you do with your time?

Why should you be suspicious of what you want?

When did you last surprise wounds of your own this long time unmothered?

How _can_ we move toward one another?

How do you know if you can or can't sing?

When do you catch sight of the promised land?

What have you been given for your poetry?

To what do you pledge allegiance?

What is the "myself" that you want to be?

What kind of satchel do you carry your poems in?

How have you honored that floral apron?

When did you last forget _your_ distance?

What are the circumstances in which you are reading the poem?

What would you aim your poems at?

What music is great enough to bring you back?

What leads you back to a person you need to remember?

What happened before you were born that still matters to you now?

I'll be collecting your papers next Tuesday, typed, double spaced...
Jordan

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355. **Jorge Guitart**

this break will or will not not branch

Tue 12 Sep 1995

Chris wrote:

> Jorge wrote:

> Sheila wrote

> Jorge wrote:

> Sheila wrote

> Jorge wrote:

> Sheila wrote:

> Jorge wrote:

>

> Sheila wrote:

>

> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books. And flew
> through windows '95, lightning green and fine morning
> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> The caravan of windows to what they flee
> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
> & opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the
> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water'
> s halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> (inspection denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &
> neo-colonizing pockets in small furniture intended house
> sequentially several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a
> big tango when the attorney general came, selah hales said,
> "Dias, oh, ho kook!" Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the
> Roof" Tobacco warehouse, curls no ideas but the woven fabric the
> texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners piping hot and
> gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' liversthe odor
> day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore
> Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout
> eternity for moments to be of such suchness.
> In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks
> All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds
> of darkness falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.
> Likewise seams and paper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and
> recently soft fruit of subject's object status, violent
> transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu
> switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles
> considered shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised by how quiet
> effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep

> through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
> and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
> out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
> inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
> which explains why the pump is busted and why
> he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
> crap about not having a cousin on the moon
> capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
> prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
> start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
> heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
> of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
> I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative
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> of narration with partners of good moisture. Here, touch my
> ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.
> I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some
> woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep
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> our palaver have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which
> in the end goes meerscham on us till we blink ourselves to
> creeping where the sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give
> temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of
> hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his
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> ingratiates politicians and blond ones also shaven vortices but
> does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses
> cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup
> trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons
> demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed
> by trained leeches from under the rotting elastic, a feast
> of swirling eddies with beaucoup of labia & confetti

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356. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: renga

Tue 12 Sep 1995

h.t., loss, kevin and anybody else:
unconditional permission granted.

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357. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: ahem Chaim subroutine hawk stichic

Tue 12 Sep 1995

On Tue, 12 Sep 1995, Jordan Davis. wrote:

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books. And flew
through windows '95, lightning green and fine morning
First detrevni whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the old boy on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endless, an obtuse cellar blue, it binds
The caravan of endowments to what they flee
These space curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Boloed than aware, spin-art and pebbling
but narrow in the face or foppish Sunday Hilda oh!
Over coffee chopped with kissed lads, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, we musing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
missing the violinist between her rests as she
indexes fracas problem: tool shacks, landscape of
Zorro son of thunderhead and the storm in the steel glass
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chance several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a
big tango when the attorney general came, said amen,
"Dias, oh, ho kook!" Xanthippe Ellington! "Tootin' Through the
Roof" Tobacco warehouse, curls no rabbit rabbit rabbit rabbit
texture so to speak was at the cleaners hot and
stubble somewhere unnoticed, chirping presence
the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers the
detour a cello a day dishevels a boat cold otter chose in the core
slaughter because we're waiting all throughout
eternity for solos to be of such suchness.
In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks
All models like films about their friends in pastel
of darkness falling like an afghan around the manatee.
Likewise seems sandpaper huckster with seesaw inchworms and
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switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angels
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alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
And, with a shout, collecting coat hangers
saunter lope pentecost Timon of Athens operator will you cockpit
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uncreased although each snare still trembles QuarkXpress
which explains why the sump is busted and why
he preferred Hole to afternoons on the phone with that
carp, a cousin on the moon, remember the needy
capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
heats me up the porridge," it's like a huge typo
of familiarity. I am storing valence for later use
I know the war-whoop in each dusty arrogance
among the choruses and the different people
Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is Hokey Pokey
collecting the very boring nouns that come in on the breeze
delicate lace flies tied by Pelican Bill, yo, in the house,
of narration with part of good moisture. Here, bile, sopor,
ebullience is a token gesture of the sauced, Red Stuff.
I have a lot of duodenum. In the freezer we can defend some
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our palaver. Have? Will not a binge of harmony which
in the end go "meerschau" on us till we Tempest ourselves to
bearings where the heiress is cows bathing in starlight. Give
the poor temp a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of
hidden porchlight in the platitude that she has given his
longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be canonized
elevates politicians and blond ones also raving vortices but
does hang-gliding exist or is the circle a bulb of "plus" expenses
cabins away from "Flash and Filligree" and "Goat's Head Soup"
travel stiffly by the tears for so many tendons
documentary to mean full body winter with alcohol removed
sending the bulk of closure with sentient loops
but my nerves are excellent tonight: I fired Mr. Churchyard

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358. **Charles Watts**
Re: Red Wheelbarrow
Tue 12 Sep 1995

Bill Luoma: Re that paper bag: it's THE TERM, about 1937, first published in COMPLETE COLLECTED POEMS, 1906-1938 -- so says Emily Mitchell Wallace in the Williams Bibliography (& A. Walton Litz & Christopher McGowan, THE COLLECTED POEMS, Vol 1, 1909-1939)

s'long from b.c.

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359. **Brian W Horihan**
unidentified photo
Tue 12 Sep 1995

I know some of you are familiar with Theresa Cha's book Dictee, so I thought maybe I could pose my question here. It is: who is the woman in the picture at the beginning of the Erato-Love Poetry section? She's holding what looks like a flag and sword. I would appreciate any help. --brian

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360. **jms**
Re: unidentified photo
Tue 12 Sep 1995

That is St. Theresa of Liseux posing as Joan of Arc in a convent play.

Juliana Spahr

I know some of you are familiar with Theresa Cha's book Dictee, so I thought maybe I could pose my question here. It is: who is the woman in the picture at the beginning of the Erato-Love Poetry section? She's holding what looks like a flag and sword. I would appreciate any help. --brian

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361. **George Bowering**
Re: Sheila & Jorge's Excellent Adventure
Tue 12 Sep 1995

S&J's excellent adventure sans chevrons

Jorge wrote:

Sheila wrote

Jorge wrote:

Sheila wrote

Jorge wrote:

Sheila wrote:

Jorge wrote:

Sheila wrote:

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books. And flew
through windows '95, lightning green and fine morning
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Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind accident
kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water'
s halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
(inspection denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &
neo-colonizing pockets in small furniture intended house
sequentially several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a
big tango when the attorney general came, selah hales said,
"Dias, oh, ho kook!" Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the
Roof" Tobacco warehouse, nada curls no ideas but the woven fabric the
texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners piping hot and
gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience y pues nada
the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' liversthe odor
day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore
Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout
eternity for moments to be of such suchness,
to hold a rattle up, to eat our mommies.
In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks
All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds
of darkness falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.
Likewise seams and paper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and
recently soft fruit of subject's object status, violent
transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu
switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles
considered shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised by how quiet*

effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
which explains why the pump is busted and why
he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
crap about not having a cousin on the moon
capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative
among the invoices and the difference engines
Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there
collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze
delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house
of narration with partners of good moisture. Here, touch my
ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.
I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some
woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep
as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in
our palaver have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which
in the end goes meerscham on us till we blink ourselves to
creeping where the sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give
temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of
hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his
longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read
ingratiates politicos and blond ones also shaven vortices but
does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses
cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup
trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons
demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed
by trained leeches from under the rotting elastic, a feast
conducted by William Carlos Williams & the Five Snorers,

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362. **George Bowering**
Re: A non-non-list anagram

Tue 12 Sep 1995

Rod Smith (leaving out a rude obvious one) = Shod Trim

[↑ Contents](#)

363. **George Bowering**

Re: renga

Tue 12 Sep 1995

On behalf of everyone who has diddled with the "renga," I hereby grant permission for its reproduction and editing in any medium whatsoever for all time and in any country.

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364. **George Bowering**

Re: Dave Ayre As I Remember Him

Tue 12 Sep 1995

My favourite memory of Dave Ayre: it was probably 1977, in Bolinas. Tom Clarke was out for his daily marathon run, and Dave was running backward in front of him, tossing rose petals in his path. Tom was shouting evil imprecations all the while, but after 12 miles held his breath and just made gruesome faces. Sometimes Dave would run over the hill and come back with another armload of blossoms. "You asshole!" shouted Tom, "just run. Forget the encomia, forget the silent irony. Just run for daylight. But David smiled wordlessly. He was listening to his mantra over and over in his cranium, never told anyone what it was. Tom didnt know, and it was eating his gut.

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365. **George Bowering**

Re: SPECIAL AGENCY

Tue 12 Sep 1995

Herb Levy has a great ear for music, but he needs new glasses. I dont look like Marcel Proust at all. He's way deader than I am.

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366. **George Bowering**

Re: SPECIAL AGENCY

Tue 12 Sep 1995

Well, Gabrielle Welford asked me to go on, and I have been debating the idea with myself and a few other people here for a few days. I dont want to tell you all the things that Charles B. did to turn people's stomachs during the Blaser fest. But when we were having our, uh, conversation in his room he kept jumping up to move his framed 8x11 picture of Kevin K. closer and closer. I

could not stand it after a while. I took the thing he had behind the door and ran as fast as I could for the cleansing waters of Burrard Inlet, heedless of the accident that might have befallen me as I ran with tears welling in my orbs.

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367. **Charles Alexander**

Re: this break will or will not not branch

Tue 12 Sep 1995

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
The caravan of windows to what they flee
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water's
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
(inspection denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &
neo-colonizing pockets in small furniture intended house
sequentially several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a
big tango when the attorney general came, selah hailes said,
"Dias,oh,ho kook!"Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the
Roof" Tobacco warehouse, curls no ideas but the woven fabric the
texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners piping hot and
gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' liversthe odor
day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore
Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout
eternity for moments to be of such suchness.
In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks
All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds
of darkness falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.
Likewise seams andpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and
recently soft fruit of subject's object status, violent

transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu
switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles
considered shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprisedby how quiet
effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
which explains why the pump is busted and why
he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
crap about not having a cousin on the moon
capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative
among the invoices and the difference engines
Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there
collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze
delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house
of narration with partners of good moisture. Here,touch my
ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.
I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some
woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep
as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in
our palaver have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which
in the end goes meerscham on us till we blink ourselves to
creeping where the sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give
temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of
hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his
longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read
ingratiates politicos and blond ones also shaven vortices but
does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses
cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup
trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons
demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed

by trained leeches from under the rotting elastic, a feast
of swirling eddies with beaucoup of labia & confetti
starving time's scythe for water, matching colors to go

Charles Alexander

Chax Press

P.O. Box 19178

Minneapolis, MN 55419-0178

██████████ (phone & fax)

██████████

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368. **Scott Krieger**

Re: this break will or will not not branch

Tue 12 Sep 1995

> > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.And flew
> > through windows '95, lightning green and fine morning
> > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> > The caravan of windows to what they flee
> > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> > Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
> > & opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the
> > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> > kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
> > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> > flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water'
> > s halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> > (inspection denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &
> > neo-colonizing pockets in small furniture intended house
> > sequentially several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a
> > big tango when the attorney general came, selah hales said,
> > "Dias,oh,ho kook!"Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the
> > Roof" Tobacco warehouse, curls no ideas but the woven fabric the
> > texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners piping hot and
> > gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
> > the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' liversthe odor
> > day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore
> > Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout

> > eternity for moments to be of such suchness.
> > In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks
> > All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds
> > of darkness falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.
> > Likewise seams and paper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and
> > recently soft fruit of subject's object status, violent
> > transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu
> > switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles
> > considered shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> > flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised by how quiet
> > effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> > through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> > petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> > alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
> > and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> > saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
> > out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
> > inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> > uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
> > which explains why the pump is busted and why
> > he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
> > crap about not having a cousin on the moon
> > capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
> > prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
> > start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
> > heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
> > of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
> > I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative
> > among the invoices and the difference engines
> > Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there
> > collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze
> > delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house
> > of narration with partners of good moisture. Here, touch my
> > ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.
> > I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some
> > woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep
> > as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in
> > our palaver have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which
> > in the end goes meerschaum on us till we blink ourselves to
> > creeping where the sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give
> > temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of
> > hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his

> > longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read
> > ingratiates politicos and blond ones also shaven vortices but
> > does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses
> > cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup
> > trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons
> > demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed
> > by trained leeches from under the rotting elastic, a feast
> > of swirling eddies with beaucoup of labia & confetti
in the black stone cavity behind the swamphouse where we keep
the papers with the blue seals and the green bottles gone rank
>

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369. **Charles Alexander**
Re: ahem Chaim subroutine hawk stichic

Tue 12 Sep 1995

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books. And flew
through windows lightning green and fine morning
First detrevni whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the old boy on the grass under sun and cloud
Go endless, an obtuse cellar blue, it binds
The caravan of endowments to what they flee
These space curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
Boloed than aware, spin-art and pebbling
but narrow in the face or foppish Sunday Hilda oh!
Over coffee chopped with kissed lads, the Times blowing
& opining, heavy humid air, we musing against the
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
missing the violinist between her rests as she
indexes fracas problem: tool shacks, landscape of
Zorro son of thunderhead and the storm in the steel glass
s halfway pertinent incision we keep making
(I denied not knowing how cadenza was meant) &
Neapolitan pockets in small furniture intended house
chance several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a
big tango when the attorney general came, said amen,
"Dias, oh, ho kook!" Xanthippe Ellington! "Tootin' Through the
Roof" Tobacco warehouse, curls no rabbit rabbit rabbit rabbit
texture so to speak was at the cleaners hot and
stubble somewhere unnoticed, chirping presence
the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers the

detour a cello a day dishevels a boat cold otter chose in the core
slaughter because we're waiting all throughout
eternity for solos to be of such suchness.
In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks
All models like films about their friends in pastel
of darkness falling like an afghan around the manatee.
Likewise seems sandpaper huckster with seesaw inchworms and
recently soft brute of subject's object status, violent
transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus hapax
switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angels
considered shrill as I'm left in the acres to be aging
flutes sing fender-benderless in trio, h-h-h-holy cow!
effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
And, with a shout, collecting coat hangers
saunter lope pentecost Timon of Athens operator will you cockpit
out, transplanted organs speak, "arf!" the idiom
inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
uncreased although each snare still trembles QuarkXpress
which explains why the sump is busted and why
he preferred Hole to afternoons on the phone with that
carp, a cousin on the moon, remember the needy
capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
heats me up the porridge," it's like a huge typo
of familiarity. I am storing valence for later use
I know the war-whoop in each dusty arrogance
among the choruses and the different people
Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is Hokey Pokey
collecting the very boring nouns that come in on the breeze
delicate lace flies tied by Pelican Bill, yo, in the house,
of narration with part of good moisture. Here, bile, sopor,
ebullience is a token gesture of the sauced, Red Stuff.
I have a lot of duodenum. In the freezer we can defend some
woods on a snowy evening, my yellow rose is lovely dark and deep
as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in
our palaver. Have? Will not a binge of harmony which
in the end go "meerschaum" on us till we Tempest ourselves to
bearings where the heiress is cows bathing in starlight. Give

the poor temp a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of
hidden porchlight in the platitude that she has given his
longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be canonized
elevates politicos and blond ones also raving vortices but
does hang-gliding exist or is the circle a bulb of "plus" expenses
cabins away from "Flash and Filligree" and "Goat's Head Soup"
travel stiffly by the tears for so many tendons
documentary to mean full body winter with alcohol removed
sending the bulk of closure with sentient loops
closing about the glottal stop, succulent, ordinary
Charles Alexander
Chax Press
P.O. Box 19178
Minneapolis, MN 55419-0178
[REDACTED] (phone & fax)
[REDACTED]

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370. **Charles Bernstein**

"Free Poetics" (Daily Message Threshold (50) exceeded for list)

Tue 12 Sep 1995

It's 11pm in Buffalo as I log in and get this message (about the fourth or fifth time in the life of the list):

Date: Tue, 12 Sep 1995 21:54:18 -0400 From: "L-Soft list server at UBVM (1.8b)" <[REDACTED]> Subject: Message ("Daily message threshold (50) exceeded for list...") To: Charles Bernstein <[REDACTED]>

Daily message threshold (50) exceeded for list POETICS. The list has been held and will stop processing messages until a "FREE POETICS" command is received from you.

So just to "Reveal Codes" and all that. Will now unlock the list.

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371. **Rod Smith**

Re: Fall Ear Inn Schedule (fwd)

Tue 12 Sep 1995

I'm informed that the Watten / MacLow reading is Oct. 14th NOT Oct. 21.
Guess that would put Goldsmith/Fodaski the 21st?

Watten will be reading DC Oct. 15th. at Bridge Street Books. Rosmarie Waldrop & Joan Retallack will be reading in Nov.

--Rod

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372. **Charles Alexander**

Re: Sheila & Jorge's Excellent Adventure

Wed 13 Sep 1995

>> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
>> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
>> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
>> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
>> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
>> The caravan of windows to what they flee
>> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
>> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
>> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
>> Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
>> & opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the
>> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind accident
>> kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
>> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
>> flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water'
>> s halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
>> (inspection denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &
>> neo-colonizing pockets in small furniture intended house
>> sequentially several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a
>> big tango when the attorney general came, selah hales said,
>> "Dias,oh,ho kook!" Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the
>> Roof" Tobacco warehouse, nada curls no ideas but the woven fabric the
>> texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners piping hot and
>> gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience y pues nada
>> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' liversthe odor
>> day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore
>> Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout
>> eternity for moments to be of such suchness,
>> to hold a rattle up, to eat our mommies.
>> In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks
>> All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds
>> of darkness falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.
>> Likewise seams andpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and

>> recently soft fruit of subject's object status, violent
>> transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu
>> switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles
>> considered shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
>> flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprisedby how quiet
>> effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
>> through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
>> petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
>> alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
>> and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
>> saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
>> out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
>> inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
>> uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
>> which explains why the pump is busted and why
>> he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
>> crap about not having a cousin on the moon
>> capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
>> prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
>> start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
>> heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
>> of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
>> I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative
>> among the invoices and the difference engines
>> Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there
>> collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze
>> delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house
>> of narration with partners of good moisture. Here,touch my
>> ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.
>> I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some
>> woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep
>> as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in
>> our palaver have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which
>> in the end goes meerschaum on us till we blink ourselves to
>> creeping where the sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give
>> temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of
>> hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his
>> longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read
>> ingratiates politicos and blond ones also shaven vortices but
>> does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses
>> cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup
>> trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons

>> demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed
>> by trained leeches from under the rotting elastic, a feast
>> conducted by William Carlos Williams & the Five Snorers,
laying on rocks in the wind, dissonance the order of our day

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373. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: Sheila & Jorge's Excellent Adventure

Wed 13 Sep 1995

Jorge wrote:

> Sheila wrote

>> Jorge wrote:

>> >Sheila wrote

>> >Jorge wrote:

>> >Sheila wrote

>> >Jorge wrote:

>> >Sheila wrote:

>> >Jorge wrote:

>> >

>> >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.And flew

>> >through windows '95, lightning green and fine morning

>> >First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

>> >The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

>> >Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

>> >The caravan of windows to what they flee

>> >These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

>> >Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling

>> >but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago

>> >Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing

>> >& opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the

>> >bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind

>> >kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she

>> >gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of

>> >flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water'

>> >s halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance

>> >(inspection denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &

>> >neo-colonizing pockets in small furniture intended house

>> >sequentially several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a

>> >big tango when the attorney general came, selah hailes said,

>> >"Dias,oh,ho kook!"Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the

>> >Roof" Tobacco warehouse, curls no ideas but the woven fabric the

>> >texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners piping hot and
>> >gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
>> >the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' liversthe odor
>> >day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore
>> >Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout
>> >eternity for moments to be of such suchness.
>> >In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks
>> >All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds
>> >of darkness falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.
>> >Likewise seams andpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and
>> >recently soft fruit of subject's object status, violent
>> >transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu
>> >switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles
>> >considered shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
>> >flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprisedby how quiet
>> >effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
>> >through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
>> >petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
>> >alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
>> >and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
>> >saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
>> >out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
>> >inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
>> >uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
>> >which explains why the pump is busted and why
>> >he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
>> >crap about not having a cousin on the moon
>> >capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
>> >prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
>> >start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
>> >heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
>> >of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
>> >I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative
>> >among the invoices and the difference engines
>> >Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there
>> >collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze
>> >delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house
>> >of narration with partners of good moisture. Here,touch my
>> >ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.
>> >I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some
>> >woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep
>> >as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in

>> >our palaver have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which
>> >in the end goes meerschaum on us till we blink ourselves to
>> >creeping where the sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give
>> >temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of
>> >hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his
>> >longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read
>> >ingratiates politicos and blond ones also shaven vortices but
>> >does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses
>> >cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup
>> >trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons
>> demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed
>spending the bulk of closure with sentient scoops
threatening to have been arrested when the party wasn't looking

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374. **Thomas Bell**

permissions

Wed 13 Sep 1995

1) I am having trouble remembering what I did or didn't contribute. I'm not sure how I can give permission for something I don't remember doing, but am willing to do so. Thomas Bell.

2) However, after giving the issue some thought, I'm not sure I agree with piecemeal publication - what is important here I think is the process rather than the content. It is fairly common to release material and programs to freeware or the public domain with the stipulation that they only be released in their entirety. Other thoughts on this issue?

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375. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: Sheila & Jorge's Excellent Adventure

Wed 13 Sep 1995

chris wrote:

>>>S&J's excellent adventure sans chevrons

>>

>Jorge wrote:

>Sheila wrote

>Jorge wrote:

>Sheila wrote
>Jorge wrote:
>Sheila wrote:
>Jorge wrote:
>
>Sheila wrote:
>
>In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.And flew
>through windows '95, lightning green and fine morning
>First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
>The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
>Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
>The caravan of windows to what they flee
>These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
>Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
>but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
>Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
>& opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the
>bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
>kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
>gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
>flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water'
>s halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
>(inspection denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &
>neo-colonizing pockets in small furniture intended house
>sequentially several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a
>big tango when the attorney general came, selah hales said,
>"Dias,oh,ho kook!"Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the
>Roof" Tobacco warehouse, curls no ideas but the woven fabric the
>texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners piping hot and
>gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
>the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' liversthe odor
>day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore
>Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout
>eternity for moments to be of such suchness.
>In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks
>All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds
>of darkness falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.
>Likewise seams andpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and
>recently soft fruit of subject's object status, violent
>transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu
>switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles

>considered shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
>flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprisedby how quiet
>effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
>through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
>petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
>alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
>and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
>saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
>out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
>inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
>uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
>which explains why the pump is busted and why
>he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
>crap about not having a cousin on the moon
>capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
>prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
>start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
>heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
>of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
>I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative
>among the invoices and the difference engines
>Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there
>collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze
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>of narration with partners of good moisture. Here,touch my
>ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.
>I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some
>woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep
>as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in
>our palaver have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which
>in the end goes meerscham on us till we blink ourselves to
>creeping where the sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give
>temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of
>hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his
>longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read
>ingratiates politicos and blond ones also shaven vortices but
>does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses
>cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup
>trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons
>demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed
>by trained leeches from under the rotting elastic, a feast
of cinched trousers, steel wool and classicists weeviling their way to

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376. **Thomas Bell**

Taking mercy on the over-posted

Wed 13 Sep 1995

On Monday, Sept. 11 Jorge Guitart

On Mon, 11 Sep 1995, Thomas Bell wrote:

But they do.

Makke a rite that is. Jorge wrote

On Sun, 10 Sep 1995, Jorge el Canadiense wrote:

El otro Jorge wrote:

Sheila wrote:

Jorge wrote:

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were

*books.>e> > > morning> > >> >> >> > > > > First inverted whistle of a
cardinal in the poplar> > >> >> >> >> >> > The book and the oboe on
the*

<SNIP>

<HIDE>

<SNIP>

> grass under sun and cloud> > >> >> >> > > > > Go endlessly, an
obtuse

> Prussian blue, it binds> > >> >> >> > > > > The caravan of windows
to

> shakes and drear, get lost in our> > > palaver> > >> > have tongue will
> travel not a binge of harmony which in the end goes> > >> sublime is
cows

> bathing in starlight. Give temporality a rest, for> > > widest space
succom

> to onslaughts of hidden porchlight in the latitude> > > that she has given

> his longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal> > event of the first

> order, observed by St. Petersburg poets on horses mounted on cardboard

> which i had given Park Place & two railroads for--

> for the price Barnum %& Bailey began postmodernism with

> by not giving the auroras-of-autumn suckers and even break, but
scratching Chickens Little little knew the red wheelie he

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377. **W. Northcutt**

Red Wheelbarrow and that Road-Kill Chicken

Wed 13 Sep 1995

How terribly offensive the discussion has turned re Williams.

He is neither vanilla at Baskin Robbins, nor white sauce. And Ron, you should know better. He isn't butter on biscuits. He is plumb-jam on bagels.

Rengas are stinky cheese, or should be.

Must it always take an expatriate to set straight those of you in the English-speaking countries????

Chicken House Willie

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378. **Ron Silliman**

Re: use narrative engines

Wed 13 Sep 1995

Jordan,

Really like what you're doing with (to) the rengiad.

But touch your own red stuff, puhlease.

Ed (Hal?)

White sauce w/ WCW has too much fat. Dat's the way they like it in Iowa City.

Ron

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379. **cris cheek**

Re: Sheila & Jorge's Excellent Adventure

Wed 13 Sep 1995

> Sheila wrote

>> Jorge wrote:

>> >Sheila wrote

>> >Jorge wrote:

>> >Sheila wrote

>> >Jorge wrote:

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>> >Jorge wrote:

>> >

>> >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.And flew

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>> >First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
>> >The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
>> >Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
>> >The caravan of windows to what they flee
>> >These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
>> >Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
>> >but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
>> >Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
>> >& opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the
>> >bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
>> >kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
>> >gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
>> >flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water'
>> >s halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
>> >(inspection denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &
>> >neo-colonizing pockets in small furniture intended house
>> >sequentially several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a
>> >big tango when the attorney general came, selah hales said,
>> >"Dias,oh,ho kook!"Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the
>> >Roof" Tobacco warehouse, curls no ideas but the woven fabric the
>> >texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners piping hot and
>> >gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
>> >the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' liversthe odor
>> >day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore
>> >Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout
>> >eternity for moments to be of such suchness.
>> >In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks
>> >All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds
>> >of darkness falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.
>> >Likewise seams andpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and
>> >recently soft fruit of subject's object status, violent
>> >transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu
>> >switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles
>> >considered shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
>> >flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprisedby how quiet
>> >effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
>> >through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
>> >petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
>> >alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
>> >and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
>> >saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit

>> >out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
>> >inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
>> >uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
>> >which explains why the pump is busted and why
>> >he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
>> >crap about not having a cousin on the moon
>> >capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
>> >prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
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>> >heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
>> >of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
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>> >does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses
>> >cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup
>> >trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons
>> demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed
>spending the bulk of closure with sentient scoops
that fluke picnic shot out of these worlds we spread been-to

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380. **Don Cheney**

twenty questions

Wed 13 Sep 1995

*Probably the less said about the language of life, and the more about
linebreak the better, but I'm guessing the new radio show out of*

Buffalo won't have the kind of grant money PBS did, nor would it use that money to produce a very slick set of teacher's guides (including 18 poet cards--bigger and less exciting than baseball cards). Outreach! they call it.

Here are some "questions to think about" from the teacher's guide to "The Language of Life" with Bill Moyers (with apologies to C Forche, the only list member ((I think)) involved). High school teachers will be asking these questions to future citizens of our various polises (polices?) in the next few weeks...

Why is "what you dream up" deeper than what you know? I don't know.

What will you do with your time? Besides renga-ing out, "Pinch me Alfredo and pass the hot sauce"?

Why should you be suspicious of what you want? Because I want what I'm suspicious of.

When did you last surprise wounds of your own this long time unmothered?
The last meeting I attended at work.

How _can_ we move toward one another?
Try a little push-broom.

How do you know if you can or can't sing?
I cant.

When do you catch sight of the promised land?
It pokes out my brain and through my forehead.

What have you been given for your poetry?
A high-five from Bill Luoma.

To what do you pledge allegiance?
The doppelg nger of Double Cola.

What is the "myself" that you want to be?
An American Kestrel.

What kind of satchel do you carry your poems in?
More like, "What kind of Satchel do you carry your Paiges in?"

How have you honored that floral apron?
Hideo Nomo swats horseflies.

When did you last forget _your_
distance?
I never knew it.

What are the circumstances in which you are reading the poem?
Many.

What would you aim your poems at?
The inside part of the plate.

What music is great enough to bring you back?

Meat Puppets.

What leads you back to a person you need to remember?

Notes.

What happened before you were born that still matters to you now?

Castro.

I'll be collecting your papers next Tuesday, typed, double spaced... Jordan

-- Saved internet headers (useful for debugging)

Date: Tue, 12 Sep 1995 18:10:46 -0400

From: "Jordan Davis." <[REDACTED]>

Subject: twenty questions

To: Multiple recipients of list POETICS <[REDACTED]>

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381. **Judy Roitman**

Re: Entry Phrasing

Wed 13 Sep 1995

Someone asked (rhetorically I believe) if Homer ever uses "I". So I asked my husband Stanley Lombardo and he responded:

Yes, Homer does say "I" of himself, In Iliad 2, right before the catalogue of the ships. And in the first line of the Odyssey he says "me."

(Stan's translation of the Iliad comes out next fall.)

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382. **Judy Roitman**

Re: unidentified photo

Wed 13 Sep 1995

I know some of you are familiar with Theresa Cha's book Dictee, so I thought maybe I could pose my question here. It is: who is the woman in the picture at the beginning of the Erato-Love Poetry section? She's holding what looks like a flag and sword. I would appreciate any help. --brian

Hi, Stan. Isn't Dictee the book we picked up at SMall Press Distribution?

----- Judy Roitman, Math,
University of Kansas, Lawrence, KS 66045, [REDACTED]

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383. **Judy Roitman**

Re: Fall Ear Inn Schedule (fwd)

Wed 13 Sep 1995

I'm informed that the Watten / MacLow reading is Oct. 14th NOT Oct. 21. Guess that would put Goldsmith/Fodaski the 21st?

*Watten will be reading DC Oct. 15th. at Bridge Street Books.
Rosmarie Waldrop & Joan Retallack will be reading in Nov.*

--Rod

I'm going to be in DC next week. Any readings Thursday through Saturday night? (9-21 & 9-23).

Really enjoy visiting Bridge Street Books whenever I'm in town.

----- Judy Roitman, Math,
University of Kansas, Lawrence, KS 66045, [REDACTED]

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384. **Bill Luoma**

Corrected Fall Ear Inn Schedule (fwd)

Wed 13 Sep 1995

OCTOBER &
NOVEMBER
AT THE EAR INN

October 7: Rob Fitterman/Dan Farrell Rob Fitterman, editor of Object and ex-chinchilla rancher, is the author of Ameresque, Metropolis and Why It Won't Fly. Rob was recently named one of People Magazine's Best Dressed of 1995 and his current project involves nirvana. Dan Farrell is the author of ape and Thimking of You. Chef to the minion of Gormal, Dan lives in Vancouver and has recently been touring with the musical group Nostradamus Now.

October 14: Barrett Watten/Jackson MacLow Barrett Watten co-edits Poetics Journal, teaches Modernism and Cultural Studies at Wayne State University in Detroit and is the author of Plasma, Progress and the forthcoming Frame: 1970-1990. Jackson MacLow has written numerous books including 42 Merzgedichte in Memoriam Kurt Schwitters and Pieces o' Six. MacLow is currently searching the manufacturing sector for pyramid shapes.

October 21: Kenneth Goldsmith/Liz Fodaski Kenneth Goldsmith is a ham radio host with a muckraker's eye and an arsenal of political products. His books include 73 Poems, The Mona Lisa Smiled at Me and Green Apples. Liz Fodaski edits Torque, pronounces her name phonetically and teaches English at St. Ann's in Brooklyn. She is the author of Ouch, Millenarian's Phonebook and Who Dunnit and knows the secret of ruby mining.

October 28: Carla Harryman/Steve Benson Carla Harryman is the author of Animal Instincts and Property and is most famous for her discovery of salt. Monkeywrencher of commodification industries and exalted by mammals, Carla receives information without charge. Steve Benson has written The Buses and The Blue Book. Benson collaborates with Biblical figures without regard to the status of hydroponic farming in Alaska.

November 4: Gale Nelson/Charles Cantalupo Gale Nelson is the author of Stare Decisis (Burning Deck), Little Brass Pump (Leave Books), and The Mystic Cypher (Texture). He is also editor of the journal Cathay. He currently teaches at Brown University. Charles Cantalupo is the author of ANIMA/L WO/MAN AND OTHER SPIRITS (Spectacular Diseases), The World of Ngugi Wa Thiong'o (Africa World Press) and numerous other volumes of poetry and criticism.

November 11: Jessica Grim/John Keene Jessica Grim is the author of Locale (Potes & Poets, 1995), The Inveterate Life (O Books, 1990), Intrepid Hearts (Coincidence, 1986). She is the co-editor of Big Allis, and lives and works in Oberlin, Ohio. John Keene is the author of the recently published experimental novel, "Annotations" (New Directions, 1995). He is a member of the Dark Room Collective, and managing editor of Callaloo.

November 18: Thomas Meyer/Jonathan Williams Thomas Meyer is the author of Staves, Calends, Legends: The Umbrella of Aesculapius; Sappho's Raft and the Bang Bood-all from The Jargon Society, and Tom Writes This For Robert To Read (St. Lazaire). Jonathan Williams is the founder of The Jargon Society, and the author of An Ear in Bartram's Tree, Quote, Unquote (Ten Speed Press), Dementations of a Shank Mare (Truck Press) and many other books.

November 25: Drew Gardner/Juliana Spahr Drew Gardner is the author of The Stone Walk (St. Lazaire) and The Cover (Leave Books). His work has appeared in Talisman, Notus and O.blek. He is also a musician who has recently performed at the Knitting Factory. Juliana Spahr is the publisher of Leave Books and the author of Nuclear (Leave Books). Recent publications edited include Chain and A Poetics of Criticism. She has recently returned to Manhattan after receiving her Ph.D from SUNY Buffalo.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON READINGS BEGIN AT 3:00PM! \$3 contribution goes to readers. THE EAR INN is at 326 Spring Street, NYC. Coordinators for this series are Jeff Hull (October) and Tim Davis and Brian Kim Stefans (November).

Continuing support for this series is provided by the Segue Foundation. Funding is also made possible by support from the Literature Program of the New York State Council on the Arts. PLEASE SUPPORT THE EAR-COME EARLY FOR LUNCH, STAY LATE FOR DINNER!

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385. **Mark Wallace**

Ruthless Grip Art Project Poetry Readings

Wed 13 Sep 1995

Here's the fall list of readings at D.C.'s Ruthless Grip Art Project:

October 14--Bill Luoma and Jordan Davis

November 11--An Evening of Sound Performance with Mike Basinski and members of the East Buffalo Media Association

December 9--Juliana Spahr and Mary Hilton

Ruthless Grip is located on U Street NW near the corner of 15th. All readings are Saturday nights at 7:30 p.m.

Bridge Street Books (Rod Smith) and the DCAC Arts Center (Heather Fuller and Joe Ross) are also featuring reading series in D.C. this fall. Rod Smith and Joe Ross can be reached via the Poetics list.

mark wallace

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386. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

Re: inquiry from the unlettered

Wed 13 Sep 1995

Ed -- I know who Hal Foster is, but who the hell is this a. neilson guy?

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387. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

Re: rehire

Wed 13 Sep 1995

Alan -- just out of curiosity -- weren't you guys trying to hire in postcolonial studies a few years back? Is this another try, or did somebody leave? I know one possible candidate here in the Bay area -- will tell him about it --

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388. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

Re: unrenga the bell

Wed 13 Sep 1995

I have read every word of every renga, and have not once contributed a line. I hereby grant permission to include my lurking presence in any and all future reproductions of said rengas unconditionally and in perpetuity.

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389. **Steven Howard Shoemaker**

renga

Wed 13 Sep 1995

Well, I have to admit I "started" it. But i agree with Charles Alexander that that doesn't really make a helluva lot of difference.

best,
steve shoemaker

"From: Thomas Bell <[REDACTED]>

Subject: renga

Is no one going to take responsibility of initiating this whole thing. I would say that that person is in reality the author and they should be the one whose permission is needed"

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390. **Daniel Bouchard/College/hmco**

Re: Entry Phrasing

Wed 13 Sep 1995

Is Stan's translation being published by HACKETT in Cambridge, Mass. by any chance?

Just curious.

[REDACTED]

Someone asked (rhetorically I believe) if Homer ever uses "I". So I asked my husband Stanley Lombardo and he responded:

Yes, Homer does say "I" of himself, In Iliad 2, right before the catalogue of the ships. And in the first line of the Odyssey he says "me."

(Stan's translation of the Iliad comes out next fall.)

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391. **Rod Smith**

Re: twenty questions, sort of

Wed 13 Sep 1995

Rather like the question:

>What are the circumstances in which you are reading the poem?

More DC area readings coming up--

Carolyn Forché & Joan Retallack at The Writer's Center in Bethesda Oct. 22nd at 2 PM.

Coming up at Ruthless Grip, near 15th & U, Oct 14-- Bill Luoma & Jordan Davis, Nov. 11-- Mike Basinski & members of his roving band, Dec 9-- Juliana Spahr & Mary Hilton, all readings begin at 7:30.

--Rod

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392. **Louis Cabri**

trued to sound a version of Tue, 12 Sep 1995 01:23:45 -0400

Wed 13 Sep 1995

In the chooks ere reamed the dreams wear toques

Flew to rue a doer's light ease by tine's din

Worst cardinal lair

Bowed asunder sun loud

End less use rushing ruse finds

Raving seeded to flee

Placed tains moral-gauzed heads

Coddle-ware spin dribblings

But a row in the ear

Fees top peddling owls

"Heady crude"

To each a cage ordered to compass

A condiment

Rice feasts toothed

Undid in twos

To hose an iffy haze

Fussed into dialing lots

Owls' edgy rental

Linguent spread and heft
Just proxy juices
Guesses still lip to print a named rarity

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393. **Sheila E. Murphy**

Re: this break will or will not not branch

Wed 13 Sep 1995

>In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
>And flew through windows lightning green and fine morning
>First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
>The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
>Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
>The caravan of windows to what they flee
>These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
>Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
>but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
>Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
>& opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the
>bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
>kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
>gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
>flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water's
>halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
>(inspection denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &
>neo-colonizing pockets in small furniture intended house
>sequentially several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a
>big tango when the attorney general came, selah haes said,
>"Dias,oh,ho kook!"Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the
>Roof" Tobacco warehouse, curls no ideas but the woven fabric the
>texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners piping hot and
>gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
>the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' liversthe odor
>day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore
>Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout
>eternity for moments to be of such suchness.
>In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks
>All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds
>of darkness falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.
>Likewise seams andpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and
>recently soft fruit of subject's object status, violent

>transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu
>switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles
>considered shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
>flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprisedby how quiet
>effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
>through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
>petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
>alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
>and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
>saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
>out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
>inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
>uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
>which explains why the pump is busted and why
>he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
>crap about not having a cousin on the moon
>capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
>prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
>start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
>heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
>of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
>I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative
>among the invoices and the difference engines
>Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there
>collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze
>delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house
>of narration with partners of good moisture. Here,touch my
>ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.
>I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some
>woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep
>as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in
>our palaver have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which
>in the end goes meerschaum on us till we blink ourselves to
>creeping where the sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give
>temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of
>hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his
>longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read
>ingratiates politicos and blond ones also shaven vortices but
>does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses
>cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup
>trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons
>demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed

>by trained leeches from under the rotting elastic, a feast
>of swirling eddies with beaucoup of labia & confetti
>starving time's scythe for water, matching colors to go
crecheward into sweet line drawings clothed to world our

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394. **Tony Green**
Re: SPECIAL AGENCY
Wed 13 Sep 1995

Marcel Proust = rats crumple

Tony Green,
e-mail: [REDACTED]

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395. **Jorge Guitart**
Re: Sheila & Jorge's Excellent Adventure
Wed 13 Sep 1995

> > George B wrote
> > Jorge wrote:
> > Sheila wrote
> > Jorge wrote:
> > Sheila wrote
> > Jorge wrote:
> > Sheila wrote:
> > Jorge wrote:
> >
> > Sheila wrote:
> >
> > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.And flew
> > through windows '95, lightning green and fine morning
> > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> > The caravan of windows to what they flee
> > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> > Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
> > & opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the
> > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind accident

> > kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
> > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> > flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water'
> > s halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> > (inspection denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &
> > neo-colonizing pockets in small furniture intended house
> > sequentially several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a
> > big tango when the attorney general came, selah hales said,
> > "Dias,oh,ho kook!"Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the
> > Roof" Tobacco warehouse, nada curls no ideas but the woven fabric the
> > texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners piping hot and
> > gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience y pues nada
> > the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' liversthe odor
> > day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore
> > Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout
> > eternity for moments to be of such suchness,
> > to hold a rattle up, to eat our mommies.
> > In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks
> > All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds
> > of darkness falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.
> > Likewise seams andpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and
> > recently soft fruit of subject's object status, violent
> > transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu
> > switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles
> > considered shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> > flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprisedby how quiet
> > effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> > through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> > petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> > alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
> > and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> > saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
> > out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
> > inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> > uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
> > which explains why the pump is busted and why
> > he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
> > crap about not having a cousin on the moon
> > capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
> > prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
> > start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
> > heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose

> > of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
> > I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative
> > among the invoices and the difference engines
> > Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there
> > collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze
> > delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house
> > of narration with partners of good moisture. Here, touch my
> > ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.
> > I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some
> > woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep
> > as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in
> > our palaver have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which
> > in the end goes meerschaum on us till we blink ourselves to
> > creeping where the sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give
> > temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of
> > hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his
> > longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read
> > ingratiates politicians and blond ones also shaven vortices but
> > does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses
> > cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup
> > trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons
> > demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed
> > by trained leeches from under the rotting elastic, a feast
> > conducted by William Carlos Williams & the Five Snorers--
The Mothers of Pathos and Pity opened for them, & it was

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396. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: this break will or will not not branch

Wed 13 Sep 1995

On Tue, 12 Sep 1995, Scott Krieger wrote:

> > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books. And flew
> > > through windows '95, lightning green and fine morning
> > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> > > The caravan of windows to what they flee
> > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> > > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> > > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> > > Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing

> > > & opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the
> > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> > > kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
> > > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> > > flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water'
> > > s halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> > > (inspection denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &
> > > neo-colonizing pockets in small furniture intended house
> > > sequentially several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a
> > > big tango when the attorney general came, selah hales said,
> > > "Dias,oh,ho kook!"Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the
> > > Roof" Tobacco warehouse, curls no ideas but the woven fabric the
> > > texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners piping hot and
> > > gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
> > > the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' liversthe odor
> > > day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore
> > > Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout
> > > eternity for moments to be of such suchness.
> > > In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks
> > > All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds
> > > of darkness falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.
> > > Likewise seams andpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and
> > > recently soft fruit of subject's object status, violent
> > > transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu
> > > switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles
> > > considered shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> > > flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprisedby how quiet
> > > effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> > > through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> > > petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> > > alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
> > > and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> > > saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
> > > out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
> > > inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> > > uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
> > > which explains why the pump is busted and why
> > > he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
> > > crap about not having a cousin on the moon
> > > capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
> > > prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
> > > start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,

> > > heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
> > > of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
> > > I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative
> > > among the invoices and the difference engines
> > > Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there
> > > collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze
> > > delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house
> > > of narration with partners of good moisture. Here, touch my
> > > ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.
> > > I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some
> > > woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep
> > > as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in
> > > our palaver have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which
> > > in the end goes meerschaum on us till we blink ourselves to
> > > creeping where the sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give
> > > temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of
> > > hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his
> > > longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read
> > > ingratiates politicians and blond ones also shaven vortices but
> > > does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses
> > > cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup
> > > trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons
> > > demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed
> > > by trained leeches from under the rotting elastic, a feast
> > > of swirling eddies with beaucoup of labia & confetti
> in the black stone cavity behind the swamphouse where we keep
> the papers with the blue seals and the green bottles gone rank
i was chewing on the iguana and sister angelica on the cameo

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397. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Sheila & Jorge's Excellent Adventure

Wed 13 Sep 1995

On Tue, 12 Sep 1995, Charles Alexander wrote:

> > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> > > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> > > The caravan of windows to what they flee
> > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

> > > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> > > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> > > Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
> > > & opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the
> > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind accident
> > > kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
> > > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> > > flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water'
> > > s halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> > > (inspection denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &
> > > neo-colonizing pockets in small furniture intended house
> > > sequentially several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a
> > > big tango when the attorney general came, selah haes said,
> > > "Dias,oh,ho kook!"Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the
> > > Roof" Tobacco warehouse, nada curls no ideas but the woven fabric the
> > > texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners piping hot and
> > > gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience y pues nada
> > > the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' liversthe odor
> > > day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore
> > > Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout
> > > eternity for moments to be of such suchness,
> > > to hold a rattle up, to eat our mommies.
> > > In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks
> > > All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds
> > > of darkness falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.
> > > Likewise seams andpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and
> > > recently soft fruit of subject's object status, violent
> > > transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu
> > > switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles
> > > considered shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> > > flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprisedby how quiet
> > > effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> > > through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> > > petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> > > alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
> > > and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> > > saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
> > > out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
> > > inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> > > uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
> > > which explains why the pump is busted and why
> > > he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that

> >> crap about not having a cousin on the moon
> >> capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
> >> prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
> >> start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
> >> heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
> >> of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
> >> I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative
> >> among the invoices and the difference engines
> >> Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there
> >> collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze
> >> delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house
> >> of narration with partners of good moisture. Here, touch my
> >> ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.
> >> I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some
> >> woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep
> >> as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in
> >> our palaver have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which
> >> in the end goes meerschaum on us till we blink ourselves to
> >> creeping where the sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give
> >> temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of
> >> hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his
> >> longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read
> >> ingratiates politicians and blond ones also shaven vortices but
> >> does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses
> >> cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup
> >> trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons
> >> demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed
> >> by trained leeches from under the rotting elastic, a feast
> >> conducted by William Carlos Williams & the Five Snorers,
> laying on rocks in the wind, dissonance the order of our day
 whereas earlier pieces had emphasized the slow brutality of time

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398. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Sheila & Jorge's Excellent Adventure

Wed 13 Sep 1995

Sheila wrote

> Jorge wrote:

> > Sheila wrote

> >> Jorge wrote:

> >> > Sheila wrote

> >> >Jorge wrote:
> >> >Sheila wrote
> >> >Jorge wrote:
> >> >Sheila wrote:
> >> >Jorge wrote:
> >> >
> >> >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.And flew
> >> >through windows '95, lightning green and fine morning
> >> >First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> >> >The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> >> >Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> >> >The caravan of windows to what they flee
> >> >These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> >> >Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> >> >but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> >> >Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
> >> >& opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the
> >> >bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> >> >kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
> >> >gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> >> >flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water'
> >> >s halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> >> >(inspection denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &
> >> >neo-colonizing pockets in small furniture intended house
> >> >sequentially several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a
> >> >big tango when the attorney general came, selah hales said,
> >> >"Dias,oh,ho kook!"Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the
> >> >Roof" Tobacco warehouse, curls no ideas but the woven fabric the
> >> >texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners piping hot and
> >> >gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
> >> >the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' liversthe odor
> >> >day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore
> >> >Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout
> >> >eternity for moments to be of such suchness.
> >> >In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks
> >> >All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds
> >> >of darkness falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.
> >> >Likewise seams andpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and
> >> >recently soft fruit of subject's object status, violent
> >> >transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu
> >> >switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles
> >> >considered shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging

> > > flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised by how quiet
> > > effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> > > through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> > > petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> > > alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
> > > and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> > > saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
> > > out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
> > > inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> > > uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
> > > which explains why the pump is busted and why
> > > he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
> > > crap about not having a cousin on the moon
> > > capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
> > > prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
> > > start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
> > > heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
> > > of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
> > > I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative
> > > among the invoices and the difference engines
> > > Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there
> > > collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze
> > > delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house
> > > of narration with partners of good moisture. Here, touch my
> > > ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.
> > > I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some
> > > woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep
> > > as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in
> > > our palaver have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which
> > > in the end goes meerscham on us till we blink ourselves to
> > > creeping where the sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give
> > > temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of
> > > hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his
> > > longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read
> > > ingratiates politicians and blond ones also shaven vortices but
> > > does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses
> > > cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup
> > > trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons
> > > demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed
> > spending the bulk of closure with sentient scoops
> threatening to have been arrested when the party wasn't looking
> wanting to hitch a ride back to Los Genitales (in the boondocks)

399. **Jordan Davis.**

Re: Sheila & Jorge's Excellent Adventure

Wed 13 Sep 1995

>> >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.And flew
>> >through windows '95, lightning green and fine morning
>> >First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
>> >The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
>> >Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
>> >The caravan of windows to what they flee
>> >These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
>> >Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
>> >but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
>> >Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
>> >& opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the
>> >bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
>> >kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
>> >gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
>> >flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water'
>> >s halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
>> >(inspection denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &
>> >neo-colonizing pockets in small furniture intended house
>> >sequentially several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a
>> >big tango when the attorney general came, selah hales said,
>> >"Dias,oh,ho kook!"Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the
>> >Roof" Tobacco warehouse, curls no ideas but the woven fabric the
>> >texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners piping hot and
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>> >the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' liverthe odor
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>> >Likewise seams andpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and
>> >recently soft fruit of subject's object status, violent
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>> >switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles
>> >considered shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
>> >flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprisedby how quiet

>> >effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
>> >through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
>> >petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
>> >alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
>> >and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
>> >saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
>> >out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
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>> >uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
>> >which explains why the pump is busted and why
>> >he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
>> >crap about not having a cousin on the moon
>> >capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
>> >prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
>> >start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
>> >heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
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>> >delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house
>> >of narration with partners of good moisture. Here,touch my
>> >ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.
>> >I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some
>> >woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep
>> >as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in
>> >our palaver have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which
>> >in the end goes meerschaum on us till we blink ourselves to
>> >creeping where the sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give
>> >temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of
>> >hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his
>> >longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read
>> >ingratiates politicos and blond ones also shaven vortices but
>> >does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses
>> >cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup
>> >trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons
>> demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed
>spending the bulk of closure with sentient scoops
threatening to have been arrested when the party wasn't looking
and it's back to deuce. There's the lovely Mrs. Churchyard

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400. **Jordan Davis.**

Re: Sheila & Jorge's Excellent Adventure

Wed 13 Sep 1995

>> >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.And flew
>> >through windows '95, lightning green and fine morning
>> >First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
>> >The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
>> >Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
>> >The caravan of windows to what they flee
>> >These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
>> >Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
>> >but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
>> >Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
>> >& opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the
>> >bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
>> >kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
>> >gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
>> >flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water'
>> >s halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
>> >(inspection denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &
>> >neo-colonizing pockets in small furniture intended house
>> >sequentially several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a
>> >big tango when the attorney general came, selah hales said,
>> >"Dias,oh,ho kook!"Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the
>> >Roof" Tobacco warehouse, curls no ideas but the woven fabric the
>> >texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners piping hot and
>> >gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
>> >the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' liversthe odor
>> >day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore
>> >Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout
>> >eternity for moments to be of such suchness.
>> >In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks
>> >All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds
>> >of darkness falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.
>> >Likewise seams andpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and
>> >recently soft fruit of subject's object status, violent
>> >transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu
>> >switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles
>> >considered shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
>> >flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprisedby how quiet
>> >effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep

>> >through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
>> >petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
>> >alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
>> >and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
>> >saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
>> >out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
>> >inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
>> >uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
>> >which explains why the pump is busted and why
>> >he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
>> >crap about not having a cousin on the moon
>> >capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
>> >prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
>> >start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
>> >heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
>> >of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
>> >I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative
>> >among the invoices and the difference engines
>> >Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there
>> >collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze
>> >delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house
>> >of narration with partners of good moisture. Here,touch my
>> >ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.
>> >I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some
>> >woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep
>> >as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in
>> >our palaver have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which
>> >in the end goes meerschaum on us till we blink ourselves to
>> >creeping where the sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give
>> >temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of
>> >hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his
>> >longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read
>> >ingratiates politicos and blond ones also shaven vortices but
>> >does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses
>> >cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup
>> >trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons
>> demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed
>spending the bulk of closure with sentient scoops
that fluke picnic shot out of these worlds we spread been-to
ach she's outside with the rummage, better get

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401. **Jordan Davis.**

Re: this break will or will not not branch

Wed 13 Sep 1995

>In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
>And flew through windows lightning green and fine morning
>First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
>The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
>Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
>The caravan of windows to what they flee
>These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
>Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
>but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
>Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
>& opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the
>bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
>kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
>gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
>flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water's
>halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
>(inspection denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &
>neo-colonizing pockets in small furniture intended house
>sequentially several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a
>big tango when the attorney general came, selah hales said,
>"Dias,oh,ho kook!"Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the
>Roof" Tobacco warehouse, curls no ideas but the woven fabric the
>texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners piping hot and
>gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience
>the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' liversthe odor
>day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore
>Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout
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>In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks
>All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds
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>Likewise seams andpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and
>recently soft fruit of subject's object status, violent
>transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu
>switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles
>considered shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
>flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprisedby how quiet
>effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep

>through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
>petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
>alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
>and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
>saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
>out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
>inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
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>start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
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>Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there
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>ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.
>I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some
>woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep
>as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in
>our palaver have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which
>in the end goes meerschaum on us till we blink ourselves to
>creeping where the sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give
>temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of
>hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his
>longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read
>ingratiates politicos and blond ones also shaven vortices but
>does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses
>cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup
>trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons
>demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed
>by trained leeches from under the rotting elastic, a feast
>of swirling eddies with beaucoup of labia & confetti
>starving time's scythe for water, matching colors to go
crecheward into sweet line drawings clothed to world our
repapered with farinaceous pictures of the king

402. **Jordan Davis.**

fugazi redshifter approaching colossus

Wed 13 Sep 1995

> > >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.And flew
> > >through windows '95, lightning green and fine morning
> > >First detrevni whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> > >The book and the old boy on the grass under sun and cloud
> > >Go endless, an obtuse cellar blue, it binds
> > >The caravan of endowments to what they flee
> > >These space curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> > >Boloed than aware, spin-art and pebbling
> > >but narrow in the face or foppish Sunday Hilda oh!
> > >Over coffee chopped with kissed lads, the Times blowing
> > >& opining, heavy humid air, we musing against the
> > >bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind
> > >missing the violinist between her rests as she
> > >indexes fracas problem: tool shacks, landscape of
> > >Zorro son of thunderhead and the storm in the steel glass
> > >s halfway pertinent incision we keep making
> > >(I denied not knowing how cadenza was meant) &
> > >Neapolitan pockets in small furniture intended house
> > >chance several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a
> > >big tango when the attorney general came, said amen,
> > >"Dias,oh, ho kook!"Xanthippe Ellington! "Tootin' Through the
> > >Roof" Tobacco warehouse, curls no rabbit rabbit rabbit
> > >texture so to speak was at the cleaners hot and
> > >stubble somewhere unnoticed, chirping presence
> > >the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers the
> > >detour a cello a day dishevels a boat cold otter chose in the core
> > >slaughter because we're waiting all throughout
> > >eternity for solos to be of such suchness.
> > >In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks
> > >All models like films about their friends in pastel
> > >of darkness falling like an afghan around the manatee.
> > >Likewise seems sandpaper huckster with seesaw inchworms and
> > >recently soft brute of subject's object status, violent
> > >transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus hapax
> > >switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angels
> > >considered shrill as I'm left in the acres to be aging
> > >flutes sing fender-benderless in trio, h-h-h-holy cow!

> > >effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> > >through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> > >petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> > >alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
> > >And, with a shout, collecting coat hangers
> > >saunter lope pentecost Timon of Athens operator will you cockpit
> > >out, transplanted organs speak, "arf!" the idiom
> > >inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> > >uncreased although each snare still trembles QuarkXpress
> > >which explains why the sump is busted and why
> > >he preferred Hole to afternoons on the phone with that
> > >carp, a cousin on the moon, remember the needy
> > >capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
> > >prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
> > >start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
> > >heats me up the porridge," it's like a huge typo
> > >of familiarity. I am storing valence for later use
> > >I know the war-whoop in each dusty arrogance
> > >among the choruses and the different people
> > >Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is Hokey Pokey
> > >collecting the very boring nouns that come in on the breeze
> > >delicate lace flies tied by Pelican Bill, yo, in the house,
> > >of narration with part of good moisture. Here, bile, sopor,
> > >ebullience is a token gesture of the sauced, Red Stuff.
> > >I have a lot of duodenum. In the freezer we can defend some
> > >woods on a snowy evening, my yellow rose is lovely dark and deep
> > >as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in
> > >our palaver. Have? Will not a binge of harmony which
> > >in the end go "meerschaum" on us till we Tempest ourselves to
> > >bearings where the heiress is cows bathing in starlight. Give
> > >the poor temp a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of
> > >hidden porchlight in the platitude that she has given his
> > >longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be canonized
> > >elevates politicos and blond ones also raving vortices but
> > >does hang-gliding exist or is the circle a bulb of "plus" expenses
> > >cabins away from "Flash and Filligree" and "Goat's Head Soup"
> > >travel stiffly by the tears for so many tendons
> > documentary to mean full body winter with alcohol removed
> sending the bulk of closure with sentient loops
> but my nerves are excellent tonight: I fired Mr. Churchyard
in the coin-op kiln on Sullen Street with my Saint Chris

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403. **Jordan Davis.**

big local news

Wed 13 Sep 1995

> > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books. And flew
> > through windows '95, lightning green and fine morning
> > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> > The caravan of windows to what they flee
> > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> > Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
> > & opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the
> > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind accident
> > kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
> > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> > flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water'
> > s halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> > (inspection denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &
> > neo-colonizing pockets in small furniture intended house
> > sequentially several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a
> > big tango when the attorney general came, selah hales said,
> > "Dias, oh, ho kook!" Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the
> > Roof" Tobacco warehouse, nada curls no ideas but the woven fabric the
> > texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners piping hot and
> > gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience y pues nada
> > the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' liver the odor
> > day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore
> > Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout
> > eternity for moments to be of such suchness,
> > to hold a rattle up, to eat our mommies.
> > In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks
> > All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds
> > of darkness falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.
> > Likewise seams and paper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and
> > recently soft fruit of subject's object status, violent
> > transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu
> > switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles
> > considered shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> > flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprised by how quiet

> > effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> > through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> > petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> > alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
> > and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> > saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
> > out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
> > inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> > uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
> > which explains why the pump is busted and why
> > he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
> > crap about not having a cousin on the moon
> > capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
> > prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
> > start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
> > heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
> > of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
> > I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative
> > among the invoices and the difference engines
> > Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there
> > collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze
> > delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house
> > of narration with partners of good moisture. Here, touch my
> > ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.
> > I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some
> > woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep
> > as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in
> > our palaver have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which
> > in the end goes meerschaum on us till we blink ourselves to
> > creeping where the sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give
> > temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of
> > hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his
> > longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read
> > ingratiates politicians and blond ones also shaven vortices but
> > does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses
> > cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup
> > trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons
> > demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed
> > by trained leeches from under the rotting elastic, a feast
> > conducted by William Carlos Williams & the Five Snorers--

The Mothers of Pathos and Pity opened for them, & it was
five o'clock on a saturday, and the regular crowd shuffles in

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404. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Taking mercy on the over-posted II

Wed 13 Sep 1995

(thanks Tom Bell for the idea)

In books were dreams, etc, etc.

.....

to onslaughts of hidden porchlight in the latitude
that she has given his longitude. Depth is directly stated.
A signal event of the first order
observed by St. Petersburg poets on horses
mounted on cardboard which i had given Park Place & two railroads for--
for the price Barnum %& Bailey began postmodernism with
by not giving the auroras-of-autumn suckers an even break, but
scratching Chickens Little little knew the red wheelie--he dead
adieu to Force de Frappe. We are going with Club Dread this year

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405. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Sheila & Jorge's Excellent Adventure

Wed 13 Sep 1995

Sheila wrote

> Chris wrote

> >Jorge wrote:

> >Sheila wrote

> >Jorge wrote:

> >Sheila wrote

> >Jorge wrote:

> >Sheila wrote:

> >Jorge wrote:

> >

> >Sheila wrote:

> >

> >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.And flew

(about 95 lines omitted)

> >our palaver have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which

> >in the end goes meerscham on us till we blink ourselves to

> >creeping where the sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give

> >temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of
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> >does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses
> >cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup
> >trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons
> >demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed
> >by trained leeches from under the rotting elastic, a feast
> of cinched trousers, steel wool and classicists weeviling their way to
train themselves as intensely sexual. They worked with oblong

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406. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure

Wed 13 Sep 1995

Chris wrote

> > Sheila wrote
> >> Jorge wrote:
> >> >Sheila wrote
> >> >Jorge wrote:
> >> >Sheila wrote
> >> >Jorge wrote:
> >> >Sheila wrote:
> >> >Jorge wrote:
> >> >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.And flew
(...)

> >> >hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his
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> >> >trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons
> >> demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed
> >spending the bulk of closure with sentient scoops
> that fluke picnic shot out of these worlds we spread been-to
say that the center cannot hold the nose tackle much longer

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407. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: this break will or will not not branch

Wed 13 Sep 1995

EDITED FOR TELEVISION

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
And flew through windows lightning green and fine morning
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.
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demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed
by trained leeches from under the rotting elastic, a feast
of swirling eddies with beaucoup of labia & confetti
starving time's scythe for water, matching colors to go
crecheward into sweet line drawings clothed to world our
anthological wrongings; i endured mereology for you & you alone*

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408. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: fugazi redshifter approaching colossus

Wed 13 Sep 1995

On Wed, 13 Sep 1995, Jordan Davis. wrote:

> > > >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.And flew
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> > > >Boloed than aware, spin-art and pebbling
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> > > >Over coffee chopped with kissed lads, the Times blowing
> > > >& opining, heavy humid air, we musing against the
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> > > >Zorro son of thunderhead and the storm in the steel glass
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> > > >(I denied not knowing how cadenza was meant) &
> > > >Neapolitan pockets in small furniture intended house
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> > > >he preferred Hole to afternoons on the phone with that
> > > >carp, a cousin on the moon, remember the needy
> > > >capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
> > > >prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so

> > > >start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
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> > > >I have a lot of duodenum. In the freezer we can defend some
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> > > >cabins away from "Flash and Filligree" and "Goat's Head Soup"
> > > >travel stiffly by the tears for so many tendons
> > > documentary to mean full body winter with alcohol removed
> > sending the bulk of closure with sentient loops
> > but my nerves are excellent tonight: I fired Mr. Churchyard
> in the coin-op kiln on Sullen Street with my Saint Chris
& Heilige Anna slapping me because I said that Trakl liked treacle

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409. **Jorge Guitart**

Re: big local news

Wed 13 Sep 1995

On Wed, 13 Sep 1995, Jordan Davis. wrote:

> > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.And flew
> > > through windows '95, lightning green and fine morning
> > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> > > The caravan of windows to what they flee
> > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

> > > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> > > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> > > Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
> > > & opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the
> > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind accident
> > > kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
> > > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> > > flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water'
> > > s halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance
> > > (inspection denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &
> > > neo-colonizing pockets in small furniture intended house
> > > sequentially several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a
> > > big tango when the attorney general came, selah haes said,
> > > "Dias,oh,ho kook!"Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the
> > > Roof" Tobacco warehouse, nada curls no ideas but the woven fabric the
> > > texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners piping hot and
> > > gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience y pues nada
> > > the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' liversthe odor
> > > day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore
> > > Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout
> > > eternity for moments to be of such suchness,
> > > to hold a rattle up, to eat our mommies.
> > > In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks
> > > All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds
> > > of darkness falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.
> > > Likewise seams andpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and
> > > recently soft fruit of subject's object status, violent
> > > transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu
> > > switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles
> > > considered shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> > > flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprisedby how quiet
> > > effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> > > through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> > > petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> > > alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
> > > and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> > > saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
> > > out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
> > > inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> > > uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
> > > which explains why the pump is busted and why
> > > he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that

> > > crap about not having a cousin on the moon
> > > capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
> > > prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
> > > start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
> > > heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
> > > of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
> > > I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative
> > > among the invoices and the difference engines
> > > Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there
> > > collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze
> > > delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house
> > > of narration with partners of good moisture. Here, touch my
> > > ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.
> > > I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some
> > > woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep
> > > as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in
> > > our palaver have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which
> > > in the end goes meerschaum on us till we blink ourselves to
> > > creeping where the sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give
> > > temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of
> > > hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his
> > > longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read
> > > ingratiates politicians and blond ones also shaven vortices but
> > > does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses
> > > cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup
> > > trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons
> > > demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed
> > > by trained leeches from under the rotting elastic, a feast
> > > conducted by William Carlos Williams & the Five Snorers--
> The Mothers of Pathos and Pity opened for them, & it was
> five o'clock on a saturday, and the regular crowd shuffles in
and the infirms of St James were dropping like flies

[↑ Contents](#)

410. **Chris Scheil**

***FWD: PLA Communique #32: VOCABULARY MODIFICATION
PROPOGANDA***

Wed 13 Sep 1995

Auto-Fellatio: a child's game, believed to have originated in the
American suburbs.

- Ballot: a unit of illicit currency, produced by the Rhodesian underground banking establishment as a supplement to legitimate coinage.
- Cranial: of or pertaining to narcolepsy and the symptoms thereof.
- Doric Column: a gallows tree. Also, a raised platform upon which the elderly are sometimes abandoned.
- Ergonomics: the science of sleep-control, pioneered by Lucus Cranach the Elder (1472-1553)
- Frontal-lobotomy: a cosmetic surgical technique, allowing the extrusion and sculptural molding of brain matter for aesthetic display.
- Glottal Stop: a method of torture, involving the forced introduction of super-heated pine resin into the abdominal cavity.
- Howitzer: a public sculpture.
- Incandescence: a small vulpine (*Ondatra Zibethica*), much valued for its luminescent pelt.
- Jimson-weed: indigenous plant (*Datura Stramonium*) of the North American Continent. Often used as a stimulant in the induction ceremonies of certain political cults.
- Knuckle: Gaelic word for a windfall of fish produced by the deployment of explosive material into shallow bodies of water..
- Linseed oil: an epidermal solvent used by health advocates to remove unwanted skin.
- Mastication: an obsolete term for martyrdom.
- Nasturtium: any small eavesdropping device parasitically imbedded, implanted, or otherwise introduced into human flesh; often associated with many European intelligence agencies.
- Oncology: a short-lived Polish literary movement (1974-1981)
- Phallus: a joke. Also, the headgear of certain Andalusian clowns.
- Quisling: a small waterfowl, much valued in Austria as a culinary oddity.
- Rectum: large arched opening, through which commuters pass on their way to a boarding gate. Also, a security checkpoint.
- Sub-munitions: small, metallic abstract religious idols, often found on Bedouin open-air altars throughout the Middle-East.
- Thermos: small canoptic jar in which forensic urine samples are stored.

Uterus: a cushion.

Vivisectionist's Law: a key demographic principle involving media distribution in minority populations, vital to the development of modern electronic communications.

War: an ancient ritual, presumed to demonstrate humankind's impatience with disease.

Xenophobia: a popular game show on American television (1952-1968)

Ziplock: official symbol of the American Medical Association, introduced (circa 1949) as a replacement for the well-known caduceus.

--BEGIN TRANSMISSION|INSTRUCTIONS ENSUING--

This is an official communique of the PLA (Phonemic Liberation Army) & is intended to be distributed as educational propaganda to targetted intellectual communities (see Order-of-Battle Chart ENDYMION, Appendix 12) only. Any unauthorized distribution or cross-curricular circulation is to be reported to local cohort leaders immediately. VIVE LE BLAGUE!

--END PLA TRANSMISSION--

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411. **Tony Green**

Re: Sheila & Jorge's Excellent Adventure

Wed 13 Sep 1995

Jorge Guitart wrote fairly recently:

> >> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.
> >> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning
> >> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar
> >> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud
> >> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds
> >> The caravan of windows to what they flee
> >> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more
> >> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling
> >> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago
> >> Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing
> >> & opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the
> >> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind accident
> >> kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she
> >> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of
> >> flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water'
> >> s halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance

> > > (inspection denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &
> > > neo-colonizing pockets in small furniture intended house
> > > sequentially several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a
> > > big tango when the attorney general came, selah hales said,
> > > "Dias,oh,ho kook!"Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the
> > > Roof" Tobacco warehouse, nada curls no ideas but the woven fabric the
> > > texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners piping hot and
> > > gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience y pues nada
> > > the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' liversthe odor
> > > day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore
> > > Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout
> > > eternity for moments to be of such suchness,
> > > to hold a rattle up, to eat our mommies.
> > > In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks
> > > All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds
> > > of darkness falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.
> > > Likewise seams andpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and
> > > recently soft fruit of subject's object status, violent
> > > transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu
> > > switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles
> > > considered shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging
> > > flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprisedby how quiet
> > > effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep
> > > through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes
> > > petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten
> > > alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead
> > > and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes
> > > saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit
> > > out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom
> > > inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power
> > > uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum
> > > which explains why the pump is busted and why
> > > he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that
> > > crap about not having a cousin on the moon
> > > capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool
> > > prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so
> > > start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,
> > > heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose
> > > of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use
> > > I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative
> > > among the invoices and the difference engines
> > > Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there

> >> collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze
> >> delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house
> >> of narration with partners of good moisture. Here, touch my
> >> ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.
> >> I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some
> >> woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep
> >> as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in
> >> our palaver have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which
> >> in the end goes meerschaum on us till we blink ourselves to
> >> creeping where the sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give
> >> temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of
> >> hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his
> >> longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read
> >> ingratiates politicians and blond ones also shaven vortices but
> >> does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses
> >> cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup
> >> trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons
> >> demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed
> >> by trained leeches from under the rotting elastic, a feast
> >> conducted by William Carlos Williams & the Five Snorers,
> laying on rocks in the wind, dissonance the order of our day
 whereas earlier pieces had emphasized the slow brutality of time
 elephantine wrinkles, rocks turning grey, starving termites from

Tony Green,

e-mail: [REDACTED]

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412. **Tony Green**

Re: Benson address

Wed 13 Sep 1995

Hi, I've lost track of Steve Benson for a while. Could you please send his snail address? Good luck with Ear Inn. I'd like to be there, but...

best

Tony Green,

e-mail: [REDACTED]

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413. **Tony Green**

Marcel Revisited

Wed 13 Sep 1995

pst! " o " omitted in earlier post!

Marcel Proust = crumple roast.

Tony Green,

e-mail: [REDACTED]

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414. **David Ayre**

dear listserv,

Wed 13 Sep 1995

Dear Listserv,

SET POETICS FREE FOR INFO FRIENDS

Yours,

AVID DEARY

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415. **David Ayre**

Hello INFO friends...

Wed 13 Sep 1995

Hello INFO FRIENDS...

I sit in sad repose as I put pen to paper
concerning an issue I've found most deeply
disturbing.

(sigh) . . .

I am not so sure i like this SUPER INFORMATION
HIGHWAY after all. It hasn't been so super for
me lately. Let me share with you my sweaty
parting sorrows...

I have just been forceably removed from 13
discussion lists including Small Engine and
Firearms Repair, Cyber Ceramics, Online Touque
Mending and Friends For Life.

This list is my last refuge, my last hope.... And from
what i've seen so far, things are lookin pretty good !

Bernstein, I, like you have a 8 x 11 picture I keep near to me. It's the picture of you on the cover of The Difficulties. Remember it ! Everyone, do you remember it ! You're sitting on that porch, a full head of hair all comfortably reclined with an "I just finished reading Ulysses and it only took an hour !" look on your face all casual with your junky jeans, shoddy vans with the droopy laces and a distinctly Canadian shirt. I keep your picture right next to my 40 x 20 enlargement of the Ron Silliman cigar chomping, crotch spread Difficulties Issue (they kept that one behind the counter...). Charles, every time I think about you, I touch my elf.

I am proud to be a member of this list, discussing art farts ache. I will not fall prey to Mr. Killians horny whims, nor George Bowerings sleazy nerdisms! Rod Smith and Andrew Klobucar's epitaphical exaggerations are boneheaded to say the least. As for Mr. Levy, I have never been in the same room with ANYONE before never mind these people you name. Do you have PICTURES ?! # \$! ? HUH ! and who is this Dodie Bellamy person anyway ? Is she for REAL ?

To sum it all up, I've had enough of you chauvinist fogeys.
There are three points I need to make here.

.
. .

And another thing! Andrew, does the word "SEMANTICS" mean anything to you?

And, believe it or not, McKuen is the best-selling poet in modern publishing

history. His 35 books of poetry have sold over 40 million copies.

But bad news soon surfaced--I know we all share contempt for his popular books. McKuen had sold 40 thousand copies of his first volume, Stanyan Street & Other Sorrows, from his basement before being scooped up by a Random House.

"what is with this david ayre ?", this Lapcourt farmhand,
this great bundle of hair !

"what is with this david ayre ?",
this avid deary with the dairy air
I'm just trying to be friendly, tis all !
to all my info friends, so . . .
O ! Mr. Killian, you might well just get me,
or might as well just fist me
(excuse me!)
in the end....

yours,
AVID DEARY

p.s.

I DID EVA DA DEER

~~~~~

a mantranagram (for george as he remembers me)

A DEAD YEAR

ADD A DEAD DAY

ADD A DEAD RIDE.

(sigh)

I DID-I-DID DA VARY ID !

A AVID ID DID RIDE

DID RIDE A DEAR DEER DEAD

A VARIED DAY I AD !

DARE I RIDE EVERY DAY

A RED DEER EAR ID DA RADIADER

(6 years later...)

YEAR AD DER YEAR, ID ID DER

A DEAD DEER EAR,

DA AVID ID DID DUD

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416. **David Ayre**

***Dear Listserv,***

*Wed 13 Sep 1995*

---

Dear Listserv,

SET POETICS LIST "NOT BORING" FOR JEFFREY TIMMONS

Yours,

AVID DEARY

[↑ Contents](#)

417. **cris cheek**

***Re: this break or make will or will not not branch***

*Wed 13 Sep 1995*

---

by rote

Jorge wrote:

>>

>> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.And flew  
>> through windows '95, lightning green and fine morning  
>> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
>> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
>> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
>> The caravan of windows to what they flee  
>> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more  
>> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling  
>> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago  
>> Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing  
>> & opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the  
>> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind  
>> kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she  
>> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of  
>> flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water'  
>> s halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance  
>> (inspection denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &  
>> neo-colonizing pockets in small furniture intended house  
>> sequentially several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a  
>> big tango when the attorney general came, selah hales said,  
>> "Dias,oh,ho kook!"Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the  
>> Roof" Tobacco warehouse, curls no ideas but the woven fabric the  
>> texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners piping hot and  
>> gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience  
>> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' liversthe odor  
>> day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore  
>> Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout  
>> eternity for moments to be of such suchness.  
>> In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks  
>> All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds  
>> of darkness falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.  
>> Likewise seams andpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and  
>> recently soft fruit of subject's object status, violent  
>> transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu  
>> switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles  
>> considered shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging  
>> flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprisedby how quiet  
>> effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep  
>> through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes  
>> petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten

>> alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead  
>> and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes  
>> saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit  
>> out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom  
>> inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power  
>> uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum  
>> which explains why the pump is busted and why  
>> he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that  
>> crap about not having a cousin on the moon  
>> capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool  
>> prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so  
>> start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,  
>> heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose  
>> of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use  
>> I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative  
>> among the invoices and the difference engines  
>> Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there  
>> collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze  
>> delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house  
>> of narration with partners of good moisture. Here, touch my  
>> ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.  
>> I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some  
>> woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep  
>> as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in  
>> our palaver have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which  
>> in the end goes meerschaum on us till we blink ourselves to  
>> creeping where the sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give  
>> temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of  
>> hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his  
>> longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read  
>> ingratiates politicos and blond ones also shaven vortices but  
>> does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses  
>> cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup  
>> trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons  
>> demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed  
>> by trained leeches from under the rotting elastic, a feast  
>> of swirling eddies with beaucoup of labia & confetti  
addressed from a lens to debris. Who truncated black's palette?

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418. **cris cheek**

**Re: ahem Chaim subroutine hawk stichic**

Wed 13 Sep 1995

---

via Jorge

>> > >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.And flew  
>> > >through windows '95, lightning green and fine morning  
>> > >First detrevni whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
>> > >The book and the old boy on the grass under sun and cloud  
>> > >Go endless, an obtuse cellar blue, it binds  
>> > >The caravan of endowments to what they flee  
>> > >These space curtains, more gauze than bondage, more  
>> > >Boloed than aware, spin-art and pebbling  
>> > >but narrow in the face or foppish Sunday Hilda oh!  
>> > >Over coffee chopped with kissed lads, the Times blowing  
>> > >& opining, heavy humid air, we musing against the  
>> > >bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind  
>> > >missing the violinist between her rests as she  
>> > >indexes fracas problem: tool shacks, landscape of  
>> > >Zorro son of thunderhead and the storm in the steel glass  
>> > >s halfway pertinent incision we keep making  
>> > >(I denied not knowing how cadenza was meant) &  
>> > >Neapolitan pockets in small furniture intended house  
>> > >chance several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a  
>> > >big tango when the attorney general came, said amen,  
>> > >"Dias,oh, ho kook!"Xanthippe Ellington! "Tootin' Through the  
>> > >Roof" Tobacco warehouse, curls no rabbit rabbit rabbit rabbit  
>> > >texture so to speak was at the cleaners hot and  
>> > >stubble somewhere unnoticed, chirping presence  
>> > >the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers the  
>> > >detour a cello a day dishevels a boat cold otter chose in the core  
>> > >slaughter because we're waiting all throughout  
>> > >eternity for solos to be of such suchness.  
>> > >In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks  
>> > >All models like films about their friends in pastel  
>> > >of darkness falling like an afghan around the manatee.  
>> > >Likewise seems sandpaper huckster with seesaw inchworms and  
>> > >recently soft brute of subject's object status, violent  
>> > >transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus hapax  
>> > >switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angels  
>> > >considered shrill as I'm left in the acres to be aging  
>> > >flutes sing fender-benderless in trio, h-h-h-holy cow!

>> > >effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep  
>> > >through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes  
>> > >petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten  
>> > >alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead  
>> > >And, with a shout, collecting coat hangers  
>> > >saunter lope pentecost Timon of Athens operator will you cockpit  
>> > >out, transplanted organs speak, "arf!" the idiom  
>> > >inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power  
>> > >uncreased although each snare still trembles QuarkXpress  
>> > >which explains why the sump is busted and why  
>> > >he preferred Hole to afternoons on the phone with that  
>> > >carp, a cousin on the moon, remember the needy  
>> > >capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool  
>> > >prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so  
>> > >start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,  
>> > >heats me up the porridge," it's like a huge typo  
>> > >of familiarity. I am storing valence for later use  
>> > >I know the war-whoop in each dusty arrogance  
>> > >among the choruses and the different people  
>> > >Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is Hokey Pokey  
>> > >collecting the very boring nouns that come in on the breeze  
>> > >delicate lace flies tied by Pelican Bill, yo, in the house,  
>> > >of narration with part of good moisture. Here, bile, sopor,  
>> > >ebullience is a token gesture of the sauced, Red Stuff.  
>> > >I have a lot of duodenum. In the freezer we can defend some  
>> > >woods on a snowy evening, my yellow rose is lovely dark and deep  
>> > >as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in  
>> > >our palaver. Have? Will not a binge of harmony which  
>> > >in the end go "meerscham" on us till we Tempest ourselves to  
>> > >bearings where the heiress is cows bathing in starlight. Give  
>> > >the poor temp a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of  
>> > >hidden porchlight in the platitude that she has given his  
>> > >longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be canonized  
>> > >elevates politicians and blond ones also raving vortices but  
>> > >does hang-gliding exist or is the circle a bulb of "plus" expenses  
>> > >cabins away from "Flash and Filligree" and "Goat's Head Soup"  
>> > >travel stiffly by the tears for so many tendons  
>> > documentary to mean full body winter with alcohol removed  
>> sending the bulk of closure with sentient loops  
>> but my nerves are excellent tonight: I fired Mr. Churchyard  
>> \far beyond the safety netting while the band ate salted nuts

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419. **cris cheek**

***Re: Sheila & Jorge's Excellent Adventure***

*Wed 13 Sep 1995*

---

>chris wrote:

>>>>S&J's excellent adventure sans chevrons

>>>

>>Jorge wrote:

>>Sheila wrote

>>Jorge wrote:

>>Sheila wrote

>>Jorge wrote:

>>Sheila wrote:

>>Jorge wrote:

>>

>>Sheila wrote:

>>

>>In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.And flew

>>through windows '95, lightning green and fine morning

>>First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

>>The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

>>Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

>>The caravan of windows to what they flee

>>These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

>>Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling

>>but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago

>>Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing

>>& opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the

>>bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind

>>kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she

>>gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of

>>flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water'

>>s halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance

>>(inspection denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &

>>neo-colonizing pockets in small furniture intended house

>>sequentially several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a

>>big tango when the attorney general came, selah haes said,

>>"Dias,oh,ho kook!"Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the

>>Roof" Tobacco warehouse, curls no ideas but the woven fabric the

>>texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners piping hot and

>>gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience

>>the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' liversthe odor

>>day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore  
>>Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout  
>>eternity for moments to be of such suchness.  
>>In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks  
>>All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds  
>>of darkness falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.  
>>Likewise seams andpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and  
>>recently soft fruit of subject's object status, violent  
>>transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu  
>>switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles  
>>considered shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging  
>>flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprisedby how quiet  
>>effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep  
>>through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes  
>>petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten  
>>alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead  
>>and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes  
>>saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit  
>>out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom  
>>inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power  
>>uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum  
>>which explains why the pump is busted and why  
>>he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that  
>>crap about not having a cousin on the moon  
>>capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool  
>>prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so  
>>start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,  
>>heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose  
>>of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use  
>>I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative  
>>among the invoices and the difference engines  
>>Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there  
>>collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze  
>>delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house  
>>of narration with partners of good moisture. Here,touch my  
>>ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.  
>>I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some  
>>woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep  
>>as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in  
>>our palaver have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which  
>>in the end goes meerschaum on us till we blink ourselves to  
>>creeping where the sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give

>>temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of  
>>hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his  
>>longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read  
>>ingratiates politicos and blond ones also shaven vortices but  
>>does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses  
>>cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup  
>>trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons  
>>demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed  
>>by trained leeches from under the rotting elastic, a feast  
>of cinched trousers, steel wool and classicists weeviling their way to  
transliterate counters for glimpses of millionaire stools put

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420. **cris cheek**

***Re: this break will or will not not branch***

*Wed 13 Sep 1995*

---

>>In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
>>And flew through windows lightning green and fine morning  
>>First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
>>The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
>>Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
>>The caravan of windows to what they flee  
>>These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more  
>>Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling  
>>but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago  
>>Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing  
>>& opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the  
>>bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind  
>>kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she  
>>gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of  
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>>by trained leeches from under the rotting elastic, a feast  
>>of swirling eddies with beaucoup of labia & confetti  
>>starving time's scythe for water, matching colors to go  
>crecheward into sweet line drawings clothed to world our  
eco-store with Mona wash and circa navigate the horn

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421. **Tony Green**  
**ouch**

Wed 13 Sep 1995

---

the post re S Benson address was meant for Bill Luoma. How did it go on the list?????

Tony Green,  
e-mail: [REDACTED]

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422. **cris cheek**  
**C.Rodriguez:San Andres VI: The Balance Shifts, Sep 12**  
Wed 13 Sep 1995

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Date: Wed, 13 Sep 95 08:42:18 CDT

San Andres VI- The Balance Shifts  
by Cecilia Rodriguez

National Center for Democracy, Liberty, and Justice

"Lies, deceits, falsehoods; none of this will achieve any thing. The lies, the threats , the accusations can only bring us to defeat and take us down the wrong road. Only the truth which walks in our heart can lead us to a just and dignified peace."

Comandante David  
Zapatista Delegation-CCRI-CG



Historically, the peace talks achieved a duration of seven days. The government delegation appeared together with the Zapatistas for a photo opportunity. They also responded to a Zapatista proposal with applause.

And the traditional indigenous discretion born of 500 years of resistance received these historic firsts with measured optimism, and a skepticism born of too many betrayals.

Standing and waiting through a diligent rain which soaks through the most impermeable material, the observers and the civilians who stand in the peace cordons watch incredulously. Can it be that the talks which have been stalled for months will produce tangible progress? Is it possible that a day will be possible whose dawn will bring the beginning of the end to this terrible siege?

The long nights shifted between those where stars were visible in the sky and a fog so thick that it erased everything in view.

\*\*\*\*\*

With a massive force of volunteers, little or no money, and a timeline of approximately 8 weeks, the plebiscite of the EZLN was the most numerous in Mexico's history; 1,088,094 ballots. It gave voice to what the Mexican government had hoped would be silent or non-existent; national public interest and sympathy with the demands of the EZLN.

The EZLN celebrated the accomplishment with a party; Zapatista style. A meeting where the official results of the Consulta were reviewed was held in a small village reached by vehicles eventually left in the mud. The rain did not stop until the ground was a large brown puddle. The speeches reviewed activities in the different states and internationally.

." Later the crowd from the cities swarmed into a medium-sized building. At 9 p.m. it settled into an awed silence as the masked Zapatistas crowded into one end of the room.

"We had prepared a special program but you arrived very late" said one of them. "Now we want to ask your permission, shall we present the program or are you all going to leave?"

The audience stayed and the Zapatistas presented 3 folkloric dances and 3 songs. Then the party went on, because the room was warm and the applause was loud. More folkloric dances were presented with Fin del Olvido introduced by a masked young woman strewing flower petals on the dirt floor. Then the audience began to present poems and songs. Their voices filled with emotion, their faces wreathed in smiles.



It was hard to tell who had received the best gift; the results of the consulta presented to the Zapatistas or the sight of masked young men and women who for the moment sang and danced. The party continued until midnight. It celebrated life in the midst of death, the joy of struggle, the warmth of companionship, the certainty that in spite of all the media clamor to the contrary, a process had just begun.

The government of course argues that the Consulta did not result in the numbers expected, that it did not ask whether the EZLN should lay down its arms, nor about the ability of the EZLN to represent the people of Mexico. Miraculously however, the talks which the Zapatistas had called exhausted, continued for an historic seven days.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\* If extremes are the only viable justification for change in society, then Mexico certainly qualifies. Even Zedillo's State of the Union address could do little to hide the savagery of present economic policies. There about 8 million people in Mexico's informal economy, 5 million more who earn only one-third of what is considered necessary to support a minimum standard of life. In order to have a minimal response to the need for jobs Mexico's economy must grow by 4% per year. In Mexico City, 70,000 children under the age of 5 suffer severe malnutrition, a number which has been multiplied six times over the past 20 years. Only one-fifth of the 670,000 people who are over the age of 65 have a pension. Steel and autoworkers in Mexico must work 2- 2.5 hours to earn enough to buy a two pound chicken (in the US they only have to work about 9 minutes to buy a chicken). In 1995, Mexico recorded 9,712 cases of cholera with 110 deaths, and 38 cases of hemorrhagic dengue so far.

In 1995 Mexico will pay out \$57,756,000 dollars on its foreign debt, which is a number 204% higher than everything paid from 1821-1976 on foreign debt. Certainly the achievement of a social transformation capable of altering these statistics will be a difficult painful and long process, something which the Zapatistas clearly understand.

The review of the litany of human suffering through numbers can sometimes elicit a human response. The numbers at the opposite pole are even more dramatic. There are numbers with many zeros to represent the wealth of select individuals who remain power to the brutal detriment of millions. Shock, dismay, tension, empathy; these are the emotions necessary to elicit the attention or the media, the gut reaction of the majority of the public.

Yet the silent determination of hundreds of campesinos in the militarized villages and the patient labor of the Zapatista delegation go unnoticed, In this age of commercialized emotions. To understand the trajectory of the Zapatistas

requires a different mindset, one which goes beyond simplistic formulations of power, one which challenges the distance between many of us and the human family. At 2 a.m. when the mist was especially cold and wet I turned to another international observer and asked, "Tell me something, can you imagine people in the United States leaving home and family and standing all night in the rain? What do you think would move people like this?" "Frankly nothing.. I can't imagine such a thing...maybe only something which was a direct threat to the well-being of their families...maybe ."

The Zapatistas have distinguished themselves in history by being willing to advance it, by allowing and fighting for a democratic space in which the people of Mexico can re-discover each other and themselves. This space was first constructed in Aguascalientes, Chiapas and carved out of the mountain with loving hands. It was filled by a people, groping to find a different way, a way beyond parties, dogmas, and the socialization of 65 years of centralized government. The space widened in the simple process of the Consulta, which gave people basic experience in the vague notion of "democracy" that social concept expropriated by demagogues and berated by those who believe it should be neater and more efficient.

The Zapatistas know that that space will be rarefied if combat should begin, that to construct a social vision common to 90 million people will require much more than bullets and uniforms. It will require dialogue, the exchange of ideas and concepts, time, experience, and the growing participation of millions; none of which can be easily pursued in open combat. It will require a new consciousness from those in the civilian and international movement, one which allows new energy, ideas and methods of work to evolve.

As far as the EZLN is concerned, it is the fact that reason and not rage or hunger for power dominates their decisions, that the willingness to sit at the negotiating table exists. Official government broadcasts on September 11th announced " The EZLN and the federal government have reached their first peace agreement."

For seven days the Zapatista delegates sat at the table for 10-12 hours with the government. Then, in short hurried meetings until 2 or 3a.m., they met with countless delegations from around the country and the world to share their thirst for justice and a peace with dignity.

What the government claims is their achievement is in reality a proposal made by the EZLN months ago. This round established rules for procedure and a basic agenda for the negotiations but it is a misrepresentation to say that a "first peace agreement" has been reached. It is procedures which has been agreed on by both parties, subject to change and far from a substantive theme such as a proposal to reduce military tensions, something which would do a

great deal to re-establish the confidence of the EZLN in the dialogue. Progress is visible however in the apparent willingness of the government to discuss "national" issues with the EZLN, although a specific proposal from Zedillo was at one point refuted by his own negotiator, Marcos Antonio Bernal.

The strategy of low-intensity warfare however remains the choice of the Mexican government and is a preference for the Pentagon as well. It remains a war of nerves, a war against civilians, a war which the state-party system continues to wage with impunity. After the massacre of 18 campesinos in the state of Guerrero, its people called for the removal and indictment of the governor. The PRI announced there is "insufficient" evidence. As the elections in Chiapas approach two incidents in the villages of Tila and Nuevo Limar have left 4-5 people dead, and dozens of houses burned to the ground by PRI members and the local police. The violence promulgated by profound poverty, centralized authoritarian rule and government-sanctioned repression has not ceased. In spite of dozens of government proclamations for peace, there is little change except cosmetic gestures of reform.

Most of the people of Mexico know this. At the grassroots, in rural and urban communities, a fierce, implacable determination grows, a patient faith, a hope which burns and spreads in spite of all the propaganda, the terror and the manipulation. Indeed a process has just begun.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

To show our support for the Zapatistas the National Commission for Democracy in Mexico, USA has made a call for "An International Act of Resistance in Support of Democracy in the Americas" for October 9- 12 in Washington D.C. The Act is also a call to demonstrate our outrage at, and rejection of, the neoliberal policies of the PRI government, promoted and supported by the government of the United States. In addition the Act is a call to express our support for the civic society which has committed to struggle for the 16 demands proposed by the EZLN and for a dialogue with respect and dignity that would create the possibility of a Mexico that is genuinely free, just and democratic for everyone.

The fact that the United States government and financial interests are directly manipulating events in Mexico implies that they are also responsible for the misery and deaths of the people of Mexico. The participation of the United States in maintaining millions of Mexicans in subhuman conditions implies that those of us who live here, who believe in justice, liberty and democracy, have an immense responsibility to struggle and mobilize against this policy of hunger and death. We can not allow the liberating light that shines from the mountains of Mexico's southeast to be extinguished.

To do this, we ask that you make every effort to join us October 9-12, in Washington, D.C. in this historic opportunity to stand with the Zapatistas, and to let those in power know that reason and a peaceful transition to democracy must remain a viable alternative in Mexico.

NATIONAL COMMISSION FOR DEMOCRACY IN MEXICO, USA

601 N. Cotton Street, #A103

El Paso, Texas 79902



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423. **Charles Alexander**

***Re: this break will or will not not branch***

*Wed 13 Sep 1995*

---

>>In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
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>>First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
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>>Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
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>>Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling  
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>>Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing  
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>>starving time's scythe for water, matching colors to go  
>crecheward into sweet line drawings clothed to world our  
words for water, falling four blocks away, finally, a gulf

Charles Alexander

Chax Press

P.O. Box 19178

Minneapolis, MN 55419-0178

██████████ (phone & fax)

██████████

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424. **Charles Alexander**

***Re: Sheila & Jorge's Excellent Adventure***

*Wed 13 Sep 1995*

---

>> > who wrote  
>> >you wrote:  
>> > I wrote  
>> > we wrote:  
>> > noone wrote  
>> > perhaps wrote:  
>> > forget wrote:  
>> > over wrote:  
>> > apparently wrote:  
>> > strumming wrote:  
>> >  
>> > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
>> > And flewthrough windows, lightning green and fine morning  
>> > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
>> > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
>> > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
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>> > conducted by William Carlos Williams & the Five Snorers--  
> The Mothers of Pathos and Pity opened for them, & it was  
unnerving, the legs unto themselves, pressing upon their

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425. **Charles Alexander**

***Re: Sheila & Jorge's Excellent Adventure***

*Wed 13 Sep 1995*

---

>On another day in the year to come, perhaps 5, a person of unknown origins wrote:

>

>> >> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

>> >> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

>> >> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar



>> >> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
>> >> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
>> >> The caravan of windows to what they flee  
>> >> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more  
>> >> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling  
>> >> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago  
>> >> Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing  
>> >> & opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the  
>> >> bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind accident  
>> >> kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she  
>> >> gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of  
>> >> flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water'  
>> >> s halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance  
>> >> (inspection denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &  
>> >> neo-colonizing pockets in small furniture intended house  
>> >> sequentially several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a  
>> >> big tango when the attorney general came, selah haes said,  
>> >> "Dias,oh,ho kook!"Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the  
>> >> Roof" Tobacco warehouse, nada curls no ideas but the woven fabric the  
>> >> texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners piping hot and  
>> >> gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience y pues nada  
>> >> the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' liversthe odor  
>> >> day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore  
>> >> Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout  
>> >> eternity for moments to be of such suchness,  
>> >> to hold a rattle up, to eat our mommies.  
>> >> In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks  
>> >> All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds  
>> >> of darkness falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.  
>> >> Likewise seams andpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and  
>> >> recently soft fruit of subject's object status, violent  
>> >> transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu  
>> >> switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles  
>> >> considered shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging  
>> >> flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprisedby how quiet  
>> >> effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep  
>> >> through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes  
>> >> petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten  
>> >> alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead  
>> >> and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes  
>> >> saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit  
>> >> out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom

>> >> inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power  
>> >> uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum  
>> >> which explains why the pump is busted and why  
>> >> he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that  
>> >> crap about not having a cousin on the moon  
>> >> capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool  
>> >> prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so  
>> >> start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,  
>> >> heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose  
>> >> of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use  
>> >> I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative  
>> >> among the invoices and the difference engines  
>> >> Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there  
>> >> collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze  
>> >> delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house  
>> >> of narration with partners of good moisture. Here, touch my  
>> >> ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.  
>> >> I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some  
>> >> woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep  
>> >> as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in  
>> >> our palaver have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which  
>> >> in the end goes meerschaum on us till we blink ourselves to  
>> >> creeping where the sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give  
>> >> temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of  
>> >> hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his  
>> >> longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read  
>> >> ingratiates politicos and blond ones also shaven vortices but  
>> >> does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses  
>> >> cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup  
>> >> trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons  
>> >> demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed  
>> >> by trained leeches from under the rotting elastic, a feast  
>> >> conducted by William Carlos Williams & the Five Snorers,  
>> laying on rocks in the wind, dissonance the order of our day  
> whereas earlier pieces had emphasized the slow brutality of time  
before it is sold, Orson, strange buds in snow, hair again

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426. **Charles Alexander**

**Re: Sheila & Jorge's Excellent Adventure**

Wed 13 Sep 1995

---

> wrote wrote  
>> wrote wrote  
>> >wrote wrote:  
>> >wrote wrote  
>> >wrote wrote:  
>> >wrote wrote  
>> >wrote wrote:  
>> >wrote wrote:  
>> >wrote wrote:  
>> >wrote wrote:  
>> >wrote wrote:  
>> >  
>> >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
>  
> (about 95 lines omitted)  
>  
>> >our palaver have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which  
>> >in the end goes meerscham on us till we blink ourselves to  
>> >creeping where the sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give  
>> >temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of  
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>> >ingratiates politicos and blond ones also shaven vortices but  
>> >does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses  
>> >cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup  
>> >trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons  
>> >demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed  
>> >by trained leeches from under the rotting elastic, a feast  
>> of cinched trousers, steel wool and classicists weeviling their way to  
> train themselves as intensely sexual. They worked with oblong  
penises, wondering where peaches came from, the ground

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427. **George Bowering**

**Re: this break will or will not not branch**

Wed 13 Sep 1995

---

| *In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.*

*And flew through windows lightning green and fine morning  
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian bluejay, it binds  
The caravan of windows to what they flee  
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more  
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling  
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago  
Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing  
& opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the  
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed oriole  
kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she  
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of  
flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water's  
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance  
(inspection denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &  
neo-colonizing pockets in small furniture intended house  
sequentially several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a  
big tango when the attorney general came, selah hales said,  
"Dias,oh,ho kook!"Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the  
Roof" Tobacco warehouse, curls no ideas but the woven fabric the  
texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners piping hot and  
gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience  
the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' liversthe odor  
day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore  
Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout  
eternity for moments to be of such suchness.  
In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks  
All melded like striated tigers left over in the pastel seeds  
of darkness falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.  
Likewise seams andpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and  
recently soft fruit of subject's object status, violent  
transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu  
switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles  
considered shrill as cubs left in the acres to be aging  
flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprisedby how quiet  
effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep  
through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes  
pirates free of names that rain across known skin forgotten  
alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead  
and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes  
saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit  
out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom  
inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power  
uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum  
which explains why the pump is busted and why  
he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that  
crap about not having a cousin on the moon*

capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool  
prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so  
start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,  
heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose  
of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use  
I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative  
among the padres and the difference engines  
Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there  
collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze  
delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house  
of narration with giants of good moisture. Here, touch my  
ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.  
I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some  
woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep  
as penitence, but let's elude the indians and drear, get lost in  
our palaver have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which  
in the end goes meerschaum on us till we blink ourselves to  
creeping where the sublime is marlins bathing in starlight. Give  
temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of  
hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his  
longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read  
ingratiates politicos and blond twins also shaven vortices but  
does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses  
cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup  
trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons  
demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed  
by trained leeches from under the rotting elastic, a feast  
of swirling mariners with beaucoup of labia & confetti  
starving time's scythe for water, matching colors to go  
crecheward into sweet line drawings clothed to world our  
taxi purred at the doorway, pools of gasoline underfoot

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428. **George Bowering**

**Re: renga**

Wed 13 Sep 1995

---

Okay, I will 'fess up. I started the renga, but I never thought it wd  
catch on. I was expecting at most a sonnet.

GB

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429. **Charles Alexander**

***Re: this break will or will not not branch***

*Wed 13 Sep 1995*

---

>On Tue, 12 Sep 1995, Scott Krieger wrote:

>

>> > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
>> > > wrotethrough windows, lightning green and fine morning  
>> > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
>> > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
>> > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
>> > > The caravan of windows to what they flee  
>> > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more  
>> > > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling  
>> > > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago  
>> > > Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing  
>> > > & opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the  
>> > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind  
>> > > kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she  
>> > > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of  
>> > > flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water'  
>> > > s halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance  
>> > > (inspection denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &  
>> > > neo-colonizing pockets in small furniture intended house  
>> > > sequentially several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a  
>> > > big tango when the attorney general came, selah hales said,  
>> > > "Dias,oh,ho kook!"Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the  
>> > > Roof" Tobacco warehouse, curls no ideas but the woven fabric the  
>> > > texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners piping hot and  
>> > > gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience  
>> > > the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' liversthe odor  
>> > > day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore  
>> > > Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout  
>> > > eternity for moments to be of such suchness.  
>> > > In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks  
>> > > All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds  
>> > > of darkness falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.  
>> > > Likewise seams andpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and  
>> > > recently soft fruit of subject's object status, violent  
>> > > transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu  
>> > > switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles  
>> > > considered shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging

>> > > flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprisedby how quiet  
>> > > effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep  
>> > > through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes  
>> > > petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten  
>> > > alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead  
>> > > and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes  
>> > > saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit  
>> > > out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom  
>> > > inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power  
>> > > uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum  
>> > > which explains why the pump is busted and why  
>> > > he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that  
>> > > crap about not having a cousin on the moon  
>> > > capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool  
>> > > prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so  
>> > > start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,  
>> > > heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose  
>> > > of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use  
>> > > I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative  
>> > > among the invoices and the difference engines  
>> > > Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there  
>> > > collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze  
>> > > delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house  
>> > > of narration with partners of good moisture. Here,touch my  
>> > > ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.  
>> > > I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some  
>> > > woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep  
>> > > as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in  
>> > > our palaver have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which  
>> > > in the end goes meerschaum on us till we blink ourselves to  
>> > > creeping where the sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give  
>> > > temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of  
>> > > hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his  
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>> > > ingratiates politicos and blond ones also shaven vortices but  
>> > > does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses  
>> > > cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup  
>> > > trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons  
>> > > demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed  
>> > > by trained leeches from under the rotting elastic, a feast  
>> > > of swirling eddies with beaucoup of labia & confetti  
>> in the black stone cavity behind the swamphouse where we keep



>> the papers with the blue seals and the green bottles gone rank  
> i was chewing on the iguana and sister angelica on the cameo  
cookie fortitude of night's flying sisters telling unmentionable

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430. **Charles Alexander**

***Re: Sheila & Jorge's Excellent Adventure***

*Wed 13 Sep 1995*

---

>>> >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
>>> >And flewthrough windows, lightning green and fine morning  
>>> >First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
>>> >The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
>>> >Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
>>> >The caravan of windows to what they flee  
>>> >These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more  
>>> >Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling  
>>> >but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago  
>>> >Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing  
>>> >& opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the  
>>> >bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind  
>>> >kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she  
>>> >gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of  
>>> >flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water'  
>>> >s halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance  
>>> >(inspection denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &  
>>> >neo-colonizing pockets in small furniture intended house  
>>> >sequentially several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a  
>>> >big tango when the attorney general came, selah hales said,  
>>> >"Dias,oh,ho kook!"Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the  
>>> >Roof" Tobacco warehouse, curls no ideas but the woven fabric the  
>>> >texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners piping hot and  
>>> >gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience  
>>> >the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' liversthe odor  
>>> >day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore  
>>> >Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout  
>>> >eternity for moments to be of such suchness.  
>>> >In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks  
>>> >All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds  
>>> >of darkness falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.  
>>> >Likewise seams andpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and  
>>> >recently soft fruit of subject's object status, violent



>>> >transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu  
>>> >switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles  
>>> >considered shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging  
>>> >flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprisedby how quiet  
>>> >effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep  
>>> >through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes  
>>> >petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten  
>>> >alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead  
>>> >and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes  
>>> >saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit  
>>> >out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom  
>>> >inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power  
>>> >uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum  
>>> >which explains why the pump is busted and why  
>>> >he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that  
>>> >crap about not having a cousin on the moon  
>>> >capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool  
>>> >prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so  
>>> >start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,  
>>> >heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose  
>>> >of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use  
>>> >I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative  
>>> >among the invoices and the difference engines  
>>> >Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there  
>>> >collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze  
>>> >delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house  
>>> >of narration with partners of good moisture. Here,touch my  
>>> >ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.  
>>> >I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some  
>>> >woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep  
>>> >as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in  
>>> >our palaver have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which  
>>> >in the end goes meerschaum on us till we blink ourselves to  
>>> >creeping where the sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give  
>>> >temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of  
>>> >hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his  
>>> >longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read  
>>> >ingratiates politicos and blond ones also shaven vortices but  
>>> >does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses  
>>> >cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup  
>>> >trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons  
>>> demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed

>>spending the bulk of closure with sentient scoops  
>threatening to have been arrested when the party wasn't looking  
>and it's back to deuce. There's the lovely Mrs. Churchyard  
in her garden pruning peas, where she will go next, who does she please

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431. **Charles Alexander**

***Re: this break will or will not not branch***

*Wed 13 Sep 1995*

---

>EDITED FOR TELEVISION

>

>

>> >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
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>> >by trained leeches from under the rotting elastic, a feast  
>> >of swirling eddies with beaucoup of labia & confetti  
>> >starving time's scythe for water, matching colors to go  
>> crecheward into sweet line drawings clothed to world our  
>> anthological wrongings; i endured mereology for you & you alone  
provided the weather warnings, strapped to my lips in vain

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432. **Charles Alexander**

***Re: this break will or will not not branch***

*Wed 13 Sep 1995*

---

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>>ingratiates politicos and blond ones also shaven vortices but  
>>does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses  
>>cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup  
>>trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons  
>>demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed  
>>by trained leeches from under the rotting elastic, a feast  
>>of swirling eddies with beaucoup of labia & confetti  
>>starving time's scythe for water, matching colors to go  
>crecheward into sweet line drawings clothed to world our

>repapered with farinaceous pictures of the king  
in her plummeting financial avocadoes, worrying the morning

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433. **Charles Alexander**

***Re: big local news***

*Wed 13 Sep 1995*

---

>On Wed, 13 Sep 1995, Jordan Davis. wrote:

>

>> > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
>> > > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning  
>> > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
>> > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
>> > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
>> > > The caravan of windows to what they flee  
>> > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more  
>> > > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling  
>> > > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago  
>> > > Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing  
>> > > & opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the  
>> > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind accident  
>> > > kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she  
>> > > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of  
>> > > flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water'  
>> > > s halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance  
>> > > (inspection denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &  
>> > > neo-colonizing pockets in small furniture intended house  
>> > > sequentially several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a  
>> > > big tango when the attorney general came, selah hales said,  
>> > > "Dias,oh,ho kook!"Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the  
>> > > Roof" Tobacco warehouse, nada curls no ideas but the woven fabric the  
>> > > texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners piping hot and  
>> > > gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience y pues nada  
>> > > the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' liversthe odor  
>> > > day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore  
>> > > Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout  
>> > > eternity for moments to be of such suchness,  
>> > > to hold a rattle up, to eat our mommies.  
>> > > In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks  
>> > > All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds  
>> > > of darkness falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.

>> > > Likewise seams andpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and  
>> > > recently soft fruit of subject's object status, violent  
>> > > transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu  
>> > > switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles  
>> > > considered shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging  
>> > > flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprisedby how quiet  
>> > > effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep  
>> > > through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes  
>> > > petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten  
>> > > alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead  
>> > > and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes  
>> > > saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit  
>> > > out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom  
>> > > inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power  
>> > > uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum  
>> > > which explains why the pump is busted and why  
>> > > he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that  
>> > > crap about not having a cousin on the moon  
>> > > capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool  
>> > > prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so  
>> > > start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,  
>> > > heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose  
>> > > of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use  
>> > > I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative  
>> > > among the invoices and the difference engines  
>> > > Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there  
>> > > collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze  
>> > > delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house  
>> > > of narration with partners of good moisture. Here,touch my  
>> > > ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.  
>> > > I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some  
>> > > woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep  
>> > > as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in  
>> > > our palaver have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which  
>> > > in the end goes meerschaum on us till we blink ourselves to  
>> > > creeping where the sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give  
>> > > temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of  
>> > > hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his  
>> > > longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read  
>> > > ingratiates politicians and blond ones also shaven vortices but  
>> > > does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses  
>> > > cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup

>> > > trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons  
>> > > demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed  
>> > > by trained leeches from under the rotting elastic, a feast  
>> > > conducted by William Carlos Williams & the Five Snorers--  
>>   The Mothers of Pathos and Pity opened for them, & it was  
>> five o'clock on a Saturday, and the regular crowd shuffles in  
> and the infirms of St James were dropping like flies  
or stopping on dimes, fraying the edge of the concrete's willing

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434. **George Bowering**  
*Re: Sheila & Jorge's Excellent Tryst*  
Wed 13 Sep 1995

---

Wystan Curnow = Curs Wont Yawn

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435. **Charles Alexander**  
*Re: Sheila & Jorge's Excellent Adventure*  
Wed 13 Sep 1995

---

>>> > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
>>> > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning  
>>> > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
>>> > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
>>> > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
>>> > The caravan of windows to what they flee  
>>> > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more  
>>> > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling  
>>> > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago  
>>> > Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing  
>>> > & opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the  
>>> > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind  
>>> > kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she  
>>> > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of  
>>> > flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water'  
>>> > s halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance  
>>> > (inspection denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &  
>>> > neo-colonizing pockets in small furniture intended house  
>>> > sequentially several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a  
>>> > big tango when the attorney general came, selah hales said,  
>>> > "Dias, oh, ho kook!" Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the



>>> >Roof" Tobacco warehouse, curls no ideas but the woven fabric the  
>>> >texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners piping hot and  
>>> >gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience  
>>> >the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' liversthe odor  
>>> >day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore  
>>> >Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout  
>>> >eternity for moments to be of such suchness.  
>>> >In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks  
>>> >All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds  
>>> >of darkness falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.  
>>> >Likewise seams andpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and  
>>> >recently soft fruit of subject's object status, violent  
>>> >transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu  
>>> >switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles  
>>> >considered shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging  
>>> >flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprisedby how quiet  
>>> >effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep  
>>> >through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes  
>>> >petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten  
>>> >alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead  
>>> >and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes  
>>> >saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit  
>>> >out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom  
>>> >inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power  
>>> >uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum  
>>> >which explains why the pump is busted and why  
>>> >he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that  
>>> >crap about not having a cousin on the moon  
>>> >capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool  
>>> >prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so  
>>> >start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,  
>>> >heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose  
>>> >of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use  
>>> >I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative  
>>> >among the invoices and the difference engines  
>>> >Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there  
>>> >collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze  
>>> >delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house  
>>> >of narration with partners of good moisture. Here,touch my  
>>> >ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.  
>>> >I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some  
>>> >woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep



>>> >as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in  
>>> >our palaver have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which  
>>> >in the end goes meerschaum on us till we blink ourselves to  
>>> >creeping where the sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give  
>>> >temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of  
>>> >hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his  
>>> >longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read  
>>> >ingratiates politicos and blond ones also shaven vortices but  
>>> >does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses  
>>> >cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup  
>>> >trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons  
>>> demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed  
>>spending the bulk of closure with sentient scoops  
>that fluke picnic shot out of these worlds we spread been-to  
>ach she's outside with the rummage, better get  
than given to string theory's ravage of the bitter weeds

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436. **Charles Alexander**

***Re: Sheila & Jorge's Excellent Adventure***

*Wed 13 Sep 1995*

---

> ack wrote  
>> nod wrote:  
>> > tof wrote  
>> >>qom wrote:  
>> >> >fla wrote  
>> >> >fre wrote:  
>> >> >gli wrote  
>> >> >lum wrote:  
>> >> >tra wrote:  
>> >> >pim wrote:  
>> >> >  
>> >> >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
>> >> >And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning  
>> >> >First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
>> >> >The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
>> >> >Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
>> >> >The caravan of windows to what they flee  
>> >> >These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more  
>> >> >Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling  
>> >> >but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago

>> >> >Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing  
>> >> >& opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the  
>> >> >bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind  
>> >> >kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she  
>> >> >gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of  
>> >> >flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water'  
>> >> >s halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance  
>> >> >(inspection denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &  
>> >> >neo-colonizing pockets in small furniture intended house  
>> >> >sequentially several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a  
>> >> >big tango when the attorney general came, selah hales said,  
>> >> >"Dias,oh,ho kook!"Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the  
>> >> >Roof" Tobacco warehouse, curls no ideas but the woven fabric the  
>> >> >texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners piping hot and  
>> >> >gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience  
>> >> >the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' liversthe odor  
>> >> >day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore  
>> >> >Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout  
>> >> >eternity for moments to be of such suchness.  
>> >> >In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks  
>> >> >All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds  
>> >> >of darkness falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.  
>> >> >Likewise seams andpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and  
>> >> >recently soft fruit of subject's object status, violent  
>> >> >transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu  
>> >> >switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles  
>> >> >considered shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging  
>> >> >flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprisedby how quiet  
>> >> >effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep  
>> >> >through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes  
>> >> >petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten  
>> >> >alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead  
>> >> >and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes  
>> >> >saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit  
>> >> >out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom  
>> >> >inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power  
>> >> >uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum  
>> >> >which explains why the pump is busted and why  
>> >> >he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that  
>> >> >crap about not having a cousin on the moon  
>> >> >capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool  
>> >> >prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so

>> >> >start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,  
>> >> >heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose  
>> >> >of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use  
>> >> >I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative  
>> >> >among the invoices and the difference engines  
>> >> >Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there  
>> >> >collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze  
>> >> >delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house  
>> >> >of narration with partners of good moisture. Here, touch my  
>> >> >ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.  
>> >> >I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some  
>> >> >woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep  
>> >> >as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in  
>> >> >our palaver have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which  
>> >> >in the end goes meerschaum on us till we blink ourselves to  
>> >> >creeping where the sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give  
>> >> >temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of  
>> >> >hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his  
>> >> >longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read  
>> >> >ingratiates politicos and blond ones also shaven vortices but  
>> >> >does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses  
>> >> >cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup  
>> >> >trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons  
>> >> demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed  
>> >spending the bulk of closure with sentient scoops  
>> threatening to have been arrested when the party wasn't looking  
>> wanting to hitch a ride back to Los Genitales (in the boondocks)  
(in the straight and harrow) (furrow my trousers) (content to lasso)

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437. **Charles Alexander**

***Re: fugazi redshifter approaching colossus***

*Wed 13 Sep 1995*

---

>> > >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
>> > >And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning  
>> > >First detrevni whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
>> > >The book and the old boy on the grass under sun and cloud  
>> > >Go endless, an obtuse cellar blue, it binds  
>> > >The caravan of endowments to what they flee  
>> > >These space curtains, more gauze than bondage, more  
>> > >Boloed than aware, spin-art and pebbling

>> > >but narrow in the face or foppish Sunday Hilda oh!  
>> > >Over coffee chopped with kissed lads, the Times blowing  
>> > >& opining, heavy humid air, we musing against the  
>> > >bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind  
>> > >missing the violinist between her rests as she  
>> > >indexes fracas problem: tool shacks, landscape of  
>> > >Zorro son of thunderhead and the storm in the steel glass  
>> > >s halfway pertinent incision we keep making  
>> > >(I denied not knowing how cadenza was meant) &  
>> > >Neapolitan pockets in small furniture intended house  
>> > >chance several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a  
>> > >big tango when the attorney general came, said amen,  
>> > >"Dias,oh, ho kook!"Xanthippe Ellington! "Tootin' Through the  
>> > >Roof" Tobacco warehouse, curls no rabbit rabbit rabbit rabbit  
>> > >texture so to speak was at the cleaners hot and  
>> > >stubble somewhere unnoticed, chirping presence  
>> > >the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers the  
>> > >detour a cello a day dishevels a boat cold otter chose in the core  
>> > >slaughter because we're waiting all throughout  
>> > >eternity for solos to be of such suchness.  
>> > >In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks  
>> > >All models like films about their friends in pastel  
>> > >of darkness falling like an afghan around the manatee.  
>> > >Likewise seems sandpaper huckster with seesaw inchworms and  
>> > >recently soft brute of subject's object status, violent  
>> > >transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus hapax  
>> > >switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angels  
>> > >considered shrill as I'm left in the acres to be aging  
>> > >flutes sing fender-benderless in trio, h-h-h-holy cow!  
>> > >effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep  
>> > >through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes  
>> > >petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten  
>> > >alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead  
>> > >And, with a shout, collecting coat hangers  
>> > >saunter lope pentecost Timon of Athens operator will you cockpit  
>> > >out, transplanted organs speak, "arf!" the idiom  
>> > >inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power  
>> > >uncreased although each snare still trembles QuarkXpress  
>> > >which explains why the sump is busted and why  
>> > >he preferred Hole to afternoons on the phone with that  
>> > >carp, a cousin on the moon, remember the needy  
>> > >capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool

>> > >prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so  
>> > >start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,  
>> > >heats me up the porridge," it's like a huge typo  
>> > >of familiarity. I am storing valence for later use  
>> > >I know the war-whoop in each dusty arrogance  
>> > >among the choruses and the different people  
>> > >Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is Hokey Pokey  
>> > >collecting the very boring nouns that come in on the breeze  
>> > >delicate lace flies tied by Pelican Bill, yo, in the house,  
>> > >of narration with part of good moisture. Here, bile, sopor,  
>> > >ebullience is a token gesture of the sauced, Red Stuff.  
>> > >I have a lot of duodenum. In the freezer we can defend some  
>> > >woods on a snowy evening, my yellow rose is lovely dark and deep  
>> > >as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in  
>> > >our palaver. Have? Will not a binge of harmony which  
>> > >in the end go "meerschaum" on us till we Tempest ourselves to  
>> > >bearings where the heiress is cows bathing in starlight. Give  
>> > >the poor temp a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of  
>> > >hidden porchlight in the platitude that she has given his  
>> > >longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be canonized  
>> > >elevates politicos and blond ones also raving vortices but  
>> > >does hang-gliding exist or is the circle a bulb of "plus" expenses  
>> > >cabins away from "Flash and Filligree" and "Goat's Head Soup"  
>> > >travel stiffly by the tears for so many tendons  
>> > >documentary to mean full body winter with alcohol removed  
>> sending the bulk of closure with sentient loops  
>> but my nerves are excellent tonight: I fired Mr. Churchyard  
>> in the coin-op kiln on Sullen Street with my Saint Chris  
>> and Aunt Liz and the Fly-bys tracing circles on marimbas

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438. **Charles Alexander**

***Re: big local news***

*Wed 13 Sep 1995*

---

>> > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
>> > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning  
>> > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
>> > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
>> > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
>> > The caravan of windows to what they flee  
>> > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

>> > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling  
>> > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago  
>> > Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing  
>> > & opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the  
>> > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind accident  
>> > kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she  
>> > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of  
>> > flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water'  
>> > s halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance  
>> > (inspection denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &  
>> > neo-colonizing pockets in small furniture intended house  
>> > sequentially several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a  
>> > big tango when the attorney general came, selah haes said,  
>> > "Dias,oh,ho kook!"Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the  
>> > Roof" Tobacco warehouse, nada curls no ideas but the woven fabric the  
>> > texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners piping hot and  
>> > gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience y pues nada  
>> > the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' liversthe odor  
>> > day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore  
>> > Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout  
>> > eternity for moments to be of such suchness,  
>> > to hold a rattle up, to eat our mommies.  
>> > In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks  
>> > All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds  
>> > of darkness falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.  
>> > Likewise seams andpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and  
>> > recently soft fruit of subject's object status, violent  
>> > transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu  
>> > switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles  
>> > considered shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging  
>> > flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprisedby how quiet  
>> > effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep  
>> > through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes  
>> > petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten  
>> > alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead  
>> > and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes  
>> > saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit  
>> > out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom  
>> > inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power  
>> > uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum  
>> > which explains why the pump is busted and why  
>> > he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that

>> > crap about not having a cousin on the moon  
>> > capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool  
>> > prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so  
>> > start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,  
>> > heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose  
>> > of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use  
>> > I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative  
>> > among the invoices and the difference engines  
>> > Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there  
>> > collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze  
>> > delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house  
>> > of narration with partners of good moisture. Here, touch my  
>> > ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.  
>> > I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some  
>> > woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep  
>> > as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in  
>> > our palaver have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which  
>> > in the end goes meerschaum on us till we blink ourselves to  
>> > creeping where the sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give  
>> > temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of  
>> > hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his  
>> > longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read  
>> > ingratiates politicians and blond ones also shaven vortices but  
>> > does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses  
>> > cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup  
>> > trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons  
>> > demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed  
>> > by trained leeches from under the rotting elastic, a feast  
>> > conducted by William Carlos Williams & the Five Snorers--  
> The Mothers of Pathos and Pity opened for them, & it was  
> five o'clock on a Saturday, and the regular crowd shuffles in  
for waffles and stones, alfalfa fields away where we remember

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439. **Jeffrey Timmons**

**Re: Dear Listserv,**

Wed 13 Sep 1995

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On Wed, 13 Sep 1995, David Ayre wrote:

| Dear Listserv,

| SET POETICS LIST "NOT BORING" FOR JEFFREY TIMMONS



Yours,

AVID DEARY

Whew!

Jeffrey Timmons

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440. **klobucar**

**Re: SPECIAL AGENCY**

Thu 14 Sep 1995

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```
***** *
* *                * *                DAVID AYRE
1970-1992          * *                * *
* *                THE WORLD WAS YOUR OYSTER          * *
* *                *
*****
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441. **Sheila E. Murphy**

**Re: Sheila & Jorge's Excellent Adventure**

Thu 14 Sep 1995

Jorge wrote:

> Sheila wrote

>> Jorge wrote:

>> > Sheila wrote

>> >> Jorge wrote:

>> >> >Sheila wrote

>> >> >Jorge wrote:

>> >> >Sheila wrote

>> >> >Jorge wrote:

>> >> >Sheila wrote:

>> >> >Jorge wrote:

>> >> >

>> >> >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.And flew

>> >> >through windows '95, lightning green and fine morning

>> >> >First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

>> >> >The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

>> >> >Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

>> >> >The caravan of windows to what they flee

>> >> >These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more



>> >> >Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling  
>> >> >but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago  
>> >> >Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing  
>> >> >& opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the  
>> >> >bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind  
>> >> >kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she  
>> >> >gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of  
>> >> >flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water'  
>> >> >s halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance  
>> >> >(inspection denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &  
>> >> >neo-colonizing pockets in small furniture intended house  
>> >> >sequentially several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a  
>> >> >big tango when the attorney general came, selah hales said,  
>> >> >"Dias,oh,ho kook!"Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the  
>> >> >Roof" Tobacco warehouse, curls no ideas but the woven fabric the  
>> >> >texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners piping hot and  
>> >> >gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience  
>> >> >the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' liversthe odor  
>> >> >day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore  
>> >> >Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout  
>> >> >eternity for moments to be of such suchness.  
>> >> >In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks  
>> >> >All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds  
>> >> >of darkness falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.  
>> >> >Likewise seams andpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and  
>> >> >recently soft fruit of subject's object status, violent  
>> >> >transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu  
>> >> >switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles  
>> >> >considered shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging  
>> >> >flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprisedby how quiet  
>> >> >effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep  
>> >> >through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes  
>> >> >petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten  
>> >> >alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead  
>> >> >and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes  
>> >> >saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit  
>> >> >out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom  
>> >> >inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power  
>> >> >uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum  
>> >> >which explains why the pump is busted and why  
>> >> >he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that  
>> >> >crap about not having a cousin on the moon

>> >> >capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool  
>> >> >prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so  
>> >> >start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,  
>> >> >heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose  
>> >> >of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use  
>> >> >I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative  
>> >> >among the invoices and the difference engines  
>> >> >Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there  
>> >> >collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze  
>> >> >delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house  
>> >> >of narration with partners of good moisture. Here,touch my  
>> >> >ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.  
>> >> >I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some  
>> >> >woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep  
>> >> >as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in  
>> >> >our palaver have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which  
>> >> >in the end goes meerschaum on us till we blink ourselves to  
>> >> >creeping where the sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give  
>> >> >temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of  
>> >> >hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his  
>> >> >longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read  
>> >> >ingratiates politicos and blond ones also shaven vortices but  
>> >> >does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses  
>> >> >cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup  
>> >> >trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons  
>> >> demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed  
>> >> spending the bulk of closure with sentient scoops  
>> threatening to have been arrested when the party wasn't looking  
>> wanting to hitch a ride back to Los Genitales (in the boondocks)  
via dendrites to the fourteenth power gleaned from the recent mitten  
convention

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442. **Sheila E. Murphy**

***Re: fugazi redshifter approaching colossus***

Thu 14 Sep 1995

---

>> > >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.And flew  
>> > >through windows '95, lightning green and fine morning  
>> > >First detrevni whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
>> > >The book and the old boy on the grass under sun and cloud  
>> > >Go endless, an obtuse cellar blue, it binds

>> > >The caravan of endowments to what they flee  
>> > >These space curtains, more gauze than bondage, more  
>> > >Boloed than aware, spin-art and pebbling  
>> > >but narrow in the face or foppish Sunday Hilda oh!  
>> > >Over coffee chopped with kissed lads, the Times blowing  
>> > >& opining, heavy humid air, we musing against the  
>> > >bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind  
>> > >missing the violinist between her rests as she  
>> > >indexes fracas problem: tool shacks, landscape of  
>> > >Zorro son of thunderhead and the storm in the steel glass  
>> > >s halfway pertinent incision we keep making  
>> > >(I denied not knowing how cadenza was meant) &  
>> > >Neapolitan pockets in small furniture intended house  
>> > >chance several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a  
>> > >big tango when the attorney general came, said amen,  
>> > >"Dias,oh, ho kook!"Xanthippe Ellington! "Tootin' Through the  
>> > >Roof" Tobacco warehouse, curls no rabbit rabbit rabbit rabbit  
>> > >texture so to speak was at the cleaners hot and  
>> > >stubble somewhere unnoticed, chirping presence  
>> > >the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers the  
>> > >detour a cello a day dishevels a boat cold otter chose in the core  
>> > >slaughter because we're waiting all throughout  
>> > >eternity for solos to be of such suchness.  
>> > >In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks  
>> > >All models like films about their friends in pastel  
>> > >of darkness falling like an afghan around the manatee.  
>> > >Likewise seems sandpaper huckster with seesaw inchworms and  
>> > >recently soft brute of subject's object status, violent  
>> > >transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus hapax  
>> > >switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angels  
>> > >considered shrill as I'm left in the acres to be aging  
>> > >flutes sing fender-benderless in trio, h-h-h-holy cow!  
>> > >effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep  
>> > >through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes  
>> > >petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten  
>> > >alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead  
>> > >And, with a shout, collecting coat hangers  
>> > >saunter lope pentecost Timon of Athens operator will you cockpit  
>> > >out, transplanted organs speak, "arf!" the idiom  
>> > >inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power  
>> > >uncreased although each snare still trembles QuarkXpress  
>> > >which explains why the sump is busted and why

>> > >he preferred Hole to afternoons on the phone with that  
>> > >carp, a cousin on the moon, remember the needy  
>> > >capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool  
>> > >prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so  
>> > >start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,  
>> > >heats me up the porridge," it's like a huge typo  
>> > >of familiarity. I am storing valence for later use  
>> > >I know the war-whoop in each dusty arrogance  
>> > >among the choruses and the different people  
>> > >Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is Hokey Pokey  
>> > >collecting the very boring nouns that come in on the breeze  
>> > >delicate lace flies tied by Pelican Bill, yo, in the house,  
>> > >of narration with part of good moisture. Here, bile, sopor,  
>> > >ebullience is a token gesture of the sauced, Red Stuff.  
>> > >I have a lot of duodenum. In the freezer we can defend some  
>> > >woods on a snowy evening, my yellow rose is lovely dark and deep  
>> > >as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in  
>> > >our palaver. Have? Will not a binge of harmony which  
>> > >in the end go "meerscham" on us till we Tempest ourselves to  
>> > >bearings where the heiress is cows bathing in starlight. Give  
>> > >the poor temp a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of  
>> > >hidden porchlight in the platitude that she has given his  
>> > >longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be canonized  
>> > >elevates politicos and blond ones also raving vortices but  
>> > >does hang-gliding exist or is the circle a bulb of "plus" expenses  
>> > >cabins away from "Flash and Filligree" and "Goat's Head Soup"  
>> > >travel stiffly by the tears for so many tendons  
>> > >documentary to mean full body winter with alcohol removed  
>> sending the bulk of closure with sentient loops  
>> but my nerves are excellent tonight: I fired Mr. Churchyard  
>in the coin-op kiln on Sullen Street with my Saint Chris  
medal and a polo shirt and muck to rake and neighbors as non-carnivores

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443. **Sheila E. Murphy**

***Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure***

*Thu 14 Sep 1995*

---

Jorge wrote:

> Chris wrote

>> > Sheila wrote

>> >> Jorge wrote:

>> >> >Sheila wrote  
>> >> >Jorge wrote:  
>> >> >Sheila wrote  
>> >> >Jorge wrote:  
>> >> >Sheila wrote:  
>> >> >Jorge wrote:  
>> >> >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.And flew  
>  
>     (...)  
>  
>> >> >hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his  
>> >> >longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read  
>> >> >ingratiates politicos and blond ones also shaven vortices but  
>> >> >does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses  
>> >> >cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup  
>> >> >trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons  
>> >> demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed  
>> >spending the bulk of closure with sentient scoops  
>> that fluke picnic shot out of these worlds we spread been-to  
> say that the center cannot hold the nose tackle much longer  
than a clam can sleeve out of incarceration baldly

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444. **Sheila E. Murphy**

***Re: this break will or will not not branch***

*Thu 14 Sep 1995*

---

>EDITED FOR TELEVISION

>  
>

>> >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
>> >And flew through windows lightning green and fine morning  
>> >First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
>> >The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
>> >ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.  
>> >I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some  
>> >woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep  
>> >as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in  
>> >our palaver have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which  
>> >in the end goes meerschaum on us till we blink ourselves to  
>> >creeping where the sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give  
>> >temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of

>> >hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his  
>> >longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read  
>> >ingratiates politicos and blond ones also shaven vortices but  
>> >does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses  
>> >cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup  
>> >trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons  
>> >demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed  
>> >by trained leeches from under the rotting elastic, a feast  
>> >of swirling eddies with beaucoup of labia & confetti  
>> >starving time's scythe for water, matching colors to go  
>> crecheward into sweet line drawings clothed to world our  
>> anthological wrongings; i endured mereology for you & you alone  
because the blanched things can endure only this much crush

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445. **Louis Cabri**

***spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...***

Thu 14 Sep 1995

---

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books. And flew  
through windows '95 Marlin Loins lightning green, a fine morning  
First detrevni whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
The book and the old boy on the grass under sun and cloud  
Go endless, an obtuse cellar blue, it binds  
The caravan of endowments to what they flee  
These space curtains, more gauze than bondage, more  
Boloed than aware, spin-art and pebbling  
but narrow in the face or foppish Sunday Hilda oh! Airy  
Hemp Lush over coffee copped a kiss, the Times blowing  
& opining, heavy humid air, we musing against the  
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind  
missing the violinist between her rests as she  
indexes fracas problem: tool shacks, landscape of  
Zorro son of thunderhead and the storm in the steel glass  
s halfway pertinent incision we keep making  
(I denied not knowing how cadenza was meant) &  
Neapolitan pockets in small furniture intended house  
chance several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a  
big tango when the attorney general came, said amen,  
"Dias,oh, ho kook!"Xanthippe Ellington! "Tootin' Through the  
Roof" Tobacco warehouse, curls no rabbit rabbit rabbit rabbit  
texture so to speak was at the cleaners hot and

stubble somewhere unnoticed, chirping presence  
the chair is sad, alas, Inroad Mama, i've lusted tootles' livers  
the  
detour a cello a day dishevels a boat cold otter chose in the  
core  
slaughter because we're waiting all throughout  
eternity for solos to be of such suchness - Relaxed  
Renal Scar in the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks  
All models like films about their friends in pastel  
of darkness falling like an afghan around the manatee.  
Likewise seems sandpaper huckster with seesaw inchworms and  
recently soft brute of subject's object status, violent  
transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus hapax  
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flutes sing fender-benderless in trio, h-h-h-holy cow!  
effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep  
through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes  
petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten  
alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead  
And, with a shout, collecting coat hangers  
Groin Going Boo saunters pentecostal, operator will you cockpit  
out, transplanted organs speak, "arf!" the idiom  
inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power  
uncreased although each snare still trembles QuarkXpress  
which explains why the sump is busted and why  
he preferred Hole to afternoons on the phone with that  
carp, a cousin on the moon, remember the needy  
capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool  
prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so  
start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,  
heats me up the porridge," it's like a huge typo  
of familiarity. I am storing valence for later use  
I know the war-whoop in each dusty arrogance  
among the choruses and the different people  
Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is Hokey Pokey  
collecting the very boring nouns that come in on the breeze  
delicate lace flies tied by Pelican Bill, yo, in the house,  
of narration with part of good moisture. Here, bile, sopor,  
ebullience is a token gesture of the sauced, Red Stuff.  
I have a lot of duodenum. In the freezer we can defend some  
woods on a snowy evening, my yellow rose is lovely dark and deep



as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in  
our palaver. Have? Will not a binge of harmony which  
in the end go "meerscham" on us till we Tempest ourselves to  
bearings where the heiress is cows bathing in starlight. Give  
the poor temp a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of  
hidden porchlight in the platitude that she has given his  
longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be  
canonized  
elevates politicos and blond ones also raving vortices but  
does hang-gliding exist or is the circle a bulb of "plus"  
expenses  
cabins away from "Flash and Filligree" and "Goat's Head Soup"  
travel stiffly by the tears for so many tendons  
documentary to mean full body winter with alcohol removed  
sending the bulk of closure with sentient loops  
but my nerves are excellent tonight: Check Sire  
in the coin-op kiln on Sullen Street with my Saint Chris

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446. **John Cayley**

**RENGA SUGGESTION (PLEA! FREE US UP!)**

Thu 14 Sep 1995

1) Quote only the last two or three previous lines of the Renga to which you are adding.

-- with a little \*local\* editing you would be able to keep complete copies on your own machines, and this will leave the list a \*lot\* less cluttered for the rest. [Remember, some of us pay for access to the net.]

2) ? Strict(er) use of subject lines to identify branchings.

- - - - -

John Cayley Wellsweep Press [in Chinese HZ: ]

^ fine, innovative literary translation from Chinese ^

1 Grove End House 150 Highgate Road London NW5 1PD UK

Tel & Fax: 0 [REDACTED] Email: [REDACTED]

1995 URLs: <http://www.inforamp.net/~cayley> [= home]

+ [/wshome.html](#) [= Wellsweep]

+ [/inhome.html](#) [= Indra's Net]

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447. **Jorge Guitart**

***Re: Sheila & Jorge's Excellent Adventure***

Thu 14 Sep 1995

---

On Wed, 13 Sep 1995, Jordan Davis. wrote:

> >> >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.And flew  
> >> >through windows '95, lightning green and fine morning  
> >> >First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
> >> >The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
> >> >Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
> >> >The caravan of windows to what they flee  
> >> >These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more  
> >> >Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling  
> >> >but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago  
> >> >Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing  
> >> >& opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the  
> >> >bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind  
> >> >kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she  
> >> >gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of  
> >> >flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water'  
> >> >s halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance  
> >> >(inspection denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &  
> >> >neo-colonizing pockets in small furniture intended house  
> >> >sequentially several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a  
> >> >big tango when the attorney general came, selah haes said,  
> >> >"Dias,oh,ho kook!"Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the  
> >> >Roof" Tobacco warehouse, curls no ideas but the woven fabric the  
> >> >texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners piping hot and  
> >> >gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience  
> >> >the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' liversthe odor  
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> >> >Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout  
> >> >eternity for moments to be of such suchness.  
> >> >In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks  
> >> >All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds  
> >> >of darkness falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.  
> >> >Likewise seams andpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and  
> >> >recently soft fruit of subject's object status, violent  
> >> >transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu  
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> >> >flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprisedby how quiet

> >> >effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep  
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> >> >alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead  
> >> >and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes  
> >> >saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit  
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> >> >uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum  
> >> >which explains why the pump is busted and why  
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> >> >crap about not having a cousin on the moon  
> >> >capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool  
> >> >prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so  
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> >> >of narration with partners of good moisture. Here, touch my  
> >> >ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.  
> >> >I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some  
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> >> >as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in  
> >> >our palaver have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which  
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> >> >temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of  
> >> >hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his  
> >> >longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read  
> >> >ingratiates politicos and blond ones also shaven vortices but  
> >> >does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses  
> >> >cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup  
> >> >trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons  
> >> demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed  
> >spending the bulk of closure with sentient scoops  
> that fluke picnic shot out of these worlds we spread been-to  
> ach she's outside with the rummage, better get  
to the nudes before they start using the subjunctif

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448. **Judy Roitman**

***Re: Entry Phrasing***

Thu 14 Sep 1995

---

>Is Stan's translation being published by HACKETT in Cambridge, Mass. by  
any  
>chance?  
>Just curious.  
> [REDACTED]  
>  
>  
>  
Yes.

-----  
-----

Judy Roitman, Math, University of Kansas, Lawrence, KS 66045, [REDACTED]

-----  
-----

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449. **Sheila E. Murphy**

***Re: this break will or will not not branch***

Thu 14 Sep 1995

---

>>>In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
>>>And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning  
>>>First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
>>>The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
>>>Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
>>>The caravan of windows to what they flee  
>>>These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more  
>>>Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling  
>>>but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago  
>>>Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing  
>>>& opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the  
>>>bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind  
>>>kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she  
>>>gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of  
>>>flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water's  
>>>halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance  
>>>(inspection denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &

>>>neo-colonizing pockets in small furniture intended house  
>>>sequentially several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a  
>>>big tango when the attorney general came, selah hales said,  
>>>"Dias,oh,ho kook!"Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the  
>>>Roof" Tobacco warehouse, curls no ideas but the woven fabric the  
>>>texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners piping hot and  
>>>gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience  
>>>the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' liversthe odor  
>>>day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore  
>>>Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout  
>>>eternity for moments to be of such suchness.  
>>>In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks  
>>>All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds  
>>>of darkness falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.  
>>>Likewise seams andpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and  
>>>recently soft fruit of subject's object status, violent  
>>>transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu  
>>>switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles  
>>>considered shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging  
>>>flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprisedby how quiet  
>>>effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep  
>>>through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes  
>>>petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten  
>>>alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead  
>>>and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes  
>>>saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit  
>>>out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom  
>>>inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power  
>>>uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum  
>>>which explains why the pump is busted and why  
>>>he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that  
>>>crap about not having a cousin on the moon  
>>>capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool  
>>>prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so  
>>>start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,  
>>>heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose  
>>>of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use  
>>>I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative  
>>>among the invoices and the difference engines  
>>>Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there  
>>>collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze  
>>>delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house

>>>of narration with partners of good moisture. Here,touch my  
>>>ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.  
>>>I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some  
>>>woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep  
>>>as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in  
>>>our palaver have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which  
>>>in the end goes meerscham on us till we blink ourselves to  
>>>creeping where the sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give  
>>>temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of  
>>>hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his  
>>>longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read  
>>>ingratiates politicos and blond ones also shaven vortices but  
>>>does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses  
>>>cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup  
>>>trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons  
>>>demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed  
>>>by trained leeches from under the rotting elastic, a feast  
>>>of swirling eddies with beaucoup of labia & confetti  
>>>starving time's scythe for water, matching colors to go  
>>crecheward into sweet line drawings clothed to world our  
>words for water, falling four blocks away, finally, a gulf  
between perceived and rinsing water, shroud and comforter,

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450. **Sheila E. Murphy**

***Re: this break will or will not not branch***

*Thu 14 Sep 1995*

---

On Thursday, Sept 14, Charles Alexander wrote

>>On Tue, 12 Sep 1995, Scott Krieger wrote:

>>

>>> > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

>>> > > wrotethrough windows, lightning green and fine morning

>>> > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

>>> > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

>>> > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

>>> > > The caravan of windows to what they flee

>>> > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

>>> > > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling

>>> > > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago

>>> > > Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing

>>> > > & opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the

>>> > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind  
>>> > > kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she  
>>> > > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of  
>>> > > flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water'  
>>> > > s halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance  
>>> > > (inspection denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &  
>>> > > neo-colonizing pockets in small furniture intended house  
>>> > > sequentially several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a  
>>> > > big tango when the attorney general came, selah hales said,  
>>> > > "Dias,oh,ho kook!"Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the  
>>> > > Roof" Tobacco warehouse, curls no ideas but the woven fabric the  
>>> > > texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners piping hot and  
>>> > > gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience  
>>> > > the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' liversthe odor  
>>> > > day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore  
>>> > > Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout  
>>> > > eternity for moments to be of such suchness.  
>>> > > In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks  
>>> > > All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds  
>>> > > of darkness falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.  
>>> > > Likewise seams andpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and  
>>> > > recently soft fruit of subject's object status, violent  
>>> > > transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu  
>>> > > switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles  
>>> > > considered shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging  
>>> > > flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprisedby how quiet  
>>> > > effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep  
>>> > > through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes  
>>> > > petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten  
>>> > > alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead  
>>> > > and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes  
>>> > > saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit  
>>> > > out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom  
>>> > > inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power  
>>> > > uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum  
>>> > > which explains why the pump is busted and why  
>>> > > he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that  
>>> > > crap about not having a cousin on the moon  
>>> > > capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool  
>>> > > prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so  
>>> > > start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,  
>>> > > heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose

>>> > > of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use  
>>> > > I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative  
>>> > > among the invoices and the difference engines  
>>> > > Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there  
>>> > > collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze  
>>> > > delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house  
>>> > > of narration with partners of good moisture. Here, touch my  
>>> > > ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.  
>>> > > I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some  
>>> > > woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep  
>>> > > as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in  
>>> > > our palaver have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which  
>>> > > in the end goes meerschaum on us till we blink ourselves to  
>>> > > creeping where the sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give  
>>> > > temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of  
>>> > > hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his  
>>> > > longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read  
>>> > > ingratiates politicians and blond ones also shaven vortices but  
>>> > > does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses  
>>> > > cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup  
>>> > > trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons  
>>> > > demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed  
>>> > > by trained leeches from under the rotting elastic, a feast  
>>> > > of swirling eddies with beaucoup of labia & confetti  
>>> in the black stone cavity behind the swamphouse where we keep  
>>> the papers with the blue seals and the green bottles gone rank  
>> i was chewing on the iguana and sister angelica on the cameo  
> cookie fortitude of night's flying sisters telling unmentionable  
prophecies that sound like silk when mispronounced, that sound like

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451. **Sheila E. Murphy**

***Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...***

*Thu 14 Sep 1995*

---

> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books. And flew  
> through windows '95 Marlin Loins lightning green, a fine morning  
> First detrevni whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
> The book and the old boy on the grass under sun and cloud  
> Go endless, an obtuse cellar blue, it binds  
> The caravan of endowments to what they flee  
> These space curtains, more gauze than bondage, more



>Boloed than aware, spin-art and pebbling  
>but narrow in the face or foppish Sunday Hilda oh! Airy  
>Hemp Lush over coffee copped a kiss, the Times blowing  
>& opining, heavy humid air, we musing against the  
>bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind  
>missing the violinist between her rests as she  
>indexes fracas problem: tool shacks, landscape of  
>Zorro son of thunderhead and the storm in the steel glass  
>s halfway pertinent incision we keep making  
>(I denied not knowing how cadenza was meant) &  
>Neapolitan pockets in small furniture intended house  
>chance several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a  
>big tango when the attorney general came, said amen,  
>"Dias,oh, ho kook!"Xanthippe Ellington! "Tootin' Through the  
>Roof" Tobacco warehouse, curls no rabbit rabbit rabbit rabbit  
>texture so to speak was at the cleaners hot and  
>stubble somewhere unnoticed, chirping presence  
>the chair is sad, alas, Inroad Mama, i've lusted tootles' livers  
>the  
>detour a cello a day dishevels a boat cold otter chose in the  
>core  
>slaughter because we're waiting all throughout  
>eternity for solos to be of such suchness - Relaxed  
>Renal Scar in the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks  
>All models like films about their friends in pastel  
>of darkness falling like an afghan around the manatee.  
>Likewise seems sandpaper huckster with seesaw inchworms and  
>recently soft brute of subject's object status, violent  
>transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus hapax  
>switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angels  
>considered shrill as I'm left in the acres to be aging  
>flutes sing fender-benderless in trio, h-h-h-holy cow!  
>effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep  
>through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes  
>petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten  
>alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead  
>And, with a shout, collecting coat hangers  
>Groin Going Boo saunters pentecostal, operator will you cockpit  
>out, transplanted organs speak, "arf!" the idiom  
>inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power  
>uncreased although each snare still trembles QuarkXpress  
>which explains why the sump is busted and why



>he preferred Hole to afternoons on the phone with that  
>carp, a cousin on the moon, remember the needy  
>capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool  
>prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so  
>start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,  
>heats me up the porridge," it's like a huge typo  
>of familiarity. I am storing valence for later use  
>I know the war-whoop in each dusty arrogance  
>among the choruses and the different people  
>Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is Hokey Pokey  
>collecting the very boring nouns that come in on the breeze  
>delicate lace flies tied by Pelican Bill, yo, in the house,  
>of narration with part of good moisture. Here, bile, sopor,  
>ebullience is a token gesture of the sauced, Red Stuff.  
>I have a lot of duodenum. In the freezer we can defend some  
>woods on a snowy evening, my yellow rose is lovely dark and deep  
>as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in  
>our palaver. Have? Will not a binge of harmony which  
>in the end go "meerschaum" on us till we Tempest ourselves to  
>bearings where the heiress is cows bathing in starlight. Give  
>the poor temp a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of  
>hidden porchlight in the platitude that she has given his  
>longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be  
>canonized  
>elevates politicians and blond ones also raving vortices but  
>does hang-gliding exist or is the circle a bulb of "plus"  
>expenses  
>cabins away from "Flash and Filligree" and "Goat's Head Soup"  
>travel stiffly by the tears for so many tendons  
>documentary to mean full body winter with alcohol removed  
>sending the bulk of closure with sentient loops  
>but my nerves are excellent tonight: Check Sire  
>in the coin-op kiln on Sullen Street with my Saint Chris  
pendant and my legroom pedalled to half willing mendicants

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452. **Sheila E. Murphy**

***Re: this break will or will not not branch***

*Thu 14 Sep 1995*

---

>>>In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
>>>And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

>>>First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
>>>The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
>>>Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
>>>The caravan of windows to what they flee  
>>>These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more  
>>>Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling  
>>>but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago  
>>>Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing  
>>>& opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the  
>>>bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind  
>>>kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she  
>>>gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of  
>>>flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water's  
>>>halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance  
>>>(inspection denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &  
>>>neo-colonizing pockets in small furniture intended house  
>>>sequentially several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a  
>>>big tango when the attorney general came, selah hales said,  
>>>"Dias,oh,ho kook!"Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the  
>>>Roof" Tobacco warehouse, curls no ideas but the woven fabric the  
>>>texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners piping hot and  
>>>gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience  
>>>the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' liversthe odor  
>>>day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore  
>>>Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout  
>>>eternity for moments to be of such suchness.  
>>>In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks  
>>>All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds  
>>>of darkness falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.  
>>>Likewise seams andpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and  
>>>recently soft fruit of subject's object status, violent  
>>>transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu  
>>>switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles  
>>>considered shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging  
>>>flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprisedby how quiet  
>>>effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep  
>>>through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes  
>>>petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten  
>>>alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead  
>>>and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes  
>>>saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit  
>>>out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom

>>>inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power  
>>>uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum  
>>>which explains why the pump is busted and why  
>>>he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that  
>>>crap about not having a cousin on the moon  
>>>capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool  
>>>prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so  
>>>start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,  
>>>heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose  
>>>of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use  
>>>I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative  
>>>among the invoices and the difference engines  
>>>Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there  
>>>collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze  
>>>delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house  
>>>of narration with partners of good moisture. Here,touch my  
>>>ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.  
>>>I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some  
>>>woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep  
>>>as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in  
>>>our palaver have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which  
>>>in the end goes meerschaum on us till we blink ourselves to  
>>>creeping where the sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give  
>>>temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of  
>>>hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his  
>>>longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read  
>>>ingratiates politicos and blond ones also shaven vortices but  
>>>does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses  
>>>cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup  
>>>trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons  
>>>demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed  
>>>by trained leeches from under the rotting elastic, a feast  
>>>of swirling eddies with beaucoup of labia & confetti  
>>>starving time's scythe for water, matching colors to go  
>>crecheward into sweet line drawings clothed to world our  
>>repapered with farinaceous pictures of the king  
>in her plummeting financial avocadoes, worrying the morning  
with a pinch of salt and chronicling the echo lettuce shortbread plaited  
shrill as

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453. **Jorge Guitart**

**Re: Sheila & Jorge's Excellent Adventure**

Thu 14 Sep 1995

---

On Thu, 14 Sep 1995, Tony Green wrote:

*Jorge Guitart wrote fairly recently:*

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning  
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
The caravan of windows to what they flee  
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more  
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling  
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago  
Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing  
& opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the  
bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind accident  
kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she  
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of  
flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water'  
s halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance  
(inspection denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &  
neo-colonizing pockets in small furniture intended house  
sequentially several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a  
big tango when the attorney general came, selah hales said,  
"Dias,oh,ho kook!"Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the  
Roof" Tobacco warehouse, nada curls no ideas but the woven fabric the  
texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners piping hot and  
gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience y pues nada  
the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' liversthe odor  
day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore  
Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout  
eternity for moments to be of such suchness,  
to hold a rattle up, to eat our mommies.  
In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks  
All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds  
of darkness falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.  
Likewise seams andpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and  
recently soft fruit of subject's object status, violent  
transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu  
switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles  
considered shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging  
flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprisedby how quiet  
effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep  
through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes  
petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten*

alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead  
and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes  
saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit  
out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom  
inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power  
uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum  
which explains why the pump is busted and why  
he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that  
crap about not having a cousin on the moon  
capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool  
prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so  
start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,  
heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose  
of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use  
I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative  
among the invoices and the difference engines  
Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there  
collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze  
delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house  
of narration with partners of good moisture. Here, touch my  
ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.  
I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some  
woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep  
as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in  
our palaver have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which  
in the end goes meerschaum on us till we blink ourselves to  
creeping where the sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give  
temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of  
hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his  
longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read  
ingratiates politicos and blond ones also shaven vortices but  
does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses  
cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup  
trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons  
demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed  
by trained leeches from under the rotting elastic, a feast  
conducted by William Carlos Williams & the Five Snorers,  
laying on rocks in the wind, dissonance the order of our day  
whereas earlier pieces had emphasized the slow brutality of time  
elephantine wrinkles, rocks turning grey, starving termites from  
thinking too much about the dolor of papel clips and mucilage

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454. **Jorge Guitart**

***Re: Chax, Sheila & Jorge's Excellent Adventure***

*Thu 14 Sep 1995*

---

On Wed, 13 Sep 1995, Charles Wrote Alexander aka Charles Rote,wrote & wrote

> > wrote wrote  
> >> wrote wrote  
> >> >wrote wrote:  
> >> >wrote wrote  
> >> >wrote wrote:  
> >> >wrote wrote  
> >> >wrote wrote:  
> >> >wrote wrote  
> >> >wrote wrote:  
> >> >wrote wrote:  
> >> >wrote wrote:  
> >> >wrote wrote:  
> >> >wrote wrote:  
> >> >  
> >> >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
> >  
> > (about 95 lines omitted)  
> >  
> >> >our palaver have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which  
> >> >in the end goes meerschaum on us till we blink ourselves to  
> >> >creeping where the sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give  
> >> >temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of  
> >> >hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his  
> >> >longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read  
> >> >ingratiates politicos and blond ones also shaven vortices but  
> >> >does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses  
> >> >cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup  
> >> >trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons  
> >> >demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed  
> >> >by trained leeches from under the rotting elastic, a feast  
> >> of cinched trousers, steel wool and classicists weeviling their way to  
> > train themselves as intensely sexual. They worked with oblong  
> penises, wondering where peaches came from, the ground filled with  
folks from the cixous fan club who thought elle sent bon meant

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455. **Jorge Guitart**

***Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure***

Thu 14 Sep 1995

---

Sheila wrote  
> Jorge wrote:  
> > Chris wrote  
> > > Sheila wrote  
> > > > Jorge wrote:  
> > > > > Sheila wrote  
> > > > > Jorge wrote:  
> > > > > Sheila wrote  
> > > > > Jorge wrote:  
> > > > > Sheila wrote:  
> > > > > Jorge wrote:  
> > > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books. And flew  
> >  
> > (...)   
> >  
> > > > hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his  
> > > > longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read  
> > > > ingratiates politicians and blond ones also shaven vortices but  
> > > > does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses  
> > > > cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup  
> > > > trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons  
> > > > demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed  
> > > spending the bulk of closure with sentient scoops  
> > > that fluke picnic shot out of these worlds we spread been-to  
> > say that the center cannot hold the nose tackle much longer  
> than a clam can sleeve out of incarceration baldly  
> but who can prevent the Musical Elbows from talking shop

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456. **Jorge Guitart**

***Re: Sheila & Jorge's Excellent Adventure***

Thu 14 Sep 1995

---

Sheila wrote  
> Jorge wrote:  
> > Sheila wrote  
> > > Jorge wrote:  
> > > > Sheila wrote  
> > > > > Jorge wrote:



> > > > Sheila wrote  
> > > > Jorge wrote:  
> > > > Sheila wrote  
> > > > Jorge wrote:  
> > > > Sheila wrote:  
> > > > Jorge wrote:  
> > > >  
> > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books. And flew  
> > > > through windows '95, lightning green and fine morning  
> > > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
> > > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
> > > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
> > > > The caravan of windows to what they flee  
> > > > These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more  
> > > > Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling  
> > > > but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago  
> > > > Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing  
> > > > & opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the  
> > > > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind  
> > > > kissing the weatherwoman between her beasts as she  
> > > > gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of  
> > > > flicka son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water'  
> > > > s halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance  
> > > > (inspection denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &  
> > > > neo-colonizing pockets in small furniture intended house  
> > > > sequentially several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a  
> > > > big tango when the attorney general came, selah haes said,  
> > > > "Dias, oh, ho kook!" Edward Kennedy Ellington! "Tootin' Through the  
> > > > Roof" Tobacco warehouse, curls no ideas but the woven fabric the  
> > > > texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners piping hot and  
> > > > gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience  
> > > > the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' liversthe odor  
> > > > day toy a cello day dis chevys a bo coo daughter chose encore  
> > > > Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout  
> > > > eternity for moments to be of such suchness.  
> > > > In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks  
> > > > All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds  
> > > > of darkness falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.  
> > > > Likewise seams and paper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments  
and  
> > > > recently soft fruit of subject's object status, violent  
> > > > transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus apokoinu



> > > >switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles  
> > > >considered shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging  
> > > >flawlessly, flutes sing genderless in trio, surprisedby how quiet  
> > > >effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep  
> > > >through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes  
> > > >petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten  
> > > >alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead  
> > > >and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes  
> > > >saunter lope pentecost beam operator will you cockpit  
> > > >out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom  
> > > >inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power  
> > > >uncreased although each snare still trembles quantum  
> > > >which explains why the pump is busted and why  
> > > >he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that  
> > > >crap about not having a cousin on the moon  
> > > >capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool  
> > > >prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so  
> > > >start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,  
> > > >heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose  
> > > >of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use  
> > > >I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative  
> > > >among the invoices and the difference engines  
> > > >Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is here and there  
> > > >collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze  
> > > >delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house  
> > > >of narration with partners of good moisture. Here,touch my  
> > > >ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.  
> > > >I have a lot of duende in the freezer & we can defrost some  
> > > >woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep  
> > > >as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in  
> > > >our palaver have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which  
> > > >in the end goes meerschaum on us till we blink ourselves to  
> > > >creeping where the sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give  
> > > >temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of  
> > > >hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his  
> > > >longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read  
> > > >ingratiates politicos and blond ones also shaven vortices but  
> > > >does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses  
> > > >cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup  
> > > >trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons  
> > > >demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed  
> > > >spending the bulk of closure with sentient scoops

> >> threatening to have been arrested when the party wasn't looking  
> >> wanting to hitch a ride back to Los Genitales (in the boondocks)  
> via dendrites to the fourteenth power gleaned from the recent mitten  
convention  
having the configuration of levorotatory glyceraldehyde but unluckily I

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457. **Jorge Guitart**

***Re: fugazi redshifter approaching colossus***

Thu 14 Sep 1995

---

> >> > >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.And flew  
> >> > >through windows '95, lightning green and fine morning  
> >> > >First detrevni whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
> >> > >The book and the old boy on the grass under sun and cloud  
> >> > >Go endless, an obtuse cellar blue, it binds  
> >> > >The caravan of endowments to what they flee  
> >> > >These space curtains, more gauze than bondage, more  
> >> > >Boloed than aware, spin-art and pebbling  
> >> > >but narrow in the face or foppish Sunday Hilda oh!  
> >> > >Over coffee chopped with kissed lads, the Times blowing  
> >> > >& opining, heavy humid air, we musing against the  
> >> > >bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind  
> >> > >missing the violinist between her rests as she  
> >> > >indexes fracas problem: tool shacks, landscape of  
> >> > >Zorro son of thunderhead and the storm in the steel glass  
> >> > >s halfway pertinent incision we keep making  
> >> > >(I denied not knowing how cadenza was meant) &  
> >> > >Neapolitan pockets in small furniture intended house  
> >> > >chance several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a  
> >> > >big tango when the attorney general came, said amen,  
> >> > >"Dias,oh, ho kook!"Xanthippe Ellington! "Tootin' Through the  
> >> > >Roof" Tobacco warehouse, curls no rabbit rabbit rabbit rabbit  
> >> > >texture so to speak was at the cleaners hot and  
> >> > >stubble somewhere unnoticed, chirping presence  
> >> > >the chair is sad, alas, and i've lusted tootles' livers the  
> >> > >detour a cello a day dishevels a boat cold otter chose in the core  
> >> > >slaughter because we're waiting all throughout  
> >> > >eternity for solos to be of such suchness.  
> >> > >In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks  
> >> > >All models like films about their friends in pastel  
> >> > >of darkness falling like an afghan around the manatee.

> > > > Likewise seems sandpaper huckster with seesaw inchworms and  
> > > > recently soft brute of subject's object status, violent  
> > > > transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus hapax  
> > > > switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angels  
> > > > considered shrill as I'm left in the acres to be aging  
> > > > flutes sing fender-benderless in trio, h-h-h-holy cow!  
> > > > effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep  
> > > > through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes  
> > > > petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten  
> > > > alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead  
> > > > And, with a shout, collecting coat hangers  
> > > > saunter lope pentecost Timon of Athens operator will you cockpit  
> > > > out, transplanted organs speak, "arf!" the idiom  
> > > > inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power  
> > > > uncreased although each snare still trembles QuarkXpress  
> > > > which explains why the sump is busted and why  
> > > > he preferred Hole to afternoons on the phone with that  
> > > > carp, a cousin on the moon, remember the needy  
> > > > capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool  
> > > > prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so  
> > > > start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit,  
> > > > heats me up the porridge," it's like a huge typo  
> > > > of familiarity. I am storing valence for later use  
> > > > I know the war-whoop in each dusty arrogance  
> > > > among the choruses and the different people  
> > > > Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is Hokey Pokey  
> > > > collecting the very boring nouns that come in on the breeze  
> > > > delicate lace flies tied by Pelican Bill, yo, in the house,  
> > > > of narration with part of good moisture. Here, bile, sopor,  
> > > > ebullience is a token gesture of the sauced, Red Stuff.  
> > > > I have a lot of duodenum. In the freezer we can defend some  
> > > > woods on a snowy evening, my yellow rose is lovely dark and deep  
> > > > as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in  
> > > > our palaver. Have? Will not a binge of harmony which  
> > > > in the end go "meerscham" on us till we Tempest ourselves to  
> > > > bearings where the heiress is cows bathing in starlight. Give  
> > > > the poor temp a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of  
> > > > hidden porchlight in the platitude that she has given his  
> > > > longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be canonized  
> > > > elevates politicians and blond ones also raving vortices but  
> > > > does hang-gliding exist or is the circle a bulb of "plus" expenses  
> > > > cabins away from "Flash and Filligree" and "Goat's Head Soup"

> >> > >travel stiffly by the tears for so many tendons  
> >> > documentary to mean full body winter with alcohol removed  
> >> sending the bulk of closure with sentient loops  
> >> but my nerves are excellent tonight: I fired Mr. Churchyard  
> >in the coin-op kiln on Sullen Street with my Saint Chris  
> medal and a polo shirt and muck to rake and neighbors as non-carnivores  
as non-halluces, but Tristram was pawing Isoleucine right in there

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458. **Daniel Bouchard/College/hmco**

**Renga and the Far Write**

Thu 14 Sep 1995

Jorge:

Try to spend at least a couple of hours away from the computer screen. Isn't the weather nice where you are? Get outside a little. You're going to renga your health at this rate.

██████████

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459. **Jorge Guitart**

**Re: Renga SUGGESTION (PLEA! FREE US UP!)**

Thu 14 Sep 1995

Starting next login I am only mentioning the last five lines of any version i decide to add to, for the sake of everybody and especially people who have to pay for access.

On Thu, 14 Sep 1995, John Cayley wrote:

1) Quote only the last two or three previous lines of the Renga to which you are adding.

-- with a little \*local\* editing you would be able to keep complete copies on your own machines, and this will leave the list a \*lot\* less cluttered for the rest. [Remember, some of us pay for access to the net.]

2) ? Strict(er) use of subject lines to identify branchings.

-----

John Cayley Wellsweep Press [in Chinese HZ: ]

^ fine, innovative literary translation from Chinese ^

1 Grove End House 150 Highgate Road London NW5 1PD UK

Tel & Fax: 0██████████ Email: ██████████

1995 URLs: <http://www.inforamp.net/~cayley> [= home]

```
+ /wshome.html [= Wellsweep]
+ /inhome.html [= Indra's Net]
-----
```

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460. **cris cheek**

**Re: permissions on the 'ringa'**

Thu 14 Sep 1995

---

Thomas Bell writes:

```
I'm not
sure I agree with piecemeal publication - what is important
here I think is the process rather than the content. It is
fairly common to release material and programs to freeware
or the public domain with the stipulation that they only
be released in their entirety. Other thoughts on this
issue?
```

The process, with its weird time delays and multiple branching almost every line is certainly fascinating - perhaps particularly for contributors. But then so are snapshots of that process. What I like about the 'ringa' (as in ringa the changes) are its morphabilities.

And 'public domain' is my nomination for typo of the week btw.

love and love  
cris

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461. **cris cheek**

**Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure**

Thu 14 Sep 1995

---

>Sheila wrote:

>Jorge wrote:

>> Chris wrote

>>> > Sheila wrote

>>> >> Jorge wrote:

>>> >> >Sheila wrote

>>> >> >Jorge wrote:

>>> >> >Sheila wrote

>>> >> >Jorge wrote:

>>> >> >Sheila wrote:

>>> >> >Jorge wrote:

>>> >> >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.And flew  
>>  
>> (...)   
>>  
>>> >> >hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his  
>>> >> >longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read  
>>> >> >ingratiates politicos and blond ones also shaven vortices but  
>>> >> >does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses  
>>> >> >cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup  
>>> >> >trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons  
>>> >> demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed  
>>> >spending the bulk of closure with sentient scoops  
>>> that fluke picnic shot out of these worlds we spread been-to  
>> say that the center cannot hold the nose tackle much longer  
>than a clam can sleeve out of incarceration baldly  
go where others fear to operate the biggest donors hive

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462. **Ken Edwards**

**UK poetry**

Thu 14 Sep 1995

---

I've now heard from Romana Huk, who is organising that conference at the University of New Hampshire I mentioned before, on contemporary UK/Irish/US/Canadian poetry. She's asked me to say it'll take place on 28 Aug - 2 Sept 1996. Anyone interested in hearing more should contact her at UNH, Dept of English, Durham, NH 03824, tel [REDACTED]. She has some problem with her email at the moment but once she's online she's hoping to subscribe to this list.

- Ken

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463. **Herb Levy**

**David Ayre's rengas**

Thu 14 Sep 1995

---

Last week, as you may recall, David Ayre promised to post, what was it, 54(?) pages of rengas. Always a man of his word, in the last few days, Ayre has done just that.

What I want to know is: how (& why) did he use so many different names and email addresses to post this remarkable flurry of rengas?

& why has he dropped the convention of keeping the word "renga" in the subject line for those (fools though they may be) who do not wish to read more rengas?

Herb Levy



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464. **Steven Howard Shoemaker**

***anagrams to the stars***

Thu 14 Sep 1995

---

Forget about the old-timers like Keanu and Winona. I wanna know what wld happen if Alicia Silverstone met Leonardo DiCaprio?!

Alicia Silverstone=

Lave toe-nail. Crisis!

Leonardo Di Caprio:

Darn! Poor Leo. I, I cad!

Btw, i knew you guys were \*really\* into anagrams, even tho' nobody let on when i brought them up a while ago. S'ok 'cause i hereby volunteer to be the list's textual unconscious, at least until the next elections...

ss

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465. **Eryque Gleason**

***Re: Permission***

Thu 14 Sep 1995

---

it seems that the oneline I posted killed a thread of the renga a couple weeks ago, so in a blind jealous rage I'm afraid that I can't let you publish it, or any of my contributions as a lurker either.

love,

eryque

---

Eryque "Just call me Eric" Gleason      If I weren't a monkey, there'd 71 E.  
32nd St. Box 949                      be problems. Chicago, IL 60616



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466. **Jorge Guitart**

**Re: Renga and the Far Write**

Thu 14 Sep 1995

---

Daniel, thank very much for your concern. I am looking into Rengaholics Anonymous --there is a chapter here in Buffalo. I believe some of the members are former poetics list subscribers. I am about to contact Mike Boughn to see if he can give me some free counseling. But Sheila, no matter what happens, i promise to keep our excellent adventure alive!

On Thu, 14 Sep 1995, Daniel Bouchard/College/hmco wrote:

Jorge:

*Try to spend at least a couple of hours away from the computer screen. Isn't the weather nice where you are? Get outside a little. You're going to renga your health at this rate.*

██████████

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467. **Jorge Guitart**

**Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure**

Thu 14 Sep 1995

---

AS PROMISED

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.And flew*

*(...)*

*spending the bulk of closure with sentient scoops  
that fluke picnic shot out of these worlds we spread been-to  
say that the center cannot hold the nose tackle much longer  
than a clam can sleeve out of incarceration baldly  
go where others fear to operate the biggest donors hive  
& where Mars collides with the small world of "It's a small world"*

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468. **Jorge Guitart**

**anything exciting happened in my absence?**

Thu 14 Sep 1995

---

i just returned from a long vacation in Aguas Buenas where i hung out with Victor Cruz. While I was gone, I lent my account to my friend David Ayre. He said he needed to send only one message to Herb Levy and that was it.



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469. **Thomas Bell**

***Re: this break will or will not not branch***

*Fri 15 Sep 1995*

---

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
And flew through windows lightning green and fine morning  
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
The caravan of windows to what they flee  
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more  
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling  
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago  
Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing  
& opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the  
in the end goes meerschaum on us till we blink ourselves to*

skipped some

>>creeping where the sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give  
>>temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of  
>>hidden porchlight in the latitude that she has given his  
>>longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read  
>>ingratiates politicians and blond ones also shaven vortices but  
>>does mangling exist or the circle is balboa plus expenses  
>>cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup  
>>trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons  
>>demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed  
>>by trained leeches from under the rotting elastic, a feast  
>>of swirling eddies with beaucoup of labia & confetti  
>>starving time's scythe for water, matching colors to go  
>crecheward into sweet line drawings clothed to world our  
>eco-store with Mona wash and circa navigate the horn  
incorporated Encyclopedia britannica incoroap corporations

[↑ Contents](#)

470. **Thomas Bell**

***Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...***

*Fri 15 Sep 1995*

---

>In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
incorporating the end of timewarps and troves treasured

.

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471. **Thomas Bell**

***Re: this break will or will not not branch***

*Fri 15 Sep 1995*

---

>>>In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
>>>And flew through windows incorporating life as we new  
lyweds truly begotten gathered to elect a

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472. **Sheila E. Murphy**

***Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure***

*Fri 15 Sep 1995*

---

>AS PROMISED  
>  
>> >>> >> >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.And  
flew  
>> >>  
>> >>     (...)  
>> >>  
>> >>> >spending the bulk of closure with sentient scoops  
>> >>> that fluke picnic shot out of these worlds we spread been-to  
>> >> say that the center cannot hold the nose tackle much longer  
>> >than a clam can sleeve out of incarceration baldly  
>> go where others fear to operate the biggest donors hive  
>> & where Mars collides with the small world of "It's a small world"  
ripe for macroscopes to pump or slice or butterfly away

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473. **Ron Silliman**

***Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...***

*Fri 15 Sep 1995*

---

For the NYC Greenwich Village Halloween Parade, I need cat screams, most ideally cats in heat, but any old screams, yowls, howls, loud meows would be great. In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books. And flew through windows '95 Marlin Loins lightning green, a fine morning First detrevni whistle of a cardinal in the poplar The book and the old boy on the grass under sun and cloud Go endless, an obtuse cellar blue, it binds The caravan of endowments to what they flee These space curtains, more gauze than bondage, more Boloe than aware, spin-art and pebbling but narrow in the face or foppish

Sunday Hilda oh! Airy Hemp Lush over coffee copped a kiss, the Times blowing & opining, heavy humid air, we musing against the bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind missing the violinist between her rests as she indexes fracas problem: tool shacks, landscape of Zorro son of thunderhead and the storm in the steel glass s halfway pertinent incision we keep making (I denied not knowing how cadenza was meant) & Neapolitan pockets in small furniture intended house chance several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango when the attorney general came, said amen, "Dias,oh, ho kook!"Xanthippe Ellington! "Tootin' Through the Roof" Tobacco warehouse, curls no rabbit rabbit rabbit rabbit texture so to speak was at the cleaners hot and stubble somewhere unnoticed, chirping presence the chair is sad, alas, Inroad Mama, i've lusted tootles' livers the detour a cello a day dishevels a boat cold otter chose in the core slaughter because we're waiting all throughout eternity for solos to be of such suchness - Relaxed Renal Scar in the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks All models like films about their friends in pastel of darkness falling like an afghan around the manatee. Likewise seems sandpaper huckster with seesaw inchworms and recently soft brute of subject's object status, violent transformation la Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus hapax switchback and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angels considered shrill as I'm left in the acres to be aging flutes sing fender-benderless in trio, h-h-h-holy cow! effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead And, with a shout, collecting coat hangers Groin Going Boo saunters pentecostal, operator will you cockpit out, transplanted organs speak, "arf!" the idiom inseams, a snare as solvently unequal-- the power uncreased although each snare still trembles QuarkXpress which explains why the sump is busted and why he preferred Hole to afternoons on the phone with that carp, a cousin on the moon, remember the needy capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so start swimmin, bud: "lay me down in a wetsuit, heats me up the porridge," it's like a huge typo of familiarity. I am storing valence for later use I know the war-whoop in each dusty arrogance among the choruses and the different people Char, Lee, Parr, Kerr, everybody is Hokey Pokey collecting the very boring nouns that come in on the breeze delicate lace flies tied by Pelican Bill, yo, in the house, of narration with part of good moisture. Here, bile, sopor, ebullience is a token gesture of the sauced, Red Stuff. I have a lot of duodenum. In the freezer we can defend some woods on a snowy evening, my yellow rose is lovely dark and deep as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drear, get lost in our palaver. Have? Will not a binge of harmony which in the end go "meerscham" on us till we Tempest ourselves to bearings where the heiress is cows bathing in starlight. Give the poor temp a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts

of hidden porchlight in the platitude that she has given his longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be canonized elevates politicos and blond ones also raving vortices but does hang-gliding exist or is the circle a bulb of "plus" expenses cabins away from "Flash and Filligree" and "Goat's Head Soup" travel stiffly by the tears for so many tendons documentary to mean full body winter with alcohol removed sending the bulk of closure with sentient loops but my nerves are excellent tonight: Check Sire in the coin-op kiln on Sullen Street with my Saint Chris pendant and my legroom pedalled to half willing mendicants For the NYC Greenwich Village Halloween Parade, I need cat screams, most ideally cats in heat, but any old screams, yowls, howls, loud meows would be great.

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474. **Ron Silliman**

***Re: Renga Suggestion (Plea! Free US Up!)***

*Fri 15 Sep 1995*

---

Count me (one who pays for net access) as anti-ellipsoid. It turns rengas into "virtual rengas" and, lord knows, they're virtual enough as it is.

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475. **cris cheek**

***Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure***

*Fri 15 Sep 1995*

---

>>AS PROMISED

>>

>>> >>> >> >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.And flew

>>> >>

>>> >> (...)

>>> >>

>>> >>> >spending the bulk of closure with sentient scoops

>>> >>> that fluke picnic shot out of these worlds we spread been-to

>>> >> say that the center cannot hold the nose tackle much longer

>>> >than a clam can sleeve out of incarceration baldly

>>> go where others fear to operate the biggest donors hive

>>> & where Mars collides with the small world of "It's a small world"

>ripe for macroscopes to pump or slice or butterfly away

from that ardent bugged heliotrope and pledge allegiance through

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476. **cris cheek**

***Re: this break will or will not not branch***

*Fri 15 Sep 1995*

---

>>>>In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
>>>>And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning  
[savage edit]  
>>>>demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed  
>>>>by trained leeches from under the rotting elastic, a feast  
>>>>of swirling eddies with beaucoup of labia & confetti  
>>>>starving time's scythe for water, matching colors to go  
>>>crecheward into sweet line drawings clothed to world our  
>>words for water, falling four blocks away, finally, a gulf  
>between perceived and rinsing water, shroud and comforter,  
flogging proud wet stones with patchwork flags making tenement hum

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477. **Ron Silliman**

***Re: Renga SUGGESTION (PLEA! FREE US UP!)***

*Fri 15 Sep 1995*

---

I pay for access but am anti-ellipsoid. These rengas are virtual enough as it is.  
Personally, I think that any publication of them should credit Araki Yasusada.

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478. **H. T. KIRBY-SMITH**

***Renga permissions***

*Fri 15 Sep 1995*

---

I had to go off for a few days and while I was gone the explanations of who wrote the renga have thmselves taken on a renga-like proliferation. As soon as I can sort out what I have been told I will post what I have figured out so that people can make additional claims or else ask not to be included.

I wonder who was the first person who brought a piece of kudzu from Japan--just a random thought.

I do realize that the renga is an ongoing process and that anything printed outside this list is reportage rather than publication. But it might set an example that would help make so-called "workshops" more fun. Despite its oriental model it seems to me a very new world thing, like roof-raising and potluck suppers.

Tom Kirby-Smith  
English Department  
UNC-Greensboro  
Greensboro NC 27412

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479. **Edward Foster**  
***Re: you & whose army?***  
*Fri 15 Sep 1995*

---

dear m: wcw "modernized" himself by not writing like keats. keats' generation was to wcw's what wcw's is to now. olson (born before WWI) lived in wcw's world. we don't. the century's nearly gone. should we still be listening to wcw? -e

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480. **Edward Foster**  
***Re: you & whose army?***  
*Fri 15 Sep 1995*

---

dear m: actually, did teach spring & all last year, will do american grain this. but am doing it to suggest certain transformations in ideas about poetry and view of the past that have yellowed, dated. american grain: very dated. -e

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481. **Edward Foster**  
***Re: Red Wheelbarrow***  
*Fri 15 Sep 1995*

---

no, bill, i feel more like wells, esp. on this chatline, ducking bullets.

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482. **Edward Foster**  
***Re: use narrative engines***  
*Fri 15 Sep 1995*

---

ya, and in Iowa they still think wcw is cream cheese. stopped for breakfast in des moines this summer and asked for silliman-on-toast or bruce-andrews-popovers but was given wcw on a bagel. said, what's this white sauce? was corrected, fast.

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483. **Edward Foster**

***Re: inquiry from the unlettered***

*Fri 15 Sep 1995*

---

aldon: i fear he's a clone who can't spell. ulp.

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484. **Jeffrey Timmons**

***Re: you & whose army?***

*Fri 15 Sep 1995*

---

On Fri, 15 Sep 1995, Edward Foster wrote:

> dear m: wcw "modernized" himself by not writing like keats. keats' generation was to wcw's what wcw's is to now. olson (born before WWI) lived i n wcw's world. we don't. the century's nearly gone. should we still be listening to wcw? -e

Short answer? Yes.

Jeffrey Timmons

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485. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

***Re: signs taken for wonders***

*Fri 15 Sep 1995*

---

current \_Voice Literary Supplement\_ gives an entire page to Gustaf Sobin"s new books -- including nice notice indeed of the Talisman selection -- thanks for putting out another good book to Ed Foster -- amazing what people can do with a little bit of boredom --

--A.nother Nielsen

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486. **Louis Cabri**

***funkin around***

*Fri 15 Sep 1995*

---

Enryque, you were joshing yea, but for me it's, joshing, the point, to write a line that cannot be written past and that at the same time asks you invites you to try with everything you may find.

That would cut down on the numbers of em, too. I'm antiellipsoidal - sorry, translator. The translation has got to be total. But their quantity by soloists -

If fewer posts were posted each day from each, then this would ease the pay-per-line situation, and also alleviate the occasional clog that the listserv owner has had to roto-root for us - talkin about paying for the service! 50 different posters each day would mix well in a punbliquity of unanimous outrage.

Of course it seems that explicit rules are anathema to the implicit rules of this listserv that constitute it as it is, so no doubt these suggestions as with every other are simulateously asking you to not write past them and inviting you to do so with everything you find at hand - the keyboard body. You've got a keyboard body, it could be rad.

Steve, thank you for your Adorno quotes. The lectures on Hegel as a poetic for modernity, can you expand the analogy? As Butler speaks of girling the girl, we need to enverb Adorno and Hegel.

Juliana re: identification - "grasping the process of the thing through sympathetic identification" (Wesling), it's the post Romantic literary & extraliterary convention de luxe (psychoanalysis become a global process of capital, to para Andrews)? where it is ultimatley the self that has become the thing? the reified thing that needs persistent jumpstarting? Born again, Id Rave Day!

Socket to the thing?

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487. **Jorge Guitart**

***Re: ahem Chaim subroutine hawk stichic II***

*Fri 15 Sep 1995*

---

variations on a theme by Chris  
by Jorge

> > > >moods of a snoring sibling, my Jello rows are lonely,sharp & steep  
v> > > >as pestilence but let's exhume the cakes and gears seth  
your palaver. Hawk? Will not a tinge of irony switch  
> > > in tents go "weltausschaung" on us till we tenant ourselves to  
> > > >bearings where the heiress is chaos landing in barlight. Give  
> > > >the poor Clem a chest, for stareinspace forgoes the thoughts of  
> > > >hidden porchlight in the solicitude that she has given his  
> > > boyhood. Dearth is directly sated. A cymbal rated to be ionized  
> > > >renovates porticos and blood Huns also sprach Sarah Tustra but  
> > > >does Hans Glanding exist or is the cricket a glob of club senses  
> > > >cackling away frost, pasha and pedigree and Godhead Soup  
> > > >trammeled swiftly by the fears of so many did't know D had undone  
> > > elementary to seem full, coaty tincture with aloe subsumed>



>> mending the Hulk of Brochures with sterner boobs  
> >> but my verbs are excellent tonight: I sired Betty Barnyard  
> \ far beyond the testy Nellie whom the Engels called Chador  
    & the lamb presents cogent objections in bleat to his blood

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488. **Burt Kimmelman**

***Re: you & whose army?***

*Fri 15 Sep 1995*

---

dear ehf,

american grain good ol' wine

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489. **Charles Alexander**

***Re: you & why an army?***

*Fri 15 Sep 1995*

---

ed & jeffrey: does this mean that reading keats is absolutely out of the question.  
Or, given the postmodern pastiche of time, should we read wcw as keats would  
have read him? just as long as neither has to be filtered through renga.

charles

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490. **Herb Levy**

***Re: you & whose army?***

*Fri 15 Sep 1995*

---

Ed -

Why didn't they use the rainwater in the wheelbarrow to put out that fire?

Herb Levy



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491. **Gwyn McVay**

***Curbstone***

*Fri 15 Sep 1995*

---

Like I said, please say hi to Claribel for me. I'm mad at myself because I meant  
to bring my copy of \_Flowers\_ to class for you to have her sign. Oh well. Also

please say hi to Sandy and that nice kid Bob if he still works for him. They were both so nice to me last year.

g.

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492. **Edward Foster**  
***Re: you & whose army?***  
*Fri 15 Sep 1995*

---

actually, jeffrey, we should listen to wcw, but do it the way wcw listen to keats. as i recall, wcw's book of keatsian poems were stored in a chicken coop, which burned. but then, w adopted/adapted rimbaud, who was also dead. new era in 5 yrs.

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493. **Gwyn McVay**  
***Re: you & whose army?***  
*Fri 15 Sep 1995*

---

To get to the other side!

Gwyn

On Fri, 15 Sep 1995, Herb Levy wrote:

*Ed -*

*Why didn't they use the rainwater in the wheelbarrow to put out that fire?*

*Herb Levy*



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494. **Edward Foster**  
***Re: you & whose army?***  
*Fri 15 Sep 1995*

---

burt: you can't make wine from grain. anyway, what's this fear of leaving wcw behind? or at least leaving him in the classroom? i have a feeling that of that trio--ep, hd, wce--it's hd (of trilogy) who offers most now. -ed

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495. **George Bowering**

**Re: RengaCheck**

*Fri 15 Sep 1995*

---

I put a version of the renga thru grammar check, which kept politely suggesting that various parts of it did not seem to be complete sentences. I told it there was no such thing in this people's universe, and it compromised with this:

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
And flew through windows lightning green and fine morning  
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
The caravan of windows to what they flee  
These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more  
Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spondee and pebbling  
but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago  
Over coffee topped with whipped lads, the Times blowing  
& opining, heavy humid air, cum amusing against the  
bleached ribcage ripcords into compassed wind  
kissing the weatherman between her beasts as she  
gives gracious problem: fanatical snacks, landscape of  
flicker son of thunderhead and the storm in the glass of water's  
halfway pertinent incision we keep making safe for ignorance  
(inspection denied for not knowing how credenza was meant) &  
neo-colonizing pockets in small furniture intended house  
sequentially several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a  
big tango when the attorney general came, seal hales said,  
"Dias,oh,ho kook!"Edward Kennedy Wellington! "Tooting' Through the  
Roof" Tobacco warehouse, curls no ideas but the woven fabric the  
texture so to speak was at the dry cleaners piping hot and  
gloved-in somewhere unsalted, perched on prescience  
the chair is sad, alas, and Ive lusted toothless' livers the odor  
day toy a cello day dice chivvies a boa coo daughter chose encore  
Flaubert because we're waiting all throughout  
Eternity for moments to be of such sauciness.  
In the nooks were creams and in the stream were hooks  
All melded like striated film leftover in the pastel seeds  
Of darkness falling like a counterirritant around the manchineel.  
Likewise seams sandpaper juxtaposed with seasoned instruments and  
recently soft fruit of subject's object status, violent  
Transformation la Set. Theorize into beaming cumulus apokoinu  
switch back and in the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding angles

considered shrill as pine left in the acres to be aging  
flawlessly, flutes sing gendarmes in trio, surprised by how quiet  
effort really is or is not, fast enough to sleep  
through thunderstorms, arm over thigh until light shakes  
petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten  
alive in our hearse hurts, projective nurse if she is to go ahead  
and dance, composing instead of straining muscles, far eyes  
saunter lope Pentecost beam operator will you cockpit  
out, transplanted organs speak, the idiom  
inseams, a snare as slovenly unequal-- the power  
uncrossed although each snare still trembles quantum  
which explains why the pump is busted and why  
he preferred whole afternoons on the phone to that  
crap about not having a cousin on the moon  
capable of keeping the canoe right way up in the cool  
prose of the upper Hudson, dinner's at seven so  
start swimming, bud: "lay me down in a wet suit,  
heats me up in the sleaze," it's like a huge dose  
Of familiarity. I am storing radiance for later use  
I know the war-whoop in each dusty narrative  
among the invoices and the difference engines  
Char, Lee, Pap, Keg, everybody is here and there  
collecting the stamp hinges that come in on the breeze  
delicate lace flies into pelican Bills in the house  
Of narration with partners of good moisture. Here, touch my  
Ebullience with a token gesture of sauce, of the red stuff.  
I have a lot of Dundee in the freezer & we can defrost some  
woods on a snowy evening, my horse is lovely dark and deep  
as penitence, but let's elude the shakes and drier, get lost in  
our palaver have tongue will travel not a binge of harmony which  
in the end goes meerschaum on us till we blink ourselves to  
Creeping where the sublime is cows bathing in starlight. Give  
temporality a rest, for widest space succumbs to onslaughts of  
hidden porch light in the latitude that she has given his  
Longitude. Depth is directly stated. A signal slated to be read  
ingratiates politicians and blond ones also shaven vortices but  
does mangling exist or the circle is bleb plus expenses  
cabinets away from lust and pedigree and shark fin soup  
trailing stiffens buying tears for so many tendons  
demitasses to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed  
by trained leeches from under the rotting elastic, a feast

of swirling eddies with beau coup of labia & confetti  
starving time's scythe for water, matching colors to go

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496. **George Bowering**  
**Re: anagrams to the stars**  
Fri 15 Sep 1995

---

Edward Foster = Redraft Dowse

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497. **George Bowering**  
**Re: Hello Ayre Heads**  
Fri 15 Sep 1995

---

I want to go on record as saying that I have never been in the same room with David Ayre.

He always made me do it in a meadow. Damned Romantic nature poets.

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498. **George Bowering**  
**Re: Sheila & Jorge's Excellent Adventure**  
Fri 15 Sep 1995

---

"Ufgh!"

"Aw!"

"Here?"

"Nnngh!"

"Oh!"

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499. **Jorge Guitart**  
**Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...**  
Fri 15 Sep 1995

---

On Thu, 14 Sep 1995, Thomas Bell wrote:

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
incorporating the end of timewarps and troves treasured  
the mercator projection of horniness and thou; for thou is*

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500. **Jorge Guitart**

**Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure**

Fri 15 Sep 1995

---

On Thu, 14 Sep 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

> >AS PROMISED  
> >  
> >> >>> >> >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.And  
flew  
> >> >>  
> >> >> (...)   
> >> >>  
> >> >>> >spending the bulk of closure with sentient scoops  
> >> >>> that fluke picnic shot out of these worlds we spread been-to  
> >> >> say that the center cannot hold the nose tackle much longer  
> >> >than a clam can sleeve out of incarceration baldly  
> >> go where others fear to operate the biggest donors hive  
> >> & where Mars collides with the small world of "It's a small world"  
> ripe for macroscopes to pump or slice or butterfly away  
and the nominal cloud will devoice the strange case of God

[↑ Contents](#)

501. **Jorge Guitart**

**Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure**

Fri 15 Sep 1995

---

On Fri, 15 Sep 1995, cris cheek wrote:

> >>AS PROMISED  
> >>  
> >>> >>> >> >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.And  
flew  
> >>> >>  
> >>> >> (...)   
> >>> >>  
> >>> >>> >spending the bulk of closure with sentient scoops  
> >>> >>> that fluke picnic shot out of these worlds we spread been-to  
> >>> >> say that the center cannot hold the nose tackle much longer  
> >>> >than a clam can sleeve out of incarceration baldly  
> >>> go where others fear to operate the biggest donors hive  
> >>> & where Mars collides with the small world of "It's a small world"  
> >ripe for macroscopes to pump or slice or butterfly away

> from that ardent bugged heliotrope and pledge allegiance through  
ostension--we stopped short of the shortstop stigmata

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502. **Jeffrey Timmons**

**Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...**

Fri 15 Sep 1995

---

On Fri, 15 Sep 1995, Charles Alexander wrote:

*ed & jeffrey: does this mean that reading keats is absolutely out of the question. Or, given the postmodern pastiche of time, should we read wcw as keats would have read him? just as long as neither has to be filtered through renga.*

Ha. And what would that kind of reading be? Yes, I have to agree with Ed that HD is probably the most important of them--ep, hd, wcw--at the moment, but wcw is (partially) important in american poetics (if I can hazard such a generalization) because of his mainstreaming of an avant-garde aesthetic. Maybe the wheelbarrow is a little boring, but, geez, it's neat isn't it? I mean, I see Emerson and Thoreau in him . . . and I always dig that. As I suggested, though, I am interested in WCW for not only the clarity and and simplicity, the laconic reduction of language to its essentials, which still retains such resonance and suggestive possibilities, but, also, because of his investment in an avant-garde, modernist tradition. HD and EP do not, I believe, offer that same perspective. I am interested in the WCW of Spring And All--the prose/poem version, with its absurdity and weirdness. Where else in the, now, mainstream tradition do you find that? Eliot doesn't count--expat and all. What is valuable is WCW--were we in need of qualifying this--is that he, not single-handedly mind you, reoriented american poetics: "Writing is not a searching about in the daily experience for apt similes and pretty thoughts and images. I have experienced that to my sorrow. It is not a conscious recording of the day's experiences "freshly and with the appearance of realilty"--This sort of thing is seriously to the development of any ability in a man, it fastens him down, makes him a--It destroys, makes nature an accessory to the particular theory he is following, it blinds him to the world . . . . " I would hazard to say that without WCW american poetics would have lacked an important influence in turning itself away from an ideology of verisimilitude. If we are to read anyone we need to read them in a way that makes them not only part of their context but as how t relevant to our present. Better WCW than longfellow....

Jeffrey Timmons

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503. **Sheila E. Murphy**

**What? Me? A Renga Problem...NAW!**

Fri 15 Sep 1995

---

*Daniel, thank very much for your concern. I am looking into Rengaholics Anonymous --there is a chapter here in Buffalo. I believe some of the members are former poetics list subscribers. I am about to contact Mike Boughn to see if he can give me some free counseling. But Sheila, no matter what happens, i promise to keep our excellent adventure alive!*

Me, too, Jorge!

SEM

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504. **Thomas Bell**

**Tale of Grengaji I**

Sat 16 Sep 1995

---

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books. And flew through windows '95 Marlin Loins. Lightning green first dawning. A fine morning. First detrevni whistle of a cardinal in the popular book. Old boy on grass. Under sun and cloud. Go endless obtuse.

Cellar blue binds caravan endowments. What they flee, these space curtains, more gauze than bondage, more boloed than aware, spin-art. Pebbling narrow in the face or foppish. Sunday Hilda....

Oh! Airy hemp lush copped a kiss over coffee. Sunday The Times blowing & opining. Heavy humid air, we musing against the bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind missing the violinist between her rests as she indexes. Fracas problem: tool shacks. Landscape of Zorro son of thunderhead and the storm in the steel. Glass halfway pertinent incision we keep making (I denied not knowing how cadenza was meant).

& neapolitan pockets in small furniture intended house chance several mountains away but it wasn't, you know, a big tango when the attorney general came, said amen, "Dias,oh, ho kook!" Xanthippe Ellington! "Tootin' through the roof" Tobacco warehouse curls no rabbit/rabbit/rabbit/rabbitttexture. so to speak. At the cleaners hot and stubble somewhere unnoticed. Chirping presence is sad, The chair, alas. Inroad Mama lusted tootles' livers detour.

A cello a day dishevels a boat cold otter chose in the core, Slaughter because we're waiting all throughout eternity for solos to be. Such suchness. Relaxed renal scar in the nooks creams in the stream. Hooks, models like films about their friends in pastel of darkness falling. An afghan around the



manatee.likewise seems. Sandpaper huckster with seesaw inchworms and recently. Soft brute of subject's object status, violent transformation. Ste. Therese into beaming cumulus hapax switchback. In the u-turns were bookmobiles rounding. Angels considered shrill as I'm left in the acres. Aging flutes sing fender-benderless in trio, h-h-h-holy cow! Effort really is or is not fast enough to sleep through thunderstorms. Arm over thigh until light shakes petals free of names that rain across known skin forgotten alive in our hearse hurts. Projective nurse if she is to go ahead, and with a shout, collecting coat hangers groin going boo saunters pentecostal, operator will you cockpit out, transplanted organs speak,

"arf!."

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505. **Tenney Nathanson**  
**(no subject)**

Sat 16 Sep 1995

---

Date: Fri, 15 Sep 1995 04:21:32 -0700  
From: Ron Silliman <[REDACTED]>  
Subject: Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...

yow! (the ellipsoid cadenza, not the header above)

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506. **Tenney Nathanson**  
**(no subject)**

Sat 16 Sep 1995

---

>Date: Fri, 15 Sep 1995 11:27:47 -0500  
>From: Edward Foster <[REDACTED]>  
>Subject: Re: you & whose army?  
>  
>dear m: wcw "modernized" himself by not writing like keats. [keats' generation wa  
>s to wcw's what wcw's is to now. olson (born before WWI) lived in wcw's world. w  
>e don't. the century's nearly gone. should we still be listening to wcw? -e]  
well sure but the fact that he always remained a very keatsian poet didn't make him a(n even) less interesting poet (than you apparently find him). Doan read no Keats no mo? (how is you spell po-ems, man?)

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507. **Tenney Nathanson**

**(no subject)**

Sat 16 Sep 1995

---

>Date: Fri, 15 Sep 1995 11:30:16 -0500  
>From: Edward Foster <[REDACTED]>  
>Subject: Re: you & whose army?  
>  
>dear m: actually, did teach spring & all last year, will do american grain  
this.  
> but am doing it to suggest certain transformations in ideas about poetry  
and vi  
>ew of the past that have yellowed, dated. american grain: very dated. -e  
no doubt. Paterson, a whole lot less so (the Grosse Fugue, even less so, as I  
think it was Schonberg more or less remarked)  
reporting diarrheal disturbance w/o fear of economic reprisal....  
been to hell in a boat yet?  
hi to Bob Packard btw (?)

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508. **Tenney Nathanson**

**(no subject)**

Sat 16 Sep 1995

---

>Date: Fri, 15 Sep 1995 15:32:00 -0500  
>From: Edward Foster <[REDACTED]>  
>Subject: Re: you & whose army?  
>  
>burt: you can't make wine from grain. anyway, what's this fear of leaving  
wcw be  
>hind? or at least leaving him in the classroom? i have a feeling that of  
that tr  
>io--ep, hd, wce--it's hd (of trilogy) who offers most now. -ed  
exfoliate you must?

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509. **Tenney Nathanson**

**(no subject)**

Sat 16 Sep 1995

---

Date: Fri, 15 Sep 1995 14:56:51 -0500

From: Charles Alexander <[REDACTED]>

Subject: Re: you & why an army?

*ed & jeffrey: does this mean that reading keats is absolutely out of the question. Or, given the postmodern pastiche of time, should we read wcw as keats would have read him? just as long as neither has to be filtered through renga.*

charles

well, you have just entered the koan bizniz. really lovely to contemplate (what you said, not you in the koan biz, though that too)

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510. **Rod Smith**

**Re: you & what army**

Sat 16 Sep 1995

---

This talk is boring. Not WCW. Very few poets have done anything to rival Asphodel. (I mean besides David Ayre.) Much less the work in Imaginations.

"All I said was:

there, you see, it is broken"

Next thing you'll be saying O'Hara's old hat.

"Either that or a bullet !"

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511. **Ken Edwards**

**WCW and whose army**

Sat 16 Sep 1995

---

Our reading of the literature of the past is continuously refracted through the prism of the present. But it's the necessary business - right in between the sclerosis of the national heritage theme park, on the one hand, and the instantaneous amnesia of MTV culture on the other.

WCW still feels like an outsider to me. I was told recently by someone brought up in Paterson, NJ, that he was never taught Williams in English class, and never heard about him until after he left school.

ain't nobody here but us white chickens  
beside the red wheel  
barrow  
glazed with rain  
water  
upon which so much  
depends

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512. **Ron Silliman**

***Koan Bidness***

*Sat 16 Sep 1995*

---

What is the sound of three lines flapping?

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513. **CAROLYN L. FORCHE-MATTISON**

***list poets in the Post***

*Sat 16 Sep 1995*

---

In this morning's Washington Post, Mark Wallace beautifully rebuts the pompous Jonathan Yardley's attack on poets/writers/teaching/arts money [which appeared in last Sunday's "Outlook" section, usually reserved for inside-the-beltway blather], and manages also to invoke (among others) Charles Bernstein, Robert Creeley, Susan Howe, and Bernadette Mayer, as well as contribute an astute reality check on the survival strategies of most working artists. If you are out there, Mark, bravo!

--Carolyn Forche

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514. **Jorge Guitart**

***Re: this break will or will not not branch***

*Sat 16 Sep 1995*

---

On Fri, 15 Sep 1995, cris cheek, savage editor, wrote:

> >>>>In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
> >>>>And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning  
> [savage edit]  
> >>>>demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed  
> >>>>by trained leeches from under the rotting elastic, a feast  
> >>>>of swirling eddies with beaucoup of labia & confetti  
> >>>>starving time's scythe for water, matching colors to go

> >>> crecheward into sweet line drawings clothed to world our  
> >> words for water, falling four blocks away, finally, a gulf  
> > between perceived and rinsing water, shroud and comforter,  
> flogging proud wet stones with patchwork flags making tenement hum  
with "Too late the coloscope" and "Cried the besotted gondry"

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515. **Jorge Guitart**

**Re: list poets in the Post**

Sat 16 Sep 1995

Mark, please post your rebuttal to yardley on the list. Many thanks and warm regards. (Thanks to Carolyn for telling us about it.) Jorge.

On Sat, 16 Sep 1995, CAROLYN L. FORCHE-MATTISON wrote:

*In this morning's Washington Post, Mark Wallace beautifully rebuts the pompous Jonathan Yardley's attack on poets/writers/teaching/arts money [which appeared in last Sunday's "Outlook" section, usually reserved for inside-the-beltway blather], and manages also to invoke (among others) Charles Bernstein, Robert Creeley, Susan Howe, and Bernadette Mayer, as well as contribute an astute reality check on the survival strategies of most working artists. If you are out there, Mark, bravo!*

--Carolyn Forche

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516. **Burt Kimmelman**

**Re: you & whose army?**

Sat 16 Sep 1995

ed, you mean that hd of the three is most relevant (out of the trio: ep, hd, wcw) because of her poetics or because she is the least picked over

("And I come after, glenynge here and there.

And am ful glad if I may fynde an ere

Of any goodly word that they [other poets] han left.")

bk

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517. **Burt Kimmelman**

***Re: you & whose army?***

Sat 16 Sep 1995

---

ed,

sorry i left it out: the lines are from Chaucer in the Prologue to the Legend of Good Women.

burt

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518. **Sheila E. Murphy**

***Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure***

Sat 16 Sep 1995

---

On the 16th, Jorge wrote:

>On Fri, 15 Sep 1995, cris cheek wrote:

>

>> >>AS PROMISED

>> >>

>> >>> >>> >> >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.And flew

>> >>> >>

>> >>> >> (...)

>> >>> >>

>> >>> >>> >spending the bulk of closure with sentient scoops

>> >>> >>> that fluke picnic shot out of these worlds we spread been-to

>> >>> >> say that the center cannot hold the nose tackle much longer

>> >>> >than a clam can sleeve out of incarceration baldly

>> >>> go where others fear to operate the biggest donors hive

>> >>> & where Mars collides with the small world of "It's a small world"

>> >ripe for macroscopes to pump or slice or butterfly away

>> from that ardent bugged heliotrope and pledge allegiance through

> ostension--we stopped short of the shortstop stigmata

this time pencilled in as tangly wisps instead of memory

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519. **Herb Levy**

***Re: Zukofsky: On Shakespeare***

Sat 16 Sep 1995

---

Blair Seagram asks:

*A question. I believe Zukofsky wrote something about Shakespeare. A critical essay or perhaps a book. Does anyone have the title and/or know anything about it?*

Louis Zukofsky's book "Bottom: On Shakespeare" was reissued by U of Cal Press a few years ago, I think this edition is still in print.

This edition reissues only volume one of the original text. Volume two was Celia Zukofsky's musical setting of Shakespeare's play "Pericles, Prince of Tyre." LZ writes somewhere that CZ's rhythmic notation of Shakespeare's text in this setting makes clear the ideas about Shakespeare he was writing about. But then LZ also wrote that this dense and entertaining book could be reduced to the logical formula <love is to reason as eyes are to mind>. There's a lot more there, regardless of how relevant it is to these thesis.

In any case, even those of us who read music might quibble about the discursive quality of CZ's music here. It isn't clear to me, at least, how to get LZ's ideas about Shakespeare, Aristotle, Spinoza, & Wittgenstein from CZ's use of, say, dotted quarter notes.

That said, CZ's music seems to be pretty. As far as I know the setting was never performed.

Herb Levy



[↑ Contents](#)

520. **Loss Glazier**

***Reading in S.F.***

*Sat 16 Sep 1995*

---

Announcement:

-----  
R E A D I N G  
-----

Loss Pequeno Glazier reading in S.F. with Steven Shaviro on Saturday, Oct. 21, 8 pm at New Langton Arts, 1246 Folsom Street. Also I will be doing a discussion on the ELECTRONIC POETRY CENTER and Shaviro will be presenting on his online Doom Patrols.

-----  
Sponsored by Small Press  
Traffic/Small Press Partner  
Series with many thanks to

Dodie Bellamy!

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521. **Blair Seagram**

***Ranting on St Marks***

*Sat 16 Sep 1995*

---

For some time now I have wanted to buy a book by Zukofsky who I first heard of on this list. A friend suggested St Marks as the best bookstore to find him in. I called them up and was told they had a large selection. Fine I said to myself, I'll go over there later tonight and spend some time browsing.

I go to St Marks occasionally. Not enough to remember where everything is located. However I found the poetry section and then I found the end of the poetry section, where the X, Y's and Z's are. It runs into poetry anthologies I believe. No Zukofsky from what I could see. So I asked the grey-haired bearded man at the desk where I could find Zukofsky. "In the poetry section," he growled. I tried again. Then I walked to the front of the store to see if someone at the front desk could help me. No, it appeared that guy was engaged in ringing up purchases.

So I said to myself fuck it, that guy should do his bloody job and help me. I went to the desk again. I asked the bearded grouch in a polite voice if he wouldn't mind checking his computer to see if any Zukofsky was in stock.

"Oh, for Christ sake," he said as he got violently up from his desk and marched to the poetry section two feet away, "Just check the rack." Which he did. Then he said, "We're out of stock." Which is what I thought but wanted to be sure I hadn't missed anything. "When will you have him back in stock?" I asked. "Not for a long time," he said.

At which point I had had enough, "When I called this afternoon I was told you had all of Zukofsky on the shelves."

"We never carry all of Zukofsky," he said.

"Well!" I shrugged, threw up my hands and walked out in a silent rage.

On the way home I stopped in at the Barnes and Noble in my neighborhood and picked up a copy of "A". No stress and no bad vibes. Simple, easy, polite.

Maybe the grey-haired bearded guy was having a hard day's night, I don't know. But he put me off entirely. His attitude was rude, angry, ugly and degrading.

Rather than compare St Marks to Barnes and Noble which is unfair because they are in two different leagues, let me compare St Marks, with say, The



Gotham Book Mart. Now here is a bookstore that has never been anything but polite, helpful and friendly to me. It is a bookstore I have used far more than St Marks and will continue to do so. It has a literary history that blows St Marks right off the map, with manners and sophistication to boot. Never mind that things are slightly jumbled and out of order. Chalk it up to charm.

By the way, from the little I read last night Zukofsky is engaging, and I am sure that is the least of it.

A question. I believe Zukofsky wrote something about Shakespeare. A critical essay or perhaps a book. Does anyone have the title and/or know anything about it?

Take care

Blair

[↑ Contents](#)

522. **Jorge Guitart**

***Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure***

*Sat 16 Sep 1995*

---

SEM-CC-JG BRANCH 9/16/95

in the books were dreams and in the dreams were

books. And flew > >> >>> >>

> >> >>> >>     (...)

> >> >>> >>

> >> >>> >>> >spending the bulk of closure with sentient scoops

> >> >>> >>> that fluke picnic shot out of these worlds we spread been-to

> >> >>> >> say that the center cannot hold the nose tackle much longer

> >> >>> >than a clam can sleeve out of incarceration baldly

> >> >>> go where others fear to operate the biggest donors hive

> >> >>> & where Mars collides with the small world of "It's a small world"

> >> >ripe for macroscopes to pump or slice or butterfly away

> >> from that ardent bugged heliotrope and pledge allegiance through

> > ostension--we stopped short of the shortstop stigmata

> this time pencilled in as tangly wisps instead of memory

detonations: but don't forget to dismember the doloroso

[↑ Contents](#)

523. **cris cheek**

***Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure***

Sat 16 Sep 1995

---

>SEM-CC-JG BRANCH 9/16/95

>

>in the books were dreams and in the dreams were

>books.And flew > >> >>> >>

>> >> >>> >>     (...)

>> >> >>> >>

>> >> >>> >>> >spending the bulk of closure with sentient scoops

>> >> >>> >>> that fluke picnic shot out of these worlds we spread been-to

>> >> >>> >> say that the center cannot hold the nose tackle much longer

>> >> >>> >than a clam can sleeve out of incarceration baldly

>> >> >>> go where others fear to operate the biggest donors hive

>> >> >>> & where Mars collides with the small world of "It's a small world"

>> >> >ripe for macroscopes to pump or slice or butterfly away

>> >> from that ardent bugged heliotrope and pledge allegiance through

>> > ostension--we stopped short of the shortstop stigmata

>> this time pencilled in as tangly wisps instead of memory

> detonations: but don't forget to dismember the doloroso

I left in the rain by mistake whilst on business vocation

[↑ Contents](#)

524. **cris cheek**

***Re: this break will or will not not branch***

Sat 16 Sep 1995

---

>On Fri, 15 Sep 1995, jorge guitart, the savage seconder, wrote:

>

>> >>>>In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

>> >>>>And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

>> [savage edit]

>> >>>>demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed

>> >>>>by trained leeches from under the rotting elastic, a feast

>> >>>>of swirling eddies with beaucoup of labia & confetti

>> >>>>starving time's scythe for water, matching colors to go

>> >>>crecheward into sweet line drawings clothed to world our

>> >>words for water, falling four blocks away, finally, a gulf

>> >between perceived and rinsing water, shroud and comforter,

>> flogging proud wet stones with patchwork flags making tenement hum

> with "Too late the coloscope" and "Cried the besotted gondry"

fishing around with like with like and let it get too cold, "Hey,

[↑ Contents](#)

525. **beard**

**Re: Ranting on St Marks**

Sat 16 Sep 1995

---

*For some time now I have wanted to buy a book by Zukofsky who I first heard of on this list. A friend suggested St Marks as the best bookstore to find him in. I called them up and was told they had a large selection.*

Nice to have a bookshop that's even \_heard\_ of Zukofsky!

Tom Beard.

[↑ Contents](#)

526. **Jorge Guitart**

**Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure**

Sat 16 Sep 1995

---

> >SEM-CC-JG BRANCH 9/16/95 J adding to C  
in the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.And flew  
spending the bulk of closure with sentient scoops  
that fluke picnic shot out of these worlds we spread been-to  
say that the center cannot hold the nose tackle much longer  
than a clam can sleeve out of incarceration baldly  
go where others fear to operate the biggest donors hive  
& where Mars collides with the small world of "It's a small world"  
ripe for macroscopes to pump or slice or butterfly away  
from that ardent bugged heliotrope and pledge allegiance through  
ostension--we stopped short of the shortstop's stigmata  
this time pencilled in as tangly wisps instead of memory  
detonations: but don't forget to dismember the doloroso  
I left in the rain by mistake whilst on business vocation  
the night I told you to stop referring to me as Ontology Boy

[↑ Contents](#)

527. **Jorge Guitart**

**Re: this break will or will not not branch**

Sat 16 Sep 1995

---

Chris Cheek, the Noble Savage, wrote

> >> >>>>In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
> >> >>>>And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning  
> >> [savage edit]

> >> >>>>demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed  
> >> >>>>by trained leeches from under the rotting elastic, a feast  
> >> >>>>of swirling eddies with beaucoup of labia & confetti  
> >> >>>>starving time's scythe for water, matching colors to go  
> >> >>>crecheward into sweet line drawings clothed to world our  
> >> >>words for water, falling four blocks away, finally, a gulf  
> >> >between perceived and rinsing water, shroud and comforter,  
> >> flogging proud wet stones with patchwork flags making tenement hum  
> > with "Too late the coloscope" and "Cried the besotted gondry"  
> fishing around with like with like and let it get too cold, "Hey,  
tell us apart" "Don't be saussure, tracy". "The name is trace, pal"

[↑ Contents](#)

528. **Aldon L. Nielsen**  
**Re: The Mark of Yardbird**

Sun 17 Sep 1995

Mark -- can I get xerox of your \_Post\_ post & Yardley excrecence? If you don't have copies, give me dates so I can look up in library --

You may not recall ten years back when Yardley wrote a columnular whatsit advocating the end of all poetry reviewing in the \_Post\_ (which never amounted to much in any event)

[↑ Contents](#)

529. **Tenney Nathanson**  
**St. Marks (RIP?)**

Sun 17 Sep 1995

Date: Sat, 16 Sep 1995 09:46:16 -0800  
From: Blair Seagram <[REDACTED]>  
Subject: Ranting on St Marks

*For some time now I have wanted to buy a book by Zukofsky who I first heard of on this list. A friend suggested St Marks as the best bookstore to find him in. I called them up and was told they had a large selection. Fine I said to myself, I'll go over there later tonight and spend some time browsing.....*

too bad about St. Marks. There was a period in the eighties when it was just amazing: small stock, but nothing you didn't want to buy & read; lots of stuff not available or not prominently displayed in much bigger bookstores.

Might be worth one more try before writing off. Actually I always found Gotham kind of fustian and annoying....

[↑ Contents](#)

530. **Louis Cabri**

***be advised: wcw qtd in this renga***

*Sun 17 Sep 1995*

---

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning  
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
The rook to the knight here by King's Bishop Three  
Something has changed in the nature of friendship  
But wouldn't you know it, Mrs. Mullett next in line  
For food stamps, quints racing about the linoleum  
Everything leans on the verb, falling, sighs

[↑ Contents](#)

531. **George Bowering**

***Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga***

*Sun 17 Sep 1995*

---

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning  
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
The rook to the knight here by King's Bishop Three  
Something has changed in the nature of friendship  
But wouldn't you know it, Mrs. Mullett next in line  
For food stamps, quints racing about the linoleum  
Everything leans on the verb, falling, sighs  
Twelve at least, one loves only firm, and firm

[↑ Contents](#)

532. **George Bowering**

***Re: Zuk***

*Sun 17 Sep 1995*

---

Blair: you must mean the monumental \_Bottom: on Shakespeare\_. It dribbled out in the Fifties. He wrote it from 1947 to 1960.

[↑ Contents](#)

533. **George Bowering**  
**Re: WCW and whose army**  
*Sun 17 Sep 1995*

---

When I visited The Cloisters I asked the young woman behind the desk why they didnt have copies of \_Paterson V\_ for sale. She said what was that. I said a poem by William Carlos Williams, which causes people such as myself, from the oppositer coast, to visit The Cloisters. He's your great poet, I said. Never heard of him, she said. She shda been working at St Mark's.

[↑ Contents](#)

534. **George Bowering**  
**Re: your mail**  
*Sun 17 Sep 1995*

---

Oh my God! Are people still reading HD's \_Trilogy\_?

[↑ Contents](#)

535. **George Bowering**  
**Re: Renga permissions**  
*Sun 17 Sep 1995*

---

On May 11, 1995, at the Shenanigans pub, George Stanley said to me: "If that BuffNet is such hot stuff, why dont you see whether you can get them to compose a renga or two?"

[↑ Contents](#)

536. **H. T. KIRBY-SMITH**  
**Jonathan Yardley**  
*Sun 17 Sep 1995*

---

When I first moved here, Jonathan Yardley was book-page editor for what was then the Greensboro Daily News. He admitted repeatedly that he simply could not read and did not understand poetry. In other respects he was too intelligent and liberal-minded for some of his readers.

Jon was especially enthusiastic about sports books. I once had a bad dream in which he asked me to review a three volume autobiography of Joe Garigiola, whose name I cannot spell, handing me a heavy volume titled THE EARLY YEARS.

I am afraid that he has felt put down for years by refined literary types and feels that poetry is almost pure pretense. I am afraid not much can be done about it. When McDonald's serves quiche maybe Yardley will like poetry.

Tom Kirby-Smith  
English Department  
UNC-Greensboro  
Greensboro NC 27412

[↑ Contents](#)

537. **Jorge Guitart**  
**Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga**  
*Sun 17 Sep 1995*

---

On Sun, 17 Sep 1995, Louis Cabri wrote:

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning  
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
The rook to the knight here by King's Bishop Three  
Something has changed in the nature of friendship  
But wouldn't you know it, Mrs. Mullett next in line  
For food stamps, quints racing about the linoleum  
Everything leans on the verb, falling, sighs  
Paterson lies to her in Passaic about the plums*

[↑ Contents](#)

538. **Jorge Guitart**  
**Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga**  
*Sun 17 Sep 1995*

---

On Sun, 17 Sep 1995, George Bowering wrote:

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning  
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
The rook to the knight here by King's Bishop Three  
Something has changed in the nature of friendship  
But wouldn't you know it, Mrs. Mullett next in line  
For food stamps, quints racing about the linoleum  
Everything leans on the verb, falling, sighs  
Twelve at least, one loves only firm, and firm  
feels good to her it feels real good, & the corset*

[↑ Contents](#)

539. **Brian McHale**

**Re: Zukofsky: On Shakespeare**

Sun 17 Sep 1995

---

An addendum to Herb Levy's information on Zukofsky's "Bottom: On Shakespeare": The California edition he mentions was being offered by the Scholar's Book- shelf, the mail-order remainder house, very cheap, last year, & it may still be available from them. (I bought one.)

Brian McHale

[↑ Contents](#)

540. **Steve Carll**

**Re: Renga permissions**

Sun 17 Sep 1995

---

George Bowering writes:

*On May 11, 1995, at the Shenanigans pub, George Stanley said to me:  
"If that BuffNet is such hot stuff, why dont you see whether you can  
get them to compose a renga or two?"*

Hey, after the responsible parties get those babies archived and ready for browsing, let's see if we can lose George in them. Bet we can...

Steve

[↑ Contents](#)

541. **Charles Smith**

**Re: LZ & bookshop vagaries**

Sun 17 Sep 1995

---

Sad to say, but the only store here in Sacramento to carry any LZ is Barnes & Noble; they've had A on the shelf for almost a year. They're also the only store here to have carried Susan Howe's Non-Conformist's Memorial & Michael Palmer's At Passages. Hate to support 'em, but . . .

Sobin's Breath Burials & Joris' Celan translations weren't to be found anywhere in Sac or Berkeley (Cody's does stock the Talisman Selected) & I had to special order them (just came in yesterday). What gives?

[↑ Contents](#)

542. **David Kellogg**

**Re: The Mark of Yardbird**

Sun 17 Sep 1995

---

I would like to see a copy on the list, too.



Cheers,  
David

~~~~~  
~~~~~

David Kellogg                      No ideas but in things.  
University Writing Program              --W.C. Williams  
Duke University  
Durham, NC 27708                      No ideas in things, either.  
[REDACTED]                      --John Ashbery

[↑ Contents](#)

543. **Burt Kimmelman**

*fyi*

Sun 17 Sep 1995

---

From: MX%"[REDACTED]" 17-SEP-1995 16:35:47.79  
To: MX%"[REDACTED]"  
CC:  
Subj: 1995 Symposium of the Ephemera Society of America  
Date: Sun, 17 Sep 1995 16:36:07 -0400  
Publishing" <[REDACTED]>  
From: Brett Charbeneau <[REDACTED]>  
Subject: 1995 Symposium of the Ephemera Society of America  
[REDACTED], [REDACTED],  
[REDACTED], [REDACTED],  
[REDACTED], [REDACTED]  
To: Multiple recipients of list SHARP-L <[REDACTED]>

This announcement has been cross-posted to several lists  
- our apologies if you received multiple copies!

\*\*\*\*\* URGENT: Please respond by September 19th!! \*\*\*\*\*

5th Annual North American Symposium  
of the  
Ephemera Society of America  
at Colonial Williamsburg  
Williamsburg, VA  
October 20-21, 1995

EPHEMERA: anything short-lived or transitory

The Ephemera Society of America is an organization committed to the study  
of often-overlooked but culturally rich objects such as lottery tickets,  
newspapers, trade cards, and travel literature - to name but a few. The annual

symposiums of the society focus on a main theme and include lecture sessions as well as activities devoted to the study, discussion, and illumination of pieces of ephemera as material culture. The society will hold its 1995 symposium in historical Colonial Williamsburg, in Virginia, with the theme ``Job Printing in America". Speakers from organization such as the American Antiquarian Society, Library Company of Philadelphia, Yale University, and Colonial Williamsburg will speak on topics ranging from pre-1800 Virginia Ephemera, Benjamin Franklin's job printing, chromolithography and the cigar label, and architectural vignettes on commercial stationary. The event will feature a special torch-lit reception at Colonial Williamsburg's eighteenth-century Printing Office by the tradesmen who have dedicated their lives to the accurate recreation of the book arts trades of colonial America. A demonstration of papermaking, hand-press operation, bookbinding and gold tooling, and the production of decorative papers will be held and symposium attendees will have the opportunity to try some of these activities first hand.

\*\*\*\*\* URGENT: Please respond by September 19th!! \*\*\*\*\*

Registration fee: \$150 (\$250 for couples). This includes a year-long pass to all of Colonial Williamsburg's many museums, programs, and demonstrations, six formal lectures, tours of the CW library and other historic sites of interest, and a banquet dinner at the Williamsburg Woodlands hotel. For more information, sent email to [REDACTED], or call [REDACTED].

Brett Charbeneau, Journeyman Printer P.O. Box 1776-GHW Williamsburg  
Imprints Program Williamsburg, VA 23187 Colonial Williamsburg  
Foundation Tel: [REDACTED] INTERNET: [REDACTED] FAX:  
[REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

544. **George Bowering**  
**Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga**  
*Sun 17 Sep 1995*

---

*On Sun, 17 Sep 1995, George Bowering wrote:*

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning  
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
The rook to the knight here by King's Bishop Three  
Something has changed in the nature of friendship  
But wouldn't you know it, Mrs. Mullett next in line*

*For food stamps, quints racing about the linoleum  
Everything leans on the verb, falling, sighs  
Twelve at least, one loves only firm, and firm  
feels good to her it feels real good, & the corset  
was the coarsest in Dorset, the coast sky lowering*

[↑ Contents](#)

545. **Sheila E. Murphy**

***Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure***

*Sun 17 Sep 1995*

---

>SEM-CC-JG BRANCH 9/16/95

>

>in the books were dreams and in the dreams were

>books.And flew > >> >>> >>

>> >> >>> >> (...)

>> >> >>> >>

>> >> >>> >>> >spending the bulk of closure with sentient scoops

>> >> >>> >>> that fluke picnic shot out of these worlds we spread been-to

>> >> >>> >> say that the center cannot hold the nose tackle much longer

>> >> >>> >than a clam can sleeve out of incarceration baldly

>> >> >>> go where others fear to operate the biggest donors hive

>> >> >>> & where Mars collides with the small world of "It's a small world"

>> >> >ripe for macroscopes to pump or slice or butterfly away

>> >> from that ardent bugged heliotrope and pledge allegiance through

>> > ostension--we stopped short of the shortstop stigmata

>> this time pencilled in as tangly wisps instead of memory

> detonations: but don't forget to dismember the doloroso

pitchpipe with its squeal subtracted and the dotted-line relationships

[↑ Contents](#)

546. **Sheila E. Murphy**

***Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure***

*Sun 17 Sep 1995*

---

>>SEM-CC-JG BRANCH 9/16/95

>>

>>in the books were dreams and in the dreams were

>>books.And flew > >> >>> >>

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>>> >> >>> >>

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to

>>> >> >>> >> say that the center cannot hold the nose tackle much longer  
>>> >> >>> >than a clam can sleeve out of incarceration baldly  
>>> >> >>> go where others fear to operate the biggest donors hive  
>>> >> >>> & where Mars collides with the small world of "It's a small  
world"  
>>> >> >ripe for macroscopes to pump or slice or butterfly away  
>>> >> from that ardent bugged heliotrope and pledge allegiance through  
>>> > ostension--we stopped short of the shortstop stigmata  
>>> this time pencilled in as tangly wisps instead of memory  
>> detonations: but don't forget to dismember the doloroso  
>I left in the rain by mistake whilst on business vocation  
hollering newmown platitudes to headsets painted blue and waffle colored

[↑ Contents](#)

547. **Sheila E. Murphy**

***Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure***

*Sun 17 Sep 1995*

---

>> >SEM-CC-JG BRANCH 9/16/95 J adding to C  
>in the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.And flew  
>spending the bulk of closure with sentient scoops  
>that fluke picnic shot out of these worlds we spread been-to  
>say that the center cannot hold the nose tackle much longer  
>than a clam can sleeve out of incarceration baldly  
>go where others fear to operate the biggest donors hive  
>& where Mars collides with the small world of "It's a small world"  
>ripe for macroscopes to pump or slice or butterfly away  
>from that ardent bugged heliotrope and pledge allegiance through  
>ostension--we stopped short of the shortstop's stigmata  
>this time pencilled in as tangly wisps instead of memory  
>detonations: but don't forget to dismember the doloroso  
>I left in the rain by mistake whilst on business vocation  
>the night I told you to stop referring to me as Ontology Boy  
and you replied all shrouded in epistemology that it was glue we lacked

[↑ Contents](#)

548. **George Bowering**

**Re: Jonathan Yardley**

Sun 17 Sep 1995

---

Hey, in Vancouver, McDonald's DOES serve quiche. And you can get little action figures of poets. This week you can get Bruce Andrews, Norma Cole, Steve McCaffery and Aram Saroyan.

[↑ Contents](#)

549. **Sheila E. Murphy**

**Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga**

Sun 17 Sep 1995

---

>On Sun, 17 Sep 1995, George Bowering wrote:

>

>> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
>> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning  
>> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
>> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
>> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
>> The rook to the knight here by King's Bishop Three  
>> Something has changed in the nature of friendship  
>> But wouldn't you know it, Mrs. Mullett next in line  
>> For food stamps, quints racing about the linoleum  
>> Everything leans on the verb, falling, sighs  
>> Twelve at least, one loves only firm, and firm  
>> feels good to her it feels real good, & the corset  
blanches from so many passwords being lifted like expected bans

[↑ Contents](#)

550. **Steve Carll**

**Re: LZ & bookshop vagaries**

Sun 17 Sep 1995

---

Charles Smith muses:

*Sad to say, but the only store here in Sacramento to carry any LZ is Barnes & Noble; they've had \_A\_ on the shelf for almost a year. They're also the only store here to have carried Susan Howe's \_Non-Conformist's Memorial\_ & Michael Palmer's \_At Passages\_. Hate to support 'em, but . . .*

*Sobin's \_Breath*

*Burials\_ & Joris' Celan translations weren't to be found anywhere in Sac or Berkeley (Cody's does stock the Talisman \_Selected\_) & I had to special order them (just came in yesterday). What gives?*

Bookstores are just as chickenshit as commercial radio stations, that's what. They won't carry anything unless someone can guarantee them X amount of sales, and they won't take any chances without that guarantee. Poetry, of all types but always especially that poetry considered "avant-garde" or "experimental", has proven remarkably ineffective as a consumer good, since you can't just consume it and move on (you have to live and grow with it), so it doesn't fit well into the marketing schema. Look for this trend to get worse over the next few years, as wealth further concentrates in the hands of fewer and fewer and bigger and bigger corporations.

btw, I got my Joris Celan translation at City Lights, but even that store doesn't seem to be as good as it used to be.

Steve

[↑ Contents](#)

551. **Bill Luoma**  
***Re: Benson address***

*Sun 17 Sep 1995*

---

Tony,

I don't have Benson's address but someone on this list must. I will go to the ear but have not put hours of work in. Jeff Hull did the schedule which I forwarded to the list. You can email him at:

██████████

Bill Luoma

[↑ Contents](#)

552. **Blair Seagram**  
***finding Zukofsky***

*Mon 18 Sep 1995*

---

On Saturday 16 September Tom Beard wrote:

Nice to have a bookshop that's even heard of Zukofsky!

Yes Tom, I guess it is good to have a bookstore who has heard of Zukofsky.

It's also fine to be part of a list that discusses him. And I thank Herb Levy for his most informative post.

I wonder how many other bookstores in New York carry Zukofsky? We know Barnes & Noble does.

Perhaps if I had worded my inquiry at St Marks something along the lines, "I called this afternoon and was told you had a selection of Zukofsky in stock, but I can't seem to find him in the poetry section under Z," the whole incident would have proceeded rather differently.

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553. **Thomas Bell**

***Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...***

*Mon 18 Sep 1995*

---

oN Sep 15 Jorge Guitart wrote:

On Thu, 14 Sep 1995, Thomas Bell wrote:

> >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
> incorporating the end of timewarps and troves treasured  
> the mercator projection of horniness and thou; for thou is  
Wow! What a catch! Yowza! Incorporating the dead heroes

[↑ Contents](#)

554. **Tenney Nathanson**

***milk***

*Mon 18 Sep 1995*

---

Date: Sun, 17 Sep 1995 18:02:24 -0700

From: George Bowering <[REDACTED]>

Subject: Re: Jonathan Yardley

Hey, in Vancouver, McDonald's DOES serve quiche. And you can get little action figures of poets. This week you can get Bruce Andrews, Norma Cole, Steve McCaffery and Aram Saroyan.

In 1983, when I went to Rochester to teach for a year (but place is obliterated) I went into a McDonald's, this was along about when one heard that the shakes were 100% plastic, and the placemat on the tray told me the shakes were "made w real milk." Only Real was capitalized & had a TM sign appended to it.

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555. **Ron Silliman**

***Bruce Andrews Barbie Doll***

*Mon 18 Sep 1995*

---

You wrote:

>

>Hey, in Vancouver, McDonald's DOES serve quiche. And you can get

>little action figures of poets. This week you can get Bruce Andrews,  
>Norma Cole, Steve Mccaffery and Aram Saroyan.  
>  
One can only envision (in horror) what a Bruce Andrews action toy would  
DO...

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556. **cris cheek**

***Benson address***

*Mon 18 Sep 1995*

---

Sorry, trashed the name of the searcher:

Steve Benson  
507 Coteskill Road  
Stone Ridge  
NY 12484

don't know how long it'll take to reach you. There does seem to be a protracted  
time lag much of the time.

love and love  
cris

[↑ Contents](#)

557. **cris cheek**

***Re: Sheila, Cris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure***

*Mon 18 Sep 1995*

---

>>> >SEM-CC-JG BRANCH 18/9/95 C adding to S  
>>in the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.And flew  
>>spending the bulk of closure with sentient scoops  
>>that fluke picnic shot out of these worlds we spread been-to  
>>say that the center cannot hold the nose tackle much longer  
>>than a clam can sleeve out of incarceration baldly  
>>go where others fear to operate the biggest donors hive  
>>& where Mars collides with the small world of "It's a small world"  
>>ripe for macroscopes to pump or slice or butterfly away  
>>from that ardent bugged heliotrope and pledge allegiance through  
>>ostension--we stopped short of the shortstop's stigmata  
>>this time pencilled in as tangly wisps instead of memory  
>>detonations: but don't forget to dismember the doloroso  
>>I left in the rain by mistake whilst on business vocation  
>>the night I told you to stop referring to me as Ontology Boy



>and you replied all shrouded in epistemology that it was glue we lacked  
"ckab ous frert cdl-fdl!!" with elvis projecting "uhhhh, I'm all stuck

[↑ Contents](#)

558. **Mark Wallace**

***jonathan yardley***

*Mon 18 Sep 1995*

---

I appreciate the interest several of you have taken on the list, or backchannel, on my letter rebutting Jonathan Yardley. Regarding Jorge's request to post the letter, the letter itself does not provide that much information that an audience like this on the poetics list needs--the points it makes would be for you all pretty much obvious.

I will say this: Yardley's argument is threefold; there are no good writers of literature in the U.S. right now. This is true because writers have no interest in audiences. They have no interest in audiences because their large academic salaries and huge arts subsidies make them self-indulgent.

It is, of course, an argument typical of the desire to undermine arts funding here in D.C.

The last paragraph of my letter reads as follows:

The problem with Yardley is that he ignores literary culture on the one hand and attacks it on the other. He is thus a perfect example of the isolated, institutionalized writer he pretends to disdain, responsible to a paycheck that comes not from any audience but from a powerful media conglomerate. He is a critic who attacks what he doesn't understand.

Thanks again to Carolyn, Jorge and others for their interest.

mark wallace

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559. **Herb Levy**

***Re: hearing Zukofsky***

*Mon 18 Sep 1995*

---

In the course of some back channel correspondence with Blair Seagram re: Zukofsky I remembered hearing about multi-voice performances of "A"-24 with the Handel music either in San Francisco or Vancouver (or both).

Does anyone have corroborating information about this? If the performance(s) did occur, were they taped?

&, yes, I remember my earlier posts regarding non-commercial recordings, etc.

Bests

Herb Levy



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560. **Hank Lazer**

***Re: hearing Zukofsky***

*Mon 18 Sep 1995*

---

As a follow up to Herb's request for info--anyone know of audio or video recordings of Zukofsky? How I might listen/watch? I'll be teaching Zukofsky later this semester & would like to share his reading of some poems with the class. Thanks.

Hank Lazer

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561. **Bill Luoma**

***Re: Bruce Andrews Barbie Doll***

*Mon 18 Sep 1995*

---

*One can only envision (in horror) what a Bruce Andrews action toy would DO...*

A Bruce Andrews action toy would of course come with a detachable ordnance harnessing mass linguistic destruction capability unit.

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562. **David Columbia**

***Re: finding Zukofsky***

*Mon 18 Sep 1995*

---

St. Marks used to be better than it is. Gotham's more than a bit hostile to L. poetry, except as it relates to Black Mountain, etc. schools (seems to me).

But on the plus side, the Upper West Side Shakespeare & Co. actually had (has?) the Joris Celan \*on display\*!

And on a trip to Philadelphia a couple of days ago, Borders had: two Coolidge, three Hejinian (I picked up THE CELL, which I find perfect), one each of Raworth, Perelman, S. Howe, R. Waldrop, Jabes, etc. Admittedly all Sun & Moon (but for the Perelman?), but still very nice. Although their journal selection's gone down, whereas the Upper West Side Papyrus had not only DENVER QUARTERLY & NEW AMERICAN WRITING but also LINGO & the Watten issue of AERIAL.

So while it could be better, it seems to me, it could also be a LOT worse ...

--

David Golumbia

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563. **Graham John Sharpe**

***Pergolesi***

*Mon 18 Sep 1995*

---

while the music chatter which has been on the list has generally concerned itself with Hole and other fine artists, i thot there might be a classical enthusiast out there who can help me place Pergolesi. After seeing Baryshnikov's \*White Oak Dance Project\* the other night i'm desperate to know if one would consider Pergolesi to be Baroque. i suppose it depends on how you define Baroque. Deleuze calls Baroque music "what can extract harmony from melody" but having taken drama class over music class in my early years, this is lost on me.

any takers?

cause my Amadeus Soundtrack booklet  
doesnt help me much.

unmusically yours,

g-sharpe

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564. **Edward Foster**

***Re: you & why an army?***

*Mon 18 Sep 1995*

---

charles: i'm not sure that "postmodern pastiche of time" has the interest/use it did a few years ago, but that's another issue. as to the other: reading wcw (or keats) is not out of the question; but wcw is like trolley cars: a different world.

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565. **Edward Foster**

***Re: you & whose army?***

*Mon 18 Sep 1995*

---

there wasn't enough, herb, it was a glaze.

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566. **Edward Foster**

***Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...***

*Mon 18 Sep 1995*

---

various things, jeffery, too much for here, but at least (1) unpack wcw's rhetoric: it trivializes much poetry. wcw "clarity" entails doing less, not better. (2) let's retire "avant-garde." see jackson mac low on this. it's a military line. -ed

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567. **Edward Foster**

***Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...***

*Mon 18 Sep 1995*

---

as for emerson in wcw, yes, but reduced somewhat. thoreau, perhaps, in quality of attention. but rimbaud is the key, tho when he reached his paterson, he dealt in guns (true avant-garde) not medicine. wcw is less "american" than he'd think.

[↑ Contents](#)

568. **Edward Foster**

***(no subject)***

*Mon 18 Sep 1995*

---

can't agree re: paterson; it's been bulldozed, urban renewal; wcw's city isn't any more than small new england towns, where bob is. oh, the envy. probably has a boat, too (it's maine), tho not rimbaud's. ya, wcw should've stayed there! -ed

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569. **Edward Foster**

***Re: you & what army***

*Mon 18 Sep 1995*

---

now, it's asphodel! oh, lord, that's a tiresome poem, but such a grand gesture when you've spent your life cheating on the one you praise. talk about mending fences. too bad wcw wasn't catholic; the priest would've told him ya gotta do more.

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570. **Edward Foster**  
***Re: you & whose army?***  
*Mon 18 Sep 1995*

---

ya still can't do it, burt, tho i recommend a good porter (ron porter?); we've been working on it, and we'll thro in a grape or two, for you. so how's the technology biz?

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571. **Edward Foster**  
***Re: you & whose army?***  
*Mon 18 Sep 1995*

---

no, burt, nothing to do with relevance, nothing to do with being picked over.

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572. **Aldon L. Nielsen**  
***Re: Yardarms, etc.***  
*Mon 18 Sep 1995*

---

hadn't known about Yardley's previous incarnation yet farther south -- in recent years he has sprouted an esitional, editorial column in addition to his book review page -- and both are increasingly given to neocon drivell of the most uninformed sort -- it's particularly depressing to find a long-time book pager so frequently making negative remarks about books he has not read -- It's one thing to profess an inability to "get" a particular genre (as I, for example, just don't get grunge -- find it, in fact, not that grungy) -- another thing to, as Yardley did (and David McAleavey did write a letter to the editor which was actually published explaining just what was found wanting in Mr, Y's logic at the time!) use such powers as a page columnist has to promote the idea that "nobody" knows what's good in poetry anymore (sound familiar? a bit corny, prehaps?) and that we'd all be better off just ignoring the stuff -- "esitional"?? try additional--

This was shortly after the LA Times had abandoned poetry reviewing, but they did begin to publish a poem in each week's book review, and have now, with no mention of their curious earlier editorial position, returned to the reviewing of verse --

My one and only experience reviewing poetry for the \_Wash Post\_ wasn't encouraging -- they asked me to review books by Dove and Bronk -- which I did -- they then typoed a line in the Dove review so that instead of her line mentioning "gum popping" girls it read "gun popping" -- despite the fact that they had changed my correct copy, the POST printed no correction -- can't help

wondering if the proof-reading gnomes at the POST would have let such an error through if the line had made reference to young white girls -- maybe I'm paranoid, but my old colleague Sterling Brown used to tell his students "any black man who isn't paranoid is crazy!"

I have ever since dreaded meeting Ms. Dove for fear she will remember this and think it my mistake --

Yardley loves the work of Peter Taylor, with reason, and despises the likes of Don DeLillo, Joseph McElroy, etc. -- seems there is much he can't read --

I hereby volunteer to write a weekly review for the Washington Post at half Yardley's salary --

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573. **Jorge Guitart**

***Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure***

*Mon 18 Sep 1995*

---

On Sun, 17 Sep 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

> >SEM-CC-JG BRANCH 9/18/95

> >

> >in the books were dreams and in the dreams were

> >books.And flew > >> >>> >>

> >> >> >>> >> (...)

> >> >> >>> >>

> >> >> >>> >>> >spending the bulk of closure with sentient scoops

> >> >> >>> >>> that fluke picnic shot out of these worlds we spread been-to

> >> >> >>> >> say that the center cannot hold the nose tackle much longer

> >> >> >>> >than a clam can sleeve out of incarceration baldly

> >> >> >>> go where others fear to operate the biggest donors hive

> >> >> >>> & where Mars collides with the small world of "It's a small world"

> >> >> >ripe for macroscopes to pump or slice or butterfly away

> >> >> from that ardent bugged heliotrope and pledge allegiance through

> >> > ostension--we stopped short of the shortstop stigmata

> >> this time pencilled in as tangly wisps instead of memory

> > detonations: but don't forget to dismember the doloroso

> pitchpipe with its squeal subtracted and the dotted-line relationships  
and sing "I Love Time but I love Your Spatial Simulacra Much More"

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574. **Jorge Guitart**

**Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure**

Mon 18 Sep 1995

---

On Sun, 17 Sep 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

*SEM-CC-JG BRANCH 9/18/95*

*in the books were dreams and in the dreams were  
books. And flew > >> >>> >>  
(...)*

*spending the bulk of closure with sentient scoops  
that fluke picnic shot out of these worlds we spread been-to  
say that the center cannot hold the nose tackle much longer  
than a clam can sleeve out of incarceration baldly  
go where others fear to operate the biggest donors hive  
& where Mars collides with the small world of "It's a small world"  
ripe for macroscopes to pump or slice or butterfly away  
from that ardent bugged heliotrope and pledge allegiance through  
ostension--we stopped short of the shortstop stigmata  
this time pencilled in as tangly wisps instead of memory  
detonations: but don't forget to dismember the doloroso  
I left in the rain by mistake whilst on business vocation  
hollering newmown platitudes to headsets painted blue and waffle colored  
earth colored fire colored i have this thing against water colored*

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575. **Edward Foster**

**Re: hearing Zukofsky**

Mon 18 Sep 1995

---

hank: how about the NET (c. 1965) program on z. i figure sf state has a tape of it.

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576. **Charles Watts**

**Re: hearing Zukofsky**

Mon 18 Sep 1995

---

I know of two recordings of Zukofsky that are commercially available, Hank. One is a video recording, from the NET Outtake series from \_USA: Poetry\_, produced by KQED in San Francisco 1965-66. It includes parts of "A"-9, a section from "Catullus," a discussion of James Joyce, Whitman, Pound and Bunting; I've seen it -- shown it at the Western Front here in Vancouver -- it's wonderful; it's a half hour on 3/4" video, available from The American Poetry

Archives, The Poetry Center, San Francisco State University, 1600 Holloway Ave., San Francisco CA 94132, tel [REDACTED]. The tape is available for sale at \$125 plus shipping & tax; or for rent at \$15 per public showing + shipping & tax.

There's also an audio tape from Spoken Arts, Inc., in the "Spoken Arts Treasury of American Jewish Poets Reading Their Poems." The tape with Zukofsky on it is Volume II, and also features Lenore Marshall, Stanley Kunitz, Hy Sobiloff, and Karl Shapiro. Zukofsky reads "A"-12, "Spooks Sabbath," "Songs of Degree," "Nor Did the Prophet," "As to How Much," "An Incident," "The Record," "Song 22," and "Mantis." Write to Spoken Arts, Inc., Box 289, New Rochelle, NY 10801. I don't know how much, but it's a cassette tape; I doubt it's much.

Herb, a Vancouver group called the Cassation Group did some performances of "A"-24 in the late eighties both here at SFU and at the Western Front. So far as I know, it wasn't recorded at SFU unless the group did it themselves; but may have been recorded at the Front; I'll try to check.

Ron, didn't a group including Barrett Watten do a performance in SF?

Best,

Charles Watts

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---

577. **George Bowering**  
***Re: you & why an army?***

*Mon 18 Sep 1995*

---

I still dont get Foster's point. Why is WCW dissed as boring because he lived in an earlier time? Like, when do we cut poets off our reading list? When trolley cars were no longer? 30 years after the poet's death? Does a middling poet get points up because she can fog a mirror with breath? I'm going thru my Earlier Collected Poems and updating Williams's poems now. I have him driving a 1989 Toyota Tercel.

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---

578. **George Bowering**  
***Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...***

*Mon 18 Sep 1995*

---

On sep 18 Hortense Callisher wrote:>  
> oN Sep 15 Jorge Guitart wrote:  
>  
> On Thu, 14 Sep 1995, Thomas Bell wrote:



In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
incorporating the end of timewarps and troves treasured  
the mercator projection of horniness and thou; for thou is  
Wow! What a catch! Yowza! Incorporating the dead heroes  
glowering from yon poetry magazine, fish on their breath,

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579. **David McAleavey**

***Re: Yardarms, etc.***

*Mon 18 Sep 1995*

---

Al Nielsen is kind to recall my earlier response to Yardley's earlier popping of his gums. I was tempted to go through the process again this time, but finally was deterred by my recollecting that all the \_Post\_ cares about is agitating its readers -- I don't think it matters to them what Yardley's opinions are; if he gets attention, he has won. Now if Mark and I can only figure out a way to persuade the paper to send the guy back to his roots, wherever they may be, maybe Al you \_could\_ join us back here in this not-so-dull swamp!

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580. **Ron Silliman**

***Re: hearing Zukofsky***

*Mon 18 Sep 1995*

---

Let's see just how bad my memory is. Bob Perelman, I believe, produced a series of performances of "A"-24 in 1978. Steve Benson and Carla Harryman also participated. My visual memory tells me that one performance was at the Grand Piano, the coffee house series I ran with Tom Mandel, but others I believe were done at SF State and UC Davis. I recall being struck that the performances were more inspired than the score (but the theatrical in LZ--and CZ--has never been my meat: "Rudens" strikes me as the weakest section of "A").

One thing worth noting: the use of Handel made it impossible to perform the text "naturally" (it goes too slowly to be spoken), which brought forward the constructed nature of the language.

It was, as they say, a revelation.

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581. **Bill Luoma**

***Re: hearing Zukofsky***

*Mon 18 Sep 1995*

---

Herb,

A-24 was first performed, I believe, by Harryman, Watten, Hejinian and Kit Robinson in the early 80s. I used to have a tape of it which I walk-personed every day and night to learn the part of drama by heart. I believe Brad Westbrook, the curator at the UCSD archive for new poetry, got me the tape. Also, the SF State archive probably has a copy, as do the performing poets.

Anyway, he and I and two other folks (Becky Roberts & Chuck Cody) then performed A-24, once to a piano at the Pannikin in Del Mar and once to a harpsicord at Mandible Hall on campus, a few years after the high L-folks. Again, Brad is probably the best source of a recording of those pieces, as I appear to have lost my copies . . .

Bill Luoma

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582. **Ron Silliman**

***Re: hearing Zukofsky***

*Mon 18 Sep 1995*

---

SF State has both audio and visual recordings. The visual ones are from Dick Moore's Poetry USA series. It was via this PBS series that I first heard of Zukofsky, was blown away (totally!) by him and rushed out to buy anything I could find at Cody's--which proved only to be the Robert Kelly/Paris Leary anthology (a pretty great book after all these years!), which in turn led to my first reading of Mac Low and a serious rethinking of Spicer (with a far better selection than in the Allen) and O'Hara's Biotherm in the smallest font size ever.

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583. **Charles Bernstein**

***Distribution or Bust***

*Mon 18 Sep 1995*

---

One of the few rules on [REDACTED] is that participants (lurkers and not) are requested to post news of their recent publications, together with information on how best to get these items. It has come to my attention that some of you are out-of-compliance with this "don't balk/must tell" rule. The fuller the listings (table of contents, etc) the better. If you are a publisher and editor and have new material on the EPC, it is still useful to post it on Poetics as well, since many of the subscribers either don't have Web access, don't use it, or

don't check new listings. This is may also be a way to compensate for the recurring distribution and bookstore problems discussed here.

On Bookstores: Problem with the New York bookstores discussed here is that even if they carry a new poetry book they rarely re-order, or re-order so erratically that you can never count on finding a book, even a recent book, in stock. This is why the sales rep system is so crucial, since the initial order of a new book is ultimately the one that will determine if the book gets any bookstore life in New York at all. So if you don't find a book, it's possible that it was ordered and sold out; the books in stock are often the ones that didn't sell. In the 70s and 80s, when I used to pester these stores to carry specific books and magazines, I always felt getting shelf space was like getting a gallery show; "naturally" places like Gotham and Books & Co. felt having the books in the store was enough, they certainly didn't have to pay you for what they sold too! (In my experience, St. Mark's always paid. But they were the exception.) At the same time, the real estate costs in New York are so high that it is probably not possible to survive with the sort of commitments to poetry many of us look for in a bookstore; I say probably because people do manage to figure out how to do improbable things, as any number of our alternative poetry institutions show.

I don't buy books in New York, preferring to buy direct from the publishers, or from SPD, but most often from Talking Leaves Books (which in turn buys them from SPD). Talking Leaves remains my favorite poetry bookshop and I have been talking with the coop owners there about working directly with the Poetics list and EPC: setting up accounts, taking order via e-mail, and so on. So you should be hearing more about that soon (though as they are understaffed and have limited access to computer technology that this is taking longer than they would like). (In the meantime, they are happy to take orders by phone or mail: 3158 Main Street, Buffalo, NY 14214; [REDACTED]; fax--[REDACTED].) As has been noted by others on this list and off, bookstores like Talking Leaves and Woodland Pattern are always in danger and need the same sort of support we give to small presses and SPD and indeed other poets: we are all in it together.

The Internet and the Web are becoming increasingly central for poetry distribution, even if as yet many of the readers of the books often discussed on this list are not on-line. At this point, I see one of the primary values of the EPC and the Poetics List as facilitating the distribution of print books and magazines rather than (not as opposed to) making work available electronically. I see many parallels with the work I did on Segue's distribution catalog in the 70s and 80s and the work on the EPC now. We can't afford to have the Net "replacing" bookstores, publishers and distributors that support new and "alternative" poetry: that would be a net loss, indeed. We have to find way to

use the Net to help these institutions survive. To this end, listings and short reviews/discussions on Poetics of new work become a mode of distribution.

About 15 years ago my continually new friend Cris Cheek prepared, on his manual typewriter, an extensive list of UK small press publications, carefully annotated with prices and address, issued as supplement #2 of L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E. I'm reminded of that because the EPC and this list seem such a good place for the sort of exchange of information and ideas among the UK, US, New Zealand, Canada, and Australia. And while we talk about the lack of information between N. American poets and U.K. poets, it's been my sense that at least in the particular world represented by those of us "here" that, in a small way, this is beginning to take care of itself just as we talk about it.

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584. **Stephen Galen Cope**

***Re: Distribution or Bust***

*Tue 19 Sep 1995*

---

ok, i'll follow the rules

If you are interested in receiving  
DIU, send a subscription request  
which says SUBSCRIBE DIU-L your name  
to [REDACTED]

you'll be asked to confirm this request  
detailed instructions are given  
still performing via  
the logic of snowflakes of given  
season.

all DIU transmissions archived at the  
Electronic Poetry Center on the University at Buffalo  
Web-server: <http://writing.upenn.edu/epc/ezines/diu>  
contribute to DIU via e-mail to [REDACTED]

thank you!

-and-

'Only A Cage Should Be In A Cage' by H.D. Moe  
is the most recent publication  
from We Press available for \$7 from

We Press  
POBox 1503

Santa Cruz, CA 95061  
[REDACTED]

Thanks!

-Stephen Cope

ps- hope this isn't all repeat...

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585. **Sheila E. Murphy**

***Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...***

*Tue 19 Sep 1995*

---

>oN Sep 15 Jorge Guitart wrote:

>

>On Thu, 14 Sep 1995, Thomas Bell wrote:

>

>> >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

>> incorporating the end of timewarps and troves treasured

>> the mercator projection of horniness and thou; for thou is

>Wow! What a catch! Yowza! Incorporating the dead heroes  
who pester as obsession or a hobby or as fraction of a prayer

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586. **Blair Seagram**

***St Marks not dead yet***

*Tue 19 Sep 1995*

---

On Saturday 16 September, Tenney Nathanson wrote:

too bad about St. Marks. There was a period in the eighties when it was just amazing: small stock, but nothing you didn't want to buy & read; lots of stuff not available or not prominently displayed in much bigger bookstores.

MIght be worth one more try before writing off. Actually I always found Gotham kind of fustian and annoying....

Dear Tenney:

I may rant about St Marks Bookshop but it in no way means I will not return, even though it may be some months before I do so. If, for instance, I wanted a book by Bernadette Mayer, St Marks would be the first place I would check, which may be a mark of my ignorance, I don't know.

That said, if I had been treated with a little more civility, I may have stayed around, checked out, and possibly purchased other books in the store, which would have benefited St Marks, the authors they carry, and me.

I should also mention that when St Marks was located around the corner, in their old location, it felt better to be there. I congratulate them on there expansion, but frankly, the new store doesn't grab me the way the old one did.

Today I ordered "Bottom: on Shakespeare" from Gotham. They were quick on the uptake, and I don't much feel like changing my position on them, but I will say they did seem to rush me through my order. Maybe I had your comment in mind.

Best wishes,

blair

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587. **Sheila E. Murphy**

***Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...***

*Tue 19 Sep 1995*

---

> On sep 18 Hortense Callisher wrote:>

>> oN Sep 15 Jorge Guitart wrote:

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>In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

>incorporating the end of timewarps and troves treasured

>the mercator projection of horniness and thou; for thou is

>Wow! What a catch! Yowza! Incorporating the dead heroes

>glowering from yon poetry magazine, fish on their breath,

attachments lingering toward broadcast, all privacy a heavy (breathy) minus sign

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588. **Rod Smith**

***Re: Yardarms, etc.***

*Tue 19 Sep 1995*

---

Posted on: America Online (using MAC)

D.G. wrote:

>And on a trip to Philadelphia a couple of days ago, Borders had: two

>Coolidge, three Hejinian (I picked up THE CELL, which I find perfect),

>one each of Raworth, Perelman, S. Howe, R. Waldrop, Jabes, etc.

Admittedly all Sun & Moon (but for the Perelman?), but still

>very

nice. A

I work in a store which carries pretty much everything in print by all of the authors mentioned above (maybe not Coolidge, but we do have space limitations, i.e. 12 of his books may be enough). By L.Z. we have Bottom, the Collected Shorter, A, & L.Z.: Man & Poet. Borders buys in bulk, they made a decision to sell SUN & MOON, not any of their authors. It's a question of one person, in this case me, giving a damn & showing, over time, that poetry will be supported when made available. The reason St Mark's isn't what they were is they lost their small press buyer in '88. I'd still go there over Borders or B.&N. no matter how grouchy the guy in the back is-- & I'm pretty sure I've encountered him, similar vibe to the bartender at the Ear. But are you REALLY a New Yorker if you're not creatively rude on a fairly regular basis. Back to business-- I think it's increasingly clear the corporations are winning-- we'll all be making \$4.26 an hour soon enough.

Have to disagree w/ David M. about Yardley, he wrote:

>all the \_Post\_

cares about is agitating its readers -- I don't think it matters >to them what Yardley's opinions are; if he gets attention, he >has won.

Of course you're right that they know he'll make some mainstream readers of fiction/poetry mad, but I can't imagine them hiring say, Angela Davis, or A.L. Nielsen for that matter, to write on literature just because they'd "get attention."

For those curious abt the store mentioned above:

it's Bridge Street Books, 2814 Pennsylvania Ave NW, Washington, DC 20007.

Ph-- [REDACTED], e-mail orders to me.

--Rod

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589. **Sheila E. Murphy**

***Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure***

*Tue 19 Sep 1995*

---

>On Sun, 17 Sep 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

>

>> >>SEM-CC-JG BRANCH 9/18/95

>> >>

>> >>in the books were dreams and in the dreams were

>> >>books.And flew > >> >>> >>

>> >>> >> >>> >> (...)
>> >>> >> >>> >>
>> >>> >> >>> >>> >>> >spending the bulk of closure with sentient scoops
>> >>> >> >>> >>> that fluke picnic shot out of these worlds we spread
been-to
>> >>> >> >>> >> say that the center cannot hold the nose tackle much
longer
>> >>> >> >>> >than a clam can sleeve out of incarceration baldly
>> >>> >> >>> go where others fear to operate the biggest donors hive
>> >>> >> >>> & where Mars collides with the small world of "It's a small
world"
>> >>> >> >ripe for macroscopes to pump or slice or butterfly away
>> >>> >> from that ardent bugged heliotrope and pledge allegiance through
>> >>> > ostension--we stopped short of the shortstop stigmata
>> >>> this time pencilled in as tangly wisps instead of memory
>> >> detonations: but don't forget to dismember the doloroso
>> >I left in the rain by mistake whilst on business vocation
>> hollering newmown platitudes to headsets painted blue and waffle colored
>> earth colored fire colored i have this thing against water colored
therefore elemental-painted playthings cost a dear shined copper looking

[↑ Contents](#)

590. **Sheila E. Murphy**

**Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure**

Tue 19 Sep 1995

JG wrote:

>On Sun, 17 Sep 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

>

>> >SEM-CC-JG BRANCH 9/18/95

>> >

>> >in the books were dreams and in the dreams were

>> >books.And flew > >> >>> >>

>> >> >> >>> >> (...)
>> >> >> >>> >>

>> >> >> >>> >>> >spending the bulk of closure with sentient scoops

>> >> >> >>> >>> that fluke picnic shot out of these worlds we spread
been-to

>> >> >> >>> >> say that the center cannot hold the nose tackle much
longer

>> >> >> >>> >than a clam can sleeve out of incarceration baldly

>> >> >> >>> go where others fear to operate the biggest donors hive



>> >> >> >>> & where Mars collides with the small world of "It's a small world"  
>> >> >> >ripe for macroscopes to pump or slice or butterfly away  
>> >> >> from that ardent bugged heliotrope and pledge allegiance through  
>> >> > ostension--we stopped short of the shortstop stigmata  
>> >> this time pencilled in as tangly wisps instead of memory  
>> > detonations: but don't forget to dismember the doloroso  
>> pitchpipe with its squeal subtracted and the dotted-line relationships  
>and sing "I Love Time but I love Your Spatial Simulacra Much More"  
for the brevity inferred and for the latchkey touch more like a feather  
drizzling

[↑ Contents](#)

591. **Blair Seagram**

***typo on St Marks***

*Tue 19 Sep 1995*

---

I congratulate them on there expansion.

Whoops, that should be 'their' expansion

[↑ Contents](#)

592. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

***Re: Zuk et al***

*Tue 19 Sep 1995*

---

Hank -- if you go for the \_Treasury of American Jewish Poets\_ get the whole set -- it also includes Stein and Reznikoff on other tapes in the set -- well worth having to listen to the likes of Hy Sobiloff to get to these! The set was originally distributed by Spoken Arts Inc. -- but is also available through other distribution agencies -- also worth your while is the Watershed Oppen tape, circa 1979 -- some univ. libraries have these tapes -- so look close to home before buying --

[↑ Contents](#)

593. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

***Re: WCW Trolley***

*Tue 19 Sep 1995*

---

well, you may recall that the tracks were all ripped up by the tire companies in conspiracy with GM -- & look where that has gotten us -- now major cities everywhere are re-introducing the trolley -- just when you thought it was good only for getting tourists from one quaint photo op to another!

Not that you'd want to \_live\_ on a trolley -- but it will get you where you need to go faster than you can say "Marianne Moore."

[↑ Contents](#)

594. **Thomas Bell**

***Dangerous poets?***

*Tue 19 Sep 1995*

---

In the 9/18 \_New Yorker\_ David Remnick asks (re: Ben Bradlee) "Who is interested in a 'dangerous' editor?" Dangerous here refers to not fitting in with the blandness and sameness of co-opted commercial media. While I do have my own thoughts on this, I would be interested in thoughts on:

What is a "dangerous" poet?

Who is the last one we've had?

Has that person had an effect on the way we live (or don't live)?

Possibly also of some interest in re: \_Post\_ ?review?

Tom



[↑ Contents](#)

595. **Thomas Bell**

***Re: Spike it***

*Tue 19 Sep 1995*

---

On Sep 18 Sheila Murphypemned

>oN Sep 15 Jorge Guitart wrote:

>

>On Thu, 14 Sep 1995, Thomas Bell wrote:

>

>> >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

>> incorporating the end of timewarps and troves treasured

>> the mercator projection of horniness and thou; for thou is

>Wow! What a catch! Yowza! Incorporating the dead heroes

>who pester as obsession or a hobby or as fraction of a prayer

fractalized and enfolded into into times\_The wrapping ugly danger

[↑ Contents](#)

596. **R I Caddel**

**Re: Pergolesi**

Tue 19 Sep 1995

I wonder who else has picked this up while I lay sleeping...

Pergolesi (1710-36) certainly lived at the time of "high baroque" composition, and yes, he outlined chordal (harmonic) structures in his melodies - but who doesn't? It's damned difficult not to. I'd say that the way he stripped down the counterpoint (one of the defining elements of, say, Bach Handel or Scarlatti) to a bare minimum, and supported his tunes with almost Phil Spector block harmony, places him closer to the early classical composers.

Who in fact rated him very highly, years after his death. People tell me that the claims made for his "Stabat Mater" are extravagant: but to hell with them - there's a brooding, melodramatic religious depth in it which I'm a sucker for, and which you don't get again until Mozart's big c minor mass (also driven by Italian opera) at the end of the eighteenth century.

Of course, there's a lot of other stuff which doesn't fit that pattern - early work (! in a very short career) and chamber music which are far more run-of-the-mill. I seem to recall there are some concerti grossi which have just been ascribed to him which Vivaldi would've killed for...

|                                 |                                 |                             |
|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| x                               | x x Richard Caddel,             | E-                          |
| mail: R.I.Caddel @ durham.ac.uk | x x Durham University Library,  | Phone:                      |
| 0 [REDACTED]                    | x x Stockton Rd. Durham DH1 3LY | Fax: 0 [REDACTED]           |
| x x                             | x x                             | "Words! Pens are too light. |
| Take a chisel to write."        | x x                             | - Basil Bunting             |
| x x                             | x                               |                             |

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597. **Gwyn McVay**

**publications/anagram**

Tue 19 Sep 1995

AGAINST FORGETTING (the anthology) anagrams to "stinging a frog teat."

[↑ Contents](#)

598. **Jorge Guitart**

**Re: be advised: wcv qtd in this renga**

Tue 19 Sep 1995

On Sun, 17 Sep 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

> > On Sun, 17 Sep 1995, George Bowering wrote:  
> >  
> >> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
> >> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning  
> >> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
> >> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
> >> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
> >> The rook to the knight here by King's Bishop Three  
> >> Something has changed in the nature of friendship  
> >> But wouldn't you know it, Mrs. Mullett next in line  
> >> For food stamps, quints racing about the linoleum  
> >> Everything leans on the verb, falling, sighs  
> >> Twelve at least, one loves only firm, and firm  
> >> feels good to her it feels real good, & the corset  
> blanches from so many passwords being lifted like expected bans  
on metaphors that the folks at the contagious hospital

[↑ Contents](#)

599. **Jorge Guitart**

**Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...**

Tue 19 Sep 1995

---

On Sun, 17 Sep 1995, Thomas Bell wrote:

> oN Sep 15 Jorge Guitart wrote:  
>  
> On Thu, 14 Sep 1995, Thomas Bell wrote:  
>  
> > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
> > incorporating the end of timewarps and troves treasured  
> > the mercator projection of horniness and thou; for thou is  
> Wow! What a catch! Yowza! Incorporating the dead heroes  
of Palookaville & the dead heroes of Guadalajara

[↑ Contents](#)

600. **Jorge Guitart**

**Re: Sheila, Cris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure**

Tue 19 Sep 1995

---

SEM-CC-JG BRANCH 19/9/95 J adding to C adding to S  
in the books were dreams and in the dreams were books. And flew  
spending the bulk of closure with sentient scoops  
that fluke picnic shot out of these worlds we spread been-to  
say that the center cannot hold the nose tackle much longer

*than a clam can sleeve out of incarceration baldly  
go where others fear to operate the biggest donors hive  
& where Mars collides with the small world of "It's a small world"  
ripe for macroscopes to pump or slice or butterfly away  
from that ardent bugged heliotrope and pledge allegiance through  
ostension--we stopped short of the shortstop's stigmata  
this time pencilled in as tangly wisps instead of memory  
detonations: but don't forget to dismember the doloroso  
I left in the rain by mistake whilst on business vocation  
the night I told you to stop referring to me as Ontology Boy  
and you replied all shrouded in epistemology that it was glue we lacked  
"ckab oups frert cdl-fd!!!" with elvis projecting "uhhhh, I'm all stuck  
in the epoxy I used to cement my relationship w/ Thou, the Dead Quaker*

[↑ Contents](#)

601. **Jorge Guitart**

**Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure**

Tue 19 Sep 1995

---

SEM-CC-JG BRANCH 9/19/95 adding to S

*in the books were dreams and in the dreams were  
books. And flew > >> >>> >>  
(...)*

*spending the bulk of closure with sentient scoops  
that fluke picnic shot out of these worlds we spread been-to  
say that the center cannot hold the nose tackle much longer  
than a clam can sleeve out of incarceration baldly  
go where others fear to operate the biggest donors hive  
& where Mars collides with the small world of "It's a small world"  
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this time pencilled in as tangly wisps instead of memory  
detonations: but don't forget to dismember the doloroso  
I left in the rain by mistake whilst on business vocation  
hollering newmown platitudes to headsets painted blue and waffle colored  
earth colored fire colored i have this thing against water colored  
therefore elemental-painted playthings cost a dear shined copper looking  
for false grit and the dogma of autonomous syntaxis overwhelmed them*

[↑ Contents](#)

602. **Jorge Guitart**

**Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure**

Tue 19 Sep 1995

---

SEM-CC-JG BRANCH 9/19/95 J adding to S

*in the books were dreams and in the dreams were  
books. And flew > >> >>> >>  
(...)*

*spending the bulk of closure with sentient scoops  
that fluke picnic shot out of these worlds we spread been-to  
say that the center cannot hold the nose tackle much longer  
than a clam can sleeve out of incarceration baldly  
go where others fear to operate the biggest donors hive  
& where Mars collides with the small world of "It's a small world"  
ripe for macroscopes to pump or slice or butterfly away  
from that ardent bugged heliotrope and pledge allegiance through  
ostension--we stopped short of the shortstop stigmata  
this time pencilled in as tangly wisps instead of memory  
detonations: but don't forget to dismember the doloroso  
pitchpipe with its squeal subtracted and the dotted-line relationships  
and sing "I Love Time but I love Your Spatial Simulacra Much More"  
for the brevity inferred and for the latchkey touch more like a feather  
drizzling blood of picklet beet all over the related phenomena*

[↑ Contents](#)

603. **Jorge Guitart**

**Re: Spike it**

Tue 19 Sep 1995

---

On Mon, 18 Sep 1995, Thomas Bell wrote:

> On Sep 18 Sheila Murphypemned

>

> > On Sep 15 Jorge Guitart wrote:

> >

> > On Thu, 14 Sep 1995, Thomas Bell wrote:

> >

> > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

> > > incorporating the end of timewarps and troves treasured

> > > the mercator projection of horniness and thou; for thou is

> > Wow! What a catch! Yowza! Incorporating the dead heroes

> > who pester as obsession or a hobby or as fraction of a prayer

> fractalized and enfolded into into times\_The wrapping ugly danger  
of anaphoric dependence in "Arthur the Rat", the half a dozen

[↑ Contents](#)

604. **Teachers & Writers**

**Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure**

Tue 19 Sep 1995

---

SEM-CC-JG BRANCH 9/18/95

*in the books were dreams and in the dreams were  
books.And flew > >> >>> >>  
(...)*

*spending the bulk of closure with sentient scoops  
that fluke picnic shot out of these worlds we spread been-to  
say that the center cannot hold the nose tackle much longer  
than a clam can sleeve out of incarceration baldly  
go where others fear to operate the biggest donors hive  
& where Mars collides with the small world of "It's a small world"  
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from that ardent bugged heliotrope and pledge allegiance through  
ostension--we stopped short of the shortstop stigmata  
this time pencilled in as tangly wisps instead of memory  
detonations: but don't forget to dismember the doloroso  
I left in the rain by mistake whilst on business vocation  
hollering newmown platitudes to headsets painted blue and waffle colored  
earth colored fire colored i have this thing against water colored  
hive ravenous piers for tattle I teach you as previous*

[↑ Contents](#)

605. **Eryque Gleason**

**Bookstores**

Tue 19 Sep 1995

---

Borders and B&N are sucking the life out of the other bookstores here in  
chicago. In the last month, I think three independent stores and one chain  
(Crock's & Bretano's) have gone under.

For almost anything I want, I go to 57th St. books and the Seminary Co-op.  
Their selection of poetry isn't always the greatest, or evenly distributed (two  
weeks ago I saw a shelf that had about ten different titles by for too and about  
Ginsberg, one title by Ferlingetti), but they are always helpful and have never  
taken more than nine days to deliver something I've ordered.

---

Eryque "Just call me Eric" Gleason      If I weren't a monkey, there'd  
71 E. 32nd St. Box 949      be problems.  
Chicago, IL 60616  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

606. **Burt Kimmelman**

***Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...***

*Tue 19 Sep 1995*

---

ed,

couldn't you say just a few more words about how wcw's rhetoric trivializes  
much poetry?

burt

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607. **Fred Muratori**

***Re: Dangerous poets?***

*Tue 19 Sep 1995*

---

*What is a "dangerous" poet?*

*Tom*  
[REDACTED]

Good question, but probably not very relevant in the U.S., where writers don't  
pose a real political or social threat the way they do in some other countries.  
Poets here are dangerous only to other poets.

\*\*\*\*\*

Fred Muratori

"Certain themes are incurable."

([REDACTED])

- Lyn Hejinian

Reference Services Division  
Olin \* Kroch \* Uris Libraries  
Cornell University  
Ithaca, NY 14853

\*\*\*\*\*

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608. **Herb Levy**  
***Distribution 'R' Us***  
*Tue 19 Sep 1995*

---

Two short thoughts on distribution:

Even in a city without a store like Woodland Pattern, Talking Leaves, Bridge Street, it still makes sense to find an independent local store and order through them.

Any small book store needs the business, even if they don't specialize in poetry. &, eventually, they will start to be more adventurous. Last week when I went to order the Joris/Rothenberg anthology I was told "Oh, I thought you'd want that when I saw it from the rep - I ordered a couple for stock too." Granted they'll never have the depth or breadth of a specialty shop, but they've learned that they can sell some things they didn't know about before, & that's the only way independent book stores can stay in business these days. & it beats going from Borders to Tower to Barnes & Noble, trying to second-guess this week's corporate policies any day.

Another thing that can increase the distribution of "this kind of" poetry is to make purchase requests at libraries.

They won't buy everything (& the selections can seem frustratingly arbitrary), but library buyers are overwhelmed with options & frequently just need an excuse to make a choice. If few people are requesting books (&, even at academic libraries, most people don't), you could make a real mark on a library's poetry collection. The University of Washington, where I just have an alumni borrowers card buys two-thirds to three-quarters of what I request, even though there's rarely any courses that deal with any of it. If everyone on this list did this, it'd increase sales by a significant number of copies & make the work available to lots more people without costing anyone "here" anything but a little extra time once a month or so.

Herb Levy  
[REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

609. **Tenney Nathanson**  
***or or (the or or!? the or or!?)***  
*Tue 19 Sep 1995*

---

Date: Mon, 18 Sep 1995 21:14:28 -0800  
From: Blair Seagram <[REDACTED]>  
Subject: typo on St Marks

*I congratulate them on there expansion.*

*Whoops, that should be 'their' expansion*

or "that there"

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610. **W. Northcutt**

***Hep me! I need addresses.***

*Tue 19 Sep 1995*

---

Dear Feller-lurkers: Some of my colleagues at Erlangen, Germany are translating and assembling in an anthology of American poets--including Ron Silliman and Chas Bernstein, whom, they tell me, have already given they're permission.

They're having some difficulties locating others for permissions, so if any of you have addresses for the following, I'd appreciate it if you could email them to me at

██████████

Okay, here they are:

Ginsberg

Snyder

Levertov

Ashbery

Merwin

and Rothenberg

Thanks in advance, William Northcutt

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611. **Edward Foster**

***Re: you & why an army?***

*Tue 19 Sep 1995*

---

ummmm. . . well, doesn't it have to do with how you read whom you read? you can read bryant but as history; his words and language aren't ours. wcw is typewriters and trolleys. painters survived g. o'k. wcw is not gospel.

[↑ Contents](#)

612. **Edward Foster**

**Re: WCW Trolley**

Tue 19 Sep 1995

reintroduce trolleys? i don't know aldon; that sounds what we went thru w/  
reagan. here in my sleazy hometown, they're reintroducing trolleys, and corps.  
are rushing over the river from n.y. no, the answer for the millenium is not:  
bring back wcw.

[↑ Contents](#)

613. **Jorge Guitart**

**Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure**

Tue 19 Sep 1995

On Tue, 19 Sep 1995, Teachers & Writers wrote:

> > > >>SEM-CC-JG BRANCH 9/18/95  
> > > >>  
> > > >>in the books were dreams and in the dreams were  
> > > >>books.And flew > > >>> >>  
> > > >>> >> >>> >> (...)   
> > > >>> >> >>> >>  
> > > >>> >> >>> >>> >spending the bulk of closure with sentient scoops  
> > > >>> >> >>> >>> that fluke picnic shot out of these worlds we spread  
been-to  
> > > >>> >> >>> >> say that the center cannot hold the nose tackle much  
longer  
> > > >>> >> >>> >than a clam can sleeve out of incarceration baldly  
> > > >>> >> >>> go where others fear to operate the biggest donors hive  
> > > >>> >> >>> & where Mars collides with the small world of "It's a  
small world"  
> > > >>> >> >ripe for macroscopes to pump or slice or butterfly away  
> > > >>> >> from that ardent bugged heliotrope and pledge allegiance  
through  
> > > >>> > ostension--we stopped short of the shortstop stigmata  
> > > >>> this time pencilled in as tangly wisps instead of memory  
> > > >> detonations: but don't forget to dismember the doloroso  
> > > >I left in the rain by mistake whilst on business vocation  
> > > hollering newmown platitudes to headsets painted blue and waffle  
colored  
> > > earth colored fire colored i have this thing against water colored  
> >hive ravenous piers for tattle I teach you as previous propagation  
that you were in conflict with my treshhold for treshholds, so get

[↑ Contents](#)

614. **Edward Foster**

***Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...***

*Tue 19 Sep 1995*

---

i was referring to the passage quoted from wcw and suggesting that if you unpack it you find that it eliminates or questions ways of speaking--gnostic utterance for one. no? which irritates. a little too unitarian (?), or clarity thru elimination.

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615. **Edward Foster**

***Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...***

*Tue 19 Sep 1995*

---

specifically, burt: we are told the passage comes from wcw: ok, in that case, we have to ask, now, why "nature" [whatever that meant, then] should not be "an accessory to a particular theory," why not be "blind" to what wcw called "the world"?

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616. **Marshall H. Reese**

***Zukofsky videotape***

*Tue 19 Sep 1995*

---

in fact there is another Louis Zukofsky videotape kicking about and it is located in the Milton Eisenhower library at Johns Hopkins University. Hugh Kenner I believe had invited Zukofsky to read and here is the record of him reading, I believe A-22 and -23... as a video, regrettably, it's not so good -- i.e., very wide shots and a table lamp w/ shade in front of the camera... but as a document, it's good and the audio quality is also good... i don't know anything about the availability but it's there...

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617. **Kit Robinson**

***A24***

*Tue 19 Sep 1995*

---

Reply to: A24

Herb,

As Ron & Bill say, A24 was performed at the Grand Piano coffee house in SF, at SF State for the Poetry Center, and

at UC Davis in a small recording studio. I don't know if the Grand Piano gig was taped. The SF State performance was videotaped, but the best performance & recording was done at UC Davis. The cast:

Bob Perelman - piano  
Barrett Watten - poem  
Lyn Hejinian - story  
Carla Harryman & Steve Benson - play  
Kit Robinson - essay

I wonder if the American Poetry Archive has a copy of the UC Davis tape. Laura?

Kit

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618. **Thoreau Lovell**  
***New Five Fingers Review***

*Tue 19 Sep 1995*

---

Re: Distribution or Bust

Thanks Charles for reminding us lurkers that we need, at least, to keep the basic information flowing.

Five Fingers Review 14, "Metamorphosis," is now available. The issue was inspired by and is dedicated to the memory of Nina Iskrenko. Belated thanks go out to Ron Silliman, Ed Foster and others for their postings just after Nina died. She was a contributing editor for FFR and a dear friend as well. No 14 includes a collaborative project Nina directed just before she died, called the the Metamorphosis Project, in which she distributed a short excerpt from Plato's Laws with "all the nouns lovingly crossed out" to a group of Russian and American writers asking them to fill in the blanks. The Russian contributors are: Nina, Sveta Litvak, Nikolai Baitov, Igor Zhukov, Sergei Solovyev, Pavel Mityushev, Dmitry Vodennikov and Andrei Vorkunov. The American: John High, Leslie Scalapino, Thoreau Lovell, Michelle Murphy and Scott MacLeod.

The issue also features special sections by other contributing editors: Writing from the UK edited by Fanny Howe, with work by Ken Edwards, David Dibosa, Wendy Mulford and Drew Milne. A section of Native American / Mixed Blood writing edited by Mark Nowak, featuring Diane Glancy, Kimberly TallBear and Eric Priestley. C. D. Wright and Forrest Gander introduce writing by two younger writers, J. L. Jacobs and Mallory Tarses respectively. Rounding out the issue is a section of new poems by Ivan Zhdanov translated by John High and an interview with Zhdanov conducted by John High.

Other contributors are: Jon Davis, Sally Doyle, Evgeny Laputin trans. Vitaly Chernetsky, H. E. Francis, Craig Czury, John Olson, Gordon Lish, Mark Mirsky, Ezra Mark, Elizabeth Robinson, David Hoefer, Larry Fondation, Lawrence Fixel, Stephen Ratcliffe, Annabelle Honza Clippinger, Stefanie Marlis, Robert Fagan, Andrew Joron, Ray DiPalma, and Liz Waldner.

Copies can be ordered directly from Five Fingers for \$9.00 at:

Five Fingers Review  
PO Box 15426  
San Francisco, CA 94115

Phone: [REDACTED]  
email: [REDACTED]

SPD and our other distributors should have copies by the end of September.

Best,

Thoreau Lovell, Co-Editor w/John High

Thoreau Lovell ([REDACTED]) / ([REDACTED])  
Computer Coordinator, College of BSS  
San Francisco State University

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619. **Lisa Robertson**

***LZ & bookshop chickenshit***

*Tue 19 Sep 1995*

---

"Bookstores are just as chickenshit as commercial radio stations."

Dear Steve (and all with bookstore complaints),

Here's a slightly crabby response from someone who worked the front lines of

chickenshit-- having owned and run a bookstore for six years. I agree that it is

irritating to rarely find one's literary tastes represented on bookstore shelves. I agree that the situation is getting worse as time goes by. But the

reason is not that bookbuyers are more disinterested in avant garde concerns,

but that it is becoming an increasingly large risk, in our deflated economies, to

maintain a stock that adequately represents even the major movements in contemporary poetry and poetics, let alone off shoots, "minor" writers, etc.

Booksellers are not plotting together to keep experimental writing out of the marketplace. They are struggling under extremely anxious conditions to keep their businesses open. As Charles pointed out, overhead gets more and more impossible in the urban areas which have any sort of concentrated readership of such books. If a store does seem to have even a rudimentary stock of books you like, it probably means that the shop is kept open by free labour, outside jobs on the owner's part, and almost definitely some sort of martyred partner with a banal day job, who keeps the rent paid at home, and the fridge stocked. You can imagine the burn-out rate of such a life. The point is, why trash even small efforts towards adventurous ordering? Why not patiently place special orders for Zukofsky, Ferguson, Bernstein, Doris, Celan, then make sure you actually (and promptly) buy the book when it arrives? Why not inform your bookseller about reading communities who would happily buy sun and moon books, roof books, tsunami books? Then make sure these people respect the economic outlay a broke bookseller is making, make sure money changes hands. Why not make group orders via your informal reading groups? If you teach, why not order through independant shops? If you are a tenured person with an income, why not buy from a shop instead of waiting for a complimentary copy to arrive in the mail? Bookstores finally have to either close, or change their stocking policies and philosophies, for complex reasons. Many customers regard a shop that stocks language poetry, black mountain, tish, objectivists, more like a museum or a community service, than a shakey business that desperately needs economic patronage. Booksellers are often so worn out fielding calls from collections departments that they can't spend alot of time teaching themselves about poetry movements. Its up to the customer who wants a good booksource to teach the bookseller, help her build a relationship with alternative buying

communities.

The rent which shelters these formidable tomes you favour must be paid, the space must be insured, the phone kept operative, even if the bookseller herself

does live on someone else's generosity. Most bookstores are very happy to special order, and if you multiply these orders, by ordering with friends, then

the buyer starts to get the point. Here I am begining to repeat my theme, I know, but in that business haughty individuals who deplore the absence of their

personal canons are the (irritating) norm. Often the clerk you speak with is not

the buyer, is someone working for minimum wage, or volunteering, and can't be a

specialist in your area. Often the bookseller is too embarrassed to tell you

that the book you have ordered is in limbo because an account has been frozen or

terminated due to inability to pay. Under long term duress, the protocols of

concerned and attentive customer service can occaisionally wear thin. Only a

committed and patient community can keep a good shop open.

On that note I would suggest that all Vancouver list subscribers rush to Black

Sheep Books on fourth avenue, and help Denise and Trent by buying something, and

by ordering something. I understand that multiple copies of Perelman's Trouble

with Genius will be arriving there shortly.

respectfully,

Lisa Robertson

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620. **cris cheek**

***Re: Sheila, Cris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure***

*Tue 19 Sep 1995*

---

>> >>> >SEM-CC-JG BRANCH 19/9/95 C adding to J adding to C adding to S

>> >>in the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.And flew

>> >>spending the bulk of closure with sentient scoops



>> >>that fluke picnic shot out of these worlds we spread been-to  
>> >>say that the center cannot hold the nose tackle much longer  
>> >>than a clam can sleeve out of incarceration baldly  
>> >>go where others fear to operate the biggest donors hive  
>> >>& where Mars collides with the small world of "It's a small world"  
>> >>ripe for macroscopes to pump or slice or butterfly away  
>> >>from that ardent bugged heliotrope and pledge allegiance through  
>> >>ostension--we stopped short of the shortstop's stigmata  
>> >>this time pencilled in as tangly wisps instead of memory  
>> >>detonations: but don't forget to dismember the doloroso  
>> >>I left in the rain by mistake whilst on business vocation  
>> >>the night I told you to stop referring to me as Ontology Boy  
>> >and you replied all shrouded in epistemology that it was glue we lacked  
>> "ckab oups frert cdl-fdl!!" with elvis projecting "uhhhh, I'm all stuck  
>>in the epoxy I used to cement my relationship w/ Thou, the Dead Quaker  
who who traipses a paradigm sweat under lights and then fixes

[↑ Contents](#)

621. **cris cheek**

***Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure***

*Tue 19 Sep 1995*

---

>> >  
>> >> >>SEM-CC-JG BRANCH 9/19/95 C adding to J adding to S  
>> >> >>  
>> >> >>in the books were dreams and in the dreams were  
>> >> >>books.And flew > >> >>> >>  
>> >> >>> >> >>> >> (...)   
>> >> >>> >> >>> >>  
>> >> >>> >> >>> >>> >spending the bulk of closure with sentient scoops  
>> >> >>> >> >>> >>> that fluke picnic shot out of these worlds we spread  
>>been-to  
>> >> >>> >> >>> >> say that the center cannot hold the nose tackle  
much longer  
>> >> >>> >> >>> >than a clam can sleeve out of incarceration baldly  
>> >> >>> >> >>> go where others fear to operate the biggest donors hive  
>> >> >>> >> >>> & where Mars collides with the small world of "It's a  
small  
>>worl  
>d"  
>> >> >>> >> >ripe for macroscopes to pump or slice or butterfly away  
>> >> >>> >> from that ardent bugged heliotrope and pledge allegiance

through

>> >> >>> > ostension--we stopped short of the shortstop stigmata  
>> >> >>> this time pencilled in as tangly wisps instead of memory  
>> >> >> detonations: but don't forget to dismember the doloroso  
>> >> >I left in the rain by mistake whilst on business vocation  
>> >> hollering newmown platitudes to headsets painted blue and waffle  
colored  
>> >> earth colored fire colored i have this thing against water colored  
>> therefore elemental-painted playthings cost a dear shined copper looking  
>> for false grit and the dogma of autonomous syntaxis overwhelmed them  
when striking from base-camp their paraffin tongues in the cauldron

[↑ Contents](#)

622. **cris cheek**

***Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure***

*Tue 19 Sep 1995*

---

>> >> >SEM-CC-JG BRANCH 9/19/95 C adding to J adding to S  
>> >> >  
>> >> >in the books were dreams and in the dreams were  
>> >> >books.And flew > >> >>> >>  
>> >> >> >> >>> >> (...)   
>> >> >> >> >>> >>  
>> >> >> >> >>> >>> >spending the bulk of closure with sentient scoops  
>> >> >> >> >>> >>> that fluke picnic shot out of these worlds we spread  
been-to  
>> >> >> >> >>> >> say that the center cannot hold the nose tackle much  
longer  
>> >> >> >> >>> >than a clam can sleeve out of incarceration baldly  
>> >> >> >> >>> go where others fear to operate the biggest donors hive  
>> >> >> >> >>> & where Mars collides with the small world of "It's a small  
>>world  
>"  
>> >> >> >> >ripe for macrosopes to pump or slice or butterfly away  
>> >> >> >> from that ardent bugged heliotrope and pledge allegiance  
through  
>> >> >> > ostension--we stopped short of the shortstop stigmata  
>> >> >> this time pencilled in as tangly wisps instead of memory  
>> >> > detonations: but don't forget to dismember the doloroso  
>> >> pitchpipe with its squeal subtracted and the dotted-line relationships  
>> >and sing "I Love Time but I love Your Spatial Simulacra Much More"  
>> for the brevity inferred and for the latchkey touch more like a feather

>> drizzling blood of picklet beet all over the related phenomena  
braising from punch a drunk streak which no absolute bearings flew  
>>

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623. **Gale Nelson**

***Tapes of Laura Riding and Robert Graves***

*Tue 19 Sep 1995*

---

Does anyone know of any tapes of readings by Laura Riding or Robert Graves?  
Many thanks for your input.

Gale Nelson

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624. **George Bowering**

***Re: Dangerous poets?***

*Tue 19 Sep 1995*

---

Maybe USAmerican poets arent dangerous, but their novelists can be, to their  
wives. Take Mailer and Burroughs, for instance.

And some of us know of a USAmerican poet who shot his wife.

[↑ Contents](#)

625. **George Bowering**

***Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...***

*Tue 19 Sep 1995*

---

Some ink-daubbed wretches wrote:

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books  
incorporating the end of timewarps and troves treasured  
the mercator projection of horniness and thou; for thou is  
Wow! What a catch! Yowza! Incorporating the dead heroes  
of Palookaville & the dead heroes of Guadalajara  
empowering scores of liberated mozos intent of Lacanian

[↑ Contents](#)

626. **George Bowering**

***Re: publications/anagram***

*Tue 19 Sep 1995*

---

And Michael Boughn can be respelled

## Bohemian Gulch

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627. **Tony Green**

***Re: Pergolesi***

*Tue 19 Sep 1995*

---

It's a kind of a bad terminology joke. Baroque in painting sculpture architecture town planning means a variable time/period-thing that's hottest in the 17th century, but still going in some versions in the early 18th in Germany and Austria. But music: that's altogether a different terminology and even Mozart in the late 18th century is sometimes called baroque (rarely & I suppose carelessly) though I must say. Bach and even more obviously Handel coincide with what in European decorative arts painting architecture etc is usually called Rococo. Forget the big old period terminology and its attempts to find a few simple style characteristics to fit everyone into a time. French literature Baroque is late 16th century to early 17th century and ends with the Precieux, maybe the death of Voiture 1648 wd be a good date. The whole enterprise is deeply suspect. Personally I'm more interested in way pomo readings of much late 16th c and early 17th c arts can be useful (which I refuse to say any more about, because it's the same old game once more other than in a three volume encyclopaedic book).

The Baroque as a term is about as useful as G1 when it comes down to the reading/understanding/enjoyment or even on the critical commentary on any actual works.

Go Pergolesi, with your somewhere between Baroque and Rococo even early classical-romantic harmony-melody!

Tony Green,

e-mail: [REDACTED]

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628. **George Bowering**

***Re: spike it with saussure - begins the reich***

*Tue 19 Sep 1995*

---

On Sep. 19, Edgar Varese wrote:

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
incorporating the end of timewarps and troves treasured  
the mercator projection of horniness and thou; for thou is  
Wow! What a catch! Yowza! Incorporating the dead heroes

who pester as obsession or a hobby or as fraction of a prayer,  
towering above us with a lot of bothersome >>>>>>>>>,s

[↑ Contents](#)

629. **George Bowering**

***Re: Distribution or Bust***

*Tue 19 Sep 1995*

---

Okay, my most recent novel, *\_Shoot!\_* is going to be published in the US by St. Martin's Press in January.

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630. **Patrick Phillips**

***Dist. or Bust (i.e., New Book)***

*Tue 19 Sep 1995*

---

Well, I have to fess up. I just received 9 boxes of my new book *\_Ruin\_*. But if my silence on the publication of this book weren't egregious enough quietude, I am also the publisher. - what books - is the name of my press.

Upcoming from what books is a book by Thad Ziolkowski titled *\_Our Son the Arson\_*, due sometime at the end of the year. I hope in the next year to publish one or two other collections and a recalcitrant anthology I've been working on for a while. I aim to publish two or three books a year by writers who are just outside the loop. what books is not an effort to bring writers into the loop-as-such, but to see if there can remain for at least a while a notion complicit autonomy. There is a big cusp.

As to my book, I have had luck doing the consignment hustle in NYC - St. Marks had one copy last I heard (two were purchased there by friends) and Tower's consignment buyer wants more. That's pretty much the extent of my distribution to date. Now I have 750 copies...

If anyone would like a copy (or copies for thier book store shelves) you can reach me here, preferably back-channel, or at [REDACTED]. I would be glad to send you one. I know that some of you are strapped for cash (or couldn't bear the sight unseenness of it,) I will be giving away some copies, so if you would like a copy (for barter, trade, or donation and postage), please send me your mailing address and I'll gladly send you one.

I would also be very glad to hear anyone's comments on SPD and "other" distribution methods. I would also like to know people have luck hoofing into other stores in the Boston/NY/Philly/DC area with thier books, or which stores are particularly open. Julianna, or Rod, do either of you have small press info?

Lisa Robertson, what is your view of the viability of quite small "indi's" in the small press slump?

Patrick Phillips  
107 Elmgrove Ave.  
Providence, RI 02906



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631. **Gabrielle Welford**

**Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure**

Tue 19 Sep 1995

---

*in the books were dreams and in the dreams were  
books. And flew > >> >>> >>  
(...)  
spending the bulk of closure with sentient scoops  
that fluke picnic shot out of these worlds we spread been-to  
say that the center cannot hold the nose tackle much longer  
than a clam can sleeve out of incarceration baldly  
go where others fear to operate the biggest donors hive  
& where Mars collides with the small world of "It's a small world"  
ripe for macroscopes to pump or slice or butterfly away  
from that ardent bugged heliotrope and pledge allegiance through  
ostension--we stopped short of the shortstop stigmata  
this time pencilled in as tangly wisps instead of memory  
detonations: but don't forget to dismember the doloroso  
I left in the rain by mistake whilst on business vocation  
hollering newmown platitudes to headsets painted blue and waffle colored  
earth colored fire colored i have this thing against water colored  
therefore elemental-painted playthings cost a dear shined copper looking  
masked vertigo beyond the ti plants fye*

[↑ Contents](#)

632. **Sheila E. Murphy**

**Re: Pergolesi**

Tue 19 Sep 1995

---

I'm a fool for Stabat Mater, too. An incomparable experience to sing. I still feel where on the risers I was standing.

Sheila

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633. **Sheila E. Murphy**

***Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga***

Tue 19 Sep 1995

---

>On Sun, 17 Sep 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

>

>> >On Sun, 17 Sep 1995, George Bowering wrote:

>> >

>> >> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

>> >> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

>> >> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

>> >> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

>> >> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

>> >> The rook to the knight here by King's Bishop Three

>> >> Something has changed in the nature of friendship

>> >> But wouldn't you know it, Mrs. Mullett next in line

>> >> For food stamps, quints racing about the linoleum

>> >> Everything leans on the verb, falling, sighs

>> >> Twelve at least, one loves only firm, and firm

>> >> feels good to her it feels real good, & the corset

>> blanches from so many passwords being lifted like expected bans

> on metaphors that the folks at the contagious hospital

thought we might be weaned of early, late, whatever

[↑ Contents](#)

634. **Sheila E. Murphy**

***Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...***

Tue 19 Sep 1995

---

>Some ink-daubbed wretches wrote:

>

>In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books

>incorporating the end of timewarps and troves treasured

>the mercator projection of horniness and thou; for thou is

>Wow! What a catch! Yowza! Incorporating the dead heroes

>of Palookaville & the dead heroes of Guadalajara

>empowering scores of liberated mozos intent of Lacanian

libretti, salted with much, much more than roughage added to taste

[↑ Contents](#)

635. **Sheila E. Murphy**

**Re: spike it with saussure - begins the reich**

Tue 19 Sep 1995

---

GB wrote:

>On Sep. 19, Edgar Varese wrote:

>

>

>In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

>incorporating the end of timewarps and troves treasured

>the mercator projection of horniness and thou; for thou is

>Wow! What a catch! Yowza! Incorporating the dead heroes

>who pester as obsession or a hobby or as fraction of a prayer,

>towering above us with a lot of bothersome >>>>>>>>>>,s

measured at density 21.5 along with a "d" added to first name

[↑ Contents](#)

636. **Jeffrey Timmons**

**Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...**

Tue 19 Sep 1995

---

On Mon, 18 Sep 1995, Edward Foster wrote:

> various things, jeffery, too much for here, but at least (1) unpack wcw's rhetoric: it trivializes much poetry. wcw "clarity" entails doing less, not better. (2) let's retire "avant-garde." see jackson mac low on this.

it's a military line. -ed

1: Would you care to? Please. . . 2: Yes, less, not necessarily better; but also novel in context--important. 3: Sure, but you know what I mean. And still, where would we be without that influence?

Jeffrey Timmons

[↑ Contents](#)

637. **Charles Alexander**

**Re: Distribution 'R' Us**

Tue 19 Sep 1995

---

*Even in a city without a store like Woodland Pattern, Talking Leaves, Bridge Street, it still makes sense to find an independent local store and order through them.*

Thanks, Herb, for pointing this out. It is too easy to be cynical about bookstores, yet so true that at least some of them can be influenced by us when we actually



buy books. I imagine there are several people on this list who buy \$500 or more (for some, a lot more) of books each year. To a bookstore, that makes you significant, particularly when you figure it's only a small percentage of Americans who ever set foot in a bookstore.

*Another thing that can increase the distribution of "this kind of" poetry is to make purchase requests at libraries.*

*They won't buy everything (& the selections can seem frustratingly arbitrary), but library buyers are overwhelmed with options & frequently just need an excuse to make a choice. If few people are requesting books (&, even at academic libraries, most people don't), you could make a real mark on a library's poetry collection.*

I even know of one case at a university where, during a rash of spending cuts lasting quite some time, librarians could only order books which faculty members had requested. Several librarians I've known have been outstanding builders of poetry collections (far better than most literature professors). I trust them with the decisions more than I trust the faculty, for the most part.

Thanks for saying these various things, Herb.

charles

Charles Alexander

Chax Press

P.O. Box 19178

Minneapolis, MN 55419-0178

██████████ (phone & fax)

██████████

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638. **Jeffrey Timmons**

***Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...***

*Tue 19 Sep 1995*

---

On Tue, 19 Sep 1995, Edward Foster wrote:

> i was referring to the passage quoted from wcw and suggesting that if you unpack it you find that it eliminates or questions ways of speaking--gnostic utterance for one.

I'm not sure why I'm pursuing this . . . I thought we trashed over WCW months ago? Anyway, the passage--if it's the one I posted--does seek to question a way of speaking; specifically, a poetry that emulates the real. WCW was after the shape of the imagination--as vague, mind you, as Nature, but specifically attempting to free poetry from the constraints of an inherited romantic tradition

binding verse to the depiction of a natural world. WcW (wCw; W2C?) was . . . questioning the validity of this way of writing. And, again, (especially if we are to pursue this any further) I ask: where would we be without this influence?

Jeffrey Timmons

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639. **Steve Carll**

***Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...***

*Tue 19 Sep 1995*

---

ed writes:

>various things, jeffery, too much for here, but at least

(1) unpack wcw's rhetoric: it trivializes much poetry. wcw "clarity" entails doing less, not better.

This is probably the concomitant danger of the attempt to poetize trivia, to champion "simple everyday speech." Certainly when WCW's effort fails, the trivia stays trivial and the poetry joins it. But honestly, Ed, are there no moments in WCW when something trivial achieves a shining presence through Williams' treatment of it?

(2) let's retire "avant-garde." see jackson mac low on this. it's a military line.

...which has been incorporated by the fashion industry.

Steve

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640. **Charles Alexander**

***Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga***

*Wed 20 Sep 1995*

---

>>On Sun, 17 Sep 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

>>

>>> >On Sun, 17 Sep 1995, George Bowering wrote:

>>> >

>>> >> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

>>> >> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

>>> >> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

>>> >> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

>>> >> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

>>> >> The rook to the knight here by King's Bishop Three

>>> >> Something has changed in the nature of friendship

>>> >> But wouldn't you know it, Mrs. Mullett next in line

>>> >> For food stamps, quints racing about the linoleum  
>>> >> Everything leans on the verb, falling, sighs  
>>> >> Twelve at least, one loves only firm, and firm  
>>> >> feels good to her it feels real good, & the corset  
>>> blanches from so many passwords being lifted like expected bans  
>> on metaphors that the folks at the contagious hospital  
>thought we might be weaned of early, late, whatever  
the contagious wind strikes a chord with nothing ventured

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641. **Charles Alexander**

***Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...***

Wed 20 Sep 1995

---

*Some ink-daubbed wretches wrote:*

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books*

>>of Palookaville & the dead heroes of Guadalajara  
>>empowering scores of liberated mozos intent of Lacanian  
>libretti, salted with much, much more than roughage added to taste  
or tremolo, finding the shores awash with alphabet, proclaiming nothing

[↑ Contents](#)

642. **Thomas Bell**

***Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...***

Wed 20 Sep 1995

---

Some ink-daubbed wretches wrote:

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books  
incorporating the end of timewarps and troves treasured  
the mercator projection of horniness and thou; for thou is  
Wow! What a catch! Yowza! Incorporating the dead heroes  
of Palookaville & the dead heroes of Guadalajara  
empowering scores of liberated mozos intent of Lacanian  
Bananas and coconut grove's ashes Phoenix rose and o

[↑ Contents](#)

643. **Thomas Bell**

***Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...>***

Wed 20 Sep 1995

---

*someone, sometime maybe wrote:*

> > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
> > incorporating the end of timewarps and troves treasured  
> > the mercator projection of horniness and thou; for thou is  
> Wow! What a catch! Yowza! Incorporating the dead heroes  
>> of Palookaville & the dead heroes of Guadalajara  
far and away in the midst of a hustlingbusted big CCIITTY

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644. **Blair Seagram**  
***poetry, bookstores, the list***

Wed 20 Sep 1995

Well, I am ignorant of many things, including poetry, contemporary poetry and the bookstores that carry these elements of our being . And yet, I find no contempt (unless I'm missing something) here , on this list.

[↑ Contents](#)

645. **Jim Andrews**  
***Re: Dangerous poets?***

Wed 20 Sep 1995

*What is a "dangerous" poet?*

Tom  
[REDACTED]

I nu she was dangerus but was she a poet? So I askd her wat a dangerus poet is. She sed a dangerus poet sets u free and on the road to ruin. I sed u goin my way beautiful? She sed u gotta doo bettr thn that if u wanna be free. I'd settle for ruind I sed. She sed I onlee date poets. I sed are yu a poet? She sed that's a jujment not a vocashun. So I need to deside wether yore a poet? I'll call yu one if yu call me one I sed. I don't need it that bad she sed. Doo u need it I askd. U ask a lot of questyuns she sed. I don't hav a lot of ansers I sed. So r u a poet she askd. I squirmd n sed if u don't say so no one will beleev u. Yore work she replied. Poetry is wide I sed. Hoose perpus duz it suit and what's the perpus if someone calls yu a poet. In yore case, she sed, it's to get me into bed. I think yer dangerus I sed. I don't noe what poetry is, I sed. She sed flatteree will get you noware. As for poetry, neethr do I she sed. Wat is it tht we want to be she sed and y? If it is th outword thing then weave missd it there's devoshun to wat can be sed th reach of it and all of us in th breath. Time and we will tell us hoo we r I sed. A dangerus one's a pure one maybe. Hoo can tell too early? We spend it out finding out. Honey I'm on th road to ruin. And hey I got a little

lucky fr a coffee and the diffrence between a rebel and a revolutionary. It wasn't enuff but it was a start.

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646. **R I Caddel**

***Re: Distribution 'R Us***

*Wed 20 Sep 1995*

---

In uk universities book-buying budgets are so tight that it's not uncommon for all library selection to be delegated to faculty. The result, in my experience, is that collections are always lagging behind current academic interest because they are reacting to demand, rather than understanding it and preempting it. Also, collections fragment as each individual pursues his/her own concerns, and the "linkage" areas fall by the wayside. Smallpress buying, it goes without saying, also falls away.

Having a librarian involved in selection doesn't fix the basic problem (lack of resource) but it should mean that selection has a broader base, and can react to wider interests (as long as these are expressed, and don't remain at the sudued muttering stage). Gently, I'm starting to squeeze a little more smallpress material into Durham...

signed,  
A Librarian

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647. **Charles O. Hartman**

***Re: Distribution or Bust***

*Wed 20 Sep 1995*

---

Well, OK, my \_Glass Enclosure\_ came out from Wesleyan a couple of months ago. And earlier in the year Sun & Moon did Hugh Kenner's and my \_Sentences\_.

Charles O. Hartman

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648. **SUSAN E. TICHY**

***Re: LZ & bookshop chickenshit***

*Wed 20 Sep 1995*

---

Thank you, Lisa, for a little breath of un-self-centered air in this discussion. As co-owner of one of the world's smallest bookstores, I can corroborate the sad truth that invoices must be paid whether the books on them have sold or not.

And the effort to balance what will sell with what I wish would sell, what I'd like to be surrounded with, is in itself a career. When a customer asks for a book I don't have--or a whole category of books I don't have--I always respond by offering to place an order. Usually the disgruntled one can't be bothered.

And one more thing--bookstore owners have venues of our own, where we talk about our customers the way you are talking about us. That's the reason there aren't more assaults in bookstores.

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649. **Charles Alexander**  
***Re: Dist. or Bust (i.e., New Book)***

*Wed 20 Sep 1995*

---

Dear Patrick:

I'd love to trade for a copy of *Ruin*. I can send you one of my books (*Hopeful Buildings*, Chax Press; or *arc of light/dark matter*, Segue Books), or I can send another Chax Press Book (Ron Silliman, *Demo to Ink*; Kathleen Fraser, *when new time folds up*; Beverly Dahlen, *A Reading 8-10*; Norman Fischer, *Precisely the Point Being Made*; Sheila Murphy, *Teth*; Karen Mac Cormack, *Quirks & Quillets*; bp Nichol, *Hopeful Buildings*; Eli Goldblatt, *Sessions*; Wo'i Bwikam/Coyote Songs, from the Yaqui Bow Leaders' Society; or the forthcoming *The Said Lands, Islands, & Premises*, by Mary Margaret Sloan, etc.), or you could wait for a new book by me in about six months.

Let me know. And send anything to the address below.

all best,  
charles

Charles Alexander  
Chax Press  
P.O. Box 19178  
Minneapolis, MN 55419-0178  
[REDACTED] (phone & fax)  
[REDACTED]

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650. **Burt Kimmelman**  
***Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...***

*Wed 20 Sep 1995*

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Ed,

I'm afraid I got lost. What passage? What is this about "nature"? Etc.

(I may have accidentally deleted some unread messages, Or else maybe I've had a minor stroke, but anyway I dont' know to what your last message responds.

love,

burt

[↑ Contents](#)

651. **Jorge Guitart**

**Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga**

Wed 20 Sep 1995

On Tue, 19 Sep 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

*On Sun, 17 Sep 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:*

*On Sun, 17 Sep 1995, George Bowering wrote:*

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning  
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
The rook to the knight here by King's Bishop Three  
Something has changed in the nature of friendship  
But wouldn't you know it, Mrs. Mullett next in line  
For food stamps, quints racing about the linoleum  
Everything leans on the verb, falling, sighs  
Twelve at least, one loves only firm, and firm  
feels good to her it feels real good, & the corset  
blanches from so many passwords being lifted like expected bans  
on metaphors that the folks at the contagious hospital  
thought we might be weaned of early, late, whatever,  
but I am taking the broken glass as a token of my first epiphany*

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652. **Jorge Guitart**

**Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...**

Wed 20 Sep 1995

*Some ink-daubbed Canadian & American wretches wrote:*

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books  
incorporating the end of timewarps and troves treasured  
the mercator projection of horniness and thou; for thou is  
Wow! What a catch! Yowza! Incorporating the dead heroes  
of Palookaville & the dead heroes of Guadalajara  
empowering scores of liberated mozos intent of Lacanian*

*libretti, salted with much, much more than roughage added to taste  
doughboys & doughgirls, behaving like superfluous enigmas*

[↑ Contents](#)

653. **Jorge Guitart**

**Re: spike it with saussure - begins the reich**

Wed 20 Sep 1995

Jorge Bowering Murphy wrote

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
incorporating the end of timewarps and troves treasured  
the mercator projection of horniness and thou; for thou is  
Wow! What a catch! Yowza! Incorporating the dead heroes  
who pester as obsession or a hobby or as fraction of a prayer,  
towering above us with a lot of bothersome >>>>>>>>>>,s  
measured at density 21.5 along with a "d" added to first name  
of DDaniel who saw Adonai and believe me he was no Adonis*

[↑ Contents](#)

654. **Jorge Guitart**

**Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure**

Wed 20 Sep 1995

R! = C!S!J! = (X - >>>>) where X is a variable ranging from excellent to outasight

was set "books were closed, dreams were cancelled, the inverted poplar  
right, the cardinal was killed"

St.John Terse, "Ananas"

> > > >>> > >ripe for macroscopes to pump or slice or butterfly away  
> > > >>> > > from that ardent bugged heliotrope and pledge allegiance  
through  
> > > >>> > ostension--we stopped short of the shortstop stigmata  
> > > >>> this time pencilled in as tangly wisps instead of memory  
> > > > > detonations: but don't forget to dismember the doloroso  
> > > > > I left in the rain by mistake whilst on business vocation  
> > > > > hollering newmown platitudes to headsets painted blue and waffle  
colored  
> > > > earth colored fire colored i have this thing against water colored  
> > > therefore elemental-painted playthings cost a dear shined copper looking  
> > > for false grit and the dogma of autonomous syntax overwhelmed them  
> when striking from base-camp their paraffin tongues in the cauldron  
of sylvia's morning during the time that ted was devising a way to



[↑ Contents](#)

655. **Herb Levy**

***Re: bookshop chickenshit & LZ***

*Wed 20 Sep 1995*

---

Chickenshit? Oh, I thought it said "chickenship" & read it through twice looking for an anecdote about Spicer in a vancouver bookshop.

Even so, I want to reiterate Lisa's suggestion that Vancouver folks support Black Sheep Books. They did a great job of stocking their tables at BlaserCon.

I only wish I was in Vancouver more often to spend more money at such a responsive shop. Maybe when I'm up there to hear Derek Bailey & company.

&, thanks to everyone for the information on various Zukofsky video/audio tapes.

Herb Levy



[↑ Contents](#)

656. **Herb Levy**

***Re: Distribution or Shoot***

*Wed 20 Sep 1995*

---

George -

I hope you are able to find a Canadian publisher for "Shoot" eventually, but at least you were able to get it published somewhere.

Let me know if you'll need any copies brought up from Seattle.

Herb Levy



[↑ Contents](#)

657. **Jorge Guitart**

***Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure***

*Wed 20 Sep 1995*

---

SEM-CC-JG BRANCH 9/19/95 J adding to C adding to J adding to S

> >> >> >in the books were dreams and in the dreams were

> >> >> >books.And flew > >> >>> >>

> >> >> >> >> >>> >> (...)

> >> >> >> >> >>> >>

> >> >> >> >> >>> >>> >spending the bulk of closure with sentient scoops

> >> >> >> >> >>> >>> that fluke picnic shot out of these worlds we  
spread been-to  
> >> >> >> >> >>> >> say that the center cannot hold the nose tackle  
much longer  
> >> >> >> >> >>> >than a clam can sleeve out of incarceration baldly  
> >> >> >> >> >>> go where others fear to operate the biggest donors hive  
> >> >> >> >> >>> & where Mars collides with the small world of "It's a  
small  
> >>world  
> >"  
> >> >> >> >> >ripe for macroscopes to pump or slice or butterfly away  
> >> >> >> >> from that ardent bugged heliotrope and pledge allegiance  
through  
> >> >> >> > ostension--we stopped short of the shortstop stigmata  
> >> >> >> this time pencilled in as tangly wisps instead of memory  
> >> >> > detonations: but don't forget to dismember the doloroso  
> >> >> pitchpipe with its squeal subtracted and the dotted-line relationships  
> >> >and sing "I Love Time but I love Your Spatial Simulacra Much More"  
> >> for the brevity inferred and for the latchkey touch more like a feather  
> >> drizzling blood of picklet beet all over the related phenomena  
> braising from punch a drunk streak which no absolute bearings flew  
off the Handel I did not miss for Pergolesi was by the pergola with  
>

[↑ Contents](#)

658. **Jorge Guitart**

***Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...>***

*Wed 20 Sep 1995*

---

On Tue, 19 Sep 1995, Thomas Bell wrote:

*someone, sometime maybe wrote:*

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
incorporating the end of timewarps and troves treasured  
the mercator projection of horniness and thou; for thou is  
Wow! What a catch! Yowza! Incorporating the dead heroes  
of Palookaville & the dead heroes of Guadalajara  
far and away in the midst of a hustlingbusted big CCIITTY  
where disparity fell like soft rain far from Leithauser*

[↑ Contents](#)

659. **Jorge Guitart**

**Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...**

Wed 20 Sep 1995

---

The Bell Curl

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books  
incorporating the end of timewarps and troves treasured  
the mercator projection of horniness and thou; for thou is  
Wow! What a catch! Yowza! Incorporating the dead heroes  
of Palookaville & the dead heroes of Guadalajara  
empowering scores of liberated mozos intent of Lacanian  
Bananas and coconut grove's ashes Phoenix rose and o  
o, o, the Murdochian rag, ok stop dick stop spot ate puff*

[↑ Contents](#)

660. **Jorge Guitart**

**Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga**

Wed 20 Sep 1995

---

On Tue, 19 Sep 1995, Charles Alexander wrote:

*On Sun, 17 Sep 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:*

*On Sun, 17 Sep 1995, George Bowering wrote:*

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning  
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
The rook to the knight here by King's Bishop Three  
Something has changed in the nature of friendship  
But wouldn't you know it, Mrs. Mullett next in line  
For food stamps, quints racing about the linoleum  
Everything leans on the verb, falling, sighs  
Twelve at least, one loves only firm, and firm  
feels good to her it feels real good, & the corset  
blanches from so many passwords being lifted like expected bans  
on metaphors that the folks at the contagious hospital  
thought we might be weaned of early, late, whatever  
the contagious wind strikes a chord with nothing ventured  
maimed, my parents won't let me play with density*

[↑ Contents](#)

661. **Rod Smith**

***Re: Distribution or Object***

*Wed 20 Sep 1995*

---

\_Object # 5\_ "featuring" Rod Smith is out, 25 page piece called "A Grammar Manakin." Also in the issue are Jennifer Moxley, Tim Davis, Steven Farmer, Judith Goldman, Dirk Rowntree, Michael Basinski, Bill Luoma, Vallerie Fox, Joe Elliot, Bill Howe, Milo DeAngelis, & Joan Retallack.

\_Object #4\_ is a long piece by Robert Kocik & an essay by Stacy Doris. Rob Fitterman, the editor, plans to continue the format of #5, a 25-page feature plus other work, in future issues.

Order from Object, 7-13 Washington Square North #47B, NY, NY 10003. \$5 per issue, \$8 two issue subscription. Checks payable to Robert Fitterman.

Also, my chapbook called \_The Boy Poems\_ is available from Buck Downs Books, POBox 50376, Washington, DC 20091 for \$4.

& that's the news.

--Rod

[↑ Contents](#)

662. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

***Re: Dangerous Music***

*Wed 20 Sep 1995*

---

last truly dangerous poet I met was a drunk at the Red Lion who used to leave threatening messages on my answering machine -- since moving West I haven't encountered another --

BUT, in the sens in which the question was offered --

commercial publishing and its yardley appendages have done a good job of convincing everyone that American poets are clawless (perhaps even clueless), merely pawing over one another --

there is, however, always a however,

most of us in fact know of one or two people who aren't publishing poets who occasionally read poetry

whether any poets are truly dangerous or not, the US Govt. seems to worry about some of them -- check out Baraka's FBI files and you'll be surprised how many of his chapbooks were purchased by Hoover's literati for closer examination

the MFA establishment, whoever and wherever that might be, certainly goes into a tither the moment anyone suggests hiring a poet unlikely to get on TV

with Bill Moyers and loosing same upon the creative writing students -- I've observed this phenom. at several colleges in recent years -- & read the AWP newsletter if you think Yardley is the most outrageous and paranoid of our denouncers of poetics these days --

The reactions of both FBA and MFA agents are, naturally, out of all proportion to real threat --

I think Bersenbrugge endangered a number of my own assumptions about line -- and I have been trying to understand what that means ever since --

rereading Russell Atkins was a clear and present danger to much that I had been taught about postmodernity, and I'm still mulling that over

No novel is safe in the vicinity of Lyn Hejinian or Leslie Scalapino

And Williams is still, I believe, more dangerous than the "light rail" now installed in San Jose, which has claimed fifteen lives during its short existence.

I don't think H.D. represents a clear and present danger (though I love her, the novels especially) -- but Moore's scalpel is deadly if you let her get close --

Have any poets changed my own carriage?

To this day I will not read Niedecker in a dark room by myself --

[↑ Contents](#)

663. **Kit Robinson**

***Diamonds and Rust***

*Wed 20 Sep 1995*

---

Reply to: Diamonds and Rust  
NewLangtonArts presents. . .

the premiere performance of

Diamonds and Rust

by Kevin Killian & Wayne Smith

a new play that chronicles the inner struggles of a group  
of young window dressers who yearn for separate careers  
as fine artists. . .

ONE NIGHT ONLY

Saturday, September 30

8pm

Tickets: \$8/\$6 members

NewLangtonArts

1246 Folsom St. between 8th & 9th

San Francisco



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664. **Fred E. Maus**

***Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...***

*Wed 20 Sep 1995*

---

the books were  
the end of  
the projection of  
dead heroes  
  
dead heroes of  
scores of  
libretti, roughage  
like enigmas

[↑ Contents](#)

665. **Gabrielle Welford**

***Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...***

*Wed 20 Sep 1995*

---

On Tue, 19 Sep 1995, Charles Alexander wrote:

*Some ink-daubbed wretches wrote:*

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books*

*of Palookaville & the dead heroes of Guadalajara  
empowering scores of liberated mozos intent of Lacanian  
libretti, salted with much, much more than roughage added to taste  
or tremolo, finding the shores awash with alphabet, proclaiming nothing  
nutting nothing a-merrily over my dead bodies in abandon*

[↑ Contents](#)

666. **Sheila E. Murphy**

***Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...***

*Wed 20 Sep 1995*

---

>>>Some ink-daubbed wretches wrote:

>>>

>>>In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books

>

>>>of Palookaville & the dead heroes of Guadalajara

>>>empowering scores of liberated mozos intent of Lacanian  
>>libretti, salted with much, much more than roughage added to taste  
>or tremolo, finding the shores awash with alphabet, proclaiming nothing  
more dangerous than mislabeled spice with conscience

[↑ Contents](#)

667. **Sheila E. Murphy**

***Re: spike it with saussure - begins the reich***

Wed 20 Sep 1995

---

> Jorge Bowering Murphy wrote  
>  
>> >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
>> >incorporating the end of timewarps and troves treasured  
>> >the mercator projection of horniness and thou; for thou is  
>> >Wow! What a catch! Yowza! Incorporating the dead heroes  
>> >who pester as obsession or a hobby or as fraction of a prayer,  
>> >towering above us with a lot of bothersome >>>>>>>>>,s  
>> measured at density 21.5 along with a "d" added to first name  
>> of DDaniel who saw Adonai and believe me he was no Adonis  
although reputation tends to weave a little of transfixive

[↑ Contents](#)

668. **Sheila E. Murphy**

***Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...***

Wed 20 Sep 1995

---

>> >Some ink-daubbed Canadian & American wretches wrote:  
>> >  
>> >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books  
>> >incorporating the end of timewarps and troves treasured  
>> >the mercator projection of horniness and thou; for thou is  
>> >Wow! What a catch! Yowza! Incorporating the dead heroes  
>> >of Palookaville & the dead heroes of Guadalajara  
>> >empowering scores of liberated mozos intent of Lacanian  
>> libretti, salted with much, much more than roughage added to taste  
>> doughboys & doughgirls, behaving like superfluous enigmas  
puzzling in contagious ways over the simplest rides to

[↑ Contents](#)

669. **Ken Edwards**

***Reality Street Edition new books***

*Wed 20 Sep 1995*

---

OK in response to Charles' request, here's a truncated version of Reality Street Editions' catalogue (full version at the EPC). Our most recent books, on their way to SPD in a rather bulky package on a tramp steamer even as I write, are:

Fanny Howe

O'CLOCK

1-874400-07-5 L6.50

200 x 120mm paperback 104pp

Peter Riley

DISTANT POINTS

1-874400-06-7 L6.50

200 x 148mm paperback 64pp

Out this autumn...

Sarah Kirsch

T

Translated by Anthony Vivis and Wendy Mulford.

Autumn 1995 1-874400-05-9 L4.50

200 x 120mm saddle-stitched 28pp

Forthcoming Jan 1996....

OUT OF EVERYWHERE

An anthology of contemporary linguistically innovative poetry by women in North

America & the UK

Edited and with an introduction by Maggie O'Sullivan

Afterword by Wendy Mulford

The 30 poets included are:

Rae Armantrout, Caroline Bergvall, Nicole Brossard, Paula Claire, Tina

Darragh,

Deanna Ferguson, Kathleen Fraser, Barbara Guest, Carla Harryman, Lyn

Hejinian,

Fanny Howe, Susan Howe, Grace Lake, Karen MacCormack, Bernadette Mayer,

Geraldine Monk, Wendy Mulford, Melanie Neilson, Maggie O'Sullivan, Carlyle

Reedy, Joan Retallack, Denise Riley, Lisa Robertson, Leslie Scalapino, Catriona

Strang, Fiona Templeton, Rosmarie Waldrop, Diane Ward, Hannah Weiner,

Marjorie

Welish.



Winter 1995/6 1-874400-08-3 L7.50

205 x 132mm paperback 240pp (actually likely to be 256pp)

Recently published....

Allen Fisher

DISPOSSESSION AND CURE

1-874400-03-2 L6.50

200 x 148mm paperback 72pp

Denise Riley

MOP MOP GEORGETTE

1-874400-04-0 L6.50

170 x 170mm paperback 72pp

Maggie O'Sullivan

IN THE HOUSE OF THE SHAMAN

1-874400-01-6 L6.50

210 x 147mm paperback 72pp

Susan Gevirtz

TAKEN PLACE

1-874400-02-4 L6.50

200 x 148mm paperback 64pp

Kelvin Corcoran

LYRIC LYRIC

1-874400-00-8 L5.99

200 x 120mm paperback 48pp

Inquiries:

Ken Edwards, 4 Howard Court, Peckham Rye, London SE15 3PH, UK

Tel: 0 [REDACTED]

email: [REDACTED]

UK distributors

-Paul Green, 83b London Rd, Peterborough PE2 9BS

-Peter Riley, 27 Sturton St, Cambridge CB1 2QG,

tel 01223-576 422

USA distributors

-Small Press Distribution Inc, 1814 San Pablo Avenue, Berkeley, CA 94702, tel

[REDACTED]

Canadian distributors

-Marginal Distribution, Unit 102, 277 George Street North, Peterborough,

Ontario

K9J 3G9, tel [REDACTED]

NB: All prices are in sterling; refer to our US/Canadian distributors for dollar prices.

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670. **LAURA MORIARTY**

**Re: A24**

*Wed 20 Sep 1995*

---

I've back-channelled a few people about both Zukovsky and the A-24 tape, but was hesitant to post to the list as it would be difficult to respond to many requests for the tapes all at once. The Poetry Center and American Poetry Archives here at SF State taped the performance of A-24 that was done here. The date I have for it is 11/15/78. I don't believe I have releases from all of the performers (everyone's list of them was accurate) to sell the tape, so it is distributed only as a library tape for the price of membership (\$20) in The Poetry Center. We also have the outtakes from the NET series Poetry: USA, including the Zukovsky program. It is 30 minutes, a very interesting tape, which sells, as Charles Watts indicated (thanks, Charles) for \$125 and can be rented for \$15. I can be reached here by email or by phone [REDACTED] Monday - Thursday.

Laura Moriarty  
Archives Director  
[REDACTED]

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671. **H. T. KIRBY-SMITH**

**Graves tapes**

*Wed 20 Sep 1995*

---

Caedmon Tape SWC 1066 is Graves reading poetry and from THE WHITE GODDESS.

Tom Kirby-Smith  
English Department  
UNC-Greensboro  
Greensboro NC 27412

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672. **Edward Foster**

***Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...***

Wed 20 Sep 1995

---

where would we be? again: look at rimbaud, where wcw visited; it was there. but you'll find similarly, if differently phrased, positions in (oddly, given wcw's rejection) keats, moving poetry away from the ego (and representation, too). no?

[↑ Contents](#)

673. **Edward Foster**

***Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...***

Wed 20 Sep 1995

---

as for "where would we be without . . . ," that's not the issue. it's whether we need a shift out of that tradition, put it in mothballs for a while (or that classroom, same thing).

[↑ Contents](#)

674. **Edward Foster**

***Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...***

Wed 20 Sep 1995

---

yes, steve, there are moments when "something trivial achieves a shining presence," but it's still a way of seeing and a language that doesn't compel as much anymore. and curiously, moore does those transformations much better. dickinson, too.

[↑ Contents](#)

675. **Edward Foster**

***Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...***

Wed 20 Sep 1995

---

burt: it's the passage in jeffrey timmons' note of sept. 15th; it's that i initially suggested one "unpack" and that i was "unpacking" in the note to you. my heavens, this gets complicated; i wish they'd allow me more than three lines. - ed

[↑ Contents](#)

676. **cris cheek**

**Re: A24**

Wed 20 Sep 1995

---

Hi Kit, I wonder if there's anything else you can add to the discussion re- A24 in performance. How did it work? What felt awkward, if anything, in the tension between the music notation and the language notation? Would you recommend that it's worth working on a performance of A24 - with performance-writing students say? Any titbits of process, discussion that spring to mind? Am I right in remembering that this production followed on from several Poets Theatre performances, how did it feel to be working on something that was not written by people directly in that 'group' of writers and performers?

simply lots of questions - I'm curious to know more  
love and love  
cris

[↑ Contents](#)

677. **George Bowering**

**Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...**

Wed 20 Sep 1995

---

On the day before the equinox, Lionel Trilling wrote:

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books  
incorporating the end of timewarps and troves treasured  
the mercator projection of horniness and thou; for thou is  
Wow! What a catch! Yowza! Incorporating the dead heroes  
of Palookaville & the dead heroes of Guadalajara  
empowering scores of liberated mozos intent of Lacanian  
libretti, salted with much, much more than roughage added to taste  
doughboys & doughgirls, behaving like superfluous enigmas  
puzzling in contagious ways over the simplest rides to  
San Luis Obispo, home of cowering Democrats on soya diets

[↑ Contents](#)

678. **George Bowering**

**Re: Distribution or Shoot**

Wed 20 Sep 1995

---

Thanks, Herb.

Actually, \_Shoot!\_ was published in Toronto about a year ago.

But let me know whether you have any hot Albanian publishers looking for a good time.

Did you see/hear anything of Cecil while he was there last week?

[↑ Contents](#)

679. **George Bowering**

**Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga**

Wed 20 Sep 1995

---

*On Tue, 19 Sep 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:*

*On Sun, 17 Sep 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:*

*On Sun, 17 Sep 1995, George Bowering wrote:*

*The hell I did! GB*

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning  
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
The rook to the knight here by King's Bishop Three  
Something has changed in the nature of friendship  
But wouldn't you know it, Mrs. Mullett next in line  
For food stamps, quints racing about the linoleum  
Everything leans on the verb, falling, sighs  
Twelve at least, one loves only firm, and firm  
feels good to her it feels real good, & the corset  
blanches from so many passwords being lifted like expected bans  
on metaphors that the folks at the contagious hospital  
thought we might be weaned of early, late, whatever,  
but I am taking the broken glass as a token of my first epiphany*

[↑ Contents](#)

680. **Chris Scheil**

**Re: Dist. or Bust (i.e., New Book)**

Wed 20 Sep 1995

---

Dear Charles,

Could you send me a catalog or brochure for Chax press? I'm the inv. manager for Schuler Books here in Grand Rapids, MI.

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>> >>> >> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
>> >>> >> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning  
>> >>> >> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
>> >>> >> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
>> >>> >> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
>> >>> >> The rook to the knight here by King's Bishop Three  
>> >>> >> Something has changed in the nature of friendship  
>> >>> >> But wouldn't you know it, Mrs. Mullett next in line  
>> >>> >> For food stamps, quints racing about the linoleum  
>> >>> >> Everything leans on the verb, falling, sighs  
>> >>> >> Twelve at least, one loves only firm, and firm  
>> >>> >> feels good to her it feels real good, & the corset  
>> >>> blanches from so many passwords being lifted like expected bans  
>> >> on metaphors that the folks at the contagious hospital  
>> >thought we might be weaned of early, late, whatever  
>> the contagious wind strikes a chord with nothing ventured  
>> maimed, my parents won't let me play with density  
because its quantity is known, and they prefer unknowns

[↑ Contents](#)

684. **Jorge Guitart**

***Re: spike it with saussure - begins the reich***

*Wed 20 Sep 1995*

---

On Wed, 20 Sep 1995, Jurphy Sowering Borge wrote

> >  
> >> >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
> >> >incorporating the end of timewarps and troves treasured  
> >> >the mercator projection of horniness and thou; for thou is  
> >> >Wow! What a catch! Yowza! Incorporating the dead heroes  
> >> >who pester as obsession or a hobby or as fraction of a prayer,  
> >> >towering above us with a lot of bothersome >>>>>>>>>,s  
> >> measured at density 21.5 along with a "d" added to first name  
> >> of DDaniel who saw Adonai and believe me he was no Adonis  
> although reputation tends to weave a little of transfixive  
> which sticks to your clothes and makes you ineluctable

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685. **Jorge Guitart**

**Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...**

Wed 20 Sep 1995

---

Some fans of Dick Assman wrote

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books  
incorporating the end of timewarps and troves treasured  
the mercator projection of horniness and thou; for thou is  
Wow! What a catch! Yowza! Incorporating the dead heroes  
of Palookaville & the dead heroes of Guadalajara  
empowering scores of liberated mozos intent of Lacanian  
libretti, salted with much, much more than roughage added to taste  
doughboys & doughgirls, behaving like superfluous enigmas  
puzzling in contagious ways over the simplest rides to  
the grotto of our Lady of Corollaries during the Feast of the Enormity*

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686. **eric pape**

**Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...**

Wed 20 Sep 1995

---

ed, et al: I too find WCW boring. But it may be that I do because he is so easily imitated. So, I sometimes find O'Hara, Ginsburg, Hejinian, boring for the same reasons. Was it Picasso who said, very very roughly, "The most original art is ugly. Then someone comes along and makes it pretty." I don't know but can the term, or the concept, "boring" apply in the same way?

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687. **Loss Glazier**

**Online Directory of Poets - PLEASE READ -**

Wed 20 Sep 1995

---

-- Request For Permission --

We are, at the EPC, ready to mount a new service, the \*Online Directory of Poets\*. This will be a listing (and its first iteration is based on the list of subscribers to Poetics) of people using e-mail with Poetics interests.

As planned, the list will be alphabetical by name and will give an e-mail address. The e-mail address will be highlighted so that when you look up someone you can simply click on their address and send a message to them directly from the EPC. (A sort of "active" directory.)

-->>>IMPORTANT<<<--



Since I used a list based on subscribers to this list, if you do NOT want to be listed in this directory, please e-mail me directly as soon as you can and I will remove your name!!!

Thanks!

Loss



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688. **Steve Carll**

***Re: LZ & bookshop chickenshit***

*Thu 21 Sep 1995*

---

Dear Lisa:

Thanks for the added perspective. I thought that I was saying about bookbuyers basically what you say about them, albeit from my own crabby armchair. What I meant by "chickenshit" was, in fact, more directed toward the chain bookstores (and I don't think there's an anti-experimental or -small press conspiracy there either), who don't want to be bothered with patchwork distribution and return policies, smaller orders (it's easier for them to order in bulk than 1 or 2 copies at a time), and so on. I certainly understand for smaller bookstores that there's a real (and legitimate) anxiety about taking chances with their shelf space, and the suggestions you and Herb Levy have outlined are excellent ones that I feel really stupid about not going the extra step to mention before I posted.

It was not my intention to trash anyone for not stocking my taste in poetry, and I used to work in (several) record stores, so I have been on the other side of the counter and know what that's like too. We in S.F. have all but lost Small Press Traffic (it's relegated to 4 or 5 shelves in another bookstore at Noe and Market, a storage space in Colma, and Dodie's reading series), and so we may have to learn this lesson the hard way.

Steve

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689. **Jeffrey Timmons**

***Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...***

*Thu 21 Sep 1995*

---

On Tue, 19 Sep 1995, Steve Carll wrote:

*This is probably the concomitant danger of the attempt to poetize trivia, to champion "simple everyday speech." Certainly when WCW's effort fails, the trivia stays trivial and the poetry joins it.*

I'm not sure I can agree that WcW fails. In fact, as my posts have suggested, he is important because he succeeded so well at turning poetry to the everyday. If the everyday is trivial, well, then I too wish we could live in the poems we all dream. The everyday is not trivial and is worthy of poetry.

Jeffrey

[↑ Contents](#)

690. **Jeffrey Timmons**

***Re: Self-disclosure***

Thu 21 Sep 1995

---

I just want to thank people for announcing their publications

Thanks,

Jeffrey Timmons

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691. **Jeffrey Timmons**

***Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...***

Thu 21 Sep 1995

---

On Wed, 20 Sep 1995, Edward Foster wrote:

> yes, steve, there are moments when "something trivial achieves a shining presence," but it's still a way of seeing and a language that doesn't compel as much anymore. and curiously, moore does those transformations much better.

dickinson, too.

Last post on this: Sure, ed, and Chaucer just plain don't make sense!

Jeffrey Timmons

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692. **Jeffrey Timmons**

***Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...***

Thu 21 Sep 1995

---

On Wed, 20 Sep 1995, Edward Foster wrote:

> where would we be? again: look at rimbaud, where wcw visited; it was there. but you'll find similarly, if differently phrased, positions in (oddly, given wcw's rejection) keats, moving poetry away from the ego (and representation, too). no?

Darn it . . . drawn in yet again: sure different positions, but doesn't your statement assume that you can purge the "tradition" of WcW's presence? That we don't need him? Sure, there were alternatives to him, differently phrased positions, certainly, but you are arguing against history here. Rimbaud and Keats and WcW made different versions of poetics available. Just as you must deal with Whitman, you must deal with WcW's influence (though admittedly on a whole different scale). It's not a question of substituting different versions of poetics for another (though this raises an interesting question of just that possibility), but, rather, of attending to the polyphony of different voices in dialogue with each other. Obviously, wcw is in dialogue with keats, etc, rejecting him, what have you. Perhaps WcW has obscured keats to us or vice versa, but rather than simply deny wcw's influence or presence in american poetics maybe we should be accounting for what he was writing against (specifically) and how that has filtered our perceptions of him and those whom he writes against. I think Ed makes this point, perhaps, though in three lines or less it must be difficult. Yes, someone give Ed more lines. Please. Most importantly, I am willing to go along with WcW and what he was writing against. If there were alternatives to his version that were obscured by his canonization I'd be willing to entertain thoughts on them.

Jeffrey Timmons  
(Jiffy Meets Morn)

PS: Thanks George, I was feeling left out!

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693. **Rod Smith**

***Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...***

*Thu 21 Sep 1995*

---

Ed, Could you spell out your position re WCW & his supposed lack of relevance more clearly, (I \*might\* agree given a context)-- Not trying to start a fight. The discussion reminds me a bit of Cage's remarks about "masterpieces"-- that a masterpiece is something one continues to find something new in, but that doesn't seem to hold true. Seems that we can actually use up a piece of art. . . Is that (uh-oh) post modern? Is Duchamp still "new"? If not what the hell is? Or is it a mistake to look for something new? If WCW's used up, Olson must be to. Berrigan seems new to me, but how describe. . . Is it a matter of attitude? of the poet &/or the reader? bla bla bla? --Rod

[↑ Contents](#)

694. **Rod Smith**

***Re: spike it with saussure - begins the reich***

Thu 21 Sep 1995

---

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

> > > incorporating the end of timewarps and troves treasured  
> > > the mercator projection of horniness and thou; for thou is  
> > > Wow! What a catch! Yowza! Incorporating the dead heroes  
> > > who pester as obsession or a hobby or as fraction of a prayer,  
> > > towering above us with a lot of bothersome >>>>>>>>>>,s  
> > > measured at density 21.5 along with a "d" added to first name  
> > > of DDaniel who saw Adonai and believe me he was no Adonis  
> although reputation tends to weave a little of transfixive  
> which sticks to your clothes and makes you ineluctable  
elision, like a lit bit of sacrificial eclecticism (a-singin'

"stone me to to my soul")

[↑ Contents](#)

695. **Ron Silliman**

**WCW**

Thu 21 Sep 1995

---

It may be a sad truth, but the reality is that if Spring & All were published for the first time today, it would still be the most innovative and forward thinking book of the year, and would have been so in any of the past 25 years. How we have gone from that to the current norm of bland one-page abstract lyrics befuddles me....

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696. **CAROLYN L. FORCHE-MATTISON**

***MFA Agents/Dangerous Poets***

Thu 21 Sep 1995

---

In reference, I think, to the "dangerous" thread, Aldon deployed superb wit in his reference to FBI/MFA agents. I want to suggest, however, that this situation is perhaps changing. The academy has been infiltrated at Buffalo, UC Santa Cruz and (?). Here at George Mason's MFA program (which has at least five subscribers to this list), I was able to bring Rod Smith into the teaching fold, and in the past year and a half we've had Susan Howe and Leslie Scalapino among the few two-day residencies we can afford. This fall, it's Rosemarie Waldrop. A number of the poet-grad students are writing linguistically innovative work and frequent Rod's Bridge Street Books. The student mag, -

Phoebe- featured work of interest to this list in the last issue. I don't know what's happening elsewhere, as I've always been somewhat isolated, but this isn't a closed shop. BTW, the new person at AWP's newsletter, The Chronicle (also now based here) is a subscriber to this list, and would welcome essays from any of you. I'm not naive about that audience, so why not begin with something on how to \*read\*.

Warmest regards,

Carolyn

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697. **Gwyn McVay**  
***yet another anagram***

*Thu 21 Sep 1995*

---

Loss Pequeno Glazier = "long sleaze-quip rose"  
or "gloss no equal prize"

[↑ Contents](#)

698. **Jordan Davis.**  
***How it Happened***

*Thu 21 Sep 1995*

---

How It Happened  
for Ron Silliman

After centuries, it was finally clear--  
We had lost it. But where did it go?  
We asked the witch, hiding behind the television,  
But she was only picking her nose. The validation  
Had come through on the backs of stormtroopers  
In plaid, but when we went to apply it  
To our balance, some goons, it turned out,  
Had hauled away our collateral in a wheelbarrow.  
"No ideas but in love songs," said the radio,  
And it went straight into all our poems,  
Which were utterly, utterly up front  
About the situation.

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699. **Loss Glazier**

***Re: Online Directory of Poets***

*Thu 21 Sep 1995*

---

| *how can we subscribe to the On Line Directory of Poets?*

It's not a subscription type thing. You simply go to it and use it.

When it's put online (next week I think), you can access it through the World-Wide Web at the Electronic Poetry Center:

<http://writing.upenn.edu/epc>

Follow the link for authors, then you will see a link to the directory.

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700. **Loss Glazier**

***Re: Online Directory of Poets (fwd)***

*Thu 21 Sep 1995*

---

> > how can we subscribe to the On Line Directory of Poets?

>

> When it's put online (next week I think), you can access it through

> the World-Wide Web at the Electronic Poetry Center:

>

> <http://writing.upenn.edu/epc>

>

> Follow the link for authors, then you will see a link to the

> directory.

>

I have also placed a link to it from the EPC home page (the url given above).

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701. **Gwyn McVay**

***Re: MFA Agents/Dangerous Poets***

*Thu 21 Sep 1995*

---

What Carolyn said. Yes, yes, yes, please. The only way to divert the stream of commodified flush-left-first-person-narrative-(you know what I mean) poetics is to infiltrate. Send articles to my attention:

Gwyn McVay

AWP Chronicle

Associated Writing Programs

Tallwood House, Mail Stop 1E3

George Mason University  
Fairfax, VA 22030

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702. **B. Cassidy**

**Re: MFA Agents/Dangerous Poets**

Thu 21 Sep 1995

---

To build off of what Carolyn has said is happening at GM, I thought it might be of interest to the list to know what's been happening here at (the dreaded) Writer's Workshops at The U of Iowa.

- 1) The most single most requested poet in a pole of the the students this semester for who they would like to see come and give a reading was Michael Palmer. So, he's coming in November.
- 2) In the second year class (my class), out of approx. 25 students, fully one third of them is working quite consciously in a "language" or "avante-guard" tradition, and at least one-half (though probably more) of the second year class, reads and is familiar and is at least partially influenced by the "language" poets.
- 3) Perhaps most interesting (and wonderful), however, is that next semester (Jan.), Bob Perelman will be the visiting faculty member in the WS. Talk about infiltration....

SO, it seems things are changing all over, even at the most "established" of the "establishment". Faculty here are finding themselves having to at least address "language" poetry in class. In fact, over the summer in a seminar in contemporary poetry, the teacher asked who the students were reading and who they would like to discuss during the class, and EVERY one of them mentioned an "experimental" writer. I'm not sure what to make of it...but I'm happy it's happening.

Apologies for all terms in quotes -- it seems silly to use them any other way.

Best,

Brian Cassidy

*In reference, I think, to the "dangerous" thread, Aldon deployed superb wit in his reference to FBI/MFA agents. I want to suggest, however, that this situation is perhaps changing. The academy has been infiltrated at Buffalo, UC Santa Cruz and (?). Here at George Mason's MFA program (which has at least five subscribers to this list), I was able to bring Rod Smith into the teaching fold, and in the past year and a half we've had Susan Howe and Leslie Scalapino among the few two-day residencies we can afford. This fall, it's Rosemarie Waldrop. A number of the poet-grad students are writing linguistically innovative work and frequent Rod's Bridge Street Books. The student mag, -Phoebe- featured*

*work of interest to this list in the last issue. I don't know what's happening elsewhere, as I've always been somewhat isolated, but this isn't a closed shop. BTW, the new person at AWP's newsletter, The Chronicle (also now based here) is a subscriber to this list, and would welcome essays from any of you. I'm not naive about that audience, so why not begin with something on how to \*read\*.*

*Warmest regards,*

*Carolyn*

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703. **Burt Kimmelman**

***Re: Online Directory of Poets - PLEASE READ -***

*Thu 21 Sep 1995*

---

how can we subscribe to the On Line Directory of Poets?

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704. **Robert Drake**

***Re: Online Directory of Poets***

*Thu 21 Sep 1995*

---

| <http://writing.upenn.edu/epc>

should be:

| <http://writing.upenn.edu/epc>

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705. **Kit Robinson**

***A-24***

*Thu 21 Sep 1995*

---

Reply to: A-24

Cris,

To answer some of your questions out of order I can't remember everything but. . . . Most of the Poets Theater work happened AFTER A-24. By '78 maybe only a performance of FOH's Try! Try! at the Grand Piano (w/ Carla Harryman, Nick Robinson, & . . . John Mason?) and maybe a short play by Carla &/or Eileen Corder had been done. The Big Productions (3rd Man, Mister Sister, The Alps, Collateral, Particle Arms, Under the Midwest, etc.) at Studio Eremos came later. As for A-24, yeah, it was fun. A lot of hard work, intense rehearsals, trying to get the timing right. I don't remember awkwardness, just the difficulty of



staying on the beat and still rendering the proper expression, not to mention dynamics. As in theater, a marvelous way to get to know a work. And I think we all enjoyed the experience of working in a group, especially as writers normally don't (all renga aside).

Kit

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706. **Maria Damon**

***Re: Self-disclosure***

*Thu 21 Sep 1995*

---

hi guys. tried to lurk for a day. but timmon's thanks for adverting our publications lured me out: if anyone's going to the beat art exhibit at the whitney in nyc, i've got a piece in the catalogue. i tried to walk a fine line between critique and appreciation, of course i'll be accused of softpedaling critique or underappreciating, but hey, life's short, art's longish but equally brutish sometimes. so, now that i'm on aol i have more sympathy w/ the renga-critiquers. those yummy lines just don't look as nice on the truncated screen aol provides, and the typeface is too big --i miss my old account and its aesthetic-- but i love those wow lines jorge sheila et al --did i miss something in transit about titling rengas "renga"? md

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707. **Maria Damon**

***Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure***

*Thu 21 Sep 1995*

---

i'm going crazy with the thrill of your rengalines baby i  
can't get enough of them i just wish (whow whow wohw) i could read them  
more  
fluently , fluidly as i've been told my old gender's spozed to--but i  
can't get w/ da program n  
it comes out all fragmenty on my screen.  
god, send me your humble servant one continuouslongrengaorgasm rather than  
these  
sparks and spikes all broken up w/ e-symptoms, tho there are those who say  
that's all part of the fun. i really am going nuts in this alerted altered  
renga-itis w/drawal space, yes i've gone completely over the edge.

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708. **Burt Kimmelman**

**Re: MFA Agents/Dangerous Poets**

Thu 21 Sep 1995

Building on what Aldon and Carolyn are saying about inclusion into a let us say mainstream, I can't help but note in this context Hank Lazer's essay in the recent APR of Charles Bernstein (though the only poems of Charles' I recall seeing printed there in the past have been, to my mind, uncharacteristic of his work over all and more like the kind of stuff one usually sees in APR--but then again maybe the journal is changing, seeing as how it has such a large spread on Armand Schwerner who is not a Language poet but whose work is by no means for the casual reader).

Burt Kimmelman

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709. **Jorge Guitart**

**Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga**

Thu 21 Sep 1995

On Wed, 20 Sep 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

> >On Tue, 19 Sep 1995, Charles Alexander wrote:

> >

> >> >>On Sun, 17 Sep 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

> >> >>

> >> >>> >On Sun, 17 Sep 1995, George Bowering wrote:

> >> >>> >

> >> >>> >> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

> >> >>> >> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

> >> >>> >> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

> >> >>> >> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

> >> >>> >> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

> >> >>> >> The rook to the knight here by King's Bishop Three

> >> >>> >> Something has changed in the nature of friendship

> >> >>> >> But wouldn't you know it, Mrs. Mullett next in line

> >> >>> >> For food stamps, quints racing about the linoleum

> >> >>> >> Everything leans on the verb, falling, sighs

> >> >>> >> Twelve at least, one loves only firm, and firm

> >> >>> >> feels good to her it feels real good, & the corset

> >> >>> blanches from so many passwords being lifted like expected bans

> >> >> on metaphors that the folks at the contagious hospital

> >> >thought we might be weaned of early, late, whatever

> >> the contagious wind strikes a chord with nothing ventured

nothing maimed, my parents won't let me play with density  
because its quantity is known, and they prefer unknowns  
like the time we went to the ruins of sensible ideas and mom

[↑ Contents](#)

710. **Jorge Guitart**

***Re: be advised: wcv qtd in this renga***

*Thu 21 Sep 1995*

---

on the day of the equinox Sheila, George and Jorge rode on Lionel trains and  
sent rengas from the Finland Station

"The hell I did! GB"

>

> > > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
> > > > > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning  
> > > > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
> > > > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
> > > > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
> > > > > The rook to the knight here by King's Bishop Three  
> > > > > Something has changed in the nature of friendship  
> > > > > But wouldn't you know it, Mrs. Mullett next in line  
> > > > > For food stamps, quints racing about the linoleum  
> > > > > Everything leans on the verb, falling, sighs  
> > > > > Twelve at least, one loves only firm, and firm  
> > > > > feels good to her it feels real good, & the corset  
> > > > > blanches from so many passwords being lifted like expected bans  
> > > > on metaphors that the folks at the contagious hospital  
> > > thought we might be weaned of early, late, whatever,  
> > > but I am taking the broken glass as a token of my first epiphany  
sassafras is my powerlessness to split scintillas in the mist

[↑ Contents](#)

711. **Jorge Guitart**

***renga writing --a proposal***

*Thu 21 Sep 1995*

---

let's start a new renga. everybody, anybody, write a first line.

Rules to follow:

have only ten words maximum per line (so renga fits in maria's screen) when  
you add your line, erase chevron from line you are adding to as well as "On  
(date) (name of renga) wrote:" message. ok?

thanks

jorge

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712. **Tony Green**

**Re: Self-disclosure**

Thu 21 Sep 1995

---

Maria, you'll be happy to know that some would-be renga-line contributors are still being shut out as before. Funny thing is it was supposed to be one line from everyone wasn't it? Not that I CARE that much.

Tony Green,

e-mail: [REDACTED]

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713. **Tony Green**

**Re: WCW**

Thu 21 Sep 1995

---

Who in hell wd actually publish Spring & All today and then who if anyone would stock it on shelf? Volunteers? I reckon it ought to be re-written to meet contemporary editorial requirements, with the text in ORDER for instance.

Tony Green,

e-mail: [REDACTED]

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714. **eric pape**

**Re: MFA Agents/Dangerous Poets**

Thu 21 Sep 1995

---

MFA programs may be the best recruitment agency yet developed for the avant-garde (oppositional, experimental, pomo, multiculti, etc etc). Due to its positioning among the academy, where some (few) folks are beginning (just now) to question conventional modes of writing, workshop type stuff (as it is stereotyped) seems more and more theoretically bankrupt. The best poets feel this, and look elsewhere. But... The AWP is dead. Long live.....the AWP? We'll see. I know I have still go a very long way to go before I can finally purge the workshop from my writing. Thanks, Eric.

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715. **Ken Edwards**

***London readings***

*Thu 21 Sep 1995*

---

Forthcoming readings in London likely to be of interest to anyone from this list who happens to be in town...

SubVoicive

at The Three Cups, Sandland St, WC1, Tuesdays at 8.00pm:

26 Sept Spencer Selby / Gavin Selerie

10 Oct Basil King / John Muckle

24 Oct Tim Fletcher / Stan Trevor

7 Nov Adrian Clarke / Allen Fisher

21 Nov John Wilkinson / Ken Edwards

5 Dec "Quick Hits" (sampling by numerous performers)

Poets & Writers

at the East-West Gallery, 8 Blenheim Crescent, W11, usually Mondays at 7.30pm:

9 Oct Nathaniel Tarn

23 Oct Thor Vilhalmsson / Matthias Johannessen (Icelandic writers)

6 Nov British Small Press series: 2. Coracle Press

27 Nov Eleni Sikelianos / Tim Atkins / Laird Hunt

11 Dec British Small Press series: 3. Gaberbocchus Press

...and on 16 Oct promoter Mike Goldmark is staging a commemoration of the famous Albert Hall gig of the 1960s; 1995's performers are: Kathy Acker, Aidan Dun, Brendan Kennelly, Douglas Oliver, Iain Sinclair, Brian Catling, Allen Ginsberg, Sorley MacLean, Tom Pickard, Aaron Williamson, cris cheek, Michael Horovitz, Alice Notley, Denise Riley, Benjamin Zephaniah. A bizarre motley, if you ask me.

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716. **Charles Watts**

***bye for awhile***

*Thu 21 Sep 1995*

---

Folks, I'll be away from e-mail for maybe as long as six weeks. I'll miss the ongoing talk -- but will catch up with the archive when I get back to the screen. Meanwhile, anyone who wants to can get in touch via snail mail: Charles Watts, 1862 Parker Street, Vancouver, B.C. V5L 2L1, or by phone, [REDACTED].

The project to publish papers given at the Robin Blaser conference last June is ongoing; if you still haven't sent us a copy of your panel presentation (nearly

thirty people have so far), please do so. If you have, my apologies for not having acknowledged receipt of your piece; I've been more than busy lately. You'll be hearing from us (me and Ted Byrne) as we have more to report, later in the fall.

So long for now,

Charles Watts



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717. **Ann Lauterbach**

**Re: POETICS Digest - 19 Sep 1...**

Thu 21 Sep 1995

---

Jail is interesting. The problem is you cannot get out, even when you are so clearly in. This is probably less about poetry than it is about the list to which you subscribe but which you cannot ever read because the machine will not allow you to. (For machine read the form of the setting, or the setting of the form.) Glad for the equinox. Best wishes to those who continue to read what is written.

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718. **George Bowering**

**Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this decade**

Thu 21 Sep 1995

---

>  
> on the day of the equinox Sheila, George and Jorge rode on Lionel trains  
> and sent rengas from the Finland Station  
>  
> "The hell I did! GB"  
>  
> >  
> > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
> > > > > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning  
> > > > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
> > > > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
> > > > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
> > > > > The rook to the knight here by King's Bishop Three  
> > > > > Something has changed in the nature of friendship  
> > > > > But wouldn't you know it, Mrs. Mullett next in line  
> > > > > For food stamps, quints racing about the linoleum  
> > > > > Everything leans on the verb, falling, sighs  
> > > > > Twelve at least, one loves only firm, and firm

> > > > >> >> feels good to her it feels real good, & the corset  
> > > > >> blanches from so many passwords being lifted like expected bans  
> > > > > on metaphors that the folks at the contagious hospital  
> thought we might be weaned of early, late, whatever,  
but I am taking the broken glass as a token of my first epiphany  
sassafras is my powerlessness to split scintillas in the mist  
the outside corner, showering early while the Pirates

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719. **Sheila E. Murphy**

***Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga***

Thu 21 Sep 1995

---

>  
>> > >> >> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
>> > >> >> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning  
>> > >> >> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
>> > >> >> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
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>> > >> blanches from so many passwords being lifted like expected bans  
>> > > on metaphors that the folks at the contagious hospital  
>> > thought we might be weaned of early, late, whatever,  
>> > but I am taking the broken glass as a token of my first epiphany  
sans snow, expansive though, fluent in half tones

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720. **Sheila E. Murphy**

***Re: spike it with saussure - begins the reich***

Thu 21 Sep 1995

---

>On Wed, 20 Sep 1995, Jurphy Sowering Borge wrote  
>> >  
>> >> >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
>> >> >incorporating the end of timewarps and troves treasured  
>> >> >the mercator projection of horniness and thou; for thou is

>> >> >Wow! What a catch! Yowza! Incorporating the dead heroes  
>> >> >who pester as obsession or a hobby or as fraction of a prayer,  
>> >> >towering above us with a lot of bothersome >>>>>>>>>>,s  
>> >> measured at density 21.5 along with a "d" added to first name  
>> >> of DDaniel who saw Adonai and believe me he was no Adonis  
>> although reputation tends to weave a little of transfixive  
>> which sticks to your clothes and makes you ineluctable  
as timpanic surface potable though shrill

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721. **Sheila E. Murphy**

***Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...***

Thu 21 Sep 1995

---

>Some fans of Dick Assman wrote  
>  
>> >> >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books  
>> >> >incorporating the end of timewarps and troves treasured  
>> >> >the mercator projection of horniness and thou; for thou is  
>> >> >Wow! What a catch! Yowza! Incorporating the dead heroes  
>> >> >of Palookaville & the dead heroes of Guadalajara  
>> >> >empowering scores of liberated mozos intent of Lacanian  
>> >> libretti, salted with much, much more than roughage added to taste  
>> >> doughboys & doughgirls, behaving like superfluous enigmas  
>> puzzling in contagious ways over the simplest rides to  
>> the grotto of our Lady of Corollaries during the Feast of the Enormity  
with widgets handprinted with obvious mistakes in limited editions

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722. **Charles Alexander**

***Re: Self-disclosure***

Thu 21 Sep 1995

---

And another book to announce.

Minnesota Center for Book Arts is publishing TALKING THE BOUNDLESS BOOK: ART, LANGUAGE, AND THE BOOK ARTS. I compiled and edited the collection of talks which were given at Minn. Center for Book Arts's 1994 symposium, Art & Language: Re-Reading the Boundless Book. I wrote the introduction, and there are essays by Dick Higgins, Johanna Drucker, Steven Clay, Charles Bernstein, Susan Bee, Amos Paul Kennedy Jr., Byron Clercx, Alison Knowles, Jo Anne Paschall, Karen Wirth, Katherine Kuehn, Linda Reinfeld & Toshi Ishihara, Colette Gaiter, and Brad Freeman. The essays range



from artists talking about their own works and those which have influenced them, to pieces on hermeneutics and the book arts, the economics of small press/poetry publishing, the social efficacy of the book arts, and more.

The book will be available the second week of November. Orders are being taken now by

Ann Somers

Minnesota Center for Book Arts

24 North Third Street

Minneapolis, MN 55401



The price is \$15.95. A \$4 shipping/handling charge will be added as well. D.A.P is distributing the book to bookstores, and they are a good art publication distributor, so you should see it in at least some bookstores before Christmas.

Unfortunately, orders can not be taken online.

If the center gives me a more detailed announcement, I may post again about this before long.

Charles Alexander

Chax Press

P.O. Box 19178

Minneapolis, MN 55419-0178



(phone & fax)



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723. **George Bowering**

***Re: yet another anagram***

*Thu 21 Sep 1995*

---

Louis Cabri = Boils Curia or Curia Boils

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724. **Sheila E. Murphy**

***renga - the sequel***

*Thu 21 Sep 1995*

---

hobbyist quaffs juleps poured in the direction of the skids

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725. **Charles Alexander**

***Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...***

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

On Tue, 19 Sep 1995, Charles Alexander wrote:

Some ink-daubbed wretches wrote:

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books  
of Palookaville & the dead heroes of Guadalajara  
empowering scores of liberated mozos intent of Lacanian  
libretti, salted with much, much more than roughage added to taste  
or tremolo, finding the shores awash with alphabet, proclaiming nothing  
nutting nothing a-merrily over my dead bodies in abandon  
where wrote was written, stepping one four nine

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726. **Sheila E. Murphy**

***Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga***

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

>on the day of the equinox Sheila, George and Jorge rode on Lionel trains

>and sent rengas from the Finland Station

>

>"The hell I did! GB"

>

>>

>> > >> >> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

>> > >> >> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

>> > >> >> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

>> > >> >> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

>> > >> >> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

>> > >> >> The rook to the knight here by King's Bishop Three

>> > >> >> Something has changed in the nature of friendship

>> > >> >> But wouldn't you know it, Mrs. Mullett next in line

>> > >> >> For food stamps, quints racing about the linoleum

>> > >> >> Everything leans on the verb, falling, sighs

>> > >> >> Twelve at least, one loves only firm, and firm

>> > >> >> feels good to her it feels real good, & the corset

>> > >> >> blanches from so many passwords being lifted like expected bans

>> > > > on metaphors that the folks at the contagious hospital

>> > > > thought we might be weaned of early, late, whatever,

> > > >but I am taking the broken glass as a token of my first epiphany

> sassafras is my powerlessness to split scintillas in the mist  
of lathering first frost as noon comes on like torqued weed

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727. **Sheila E. Murphy**

***Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga***

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning  
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
The rook to the knight here by King's Bishop Three  
Something has changed in the nature of friendship  
But wouldn't you know it, Mrs. Mullett next in line  
For food stamps, quints racing about the linoleum  
Everything leans on the verb, falling, sighs  
Twelve at least, one loves only firm, and firm  
feels good to her it feels real good, & the corset  
blanches from so many passwords being lifted like expected bans  
on metaphors that the folks at the contagious hospital  
thought we might be weaned of early, late, whatever  
the contagious wind strikes a chord with nothing ventured  
nothing maimed, my parents won't let me play with density  
because its quantity is known, and they prefer unknowns  
like the time we went to the ruins of sensible ideas and mom  
sold ice blue secret back to vendors parked where no shade

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728. **Charles Alexander**

***Re: renga - the sequel***

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

hobbyist quaffs juleps poured in the direction of the skids stuffs morton's  
insistence on intermittency shaking freely

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729. **George Bowering**

***Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga***

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

On Sun, 21 Sep 1995, Sara Teasdale wrote:

> >> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
> >> >>> >> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning  
> >> >>> >> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
> >> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
> >> >>> >> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
> >> >>> >> The rook to the knight here by King's Bishop Three  
>>> >> Something has changed in the nature of friendship  
> >> >>> >> But wouldn't you know it, Mrs. Mullett next in line  
>>> >> For food stamps, quints racing about the linoleum  
> >> Everything leans on the verb, falling, sighs  
> >> >>> >> Twelve at least, one loves only firm, and firm  
> >> >>> >> feels good to her it feels real good, & the corset  
>> blanches from so many passwords being lifted like expected bans  
> >> >> on metaphors that the folks at the contagious hospital  
>thought we might be weaned of early, late, whatever  
> the contagious wind strikes a chord with nothing ventured  
>> maimed, my parents won't let me play with density  
>> because its quantity is known, and they prefer unknowns  
>> to Belarus stockmen deflowering everything in sight, grim

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---

730. **George Bowering**

***Re: renga - the sequel***

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

hobbyist quaffs juleps poured in the direction of the skids made by Chevettas  
sliding off the I5 south of Tacoma

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---

731. **Thomas Bell**

***Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...***

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

>Some fans of Dick Assman wrote  
>  
>> >> >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books  
>> >> >incorporating the end of timewarps and troves treasured  
>> >> >the mercator projection of horniness and thou; for thou is  
>> >> >Wow! What a catch! Yowza! Incorporating the dead heroes  
>> >> >of Palookaville & the dead heroes of Guadalajara  
>> >> >empowering scores of liberated mozos intent of Lacanian  
>> >> libretti, salted with much, much more than roughage added to taste

>> >> doughboys & doughgirls, behaving like superfluous enigmas  
>> puzzling in contagious ways over the simplest rides to  
>> the grotto of our Lady of Corollaries during the Feast of the Enormity  
>with widgets handprinted with obvious mistakes in limited editions  
shrink-wrapped to keep-out dangerfields and glut shelves of

[↑ Contents](#)

732. **Thomas Bell**

***Renga is freedom to act. So I will not follow a***

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

| *Rengaroo! Wildebeests are per EB online headed*

Info for those who feel slighted or ignored: old threads are not dead but waiting in the Wings. Also, have you not noted how many times a poster responds to a line using a pseudonym to get things going?

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733. **Tenney Nathanson**

***oh really?***

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

*Date: Wed, 20 Sep 1995 21:06:43 CDT*

*From: eric pape <[REDACTED]>*

*Subject: Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...*

*ed, et al: I too find WCW boring. But it may be that I do because he is so easily imitated. So, I sometimes find O'Hara, Ginsburg, Hejinian, boring for the same reasons.*

*Was it Picasso who said, very very roughly, "The most original art is ugly. Then someone comes along and makes it pretty." I don't know but can the term, or the concept, "boring" apply in the same way?*

O'Hara is easy to imitate????????????????

(often imitated, never duplicated?)

lessee!

(maybe this will replace renga?

dueling O'Hara imitations [by those who think it's easy?]

let the games begin?)

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734. **Blair Seagram**

***Replies and thanks***

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

Herb Levy and Zukofsky inquiries:

I didn't respond to my messages last night and I'm not through today's, but I see that Herb Levy has thanked the list for the Zukofsky posts so I want to stop my reading now and thank everyone as well. It would have been better to say it sooner. I would also like to make a public thanks to Herb who was so kind and generous to make the inquiries for me. I have all the material and will see if I can get hold of a cassette or video.

Tenny Nathanson:

I congratulate them on their expansion  
Whoops, that should be 'their' expansion  
or "that there"  
Ya.

Rod Smith:

If Gotham doesn't come through with Bottom I would love to get it through you. They told me it would be a couple of weeks, so I'll be in touch with you then and let you know whether they received it.

If the criteria for being a New Yorker, is being (creatively) rude on a (fairly) regular basis, I qualify.

As far as the bearded man in St Marks, for some reason, I had the idea he was the owner of the store. I don't know why. And I think I know the man you are referring to at the Ear Inn and for some reason I have the same thought about him. I think of him as the owner. It's an unconscious assumption I have made, I guess, without a qualifying reason. Perhaps it's the sense of authority they have, and I don't mean that negatively.

People with books:

I can see there are people who run bookstores on this list and I can see that some of them are upset. I can only say that I have never had an encounter in a bookstore like the one in St Marks, as far as I can remember. I kind of think of bookstores as benign rather peaceful places. Anyway it's great to get all this info about where to buy books. I should start a database

b e s t w i s h e s  
b l a i r

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735. **Hank Lazer**

***Re: renga - the sequel***

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

hobbyist quaffs juleps poured in the direction of the skids stuffs morton's  
insistence on intermittency shaking freely leaf stems cubes whirl about as  
hobbyist pauses to consider

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736. **Mark Roberts**

***Re: renga writing --a proposal***

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

let's start a new renga. everybody, anybody, write a first  
line.

Rules to follow:

have only ten words maximum per line

(so renga fits in maria's screen)

when you add your line, erase chevron from line you  
are adding to

as well as "On (date) (name of renga) wrote:" message. ok?

thanks jorge said the giant as she booted up her pc

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737. **Maria Damon**

***Re: MFA Agents/Dangerous Poets***

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

thanks to carolyn. good for you and your infiltrational activities. i've kinda  
given up on umn, tho i've just started to meet groovy folks in the mpl/stp area,  
un-univ. affiliated, who can be a meaningful support system for interesting  
heartful smart lit. how have you done it, do you find you need a lot of "clout" as  
a name-person? as an asst prof my efforts were stymied by a tradition-bound  
dept and my own lack of power, now as an assoc, i've lost interest in moving the  
unmoveables and am basically just taking care of myself and a handful of  
interested students.--md

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738. **Jordan Davis.**  
*rebus aegis quotidian anger*  
Fri 22 Sep 1995

---

> > > >> >> Everything leans on the verb, falling, sighs  
> > > >> >> Twelve at least, one loves only firm, and firm  
> > > >> >> feels good to her it feels real good, & the corset  
> > > >> blanches from so many passwords being lifted like expected bans  
> > > > on metaphors that the folks at the contagious hospital  
> > > thought we might be weaned of early, late, whatever,  
> > > but I am taking the broken glass as a token of my first epiphany  
    sassafras is my powerlessness to split scintillas in the mist  
we keep going back and forth about this poor guy's mane

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739. **Jordan Davis.**  
*Re: renga - the sequel*  
Fri 22 Sep 1995

---

hobbyist quaffs juleps poured in the direction of the skids  
made by Chevettas sliding off the I5 south of Tacoma  
looking like a born-again, living like a heretic, listening

[↑ Contents](#)

740. **Jordan Davis.**  
*the happy gnostic of my household*  
Fri 22 Sep 1995

---

> >> >>> >> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
> >> >>> >> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning  
> >> >>> >> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
> >> >>> >> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
> >> >>> >> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
> >> >>> >> The rook to the knight here by King's Bishop Three  
> >> >>> >> Something has changed in the nature of friendship  
> >> >>> >> But wouldn't you know it, Mrs. Mullett next in line  
> >> >>> >> For food stamps, quints racing about the linoleum  
> >> >>> >> Everything leans on the verb, falling, sighs  
> >> >>> >> Twelve at least, one loves only firm, and firm  
> >> >>> >> feels good to her it feels real good, & the corset  
> >> >>> blanches from so many passwords being lifted like expected bans  
> >> >> on metaphors that the folks at the contagious hospital  
> >> > thought we might be weaned of early, late, whatever



> >> the contagious wind strikes a chord with nothing ventured  
nothing maimed, my parents won't let me play with density  
because its quantity is known, and they prefer unknowns  
like the time we went to the ruins of sensible ideas and mom  
slantways decolletage of the belated, the poems by John Ashbery

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741. **Ryan Knighton**

***Re: bye for awhile***

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

I too must be off for a bit. I will also miss the chatter, but I just haven't the time to jump in or sift out my other mail. I will, however, still be on email, so anyone who needs to get in touch with me regarding TADS submissions can catch me at [REDACTED] .

Take care and the like.

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742. **Sheila E. Murphy**

***Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...***

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

>On Tue, 19 Sep 1995, Charles Alexander wrote:

>

>Some ink-daubbed wretches wrote:

>

>In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books

>

>of Palookaville & the dead heroes of Guadalajara

>empowering scores of liberated mozos intent of Lacanian

>libretti, salted with much, much more than roughage added to taste

>or tremolo, finding the shores awash with alphabet, proclaiming nothing

>nutting nothing a-merrily over my dead bodies in abandon

>where wrote was written, stepping one four nine

passacaglia without the prefab little knobbed things on them

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743. **Sheila E. Murphy**

**Re: renga - the sequel**

Fri 22 Sep 1995

---

>hobbyist quaffs juleps poured in the direction of the skids  
>made by Chevettes sliding off the I5 south of Tacoma  
monikered bellwether of the pall

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744. **Herb Levy**

**Re: Distribution or Shoot**

Fri 22 Sep 1995

---

| *Actually, \_Shoot!\_ was published in Toronto about a year ago.*

Shoot, I didn't know that.

| *Did you see/hear anything of Cecil while he was there last week?*

George, you have the dates right but the month wrong. The "greatest pianist in the world" (tm), and poet, Cecil Taylor is in Seattle for a week (doing a student workshop with no performance scheduled) in October, I think between the 14-18.

I don't know how many poets are signed up for this, but, uh, perhaps this is this still more proof of the opening up of the workshop.

Or maybe not.

Herb Levy



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745. **Edward Foster**

**Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...**

Fri 22 Sep 1995

---

wcw isn't boring because he's easily imitated; i don't find cage boring, tho i can't imagine anyone easier to imitate. the "boring" i think has to do with being somewhere between formerly useful and not quite historical (or commonly read as "was").

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746. **Sheila E. Murphy**

***Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...***

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books  
Incorporating the end of timewarps and troves treasured  
the mercator projection of horniness and thou; for thou is  
Wow! What a catch! Yowza! Incorporating the dead heroes  
of Palookaville & the dead heroes of Guadalajara  
empowering scores of liberated mozos intent of Lacanian  
libretti, salted with much, much more than roughage added to taste  
doughboys & doughgirls, behaving like superfluous enigmas  
puzzling in contagious ways over the simplest rides to  
the grotto of our Lady of Corollaries during the Feast of the Enormity  
with widgets handprinted with obvious mistakes in limited editions  
shrink-wrapped to keep-out dangerfields and glut shelves of  
guttled elves' belongings so gravitied as not to quiver when

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747. **Edward Foster**

***Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...***

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

well, jeffrey, i'd have to argue with "dialogue," too; there are poetries that are  
interesting to read that way, but essentially that's bahktin, who got tossed out  
quite a while ago. and in any case what's interesting is writing, not "about."

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748. **Edward Foster**

***Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...***

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

rod: the objection has many sides, but for one: in reading wcw, we are in a  
language/proposition that must have startling once; but we're not there now.  
it's great-grandpa talking and chloroform, dulling; we need to get OUT. -ed

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749. **Edward Foster**

**Re: WCW**

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

ron: i think the blandness (which i would locate primarily in places different from you--no surprise there) is in part due to the fact that spring & all is indeed read in certain quarters as if it were new. it's as new as g.o'k.: not!

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750. **Gale Nelson**

**Re: MFA Agents/Dangerous Poets**

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

Maria,

While any bureaucracy has its pull toward closing down the movements toward energy, it seems as though the ripples can come from anywhere. When the department holds its nose to progress, then build connections outside the department. When the University suggests that it likes the way things are, still nominate your most interesting students for the prizes. I am forever optimistic that energy will have its impact on the bureaucratic system. I am time and again the bureaucrat at Brown, putting the brakes on one or another writers' great ideas (resources...limits...etc.). But we seem to respect the need to let writing float into the atmosphere in as many ways as possible. We have the great good fortune to have been founded by sorts who have cosmopolitan/energetic ideas about literature -- and have been able to sustain that tradition with new faculty hires. I'm sort of the oddball in the mix (what is known here as a hybrid appointment, a non-tenure-track administrator/teacher). The hours are frustrating, but the environment is explosiv.

Gale Nelson

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751. **Alan Golding**

**AWPAPRWCS&A**

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

Associate Professor of English, U. of Louisville

Phone: [REDACTED]; e-mail: [REDACTED]

On the AWP part, I'm greatly enjoying this mutual infiltration process (sounds like a new technique for brewing coffee); Gwyn, Carolyn, Brian, thanks for your recent posts, and it's good to have you as part of the conversation. I appreciate the anecdotal information (who's visiting where, who's reading whom, who's

writing what)--for me it's simultaneously fun gossip, usable information, and stuff that helps me as a teacher to start de-monolithizing the institution of the workshop. (How's that for a neologism? No Bruce Andrews action doll could do better.)

Burt K. mentioned Hank's APR essay. I actually think APR has always been a bit more eclectic than it's given credit for, but its eclecticism has less the quality of a commitment to multiple writing practices, more the quality of the startled twitch that one gives when one is suddenly woken up. ("Oops, looks like we'd better pay attention to this, even if we are 15 or 20 years late.") To put this another way, it's not yet clear to me that we're seeing, in APR, more than a kind of belated tokenism attached to one of the big names of LP. Charles is acutely attuned to these institutional/literary-sociological issues, it seems to me. I don't agree, then, Burt, that APR has published work of his in a traditionally APR mode. The poems they've carried are, in my reading, progressively more blatant gestures of resistance to and satires on that mode. If the editors don't get it after publishing the last one, "Memories," then I feel sorry for them. (And if they've already gotten it and aren't letting on, then good for them.) The real test for APR will be to see if they start publishing lesser-known or under-published "experimental" writers, as they do with their flush-left-first-persons.

My last few years teaching incline me to agree with Ron about Spring and All. Students consistently find it a revelation, "a place of first permission" in Duncan's phrase. My problem with the recent discussions pro and con is that they seem to depend on reifying "The Red Wheelbarrow" as somehow synecdochic of WCW's whole practice. (Granted, one or two folks here and there mentioned other poems.) There's perverse precedent for this. New Critical resistance to WCW for decades was based on objections, repeated mantra-like in critic after critic, to "The Red Wheelbarrow." But one of the many great things about S&A is its polymorphousness, lost when it's reduced to a handful of anthology chestnuts. When I read the first ten lines or so of Spring and All #9 ("What about all this writing?") or #6 ("No that is not it") I hardly recognize the poet of "The Red Wheelbarrow" (not so titled, of course--not titled at all--in the original S & A).

Alan

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752. **Bill Luoma**

***New ListServe***

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

Pentium" Pro Processor Builds on Equity in Pentium Brand On Sept 19,1995 -- Intel Corporation announced that "Pentium" Pro processor" is the name for its

next-generation microprocessor, previously code-named P6. The 5.5 million transistor device will be introduced in the fourth quarter of this calendar year, and will be targeted at workstation and high-end desktop systems, as well as cost-effective servers. The Pentium Pro processor will deliver the highest level of performance on 32-bit software for the Intel architecture.

"By naming the next-generation processor 'Pentium Pro,' Intel is building on the equity in the Pentium name while signifying that this is something beyond the original," explained G. Carl Everett, senior vice president, Desktop Products Group at Intel. "Among target market segments, the Pentium brand has an awareness level as high as 95 percent, according to our research. Intel believes the next-generation processor will benefit immensely from this association as we introduce it into the marketplace."

The Pentium Pro processor is the first product of a parallel engineering effort undertaken by Intel in the early 1990s. Its unique Dynamic Execution engine was conceived when today's Pentium processor was still a software simulation. The compressed design cycles of new generations of chips have resulted in the delivery of some of the most powerful, low-cost microprocessors for a widening spectrum of uses. For example, Intel was recently selected by the U.S. Department of Energy to build a 9,000-processor computer based on the Pentium Pro processor that will deliver 10 times the performance of today's fastest supercomputers.

For more information on the Pentium Pro processor visit Intel's home page on the World Wide Web at URL <http://www.intel.com/>. Coming soon, those visiting Intel's web site will have the opportunity to create a 3D image rendered on a Pentium Pro processor-based web server located in Oregon. For more information on the availability of the rendering machine, please subscribe to Intel's Pentium Pro processor mailing list by sending an e-mail to [REDACTED] and place the word "subscribe" in the first line of the body of the message.

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753. **Kit Robinson**

***Minna Street***

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

Reply to: Minna Street  
Poetry & Performance Series  
111 MINNA STREET GALLERY  
(at 2nd St.) San Francisco  
Lyn Hejinian & Travis Ortiz

September 18 / 8 o'clock / \$3 donation

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754. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

***Re: All the news in fits***

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

Thanks to Carolyn and all who followed with the good news of incipient change -- Mason & Phoebe were dead as Ed thinks Williams is back when I lived in the area -- & any opening out of the AWP news is news indeed -- I was getting tired of that "theory sucks & nobody can read anymore" line --

I too had noticed that a cadre of students was beginning to show up on campus actually asking to read people like Bernstein, Palmer, Hejinian, Berssenbrugge (of course, since I'd been playing the poetry of these folk on the radio in hopes of creating such a demand, I can't claim to be entirely caught off guard by this)

But we are mostly talking about small inroads -- the reading program at our campus is still firmly in the hands of a younger guard with old guard ambitions -- I have never been able to get any body added to the list -- Best I could do was get the guy to invite Mackey, who, living just over the hill, didn't cost much money in travel -- but he wouldn't even invite Nate till books from Cambridge & Coffee House & City Lights began popping up all over the place --

With all this infiltration going on, maybe we will soon be the old farts the new writers overthrow (perhaps with yet another return to Williams?!?) -- not a bad fate to contemplate --

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755. **Jorge Guitart**

***Re: be advised: wcv qtd in this decade***

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

> >

> > on the day after the equinox Sheila, George and Jorge were returned to sender in a sealed wagon"

> > "The hell we were!" GB"

> >

> > >

> > > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

> > > > > > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

> > > > > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

> > > > > > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
> > > > > > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
> > > > > > > The rook to the knight here by King's Bishop Three  
> > > > > > > Something has changed in the nature of friendship  
> > > > > > > But wouldn't you know it, Mrs. Mullett next in line  
> > > > > > > For food stamps, quints racing about the linoleum  
> > > > > > > Everything leans on the verb, falling, sighs  
> > > > > > > Twelve at least, one loves only firm, and firm  
> > > > > > > feels good to her it feels real good, & the corset  
> > > > > > > blanches from so many passwords being lifted like expected  
bans  
> > > > > > on metaphors that the folks at the contagious hospital  
> > thought we might be weaned of early, late, whatever,  
> but I am taking the broken glass as a token of my first epiphany  
> sassafras is my powerlessness to split scintillas in the mist  
> the outside corner, showering early while the Pirates  
were irate without their pes & sent george bee to the miners

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756. **John Cayley**

***NEW publication from WellSweep Press***

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

A new chapbook from WellSweep.

Yang Lian has been published in Talisman and Conjunctions 23.

Also he really exists (he's actually staying here with us at the moment), so don't worry about the Yasusada syndrome.

Also, please check out Wellsweep's web site:

<http://www.inforamp.net/~cayley/wshome.html>

and a new page of sample poems published in its books:

<http://www.inforamp.net/~cayley/wsamples.html>

=====

WHERE THE SEA STANDS STILL

Yang Lian

WellSweep Chinese Poets 6+  
translated by Brian Holton

Yang Lian (born 1955) is one of the best-known of the so-called 'misty' or 'ambiguist' poets who came to prominence in China during the 1980s. He has



published six collections of poetry and two anthologies of prose in Chinese. His work has been translated into many European languages, and English versions of his poems have been widely published in magazines. WellSweep brought out a book-length collection of his shorter poems, *Non-Person Singular* in 1994. 'Where the Sea Stands Still' is the first complete publication of Yang Lian's most recent work. It is the most important piece he has written since leaving China. Yang Lian's ever-moving 'sea' stands still in the midst of its restlessness; it is here in the midst of nowhere; and in the space of the poem, time is swept away. Because of Odysseus, the sea began its endless ebb and flow; when this sequence was written, the sea stood still, and became an illusion.

Brian Holton teaches Chinese at the Universities of Newcastle and Durham. He is also the translator of WellSweep's first collection of Yang Lian's poetry, *Non-Person Singular*.

The book reproduces paintings inside and on the cover by Gao Xingjian, a pioneer of avant-garde literature in China who is best-known internationally as a dramatist. In 1989 Gao moved to Paris as a political exile and in 1992 he was made Chevalier de l'Ordre des Arts et des Lettres de la France. His paintings have been exhibited in numerous one-person and group exhibitions, and are held in the collections of many public galleries throughout Europe.

32 pp, 21 x 13 cm, parallel text. 4 b/w illustrations.

GB£2.95 (US\$6) pbk ISBN 0 948454 25 3

This edition is strictly limited to 200 copies. It is only available direct from the publisher.

26 additional copies have been printed on special papers and bound by sewing (rather than stitching). Inquiries welcome.

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## 757. **Jorge Guitart**

**Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga**

Fri 22 Sep 1995

---

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning  
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
The rook to the knight here by King's Bishop Three  
Something has changed in the nature of friendship  
But wouldn't you know it, Mrs. Mullett next in line  
For food stamps, quints racing about the linoleum  
Everything leans on the verb, falling, sighs  
Twelve at least, one loves only firm, and firm*

*feels good to her it feels real good, & the corset  
blanches from so many passwords being lifted like expected bans  
on metaphors that the folks at the contagious hospital  
thought we might be weaned of early, late, whatever,  
but I am taking the broken glass as a token of my first epiphany  
sans snow, expansive though, fluent in half tones  
protomagnificent almost protosordid a proxy of ourselves as swellings*

[↑ Contents](#)

758. **Jorge Guitart**

***Re: spike it with saussure - begins the reich***

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

> >On Wed, 20 Sep 1995, Jurphy Sowering Borge, Jr. wrote  
> >> >  
> >> >> >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
> >> >> >incorporating the end of timewarps and troves treasured  
> >> >> >the mercator projection of horniness and thou; for thou is  
> >> >> >Wow! What a catch! Yowza! Incorporating the dead heroes  
> >> >> >who pester as obsession or a hobby or as fraction of a prayer,  
> >> >> >towering above us with a lot of bothersome >>>>>>>>>>,s  
> >> >> measured at density 21.5 along with a "d" added to first name  
> >> >> of DDaniel who saw Adonai and believe me he was no Adonis  
> >> although reputation tends to weave a little of transfixive  
> >> which sticks to your clothes and makes you ineluctable  
> as timpanic surface potable though shrill  
    avatars, managing with just a couple of deflowering judases

[↑ Contents](#)

759. **Hank Lazer**

***Re: incursion / attaching to the host***

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

I am glad to hear of Carolyn Forché's work at George Mason. Intrigued too by the report from Iowa (& found that news rather surprising). Personally, I have been committed to such work for quite some time. Most recent results, the article on Charles Bernstein in APR, and a section called "The Other South" in the current issue of the New Orleans Review.

The APR essay was 40 pages in manuscript. APR did not cut the essay at all--which surprised me. I sent it to them after calling Stephen Berg and asking if he'd be interested. He made no commitment whatsoever, said the essay would be read by the three editors. I asked for a quick response--I assumed they

would not take it, and I would send it elsewhere quickly. After two months, I badgered them, and they took the essay (that was about a year ago).

The special section in New Orleans Review--which includes work by several people on this list (Paul Naylor, Jake Berry, Lisa Samuels, etc.)--was put together by Bill Lavender. He did an extraordinary job, locating an exciting range of "southern" (US) poetry. If you're interested in the results, e-mail me backchannel. I have a few extra copies, and would be glad to mail you one.

As in the previous discussion of independent bookstores ... if these and other similar incursions appeal to you, it might be worthwhile to write the editors and note your approval. I know that in the case of the New Orleans Review, letters of support would lend credibility to the wonderful work that Bill Lavender did. In fact, the magazine might continue to give him space if there is an interest in the "new" work.

And as part of this purgative de-lurking, I also have a collaborative (with Yunte Huang) prose piece on Chinese poetry-politics in the current issue of Central Park.

Hank Lazer

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760. **Jorge Guitart**

***Re: renga - the sequel***

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

hobbyist quaffs juleps poured in the direction of the skids weave a pro toy  
aversion by the martyrs of cogency

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761. **Jorge Guitart**

***Re: be advised: wcv qtd in this renga***

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

*on the day of the locust sheila wrote*

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning  
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
The rook to the knight here by King's Bishop Three  
Something has changed in the nature of friendship  
But wouldn't you know it, Mrs. Mullett next in line*

*For food stamps, quints racing about the linoleum  
Everything leans on the verb, falling, sighs  
Twelve at least, one loves only firm, and firm  
feels good to her it feels real good, & the corset  
blanches from so many passwords being lifted like expected bans  
on metaphors that the folks at the contagious hospital  
thought we might be weaned of early, late, whatever,  
but I am taking the broken glass as a token of my first epiphany  
sassafras is my powerlessness to split scintillas in the mist  
of lathering first frost as noon comes on like torqued weed  
sucking on the indescribable and taking the ineffable for a walk*

[↑ Contents](#)

762. **Jorge Guitart**

**Re: be advised: wcv qtd in this renga**

Fri 22 Sep 1995

---

On Thu, 21 Sep 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning  
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
The rook to the knight here by King's Bishop Three  
Something has changed in the nature of friendship  
But wouldn't you know it, Mrs. Mullett next in line  
For food stamps, quints racing about the linoleum  
Everything leans on the verb, falling, sighs  
Twelve at least, one loves only firm, and firm  
feels good to her it feels real good, & the corset  
blanches from so many passwords being lifted like expected bans  
on metaphors that the folks at the contagious hospital  
thought we might be weaned of early, late, whatever  
the contagious wind strikes a chord with nothing ventured  
nothing maimed, my parents won't let me play with density  
because its quantity is known, and they prefer unknowns  
like the time we went to the ruins of sensible ideas and mom  
sold ice blue secret back to vendors parked where no shade  
was enough for Poco Macho and his shortcircuiting touch*

[↑ Contents](#)

763. **Jorge Guitart**

**Re: renga - the sequel**

Fri 22 Sep 1995

---

hobbyist quaffs juleps poured in the direction of the skids stuffs morton's insistence on intermittency shaking freely makes neo-grotesque be taken at stock value while admitting

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764. **Jorge Guitart**

**Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...**

Fri 22 Sep 1995

---

On Fri, 22 Sep 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

> >On Tue, 19 Sep 1995, Charles Alexander wrote:  
> >  
> >Some ink-daubbed wretches wrote:  
> >  
> >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books  
> >  
> >of Palookaville & the dead heroes of Guadalajara  
> >empowering scores of liberated mozos intent of Lacanian  
> >libretti, salted with much, much more than roughage added to taste  
> >or tremolo, finding the shores awash with alphabet, proclaiming nothing  
> >nutting nothing a-merrily over my dead bodies in abandon  
> >where wrote was written, stepping one four nine  
> passacaglia without the prefab little knobbed things on them  
completely set on the sea as so much crabbiness

[↑ Contents](#)

765. **Hank Lazer**

**Re: WCW**

Fri 22 Sep 1995

---

I've been quite interested in the ongoing WCW discussion. Normally, I would be contra-Foster, but I've just been teaching and re-reading Spring and All. Yes, Ron Silliman's point is, alas, correct: Spring and All would still, today, be a difficult manuscript to get published. And yes, Alan Golding, I believe, is right: for many readers, including many today, Spring and All provides a place of permission. But personally, this time through Williams, my own response is closer to Ed Foster's--I'm not finding much that excites me. Thus, back to points raised by Rod Smith and Ed Foster both--when is a work "used up." For

me, some WCW, including much of Spring & All, is beginning to sputter, to run on fumes. Which makes me want to re-read Paterson....?

Hank Lazer

[↑ Contents](#)

766. **Burt Kimmelman**

***In case you haven't heard:***

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

From: MX%"[REDACTED]" 22-SEP-1995 09:59:59.54

To: MX%"[REDACTED]"

CC:

Subj: Re: H-ASIA: More NEH programs suspended; others have deadlines

Date: Fri, 22 Sep 1995 09:56:11 -0400

Errors-To: [REDACTED]

Originator: [REDACTED]

From: wall andrew p <[REDACTED]>

To: Multiple recipients of list <[REDACTED]>

Subject: Re: H-ASIA: More NEH programs suspended; others have deadlines

See below. Martha

-----Original message-----

>

Regarding the NEH cutbacks and new program deadlines, here

>is a listing that came through H-Asia 2 days ago.

>Andrew Cohen

>----- Forwarded Message Follows -----

>

>Date: Tue, 19 Sep 1995 16:41:48 -0700

>From: Frank Conlon <[REDACTED]>

>Subject: H-ASIA: More NEH programs suspended; others have deadlines

> postponed

>To: Multiple recipients of list H-ASIA <[REDACTED]>

>

> H-ASIA

> September 19, 1995

>

>More Bad News from National Endowment for the Humanities

>\*\*\*\*\*

>From: H-Net Central <[REDACTED]>

>

>N.E.H ANNOUNCES CHANGES IN APPLICATION DEADLINES

>

>Due to the uncertain funding level of the National Endowment for  
>the Humanities at the beginning of the new fiscal year (October),  
>there is a need to reorganize the agency's application review  
>process.

>

>The following list indicates all application deadline changes to  
>date. For all NEH programs not listed here, previously published  
>application deadlines apply.

>

>Old deadline    New deadline

>Division of Public Programs

>Projects in Media                      Oct. 1, 1995    Jan. 12, 1996

>(planning, scripting and production) March 1, 1996    Jan. 12, 1996

>

>Projects in Museums and Historical Orgns.

>(planning and implementation)        Dec. 1, 1995    Jan. 12, 1996

>

>Projects in Libraries and Archives

>(planning and implementation)        Nov. 1, 1995    Jan. 12, 1996

>

>Special Projects                      Nov. 1, 1995    Jan. 12, 1996

>March 1, 1996    Jan. 12, 1996

>

>National Conversation Special Comp. Nov. 24, 1995    NO CHANGE

>

>Division of Education Programs

>Higher Education

> No applications will be accepted for the Oct. 1, 1995, deadline.

> Applications for national summer institutes only will be accepted

> for the Feb. 1, 1996, deadline.

>

>Elementary and Secondary Education

> No applications will be accepted for the Oct. 1, 1995, deadline.

> Applications for national summer institutes only will be accepted

> for the Feb. 1, 1996, deadline.

>

>Science and Humanities: Integrating

> Undergraduate Education              February 1, 1996 (Canceled)

>

>Division of Research Programs

>Archaeology Projects                      Oct. 1, 1995    (Suspended)

>  
>Conferences Dec. 1, 1995 (Suspended)  
>  
>Dissertation Grants Oct. 16, 1995 (Suspended)  
>  
>Humanities Studies of Science/Tech. Oct. 1, 1995 (Suspended)  
>  
>Publication Subvention Feb. 1, 1996 (Suspended)  
>  
>Summer Stipends Oct. 1, 1995 (Suspended)  
>  
>Reference Materials (will be moved to Div. of Preservation and  
>Access Dec. 1, 1995) Nov. 1, 1995 July 1, 1996  
>  
> information contact: [REDACTED]  
>=====

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767. **Mark Roberts**

***Distribution***

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

Sorry I'm running late replying to this thread.

I am currently setting up a small press distribution network in Sydney which will handle Australian small press stuff in the first instance but we may well be able to take some os stuff after we get up and running. I'll keep list members up to date. (we will also run stores at readings seminars and the like and it may be possible to take one or two copies of o/s magazines to sell on consignment that way - we'll see).

There have been a number of attempts to set up distribution networks in Australia over the years. Most have them have fallen down because of the distances involved. You really need to have staff in each capital city and given Australia's small population and massive distances the economics just don't add up. We are trying to overcome this by limiting ourselves to the city and thye bookshops we know the best.

We will be also be setting up a virtual bookshop so a whole lot of Australian small press publications should become available shortly via the net.

regards



mark  
(Australian Writing On Line)

[↑ Contents](#)

768. **Chris Scheil**  
***Re: renga - the sequel***  
*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

- > hobbyist quaffs juleps poured in the direction of the skids
- > stuffs morton's insistence on intermittency shaking freely
- > leaf stems cubes whirl about as hobbyist pauses to consider  
lunch as a pearl of sanitized dung in relation to

[↑ Contents](#)

769. **Chris Scheil**  
***Re: renga - the sequel***  
*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

- > hobbyist quaffs juleps poured in the direction of the skids
- > stuffs morton's insistence on intermittency shaking freely
- > makes neo-grotesque be taken at stock value while admitting  
Trappists to Morton's for piquant hor d'oeurveal persimmons on toast

[↑ Contents](#)

770. **Sheila E. Murphy**  
***Re: renga - the sequel***  
*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

- >hobbyist quaffs juleps poured in the direction of the skids
- >made by Chevettes sliding off the I5 south of Tacoma
- >looking like a born-again, living like a heretic, listening  
to blues most simpering until the Camels dry away, stained fingertips

[↑ Contents](#)

771. **Sheila E. Murphy**  
***Re: renga - the sequel***  
*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

- > hobbyist quaffs juleps poured in the direction of the skids
- > stuffs morton's insistence on intermittency shaking freely
- > leaf stems cubes whirl about as hobbyist pauses to consider  
truculence beside unlather of the little pacem dished out

[↑ Contents](#)

772. **Jeffrey Timmons**

**Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...**

Fri 22 Sep 1995

Well, fortunately, ed, WcW will not be "tossed out" anytime soon. Why this penchant for purgation?

As for eric's and Hank's recent posts: geez, do I have to admit WcW is not exactly exciting? To me it's not so much a question of excitement/boredom as it is a matter of knowing why he did (DID) matter. What was it he did that was (WAS) important? No where was this discussed; matter of fact dismissal, while making good posts, is another matter when it comes to accounting for a particular poet's relevance. Bahktin may not be cutting edge any longer, but is he any less useful? NO, in case you thought otherwise. Peter Stallybrass's work with B. has been very important and is still very relevant.

Two other things: eric: i was thinking about your picasso comment and think that, yes, WcW is something along the same lines (though P. is obviously more exciting and important)a; that is, he has been absorbed, he no longer shocks. Have you listened to The Rite of Spring lately. Those pounding rhythms must have been distressful at one point, but they no longer shock. Quite tame, really, compared to the new Strapping Young Lad CD.

I forgot the other thing.... Um.... Well, anyway, what I've found disappointing about this exchange is the lack of discussion about why he is boring. And, really, is that even a word to be using? I mean, I have not learned a thing from such a dismissal. Tell me what's exciting. Or let me tell you . . . .

Jeffrey Timmons

On Fri, 22 Sep 1995, Edward Foster wrote:

*well, jeffrey, i'd have to argue with "dialogue," too; there are poetries that are interesting to read that way, but essentially that's bahktin, who got tossed out quite a while ago. and in any case what's interesting is writing, not "about."*

[↑ Contents](#)

773. **Sheila E. Murphy**

**Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga**

Fri 22 Sep 1995

>> >> > >> >> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
>> >> > >> >> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning  
>> >> > >> >> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
>> >> > >> >> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
>> >> > >> >> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

>> >> > >> >> The rook to the knight here by King's Bishop Three  
>> >> > >> >> Something has changed in the nature of friendship  
>> >> > >> >> But wouldn't you know it, Mrs. Mullett next in line  
>> >> > >> >> For food stamps, quints racing about the linoleum  
>> >> > >> >> Everything leans on the verb, falling, sighs  
>> >> > >> >> Twelve at least, one loves only firm, and firm  
>> >> > >> >> feels good to her it feels real good, & the corset  
>> >> > >> blanches from so many passwords being lifted like expected bans  
>> >> > > on metaphors that the folks at the contagious hospital  
>> >> > thought we might be weaned of early, late, whatever,  
>> >> > but I am taking the broken glass as a token of my first epiphany  
>> sans snow, expansive though, fluent in half tones  
>> protomagnificent almost protosordid a proxy of ourselves as swellings  
bunched like little creams in plastic slightly crumpled at the bottom of a purse

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774. **Sheila E. Murphy**

***Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...***

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books  
of Palookaville & the dead heroes of Guadalajara  
empowering scores of liberated mozos intent of Lacanian  
libretti, salted with much, much more than roughage added to taste  
or tremolo, finding the shores awash with alphabet, proclaiming nothing  
nutting nothing a-merrily over my dead bodies in abandon  
where wrote was written, stepping one four nine  
passacaglia without the prefab little knobbed things on them  
completely set on the sea as so much crabbiness  
diverts attention from wars in three voices and the steady rain of hemlock

[↑ Contents](#)

775. **Sheila E. Murphy**

***Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga***

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning  
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
The rook to the knight here by King's Bishop Three

Something has changed in the nature of friendship  
But wouldn't you know it, Mrs. Mullett next in line  
For food stamps, quints racing about the linoleum  
Everything leans on the verb, falling, sighs  
Twelve at least, one loves only firm, and firm  
feels good to her it feels real good, & the corset  
blanches from so many passwords being lifted like expected bans  
on metaphors that the folks at the contagious hospital  
thought we might be weaned of early, late, whatever,  
but I am taking the broken glass as a token of my first epiphany  
sassafras is my powerlessness to split scintillas in the mist  
of lathering first frost as noon comes on like torqued weed  
sucking on the indescribable and taking the ineffable for a walk  
to Paris via seed cigars and chicory and plantain butts

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776. **Sheila E. Murphy**

**Re: NEW publication**

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

Maybe not new to everyone, but 1995 vintage:  
David Miller - STROMATA - from Burning Deck  
a splendid creation - don't miss it

[↑ Contents](#)

777. **Sheila E. Murphy**

**Re: renga - the sequel**

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

>hobbyist quaffs juleps poured in the direction of the skids  
>weave a pro toy aversion by the martyrs of cogency  
who blather anyway with wrinkled tongues

[↑ Contents](#)

778. **Sheila E. Murphy**

**Re: renga - the sequel**

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

> hobbyist quaffs juleps poured in the direction of the skids  
> stuffs morton's insistence on intermittency shaking freely  
> makes neo-grotesque be taken at stock value while admitting  
splits of shares like to be hitched to stories

[↑ Contents](#)

779. **Sheila E. Murphy**

***Re: spike it with saussure - begins the reich***

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

>> >On Wed, 20 Sep 1995, Jurphy Sowering Borge, Jr. wrote  
>> >> >  
>> >> >> >In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
>> >> >> >incorporating the end of timewarps and troves treasured  
>> >> >> >the mercator projection of horniness and thou; for thou is  
>> >> >> >Wow! What a catch! Yowza! Incorporating the dead heroes  
>> >> >> >who pester as obsession or a hobby or as fraction of a prayer,  
>> >> >> >towering above us with a lot of bothersome >>>>>>>>>>,s  
>> >> >> measured at density 21.5 along with a "d" added to first name  
>> >> >> of DDaniel who saw Adonai and believe me he was no Adonis  
>> >> although reputation tends to weave a little of transfixive  
>> >> which sticks to your clothes and makes you ineluctable  
>> as timpanic surface potable though shrill  
> avatars, managing with just a couple of deflowering judases  
to brick the windows both ways just in time for

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780. **cris cheek**

***Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure***

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

>R! = C!S!J! = (X - >>>>) where X is a variable ranging from excellent to  
>outasight  
>  
> "books were closed, dreams were cancelled, the inverted  
>poplar was set  
> right, the cardinal was killed"  
>  
> St.John Terse, "Ananas"  
>  
>  
>ripe for macroscopes to pump or slice or butterfly away  
from that ardent bugged heliotrope and pledge allegiance through  
ostension--we stopped short of the shortstop stigmata  
this time pencilled in as tangly wisps instead of memory  
detonations: but don't forget to dismember the doloroso  
I left in the rain by mistake whilst on business vocation

hollering newmown platitudes to headsets painted blue and waffle colored  
earth colored fire colored i have this thing against water colored  
therefore elemental-painted playthings cost a dear shined copper looking  
for false grit and the dogma of autonomous syntax overwhelmed them  
when striking from base-camp their paraffin tongues in the cauldron  
of sylvia's morning during the time that ted was devising a way to  
narrate implied memory for newly-learned novel objects

[↑ Contents](#)

781. **cris cheek**

***Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure***

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

>SEM-CC-JG BRANCH 9/19/95 J adding to C adding to J adding to S  
>  
>> >> >> >in the books were dreams and in the dreams were  
>> >> >> >books.And flew > >> >>> >>  
>> >> >> >> >> >>> >> (...)   
>> >> >> >> >> >>> >>  
>> >> >> >> >> >>> >>> >spending the bulk of closure with sentient  
scoops  
>> >> >> >> >> >>> >>> that fluke picnic shot out of these worlds we  
spread  
>>been-  
>to  
>> >> >> >> >> >>> >> say that the center cannot hold the nose tackle  
much  
>>longe  
>r  
>> >> >> >>> >than a clam can sleeve out of incarceration baldly  
>> >> >> >>> go where others fear to operate the biggest donors hive  
>> >> >> >>> & where Mars collides with the small world of "It's a small  
>> >>world  
>> >"  
>> >> >> >ripe for macroscopes to pump or slice or butterfly away  
>> >> >> from that ardent bugged heliotrope and pledge allegiance through  
>> >> > ostension--we stopped short of the shortstop stigmata  
>> >> this time pencilled in as tangly wisps instead of memory  
>> > detonations: but don't forget to dismember the doloroso  
>> pitchpipe with its squeal subtracted and the dotted-line relationships  
>and sing "I Love Time but I love Your Spatial Simulacra Much More"  
>> for the brevity inferred and for the latchkey touch more like a feather



books.And flew > >> >>> >>  
(...)

*spending the bulk of closure with sentient scoops  
that fluke picnic shot out of these worlds we spread been-to  
say that the center cannot hold the nose tackle much longer  
than a clam can sleeve out of incarceration baldly  
go where others fear to operate the biggest donors hive  
& where Mars collides with the small world of "It's a small world"  
ripe for macroscopes to pump or slice or butterfly away  
from that ardent bugged heliotrope and pledge allegiance through  
ostension--we stopped short of the shortstop stigmata  
this time pencilled in as tangly wisps instead of memory  
detonations: but don't forget to dismember the doloroso  
pitchpipe with its squeal subtracted and the dotted-line relationships  
and sing "I Love Time but I love Your Spatial Simulacra Much More"  
for the brevity inferred and for the latchkey touch more like a feather  
drizzling ribs trained sultry moments gathering to migrate south*

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784. **cris cheek**

**Re: this break will or will not not branch**

Fri 22 Sep 1995

---

>Jorge, the Nobel Savage, wrote

>

>> >> >>>>In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
>> >> >>>>And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning  
>> >> [savage edit]  
>> >> >>>>demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed  
>> >> >>>>by trained leeches from under the rotting elastic, a feast  
>> >> >>>>of swirling eddies with beaucoup of labia & confetti  
>> >> >>>>starving time's scythe for water, matching colors to go  
>> >> >>>crecheward into sweet line drawings clothed to world our  
>> >> >>words for water, falling four blocks away, finally, a gulf  
>> >> >between perceived and rinsing water, shroud and comforter,  
>> >> flogging proud wet stones with patchwork flags making tenement hum  
>> > with "Too late the coloscope" and "Cried the besotted gondry"  
>> fishing around with like with like and let it get too cold, "Hey,  
> tell us apart" "Don't be saussure, tracy". "The name is trace, pal"  
spun on painted heels, then "vanishing, not varnishing!" her smile

[↑ Contents](#)



785. **cris cheek**

***Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this decade***

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

>> >  
>> > on the day after the equinox Sheila, George and Jorge  
>were returned to sender in a sealed wagon"  
>> > "The hell we were!" GB"  
>> >  
>> > >  
>> > > >> >> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
>> > > > >> >> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine  
morning  
>> > > > >> >> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
>> > > > >> >> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
>> > > > >> >> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
>> > > > >> >> The rook to the knight here by King's Bishop Three  
>> > > > >> >> Something has changed in the nature of friendship  
>> > > > >> >> But wouldn't you know it, Mrs. Mullett next in line  
>> > > > >> >> For food stamps, quints racing about the linoleum  
>> > > > >> >> Everything leans on the verb, falling, sighs  
>> > > > >> >> Twelve at least, one loves only firm, and firm  
>> > > > >> >> feels good to her it feels real good, & the corset  
>> > > > >> >> blanches from so many passwords being lifted like expected  
bans  
>> > > > > > on metaphors that the folks at the contagious hospital  
>> > thought we might be weaned of early, late, whatever,  
>> but I am taking the broken glass as a token of my first epiphany  
>> sassafras is my powerlessness to split scintillas in the mist  
>> the outside corner, showering early while the Pirates  
> were irate without their pes & sent george bee to the miners  
a seachange to order as happy as money could meld me a rope

[↑ Contents](#)

786. **cris cheek**

***Re: renga - the sequel***

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

hobbyist quaffs juleps poured in the direction of the skids  
made by Chevettas sliding off the I5 south of Tacoma  
monikered bellwether of the pall  
top crash, whose running gag was meat

[↑ Contents](#)

787. **cris cheek**

***Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga***

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

>> >> > >> >> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
>> >> > >> >> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning  
>> >> > >> >> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
>> >> > >> >> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
>> >> > >> >> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
>> >> > >> >> The rook to the knight here by King's Bishop Three  
>> >> > >> >> Something has changed in the nature of friendship  
>> >> > >> >> But wouldn't you know it, Mrs. Mullett next in line  
>> >> > >> >> For food stamps, quints racing about the linoleum  
>> >> > >> >> Everything leans on the verb, falling, sighs  
>> >> > >> >> Twelve at least, one loves only firm, and firm  
>> >> > >> >> feels good to her it feels real good, & the corset  
>> >> > >> >> blanches from so many passwords being lifted like expected bans  
>> >> > > on metaphors that the folks at the contagious hospital  
>> >> > thought we might be weaned of early, late, whatever,  
>> >> > but I am taking the broken glass as a token of my first epiphany  
>> sans snow, expansive though, fluent in half tones  
>> protomagnificent almost protosordid a proxy of ourselves as swellings  
framed a pride of loans heaped onto bonding sloth "Enough of all

[↑ Contents](#)

788. **Sheila E. Murphy**

***Re: renga - the sequel***

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

>> hobbyist quaffs juleps poured in the direction of the skids  
>> stuffs morton's insistence on intermittency shaking freely  
>> makes neo-grotesque be taken at stock value while admitting  
> Trappists to Morton's for piquant hor d'oeurveal persimmons on toast  
becoming to sheer crystal plain pure tulip glasses raised

[↑ Contents](#)

789. **Chris Scheil**

***Re: renga - the sequel***

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

> >hobbyist quaffs juleps poured in the direction of the skids  
> >made by Chevettes sliding off the I5 south of Tacoma  
> >looking like a born-again, living like a heretic, listening  
> to blues most simpering until the Camels dry away, stained fingertips  
in a Flintstone's ziplock--presents for Mama, vermouthing the wheel

[↑ Contents](#)

790. **Charles Alexander**

***Re: renga - the sequel***

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

hobbyist quaffs juleps poured in the direction of the skids stuffs morton's  
insistence on intermittency shaking freely makes neo-grotesque be taken at  
stock value while admitting thereupon frocked simultaneities strangle muscles  
promiscuously

[↑ Contents](#)

791. **Charles Alexander**

***Re: renga - the sequel***

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

hobbyist quaffs juleps poured in the direction of the skids stuffs morton's  
insistence on intermittency shaking freely leaf stems cubes whirl about as  
hobbyist pauses to consider truculence beside unlather of the little pacem  
dished out strings, nothing but straps and laces, potatoes mashed fine

[↑ Contents](#)

792. **Charles Alexander**

***Re: renga - the sequel***

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

hobbyist quaffs juleps poured in the direction of the skids stuffs morton's  
insistence on intermittency shaking freely makes neo-grotesque be taken at  
stock value while admitting Trappists to Morton's for piquant hor d'oeurveal  
persimmons on toast frocking replies tuned to tongue's pleasure, training skin  
for release

[↑ Contents](#)

793. **Charles Alexander**

***Re: renga - the sequel***

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

hobbyist quaffs juleps poured in the direction of the skids stuffs morton's  
insistence on intermittency shaking freely leaf stems cubes whirl about as  
hobbyist pauses to consider lunch as a pearl of sanitized dung in relation to  
mythology's transference of lettuce, permission to unleash

[↑ Contents](#)

794. **Charles Alexander**

***Re: renga - the sequel***

*Fri 22 Sep 1995*

---

hobbyist quaffs juleps poured in the direction of the skids made by Chevettes  
sliding off the I5 south of Tacoma looking like a born-again, living like a heretic,  
listening to blues most simpering until the Camels dry away, stained fingertips  
on Cynthia's knees, prompting treasure taken forgiveness sighing

[↑ Contents](#)

795. **Thomas Bell**

***Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...***

*Sat 23 Sep 1995*

---

The Bell Curl

> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books  
> incorporating the end of timewarps and troves treasured  
> the mercator projection of horniness and thou; for thou is  
> Wow! What a catch! Yowza! Incorporating the dead heroes  
> of Palookaville & the dead heroes of Guadalajara  
> empowering scores of liberated mozos intent of Lacanian  
> Bananas and coconut grove's ashes Phoenix rose and o  
> o, o, the Murdochian rag, ok stop dick stop spot ate puff  
the mAGIC drag Queen to Pawnshop to pick up an assault

[↑ Contents](#)

796. **Tenney Nathanson**

***WCW, agreeing w Alan G (me not WCW)***

*Sat 23 Sep 1995*

---

I recall that way back when Douglas Messerli was still teaching, at Temple, he  
had only one outraged graduate seminar (being of course an otherwise not only  
brilliant but beloved instructor): in a modern poetry course he spozedly

taught /Spring & All/ & /Kora in Hell/, and the students were just irrevocably non-plussed--and Temple wasn't, as it isn't, ahem, Iowa, or I guess in light of recent posts I should say "Iowa." Gen-you-wine OH-pacity.

[↑ Contents](#)

797. **Tenney Nathanson**  
**(no subject)**

Sat 23 Sep 1995

---

Date: Fri, 22 Sep 1995 13:39:59 -0400

From: Bill Luoma <[REDACTED]>

Subject: New ListServe

Pentium" Pro Processor Builds on Equity in Pentium Brand

Bill--

is this news or poetry (I know people are miserably dying for lack of the news there--boring, right?--but really....?)

[↑ Contents](#)

798. **Thomas Bell**  
**renga - oldies but goodies**

Sat 23 Sep 1995

---

> >

> > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

> >> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

> >> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar

> >> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud

> >> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds

> >> The caravan of windows to what they flee

> >> These lace curtains, more gauze than bondage, more

> >> Mollycoddled than aware, thin-spined and pebbling

> >> but narrow in the waist or waspish Sunday years ago

> >> Over coffee topped with whipped cream, the Times blowing

> > & opining, heavy humid air, cumulus amusing against the

> > bleached ribcage ripcorded into compassed wind

> floating, held open, adrift in different directions, she

cast off she could move twitching gone the way of

Adrift in Post-traumatic Space (2)

"309.89 Post-traumatic Stress Disorder A. The person has experienced an event that is outside the range of usual human..." B. (1) Th Mauled tots swim

rec etr                      my mind's eye all                      urr au                      askew,  
asunder.                      ent mat                      an ic                      Death on  
the playground:                      d i eve                      "C'mon, let us play ball!"                      ntr nt  
Action speaks.                      usi is                      ve ree                      I  
absent myself some.                      rec exp                      And then further inure.  
oll eri                      Faraway Rockaway prison                      ect enc  
ion ed                      Enwrap pain. One way                      s o in                      ticket to  
Siberia.                      f t at                      Return naked on nails.                      he lea  
eve st one of the following ways:                      ...numbing of general responsiveness (not  
present before the trauma) as indicated by at least three of the following:... (6)  
restricted range of affect, e.g., unable to have loving feelings..."

[↑ Contents](#)

799. **Rod Smith**

**Re: Flossy & WCWs army of ah whatever**

Sat 23 Sep 1995

OK I'm with this:

*the "boring" i think has to do with being  
somewhere between formerly useful and not quite historical*

tho hold out for bits of \_Imaginations\_ -- so, what's so bad abt Bakhtin again? Is Olson in the same space as WCW, do ya think?

Remember an interview w/ a Poundian named Carlo Parcelli where the interviewer asked him, really, "What makes Olson so good?" & he replied "Because he's not a poet, he's a historian." Which I still find both interesting & cause for loss of cookies.

[↑ Contents](#)

800. **Rod Smith**

**Re: MFA Agents/the lake a lilac cube**

Sat 23 Sep 1995

Think what's dangerous is certainly contextual. Are, in the phrase of a friend of mine, the "so-called Nuyoricans" dangerous? Somehow, on MTV, no. But in person some of them, powerful, convincing, useful.

The infiltration oddly neither group nor individual-- walking into a workshop situation there seems group resistance to "experimental," but individual, perhaps, acceptance. Though this is also a matter of search for group vocabulary with which to discuss these things, if one imposes the terms it becomes rote & nobody learns anything. So I'm neither comfortable nor uncomfortable teaching, but consider, suppose "we" "win"-- what does \*that\*

mean. This is putting it on the line folks, will the terms change, even a little? Since this seems my night to quote interviews, in the Cage/Retallack thing I published she asked him whether he thought artists could change "the grammar of the way we are together." His response was a long pause & then "we don't know, but we can try." Seems to me we're really talking about trying to change what Weber called "the iron cage or bureaucracy" & we'd oughta be prepared to fail grandiosely &/"or else" succeed, w/ a whimper (not a bang).

--Rod. dreadfully sorry, but it's 4:41 a.m.

[↑ Contents](#)

801. **Ron Silliman**

***Re: WCW***

*Sat 23 Sep 1995*

---

Ed, a good part of what makes your stance unconvincing is how much it depends on actions that occur without agency (e.g., Bahktin who "got tossed out awhile ago" without saying why or who did such tossing). As someone who was reading him in '72 and felt that the whole fad served only to bring works into print and who was pleased to see the MLA kudzu die back from that arena, I still find real value in his work. And Williams also. There is an assumption in your stance that just because someone's work is situated in a context, say, of the 1930s, that its value remains there. In fact, even when someone undergoes an intense period of adoption, as WCW did (or Olson or Duncan or Creeley more recently), it is arguable whether all that exists within the work ever gets excavated by readers or usefully understood by other practitioners. One can read Wordsworth absolutely for his contemporary (or as they say at Duke, post-contemporary) values. Why not Williams also? What about all this writing?

Ron

[↑ Contents](#)

802. **Gabrielle Welford**

***Re: renga - the sequel***

*Sat 23 Sep 1995*

---

hobbyist quaffs juleps poured in the direction of the skids  
weave a pro toy aversion by the martyrs of cogency  
but not for long. Mog oos a grayup lad n fast aboot it

[↑ Contents](#)

803. **Ron Silliman**

***All renga sound the same***

Sat 23 Sep 1995

---

After the first 500 examples, or thereabouts, all these renga begin to take on a terrible sameness, even the new threads. Maybe it has to do with that slightly overbloated line length that seems so invariable. What is it about this form that imposes these limitations?

[↑ Contents](#)

804. **Gabrielle Welford**

***Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...***

Sat 23 Sep 1995

---

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books  
of Palookaville & the dead heroes of Guadalajara  
empowering scores of liberated mozos intent of Lacanian  
libretti, salted with much, much more than roughage added to taste  
or tremolo, finding the shores awash with alphabet, proclaiming nothing  
nutting nothing a-merrily dead bodies abandon  
where wrote was written, stepping one four nine  
passacaglia without the prefab little knobbed things on them  
completely set on the sea as so much crabbiness  
diverts attention from wars in three voices and the steady rain of hemlock  
in three or four without babies set at nine

[↑ Contents](#)

805. **Gabrielle Welford**

***Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga***

Sat 23 Sep 1995

---

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning  
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
The rook to the knight here by King's Bishop Three  
Something has changed in the nature of friendship  
But wouldn't you know it, Mrs. Mullett next in line  
For food stamps, quints racing about the linoleum  
Everything leans on the verb, falling, sighs  
Twelve at least, one loves only firm, and firm  
feels good to her it feels real good, & the corset



blanches from so many passwords being lifted like expected bans  
on metaphors that the folks at the contagious hospital  
thought we might be weaned of early, late, whatever,  
but I am taking the broken glass as a token of my first epiphany  
sassafras is my powerlessness to split scintillas in the mist  
of lathering first frost as noon comes on like torqued weed  
sucking on the indescribable and taking the ineffable for a walk  
to Paris via seed cigars and chicory and plantain butts  
a powdery king of aftertaste but all right

[↑ Contents](#)

806. **Maria Damon**

***Re: MFA Agents/Dangerous Poets***

*Sat 23 Sep 1995*

---

thanks gale, good to hear/see from you, and to some extent, esp w/ students, it happens "naturally" --(like, who else wd i nominate for prizes --my most boring students?, and yes, that works, tho because of my limited credibility --my intellectual orientation is considered eccentric by my shakespearean and woolfian colleagues --my students end up w/ the \$500 prizes rather than the \$1500 main prizes --it's still something, and they feel supported and believed in, which is the most imp. thing). my ego still gets in there, tho, and that's one of the main casualties of this professional life, i think --in a field where intellectual property is everything, it can hurt to do something for years and not get anywhere, then some shallow hotshot (or worse yet, some square with a lot of local institutional power who suddenly "discovers", say , lyn hejinian) comes in and with one word makes your field legit --but you still don't get any "credit"... well, that's an issue for the daily meditation practice i guess and while it's as "real" or unreal as anything else and thus merits saying, it merits saying only so that one (i) can then move beyond that sphere of concern and be really real, like, do my own thing and invite others to join...i.e. more of same...sorry everyone for airing these petty ego concerns but some of you might just relate...i hope.--md

[↑ Contents](#)

807. **Maria Damon**

***Re: rebus aegis quotidian anger***

*Sat 23 Sep 1995*

---

we keep going back and forth about this poor guy's mane  
or colored name a la birthday wrapping ribbon all cello-phane

[↑ Contents](#)

808. **Maria Damon**

***Re: renga - the sequel***

*Sat 23 Sep 1995*

---

rengalines lead me to that fluttering Word

[↑ Contents](#)

809. **Jorge Guitart**

***Re: renga - the sequel***

*Sat 23 Sep 1995*

---

hobbyist quaffs juleps poured in the direction of the skids stuffs morton's insistence on intermittency shaking freely leaf stems cubes whirl about as hobbyist pauses to consider truculence beside unlather of the little pacem dished out as the set of mediocre results which luckily included itself

[↑ Contents](#)

810. **Maria Damon**

***Re: renga writing --a proposal***

*Sat 23 Sep 1995*

---

rather than start a new renga myself (performance anxiety) i need to amend my earlier statement abt sympathizing w/ renga-deleters. what i' finding, and this is an interesting tho not novel or unpredictable revelation to me about my own mind, technology etc --is this: because i can't "skim" the rengas but have to really read them, they are alternately the most thrilling, life-giving msgs on the list, and the most distracting and daunting. when i'm panicked for time --as i now am, being on aol rather than a gratis univ. system --it takes a commitment of attention i initially resent but (like schlepping to the library to do research) ends up being gratifying in unpredictable ways --i never know what i'll learn, and the rengas alter my consciousness more than, say, my own whining about lack of institutional support for my field, or discussions about the usefulness of wcw.

by the way, what does "a single angel is frightening" mean: that more angels are less frightening because angels are not meant to be alone, or that if a single angel is scary, imagine how scary a whole flock wd be?-md

[↑ Contents](#)

811. **Jorge Guitart**

***Invasion of the Annoying Chevron***

Sat 23 Sep 1995

---

> > > > > > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
> > > > > > And flew through windows, lightning green and fine  
morning  
> > > > > > First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
> > > > > > The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
> > > > > > Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
> > > > > > The rook to the knight here by King's Bishop Three  
> > > > > > Something has changed in the nature of friendship  
> > > > > > But wouldn't you know it, Mrs. Mullett next in line  
> > > > > > For food stamps, quints racing about the linoleum  
> > > > > > Everything leans on the verb, falling, sighs  
> > > > > > Twelve at least, one loves only firm, and firm  
> > > > > > feels good to her it feels real good, & the corset  
> > > > > > blanches from so many passwords being lifted like expected  
bans  
> > > > > on metaphors that the folks at the contagious hospital  
> > > > > thought we might be weaned of early, late, whatever,  
> > > > > but I am taking the broken glass as a token of my first epiphany  
> > > > > sans snow, expansive though, fluent in half tones  
> > > > > protomagnificent almost protosordid a proxy of ourselves as swellings  
> > > > > bunched like little creams in plastic slightly crumpled at the bottom of  
a purse that the Comedy of It gave to The Fewer Embers in 1923

[↑ Contents](#)

812. **Jorge Guitart**

***Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...***

Sat 23 Sep 1995

---

On Fri, 22 Sep 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books  
of Palookaville & the dead heroes of Guadalajara  
empowering scores of liberated mozos intent of Lacanian  
libretti, salted with much, much more than roughage added to taste  
or tremolo, finding the shores awash with alphabet, proclaiming nothing  
nutting nothing a-merrily over my dead bodies in abandon  
where wrote was written, stepping one four nine  
passacaglia without the prefab little knobbed things on them  
completely set on the sea as so much crabbiness

diverts attention from wars in three voices and the steady rain of hemlock  
falling on the Concerns box & a sob distant as adventure capital

[↑ Contents](#)

813. **Jorge Guitart**

***Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga***

*Sat 23 Sep 1995*

---

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning  
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
The rook to the knight here by King's Bishop Three  
Something has changed in the nature of friendship  
But wouldn't you know it, Mrs. Mullett next in line  
For food stamps, quints racing about the linoleum  
Everything leans on the verb, falling, sighs  
Twelve at least, one loves only firm, and firm  
feels good to her it feels real good, & the corset  
blanches from so many passwords being lifted like expected bans  
on metaphors that the folks at the contagious hospital  
thought we might be weaned of early, late, whatever,  
but I am taking the broken glass as a token of my first epiphany  
sassafras is my powerlessness to split scintillas in the mist  
of lathering first frost as noon comes on like torqued weed  
sucking on the indescribable and taking the ineffable for a walk  
to Paris via seed cigars and chicory and plantain butts  
mixed with automaton condolences nixed by Dr. Reynolds

[↑ Contents](#)

814. **Jorge Guitart**

***Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...***

*Sat 23 Sep 1995*

---

On Fri, 22 Sep 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books  
Incorporating the end of timewarps and troves treasured  
the mercator projection of horniness and thou; for thou is  
Wow! What a catch! Yowza! Incorporating the dead heroes  
of Palookaville & the dead heroes of Guadalajara  
empowering scores of liberated mozos intent of Lacanian

libretti, salted with much, much more than roughage added to taste  
doughboys & doughgirls, behaving like superfluous enigmas  
puzzling in contagious ways over the simplest rides to  
the grotto of our Lady of Corollaries during the Feast of the Enormity  
with widgets handprinted with obvious mistakes in limited editions  
shrink-wrapped to keep-out dangerfields and glut shelves of  
guttled elves' belongings so gravitied as not to quiver when  
"When Worlds Collide" is shown in both worlds colliding

[↑ Contents](#)

815. **H. T. KIRBY-SMITH**

***publications***

*Sat 23 Sep 1995*

---

In response to Charles Bernstein's request: My only book publication is U. S. OBSERVATORIES (Van Nostrand Reinhold). This is a book about observatories. It has a number of good pictures in it, taken by observatories, who have very good cameras. The book is out of print and if anyone sees it in the astronomy section of a used book store I wish you would buy it and let me buy it from you since I only have 2-3 copies myself. It tends to get stolen from libraries.

Lots of people think they are imitating WCW-- poor Zelda  
thought she was Pavlova.

Tom Kirby-Smith.

[↑ Contents](#)

816. **Thomas Bell**

***Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...***

*Sat 23 Sep 1995*

---

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books  
Incorporating the end of timewarps and troves treasured  
the mercator projection of horniness and thou; for thou is  
Wow! What a catch! Yowza! Incorporating the dead heroes  
of Palookaville & the dead heroes of Guadalajara  
empowering scores of liberated mozos intent of Lacanian  
libretti, salted with much, much more than roughage added to taste  
doughboys & doughgirls, behaving like superfluous enigmas  
puzzling in contagious ways over the simplest rides to  
the grotto of our Lady of Corollaries during the Feast of the Enormity  
with widgets handprinted with obvious mistakes in limited editions  
shrink-wrapped to keep-out dangerfields and glut shelves of

guttled elves' belongings so gravitied as not to quiver when  
blood ran before the crest masts unfurled before the

[↑ Contents](#)

817. **eric pape**

***Re: oh really?***

*Sat 23 Sep 1995*

---

(Gulp) Okay. Here goes.

When the Senorita Died

12: 24 and Chimes Street is all perturbed with heat.  
It's summer, five days after the Shrimp and  
Petroleum Festival, yes, and I am looking for a tab  
with my coffee. I have to see Jackie and Dennis  
for a late lunch, but at this point, all I am  
thinking about is where I will find my next hit.

At the Lebanese, I have an Abita and  
cheese fries and buy APR to see what folks  
are doing in the real world. There's a feature  
on Merwin and something about the Pacific  
but I toss it into the street  
and go to the Varsity because Alice (Quietcar, I think)  
will be tending bar and she gives out free martinis  
if you can remember who played the night before.  
The cool thing is she never knows so I say Orlando  
and for once she doesn't check with the front desk  
and shakes up a 'tini while I wait.

This is Louisiana, so I head off with drink in hand  
to Highland, for the latest Haraway, but find it  
all too langweilig so sit by Godfather's  
to watch until Dolores comes by  
because she always has Wired and US News  
and World Report and on the front page I  
see here name outlined in red ink,

and I shiver and I remember Four Aces in Brownsville  
trying to piss in a trough with five other fellows  
while while she whined a song along with the accordion  
and everyone and I stopped micturating

INcidentally, I should say that I am working on my exams now, and at some  
point in my life will surely discredit everything that I've said on this list so far

for the reason that I am very very grouchy. Also, isn't it still true that the sincerest form of flattery is imitation (please say so)?

[↑ Contents](#)

818. **Louis Cabri**

**renga**

*Sat 23 Sep 1995*

---

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning  
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
The rook to the knight here by King's Bishop Three  
Something has changed in the nature of friendship  
But wouldn't you know it, Mrs. Mullett next in line  
For food stamps, quints racing about the linoleum  
Everything leans on the verb, falling, sighs  
Twelve at least, one loves only firm, and firm  
feels good to her it feels real good, & the corset  
blanches from so many passwords being lifted like expected bans  
on metaphors that the folks at the contagious hospital  
thought we might be weaned of early, late, whatever  
the contagious wind strikes a chord with nothing ventured  
maimed, my parents won't let me play with density  
because its quantity is known, and they prefer unknowns  
to Belarus stockmen deflowering everything in sight, grim  
Homolkaesque behaviourists - but quality refrigerators:  
forensically "I seem to be a verb"

[↑ Contents](#)

819. **Jorge Guitart**

**Re: Another Renga Request**

*Sun 24 Sep 1995*

---

Amen to what Cris is saying. On the other hand I am thinking that perhaps no permission is needed in any case because anything posted is in the public domain? EPC should be thanked as courtesy. On the other hand, in the improbable case that some money will be made from publishing any renga in whole or in part, perhaps the money should be donated to the institution where the list originates, i.e., SUNY at Buffalo, which pays for EPC.

On Fri, 22 Sep 1995, cris cheek wrote:

Hi Eryque,

I'm with Jorge's response on this one. And would say publish any version or branches you have copies of that you enjoy - as 'work in progress'.

But I do feel that the Poetics list should be mentioned, as should the fact that many other contributions / interventions have affected the branching process and the choices made.

love and love

cris

[↑ Contents](#)

820. **Sheila E. Murphy**

**Re: renga - the sequel**

Sun 24 Sep 1995

---

>hobbyist quaffs juleps poured in the direction of the skids  
>stuffs morton's insistence on intermittency shaking freely  
>leaf stems cubes whirl about as hobbyist pauses to consider  
>lunch as a pearl of sanitized dung in relation to  
>mythology's transference of lettuce, permission to unleash  
a rinse as whimsy over the leafed personalities of

[↑ Contents](#)

821. **Sheila E. Murphy**

**Re: renga - the sequel**

Sun 24 Sep 1995

---

>hobbyist quaffs juleps poured in the direction of the skids  
>stuffs morton's insistence on intermittency shaking freely  
>makes neo-grotesque be taken at stock value while admitting  
>thereupon frocked simultaneities strangle muscles promiscuously  
because theorems are delicious basked rather than fortified

[↑ Contents](#)

822. **Sheila E. Murphy**

**Re: renga - the sequel**

Sun 24 Sep 1995

---

>hobbyist quaffs juleps poured in the direction of the skids  
>made by Chevettes sliding off the I5 south of Tacoma  
>looking like a born-again, living like a heretic, listening



>to blues most simpering until the Camels dry away, stained fingertips  
>on Cynthia's knees, prompting treasure taken forgiveness sighing  
that what weather blanches likes to crop and crops become our

[↑ Contents](#)

823. **Chris Scheil**

***Re: renga - the sequel***

Sun 24 Sep 1995

---

> >hobbyist quaffs juleps poured in the direction of the skids  
> >stuffs morton's insistence on intermittency shaking freely  
> >leaf stems cubes whirl about as hobbyist pauses to consider  
> >lunch as a pearl of sanitized dung in relation to  
> >mythology's transference of lettuce, permission to unleash  
> a rinse as whimsy over the leafed personalities of  
Matador X^Nth, his treacly morbidity glee, his pubic toupee, his

[↑ Contents](#)

824. **Tony Green**

***Renga moan***

Sun 24 Sep 1995

---

I've stopped reading them. Auto-delete wd be handy. Not only line-length, but the "improbabilities" are getting repetitive.

Tony Green,

e-mail: [REDACTED]

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825. **Maria Damon**

***Re: renga - oldies but goodies***

Sun 24 Sep 1995

---

oldies but goodies magnificent fun! awarming floater chevrons, india november  
delta apple, gloria soames!

[↑ Contents](#)

826. **Maria Damon**

***Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga***

Sun 24 Sep 1995

---

a bit slow on the apres coup mais nonetheless love ya babe

[↑ Contents](#)

827. **Ron Silliman**

***Naming in America***

*Sun 24 Sep 1995*

---

Tenney, to Billy Luoma's post,

>>Pentium" Pro Processor Builds on Equity in Pentium Brand

>

you commented

>is this news or poetry (I know people are miserably dying for lack of the news there--boring, right?--but really....?)

>

I took this as a post on naming in society, circa 1995, and found it absolutely compelling. The Pentium Pro, which will be a household name in about 3 years, is what we once would have called a "686" had the copyright laws not failed to protect Intel's claim to ownership of the "xx86" convention for computer chips. Note that Intel, which invoked the figure 5 in its Pentium, does not continue the stepping process with this next generation chip. That is an attempt to shake off AMD and the other clone chip manufacturers and parallels, at least at a distance, Microsoft's leaping changes in its Microsoft Word for Windows, which went from 2.0 to 6.0 without intermediate steps (which existed, however, in DOS) and from Windows 4.0 (nee "Chicago") to Windows 95 (a name that's going to get OLD fast).

While they're not as aggressively silly and Americo-centric as the internet features named after Archie comix characters, it's worth noting that the naming styles of the computer industry have had (and are having, as we speak (if this be speech)) differs dramatically from the nature of such conventions earlier in the century. I forget who first noted that discourses that are insecure about their knowledge tend to be pompous in their terminologies, viz. the use of Latin to characterize in English what Freud simply called the I, the it and the superI. Or structuralism's love of acronyms (think of Althusser and all that type wasted on ISA, RSA etc.).

I already feel "fond" of how Pentium Pro suggests that the Pentium chip itself is somehow amateurish (up until 6 months ago, 95 percent of all Pentium systems were being sold to home users--the corporate ramp-up is very slow, but the home buyer wants the full suite of bells and whistles NOW).

Sincerely yours

Ron (486DX2) Silliman



[↑ Contents](#)

828. **Sheila E. Murphy**

***Re: this break will or will not not branch***

Sun 24 Sep 1995

---

>>Jorge, the Nobel Savage, wrote

>>

>>> >> >>>>In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.

>>> >> >>>>And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning

>>> >> [savage edit]

>>> >> >>>>demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed

>>> >> >>>>by trained leeches from under the rotting elastic, a feast

>>> >> >>>>of swirling eddies with beaucoup of labia & confetti

>>> >> >>>>starving time's scythe for water, matching colors to go

>>> >> >>>>crecheward into sweet line drawings clothed to world our

>>> >> >>words for water, falling four blocks away, finally, a gulf

>>> >> >between perceived and rinsing water, shroud and comforter,

>>> >> flogging proud wet stones with patchwork flags making tenement hum

>>> > with "Too late the coloscope" and "Cried the besotted gondry"

>>> fishing around with like with like and let it get too cold, "Hey,

>> tell us apart" "Don't be saussure, tracy". "The name is trace, pal"

>spun on painted heels, then "vanishing, not varnishing!" her smile

impossibly relaxed when thinking about pain beside the capability of boredom

[↑ Contents](#)

829. **George Bowering**

***Re: renga - the sequel***

Mon 25 Sep 1995

---

hobbyist quaffs juleps poured in the direction of the skids made by Chevettes  
sliding off the I5 south of Tacoma looking like a born-again, living like a heretic,  
listening to blues most simpering until the Camels dry away, stained fingertips  
on Cynthia's knees, prompting treasure taken forgiveness sighing that what  
weather blanches likes to crop and crops become our sinecures till old age  
beckons with a tower of '45s

[↑ Contents](#)

830. **W. Northcutt**

***Royal Albert Hall Do-wingy***

Mon 25 Sep 1995

---

I may be able to spring a trip to the poetry wing-ding at the Albert Hall. Would  
yer be so kind as to send me information/or list it in the group on how to get  
seats, and the date, time, etc... William Northcutt [REDACTED]

[↑ Contents](#)

831. **Mark Roberts**

**Re: New ListServe**

Mon 25 Sep 1995

---

*Pentium" Pro Processor Builds on Equity in Pentium Brand*  
*On Sept 19,1995 -- Intel Corporation announced that "Pentium" Pro processor" is the name for its next-generation microprocessor, previously code-named P6. The 5.5 million transistor device will be introduced in the fourth quarter of this calendar year, and will be targeted at workstation and high-end desktop systems, as well as cost-effective servers. The Pentium Pro processor will deliver the highest level of performance on 32-bit software for the Intel architecture.....*

But can it add up??????

[↑ Contents](#)

832. **Burt Kimmelman**

**Re: All rengae sound the same**

Mon 25 Sep 1995

---

Hey Ron!

You mean to say that you have actually READ the last five hundred rengae?  
When I see a renga, I reach for that good ol' delete key.

Burt

[↑ Contents](#)

833. **Burt Kimmelman**

**Re: Renga moan**

Mon 25 Sep 1995

---

Somebody give the Rengaists a chat line of their own and/or an electronic magazine. Is "Poetics" the same thing as "Poetry"? I don't mean to be restrictive, but, as the joke goes about the husband (no sexism intended) who petitions the judge for a divorce from his wife of fifty years, and the judge asks, why, after all this time could you possibly want a divorce, the husband replies, "Enough is enough already!"

[↑ Contents](#)

834. **Mark Roberts**

***Distribution***

*Mon 25 Sep 1995*

---

(Sorry if you receive this twice - the Sydney Uni server was down on the weekend and I'm not sure whether this got through)

Sorry I'm running late replying to this thread.

I am currently setting up a small press distribution network in Sydney which will handle Australian small press stuff in the first instance but we may well be able to take some of stuff after we get up and running. I'll keep list members up to date. (we will also run stores at readings seminars and the like and it may be possible to take one or two copies of o/s magazines to sell on consignment that way - we'll see).

There have been a number of attempts to set up distribution networks in Australia over the years. Most have them have fallen down because of the distances involved. You really need to have staff in each capital city and given Australia's small population and massive distances the economics just don't add up. We are trying to overcome this by limiting ourselves to the city and the bookshops we know the best.

We will be also be setting up a virtual bookshop so a whole lot of Australian small press publications should become available shortly via the net.

regards

mark

(Australian Writing On Line)

[↑ Contents](#)

835. **Jim Rosenberg**

***Is \_Poetics Journal\_ Dead?***

*Mon 25 Sep 1995*

---

The subject pretty much says it all. I have a piece that is supposedly due out in the next issue of \_Poetics Journal\_, but it's been in this state for \*years\* & I've been assuming the magazine simply died. Does anyone know if it is "officially" dead?

--

Jim Rosenberg

CIS: 71515,124

WELL: jer

Internet: [REDACTED]

<http://www.well.com/user/jer/>

[↑ Contents](#)

836. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

**Re: The News**

Mon 25 Sep 1995

---

Thousnads of people died today for want of what could be found in poetry in what authorities are describing as the most tragic aesthetic disaster of the century. Exact figures are not yet available, but New Jersey disaster relief officials describe their region as particularly hard hit. One survivor interviewed at the Joyce Kilmer rest stop reported that she narrowly averted the fate that suddenly befell all those around her because she happened to glance at a scrap of verse someone had written on a wall just as nearly all the other passengers in her van collapsed from ennui.

[↑ Contents](#)

837. **Gale Nelson**

**Re: French Poetry Festival in October**

Mon 25 Sep 1995

---

Gwyn,

(Sorry to everyone else as this should be directed) -- does the AWP have back-issues of the Chronicle going back to origins? Christina Milletti, a graduate student here at Brown, is researching the Chronicle, but cannot get her hands on the early issues.

Her electronic address is [REDACTED].

Many thanks, and apologies to everyone else.

Cheers,

Gale Nelson

[↑ Contents](#)

838. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

**Re: News Too**

Mon 25 Sep 1995

---

Speaking of hot shots -- Dinesh D'Souza has just published a book, *The End of Racism*, in which he asserts that slavery was not a racist institution. Young Mr. D'Souza got a grant five times the size of yours to "research" this book, and has been featured in two successive issues of the Chronicle of Higher Ed. -- He shows that he is not a racist by disagreeing with *The Bell Curve's* arguments that intelligence is both hereditary and racial, then proceeds to argue that black Americans just happen to belong to a culture whose unwise life choices leads to them doing less well on intelligence tests.

Back in the forties, C.L.R. James wrote that "It is instructive to read the old monographs, articles, volumes, disputes on Negro intelligence, tests, the shape of the head, the weight of the brain, etc. Today all that is dead."

well, you can't be right all the time -- but now that racism is at its "end" I suppose we don't need to worry about such things anymore --

As another former D.C. resident used to say:

"Makes me wanna holler, throw up both my hands!"

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### 839. **Jorge Guitart**

#### ***Re: renga***

*Mon 25 Sep 1995*

---

On Sat, 23 Sep 1995, Louis Cabri wrote:

> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
> And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning  
> First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
> The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
> Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
> The rook to the knight here by King's Bishop Three  
> Something has changed in the nature of friendship  
> But wouldn't you know it, Mrs. Mullett next in line  
> For food stamps, quints racing about the linoleum  
> Everything leans on the verb, falling, sighs  
> Twelve at least, one loves only firm, and firm  
> feels good to her it feels real good, & the corset  
> blanches from so many passwords being lifted like expected bans  
> on metaphors that the folks at the contagious hospital  
> thought we might be weaned of early, late, whatever  
> the contagious wind strikes a chord with nothing ventured  
> maimed, my parents won't let me play with density  
> because its quantity is known, and they prefer unknowns  
> to Belarus stockmen deflowering everything in sight, grim  
> Homolkaesque behaviourists - but quality refrigerators:  
>     forensically "I seem to be a verb"  
but mereologically i am an anominal clitic

[↑ Contents](#)

840. **Jorge Guitart**

**Re: renga - the sequel**

Mon 25 Sep 1995

---

hobbyist quaffs juleps poured in the direction of the skids  
made by Chevettes sliding off the I5 south of Tacoma  
monikered bellwether of the pall  
top crash, whose running gag was meat  
and was edible with pointy head crushed body yellowish

[↑ Contents](#)

841. **Jorge Guitart**

**Re: spike it with saussure - begins the reich**

Mon 25 Sep 1995

---

*On Wed, 20 Sep 1995, Jurphy Sowering Borge, Jr. wrote*

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
incorporating the end of timewarps and troves treasured  
the mercator projection of horniness and thou; for thou is  
Wow! What a catch! Yowza! Incorporating the dead heroes  
who pester as obsession or a hobby or as fraction of a prayer,  
towering above us with a lot of bothersome >>>>>>>>>>,s  
measured at density 21.5 along with a "d" added to first name  
of DDaniel who saw Adonai and believe me he was no Adonis  
although reputation tends to weave a little of transfixive  
which sticks to your clothes and makes you ineluctable  
as timpanic surface potable though shrill  
avatars, managing with just a couple of deflowering judases  
to brick the windows both ways just in time for  
the portion of laceration that was olympisized*

[↑ Contents](#)

842. **Jorge Guitart**

**Re: renga - the sequel**

Mon 25 Sep 1995

---

hobbyist quaffs juleps poured in the direction of the skids stuffs morton's  
insistence on intermittency shaking freely makes neo-grotesque be taken at  
stock value while admitting splits of shares like to be hitched to stories about  
stabat pater doloroso with kidney statuettes

[↑ Contents](#)



843. **Jorge Guitart**  
**Re: renga - the sequel**  
Mon 25 Sep 1995

---

hobbyist quaffs juleps poured in the direction of the skids stuffs morton's  
insistence on intermittency shaking freely makes neo-grotesque be taken at  
stock value while admitting Trappists to Morton's for piquant hor d'oeurveal  
persimmons on toast becoming to sheer crystal plain pure tulip glasses raised  
it's not a exploded view vs papier bleau issue

[↑ Contents](#)

844. **Jorge Guitart**  
**Re: Sheila, Chris & Jorge's Excellent Adventure**  
Mon 25 Sep 1995

---

On Fri, 22 Sep 1995, cris cheek wrote:

JG wrote:

On Sun, 17 Sep 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

SEM-CC-JG BRANCH 9/18/95

in the books were dreams and in the dreams were  
books.And flew > >> >>> >>  
(...)

spending the bulk of closure with sentient scoops  
that fluke picnic shot out of these worlds we spread been-to  
say that the center cannot hold the nose tackle much longer  
than a clam can sleeve out of incarceration baldly  
go where others fear to operate the biggest donors hive  
& where Mars collides with the small world of "It's a small world"  
ripe for macroscopes to pump or slice or butterfly away  
from that ardent bugged heliotrope and pledge allegiance through  
ostension--we stopped short of the shortstop stigmata  
this time pencilled in as tangly wisps instead of memory  
detonations: but don't forget to dismember the doloroso  
pitchpipe with its squeal subtracted and the dotted-line relationships  
and sing "I Love Time but I love Your Spatial Simulacra Much More"  
for the brevity inferred and for the latchkey touch more like a feather  
drizzling ribs trained sultry moments gathering to migrate south  
no one so maybe-ed became an ornament before the chastening playoffs

[↑ Contents](#)

845. **Jorge Guitart**

**Re: renga - the sequel**

Mon 25 Sep 1995

---

On Fri, 22 Sep 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:

hobbyist quaffs juleps poured in the direction of the skids  
weave a pro toy aversion by the martyrs of cogency  
who blather anyway with wrinkled tongues  
i emptied the elf so that you and the felucca could fight

[↑ Contents](#)

846. **Jorge Guitart**

**Re: this break will or will not not branch**

Mon 25 Sep 1995

---

Cris "Turn the Other" Cheek, the Noble Metal Dude wrote

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning  
[savage edit]  
demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed  
by trained leeches from under the rotting elastic, a feast  
of swirling eddies with beaucoup of labia & confetti  
starving time's scythe for water, matching colors to go  
crecheward into sweet line drawings clothed to world our  
words for water, falling four blocks away, finally, a gulf  
between perceived and rinsing water, shroud and comforter,  
flogging proud wet stones with patchwork flags making tenement hum  
with "Too late the coloscope" and "Cried the besotted gondry"  
fishing around with like with like and let it get too cold, "Hey,  
tell us apart" "Don't be saussure, tracy". "The name is trace, pal"  
spun on painted heels, then "vanishing, not varnishing!" her smile  
like a large oblong condolence: "You pervasive you! Just kidding!"*

[↑ Contents](#)

847. **Jorge Guitart**

**Re: renga - the sequel**

Mon 25 Sep 1995

---

*hobbyist quaffs juleps poured in the direction of the skids  
made by Chevettas sliding off the I5 south of Tacoma  
looking like a born-again, living like a heretic, listening  
to blues most simpering until the Camels dry away, stained fingertips  
on Cynthia's knees, prompting treasure taken forgiveness sighing*

*that what weather blanches likes to crop and crops become our  
Anybody-Who-Had-Not-Had-Any idol so we ready the implementator*

[↑ Contents](#)

848. **Jordan Davis.**

***Re: renga - the sequel***

*Mon 25 Sep 1995*

---

>hobbyist quaffs juleps poured in the direction of the skids  
>weave a pro toy aversion by the martyrs of cogency  
who blather anyway with wrinkled tongues  
"I dig a pygmy, by Charles Autry and the Deaf-Aids,"

[↑ Contents](#)

849. **Jordan Davis.**

***Re: renga - the sequel***

*Mon 25 Sep 1995*

---

>hobbyist quaffs juleps poured in the direction of the skids  
>stuffs morton's insistence on intermittency shaking freely  
>makes neo-grotesque be taken at stock value while admitting  
>thereupon frocked simultaneities strangle muscles promiscuously  
because theorems are delicious basked rather than fortified  
nature kids, I / they don't have no function

[↑ Contents](#)

850. **Jordan Davis.**

***disadvised quotation from ford madox ford***

*Mon 25 Sep 1995*

---

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning  
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
The rook to the knight here by King's Bishop Three  
Something has changed in the nature of friendship  
But wouldn't you know it, Mrs. Mullett next in line  
For food stamps, quints racing about the linoleum  
Everything leans on the verb, falling, sighs  
Twelve at least, one loves only firm, and firm  
feels good to her it feels real good, & the corset  
blanches from so many passwords being lifted like expected bans

on metaphors that the folks at the contagious hospital  
thought we might be weaned of early, late, whatever,  
but I am taking the broken glass as a token of my first epiphany  
sassafras is my powerlessness to split scintillas in the mist  
of lathering first frost as noon comes on like torqued weed  
sucking on the indescribable and taking the ineffable for a walk  
to Paris via seed cigars and chicory and plantain butts  
mixed with automaton condolences nixed by Dr. Reynolds  
"God damn \_you\_, Mr. Henley. Hasten the chinchilla!"

[↑ Contents](#)

851. **Jordan Davis.**

***Re: All rengae sound the same***

*Mon 25 Sep 1995*

---

Last day at old aol which seems to send me a clump of messages in the morning  
(or is it the buffalo doing that) so if people (people) have sent messages of  
greater cogency on this, sorry, I spoke (wrote?) partly deaf--

but the binding rules are pretty clear,  
a line has to be so long, and so opaque (I mean interruptive,

I suspect a renga (have you seen the renga on the web? I think it's listed  
through Yahoo--not this renga, one re: Hiroshima..)

I suspect a renga of lines half the length might invoke  
fewer ghosts of blank verse

plural of renga is rengae? I guess so

Jordan Davis (from now on at [REDACTED])

[↑ Contents](#)

852. **Alan Sondheim**

***Re: All rengae sound the same***

*Mon 25 Sep 1995*

---

It's interesting, finally, to think of poetry as viral; I tend to do the same. Surely  
here it's without ceremony, driving out other writing as well. Poetry as  
substance, something to think about.

Alan

On Mon, 25 Sep 1995, Burt Kimmelman [REDACTED] wrote:

| Hey Ron!

| You mean to say that you have actually READ the last five hundred rengae?

*When I see a renga, I reach for that good ol' delete key.*

*Burt*

[↑ Contents](#)

853. **Thomas Bell**

***New Form Re:renga oldies but goodies***

*Mon 25 Sep 1995*

On Sep 24 Maria Damon wrote:

>oldies but goodies magnificent fun! awarming floater chevrons, india

>november delta apple, gloria soames!

Soup's on. The line Wavers

bid adieux as we drift up the styxx and stones never give an even

[↑ Contents](#)

854. **Herb Levy**

***Re: Another Renga Request***

*Mon 25 Sep 1995*

Jorge -

While few people (if any) go to the trouble to register copyright for anything they post to newsgroups, mail lists, etc., everyone technically "owns" the texts they write, regardless of the context in which they were published. You may chose to (or not to) register your copyright with the appropriate governmental agency, or you can assign it to EPC or whoever you wish if you so choose, but the copyright for your words is yours unless you take some kind of action.

Online text (or visuals or sound, or whatever) is not (yet) in the public domain, despite the fact that it is often treated as if it is.

Which is not to deny the truth & utility of citing the situation and location of the original "renga."

That said, add my name to the list of folks who zap rengas on sight.

Bests

Herb

Jorge wrote:

*Amen to what Cris is saying.*

*On the other hand I am thinking that perhaps no permission is needed in any case because anything posted is in the public domain? EPC should be thanked as courtesy. On the other hand, in the improbable case that some*

*money will be made from publishing any rengas in whole or in part,  
perhaps the money should be donated to the institution where the list  
originates, i.e., SUNY at Buffalo, which pays for EPC.*

On Fri, 22 Sep 1995, cris cheek wrote:

*Hi Eryque,  
I'm with Jorge's response on this one. And would say publish any version or  
branches you have copies of that you enjoy - as 'work in progress'.  
But I do feel that the Poetics list should be mentioned, as should the fact  
that many other contributions / interventions have affected the branching  
process and the choices made.*

*love and love  
cris*

Herb Levy



[↑ Contents](#)

855. **George Bowering**  
***Re: renga - the sequel(b)***

*Mon 25 Sep 1995*

hobbyist quaffs juleps poured in the direction of the skids stuffs morton's  
insistence on intermittency shaking freely makes neo-grotesque be taken at  
stock value while admitting thereupon frocked simultaneities strangle muscles  
promiscuously because theorems are delicious basked rather than fortified  
nature kids, I / they don't have no function no pause button, no inclination  
to re wind, just at 12:12

[↑ Contents](#)

856. **George Bowering**  
***Re: renga - the sequel(c)***

*Mon 25 Sep 1995*

hobbyist quaffs juleps poured in the direction of the skids  
stuffs morton's insistence on intermittency shaking freely  
makes neo-grotesque be taken at stock value while admitting  
splits of shares like to be hitched to stories  
about stabat pater doloroso with kidney statuettes

along streets in San Luis Obispo  
back trails near Olympia,

[↑ Contents](#)

857. **Alan Sondheim**  
**Re: renga - the sequel(c)**  
*Mon 25 Sep 1995*

---

stop hobbyist quaffs juleps poured in the direction of the skids  
stop stuffs morton's insistence on intermittency shaking freely  
stop makes neo-grotesque be taken at stock value while admitting  
stop splits of shares like to be hitched to storie  
stop about stabat pater doloroso with kidney statuettes  
and stop at the streets of bakersfield  
and stop in the valley of death for you have forsaken me  
and stop in needles california and stop

[↑ Contents](#)

858. **George Bowering**  
**Re: renga - the sequel(d)**  
*Mon 25 Sep 1995*

---

>  
> >hobbyist quaffs juleps poured in the direction of the skids  
> >stuffs morton's insistence on intermittency shaking freely  
> >leaf stems cubes whirl about as hobbyist pauses to consider  
> >lunch as a pearl of sanitized dung in relation to  
> >mythology's transference of lettuce, permission to unleash  
> a rinse as whimsy over the leafed personalities de  
connivence l'ampleur des images tout

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859. **George Bowering**  
**Re: renga**  
*Mon 25 Sep 1995*

---

In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning  
First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
The rook to the knight here by King's Bishop Three  
Something has changed in the nature of friendship

But wouldn't you know it, Mrs. Mullett next in line  
For food stamps, quints racing about the linoleum  
Everything leans on the verb, falling, sighs  
Twelve at least, one loves only firm, and firm  
feels good to her it feels real good, & the corset  
blanches from so many passwords being lifted like expected bans  
on metaphors that the folks at the contagious hospital  
thought we might be weaned of early, late, whatever  
the contagious wind strikes a chord with nothing ventured  
maimed, my parents won't let me play with density>  
because its quantity is known, and they prefer unknowns  
to Belarus stockmen deflowering everything in sight, grim  
Homolkaesque behaviourists - but quality refrigerators:  
forensically "I seem to be a verb"  
or a Serb, an herb

[↑ Contents](#)

860. **George Bowering**

***Re: this break will or will not not branch***

*Mon 25 Sep 1995*

---

>

> >Jorge, the Nobel Savage, wrote

>

--The hell he is!--GB

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning  
[savage edit]  
demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed  
by trained leeches from under the rotting elastic, a feast  
of swirling eddies with beaucoup of labia & confetti  
starving time's scythe for water, matching colors to go  
crecheward into sweet line drawings clothed to world our  
words for water, falling four blocks away, finally, a gulf  
between perceived and rinsing water, shroud and comforter,  
flogging proud wet stones with patchwork flags making tenement hum  
with "Too late the coloscope" and "Cried the besotted gondry"  
fishing around with like with like and let it get too cold, "Hey,  
tell us apart" "Don't be saussure, tracy". "The name is trace, pal"  
spun on painted heels, then "vanishing, not varnishing!" her smile*

[↑ Contents](#)



861. **George Bowering**

**Re: Minna Street**

Mon 25 Sep 1995

---

Kit Robinson = Brisk Notion

(now, there's a NICE one!)

Ia anagram OuLiPoian?

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862. **Jordan Davis**

**Re: New Form Re:renga oldies but goodies**

Mon 25 Sep 1995

---

oldies but goodies magnificent fun! awarming floater chevrons, india  
november delta apple, gloria soames!

Soup's on. The line Wavers  
the circle sway oh conduit oh my limitless combinatorial

[↑ Contents](#)

863. **George Bowering**

**Re: Cecil**

Mon 25 Sep 1995

---

Dora Fitzgerald remembers with fondness dancing with Cecil. Oh, he's coming to Seattle just when I'm going to Denmark. Phh. Lately I been reading \_Jazziz\_ but someone always nabs the free CD before I get it. Rumours here that carla Bley and Gary Peacock are coming to town No, is it gary Peacock? Of course not, it's Steve Swallow, I think? Anyway, if they do a trio, who is the drummer? Have I been sniffing too much pond-fish food?

[↑ Contents](#)

864. **Jordan Davis**

**Re: renga - the sequel**

Mon 25 Sep 1995

---

*hobbyist quaffs juleps poured in the direction of the skids  
made by Chevettes sliding off the I5 south of Tacoma  
looking like a born-again, living like a heretic, listening  
to blues most simpering until the Camels dry away, stained fingertips  
on Cynthia's knees, prompting treasure taken forgiveness sighing  
that what weather blanches likes to crop and crops become our  
sinecures till old age beckons with a tower of '45s  
"old age beckons" "a born-again" "poured in" "camels"*

[↑ Contents](#)

865. **Jordan Davis**

**Re: renga - the sequel(c)**

Mon 25 Sep 1995

---

*hobbyist quaffs juleps poured in the direction of the skids  
stuffs morton's insistence on intermittency shaking freely  
makes neo-grotesque be taken at stock value while admitting  
splits of shares like to be hitched to stories  
about stabat pater doloroso with kidney statuettes  
along streets in San Luis Obispo  
back trails near Olympia,  
and she is dying piecemeal of a sort of emotional aenemia*

[↑ Contents](#)

866. **George Bowering**

**Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...**

Mon 25 Sep 1995

---

*Some fans of Dick Assman wrote*

*The Hell we did! --GB and RS*

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books  
incorporating the end of timewarps and troves treasured  
the mercator projection of horniness and thou; for thou is  
Wow! What a catch! Yowza! Incorporating the dead heroes  
of Palookaville & the dead heroes of Guadalajara  
empowering scores of liberated mozos intent of Lacanian  
libretti, salted with much, much more than roughage added to taste  
doughboys & doughgirls, behaving like superfluous enigmas  
puzzling in contagious ways over the simplest rides to  
the grotto of our Lady of Corollaries during the Feast of the Enormity  
with widgets handprinted with obvious mistakes in limited editions  
shrink-wrapped to keep-out dangerfields and glut shelves of*

[↑ Contents](#)

867. **George Bowering**

**Re: be advised: wcw qtd in this renga**

Mon 25 Sep 1995

---

*"The Hell I am! --WCW*

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning*

*First inverted whistle of a cardinal in the poplar  
The book and the oboe on the grass under sun and cloud  
Go endlessly, an obtuse Prussian blue, it binds  
The rook to the knight here by King's Bishop Three  
Something has changed in the nature of friendship  
But wouldn't you know it, Mrs. Mullett next in line  
For food stamps, quints racing about the linoleum  
Everything leans on the verb, falling, sighs  
Twelve at least, one loves only firm, and firm  
feels good to her it feels real good, & the corset  
blanches from so many passwords being lifted like expected bans  
on metaphors that the folks at the contagious hospital  
thought we might be weaned of early, late, whatever,  
but I am taking the broken glass as a token of my first epiphany  
sans snow, expansive though, fluent in half tones*

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868. **Steve Carll**

**Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...**

Mon 25 Sep 1995

---

*On Tue, 19 Sep 1995, Steve Carll wrote:*

*This is probably the concomitant danger of the attempt to poetize trivia, to champion "simple everyday speech." Certainly when WCW's effort fails, the trivia stays trivial and the poetry joins it.*

And then Jeffrey Timmons responded:

*I'm not sure I can agree that WcW fails. In fact, as my posts have suggested, he is important because he succeeded so well at turning poetry to the everyday. If the everyday is trivial, well, then I too wish we could live in the poems we all dream. The everyday is not trivial and is worthy of poetry.*

now Steve in turn says,

No, no, I didn't mean to say that Williams' whole project is a failure. I meant at those individual moments or poems where the actual work doesn't quite measure up to the project. I wouldn't say all his poems were successful (by whatever criteria), just as I wouldn't say they all fail (how wishy-washy of me!) But I would amend your last statement: the everyday is not *\*inherently\** trivial. Some of us (people) make and experience it that way all the time, and maybe all of us experience it that way much of the time. That's what makes the striking things so striking: the contrast.

[↑ Contents](#)

869. **Steve Carll**

**Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...**

Mon 25 Sep 1995

---

Jeffrey Timmons posits:

*doesn't  
your statement assume that you can purge the "tradition" of WcW's  
presence? That we don't need him? Sure, there were alternatives to him,  
differently phrased positions, certainly, but you are arguing against  
history here. Rimbaud and Keats and WcW made different versions of  
poetics available. Just as you must deal with Whitman, you must deal  
with WcW's influence (though admittedly on a whole different scale). It's  
not a question of substituting different versions of poetics for another  
(though this raises an interesting question of just that possibility),  
but, rather, of attending to the polyphony of different voices in  
dialogue with each other.*

Good point. The influence isn't going to go away, for awhile anyway. It's just a question of how loudly his voice sounds in our ears compared to all the other voices. Ed, maybe you're just sick of the New Jersey accent?

Steve

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870. **Robert Drake**

**bromige www exhibit**

Mon 25 Sep 1995

---

folks here might be interested in a Web exhibit of some of Bromige's poems, accompanied by paintings, at:

<http://www.sonoma.edu/Library/Exhibits/Bromige>

apologies if this was mentioned while i was offline, onvacation...

lbd

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871. **Jorge Guitart**

**Re: Renga moan**

Mon 25 Sep 1995

---

Why don't you start on a real Poetics topic that would be so engrossing that even the rengans would stop what they are doing and come listen in awed silence?

Things that probably count less as poetics than poetry making:

list of bedside readings  
announcements about readings  
bibliographical info  
commercial info (book x available from press y)  
anecdotes about bookstores  
editorials about bookstores  
comments about the political scene  
jokes (in prose)  
anagrams  
opinions about whether wcwilliams is boring or not

jg

On Mon, 25 Sep 1995, Burt Kimmelman [REDACTED] wrote:

*Somebody give the Rengaists a chat line of their own and/or an electronic magazine. Is "Poetics" the same thing as "Poetry"? I don't mean to be restrictive, but, as the joke goes about the husband (no sexism intended) who petitions the judge for a divorce from his wife of fifty years, and the judge asks, why, after all this time could you possibly want a divorce, the husband replies, "Enough is enough already!"*

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872. **Jorge Guitart**

***Re: All rengae sound the same***

*Mon 25 Sep 1995*

---

this message, and the one it replies to, do they count as poetics or not?

Burt, if you can delete, what is the problem? Hey , come and play with us. it's all right.

On Mon, 25 Sep 1995, Burt Kimmelman [REDACTED] wrote:

*Hey Ron!*

*You mean to say that you have actually READ the last five hundred rengae?  
When I see a renga, I reach for that good ol' delete key.*

*Burt*

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873. **Jordan Davis**

***Re: Renga moan***

*Mon 25 Sep 1995*

---

Tell it like it is Jorge  
but don't forget the old  
"is there really a David  
Ayre" kumquat preservers

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874. **Alan Sondheim**

***Re: crow moan***

*Mon 25 Sep 1995*

---

in the mountains, last  
  
i'm in the mountains. it's dark. i can't see anything.  
i decide to go north. there's reason to go somewhere, and there is no  
reason to go anywhere in particular.  
north, i say.  
you can't go that way, it says.  
it might say there is a mine there or a cave there but i can't feel it.  
it's large whatever it is. i can't see the ceiling.  
look ceiling.  
you see nothing special.  
there may be a rustling there but i can't hear it. i decide i'm outside.  
west, i say.  
you come to the mountains.  
west, i say.  
you come to the mountains.  
west, i say.  
you come to the mountains and there is a dead bird, shunted from another  
space, and it is black and glistening. the center of its body shimmers.  
look center.  
you come to the mountains.  
enter center.  
you come through the mountains. you may be in the mountains. you hear  
the sound of children dreaming. the children are dreaming disturbing  
dreams.  
enter dreams.  
you enter the dreams of the children. there is the sound of wings.  
listen.  
you hear nothing.

listen.  
you hear nothing.  
listen west.  
you hear the sound of wings.

---

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875. **Jorge Guitart**

**Re: this break will or will not not branch**

Mon 25 Sep 1995

---

Sheila, the empress of rice dream, wrote

*In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books.  
And flew through windows, lightning green and fine morning  
[savage edit]  
demitassed to mean full-bodied wine with alcohol removed  
by trained leeches from under the rotting elastic, a feast  
of swirling eddies with beaucoup of labia & confetti  
starving time's scythe for water, matching colors to go  
crecheward into sweet line drawings clothed to world our  
words for water, falling four blocks away, finally, a gulf  
between perceived and rinsing water, shroud and comforter,  
flogging proud wet stones with patchwork flags making tenement hum  
with "Too late the coloscope" and "Cried the besotted gondry"  
fishing around with like with like and let it get too cold, "Hey,  
tell us apart" "Don't be saussure, tracy". "The name is trace, pal"  
spun on painted heels, then "vanishing, not varnishing!" her smile  
impossibly relaxed when thinking about pain beside the capability of boredom  
by the volcano that was sacred on the basis of size not merit*

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876. **Jorge Guitart**

**Re: renga - the sequel**

Mon 25 Sep 1995

---

On Mon, 25 Sep 1995, Jordan Davis. wrote:

*hobbyist quaffs juleps poured in the direction of the skids  
weave a pro toy aversion by the martyrs of cogency  
who blather anyway with wrinkled tongues  
"I dig a pygmy, by Charles Autry and the Deaf-Aids,"  
this is premature but the character of our contents is dents*

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877. **Jorge Guitart**

**Re: New Form Re:renga oldies but goodies**

Mon 25 Sep 1995

---

On Mon, 25 Sep 1995, Thomas Bell wrote:

> On Sep 24 Maria Damon wrote:

>

> >oldies but goodies magnificent fun! awarming floater chevrons, india

> >november delta apple, gloria soames!

> Soup's on. The line Wavers

> bid adieux as we drift up the styxx and stones never give an even  
trek to vous finirez la maison de M. Usher, Madame Biere

[↑ Contents](#)

878. **Jorge Guitart**

**Re: Another Renga Request**

Mon 25 Sep 1995

---

Herb, many thanks for the info

about zapping rengas: you are missing poetic history in the making.

On Mon, 25 Sep 1995, Herb Levy wrote:

*Jorge -*

*While few people (if any) go to the trouble to register copyright for anything they post to newsgroups, mail lists, etc., everyone technically "owns" the texts they write, regardless of the context in which they were published. You may chose to (or not to) register your copyright with the appropriate governmental agency, or you can assign it to EPC or whoever you wish if you so choose, but the copyright for your words is yours unless you take some kind of action.*

*Online text (or visuals or sound, or whatever) is not (yet) in the public domain, despite the fact that it is often treated as if it is.*

*Which is not to deny the truth & utility of citing the situation and location of the original "renga."*

*That said, add my name to the list of folks who zap rengas on sight.*

*Bests*

*Herb*



Jorge wrote:

*Amen to what Cris is saying.*

*On the other hand I am thinking that perhaps no permission is needed in any case because anything posted is in the public domain? EPC should be thanked as courtesy. On the other hand, in the improbable case that some money will be made from publishing any rengas in whole or in part, perhaps the money should be donated to the institution where the list originates, i.e., SUNY at Buffalo, which pays for EPC.*

*On Fri, 22 Sep 1995, cris cheek wrote:*

*Hi Eryque,*

*I'm with Jorge's response on this one. And would say publish any version or branches you have copies of that you enjoy - as 'work in progress'.*

*But I do feel that the Poetics list should be mentioned, as should the fact that many other contributions / interventions have affected the branching process and the choices made.*

*love and love  
cris*

*Herb Levy*



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879. **Louis Cabri**  
**"is my bubble showing?"**

*Tue 26 Sep 1995*

---

The collaborative poem dulls and repeats when it lacks context. I'd say context is provided, and collective attentiveness created by the prose discussion. When the prose flags, the poetry becomes a-contextual somehow, performing eventual reifying services of the medium itself. In this medium the critical specificity that social contexts provide is made homogeneous and is virtually erased - markers affecting context, for instance just the fact of a post from New Zealand, or a post of Sept. 15th at 3:00 a.m. on a rented computer, etc., all but their names are erased from the emailed \_message\_ (in Jakobson's sense) itself, unlike, obviously, a letter (e.g. a type of paper, ink, envelope, etc., in short, of a specific

letter, from NZ). An established poet whose name is a currency in many media/genres and an unknown name floating solely in the listserv perform as peers, in a way, to a context-in-the-making (if there will be any at all). The most hardy and only context of the medium readily seems to be purely the informational one of distributing news economically. Good morning Virilio. Beyond that, what sort of informational poetics can arise? There needn't be anything more, of course. But if there is a desire for there to be something more, as perhaps the collaborative poem is hopefully a signal of (shurely not the opposite, that is, narcissistic emblems of a socioeconomically stable/wealthy livelihood??)... - then it would seem, tautologically, that social context will arise only through the information contributed, and that this would take form in the prose discussion (= the world). One available contextual tension the medium can create for "itself" and its agents beyond the role of information-distribution seems to be the dynamic between the poetry and the prose. When the prose diminishes, so too the poetry's affectiveness. I'm suggesting that the collaborative poem diminishes in appeal when a) the fetishistic aspect of the medium itself is allowed to dominate, going surreally out of control in the form of sheer quantity of postings by single and few contributors to the poem, and when b) there is a dwindling of prose dialogue - the only means of supplying contexts of address for the collaborative poem due to the character of the medium itself. So I think that the dismissal of the poetry is misplaced, or at best only half the story. Good night.

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880. **Tenney Nathanson**

*bravo eric pape*

*Tue 26 Sep 1995*

---

neat that you took the bait, or bit the bullet, or the hair of the dog or whatever. thanks!  
any more takers (in the FOH look-alike contest that is....)?

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881. **Tenney Nathanson**

*(no subject)*

*Tue 26 Sep 1995*

---

Date: Mon, 25 Sep 1995 11:02:02 -0700  
From: "Aldon L. Nielsen" <[REDACTED]>  
Subject: Re: The News

*Thousnads of people died today for want of what could be found in poetry  
in what authorities are describing as the most tragic aesthetic disaster*

*of the century. Exact figures are not yet available, but New Jersey disaster relief officials describe their region as particularly hard hit. One survivor interviewed at the Joyce Kilmer rest stop reported that she narrowly averted the fate that suddenly befell all those around her because she happened to glance at a scrap of verse someone had written on a wall just as nearly all the other passengers in her van collapsed from ennui.*

besides, I wanted you here on the ward  
where I am the doctor

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882. **Tenney Nathanson**

yep

Tue 26 Sep 1995

---

>Date: Sun, 24 Sep 1995 19:11:09 -0700  
>From: Ron Silliman <[REDACTED]>  
>Subject: Naming in America  
>  
>Tenney, to Billy Luoma's post,  
>>>Pentium" Pro Processor Builds on Equity in Pentium Brand  
>>  
>you commented  
>>is this news or poetry (I know people are miserably dying for lack of  
>the news there--boring, right?--but really....?)  
>>  
>I took this as a post on naming in society, circa 1995, and found it  
>absolutely compelling. The Pentium Pro, which will be a household name  
>in about 3 years, is what we once would have called a "686" had the  
>copyright laws not failed to protect Intel's claim to ownership of the  
>"xx86" convention for computer chips....  
(& etc)

Ron:

thanks for the subtle (within the veil) excursus. So it WAS poetry! I guess what I had in mind was a long poem Charles B read here in Tucson maybe 4-5 years ago now, which started with a long computer-blurb passage--which was compelling just because attention divided (mine did that is) between let's say materialized language or discourse AND, otoh, a kind of techie-groupie interest in whatever software was being described. So that: what Bill posted is nice, and IS poetry (rather than "rhetoric" [as] if that distinction still holds) because it's a little hard to tell whether one isn't spozed to (just?) share the enthusiasm over the new sleek model.

Maybe "pro" just means the floating decimal works?

I sit and look out

hunkering on 386sx20 haunch

dreaming of software not hardware....

it's renga, but jeez, what the hell does it mean?

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883. **Ron Silliman**

***Re: Is \_Poetics Journal\_ Dead?***

*Tue 26 Sep 1995*

---

Jim,

I forwarded your question on to Lyn and Barrett, neither of whom are on the Poetics List. There is some question of whether Barry ever READS his email, but at least there is an address. The third editor (who has never seen his work as such make it to print), Kit Robinson, may want to reply in more detail.

My understanding is this. There was a long delay created by ye olde funding problems plus the mind-numbing detail of getting the PhD and doing the dissertation (no word yet on whether it has been completed). On top of which, Barry has been deeply ambivalent about poetry (and especially langpo) for some time. Kit was brought on to resolve some of the workload and inertia issues, but when Barry toddled off to Detroit, he took the manuscripts with him. Don't know where it currently stands. I once noted that he had achieved a status with my manuscripts normally reserved for the likes of Kirby Malone and Doug Messerli...greatest time held without publication. He was not amused.

Frankly, it's reasonable in such a situation to insist on publication or to take the work back.

The sad thing is that it was a great mag, particularly in the first five issues or so.

Ron Silliman

██████████

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884. **Ron Silliman**

***Re: Minna Street***

*Tue 26 Sep 1995*

---

You wrote:

>

>Kit Robinson = Brisk Notion

>

>(now, there's a NICE one!)

>

>Ia anagram OuLiPoian?

>

Well that typo in the first word certainly is.

OuLiPoian? Sounds like that purple taro root paste they use in Hawaii. I always thought it was OuLiPuddlian.

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885. **R I Caddel**

***Rights and Rengas***

*Tue 26 Sep 1995*

---

Yes, everyone owns what they write, and can therefore give or refuse permission to reproduce it. However, in some circumstances work can be reproduced without copyright holder's permission, providing that "all reasonable measures" to identify copyright holders and obtain permission have been taken. In the case of "works of multiple authorship" where it's difficult to identify individual rights, a rubric of this kind is often used. Obviously, this doesn't apply where the copyright holder has actually denied permission to reproduce. I'd say (privately, but not in court) that contacting the list where the renga was written is taking "all reasonable measures" providing that no mean-minded little so-and-so actually objects personally...

Or to put it another way: if you've rung the renga writer for their rights and got a ringer, you can quote the written renga with the writer's rights unwritten - you can rate their rights unbidden and so on -

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886. **R I Caddel**

***David Miller***

*Tue 26 Sep 1995*

---

Thanks for pointing out David Miller's new Burning Deck publication. David also has "The Book of the Spoonmaker" new from Cloud, 48 Biddlestone Road, Heaton, Newcastle on Tyne NE6 5SL (three pounds fifty including post; Sterling IMOs payable to Cloud).

There's also a few of his other books and a book of essays on him available from Stride, 11 Sylvan Road, Exeter EX4 6EW. x

x x Richard Caddel, E-mail: R.I.Caddel @ durham.ac.uk x x Durham University Library, Phone: 0 [REDACTED] x x Stockton Rd. Durham

DH1 3LY Fax: 0 [REDACTED] x x  
x x "Words! Pens are too light. Take a chisel to write." x x  
- Basil Bunting x x x

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887. **Charles Alexander**  
***Re: Rights and Rengas***

Tue 26 Sep 1995

---

*Yes, everyone owns what they write, and can therefore give or refuse permission to reproduce it.*

Although in this renga in question, or at least in several versions of it, at least one of the lines I wrote (and I suspect this is true for others as well) has been altered by someone else without my permission. This has been done in ways I don't like at all (and to this I object), and more radically altered (the whole form of the renga) in ways I like quite a lot. So, whose writing is it? Did someone violate my rights by altering it in the first place?

*I'd say (privately, but not in court) that contacting the list where the renga was written is taking "all reasonable measures" providing that no mean-minded little so-and-so actually objects personally...*

Maybe my objection makes me a mean-minded little so-and-so, except that I do give permissions to use whatever version anyone wants to use for any purpose whatsoever. But I think that this time I really mean it when I tell myself I'm not contributing to the rengas any more.

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888. **Jordan Davis**  
***books and dreams***

Tue 26 Sep 1995

---

It sounds like people are 12-stepping off the renga.  
I hope you all are as weak about quitting as I suspect I am.  
Louis, I'd like to see a demonstration, with charts,  
of the correlation between quantity of prose  
and zip in renga. Charles, as a renga debaser,  
I apologize. Rights squabblers--go directly to the archive  
and search for the following terms: collaborate, renga,  
poem, "books were dreams". Then remember that everything  
(according to the new welcome message) here is confidential  
and that you shouldn't show anything written here to  
anyone else.

Jordan Davis

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889. **Willa Jarnagin**

**Re: Renga moan**

Tue 26 Sep 1995

---

On Mon, 25 Sep 1995, Burt Kimmelman [REDACTED] wrote:

*Somebody give the Rengaists a chat line of their own and/or an electronic magazine. Is "Poetics" the same thing as "Poetry"? I don't mean to be restrictive, but, as the joke goes about the husband (no sexism intended) who petitions the judge for a divorce from his wife of fifty years, and the judge asks, why, after all this time could you possibly want a divorce, the husband replies, "Enough is enough already!"*

I've been lurking for a while but have to put in my vote: PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE, renga writers, get your own chat list! Yes, enough is enough. I don't have sophisticated email and can't filter messages, and I'm tired of my account getting clogged up and slowed down to the speed of sloths fucking.

Please excuse my rancor, but it does seem that people on this list are either totally FOR, or totally TIRED OF renga. If the list is already divided as such, why not spawn a new one? I think everyone would be happier.

Willa

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890. **Alan Golding**

**What's "poetics?"**

Tue 26 Sep 1995

---

Associate Professor of English, U. of Louisville

Phone: [REDACTED]; e-mail: [REDACTED]

What counts as "poetics," Jorge asks? A reasonable enough question, to which I wish I had an answer. However: in Jorge's list of 10 "things that probably count less as poetics than poetry-making," one could find at least half in the poetry-making of (for instance) Pound, Olson, H.D., David Antin, Susan Howe . . . places where one would be hard put to find a single techno-renga.

Just sign me

Another Renga Crank

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891. **Gwyn McVay**  
***A non-"poetics" anagram***  
Tue 26 Sep 1995

---

Without meaning to give any offense:

Alan Golding = "anal godling"

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892. **David Columbia**  
***Re: News Too***  
Tue 26 Sep 1995

---

Aldon L. Nielsen wrote:

*Speaking of hot shots -- Dinesh D'Souza has just published a book, \_The End of Racism\_, in which he asserts that slavery was not a racist institution. Young Mr. D'Souza got a grant five times the size of yours to "research" this book, and has been featured in two successive issues of the Chronicle of Higher Ed. [etc.]*

I try to glance through each of these shameful books as they come out. They make me want to wretch. But D'Souza's should be marked out for special attention. It is truly execrable. It even inspired the normally complacent Richard Rorty to something like moral outrage in the latest NYTBR.

One expects the resurgence of "scientific" racism in things like THE BELL CURVE at a time like this in our country, and knows the tremendous amount of argument & evidence that can be brought to bear against it as well -- small if cold comfort. But D'Souza's book goes so far beyond that -- making the most outrageous and unbelievable assertions (slavery not being racist among them). It is just gross.

Here's a thought: at least one group besides "minorities" gets "preferential treatment" in the US: young, callow, mean-spirited, dumb conservatives, especially if they have some minority background or other. I could name names.

I will fabricate a relation between this topic and Poetics (or at least renga) if pressed.

--



David Columbia

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893. **Herb Levy**  
**Re: Donald Davie 1922-1995**  
*Tue 26 Sep 1995*

---

I want to thank Ira for posting this eulogy on Donald Davie.

Herb Levy



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894. **Burt Kimmelman**  
**Re: Renga moan**  
*Tue 26 Sep 1995*

---

jorge,

your list is a good one.and the postings of the sort that fall within the purview of the entries on the list I have found to be not only informative and delightful, but necessary. Why, I can even say the same thing about an occasional renga or two. But really, you must be kidding me. do you expect me to believe that you don't see the differences I have pointed out?

Burt

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895. **Burt Kimmelman**  
**Re: All rengae sound the same**  
*Tue 26 Sep 1995*

---

Whew, Jorge!

I was really worried that I wasn't going to get permission to write rengas! But really, even with a delete command . . . I guess it's like swatting flies; one can even derive some sort of perverse pleasure in eliminating the little buggers, but after a while its just plain old hard work, a bore, and grueling. to say nothing of what the renga phenomenon has done to my poor buffer from time to time.

Burt

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896. **Jorge Guitart**  
**privatizing the renga**  
*Tue 26 Sep 1995*

---

I agree with Charles Bernstein that practice overtakes theory but I don't want the kid next door to bang scales on the piano all day long while I am trying to

do anything with my head. Therefore I have decided to buy that kid an electric keyboard and earphones. As to me, I am leaving the public sector, the U.S. Department of Renga, and returning to private practice. I think I have served honorably though obnoxiously at times for which I apologize. I am going to be a renga consultant, though, and if someone posts a renga, I will probably add a line and send it back to the poster only not to the list. I have already invited a number of people to send lines to me to start on a number of private rengas. Once in a while we can send a \*\*\*closed\*\*\* renga to the list. If anybody wants to unclosure it, do it in the privacy of your home and send it to us.

So on to the next topic. In all seriousness, I think that combatting scientific racism is crucial.

In a lighter artery, anagram practice will never overtake theory so they are ok in my estimation.

And so goodbye, an old rengen never cries, s/he just howls away.

jg

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## 897. **I.LIGHTMAN**

### **Donald Davie 1922-1995**

*Tue 26 Sep 1995*

I'm taking time out from unexpectedly heavy grieving to note the loss of a great British poet, Donald Davie. He and I corresponded and met and, like at least some of the obituary writers on him in recent days, fell out; I wish now, like some of them I suspect, that I had sorted this out, but there always seemed more time to come. I only found out that he'd died when I moved into a new flat and his face was peering out of the obituary page of a newspaper in the bin in the empty room.

He was always used as a whipping boy, an establishment figure to rebel against, and rarely thanked for his critical work recommending not just British poets but British poetry - as a poetry that should be international and should make serious work with language, and let language work on the poet. He was attacked jealously by many who wanted his position of eminence (he could always get an article in the TLS much better than any others there) but who would never do the labour, of writing well at length and dealing with institutions, that Davie did to *\*achieve\** this eminence. It was always assumed that this eminence was somehow given to him, as privilege, and always assumed that he reacted out of fear and stupidity to certain areas of the avant-garde that he didn't favour as much as he favoured Pound. For me, however, his *\*criticisms\** based on *\*reading\** (rather than *\*assent\**) of the British avant-garde stick. See Barry and Hampson eds. *The Scope of The Possible*, Manchester University Press, 1994, for a fine example of such Davie-

bashing. If his criticism was begrudged, his poetry was ignored; yet, its emphasis on language, its sometimes entirely abstract pleasure with difficult syntax and vocabulary, and its constant self-questioning and interest in ideas and epistemology, certainly helped me, as a schoolboy knowing only Philip Larkin, to bridge to Pound and, indeed, the Language Writers - to whom he is much closer in energy and labour and \*vanguardism\* (ie the desire to bring the future in, from the margin, not stay in the margin) than any other post-war British poet. If I were to compare him to a painter, I would say no other had such a fine grasp of one aspect of her or his (colour/pigment/mixing/framing/brushwork) art - for none has the skill below with vocabulary, with verbs, with a form that is both syntactically spacious and \*not\* spare and stripped-down in vocabulary; he is somewhere between Creeley/Neidecker and Yeats, and that amazes me as a feat:

#### OX-BOW

The time is at an end.  
The river swirled  
Into an ox-box bend, but now  
It shudders and re-unites:  
Adversary! Friend!  
  
Adverse currents drove  
This pair apart.  
A twin tormented throe embraced,  
Enisled between them, one  
Quadrant of earth, one grove.  
  
Now for each other they yearn  
Across the eyot  
That the particular flow of each  
Carved out, determined. Now,  
Now to each other they turn.  
  
And it is past belief  
That once they forked;  
Or that, upstream and bypassed, trees  
Mirrored in mid-reach still  
Break into annual leaf.

DONALD DAVIE

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898. **Jim Rosenberg**

**Publications**

Tue 26 Sep 1995

---

[Hmm, I posted this yesterday but got a strange failure message back from parts along the way; I guess it didn't make it to the list. I wonder if cyberspace is trying to tell me something ...]

Since C.B. sayeth one is "breaking the rules" without making official Publication Disclosure:

My latest publication -- not exactly recent ('93) -- is *\_Intergrams\_*, \$19.95, Eastgate Systems, [REDACTED], [REDACTED], fax [REDACTED], 134 Main St Watertown MA 02172 USA, <http://www.eastgate.com/>. It requires a Macintosh with HyperCard (even an old Mac Plus with 1M RAM will do.)

The work prior to that, *\_Diagrams Series 4\_*, is available on-line at:

<http://www.well.com/user/jer/diags4/diags4.html>

The work that came after *\_Intergrams\_*, *\_Diffractions through: Thirst weep ransack (frailty) veer tide elegy\_* has been done for a couple of years, is due out from Eastgate sometime (I have no idea when, they work a bit slowly).

Since all the work described above is electronic, this is a good time to bring up the issue of distribution of electronic writing. Last time I looked into this, SPD didn't carry a single electronic title and didn't seem interested in starting.

Perhaps things have changed, but I don't think so. Those of you who live in the Bay Area would be doing us electronic writers a favor if you took the time to badger the powers that be at SPD about this whenever you drop in.

--

Jim Rosenberg

CIS: 71515,124

WELL: jer

Internet: [REDACTED]

<http://www.well.com/user/jer/>

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899. **Edward Foster**

**Re: WCW**

Tue 26 Sep 1995

---

what you say, ron, appears reasonable but, i think, beside the point. one can read wordsworth, i suppose, for his "contemporary values" (whatever that means) but a poem in blank verse about sublimity and imagination and one's summer in the alps, written today, runs a risk of being either precious or parody. my heavens, what are you doing defending lyricism, but since that

seems the point, welcome! you also seem to be saying (oddly, i should think, for you) to be saying that the poem is free of history. welcome! but now that you're over here, to my pleasure, i suggest h.d. or duncan (particularly within his emerson/h.d. concerns) rather than williams as the interesting place to be. -- why is resistance to williams' first move--not to recycle the past--so difficult to apply to his own past. as for bahktin: he was useful. -ed

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900. **Maria Damon**

***Re: News Too***

*Tue 26 Sep 1995*

---

aldon thanks as always for the disquieting news front. george lipsitz's "The Possessive Investment in Whiteness" will come out in the next American Quarterly, and is good reading for anyone who thinks racism is dead.--md

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901. **Jordan Davis**

***the renga itselfs***

*Tue 26 Sep 1995*

---

if it's boring who made it so or who didn't make it something to behold that is, it's not the weather or the floors it's maybe more like soccer in the office which I too

wish something for it

Jordan Davis

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902. **Mark Roberts**

***zap rengas***

*Tue 26 Sep 1995*

---

zap rengas

this could be a dance, a political movement, or the name of a new poetry magazine.

mark

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903. **Peter Baker**

***New Book***

*Tue 26 Sep 1995*

---

As my first posting, I am listing publishing information for a book recently published by the University Press of Florida.

AUTHOR: Peter Baker  
TITLE: \_Deconstruction and the Ethical Turn\_  
PRESS: University Press of Florida  
DATEP: 1995  
PRICE: \$34.95

From the ad copy:

\_Deconstruction and the Ethical Turn\_ demonstrates the continuing importance of deconstruction and other related movements for current literary theory, insisting on the seriousness of the deconstructive enterprise, its philosophical background, and its possible usefulness for negotiating the political terrain of the postmodern university. Peter Baker deals with the theories of such major figures as Jacques Derrida, Michel Foucault, Jacques Lacan, Emmanuel Levinas and Julia Kristeva. He concentrates on the ways that deconstruction allows for an increased understanding of the ethical reading of texts and disputes the view that it places all decision making in the realm of the text. Deconstruction and related types of critical thinking have real-world effects, he argues, and they offer ways of understanding and resisting intersubjective violence. [...] Peter Baker is associate professor of English at Towson State University, Towson, Maryland, and the author of \_Obdurate Brilliance: Exteriority and the Modern Long Poem\_ (UPF, 1991) and \_Modern Poetic Practice: Structure and Genesis\_ (1985) and coeditor of \_The Scope of Words: In Honor of Albert S. Cook\_ (1991). He is the editor of a book series, Studies in Modern Poetry.

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904. **Fred Muratori**

***An Invitation***

*Tue 26 Sep 1995*

---

I just wanted to invite members of this list to take a look at the Web version of my mss. \_The Spectra\_, a collection of 40+ high-velocity lyrics (sorry, RS -- not sure what else to call 'em). Most have seen mag print (in \_New Directions\_, \_Talisman\_, \_Mudfish\_, \_BAP '94\_, \_Denver Qtly\_ & others) but are yearning mightily toward the bookable, Web or no Web. Some audio included.

The URL is: <http://fmref.library.cornell.edu/spectra.html>

My apologies for the self-advertisement. I do not undertake this lightly, but since I went through the hassle of putting the damned thing up in html, it'd be nice if at least a few folks knew about it.

\*\*\*\*\*

Fred Muratori "Certain themes are incurable."

(██████) - Lyn Hejinian

Reference Services Division  
Olin \* Kroch \* Uris Libraries  
Cornell University  
Ithaca, NY 14853

\*\*\*\*\*

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905. **Willa Jarnagin**  
***Bill Corbett Reading***

*Tue 26 Sep 1995*

---

William Corbett will read work by his favorite poets, including Lorine Niedecker, Basil Bunting, Frank O'Hara, Elizabeth Bishop, Philip Whalen, and others...

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 29, 2 p.m.  
THE BOOKCELLAR CAFE  
1971 Mass. Ave. (Porter Square)  
Cambridge, Mass.

This reading will kick off the new Boston area reading series, Cellar Door Poetry. Cellar Door hopes to pick up where Word of Mouth, the loyally attended Cambridge series run by Michael Franco, left off. Readings will be held once a month (usually the last Sunday) at 2:00, at the Bookcellar Cafe.

For more information or to be on our mailing list, contact:

Willa Jarnagin or Eric Malone  
51 Laurel St. #3  
Somerville MA 02143  
phone: ██████████

(or email me)

--Willa

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906. **David Kellogg**

**Re: News Too (fwd)**

Tue 26 Sep 1995

---

With regard to Dinesh D'Souza: anybody else see the William Raspberry column about the two writers whose names escape me, both black conservatives, who were so incensed by DD'S's book that they publicly dissasociated themselves from the American Enterprise Institute (the "think" tank that ponied up the dough)? It'll be interesting to see if this "study" pits the right against itself: part of me would like to see that, but part of me worries that such an event would lend support to the myth that there is actual political discussion in the U.S.

Cheers,  
David

~~~~~  
~~~~~

|                                                                                     |                             |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| David Kellogg                                                                       | No ideas but in things.     |
| University Writing Program                                                          | --W.C. Williams             |
| Duke University                                                                     |                             |
| Durham, NC 27708                                                                    | No ideas in things, either. |
|  | --John Ashbery              |

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907. **Charles Smith**

**Re: Cecil**

Tue 26 Sep 1995

---

Just thought I'd mention Mr. Taylor's gonna be @ the SF Jazz Fest October 26, both solo & w/ an orchestra which I've heard rumored will be quite large. Takes place @ the Yerba Buena Center for the Arts. I saw Muhal Richard Abrams there among others last March during the Other Minds Festival & it's a great place to hear music.

Not too Rova's celebration of the "30th anniversary of John Coltrane's \_Ascension\_" @ Great American Music Hall Dec 6th. They'll be joined by Glen Spearman, John Tchicai & Raphe Malik among others. Eat yr heart out Herb! or buy a plane ticket...

all best,  
Charles

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908. **Robert Drake**

**Re: Renga moan**

*Tue 26 Sep 1995*

---

thot i shd cast my 2cents, as one who has not found much use for th renga &  
who regularly deletes, for thier continuation--lest the next excess that irritates  
is a pearl before me...

...their...<insert as needed>

lbd

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909. **Pierre Joris**

**MILLENNIUM ANTHOLOGY**

*Tue 26 Sep 1995*

---

We -- Pierre Joris & Jerome Rothenberg -- would like to announce that our  
anthology *\_POEMS FOR THE MILLENNIUM: The University of California Book  
of Modern & Postmodern Poetry\_* (Vol 1: From Fin-de-Siecle to Negritude) has  
just come out. It will probably be a few weeks until copies hit the  
bookstores, but meanwhile, for those interested & unable to wait that long, we  
will post (as a separate, longish e-mail) the Table of Contents to this list.

Here is how UCP describes the book:

The University of California Press is Proud to Announce:

The First Global Anthology of 20th Century Poetry

Poems for the Millennium

The University of California Book of Modern and Postmodern Poetry

Volume One: From Fin-de-Siecle to Negritude

Edited by Jerome Rothenberg and Pierre Joris

0-520-07227-8 \$24.95 paper

800 pages, 6 x 9", 20 b/w illustrations

POEMS FOR THE MILLENNIUM may well be the poetry book-of-the-  
century: a synthesizing and global anthology with an emphasis on those  
international and national movements that have tried to change our ways of  
making poetry and art as a means for changing how we think & act as human  
beings.

This first volume offers three "galleries" of individual poets -- figures like  
Mallarme, Stein, Rilke, Tzara, Mayakovsky, Pound, H.D., Vallejo, Artaud,  
Cesaire, and Tsvetayeva--along with a sampling of the most significant pre-  
World War II movements in poetry and the other arts: -- Futurism,

Expressionism, Dada, Surrealism, "Objectivism," Negritude. The second volume will extend the gathering to the present day, forming a synthesizing and global anthology that goes beyond any existing twentieth-century collection in its cultural scope and experimental range.

Jerome Rothenberg is a poet and one of the world's leading anthologists. His more than fifty books include *\_Technicians of the Sacred: A Range of Poetries from Africa, America, Asia, Europe and Oceania\_* (California, 1985). He is Professor of Visual Arts and Literature at the University of California, San Diego.

Pierre Joris has published over twenty books of poetry as well as many anthologies and translations. He is Associate Professor of English at the State University of New York, Albany.

"The word anthology hardly does justice to Rothenberg and Joris's brilliant reconceptualization of twentieth-century poetry in a global context. This is that rare book that forces us to rethink what the poetic is and can be." -- Marjorie Perloff

"This book is destined to become a fundamental resource for the study of twentieth-century literature and culture. Its importance cannot be overstated." -- Charles Bernstein

"A riveting literary achievement of phenomenal scope and generosity. This illuminating compendium displays the best of humanity's bardic inheritance and vision.... It should be obligatory reading for all scholars, students, writers, and lovers of poetry." -- Anne Waldman

"In an accurately titled *Poems for the Millennium* we can at last sense the scope of the Revolution of the Word that's been in process since Qoh, 1895. There's no other anthology like this one, no other overview so adventuresome." -- Hugh Kenner

"Rothenberg and Joris's anthology gives us, by virtue of its organic structure and inspired choices, the possibility of a kind of situated internationalism.... It is a sourcebook for the future." -- Gary Snyder

"This is not like any other anthology, not a collection of excellences, no absurd imitation of a canon. It's more like a *Handbook of Inventors and Inventions*, or of *Explorers and Discoveries*, that opens up all sorts of pathways for poetry from its past and future to a living present... It is above all a book of possibilities and invitations." -- David Antin

=====

Pierre Joris | "Poems are sketches for existence."

Dept. of English | --Paul Celan  
SUNY Albany |  
Albany NY 12222 | "Revisionist plots  
tel&fax: [REDACTED] | are everywhere and our pronouns haven't yet  
email: | drawn up plans for the first coup."  
[REDACTED] | --J.H. Prynne

=====  
=====

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910. **George Bowering**  
***Re: A non-"poetics" anagram***

*Tue 26 Sep 1995*

---

Well, I guess "anal godling" is a little better than "anal lodging"

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911. **George Bowering**  
***Re: Rights and Rengas***

*Tue 26 Sep 1995*

---

I am willing to hand over rights to publishing my parts of the renga, as long as they are changed by someone else. I presume that all contributors will see whatever becomes of them...

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912. **George Bowering**  
***Re: Minna Street***

*Tue 26 Sep 1995*

---

Hey, Ron, you just reminded me of that great doowap song,  
"Ou Lip the Po in the Po sh Po shPo?"

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913. **Alan Sondheim**  
***Re: MOO***

*Tue 26 Sep 1995*

---

It remains odd to me that the only evidence of the Net upon writing here is the quick response of renga-substance oozing from the list. There are all sorts of possibilities. Below is architecture within Media Moo that I have been working on. This is a partial exploration of the space. (In addition Kim McGlynn and I

have been working on texts through Unix talk, Angela Hunter and I used email lists, Kayo Matsushita and I used circle- muds and lpmuds. All the results go onto Cybermind and Fiction-of-Philosophy email lists.)

-----  
look

Tiffany

dense entanglement of fluid, you-know-language, aural, i course thru u,  
i u, Tiffany course thru alan, Tiffanyalan, breath floods, clitoral,  
eyes stained by u, u lay me out, lance, skin, nipples, on Menstrual  
Table, you-know-language

Obvious exits: out to Living Quarters - 2nd Floor

You see aural here.

l aural

aural-phone, uterine tendrils, extrusions, circulations of internal  
fluids

l Menstrual Table

a dark space of annotations, unreadable, the dinner readied by the  
male, trapped, a web-inversion, violation, fabric: He sees: a lance  
impaled on an endless plain of skin

l lance

holed skin, rimmed with Tiffanyalan

l skin

lance holed with Tiffanyalan or clitoral

l clitoral

clitoris

l clitoris

There appears to be some writing on the note ...

read clitoris

There appears to be some writing on the note ...

a path leads to the tip, plateaus open to frozen space; here, potential fields flow,  
static-electrical discharging, effluvia, curtained sheets rimming Menstrual  
Table. the lance tip leans earthward, sodden with menstrual flows, clots, broken  
writings. your tongue strains, skin against skin, your mouth peels back, your  
teeth in your nipples, your nipples everything in the world.

(You finish reading.)

l nipples

double cones, flattened, holed with clitoral, intensity of Tiffanyalan,  
lanced with you-know-language

l you-know-language

Tiffanyalan  
l Tiffanyalan  
you-know-language, sheen, tongue-rimmed, hole towards u, cum across u,  
she arches, u beneath, pornog, its penis, its vagina, u Tiffanyalan  
you-know-language  
l penis  
I see no "penis" here.  
l vagina  
I see no "vagina" here.  
@quit  
\*\*\* Disconnected \*\*\*  
Connection closed by foreign host.

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914. **George Bowering**  
***Re: Donald Davie 1922-1995***  
*Tue 26 Sep 1995*

---

I think that Lightman's encomium for Davie is apt and shd surely be welcomed. Davie, despite his crankiness in some areas, at least announced to the stiff-necked English p[oetry crowd that there was something happening elsewhere. His poetry sounds a little 19thC English to North American ears, but it sounds a lot more beautiful than the stuff you usually see printed in the establishment papers over there. I think that North Americans always wonder how the hell the Brits ever thought that Larkin was more than a light poet. But Davie rests somewhere between the tight collar and proper vest, and Mr Bunting, say. Maybe closest to someone like Tomlinson, who also had an ear cocked westward. Only time I had a real serious talk with Davie, though, was once when I visited Essex with a view to doing a PhD on Bunting in 1966, and Davie sais not a chance, he was saving him for himself. Better than the prof at Sussex who told me not a chance, he had heard that this Bunting fellow was still alive.

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915. **George Bowering**  
***Re: crow moan weather***  
*Tue 26 Sep 1995*

---

THE WEATHER 2

Strong wind trying to get old  
green leaves off the trees, boughs bend  
reflected in leaf-strewn fish pond,  
a contradiction in is this Fall?

Maple leaves too, curled and brown,  
    caught in the yucca, an orange cat  
hiding behind it, or is that some  
    imposed imagination? Look at the figs  
getting darker between fig leaves getting lighter;  
    there's a ghost has time for flowers  
in October, especially little red ones,  
    because we are somewhere else, a  
clothing store, a racing Pontiac, a lay-away  
    plan called winter numbers on the wall  
inside.

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916. **Mark Scroggins**  
***Re: Donald Davie 1922-1995***  
*Tue 26 Sep 1995*

---

My thanks as well to Ira for the Davie obituary. I remember a pleasant hour spent with him in his office at Vanderbilt University, watching him continually relight his pipe and counsel me, a prospective graduate student, that I would be better off pursuing my honors thesis on Bunting than on Robert Duncan. When I told him how fascinated I was by the eclecticism of Duncan's influences, he shook his head slowly: "Eclectic indeed--rather an eclectic \_fudge\_, I should say." That was my introduction to Bunting's work. Later, he would send me a syllabus for a graduate seminar he had taught on the Objectivists, from which Zukofsky was unaccountably absent(!); "He would have taken up far too much of the semester, with too little reward," was Davie's explanation. I was inclined to dismiss him as an old fart at the time, an impression further strengthened by his scathing review of Williams's collected poems a couple of years later, and his casual dropping (somewhere) of the opinion that Niedecker was on a par with Dickinson--both "minor female poets." But if Davie was never quite vanguard enough for my tastes, he always remained a staunch advocate of a Poundian poetics--not a popular position in England, nor in America, where Helen Vendler takes every opportunity to berate Davie for his "unaccountable" appreciation of Pound. [Speaking of which, does anyone have a citation for the Ashbery interview where he says that Vendler told him (Ashbery) in conversation, "Of course you don't like The Cantos. You have to be a fascist to like The Cantos"?] He was always a graceful writer--not a skill valued by many American academics, nor, unfortunately, by many of those who write about poetry in America--and he was never afraid to hold unpopular opinions. His

Pound books remain useful. His *Under Briggflatts*, while highly spotty, is consistently entertaining. My personal favorite of his books is *A Gathered Church: the Literature of the English Dissenting Interest, 1700-1930*, a lovely and eclectic piece of historical scholarship and criticism.

Mark Scroggins

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917. **Tony Green**

**Re: MOO**

*Tue 26 Sep 1995*

---

More info please on technicalities.

Tony Green,

e-mail: [REDACTED]

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918. **Pierre Joris**

**MILLENNIUM TABLE OF CONTENT**

*Tue 26 Sep 1995*

---

Poems for the Millennium

The University of California Book of Modern and Postmodern Poetry

Volume One: From Fin-de-Siecle to Negritude

Edited by Jerome Rothenberg and Pierre Joris

T a b l e   o f   C o n t e n t s

Forerunners

    Prologue to Forerunners

    William Blake

        "Obey thou the Words of the Inspired Man"

    Friedrich Holderlin

        In the Days of Socrates

    Elias Lonnrot

        From The Kalevala

    Walt Whitman

        This Compost

    Charles Baudelaire

        Fuses I & II

Emily Dickinson

Fascicle 34 Poem 9

Bald Mountain Zaum-Poems

Gerard Manley Hopkins

That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire and of the Comfort  
of the Resurrection

Isidore Ducasse, Comte de Lautreamont

From Maldoror

Arthur Rimbaud

From A Season In Hell

After Bitahatini

From The Night Chant

Stephane Mallarme

From Le Livre

A First Gallery

Stephane Mallarme

A Throw of the Dice Never Will Abolish Chance

C.P. Cavafy

Expecting The Barbarians

Days of 1908

And I Lounged and Lay on their Beds

Adolf Wolfli

Nostalgic Song for My Beloved

from From the Cradle to the Graave, or, through  
working and sweating, suffering and hardship, even through  
prayer into damnation

Match Factory at Chaami 1911

Ruben Dario

Far away and long ago

To Roosevelt

Paul Valery

Crusoe

Alfred Jarry

The Passion of Christ Considered as an Uphill  
Bicycle Race



Gertrude Stein

From Tender Buttons

A Valentine to Sherwood Anderson

From "Lifting Belly"

Rainer Maria Rilke

Death

Tombs of the Hetaerae

The First Duino Elegy

Max Jacob

1914

From The Cock and the Pearl

Andrey Bely

From The Dramatic Symphony

Guillaume Apollinaire

Horse Calligram

Zone

A Phantom of Clouds

The Little Car

From Poems for Lou

From Victoire

Pablo Picasso

A Bottle of Suze

Franz Kafka

Before the Law

Mina Loy

Night Suite, for Piano & Poet's Voice

Ode for Walt Whitman

Dino Campana

Genoa

Fernando Pessoa

"The startling reality of things"

From Maritime Ode

From Oblique Rain

Ezra Pound

Papyrus

The Return

Canto One

Hagiwara Sakutarō

Chair

Spring Night

Lover of Love

So Terrifyingly Melancholy

Blaise Cendrars

The Great Fetishes

From The Prose of the Trans-Siberian and of Little

Jeanne of France

Marcel Duchamp

The 1914 Box

Giuseppe Ungaretti

Three Poems

Morning

Soldiers

Babel

The Rivers

Pierre Reverdy

Secret

Flower Market

Inn

Squares

Vicente Huidobro

Ars Poetica

Cow Boy

Express

Futurisms

Prologue to Futurism I

Carlo Carra:

Demonstration for Intervention in the War

F.T. Marinetti

From The Manifesto of Futurism

Après la Marne, Joffre visita le front en auto

From Zang Tumb Tuuum

Successively

From The Variety Theatre Manifesto

Four Sintesi

Francesco Cangiullo : Detonation

F.T. Marinetti: A Landscape Heard

F.T. Marinetti: They are Coming

Fortunato Depero: Colors

Paolo Buzzi

Finger-Nails

Aldo Palazzeschi

The Stranger

Nuns Go Walking

Prologue to Futurism II

Vassily Kamensky

Constantinople: Ferroconcrete Poem

D. Burliuk, A. Kruchenykh, V. Mayakovsky, V. Khlebnikov

From A Slap in the Face of Public Taste

Velimir Khlebnikov

Incantation by Laughter

Four Poems

From Zangezi

Aleksei Kruchenykh

Declaration of the Word as Such

From Pomade

From the Sahara to America

Vladimir Mayakovsky

Listen

From A Cloud in Trousers

Screaming My Head Off

Mayakovsky's Suicide Note

Anatol Stern

Europa

Expressionism

Prologue to Expressionism

Wassily Kandinsky

Sounds

Chalk and Soot

Else Lasker-Schuler

Chronica

Three Portraits

George Trakl

Georg Grosz  
To the Barbarian:

August Stramm  
Encounter  
Urdeath  
Battlefield

Paul Klee  
The Wolf Speaks  
Poem  
A Friend  
The Happy One  
Poem

Gottfried Benn  
Little Aster  
Lovely Childhood  
Cycle  
Man and Woman Go Through the Cancer Ward  
Night Cafe  
A Bunch of Drifter Sons Hollered

Georg Trakl  
Sleep  
The Evening  
De Profundis  
Revelation and Decline

Dada

Prologue to Dada

Tristan Tzara  
Zurich Chronicle February 1916

Hugo Ball  
The Sun  
From Flight Out of Time  
The Complete Sound-Poems of Hugo Ball

Tristan Tzara  
Metal Coughdrops  
Chanson Dada  
From Dada Manifesto on Feeble Love and Bitter Love  
The Great Lament of My Obscurity Three

Richard Huelsenbeck

"We Hardly"

Richard Huelsenbeck, Marcel Janko, Tristan Tzara

L'Amiral cherche une maison a louer

Hans Arp

Kaspar Is Dead

People

The Great Unrestrained Sadist

The Man. The Woman

Francis Picabia

Spermal Chimney

From Eunuch Unique

Portrait de Tristan Tzara

Marcel Duchamp

Speculations

SURcenSURE

Cast Shadows

Else von Freytag-Loringhoven

Affectionate

Holy Skirts

Kurt Schwitters

Desire

Portrait of Herwath Walden

Anna Blossom Has Wheels

Murder Machine 43

From Ur Sonata

Theo van Doesburg

Still Life: The Table

Remembrance of the Founts of Night

G. Ribemont-Dessaignes

Artichokes

Andre Breton

The Mystery Corset

Andre Breton & Philippe Soupault

From The Magnetic Fields

A Second Gallery

William Butler Yeats  
From A Vision and The Second Coming

Gertrude Stein  
Identity a Poem

Rainer Maria Rilke  
The Eighth Duino Elegy

Wallace Stevens  
Dance of the Macabre Mice  
Connoisseur of Chaos

James Joyce  
From Ulysses

William Carlos Williams  
The Locust Tree in Flower  
Paterson

D.H. Lawrence  
Tortoise Shout

Ezra Pound  
Canto 32  
Canto 51

H.D. (Hilda Doolittle)  
From Tribute to the Angels

Marianne Moore  
Sea Unicorns and Land Unicorns

T.S. Eliot  
[The Waste Land]

St.- John Perse  
From Anabasis

Edith Sitwell  
From Facade  
Still Falls the Rain  
The Madwoman in the Park

Osip Mandelstam  
From Tristia  
Whoever Finds a Horseshoe  
Poem No. 286 (On Stalin)  
The Charlie Chaplin Poem  
Last Poems

Edith Sodergran

Hell

Vierge Moderne

Instinct

Cesar Vallejo

From Trilce: IX, XXV, LXXV

The Hungry Man's Wheel

Telluric and Magnetic

Vicente Huidobro

From Altazor: Cantos I, VI, VII

Jorge de Lima

Distribution of Poetry

Papa John

The Enormous Hand

Poem of Any Virgin

J.V. Foix

When I Sleep, Then I See Clearly

I Arrived in That Town, Everyone Greeted Me, and I  
Recognized No One. When I Was Going to Read My Verses,  
the Devil, Hidden Behind a Tree, Called Out to Me  
Sarcastically and Filled My Hands with Newspaper  
Clippings

Marina Tsvetayeva

From "The Poem of the End"

e.e. cummings

No Thanks, No. 70

Poem, or Beauty Hurts Mr. Vinal

Lucian Blaga

I will not Crush the World's Corolla of Wonders

Psalm

Jacob Glatshetyn

To a Friend Who Wouldn't Bother to Strain His  
Noodleboard Because Even So It Is Hard to Go Hunting When  
Your Rifle Is Blunt and Love Is Soft As an Old Blanket

Eugenio Montale

The Lemon Trees

The Eel

Little Testament

Paul van Ostaijen  
The Murderers

Hart Crane  
The Mango Tree  
The Circumstance  
O Carib Isle!

Frederico Garcia Lorca  
Night Suite, for Piano & Poet's Voice  
Ode for Walt Whitman

## Surrealism

Prologue to Surrealism

Andre Breton  
From Manifesto of Surrealism (1924)

Robert Desnos  
Trance Event

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Andre Breton  
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Free Union  
Poem-Object  
On The Road to San Romano  
Go-for-Broke

Philippe Soupault  
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Route  
Life-Saving Medal  
Sporting Goods  
Sunday  
Comrade

Louis Aragon  
Poem to Shout in the Ruins

Benjamin Peret  
My Final Agonies  
Joan of Arc  
On All Fours



Robert Desnos

Cuckoo

Midway

Epitaph

Tristan Tzara:

Maison Aragon

From The Approximate Man

Gisele Prassinis

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A Conversation

Paul Eluard/Andre Breton

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"Objectivists"

Prologue to "Objectivists"

Ezra Pound

Vortex.Pound.

William Carlos Williams

From Spring and All

Louis Zukofsky

From Poem beginning "The"

George Oppen

Discrete Series

Charles Reznikoff

Testimony

Carl Rakosi

A Journey Away

Basil Bunting

From The First Book of Odes

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Vestiges  
The Orotava Road

Negritude

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Aime Cesaire

Macumba Word

Aime Cesaire & Rene Depestre

From Discourse on Colonialism

Leopold Sedar Senghor

Speech and Image: An African Tradition of the Surreal

Taga for Mbaye Dyob

Man and Beast

The Kaya-Magan

Leon Damas

Just Like the Legend

S.O.S.

Hiccups

Aime Cesaire

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The Miraculous Weapons

A Third Gallery

Anna Ahkmatova

Requiem

Nelly Sachs

Chorus of the Dead

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From A Drunk Man Looks at the Thistle

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Daydreaming on the Trail

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Three Fragments  
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Melvin Tolson  
From The Harlem Gallery: Book I, the Curator

Henri Michaux  
From Slices of Knowledge  
Tomorrow

Francis Ponge  
The Oyster  
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Wen Yiduo (Wen I-to)  
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George Seferis  
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Laura Riding  
Elegy in a Spider's Web

Gyula Illyes  
A Winter Memory  
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Nazim Hikmet  
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Langston Hughes  
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Carlos Drummond de Andrade  
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"A" 1

Kenneth Rexroth

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Birthday Party  
4 or 5 Tadpoles  
Skylarks and Fuji

Gunnar Ekelof

Like Ankle-Rings, This Music  
If You Ask Me  
Absentia Animi

Rene Char

From Leaves of Hypnos

Roger Gilbert-Lecomte

Preface or The Drama of Absence in an Eternal Heart  
  
The Son of the Bone Speaks  
Old Precept of the Dead World  
Wink

Rene Daumal

From Clavicles for a Great Poetic Game  
Persephone That is to Say Double Issue  
Short Revelation Concerning Death and Chaos

Miklos Radnoti

The Angel of Dread  
Seventh Eclogue

Yi Sang

From Crow's-Eye-View  
Paper Memorial Stone  
Soyong Problems  
From Critical Condition

Muriel Rukeyser

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Octavio Paz

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A Book of Origins

Prologue to Origins

Confucius / Ezra Pound

From The Great Digest

Orpingalik (Netsilik Eskimo / Inuit)

"Songs are thoughts, sung out with the breath..."

Arunta (Australia)

Alcheringa Definitions

Leopold Sedar Senghor

LThe African image is not an image by equation..."

Allama Prabhu (Kannada, India)

For the Lord of Caves

Clayton Eshleman

Placements I

Robert Duncan

From "Rites of Participation"

Amiri Baraka (LeRoi Jones)

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Aborigine Sound Poem (Australia)

Lily Events (Arnhem Land, Australia)

From The Goulburn Island Cycle (Arnhem Land, Australia)

Tristan Tzara

From Poemes Negres

The Dance of the Greased Women

Tropical Winter

Awotunde Aworinde

From Ifa Suite in Praise of the Yoruba Oracle

Aime Cesaire

Ex-Voto for a Shipwreck

Three for Bear

Seven Songs & Song Pictures

Richard Johnny John, Jerome Rothenberg, Ian Tyson

Songs from the Society of the Mystic Animals

Simon Ortiz

Telling About Coyote

From Cantares Mexicanos

Maria Sabina

From The Midnight Velada

The 13th Horse Song of Frank Mitchell

From The I Ching

The Marrying Maiden

Jackson Mac Low

Mani-Mani Gatha

Ezra Pound

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Charles Olson

The Song of Ullikummi

Armand Schwerner

Tablet V

From The Thunder, Perfect Mind

Diane Di Prima

From Loba

Doc Reese

Ol' Hannah

Naftali Bacharach

A Poem for the Sefirot as a Wheel of Light

Jacques Gaffarel

Celestial Alphabet Event

Edmond Jabes

[↑ Contents](#)919. **Alan Sondheim****Re: MOO***Tue 26 Sep 1995*


---

A MOO is a MUD-Object-Oriented, and a MUD is a multi-user-domain or dungeon; these developed out of role-playing games like Dungeons and Dragons. The MUDs developed into various other forms, and the MOO is one of them; it's a textual space, a virtual (textual) environment in which users can both talk to one another in real time, and building/construct various rooms, objects, etc. - again, all textual. LambdaMOO was the first, began by Pavil Curtis at xeroxparc; Media MOO is run by the MIT Media Lab (it's overt virtual space is that of the lab itself); and PMC Moo, which I'm "active" on, is down at the moment, coming back as PMC2 (post-modern-culture, run out of the University of Virginia). To get to Media MOO, telnet:

telnet 18.85.0.48 8888

and sign in as guest. Some commands: help gives you all kinds of information; @go #<number> takes you to a location as in

@go #2014

which will take you to Tiffany;

say &lt;xyz&gt;

results in someone else reading

Guest says "xyz"

@join &lt;name&gt;

takes you to name, and

emote is feeling happy

results in someone else reading

Guest is feeling happy.

There are a number of commands; it takes a while to get used to it, but becomes simpler as you go along. I've not been on Lambda, which has thousands of users; Media is almost empty. PMC has been going through a lot of politics and is changing as I've said.

These programs can run 35-40 megabytes, although the basics are around 4 megabytes; they also run in RAM and are downloaded several times a day, in case of disk failure. The most sophisticated, like Media, have libraries and research tools within them, like gopher and ftp access, usable by groups of people at a time.

Alan

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920. **Alan Sondheim**  
**Re: crow moan weather**  
*Tue 26 Sep 1995*

---

This reminded me of in the mountains work I have done; this weekend I was in the mountains with two women both of whom had their brothers commit suicide this past year. & one of the brothers had seen The Crow and wanted to come back as a crow and help people and had said that shortly before he died. & he hung himself on a jungle gym. In the mountains I stayed in his room and a week before the anniversary of his death a dead crow was found in the center of his bed. & everyone is scared.

Alan

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921. **Ryan Knighton**  
**METHOD**  
*Tue 26 Sep 1995*

---

METHOD

|               |            |           |        |          |           |
|---------------|------------|-----------|--------|----------|-----------|
| under glass   | the sphynx | purrs     | table  | sunshine |           |
| heiroglyphics | my cat     | sleeps    | yawns  | away     | 3000years |
| toppleddown   | tired      |           | maybe  | Ellie    | still     |
| stirs         | sheds      | a coat of |        |          | museum    |
| dust then     |            | with her  | bedlam | tongue   |           |

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922. **Marjorie Perloff**  
**Re: Donald Davie**  
*Wed 27 Sep 1995*

---

I too mourn the loss of Donald Davie! I first met Donald at one of those Pound conferences at Orono and he was feisty and terrific: I like his first Pound book very much, ARTICULATE ENERGY even better. But he was a very difficult and self-destructive person. When I published my Frank O'Hara book, he wrote me a letter scolding me for writing about such a terrible person and objected vehemently to Frank's being gay. "The Muse," he told me, "is female!" and so GAYS CAN'T WRITE POETRY! An amazing, absurd letter. He took the line, "I drink to keep from getting bored," and said "If he's so bored let him leave poetry to those of us who are not bored!" etc etc.

At some point in the 70s, he seemed to derail somewhat. Having been such a passionate fighter for the new, he left Stanford first for Vanderbilt (which he sadly and mistakenly took for the "Old South") and then back to England and



became increasingly pugnacious and defensive. I suspect it was because he felt his poetry wasn't getting its due--and it's true (to my mind) that DD was much better critic than poet. But he did write some wonderful reviews (collected in Barry Alpert's book) and essays on Pound. One of the best is the one about a walking tour in Provence and how geography works in poetry. He wrote brilliantly about syntax: the difference a shift to the past tense could make. But his politics became increasingly problematic as did his social/cultural attitudes--and so it was a sad last few years.

It's interesting to me that Ira is so keen on the poetry--makes me want to go back and reread.

Marjorie Perloff

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923. **R I Caddel**

**Donald Davie**

*Wed 27 Sep 1995*

---

Good to read so many positive testimonials to Donald Davie. Like many I grew up with his criticism around me, particularly the Pound work, and I'll miss him, grumpiness and all. It seemed to fall on me to disagree with him in public quite a lot - such as (a) when he suggested that the Native North Americans are absent from Lorine Niedecker's Lake Superior, (b) when he argued that Bunting was a poet of religious orthodoxy and (c) when he asserted that Zukofsky wasn't worth talking about. So that when we met we were both a little surprised to find that the other wasn't as fierce as we'd expected. The remarkable thing was that he did generally continue talking about such people when most UK "establishment" critics didn't.

In his south-yorkshire bloody-mindedness ("the Geoff Boycott of literature" someone said) Davie was very like the late Eric Mottram - a comparison which would make both of them grumble a lot. But where Davie came to assert tradition and authority, Mottram remained committed to everything radical. With mentors like these, what shall we do but go schizophrenic? And miss them both, in their various ways.

|                                 |                                 |                             |
|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| x                               | x x Richard Caddel,             | E-                          |
| mail: R.I.Caddel @ durham.ac.uk | x x Durham University Library,  | Phone:                      |
| 0 [REDACTED]                    | x x Stockton Rd. Durham DH1 3LY | Fax: 0 [REDACTED]           |
| x x                             | x x                             | "Words! Pens are too light. |
| Take a chisel to write."        | x x                             | - Basil Bunting             |
| x x                             | x                               |                             |

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924. **R I Caddel**  
***Re: Rights and Rengas***  
*Wed 27 Sep 1995*

---

Whoops! Sorry to tread thus upon Charles's toes - I'd deleted all previous postings on this (as I had all Rengas) and had forgotten that anyone had dissented. It's a nice point, and you could all waste many legal \$\$\$ on it if you're so inclined: (a) one refusal to reproduce does indeed scupper the whole collaborative project, unless it can be agreed that (b) it was a collaborative project from the outset, with everyone accepting the possibility of collective revision.

I must say it looked pretty collaborative to me, from the outside - but can I join those urging the Renga set to go into the back room and sort it amongst themselves?

RC

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925. **R I Caddel**  
***Meanwhile, back in the Orient...***  
*Wed 27 Sep 1995*

---

Has anyone mentioned the latest Parataxis? It's an anthology of Chinese poetry in translation:

ORIGINAL : Chinese Language-Poetry Group, translated by Jeff Twitchell from contemporary Chinese poetry by the ORIGINALS, Che Qianzi, Zhou Yaping, Yi Cun, Hong Liu, Huang Fan and Xian Meng, including manifestoes, letters, critical sketches and an afterword by J.H.Prynne.

Parataxis #7, 1995, four pounds, from Drew Milne, School of English and American Studies, University of Sussex, Falmer, Brighton, BN1 9QN, UK.

RC

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926. **Blair Seagram**  
***or***  
*Wed 27 Sep 1995*

---

on Tues 26 Sept, Mark Roberts wrote:

zap rengas=8A

or The Zenga Rap

on Mon 25 Sept Jordan Davis wrote:

don't forget the old  
"is there really a David  
Ayre"

this is a Les Ayre

TC/PG  
BS

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927. **H. T. KIRBY-SMITH**

*Rengas and Williams*

Wed 27 Sep 1995

---

Although I spoke kindly of the renga and asked to print a piece of it, it does begin to seem like one of those dancing diseases that they caught in the Middle Ages.

I wouldn't want to make more trouble for anyone, but a few simple electronic commands on the Buffalo listserver would set up another list called "Renga" --or maybe "Rengaroom"--no that has too many letters.

Meantime, I think I have come across something that illustrates exactly what Williams did for us in writing "Spring and All." Compare that poem with this one, copyright 1911, by Cordie Webb Ingram whose face peers out with innocent wonder from the frontespiece of her collection of poems, published by Broadway Publishing.

SPRINGTIME

By Cordie Webb Ingram

It is springtime, happy springtime, once again,  
All Nature seems aroused as if from sleep;  
The bird's notes thrill us--oh, so clear and deep--  
The western zephyrs round us gently sweep,  
And whisper promises of joy for pain.

There is a hint of active life within the wood;  
The brown, bare limbs of winter turning green,  
The bare earth woos a fresher, brighter, sheen,  
The subtle sunlight steals the leaves, between,  
As if these children of the forest understood.

The frisky squirrel leaps from bough to bough  
[I don't think I care to type in more about the squirrel]

There is a mighty whispering 'neath the soil.  
The infant plants anticipate the light,  
And vaguely dream of time, when they bedight,  
Will flaunt themselves in shades, red, green, and white;  
Transition strange, accomplished without toil.

[after several more stanzas the poem ends with the assertion that "sweet Springtime...keeps us daily from the Tempter's snare."]

Now Williams:

By the road to the contagious hospital  
under the surge of the blue  
mottled clouds driven from the  
northeast--a cold wind. Beyond, the  
waste of broad, muddy fields  
brown with dried weeds, standing and fallen

patches of standing water  
the scattering of tall trees

All along the road the reddish  
purplish, forked, upstanding, twiggy  
stuff of bushes and small trees  
with dead, brown leaves under them  
leafless vines--

Lifeless in appearance, sluggish  
dazed spring approaches--

They enter the new world naked,  
cold, uncertain of all  
save that they enter. All about them  
the cold, familiar wind--

Now the grass, tomorrow  
the stiff curl of wildcarrot leaf

One by one objects are defined--  
It quickens: clarity, outline of leaf

But now the stark dignity of  
entrance--Still, the profound change  
has come upon them: rooted they  
grip down and begin to awaken.

It would be easy to write pages of commentary comparing these two poems. A couple of similarities seem to me even more remarkable than all their

differences. But Williams's is like some huge and at first discordant organ blast--and yet completely unpretentious.

Tom Kirby-Smith

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928. **Rachel Loden**  
***Golding/Bernstein/APR***

*Wed 27 Sep 1995*

---

Last week, Alan Golding wrote:

Burt K. mentioned Hank's APR essay. I actually think APR has always been a bit more eclectic than it's given credit for, but its eclecticism has less the quality of a commitment to multiple writing practices, more the quality of the startled twitch that one gives when one is suddenly woken up. ("Oops, looks like we'd better pay attention to this, even if we are 15 or 20 years late.") To put this another way, it's not yet clear to me that we're seeing, in APR, more than a kind of belated tokenism attached to one of the big names of LP. Charles is acutely attuned to these institutional/literary-sociological issues, it seems to me. I don't agree, then, Burt, that APR has published work of his in a traditionally APR mode. The poems they've carried are, in my reading, progressively more blatant gestures of resistance to and satires on that mode. If the editors don't get it after publishing the last one, "Memories," then I feel sorry for them. (And if they've already gotten it and aren't letting on, then good for them.) The real test for APR will be to see if they start publishing lesser-known or under-published "experimental" writers, as they do with their flush-left-first-persons.

--AG doesn't mention that a chapter in his book *\_From Outlaw to Classic\_* (U of Wisconsin, 1995), deals with this very subject in some depth--Bernstein, APR, and the subversive nature of his appearances there. (Chapter 5, "Provisionally complicit resistance"). Good stuff--

Rachel Loden

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929. **Mark Wallace**  
***Poetic Briefs #19***

*Wed 27 Sep 1995*

---

Poetic Briefs #19, The Review Issue, featuring short commentaries on a large number of new books of poetry, is now available. PB #19 also features a special supplement--"Emerging Avant Garde Writers and the 'Post-Language Crisis,'" an essay by Mark Wallace. Poetic Briefs is encouraging responses on the supplement around the issues and problems facing new and emerging

avant garde writers. What roles are we playing? What places do we find ourselves in? What problems of form/finances/culture face emerging avant garde writers? Poetic Briefs encourages any and all short (and even longer) responses. The new address for Poetic Briefs:

Poetic Briefs  
2510 Highway 100 South #333  
St. Louis Park, MN 55416

Subscriptions are \$10 for six 16-pg. issues, or \$3 for a single or back issue.

(I'm posting this message for Jeff Hansen and Elizabeth Burns, who will be joining us on-line very soon.)

mw

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930. **Mark Wallace**

***bland abstract lyrics, or you've got wheat in your eye***

*Wed 27 Sep 1995*

---

Ron Silliman's side comment, a few days ago, that "bland abstract lyrics" are now the dominant strain of avant garde writing in 1995 is a criticism that emerging avant garde writers need to pay close attention to. The silence attending his remark (which, admittedly, he made on the side of other concerns) is disturbing. Do the younger avant garde writers on this list accept Ron's characterization? Are the potential implications of such a comment (that new avant garde writers are out of touch, apolitical, or otherwise spaced out) also things that you accept? I think that there's a far vaster range of committed, intelligent, and innovative emerging writers out there than such a comment would imply, although it may be true that there's more bland abstract disengagement than we ought to be comfortable with. Whatever the truth of Ron's statement, is it acceptable for younger writers to let an older, justifiably respected writer such as Ron Silliman be the only commentator on this list on the subject of what emerging avant garde writers are up to? Would not quiet on this subject imply a (perhaps unintentional) public agreement, an implied agreement that we ought very definitely to challenge?

Mark Wallace

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931. **Hank Lazer**

**Re: Donald Davie**

Wed 27 Sep 1995

---

My one vivid recollection of Donald Davie comes from the late 1960s, at Stanford. Bruce Franklin, who was organizing an armed militia (The Venceremos Brigade), would challenge fellow faculty members to political debates. Franklin was quite popular with the students; he was also a quick thinker. Nearly all of the faculty refused the offer of a public debate. (Bear in mind, these teach-ins took place during a series of three successive springs when we shut down the campus.) Davie was the only one who took up Franklin's offer. The position that Davie took, which befuddled nearly everyone, was an advocacy of the value of irony, a position which he articulated based in part on some writings by Thomas Mann....

Hank Lazer

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932. **Burt Kimmelman**

**Re: MOO**

Wed 27 Sep 1995

---

i'm not sure what tony green has meant in his posting by "techniquilities" but i confess to be intrigued by this. could i be let in too?

burt kimmelman



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933. **Jorge Guitart**

**Re: bland abstract lyrics, or you've got wheat in your eye**

Wed 27 Sep 1995

---

Thank you, Mark, for bringing this up.

Since I would very much like to learn from the old avant guardists I would need some \*\*\*concrete\*\*\* examples of bland abstract lyrics so as to avoid them and of nonbland nonabstract lyrics so as to emulate them.

Jorge

On Wed, 27 Sep 1995, Mark Wallace wrote:

*Ron Silliman's side comment, a few days ago, that "bland abstract lyrics" are now the dominant strain of avant garde writing in 1995 is a criticism that emerging avant garde writers need to pay close attention to. The silence attending his remark (which, admittedly, he made on the*

side of other concerns) is disturbing. Do the younger avant garde writers on this list accept Ron's characterization? Are the potential implications of such a comment (that new avant garde writers are out of touch, apolitical, or otherwise spaced out) also things that you accept? I think that there's a far vaster range of committed, intelligent, and innovative emerging writers out there than such a comment would imply, although it may be true that there's more bland abstract disengagement than we ought to be comfortable with. Whatever the truth of Ron's statement, is it acceptable for younger writers to let an older, justifiably respected writer such as Ron Silliman be the only commentator on this list on the subject of what emerging avant garde writers are up to? Would not quiet on this subject imply a (perhaps unintentional) public agreement, an implied agreement that we ought very definitely to challenge?

Mark Wallace

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934. **Daniel Bouchard/College/hmco**

***Re: bland abstract lyrics, or you've got wheat in your eye***

Wed 27 Sep 1995

My mail system was "down" for a few days so I missed Ron's original posting. I am gladly unsure whether my own poetry would be considered "avant garde," but because I fall into the "young" category I wanted to voice my opinion. My poetry is certainly not bland or abstract, altho at times it is lyrical. It is also consciously political: in strains of Olson, Howe, Rexroth, Baraka, Patchen, Oppen, Duncan and Silliman. I can relate, however, with the generalizations made about young writers today as implied by Mark's questions. There are few writers my age I know who have political concerns- or at least who let those concerns show in their poetry. They may admire the poets I listed but not for the same reasons: that their poetry possesses attentions to the past and present and regards politics as a major player in individual lives. On the other hand, there are more poets my age I have neither read nor met than otherwise. I cannot agree that any generational issues can be firmly characterized while that generation is still "emerging." As for "letting" Ron be the only commentator about what emerging writers are up to: well, he's no longer the only one. Altho, I've learned much from Ron's writings, and am always interested in what he has to say.

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935. **Beth Russell**  
**CALL FOR WORK**

Wed 27 Sep 1995

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CALL FOR WORK  
VISUAL BEHAVIORS/Digital PRODUCTIONS

THE LITTLE MAGAZINE VOL.21B, an extension of the Volume 21 CD-ROM project, is now accepting work suitable for electronic publication on the World Wide Web. We are looking particularly for writing, (poetry, fiction, criticism, theory or multi-genre work), visual and sound art conceived as multi-media: visual/verbal/aural/textual and hypertextual collaborations. We invite you to exercise the possibilities in ways WE haven't even thought of (and we lay awake pondering these things at night.) The limits (as always) are only those which the technology still places on the imagination and vice versa. The proposed theme of the upcoming magazine is VISUAL BEHAVIORS. Please feel free to stretch and manipulate this theme to suit your purposes. Send work from September 1, 1995 through February 1996. Sooner is better.

SEND TO: WWW Editorial Collective  
THE LITTLE MAGAZINE  
Department of English  
University at Albany  
Albany, New York 12222  
E-mail: [REDACTED]  
or [REDACTED]

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936. **Ken Edwards**  
**Royal Albert Hall Do-wingy**  
Wed 27 Sep 1995

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Responding to William Northcutt - I have here a leaflet advertising this bash. You can get tickets in advance from the promoter, Goldmark, Orange Street, Uppingham, Rutland, UK, telephone 01572 821 424. They cost 15 pounds, 12 pounds 50 and 10 pounds. But I should imagine you'd get in if you turn up at the Albert Hall on the day. (Which is 16 Oct, at 7.30pm.)

Goldmark is run by Mike Goldmark, the eccentric second-hand book dealer and gallery owner who championed Iain Sinclair by privately publishing his first novel, White Chappell.

I can't imagine this venture will be other than a financial disaster but I'm intrigued to hear the mix (Kathy Acker and Sorley MacLean on the same bill? Our own cris cheek with Ginsberg?), so we shall see...

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937. **Ken Edwards**

***All renga sound the same***

*Wed 27 Sep 1995*

---

It is / they are beginning to remind me of the blob in the eponymous film.

Steve McQueen, where are you?

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938. **Mark Roberts**

***AWOL Small press distribution***

*Wed 27 Sep 1995*

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AWOL Small press distribution

four W magazine now available from Gleebooks

four W is a literary magazine published by the Wagga Wagga Writers Writers with the assistance of Booranga, The Riverina Writers' Centre at Charles Sturt University.

Issue 5, which is currently available from Gleebooks 49 Glebe Point Road Glebe NSW phone (02) 6602333, includes poetry and prose by Dorothy Porter, Steve Evans, Jeff Guess, Tim Thorne, Kate Llewellyn, Ken Boulton & John Jenkins, Richard James Allen, Coral Hull, MTC Cronin, Myron Lysenko, David Gilbey, Margaret Bradstock, Rory Harris, David King, Kyle Powderly, Mark O'Flynn, Archimede Fusillo and many more.

Issue 6, together with The Famous Reporter, Hermes, A Familiar Need: An Anthology of Poems from the Maitland & Hunter River Region edited by Bruce Copping - Nimrod Publications, Brian Purcell's Lovely Infestation - we make u sick press and Sheila Murphy's A Clove of Gender - Stride Press (UK) and Pure Mental Breath - Gesture Press (Canada), should be available from a quality Sydney bookshop near you shortly.

These titles are distributed in Sydney by Australian Writing On Line, PO Box 333 Concord NSW. Phone (02) [REDACTED], Fax (02) [REDACTED].

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939. **Graham John Sharpe**  
*Re: millennium table of contents*

Wed 27 Sep 1995

---

it is an exciting list of names in the anthology. in the Thrid Gallery David Jones is mentioned. Could i ask what selection has been chosen from his work. it's a real shocker to even see him recognized, so i'm not about to fuss what the selection is.

just call me curious and an anglo-welsh fan

graham

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940. **Jeff Hansen**  
*newpoets*

Wed 27 Sep 1995

---

Hi! I'm Jeff Hansen, and I've just subscribed.

mark Wallace's challenge to emerging poets to answer Silliman's claim that we are producing boring lyrics is worth paying attention to. How many young poets has Ron read? Should he have much authority if he does not know much about us? Could he name names please?

the reason i ask for such specificity is because, well, of course some of us are boring lyric writers. but aren't most poets in any generation not going to set the world on fire? Many of us do not write lyrics, and those that do cannot be easily dismissed. Can the work of Juliana Spahr be considered bland lyrics? For heaven sakes, she collages together material that she heard on Oprah! Is Stephen-Paul Martin considered part of this younger generation? If so, how can his "The Flood" (Runaway Spoon Press) be considered lyrical? It uses an electric typewriter to create the most arresting visual poetry I have yet to encounter. And who's to say that the lyric is entirely outmoded? If what Silliman wants of a new generation us formal aesthetic novelty, I doubt he'll get it from us. But, as has often been mentioned, the "make it new" manifesto is now standard marketing tool for corporate America (new and improved ERA meets new and improved experimental poetry.)

May i suggest that "what's new" about this generation is its abject refusal to believe that new techniques are better techniques, that we must forge ahead into the wild blue yonder of aesthetic innovation, etc. Isn't there plenty of room for experiment, exploration, and expression in the forms already available? And if that makes me appear conservative, then where do you wnat us to go? Into

poems composed of keyboard symbols such as &\*\*\*((^%^^\$~!@??? Seems boring.

The wild blue yonder school of poetic innovation may have hit a wall, because what's on the other side, after we break on through, might be nothing more than innovation for innovation's sake. The advantage of working within the "avant-garde" network is that it gives us a much wider assortment of formal strategies, not that it sends us out.

Far Out Jeff Hansen

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941. **Reginald Johanson**

***bland abstract lyrics***

Wed 27 Sep 1995

As a young writer I would like to see some examples of what Ron Silliman sees as "bland abstract lyrics" too.

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942. **Pierre Joris**

***Re: millennium table of contents***

Wed 27 Sep 1995

Good question, Graham -- the answer is "none" -- for the 6 pages from \_In Parenthesis\_ we wanted to include, Faber&Faber asked a permission fee of more than \$2000 (two thousand dollars), something quite unacceptable to us. We decided, however, to leave his name in as well the commentary on his work we had written. Jones is indeed one of the most remarkable "British", well, anglo-welsh poets of that period & someone whose work should be known & read much more widely. -- Pierre

*it is an exciting list of names in the anthology. in the Third  
Gallery David Jones is mentioned. Could i ask what selection has been  
chosen from his work. it's a real shocker to even see him recognized,  
so i'm not about to fuss what the selection is.*

*just call me curious and an anglo-welsh fan*

*graham*

=====

Pierre Joris | "Poems are sketches for existence."

Dept. of English | --Paul Celan  
SUNY Albany |  
Albany NY 12222 | "Revisionist plots  
tel&fax: [REDACTED] | are everywhere and our pronouns haven't yet  
email: | drawn up plans for the first coup."  
[REDACTED] | --J.H. Prynne

=====  
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943. **Gale Nelson**

***Re: bland abstract lyrics, or you've got wheat in your eye***

Wed 27 Sep 1995

I find it an interesting leap for Mark to make that Ron was necessarily referring to younger writers as being those for whom the air was coming out of the lyrical balloon. If we accept the bait, that Ron is casting doubt on a new generation (rather than, say, his casting a wider net of concern over poetry generally), then perhaps a younger generation will have to articulate the multiplicity of designs it has on the future of poetics. Variantly, if Ron's concern is more general, then everyone is welcome to leap in, and contemplate.

Question. Where does the younger generation begin? End? What can be said to be holding it together? What could be said to be holding together the previous generation? How do we define the parameters of that generation? Is it useful to generalize (say, poets from city x like to write about boats, whereas those from city b are likely to use gerunds a great deal, and poets who are friends with a tend to disdain representation...). Are movements in poetry fluid or static? Are poets?

Gale Nelson

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944. **Jordan Davis**

***Deguy/Wright/abstract***

Wed 27 Sep 1995

Michel Deguy and Kenneth Koch will read on Thursday October 5 at 8 p.m. at Maison Francaise, New York University.

\*

Anybody read Jay Wright?

\*

I admire the abstract lyric. I have yet to stop reading anything anyone here says not to read. I like certain bland things, they cleanse. Is that transitive? Do I have to give up the blandness of Henry James, or the blandness of William Carlos Williams, or the blandness of Robert Duncan (a wildly interesting bland and abstract poet) to appreciate the blandness of Bruce Andrews I mean badboyness? Mark, I think it will be intensely boring to defend the younger generation. What Ron asked was, how did it happen that the bland abstract (one-page) lyric poem became the norm. It might be better to keep nattering away at how this (alleged) change happened. I blame the blandness of John Ashbery or rather the blandness of the vapor that settles over the reader who tries to follow his seductive jumps. Imitators produce works that mimic his jumps and connections without and I know I'm treading on you (not you Mark, whose work seems ((productively)) closer to John Godfrey's work) both the cerulean and the gunk. But I'm wrong, of course, in something like the way Ron is wrong.

Jordan Davis

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945. **David Columbia**

***Re: bland abstract lyrics, or you've got wheat in your eye***

*Wed 27 Sep 1995*

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All I remember Ron S. saying was that he wondered how we got from SPRING & ALL to "bland, one-page, abstract lyrics." It wasn't clear to me that he meant orthodox or anti-orthodox, young or old, etc. But I took the "bland" as the principal indictment, guessing that he didn't mean to suggest that, say, Coolidge or Scalapino abstract one-pagers were (are) worthless. I'm anxious to hear Ron's response to all this -- I wonder if he's just letting this all go on to see where it goes. I'm just as interested to know about Barret Watten's recent "ambivalence" toward poetry, if Ron feels like filling us in. -- [REDACTED] David Columbia

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946. **Tony Green**

***Re: MOO***

*Wed 27 Sep 1995*

---

Burt K: the word is a portmanteau: "techniqalities" composed on the instant, for "how the hell do you do these things?" that Alan Sondheim mooted. To which by now his reply will be known to all. Best

Tony Green,

e-mail: [REDACTED]

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947. **Tony Green**  
**Re: Rengas and Williams**

Wed 27 Sep 1995

---

WCW as a rewriter, by juxtaposition is a nice move. How about Ed's critical jaundice re WCW emerging as further rewrite of spring poems quoted by H.T.Kirby-Smith? How shd it look late in 1995, or shd we wait till Spring 1996? Best

Tony Green,  
e-mail: [REDACTED]

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948. **Tony Green**  
**David Jones**

Wed 27 Sep 1995

---

I'm glad to see D Jones included. I didn't read his writing until the 70's, but remember him vividly as a man who used to come to have tea with the art master at my school, the calligrapher and painter Maurice Percival (towards whom I had ambivalent feelings, since he was on the one hand enthusiastic and encouraging and on the other deeply and conservatively restrictive). So at that time it never occurred to me that David Jones was anything other than of the same kind. Best

Tony Green,  
e-mail: [REDACTED]

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949. **Tony Green**  
**Re: Donald Davie**

Wed 27 Sep 1995

---

south-yorkshire bloody-mindedness is maybe one mode of survival in a culture that bludgeons regularly any but sanctioned positions isn't Boycott altogether milder and more amenable, after all he does still get work as a TV commentator?

Tony Green,  
e-mail: [REDACTED]

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950. **George Bowering**

***Re: bland abstract lyrics, or you've got wheat in your eye***

Wed 27 Sep 1995

---

No, I don't have any experience of a "generation" being "held together". I do have, as others will, companions in poetry, as Blaser puts it, but these include those poets you grew up with close, as I with Fred Wah, or Blaser with Duncan; but these companions (despite what Ed Foster might believe) include long-dead poets too, so that Blaser includes Pindar, and I would if I were not so shy, include Shelley.

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951. **George Bowering**

***Re: millennium table of contents***

Wed 27 Sep 1995

---

Where is it a shock to see David Jones selected? Around here he has been for a long time considered along with Basil Bunting the main news from the UK.

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952. **George Bowering**

***Re: bland abstract lyrics, or you've got wheat in your eye***

Wed 27 Sep 1995

---

Maybe we can come to Silliman's challenge from what only appears to be the other side.

Ge

orge Bowering

THE READER & YOU

When we were sitting in our rows in high school English class, we were instructed that we should be careful to distinguish between the person who had written the fiction we were reading (usually Katherine Mansfield) and the narrator of that fiction. We were given to understand that this was a matter of the first necessary sophistication, and that from then on we could curl our lip and raise an eyebrow whenever we heard someone say



"Katherine Mansfield said in her story . . . ."

It has taken me more years than I spent in high school to figure out that the principle involved works in other places as well. Here are two such examples:

(1) The distinction between the person who writes a poem, even a short tidy lyric poem, and the voice you hear reciting it while you look at the silent book. That is to say, if you tell me that you're reading Whitman, I know that you are listening to the speaker he made up. People are going to tell me that I am discussing the persona here. But there is a difference between Prufrock and the voice speaking in a Fred Wah poem. Maybe Eliot has two voices between himself and the reader. Anyway, when Whitman wrote that his reader was encountering a man rather than a book, he was protesting against the fate that he knew faced any writer of the first person singular or "ensemble," that as soon as he writes those words on a piece of paper he has an other to read.

(2) The distinction between "the reader" and the person who is holding the silent book and reading it.

Sometimes I go so far as to say that the "author" and the "reader" are characters in any story. (The implications are interesting if you extend this structure to speeding tickets and marriage certificates.)

How often you or I have read something in criticism or theory about "the reader," and realized that this construct is as distinct from us as is Patrick Henry or Spider Robinson.

Anyone knows that literature is an idea but reading is what you do.

Literature can't hurt you but reading can.

(I am of course in my own ant-trap here, because no matter

what I  
do, the "you" I am talking about is not the person reading these  
words, are  
you?)

So that construct that certain critics like to write about,  
"the reader,"  
cant do anything about what is written. But if you are reading a book  
you  
can intervene. You can invent a reading.

You can always skip page 35. You can read from the last page  
to the  
first. You can stick pages from a pornographic novel between Northrop  
Frye's sheets. You can call the narrator of Atwood's second novel  
Agnes.

Or you can intervene simply by reading the way you read.

The person who wrote the book cant stop you. The "author"  
cant,  
either. And the "reader" doesnt know you exist.

A lot of what they call "reflexive" writing is simply the  
result of the  
writer trying to be you. You are the ground of the so-called  
postmodern.

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Apologies for the (a) length and (c) weird spacing, if yr getting it.  
GB

,

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953. **Mark Morris**  
***Re: bland abstract lyrics***

*Wed 27 Sep 1995*

---

Yet another act of delurking (=lug rude kin):

1) Bland of course is in the eye of the beholder, but I suppose one means poetry  
that is monotonous, unmodulated \*and\* unaccented, clever rather than  
perceptive, perceptive rather than selective, meandering rather than directed,  
vague, hubristic, histrionic, picture-postcard dull--in short, metrically and  
procedurally commonplace. A few queries: is the abstract bland? Can there be a  
non-bland abstract (there can be a non-abstract bland, as we know)? By  
abstract are we to understand a bad case of conceptual manipulation a la late  
Stevens (without his ear or eye--or brain, for that matter)? Is The Triumph of

Life bland? Abstract? (Yes on both?) Is Stein's *Tender Buttons* abstract (I assume it's not bland)? Is Césaire's *Ferraments* abstract? (No) Is it conceptual? (Yes) Lisible? (no) Scriptible? (yes) Moving?

2) I know that procedural ingenuity or formal obliquity has produced most of the interesting (to me) poetry in the US in the last 50 years, but if I am to make any sense at all, I must also say that the very same poets who opened up and kept open the still lively and living (a pesky romantic metaphor) forms of poetry around today themselves could be world-class bores. Being dull seems to be an occupational hazard of innovative writers--am I quoting here?--who venture into areas to invent them and on happy occasions (e.g. *A-12*, *Prelude*) are able to release poetry, on other occasions (e.g., *A-12*, *Prelude*) fail miserably to make anything happen that hasn't already happened elsewhere to greater effect (in conversations with Celia or Paul, for instance, to which I am not privy). Who can read Paterson through without a shudder of dismay? Williams and Zukofsky were onto something that became important for US poetry in the years after them and one might well tolerate the bland in "A" in order to arrive at the sense of design in small matters as well as in large that Zukofsky undoubtedly (to me) managed to build in. What does this have to do with poets writing now? I suppose I'm trying sneakily to suggest that in a survey of any today one must expect a certain amount of the bland, but that it would be very unlikely if the Americas in 1995 were uniformly anything, let alone bland. Let's say that an attention to syntax and decontextualized, rigorously anti-mimetic linguistic subversion/resistance characterized the underground now overground practice of the recent US avant-garde. Younger poets writing now, some say the emerging poets, would I think both profit from this massive exploration of poetry as unwarrantable language given a welcome charge of distinct audibility, and want to refuse it in specific ways and parts, just as a reader might wish Zukofsky had cut some of the beginning of *A-12* for poetry's sake (I hope that expressing such a wish in order to make a point does not mark me as narrow-minded or condescending--I admire Z and find his poetics both meaningful to my efforts and succinctly comprehensive). Such a refusal might well produce boring poetry if it takes place in a vacuum of further ideas, but imitating somebody else's practice certainly would (and does) produce boredom all round.

It also seems to me that bland lyrics is a fairly good description of the bulk of poetry of any period (including American poetry since the war).

3) By concealing artifice, Williams' respected example has helped to excuse the general neglect of rhythmic design--in the phrase, line, paragraph, and work--in contemporary American avant-garde poetry (but see *At Passages*, et al.), and therefore, together with Moore and Pound, can be blamed for the later standardization of voice at the expense of arrangement, perception at the

expense of rhythm, which absolutely guarantees bland poetry. Recent comments against Williams on this list seem to want to shoot the messenger of an American voice--one seemingly without art--now that Williams has been so clearly exposed as the "thoughtless" message in much contemporary writing. This is unfair. Taking a different direction, I would say that the fault lies not with the doctor but with the glut of words masquerading as idea in the discourse on poetry and on literature generally, or with the loss of -- an energizing loss, looked at in a certain way -- generic boundaries. Does the word poetry name anything apart from a context of presentation? Tell me that the answer is YES. If I am a poet, I must suppose that I am not writing a context of presentation but a poem. How can I know that this is so? Circles make me dizzy. Here again, the doctor of Paterson must take some of the responsibility for at once opening up a wider terrain of poetry and, one might say, thinning it out and confusing the workers. I could (as you could) write a list of fairly recent books that work excellently from the former without succumbing to the latter, but still areas in Paterson (or Maximus) usefully diagnose the disagreeable vague monotony some object to in poetry today. The trick, I suppose, is to take the good and to leave the bad and the ugly...

4) But then again, ... (following up on Gale's remarks) are there any monoliths? states? who gets to count as the younger generation? I can never shake the feeling that all talk of generations, schools, movements in the US will remain premature because of the sheer size of the educated population. And that maybe what one could call a systematic synechdochic substitution complex--a few people for a whole continent--prompts me to continue talking about (non-)entities like the state of contemporary poetry in the US. Oh well.

Regards,

Mark McMorris

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954. **SUSAN E. TICHY**

***Re: MILLENNIUM TABLE OF CONTENT***

*Wed 27 Sep 1995*

---

I too am thrilled by the selection, by the project itself. But where, o where, is Mina Loy? My soul deflated considerably when I paged in vain through all the galleries... are her poems to remain as fugitive as her bowery constructions?

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955. **Thomas Bell**

**Re: bland abstract lyrics, or you've got wheat in your eye**

Wed 27 Sep 1995

---

*Jorge wrote:*

*Thank you, Mark, for bringing this [bland abstract lyrics] up.*

*Since I would very much like to learn from the old avant guardists  
I would need some \*\*\*concrete\*\*\* examples of bland abstract lyrics so as  
to avoid them and of nonbland nonabstract lyrics so as to emulate them.*

From what has been said here, this might apply to the renga But it's not clear that they would be seen as bland or nonbland.

Another curious non-occurrence is that on a POETICS list there has been little or no comment on the poetics and process of the renga.>On Wed, 27 Sep 1995, Mark Wallace wrote:

*Ron Silliman's side comment, a few days ago, that "bland abstract lyrics" are now the dominant strain of avant garde writing  
.... The silence attending his remark...is disturbing. Do the  
younger avant garde writers on this list accept Ron's  
characterization?*

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956. **Charles Alexander**

**Re: Donald Davie**

Wed 27 Sep 1995

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Nice to hear all the words about Donald Davie. He was, when I was an undergraduate at Stanford (mid-70's), the most influential teacher I had. I generally found him warm and kind, rather than difficult and self-destructive, although I agree with Marjorie that it seemed as if he became more difficult later. He taught me to hear poetry in a way no one had (nor has since), as he had an ear which could encompass the music of Pound and that of Tennyson (at his best, in some poems in the middle of In Memoriam). He gave me an abiding love of the works and spirit of Christopher Smart. Those may sound to some here like small gifts, but they weren't, because they were, in part, a permission to hear and think idiosyncratically, and with mind, ear, and heart. He also was the first to lead me to read Edward Dorn, who in turn led me to Duncan, Olson, and Creeley, and indirectly to much of my work since. I rather think he didn't approve of places I eventually got to in reading and writing, but I know that in a way he helped me get there. He certainly had his blind spots, and some found him arrogant, but mostly I found him challenging in a rather fine way. He gave quite a lot of himself to students who were curious.

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957. **Charles Alexander**

***Re: newpoets***

*Thu 28 Sep 1995*

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My new neighbor Jeff Hansen (next town over) correctly puts up against Ron Silliman's "bland abstract lyric" charge poets such as Juliana Spahr and others. I might add Gary Sullivan, Myung Mi Kim, and more. But Jeff also seems to pit, against "bland abstract lyric," "the wild blue yonder school of poetic innovation." While I don't share the implicit distrust of "the new" which Jeff manifests here, I also like to think that there's lots of room for liveliness within forms and practices which have been around awhile or which may be rather quietly innovative and which may not quite merit "wild blue yonder" status. Is bland vs. wild blue really the dichotomy we see? Aren't there lots of other choices? Doesn't ear still count for a lot in making even the most abstract lyrical work rise above blandness?

Nice to hear/read/see you here, Jeff.

charles

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958. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

***things & stuff***

*Thu 28 Sep 1995*

---

1) As an old and still/continually emerging poet, I wonder at this tendency to equate -- new=emerging=young

I know for a fact that I am not the only old poet writing new poems that are in no books -- similarly, I know many young poets writing old poems,,, and new poets who don't emerge at all --

but I'm always willing to listen to good old fashioned intergenerational grouching -- it stirs my soul

Hey Mark -- you can be in my generation if I can be in yours

2) Many years ago I asked Donald Davie to autograph a book of his poems for me (the one about the Shires) -- As he wrote his name, he said, "This is very generous of you."

3) I read Jay Wright -- so does Carole Doeski -- & I'd bet there are others of us on the list -- assume you know Vera Kutzinski's book *\_Against the American Grain\_* -- look it up if you haven't already seen it -- she looks at Williams, Wright and Guillen -- (to my mind she makes Guillen more interesting than his poems -- that's N. Guillen, not J. Guillen) -- Special issue of *\_Callaloo\_* some years back had lots of good Wright stuff in it.

4)

The distorted conception of the clam  
A concentrated scene of panic  
Then calm as the sea slips  
Out of the poem and sand  
Clumps together at line's end  
(banal abstract lyric)

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959. **Tenney Nathanson**

***jay wright***

*Thu 28 Sep 1995*

---

Jordan Davis asked:

*Anybody read Jay Wright?*

and this isn't much of an answer: kind of in the: read him? I haven't even taught him yet! vein. That is: I've taught Wright's poetry a few times at the undergrad level, but don't feel I have a very adept sense of what he does, though I know the Kutzinski stuff on him which I think is good. It's interesting, I think, to speculate on why Bloom and Hollander are such big champions of his work-- some of the later stuff is ahem "visionary" ahem but lacks the tonal mobility and fugitive irony I'd associate w the work of a lot of the poets on this list.

Alan (Godling?) are you out there today? You probably read and teach Wright, no?

Tenney

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960. **Rod Smith**

***B=A=N=A=L vs. metabolic acidosis***

*Thu 28 Sep 1995*

---

Caterwauling is the conclusion that the answer could've continued carrying on about, and so, just remeber (as Nickolas K. Piombino once said): "The writing on the wall is off the wall."

I used to be banal but I gave it up for MindScience(TM)-- the petals of the wheels branching out into the whole \*nervous \* system--

Mark, silence cld also be taken as tacet disagreement.

So the guy says to the bartender he says he says look, it seems to me the "banal-phenomenon" (soon to enter the O.E.D.) cld be explained by the increasingly multiplicitous influences younger writers are availing themselves in (of). Yes, not so younger writers did that & do that, but the social circumstances were quite different. We have l.p. & New american influences increasingly entering a workshop environment -- what gets cranked out the other end cld often be characterized as "banal" -- however the best of them just ain't. Liz Willis' new book is good, very, many are trying to hit registers she succeeds in hitting. & if she's too somethingorother for your taste take a look at what I think is the best new mag in quite awhile, *\_Proliferation\_*, shows there are some \*extremely\* smart cookies (& muffins) just getting started, however the economic situation they're confronting works against them, big time. Do you know Rodrigo Toscano's work, Ron? Not too much out there yet but he has one Sun & Moon book coming & I've seen ms. of another. Someone working convincingly at energetic length.

I've often wondered if the serial poem is the defining poetic of the late 80s early 90s, more than the lyric. May have to do with publishing opportunities. "Well, I can afford a chapbook. . ."

The failure of intellect might well be ours. Does a computer not also have a mind? Don't you think the spectator's role is important? What about all these gluey wind-up 'limitless & unbounded' afterimages on my check stubs? Baffled about sporadic clucking? It goes in one eye and out the other.

send DMT but not C.O.D.,  
--Rod

[↑ Contents](#)

961. **Pierre Joris**

***Re: MILLENNIUM TABLE OF CONTENT***

*Thu 28 Sep 1995*

---

Susan writes:

>

> I too am thrilled by the selection, by the project itself. But where, o  
> where, is Mina Loy? My soul deflated considerably when I paged in vain  
> through all the galleries... are her poems to remain as fugitive as her  
> bowery constructions?

>

Look again: Mina Loy is in the first Gallery with a 5-page selection. In the book that's pages 136-140



=====

Pierre Joris | "Poems are sketches for existence."  
Dept. of English | --Paul Celan  
SUNY Albany |  
Albany NY 12222 | "Revisionist plots  
tel&fax: [REDACTED] | are everywhere and our pronouns haven't yet  
email: | drawn up plans for the first coup."  
[REDACTED] | --J.H. Prynne

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[↑ Contents](#)

962. **H. T. KIRBY-SMITH**

**Donald Davie**

*Thu 28 Sep 1995*

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I guess the closest I came to Donald Davie was Alan Shapiro, who was a colleague for some years; Davie claimed that before publishing any poem he first showed it to someone who was older than he was and someone who was younger, and that the younger person was Shapiro.

It seemed to me that Davie was following some sort of reactionary spoor in the United States. He wrote admiringly of Yvor Winters, and then went to Stanford; then he went to Vanderbilt where I suppose there was still a lingering odor of the Fugitives, who in their reincarnation as Agrarians were --well, let's say, as Jeffersonian as Pound. Donald Davidson, and I mean Davidson, the Fugitive and the Agrarian of the 1920s and 30s who went on living for decades--was such a fascist that when admiring his poems one has that awful feeling as if one were admiring Hitler's water colors. None of this is applicable to Davie, of course, but his American wanderings had a very odd pattern to them.

I was very put off by a piece that Davie wrote about Larkin some ten years or so ago, in which he found fault with Larkin for not being a romantic. It seemed to me it was like faulting Eeyore for not being Winnie-the-Pooh.

Tom Kirby-Smith

[↑ Contents](#)

963. **SUSAN E. TICHY**

**Re: MILLENNIUM TABLE OF CONTENT**

*Thu 28 Sep 1995*

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On Thu, 28 Sep 1995, Pierre Joris wrote:

> Susan writes:  
> >  
> > I too am thrilled by the selection, by the project itself. But where, o  
> > where, is Mina Loy? My soul deflated considerably when I paged in vain  
> > through all the galleries... are her poems to remain as fugitive as her  
> > bowery constructions?  
> >  
>  
> Look again: Mina Loy is in the first Gallery with a 5-page selection.  
> In the book that's pages 136-140  
>  
>

=====  
=====

> Pierre Joris | "Poems are sketches for existence."  
> Dept. of English | --Paul Celan  
> SUNY Albany |  
> Albany NY 12222 | "Revisionist plots  
> tel&fax: [REDACTED] | are everywhere and our pronouns haven't yet  
> email: [REDACTED] | drawn up plans for the first coup."  
> [REDACTED] | --J.H. Prynne  
>

=====  
=====

>  
I swear on my LL Baedeker never again to read e-mail late at night.  
--Susan

[↑ Contents](#)

964. **Mark Roberts**

***AWOL: October Happenings (State listing)***

*Thu 28 Sep 1995*

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\*\*\* Note \*\*\*

Because of the length of Happenings it has been necessary to split the file. October Happenings has been posted in 2 parts. The first part is the state by state guide to readings, book launches etc, while the second part includes information on competitions and conferences. Depending on the mail reader you are using the post may be further split into smaller sections. Please let me know if this procedure has caused any problems.

Mark Roberts

\*\*\*      \*\*\*

### October Happenings

A monthly guide to writing events around Australia.

### AUSTRALIAN WRITING ON LINE

PO Box 333 CONCORD NSW 2137 AUSTRALIA

email: [REDACTED]

Phone: (02) [REDACTED] fax (02) [REDACTED]

AWOL Happenings. A monthly guide to readings, book launches, conferences and other events relating to Australian literature both within Australia and overseas. If you have any item which you would like included in future listings please contact AWOL.

AWOL is also setting up a virtual bookshop for Australian small magazines and presses. This will take the form of regular newsletters (which will be available both on the net and by mail and fax) that will pre/review new publications. These titles will then be able to be ordered by mail or fax. Associated with our Virtual Bookshop is our Sydney distribution service for small presses. Please contact us for further details if you want to distribute your publication to bookshops in Sydney.

AWOL posts are archived on the WWW at the following address  
<http://www.anatomy.su.oz.au:80/danny/books/AWOL/> then click on Australian Writing OnLine.

### How to receive AWOL postings

#### Internet

All AWOL postings, including the monthly Happenings list, one off posts about special events, the latest literary magazines and small press books, together with information about AWOL's Virtual Bookshop, are available free to subscribers with an internet address. Simply send a post, asking to be added to our mailing list, to [REDACTED].

#### Mail

Each month AWOL will post a hard copy of that month's Happenings list, together with a copy of all special posts, to AWOL subscribers. While we are setting up our Virtual Bookshop there will be a introductory charge of \$12.50 (for six months) to cover postage and printing costs (rates will be reviewed early in 1996). Please send cheques, made payable to Rochford Press, to AWOL, PO Box 333, Concord NSW 2137 (overseas rates on application).

#### Fax

Subscribers in the 02 telephone area can elect to have the monthly Happenings list and special posts faxed to them for \$5.00 for six months. Please send cheques, made payable to Rochford Press to AWOL, PO Box 333, Concord NSW 2137. Subscribers outside the 02 area should contact us for individual fax rates.

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NSW

SYDNEY

READINGS      BOOK LAUNCHES

Every Thursday Writers Anonymous at Tap Gallery level 1 278 Palmer Street Darlinghurst. Details phone/fax [REDACTED]

Every second Tuesday...POETRY SUPREME 9pm, Eli's Restaurant, 132 Oxford Street, Darlinghurst. Details phone/fax (02) [REDACTED]

11 October WEA Poetry Writing Workshop. 8 week course with Alan Jefferies. Details ph (02) [REDACTED].

21 October 7pm LAVENDER AND SHADOWS. Lesbian Writers read their work, Lilyfield Community Centre 19 Cecily Street Lilyfield. \$8 \$6 conc.

Every Sunday...THE WORD ON SUNDAY 11.30am Museum of Contemporary Art, Circular Quay. 2 Admission \$8/ \$5.. Details phone (02) [REDACTED].

Every Thursday...POETRY ALIVE 11am-1pm, Old Courthouse, Bigge Street, Liverpool. Details phone (02) [REDACTED].

Every Tuesday night THE WALLS HAVE EARS at Little West Cafe 346 Liverpool Street Darlinghurst 8.30 till late.

1st and 3rd Wednesday ...POETS UNION 7pm, The Gallery Cafe, 43 Booth Street, Annandale. Details phone (02) [REDACTED].

1st Friday...EASTERN SUBURBS POETRY GROUP 7.30pm, Everleigh Street, Waverly. Details phone (02) [REDACTED].

1st Tuesday...ICEBREAKERS GAY POETRY 8pm, 197 Albion Street Surry Hills. \$2 includes free coffee. Details phone Noel Tointon (02) 3172257.

2nd & 4th Thursday...FRESH WORDS 7.30pm The Poets Union on Oxford Street, Berkelouw Books, 19 Oxford Street Paddington. Guests and open section. October 12 Tracy Ryan and John Kinsella with new issue of Salt launched by Neil James Phone Anna (02) [REDACTED] or 015 704 364 or Nick Sykes (02) [REDACTED].

3rd Sunday...POETRY WITH GLEE: THE POETS UNION AT GLEEBOOKS. 2-4pm, 49 Glebe Point Road, Glebe. Admission \$5/\$2 Details Nick Sykes (02) [REDACTED].

4th Monday of each month...FUTURE POETS SOCIETY 8pm, Lapidary Club Room, Gympsea Bay Road, Gympsea. Details phone Anni Featherstone (02) [REDACTED].

4th Wednesday...LIVE POETS AT DON BANKS MUSEUM 7.30pm, 6 Napier Street North Sydney. Guest reader plus open section. Admission \$6 includes wine. Details phone Sue Hicks or Danny Gardiner (02) [REDACTED].

Poets Union / State Library Workshops at the State Library Macquarie Street Sydney 4th Saturday . October 28 John Bennett, November 25 Luke Davies. Poets Union Inc. or The Library Society members \$20 per workshop Non-members \$25 per workshop. Details phone [REDACTED].

October 21 australYSIS presents the third and final concert in its 1995 concert series at the Sydney Conservatorium of Music, Macquarie Street Sydney 8pm. COMpuTing the sounds and VISIONS, in today's improVISATION yesterday'sCOMPosiTiONS, and tomorrow's COMProViSATIONS. This concert is titled 'Sighting Sounds: Visual and aural objects intermingle and transmigrate.' Premieres of new work by Steve Adams, australYSIS, Colin Bright (El Nino dances), Roger Dean (Electric Tomato), Adrian Luca; and music by Ian Shanahan (Arc of Light). \$18 (conc \$12). Details ph (02) [REDACTED], fax (02) [REDACTED].

October 26 8pm Writers at the River, Roscoes Riverside Restaurant, Penrith, NSW. 'In the Looking Glass' theme featuring Steven Herrick. Open Section included. Details contact Carl Leddy (047) 21 2087.

October 28/29 Writers at the River at the Penrith City Festival - The Wonder of Words Weekend. Saturday 28 October - 10am to noon 'In days of old' master class at Vicarys Winery Woolshed, 1.30 - 3pm 'Muses from hardship' master class at Vicarys Winery Woolshed (master classes conducted by John Derum, Anthony Lawrence, Patricia Gaut and Peter Minter). 6 - 7pm Twilight reading on the banks of the Nepean River including the launch of Anthony Lawrence's new book Cold Wires of Rain (Penguin) at 6.30pm. 7.15 - 10pm 'Inspiration through conviviality' Poets festival dinner Hugo's Restaurant. Sunday October 29. 'Writers on the River' Master classes, readings, lunch and discussion aboard the 'Nepean Belle Paddle Wheeler'. Cost \$150. Special accommodation packages are available from a number of local motels. For details about the festival, or the contact numbers of the motels contact Carl Leddy ph/fax (047) 21 2087.

#### OCTOBER AT ARIEL BOOKSELLERS

5 October 6.30pm. Ariel Booksellers present an evening with Patricia Lovell. Lovell, one of Australia's most influential film producers (Gallipoli, Picnic at Hanging Rock), has written an autobiography No Picnic which traces her career in the Australian film industry. RSVP to Ariel on (02) [REDACTED].

2 November 7pm. 3 parts Glamour. Gaby Naher (The Underwharf) and Linda Jaivin (Eat Me). A reading and discussion chaired by Justine Ettler (The River Ophelia). Free

Ariel Booksellers is at 42 Oxford Street Paddington. Phone (02) [REDACTED], fax (02) [REDACTED].

#### OCTOBER AT GLEEBOOKS

Thursday 5 October 6pm. David Brooks book launch The House of Balthus launched by David Malouf. Free

Friday 13 October 6.30pm. Thomas Keneally Homebush Boy - A Year in the Life of Thomas Keneally. \$6/4.

Monday 23 October 6.30pm. Peter Ackroyd will be reading from his biography of William Blake. \$6/4.

Tuesday 24 October 6.30pm. Readings by Joseph O'Connor, Matt Condon, Jack Hodgins and Frank Ronan. \$6/4.

Wednesday 25 October 6.30. Brian Moore will be reading from his book The Statement. \$6/4

Gleebooks is at 49 Glebe Point Road Glebe. For details and bookings for all events ph (02) 6602333.

#### NSW WRITERS' CENTRE EVENTS

15 October WRITERS BY THE POOL, Rozelle Balmain Festival 11am at Elkington Park Balmain near the pool. Winners of the NSW Writers Centre/Village Voice short story competition will be announced and will read their work. Details contact NSWWC 02 [REDACTED]

WOMEN WRITERS' NETWORK 2nd Wednesday. 7.30pm, NSW Writers' Centre. Details Ann Davis (02) [REDACTED].

FEMINIST & EXPERIMENTAL WRITERS' GROUP meets every second Friday 6.30-9.30pm. Details Margaret Metz (02) [REDACTED] or Valerie Williamson for details of venues.

INTRODUCTION TO WRITING FOR CD ROM (INTERACTIVITY). 29 October 1995. 10am - 5pm. An introduction to the world of CD ROM for writers with ideas. A stimulating one day session for those interested in developing ideas, interactive games and stories. Course conducted by David Jobling. \$55 (members NSWWC) \$65 (nonmembers). Limit of 20 places. Bookings and details to NSWWC 02 [REDACTED]

LIFE STORIES: A weekend workshop with Patti Miller. 4 & 5 November 1995. This workshop is for people who want to get started on their life story or the life

story of a family member. \$65 (members NSWWC & conc) \$80 (nonmembers). Bookings and details to NSWWC 02 [REDACTED].

PUBLISHING & EDITING SEMINAR SERIES conducted by Robin Appleton. 7 October - Publisher, author and copyright, 8 October & 14 October -Principles of editing, 15 October - Parts of a book, 21 October - Lists, glossaries, photographs and captions, 22 October - Indexing & proofreading. For cost and bookings contact the NSWWC 02 [REDACTED].

CREATIVE WRITING COURSE with Colleen Burke. 8 weeks beginning 24 October. \$80 (members NSWWC \$60 NSWWC conc) \$100 (nonmembers). Limit 15. Bookings and details to NSWWC 02 [REDACTED].

#### REGIONAL NSW

ARMIDALE 1st Wednesday 7.30pm, Rumours Cafe in the Mall. Details phone James Vicars (067) 73 2103.

WOLLONGONG 2nd & 4th Tuesday 7.30pm, Here's Cheers Restaurant, 5 Victoria Street, Wollongong. Details phone Ian Ryan (042) 84 0645.

LISMORE 3rd Tuesday 8pm. Stand Up Poets, Lismore Club, Club Lane. Details phone David Hallett (066) 891318.

#### NEWCASTLE / HUNTER VALLEY

3rd Monday... Poetry at the Pub. Northern Star Hotel, 7.30pm Beaumont Street Newcastle Street \$2/\$1. September features Springwood Poets. Details phone Bill Iden (049) 675 972

MAITLAND Poetry group 4th Friday 7.30, Literary Institute in Banks Street East Maitland. Guest poet Norman Talbot. \$2. Details phone Bruce Copping (049) 301497.

BLUE MOUNTAINS Friday Nights at Varuna Writers' Centre 7.30pm: Includes tea, coffee & biscuits. \$2 buys entry and a lucky door ticket. Varuna Writers' Centre, 141 Cascade Street Katoomba NSW 2780. Details ph Peter Bishop (047) 825 674.

13 - 15 October Blue Mountains Poetry Festival. Varuna Writers Centre and the Poets Union at 141 Cascade Street Katoomba Details ph Peter Bishop (047) 825 674.

#### WAGGA WAGGA

Tuesday 10 October 8pm Firenze Restaurant, John Griffin, current Booranga fellowship holder, poet, short story writer, radio scriptwriter from SA, will join (courtesy of the Poets' Union) Peter Kirkpatrick, poet, editor, scholar and Beth Spencer, essayist, poet for a fantastic evening of writers' readings. Open mike opportunities for new work. Admission: \$8, \$6, \$5.



12 October 7.30pm, Booranga Writers' Centre, Charles Sturt University John Griffin (see above) will conduct a workshop on writing for radio. Admission: \$12, \$10.

29 October 12.30 - 5pm, Booranga Writers' Centre, Charles Sturt University: Margaret McAlister, children's/romance author, will conduct a workshop on writing Romance. Admission: \$25, \$20.

Tuesday 31 October 8.00pm, Firenze Restaurant: Margaret McAlister Reading. Admission: \$8, \$6, \$5.

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## QUEENSLAND

### Queensland Writers Centre Events

#### EXCITING WRITING: READINGS OF NEW WORKS AT THE QUEENSLAND WRITERS' CENTRE

Tuesday 3 October. 7pm. As part of Warana Writers' Week The Queensland Writers' Centre Presents an evening of writing excellence at Grand Orbit, 1 Eagle Street, The Pier, City with Andrew McGahn, Robbie Lappan, Matthew Condon, Fran Ross, Marcus Gibson, Michael Richards (including a preview of his upcoming QTC production 'Christmas at Turkey Beach'). 'Paradise to Paranoia' an anthology featuring many of the featured writers will be launched by Laurie Muller and Marion Halligan. Tickets must be booked before the event. Contact QWC for further details phone (07) 8391243.

Saturday 7 October 8.30am Romance Writers of Australia One Day Conference at Lennons Hotel, Queen Street Mall, Brisbane. Speakers include Helen Bianchin, Lu Cairncross, Kath Filmer Davies, Emily French and Meredith Webber. Details phone (07) 3821 1373.

#### NOW AVAILABLE FROM THE QUEENSLAND WRITERS' CENTRE..... HANDBOOK FOR QUEENSLAND WRITERS.

Contents include Preparation, Representation, Professional Issues and Development and Funding. Cost \$10 plus \$1.50 postage for QWC members Or \$15 plus \$1.50 for non members. For more information contact the QWC.

#### WARANA WRITERS WEEK 1995

Sunday October 1 - Thursday 5 October.

Daily program in the Brisbane Customs House, evening events at various city venues. Interstate visitors include Penelope Nelson, Damien Broderick, Thomas Shapcott, Justine Ettler, Marion Haligan, Nick Enright, Gilian Hanscombe, Victor Kelleher, Ursula Dubosarsky, Patsy Adam-Smith, Rosemary Dobson and Fay Zwicky who will join many Queensland writers of fiction, biography, poetry



and drama including Helen Demidenko/Darville, Venero Armanno, Jay Verney, Daynan Brazil, Hugh Lunn, Michael Noonan and Estelle Pinney among others. Highlights include the Awards Dinner in the Customs House on Sunday 1 October where the Steele Rudd Award, the David Unaipon Award, the Premier's Poetry Award, the City of Brisbane Short Story Award and the State Library Young Writers Award will be presented. The Festival program is available from Brisbane libraries, Queensland Writers' Centre, selected newsagents and booksellers, Brisbane City Council Information Centres and the Warana Offices. Or phone the Warana Hotline on (07) 38522468.

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## VICTORIA

### MELBOURNE

Last Friday 6.30pm MELBOURNE POETS Meeting and reading/workshop The Hawthorn Lower Town Hall, 360 Burwood Road, Hawthorn (entry and car parking at rear). 6.30pm meeting begins, 7.30pm reading/ workshop begins. Cost \$3 (Members), \$5 (non members). Details write to Martin French 1/16 Kent Road Surrey Hills Vic 3127.

La Mama Poetica 2nd October La Mama 205 Faraday St Carlton. Jordie Albiston and Diane Fahey who are both being published by Spinifex Press and Warrick Wynne, who is having a collection published by Five Islands Press. We will have our usual format with a discussion forum following the first bracket, so come along with prepared to talk to the poets.

3rd Sunday each month; 2pm Readings at the Eaglemont Bookshop 525 Brunswick St North Fitzroy. These readings apparently have been a little irregular over recent months so contact Shelton Lea ph (03) 4863219 to confirm.

11 October 8pm Black Pepper Authors at Mietta's 7 Alfred Place Melbourne. Black Pepper, a new and exciting press, presents a reading by its 1995 authors: John Anderson, Susan Hancock, Graham Henderson, Nicholas Playford and K F Pearson. \$10/\$6. Details and bookings ph (03) 9654 2366 fax (03) 9654 2317.

22 October 5pm Victorian Premier's Literary Awards Winners Readings in the Lounge at Mietta's 7 Alfred Place Melbourne. \$15. Details and bookings ph (03) 9654 2366 fax (03) 9654 2317.

October 13 -15 Dookie Agricultural College Residential Writers' Camp Number 7. Feel like a spring holiday in the country? Need some stimulation, some instruction, some time to write? Here's an opportunity to stretch your legs and your mind. Join 70 to 100 others in a glorious setting for two and half days of workshops with 8 of Australia's best writers: Glenda Adams (NSW) novel (this

class is full), Chris Mansell (NSW) poetry,, Kim Scott (WA) Fiction, Peter Rose (Vic) poetry, Kerry Greenwood (Vic) crime, historical fiction, research, Meredith Costain (Vic) children, Tony Watts (Vic) stage & screen and Antoni Jach (Vic) fiction. Each class is limited to 12 people and are run as 2 45 minute workshops. There is also plenty of time to mingle and meet other people who share your interest, from new to published writers. Cost \$175 (\$160 conc) covers accommodation, meals and workshops. Details ph Kristin Henry (03) 95317331 or Sherryl Clarke (03) 93141082

#### 1995 MELBOURNE WRITERS' FESTIVAL October 16 to 22

1995 will see the ninth annual Melbourne Writers' Festival - an extraordinary celebration of books, writing, literature and contemporary issues. Last year, close to 20,000 readers and book buyers mingled with over 100 Australian and international writers in a series of interviews, panel discussions, debates and readings. This October will undoubtedly see an even greater explosion of frenzied literary Activity. The Melbourne Writers' Festival presents 7 days of literary activities designed to showcase the art and talent of the writer and to enhance the pleasure of the reader. This year's overseas guests include: Peter Ackroyd, John Berendt, Shobna De, Lauris Edmond, Gunnar Harding, Jack Hodgins, Carsten Jensen, Ryszard Kapuscinski, Sara Maitland, Brian Moore, Joseph O'Connor, Frank Ronan, Danton Remoto, Ruth Rendell, Theo Richmond, Tom Robbins and Bjorg Vik. Australian literature will be well represented by Paul Davies, David Malouf, Frank Moorhouse, Helen Garner, Elizabeth Jolley, Jack Hibberd, Susan Varga, Henry Reynolds, Chris Wallace-Crabbe, Robert G Barnett, Kate Grenville, Jim Davidson, David Brooks, Philip Hodgins, Graham Little, John Romeril, Amanda Lohrey, Alex Castles and Andrew McGahan amongst many, many other. There will be writers in conversation, on panels and in forums. There will also be the chance to hear in depth interviews with individual writers and to listen to a wide and varied program of readings. The festival will feature a special tribute to Elizabeth Jolley, as well as a special event for school age readers and a host of exciting umbrella events. Subjects covered by panels at the festival range from the creative moment to the internet, from the turn of the millennium to the killing of history and from reading to travel. Other subjects, such as decadence, crime writing, ethics and writing about film are also covered in the program.

For further details contact Julie Morgan ph (03) 9696 5060, fax (03) 9696 5866.

#### WESTERN AUSTRALIA

DISK READINGS are held on the Third Tuesday of each month at Pockets Cocktail Lounge 44 Lark Street Northbridge. The October reading will be a special 10th Anniversary reading and will feature Philip Salom, Marion

Campbell, Fay Zwicky, Kim Scott, Penelope Brown and Ross Bennett. Admission is free. Details Mike Shuttleworth ph. (09) 4304991.

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The Katherine Susannah Prichard Writer's Centre, at 11 Old York Rd Greenmount, is perched on the side of the Darling Range, looking towards the towers of Perth and the setting sun. It is surrounded by National Park and the developing suburbs of the Hills district. The place is small and friendly and the kettle is nearly always on the boil.

The Centre holds readings on the first Sunday of the month at 7.30pm. Three invited readers are featured. Cost is \$5/\$4 and includes light refreshments. Faye Davis is currently writer-in-community working on a project called 'Writing in the Hills' Changes'. She is running moderately priced (\$3.50 a session) workshops in the district, and is available for consultation at the house by appointment. (this project is supported by the Australia Council).

The house itself, former home of Katherine Susannah Prichard, is heritage listed and tours cost \$5. Wednesday and Sunday are tour days. Ring first to book. A small writer's studio, once used by Katherine, is now used by writers-in-residence. The KSP Foundation, the Centre's management body, is currently investigating the possibility of letting the Studio on a short term basis to writers from the city, country and/or interstate.

Ring Rob Finlayson, the co-ordinator, on Thursdays, between 10.30am and 5.30pm (09) [REDACTED], to chat about writing and writers, and to find out what's happening in the Hills of Perth and the sunburnt city at their feet. At other times ring the Chairperson, Rose van Scon (09) [REDACTED].

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## TASMANIA

Wednesday 4 October there'll be a Tasmanian Writers' Union (TWU) reading at the Bavarian Tavern 28 Liverpool Street Hobart at 7.30 pm. featuring readers from the Tasmanian Poetry Festival: Matt Simpson (U.K.), Jenny Boulton (Tas), Rudi Krausmann (NSW), Anthony Lawrence and Chris Mansell (NSW). Cost \$8/\$5 conc. Details phone TWU (002) 240029.

Thursday 5 October, 5.30pm. Joint Reading/Book launch. Anthony Lawrence Cold Wires of Rain (Penguin) & Rudi Krausmann Made in Australia (an anthology of 80 Australian poets with German translations). At Hobart Bookshop 29 Criterion Street Hobart. Details ph (002) 349654.

Wednesday 25 October 6pm. The Tasmanian Writers Union, Hobart Bookshop and Harper Collins publishers invite you to hear Jenna Mead launch Amanda

Lohrey's new novel *Camille's Bread*. At the Hobart Bookshop, Criterion Street Hobart. Details ph (002) 349654.

Rosny College in association with the Tasmanian writers union resents a reading by writers workshop students on Thursday 5 October at 7pm at the Salamanders' Food Fair and Cafe. 55 Salamanca Place Hobart. Details ph Christine Bostock on (002) 449242.

Doris Leadbetter will be TWU Writer in Residence during October. She will be working with mature women especially in rural and isolated communities. She will be at the Tasmanian Poetry Festival from 29 September to 1 October. Then: 2 - 10 October Northwest coast, 11 - 15 October East coast, 17 - 22 October Flinders Island and 23 - 31 October Hobart, Cygnet and Huon. There will also be a Sunday lunch for women with her at the Bellerive Community Arts Centre on 29 October \$15 includes drinks. For details on the lunch contact Marjorie Luck or Fiona Cooke at TWU (002) 240029. For details on the rest of Doris' tour contact Marjorie (ph 002 442 592 wk or 002 344384 home) or Glynis Donnelly (ph 004 245497).

The Tasmanian Poetry Festival takes place at Launceston from 29th September to 1st October. Readers include Matt Simpson (UK), John Harding, Chris Mansell, Dennis Kevans, JS Harry, Dipti Saravanamuttu, June Perjins, Marilyn Arnold, Jenny Boulton, Bruce Penn and Tim Thorne. Also open readings, young writers' reading, bookstall and the famous Launceston Poetry Cup - Australia's oldest and most prestigious performance poetry competition - on Saturday night 30 September at the Launceston Novotel. Further information from the director, Tim Thorne, on (003) 319658 (phone/fax) or from PO Box 345 Launceston Tas. 7250.

\*\*\* end of part 1 \*\*\*

[↑ Contents](#)

965. **Mark Roberts**

***AWOL: October Happenings (Part 2 Conferences)***

*Thu 28 Sep 1995*

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\*\*\* Part 2 begins \*\*\*

## COMPETITIONS

### 6 OCTOBER SHIRE OF MITCHELL SHORT STORY COMPETITION

This competition offers prizes in open, teenage and junior categories. Details contact library staff ph (057) 92 1861 Or (057) 843357.

### 16 OCTOBER HQ/DYMOCKS SHORT STORY CONTEST

A contest for unpublished writers, for a story less than 3,500 words that has never been published. First prize of \$5,000 plus publication in HQ magazine. 6 runners up will receive a \$50 Dymocks book token and a fountain pen. Entry forms in Sept/October issue of HQ. Details ph Sarah Burns (02) [REDACTED].

#### 20 OCTOBER: MELBOURNE POETS NATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION

Prizes to the value of \$500. Judged by Judith Rodriguez. \$3.00 entry fee. Entries to 'The Melbourne Poets National Poetry Competition', c/ Martin French, 1/16 Kent Road, Surrey Hills, Victoria 3127. Poems should be previously unpublished, they can be on any theme, they should be typed, no longer than 20 lines and should be accompanied by a cheque or money order of \$3 per poem. There is no limit to the number of entries any individual can make. Each poem should be accompanied by an entry form (contact organisers). The poet's name should not appear on the page with the poem. For further details contact Melbourne Poets at the above address.

#### 27 OCTOBER: THE 1996 MARTEN BEQUEST TRAVELLING SCHOLARSHIPS.

Entries are now being accepted for a travelling scholarship valued at \$15,000 to be awarded in each of the following fields: acting, instrumental music, painting, poetry, prose and singing. All applicants must have been born in Australia, be between 21 and 35 at the time of application. Entry forms available from Aimee Said, Arts Management, 180 Goulburn Street, Darlinghurst NSW 2010 ph (02) [REDACTED].

#### 30 OCTOBER ULITARRA SHORT STORY COMPETITION.

For details on this competition contact Ulitarra magazine at PO Box 392 French's Forest NSW 2086.

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#### CONFERENCES

##### EUROPEAN ASSOCIATION FOR STUDIES ON AUSTRALIA

Third conference: Copenhagen, October 6-9, 1995

Conference theme: Inhabiting Australia: The Australian Habitat and Australian Settlement.

The conference aims to bring together contributions from a wide range of disciplines, from architecture to zoology. Papers which take up the theme from cultural, historical, social, scientific, literary and other perspectives are invited.

Further information available from

\* Bruce Clunies Ross (45) 35 32 85 82

internet: [REDACTED]

\* Martin Leer (45) 35 32 85 87

internet: [REDACTED]

\* Merete Borch (45) 35 32 85 84

internet: [REDACTED]

Copenhagen University, Department of English Njalsgade 80, DK-2300

Kobenhavn S

Phone. (45) 35 32 86 00

Fax (45) 35 32 86 15

#### AUSTRALIAN WOMEN WRITERS: A SEMINAR

The State Library of NSW, Metcalfe Auditorium Saturday October 7 1995.

Sessions include: Introduction by Professor Elizabeth Webby, 'Rooms and Money of their own: Journalism in the Careers of some women artists and writers by A/Professor Susan Sheridan, 'The government stroke - Another look at the Miles Franklin Award' by A/Professor Jill Roe, 'Collaborative Writing: Dymphna Cusack, Miles Franklin and Florence James' by Debra Adelaide and 'The difficulty of getting published' a panel discussion featuring Ruby Lanford Ginibi, Amy Witting, Valerie and Kate Grenville. Admission \$30 (members of the Library Society), \$35 (non members), \$10 (full time students). Prepayment is essential. Details ph (02) [REDACTED].

#### SYMPOSIUM: (POST) COLONIAL FICTIONS: RE-READING ELIZA FRASER AND THE WRECK OF THE STIRLING CASTLE.

University of Adelaide, 25-26 Nov., 1995.

Contact: Kay Schaffer, Department of Women's Studies, 08 [REDACTED] direct, 08 [REDACTED] FAX, e-mail: [REDACTED]

Post-colonial studies within Australia have attempted to re-evaluate and re-write colonial history to include those people either marginalised or subjugated by the colonial process. This two day symposium will explore a different aspect of post-colonial discourse through the exploration of one of the best known events in Australian colonial history. In 1836 the 'Stirling Castle' was wrecked off the Queensland coast and many of the crew together with the Captain's wife, Eliza, were marooned on Fraser Island. Events surrounding the rescue of the castaways, in particular Mrs. Fraser, received international media attention. In the last 160 years the story of Eliza Fraser has become the subject of popular myth, fiction, opera, art, film and scholarly research in the areas of cultural studies, literature, history, anthropology, archaeology, women's studies, and the visual arts. (Post) Colonial Fictions will examine critically the Eliza Fraser saga by bringing together, for the first time, an interdisciplinary team of academics, authors, artists and members of the Fraser Island community. Discussions will include feminist analyses of the incident, textual and

iconographic representations of Aboriginal people, and Eliza Fraser as a creative inspiration for the arts.

Speakers on 19th century ethnography, visual arts, and Fraser Island history include: Ian Mc Niven, Lynette Russell, Rod McNeil, Olga Miller, Elaine Brown; on 20th century cultural studies and Batdjala representations include: Kay Schaffer, Sue Kossew, Jim Davidson, Jude Adams and Fiona Foley. We are hopeful that the symposium will include an exhibition of Fiona Foley's works and a performance by University of Adelaide Conservatorium of Music students of the theatre opera: "Eliza Fraser Sings" (arranged by Peter Sculthorpe/libretto by Barbara Blackman).

#### AUSTRALIAN STUDIES AND THE SHRINKING PERIPHERY: SURFING THE NET FOR AUSTRALIA.

The Centre for Australian Studies in Wales, University of Wales, Lampeter, are hosting this conference next year. Organisers are calling for papers.

"In recent years the consolidation of Europe into the 15 states of the EU, the integration of east and west within Europe, and the progressive turning of Australia to its own Pacific backyard have furthered the impression of periphery: one world's edge looking distantly at the other."

The contacts are:

Dr Graham Sumner and Dr Andrew Hassam  
Centre for Australian Studies in Wales  
University of Wales  
Lampeter  
Dyfed, SA48 7ED,  
Wales, UK.

Telephone: Graham Sumner [REDACTED] or 424790 (secretary) Fax: [REDACTED]  
Andrew Hassam [REDACTED] (secretary) Fax [REDACTED] E-mail: [REDACTED] or [REDACTED] Offers of papers should reach the organisers by 31 December 1995, and comprise a full title and an abstract of no more than 100 words.

Further information will be sent when available, and will appear on the Centre's WWW home-page (<http://www.lamp.ac.uk/oz>).

#### INTERNATIONAL P.E.N. 62nd WORLD CONGRESS

26 October - 1 November, 1995 at the Esplanade Hotel, Fremantle, W.A.

This Congress will be one of the most important literary and cultural events ever staged in Australia. The Congress will seek to explore the issue of freedom of speech in relation to different cultural contexts. It will also include literary



readings, discussions and performances of Aboriginal culture, an International Quiz Night, a Hypothetical and many events designed to be fun!

Speakers will include Ronald Harwood (England), Goenawan Mohamad (Indonesia), Keki Daruwalla (India), George Aditjondro (Indonesia), Satendra Nandan (Australia-Fiji), Samina Yasmeen (Australia-Pakistan), Beth Yahp (Australia-Malaysia), Andrey Voznesensky (Russia), Ilsa Sharp (Australia-Singapore), Sally Morgan and Jill Milroy, Elizabeth Jolley, Judith Rodriguez, Tom Shapcott, and many more. The Congress is open to anyone interested in literature and culture, and in the issue of Freedom of Speech. For the full program and other details, please contact Promaco Conventions, Ph. 09. [REDACTED], Fax 09. [REDACTED]; or your local PEN Centre, or the Perth PEN Centre, PO. Box 1131 Subiaco, Australia 6008, Ph. & Fax: 09. [REDACTED]. Expressions of interest in membership of PEN are also warmly welcomed, and should be addressed to the PEN Centre. PEN works for freedom of speech and on behalf of writers in prison.

#### THE WHOLE VOICE

2nd National Conference on Poetry, 3-5 November 1995 University of Sydney

The Whole Voice Poetry Conference aims to bring together those with an active interest in and involvement with poetry in Australia. The conference is a national one and is a follow-up to "The Space of Poetry" conference held at Melbourne University in 1993. It is being jointly organised by the University of Sydney and the Poets' Union.

The 1995 conference will include poetry readings and papers from poets, editors, academics and publishers. Poets reading include Judith Beveridge, Laurie Duggan, Susan Hampton, J.S. Harry, Jill Jones, Donna McSkimming, Jan Owen, Geoff Page, Margaret Scott, Andrew Taylor, and Richard Tipping. Paper-givers include Peter Steele, Susan Hawthorne, Rosemary Huisman, Christopher Kelen, Jeri Kroll, Martin Langford, and Max Richards. Richard Allen and Karen Pearlman will present a performance of dance and poetry on Friday evening and Richard Tipping, will co-ordinate a display of visual poetry. These two events will present other views of the idea of "voice" in poetry. There will also be time for open readings and discussion.

"The Whole Voice" theme was glossed as : "a poetry that speaks as fully as possible, that allows the repressed to speak, that doesn't reject or diminish emotion, intellect or craft." The organisers expect this position to generate debate and creative argument, as the idea of "voice" is contentious. "The practising writer's idea of voice is an intimate friend," comments a poet. "Voice is a literary construction, with all the historical contingency which that implies," writes an academic. The very understanding of "voice" is basic to dialogue between all participants.



Date: 3rd to 5th November 1995

Venue: Woolley Building, University of Sydney

Cost: Early Registration (by 22Sept): \$80; Full Registration \$90

(Student/Unwaged: \$45). Day Full Registration (\$50, Day Student \$25).

Registration includes Friday evening reception, am and pm teas, Sunday morning coffee.

Contact: Rosemary Huisman, Dept English A20, Uni of Sydney NSW 2006. Ph: (02) [REDACTED]. Fax: (02) [REDACTED]. e-mail: [REDACTED]. Jill Jones. Ph: (02) [REDACTED]. e-mail: [REDACTED] Martin Langford. Ph: (02) [REDACTED]

#### THE IRISH CENTRE FOR AUSTRALIAN STUDIES: AUSTRALIAN STUDIES CONFERENCE

The Irish Centre for Australian Studies will be holding an Australian Studies Conference in Dublin from 3-6 July 1996. The three major streams will be history, culture and the environment. For further details contact David Day Professor of Australian History Department of Modern History University College Dublin Ireland.

\*\*\*\*\*

While AWOL makes every effort to ensure the accuracy of Happenings listing we suggest you confirm dates, times and venue.

AWOL would like to thank the following organisation who provided information for this list: NSW Writers Centre, Queensland Writers Centre, Tasmanian Writers' Union, AusLit discussion group (internet), FAW WWW LINK (<http://www.ozemail.com.au:80/~faw/>) and the other individuals and organisations who supplied information about their events directly to AWOL.

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966. **Graham John Sharpe**  
**Re: millennium & David Jones**

Thu 28 Sep 1995

---

George Bowering wrote:

> Where is it a shock to see David Jones selected? Around here he has  
> been for a long time considered along with Basil Bunting the main  
> news from the UK.  
>

Well George, normally whenever i mention david jones i get blank stares back. or better yet bad jokes about The Monkees. and as Peter Larkin mentioned it also seems to me that the critical circle around DJ is growing rapidly - no longer

restricted to Hague, Blissett, Dilworth, and a few others - but that is a fairly new phenomenon.

I did try to get information about the Jones centenary last January on the MODBRITS list, but i received nothing in reply. i am truly glad to know there was a centenary celebration for DJ. And Peter, i would really appreciate any info from the confrence you have, or even a few clues about the upcomming publications.

i'm presently working on a paper on DJ for a course on MOdernist long poems so am curious to see some new publications and some new approaches to Jones. The most current work i've seen of late on DJ (i think) has been Katherine Staudt (or something close to that) 's \*At the turn of Civilization\*

maybe i'm a sucker for First World War Lit.  
or maybe i know a good thing when i read it

wishing  
well

graham

.

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967. **Peter Larkin**

**David Jones**

*Thu 28 Sep 1995*

---

I was delighted to see the topic of David Jones crop up as I've been spending a lot of this year (his centenary) thinking about him. A couple of weeks ago Alan Halsey (of the Poetry bookshop Hay on Wye) and I gave a joint paper on Jones as illustrator of *The Ancient Mariner* and we could see the impact Jones was making on an audience relatively unfamiliar with him. Members of this list might like to know that a collection of essays based on a conference held here at Warwick last April (I was one of the contributors) is due out sometime next year, edited by Paul Hills. There was also a conference at Lampeter last weekend, to which I didn't go, but something might well emerge from that. Seren Books have two new books on DJ due, and two exhibitions (one in London, one touring) will be opening in a matter of weeks. I can supply further details to anyone who might be interested. It's a good time just now to be interested in DJ and he seems no longer the property of a narrow circle of admirers. And at a time when the poetics and politics of "innovation" seem to be faltering it may be timely to look again at some of his diagnoses of the predicament of modern culture. What are the parts (which must be kept from going sour) to which revision as a solo mission doesn't reach? If he failed to

appreciate, or greatly mourned that culture has to be about forgetting, he teaches us how to recognise the fragments that work up through that process in unfamiliar patterns which reoriginate attachment. Peter Larkin Philosophy & Literature Librarian University of Warwick Library, Coventry CV4 7AL UK  
Tel: 01203 524475 Fax: 01203 524211 Email: [REDACTED]

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968. **Larry Price**

***Re: the Wild Blue Yonder***

*Thu 28 Sep 1995*

---

Anyone who thinks that (Ron thinks that) Ketjak is the equivalent of the wild blue yonder simply hasn't read Ketjak.

Anyone who thinks that Alan Davies' Shared Sentences is a lexical wild blue yonder misses the point of form. (Now let's see: I have three toes, and red and blue crayons do this when eaten and swallowed.)

It evidently is continually to be restated: We are not in relation to the past. We are relation to the present, where (as Peter Larkin remarked concerning David Jones) "culture has to be about forgetting [and then] to recognize the fragments that work up through that process in unfamiliar patterns which reoriginate attachment."

That is, group formation indexes itself through the ferocity of its erasures. Its texts build back in that distancing within the "form" of the village, setting loose a contingency that in the reading levels any implied authority in terms such as "the new generation," "the old generation," "the new sentence," "the old sentence," and particularly "the members of this list."

The remainder is paranoia.

Larry Price

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969. **Jorge Guitart**

***An especial danger to hard working poets (fwd)***

*Thu 28 Sep 1995*

---

----- Forwarded message -----

THE DREADED H.C.E. BRUINBLAST

>

> Babinski\_Ed/[REDACTED] writes:

> >

> > : >MOSCOW -

> > : >  
> > : >Doctors are blaming a rare electrical imbalance in the brain for the  
> > : >bizarre death of a chess player whose head literally exploded in the  
> > : >middle of a championship game!  
> > : >  
> > : >No one else was hurt in the fatal explosion but four players and three  
> > : >officials at the Moscow Candidate Masters' Chess Championships were  
> > : >sprayed with blood and brain matter when Nicolai Titov's head suddenly  
> > : >blew apart. Experts say he suffered from a condition called  
> > : >Hyper-Cerebral Electrosis or HCE.  
> > : >  
> > : >"He was in deep concentration with his eyes focussed on the board,"  
says  
> > : >Titov's opponent, Vladimir Dobrynin. "All of a sudden his hands flew to  
> > : >his temples and he screamed in pain. Everyone looked up from their  
games,  
> > : >startled by the noise. Then, as if someone had put a bomb in his  
cranium,  
> > : >his head popped like a firecracker."  
> > : >  
> > : >Incredibly, Titov's is not the first case in which a person's head  
> > : >spontaneously exploded. Five people are known to have died of HCE in  
the  
> > : >last 25 years. The most recent death occurred just three years ago in  
> > : >1991, when European psychic Barbara Nicole's skull burst. Miss  
Nicole's  
> > : >story was reported by newspapers worldwide, including WWN. "HCE is  
an  
> > : >extremely rare physical imbalance," said Dr. Anatoly Martinenko, famed  
> > : >neurologist and expert on the human brain who did the autopsy on the  
> > : >brilliant chess expert.  
> > : >  
> > : >"It is a condition in which the circuits of the brain become overloaded  
> > : >by the body's own electricity. The explosions happen during periods of  
> > : >intense mental activity when lots of current is surging through the  
> > : >brain. Victims are highly intelligent people with great powers of  
> > : >concentration. Both Miss Nicole and Mr. Titov were intense people who  
> > : >tended to keep those cerebral circuits overloaded. In a way it could be  
> > : >said they were literally too smart for their own good."  
> > : >  
> > : >Although Dr. Martinenko says there are probably many undiagnosed  
cases,

> > : >he hastens to add that very few people will die from HCE. "Most people  
> > : >who have it will never know. At this point, medical science still doesn't  
> > : >know much about HCE. And since fatalities are so rare it will probably  
be  
> > : >years before research money becomes available."  
> > : >  
> > : >In the meantime, the doctor urges people to take it easy and not think  
> > : >too hard for long periods of time. "Take frequent relaxation breaks  
when  
> > : >you're doing things that take lots of mental focus," he recommends.  
> > : >  
> > : >HOW TO TELL IF YOUR HEAD'S ABOUT TO BLOW UP:  
> > : >  
> > : >Although HCE is very rare, it can kill. Dr. Martinenko says knowing you  
> > : >have the condition can greatly improve your odds of surviving it. A "yes"  
> > : >answer to any three of the following seven questions could mean you  
have  
> > : >HCE:  
> > : >  
> > : >1. Does your head sometimes ache when you think too hard? (Head pain  
can  
> > : >indicate overloaded brain circuits.)  
> > : >  
> > : >2. Do you ever hear a faint ringing or humming sound in your ears? (It  
> > : >could be the sound of electricity in the skull cavity.)  
> > : >  
> > : >3. Do you sometimes find yourself unable to get a thought out of your  
> > : >head? (This is a possible sign of too much electrical activity in the  
> > : >cerebral cortex.)  
> > : >  
> > : >4. Do you spend more than five hours a day reading, balancing your  
> > : >checkbook, or other thoughtful activity? (A common symptom of HCE is  
a  
> > : >tendency to over-use the brain.)  
> > : >  
> > : >5. When you get angry or frustrated do you feel pressure in your  
temples?  
> > : >(Friends of people who died of HCE say the victims often complained of  
> > : >head pressure in times of strong emotion).  
> > : >  
> > : >6. Do you ever overeat on ice cream, doughnuts, and other sweets? (A  
> > : >craving for sugar is typical of people with too much electrical pressure

> > : >in the cranium.)  
> > : >  
> > : >7. Do you tend to analyze yourself too much? (HCE sufferers are often  
> > : >introspective, "over-thinking" their lives.)  
> .-  
>>>>>>8. Do you spend more than 4 hours a day trying to find new meanings  
in " u.p.UP" or in "atoms and ifs"?>  
mark the twy  
--

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970. **Burt Kimmelman**

**Re: MOO**

Thu 28 Sep 1995

---

tony,  
does "techniquilities" without a "u" have any significance to the term?  
burt

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971. **George Bowering**

**Re: millennium & David Jones**

Thu 28 Sep 1995

---

I'm just an old admirer of Jones. My wife is an expert, has the patience etc. I just pick up items when I travel. Including a second hand enormous book of the complete drawings tipped in, which I paid 500 bucks for once. So I am not up on the latest. In fact the latest thing I attended was a couple years ago, the wonderful Eric Gill show at Univ. of Toronto, just down the street from Dilworth. Did you see that 1979 item published in Victoria , B.C. by Sono Nis Press? I dont know whether it was also done in a UK or US edition. It is Henry Summerfield's \_An Introductory Guide to the Anathemeta and the Sleeping Lord\_ Gives references for all the stuff, stuff fr the Niocene Creed, etc.I was lucky, snaffted that for 4 bucks!

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972. **cris cheek**  
***Albert Hall related***  
*Thu 28 Sep 1995*

---

Hi. Ken's been posting about this event and I've even had e-mail from NY describing my photo on the publicity which I myself have not seen yet. A few choice observations:

- it would appear from the brief I got today that there is considerable press and radio interest being generated by this event
- the bill is too beefcake for my liking, with only 3/4 women poets on a bill of maybe 15 performers (I'm told others are being added) / and don't forget the winner of the poetry competition advertised on the leaflet (which I haven't seen as I said, heck I'm merely reporting this stuff) gets to read their poems from the stage alongside us 'alumni'. Made me want to just invite a mass simultaneous reading from the stalls by all the losers as my contribution - until that is the recent discussion about bland abstract lyrics got into action
- the promoter is going to spend somewhere close to £30,000 of his own money, and might well lose much of that
- there are two programmes melded together (one offered by Iain Sinclair as himself, Denise Riley, Brian Catling, Kathy Acker, cris cheek and Aaron Williamson / this part of the evening will be introduced by Michael Moorcock (I know, I know, it's seriously weird) - the other being that of the 'official' poetry programme with names as Ken identified plus I'm told at least an attempt to include Anne Waldman and others / introduced by that sixties free wheeling drug baron Howard Marks!)
- Penguin books are apparently going to produce a 'memorial' book of the event and it's being filmed
- for those curious about such things, it's going to presented kind of rock-multi-media style - clip mikes being de rigeur and a giant screen projecting on-stage 'images' of the performers as filmed by three cameras in the hall
- popcorn is not allowed in the building (despite which provision I've agreed to take part), so eat outside

love and love  
cris

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973. **Shaunanne Tangney**

**journals (fwd)**

Thu 28 Sep 1995

---

hello, again, all--

i am forwarding my own post, as it seems to have gotten lost in some kind of cybershuffle! --that is, i don't remember having seen it make it to the list--deep, dark appologoes if i have double posted!

thanks in advance,  
shaunanne

████████

----- Forwarded message -----

Date: Wed, 20 Sep 1995 20:04:43 -0700 (PDT)

From: Shaunanne Tangney <████████>

To: ██████████

Subject: journals

hello,all--

i have a query for you: i have a very theoretical paper that i want very much to publish. it is rather non-traditional (read: non-academic), slightly non-linear, and fuses prose and poetry. it asks (answers?!) all those big questions like, what is a writer? writing? poetry? a poet? i rely on cixous and derrida (as i am wont to do!) but include frost, poirier, dickinson, plath, and woolf, too. most of these are allusions; the paper is very much mine. it is a position paper, i guess, and does not really consider pedagogical issues, nor is it very empirical.

i am considering trying it at either \_the american poetry review\_ or \_critical texts: a review of theory and criticism\_. my question to you all is: does anyone know anything about these journals? are the refereed? do they have a wide/national circulation? a good reputation?

i am btw. that rock/hard place with this one, in that it is fairly un-traditional, and yet as an academic, i need publications! i think it is valuable paper--but i fear that more traditional journals are not appropriate; but then again, i cannot go too far off the beaten path, and satisfy the academy!

i thank you in advance for your input--backchannel me if you'd rather--  
shaunanne

████████

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974. **Jordan Davis**

**qal**

Thu 28 Sep 1995

---

"friends of a tend"--Gale Nelson

"The remainder is paranoia"--Larry Price

- Thanks for the Jay Wright stuff.

- Not to make you do my research, but has anybody written on the subject of arguments between poets? Excommunications? Splits? Weakenings of ties? Anybody know any good stories?

Jordan Davis

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975. **Edward Foster**

**Re: Flossy & WCWs army of ah whatever**

Thu 28 Sep 1995

---

no, rod, i'd still keep olson in "current" -- no one before him, few since, have been able to escape augustine's time (language/time), all linear. olson's "history" is still in the words, no critic's taken that from him yet. -ed

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976. **Edward Foster**

**Re: The News**

Thu 28 Sep 1995

---

i checked on the story, aldon, and can confirm it's true, tho the woman who survived is being held by authorities; it seems the scrap of verse included the letters wcw but was otherwise held to be indecent by university professors who teach wcw and say they can't live without him; he's the only poet students understand these days.

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977. **Tony Green**

**Re: MOO**

Thu 28 Sep 1995

---

techniqalities with a q not really so darned significant as all that only suggestive of "technical qualities" it's not worth worrying over

Tony Green,

e-mail: [REDACTED]

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978. **Edward Foster**

***Re: you & an army of mixed metaphors and forgotten half-truths...***

*Thu 28 Sep 1995*

---

actually, steve, i like that new jersey accent, and it's almost gone. i smashed an elbow a couple years ago, and the doctor who fixed it (in his 70s or 80s, i'd say, but did a fantastic job) sounded just like those williams recordings. i asked him if he'd heard of wcw, and he said, oh, ya, the guy that used to be at passaic" [i.e. passaic general]. i ran into a older guy selling real estate with that accent, not long ago; and the other day a friend and i heard in one of the old bars around here. but like wcw's world generally, the accent's gone. -ed

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979. **Edward Foster**

***Re: bland abstract lyrics, or you've got wheat in your eye***

*Thu 28 Sep 1995*

---

HEY, HEY, HEY, GEORGE: careful there, some of my best poet friends are very, very dead: Cavafy, for one; went all the way to Alexandria just to find his grave and talk with him. in fact, odd though it must sound, i have a few words with wcw every time i head east along route 3. but he still sounds as if he were my grandfather or great-grandfather, always giving advice.

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980. **SUSAN E. TICHY**

***Re: Flossy & WCWs army of ah whatever***

*Thu 28 Sep 1995*

---

On Thu, 28 Sep 1995, Edward Foster wrote:

*no, rod, i'd still keep olson in "current" -- no one before him, few since, have been able to escape augustine's time (language/time), all linear. olson's "history" is still in the words, no critic's taken that from him yet. -ed*

When I wrote a paper with this exact thesis, at UCBerkeley 20 years ago, my professor said "well-argued, but nonsense".

--Susan

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981. **Phillips Patrick**

***New Address***

Thu 28 Sep 1995

---

I have lost my affiliation. Am no longer framed by a clear institution - though I'm still not sure Brown was much more than a service. I now hail from the megaplex - AOL - and pay for what once was free... Sorry to any if you have responded to my recent post, but here's the new address -

██████████

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982. **Steve Carll**

***Re: Poetry Wars***

Fri 29 Sep 1995

---

*"friends of a tend"--Gale Nelson*

*"The remainder is paranoia"--Larry Price*

- *Thanks for the Jay Wright stuff.*

- *Not to make you do my research, but has anybody written on the subject of arguments between poets? Excommunications? Splits? Weakenings of ties? Anybody know any good stories?*

*Jordan Davis*

Jordan:

\_Poetry Wars\_ by Tom Clark dishes a lot of dirt. Can't remember what press it's on, though, or if it's still in print.

Steve

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983. **George Bowering**

***Re: An especial danger to hard working poets (fwd)***

Fri 29 Sep 1995

---

I first got that exploding head story or a variant from Australia about 6 months ago, and then again from somewhere about a month ago.

When yr buying a second-hand computer, look carefully for bits of brain and bone. A word to the wise.

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984. **Navdeep Dhillon**

***unsubscribe***

Fri 29 Sep 1995

---

..... $\frac{0}{0}$   
Navdeep Dhillon

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985. **Keith Tuma**

***Re: Albert Hall related***

Fri 29 Sep 1995

---

cris and Ken:

Here's hoping you'll both post something in the way of a report on the Albert Hall festivities after the "reforgotten" appear October 16.

For those who haven't seen the flyer, cris gets second prize for best picture, after Brian Catling, who looks like a cross between a postmodern monk and that guy from the original Adams Family--was it Fester?--sans light bulb in mouth. What is that you're smokin' cris?

For those of us--me--who know little or nothing about them, who are these "counter cultural heroes"--as the brochure describes the "presenters"--Michael Moorcock and Howard Marks?

Hell, I thought the only poetry celebrities in England these days were the New Gen folks. And not a one of them on the program.

The Blaserfest reports were entertaining and useful: great to have more of the same in this case for those of us who can't get across the pond.

--Keith Tuma

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986. **Lisa Robertson**

***ssplits and weakenings***

Fri 29 Sep 1995

---

Dear Jordon,

Edith Sitwell cuttingly narrates the split between Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Alexander Pope in her biography of Pope. I'm not sure whether it was in this book that I read that the final blow for Pope's and Lady Mary's mutually

generative partnership involved the return of borrowed bed-sheets, unlaundered.

In any case, Sitwell's bio ought to be read for its curious, long, dense lists which are among the least banal texts I have ever had the pleasure of reading. (see chapter XI, Fashionable, Life for these)

sincerely,  
Lisa

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987. **Peter Larkin**

**David Jones**

*Fri 29 Sep 1995*

---

As DJ seems to be stirring an interest (and thanks to Larry Price for inserting him into the Wild Blue Yonder discussion) let me tell what I know for anyone in or visiting the UK over the next few months.

Two exhibitions: DJ: a Map of the Artist's Mind  
Glynn Vivian Gallery, Swansea 30 sept-12 Nov  
Hove Museum, Hove, 19 Nov - 28 Jan  
National Museum, Cardiff 17 Feb - 14 April

DJ: A Centenary Exhibition Wolsey Fine Arts, 12 Needham Rd, London 25 Oct - 25 Nov (catalogue already available)

Three new books: DJ: Ten Letters Agenda Eds Feb 1996 (but priced at stlg70!) DJ: a Fusilier at the Front ed. A.J.Hyne, Seren Sept 1995 DJ: the Maker Unmade, By J Miles & D.Shiel, Seren Nov 1995

Also not yet announced: DJ: Artist and Writer ed Paul Hills, Avebury, Spring 1996 This will contain a new paper by Kathleen Henderson Staudt who has written (I agree with Graham Sharpe on this) the best book on DJ to date, "At the Turn of a Civilization", U of Michigan Press, 1993. Also featured is a piece of Gallic esprit by Jacques Darras on the role of somnolence in English culture. One last general point: DJ is most visible as a WW1 poet (though a controversial one, given his treatment of war as a recurrent human predicament, to be remembered as much as resisted (for a recent theoretical reading, see Evelyn Cobley "Representing War" U of Toronto P, 1993)). More immediate to me, though, are parts of The Anathemata and some of the fragments in The Sleeping Lord, especially The Tutelar of the Place, a wonderful trenchant statement of the poetics of attachment but entirely of the present (DJ believed art can only be of "the Now"). See my paper "Tutulary Visitations" in Paul Hills above. Sorry for the Jonesian exactitude of all this.  
Peter

Peter Larkin Philosophy & Literature Librarian  
University of Warwick Library, Coventry CV4 7AL UK  
Tel: 01203 524475 Fax: 01203 524211  
Email: [REDACTED]

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988. **Aldon L. Nielsen**  
***Re: ay sixes and sevens***  
*Fri 29 Sep 1995*

---

Ed-- Have you really taken to six liners now, or has some pirate rengadeer secretly attached himself to your three-liners??

My students also understand Edwin Markham --

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989. **Alan Golding**  
***Mullen and more***  
*Fri 29 Sep 1995*

---

Associate Professor of English, U. of Louisville  
Phone: [REDACTED]; e-mail: [REDACTED]

Does anyone know of any commentary on Harryette Mullen's work--essays, reviews, etc.--and esp., though not exclusively, on Trimmings? You can reach me via my backchannel, provided you can get past the anal godling lodging in my Poetic Briefs.

Since one or two threads of the WCW argument are still dangling, I thought to mention a good essay Hank Lazer published a few years ago on different readings of WCW among recent poets. (Hank, maybe you can post the ref.? I don't have it to hand right now.) What's being debated, at the risk of stating the obvious, is competing readings of WCW, not whether any given characteristic is "really there" in his work. My memory is that Hank lays out very well what different writers have recently found in WCW, and what different texts they're drawn to in order to find what they need.

Tenney, I appreciate your faith in the breadth of my reading, but I pretty much lost touch with Wright after *The Double Invention of Komo*, which I believe was his first book. And after this bloody (in all senses) trial, I can no longer read his line about "the broken field runner in the terminal" without thinking of OJ and Hertz commercials.

Jordan: Chap. 4 of my book *From Outlaw to Classic* talks some about internal differences/arguments within an embryonic poetic community in discussing the

first series of Cid Corman's Origin. This isn't the chapter's main focus, but I do get into the issues somewhat. I agree that it's hard to find material beyond the anecdotal (though that's always entertaining too).

anal godlodging

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990. **Jonathan Brannen**

***Re: renga - the sequel***

*Fri 29 Sep 1995*

---

At 10:17 PM 9/22/95 -0500, Charles Alexander wrote:

>hobbyist quaffs juleps poured in the direction of the skids  
>made by Chevettes sliding off the I5 south of Tacoma  
>looking like a born-again, living like a heretic, listening  
>to blues most simpering until the Camels dry away, stained fingertips  
>on Cynthia's knees, prompting treasure taken forgiveness sighing  
colored the image of the dancer brooding on the fence  
the demon beneath falling sky is an appropriate image for an eleven-year-old  
on the run from incendiary bombs at the edge of the city devoid of figures

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991. **Jonathan Brannen**

***Re: spike it with saussure - begins the intramix...***

*Fri 29 Sep 1995*

---

At 09:30 AM 9/23/95 -0400, Jorge Guitart wrote:

>On Fri, 22 Sep 1995, Sheila E. Murphy wrote:  
>  
> In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books  
> of Palookaville & the dead heroes of Guadalajara  
> empowering scores of liberated mozos intent of Lacanian  
> libretti, salted with much, much more than roughage added to taste  
> or tremolo, finding the shores awash with alphabet, proclaiming nothing  
> nutting nothing a-merrily over my dead bodies in abandon  
> where wrote was written, stepping one four nine  
> passacaglia without the prefab little knobbed things on them  
> completely set on the sea as so much crabbiness  
> diverts attention from wars in three voices and the steady rain of hemlock  
> falling on the Concerns box & a sob distant as adventure capital  
>behind the exterior of the city was an interior composed  
of scar tissue recording the grain of farm house timbers

a rubble of history in the grass where a decapitated statue  
unavoidably becomes an image of a nation without a true face

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992. **Jordan Davis**

***in dreams***

*Fri 29 Sep 1995*

---

> > In the books were dreams and in the dreams were books  
> > of Palookaville & the dead heroes of Guadalajara  
> > empowering scores of liberated mozos intent of Lacanian  
> > libretti, salted with much, much more than roughage added to taste  
> > or tremolo, finding the shores awash with alphabet, proclaiming nothing  
> > nutting nothing a-merrily over my dead bodies in abandon  
> > where wrote was written, stepping one four nine  
> > passacaglia without the prefab little knobbed things on them  
completely set on the sea as so much crabbiness  
diverts attention from wars in three voices and the steady rain of hemlock  
falling on the Concerns box & a sob distant as adventure capital  
behind the exterior of the city was an interior composed  
of scar tissue recording the grain of farm house timbers  
a rubble of history in the grass where a decapitated statue  
unavoidably becomes an image of a nation without a true face  
a face to sell a magazine, a face to turn to the side

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993. **Charles Smith**

***Re: Poetry Wars***

*Fri 29 Sep 1995*

---

- *Not to make you do my research, but has anybody written on the  
subject of arguments between poets? Excommunications? Splits? Weakenings  
of ties? Anybody know any good stories?*

*Jordan Davis*

& Steve Carll replies:

\_Poetry Wars\_ by Tom Clark dishes a lot of dirt. Can't remember what press it's  
on, though, or if it's still in print.

Clark's \_The Great Naropa Poetry Wars\_ was published by Cadmus Editions in  
1980. Doubt it's still in print. Ed Dorn still won't be found on the Naropa  
campus next door to CU.



Mary Oppen in *\_Meaning A Life\_* has some stuff on George's troubled relation to Zukofsky. More material can be found in the volume of his letters edited by Rachel DuPlessis. Jenny Penberthy touches on LZ's relationship w/ Niedecker, & her cautious letters to Corman (ed. Lisa Faranda) add more.

Excommunications? How 'bout any history of Breton & the surrealists.

Guess we'll have to wait for Kevin's Spicer bio to hear all about how Duncan/Spicer/Blaser et al. treated each other, & the seriousness of their fallings out. Anyone present at the Blaser gig remembers Kevin reading a George Stanley letter talking about Robin while George sat there on stage grinning & squirming.

Who doesn't remember the ugly ruckus arising from RD's interruption of Barry Watten's LZ talk. After David Levi Strauss dredged it up a few years later, the pages of the local *\_Poetry Flash\_* were filled w/ it. All of which did have repercussions on who people talked to/read/published with.

Of course there's more. But even when serious issues of poetics are involved, going over all this 'dirt' seldom rises above the level of gossip & personalities. Guess I have doubts about the value of such a study.

Charles

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994. **Steve Carll**

***Re: the Wild Blue Yonder***

*Fri 29 Sep 1995*

---

Larry Price writes:

*It evidently is continually to be restated: We are not in relation to the past. We are relation to the present, where (as Peter Larkin remarked concerning David Jones) "culture has to be about forgetting [and then] to recognize the fragments that work up through that process in unfamiliar patterns which reoriginate attachment."*

When you forget something, when you erase it, aren't forgetting and erasing modes of relating to that something? Or, to ask it another way, doesn't the past nonetheless come to presence, albeit as what is no longer present?

Please restate it again for us paranoiacs :-)

Steve

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995. **Robert Drake**  
**zukofsky/Bottom found**  
*Sat 30 Sep 1995*

---

as happenstance would have it--

found at the local bookstore: 1st edition copy of Zukofsky's *\_Bottom\_*, arc press, both volumes hardbound & cased; ex libris Hugh Kenner (handsigned inside front cover, some markings & marginal annotations)... contact me backchannel for pricing

&, while i'm at it, any offers on Dorn's *\_Gunslinger Book 2\_*, black sparrow, ex libris ron silliman? why would he have let that go? or why would he have had it in the first place?

luigi

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996. **Tenney Nathanson**  
**yikes**  
*Sat 30 Sep 1995*

---

*Date: Fri, 29 Sep 1995 18:06:55 -2400*  
*From: Jordan Davis <[REDACTED]>*  
*Subject: vannevar prosodie*

*Hi.*  
*A hypertext-historical question (set of questions). Anybody here talk about Vannevar Bush? Anybody here work with Intelligent Pad? Will that program work on a mac? Is there a prosody of hypertext?*

*Jordan*

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997. **Lisa Robertson**  
**Sitwell**  
*Sat 30 Sep 1995*

---

Dear Jordan,

Naturally I do read Sitwell's poems, especially her early ones. They-- with Swinburne-- have become permanent bed-side fixtures. I find Sitwell very unlike Stein and suspect their friendship and mutual respect tinted sitwell's poems for some readers. In any case, their projects are quite different in intent. The detail of Sitwell's attention to the sound texture of a poem-- the specific variability of effect of syllabic structure on metre and rhythm-- is almost scientific in its precision-- and beautiful and funny. Many fairly sophisticated readers

apparently thought so before the New Critics successfully deleted her from serious discussion of 20C poetry. Maybe this had something to do with her extension of some of the premises of decadence-- terribly unfashionable-- as well as her exploration of fairy tale and nursery rhyme as literary structures. I've fantasized for several years about writing on Sitwell, and hope to get at it some day.

Lisa

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998. **Jim Rosenberg**  
***Re: vannevar prosodie***  
*Sat 30 Sep 1995*

---

Jordan Davis <[REDACTED]>:

> A hypertext-historical question (set of questions). Anybody here talk  
> about Vannevar Bush?

There are a few of us hypertextual or machine-modulated poetry folk who hang out hereabouts -- myself, John Cayley to name a couple. The discussion turns to hypertext now and again but not with much persistence. You probably want anyone posted that address:

: From: [REDACTED] (Prentiss Riddle)

: People interested in hyperfiction may also want to know about "ht\_lit", : the hypertext and literary theory mailing list. The ht\_lit list was : created in February 1995 to provide a forum for discussion of hypertext : fiction, hypertext and literary studies, and hypertext theory. To : subscribe, send mail to "[REDACTED]" with : the phrase "subscribe ht\_lit" in the body of the message.

For more : information see: : : ht\_lit archive page :

[http://www.eng.carleton.ca/~kmennie/ht\\_lit.html](http://www.eng.carleton.ca/~kmennie/ht_lit.html)

| *Anybody here work with Intelligent Pad? Will that  
| program work on a mac?*

I'm not familiar with that one; try posting to alt.hypertext.

| *Is there a prosody of hypertext?*

You might want to look at a piece I wrote called "Notes Toward a Non-Linear Prosody of Space". You can find it at:

[http://www.well.com/user/jer/nonlin\\_prosody.html](http://www.well.com/user/jer/nonlin_prosody.html)

--

Jim Rosenberg  
CIS: 71515,124

<http://www.well.com/user/jer/>

WELL: jer

Internet: [REDACTED]

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999. **Ken Edwards**

***Albert Hall***

*Sat 30 Sep 1995*

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Yes, I'll be there as the list's own cub reporter, and will file a report on the proceedings on 16 Oct. Maybe Cris will also tell us how it was for him.

Michael Moorcock is a(n ex-) science-fiction writer who edited New Worlds magazine and wrote a series of novels in the late 60s featuring counter-culture anti-hero of the omniverse Jerry Cornelius. Lately he's been writing anti-porn stuff with Andrea Dworkin. I can't remember who Howard Marks is/was.

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1000. **Jordan Davis**

***vannevar prosodie***

*Sat 30 Sep 1995*

---

Hi. A hypertext-historical question (set of questions). Anybody here talk about Vannevar Bush? Anybody here work with Intelligent Pad? Will that program work on a mac? Is there a prosody of hypertext?

Jordan

Lisa: thanks for the papism. I forgot/didn't know Sitwell's book and will trundle shortly to find it. Do you (does anybody here) read her poems? They've always been brushed aside (when I bring them up) as sort-of-second-rate Stein. Which doesn't seem quite accurate

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1001. **Aldon L. Nielsen**

***Re: wrighting & mullen***

*Sat 30 Sep 1995*

---

Alan et al -- actually, first Wright book I've seen is *\_Death as History\_* (1967), followed by *\_The Homecoming Singer\_* (1971) --

Heven't seen anything substantial on Mullen yet -- I spoke briefly about *\_Trimnings\_* at MLA in NY where you were in audience -- & will send copy of that -- forthcoming book quotes a number of reviews, so I'll send you those pages in case you want to see the full reviews -- Trust there will be more critical work to come --

Mullen, by the way, has a chapter in *\_The Culture of Sentiment\_*, ed. by Shirley Samuels, that's worth looking at -- if your library doesn't have it, I can send a xerox --

in paragraph two, that's Harryette's forthcoming book, *\_Muse & Drudge\_*, not mine -- I quote Mullen on vision & literacy in mine, but won't get to my full discussion of her poetry till vol. 2 --

would love to hear anything you have to say about her work

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1002. **Kevin Killian**

***Re: Sitwell***

*Sat 30 Sep 1995*

---

Lisa and Jordan,

This is Kevin Killian speaking. If you enjoy Edith Sitwell, I know you will enjoy the forthcoming film "At Home with the Stars #3, featuring Denton Welch," by the NY videographer Joe Westmoreland, in which I yours truly play Dame Edith Sitwell in this feature-length version of the life of Denton Welch.

I got to write all my own dialogue, dress up in fabulous clothes and jewels, and welcome Denton into my London flat . . . serve him tea . . . we discuss poetry and literature, and Denton's illness and death. As I was speaking underneath this wonderful jewel-studded turban, I believe I was able to channel Sitwell's actual voice: she spoke through me just as Lorca did to Spicer! Only this is in living color, and pixel vision too. Anyhow watch for this show at an obscure art film festival near you early next year. However, Lisa, you are the Sitwell de nos jours, the Edith of Vancouver, and your pudeur, wit and brilliance when reading will never be forgotten by any who have seen you read; however, I had the right dress (one of Dodie's) and headdress, so it is a tossup.

Did you know that Edith met, in the course of her career, not only Denton Welch but Raquel Welch too? XXX Kevin

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1003. **Tenney Nathanson**

***o wind (was: <http://azstarnet.com/starnet/today/lx2030.htm>)***

*Sat 30 Sep 1995*

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*Date: Sat, 30 Sep 95 13:31:13 -0700*

*From: Tenney Nathanson <[REDACTED]>*

*Organization: University of Arizona*

*To: [REDACTED]*

*Subject: <http://azstarnet.com/starnet/today/lx2030.htm>*

Content-Length: 4188

<http://azstarnet.com/starnet/today/lx2030.htm>

*Tenure inquiry  
may be dicey,  
regents learn*

*By Alisa Wabnik*

*The Arizona Daily Star*

*TEMPE - Even the question of how to debate tenure drew controversy at yesterday's Arizona Board of Regents meeting, previewing the intense feelings to come as the board considers whether to eliminate the university job benefit.*

*Board members agreed, 4-2, to hear in the next several months from national experts - both for and against tenure - before deciding how to proceed.*

*But they first rejected a proposal from university presidents and faculty to get their recommendations from a committee of academicians. Some regents said it would produce biased results.*

*``If all the people on this (proposed) task force come out of academia, then we're not going to have the kind of discussion I want to have," Regent John Munger said.*

*``We don't want to just discuss the possibility of modifying tenure. We want to discuss whether tenure is appropriate at all," Munger said.*

*Regent Hank Amos agreed, but nevertheless voted with Regent Andrew Hurwitz against having multiple speakers because he wanted to hire independent consultants instead. Hurwitz preferred the committee structure, while board President Eddie Basha abstained. Regents Art Chapa and Rudy Campbell were absent.*

*Munger's comments provoked a forceful response from Arizona State University President Lattie Coor, who said they violated his understanding from previous discussions of where the board is headed.*

*``These are matters that affect literally thousands of people," Coor said. ``If this board intends to seriously entertain eliminating tenure as a function of the Arizona university system - a step so radical that it would fundamentally transform all the institutions - then I think we ought to . . . get this issue on the*

table."

*Tenure has been a staple of academic life since the early 20th century, when universities began offering it to their faculty as both freedom and security - freedom to pursue scholarly ideas without fear of political reprisal, and economic security to compete with higher-paying jobs in the private sector.*

*As of last fall, 2,765 of the 5,507 faculty in Arizona's university system had tenure, said Norma Salas, the regents' assistant for public affairs. About another 1,000 were on the tenure track, she said.*

*"The concern of the faculty about tenure is not their concern about their personal tenure," which likely would be protected by contracts written before any new board action, said ASU Provost Milton Glick.*

*"It is rather a concern about our ability to be the best possible university." Many administrators and faculty worry that eliminating tenure could drive away Arizona's best professors, who could seek jobs elsewhere since most other universities offer the benefit.*

*But regents also hear from community members who view tenure as simply a lifelong job perk for unproductive professors.*

*"Regents across this country, legislators across this country, the public across this country are all asking for us to rethink the notion of tenure . . . and that's what we're doing," Basha said.*

*But University of Arizona President Manuel Pacheco said after yesterday's discussion that, "There is more intensity to the issue of whether we should have tenure or not than I guess I had read" from previous meetings.*

*Regent Judy Gignac said she hoped the ruckus would not prompt faculty to get "all riled up," akin to the turnout of about 150 people Thursday when the regents discussed affirmative action.*

*However, Hurwitz countered that - although he likely would not vote to end tenure in Arizona - "there is a strong possibility that members of this board will want to look at a variety of radical alternatives. I think the faculty should be anxious," Hurwitz said.*

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News Links

*The regents and their responsibilities are profiled in the Regents*

Home Page at ASU.

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1004. **Louis Cabri**  
***Scholar's Bookshelf***

Sat 30 Sep 1995

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Brian McHale very kindly backconduited the coordinates of the Scholar's Bookshelf store at which I was able to put an order in for two copies of Bottom for \$18US ea (I think). Brian, thank you very much for the effort you went to to find the address etc. Since I have to post this thank you to the List Itself, may as well also post the store's address in case anyone else wants it:

110 Melrich Rd  
Cranbury, NJ  
08512  
Tel. [REDACTED]

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1005. **Steve Carll**  
***A Criticism (in Really Bad Taste)***

Sat 30 Sep 1995

---

*Michael Moorcock is a(n ex-) science-fiction writer who edited New Worlds magazine and wrote a series of novels in the late 60s featuring counter-culture anti-hero of the omniverse Jerry Cornelius. Lately he's been writing anti-porn stuff with Andrea Dworkin.*

With a name like that, he's taking a mighty big risk writing anti-porn stuff.

Steve

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