

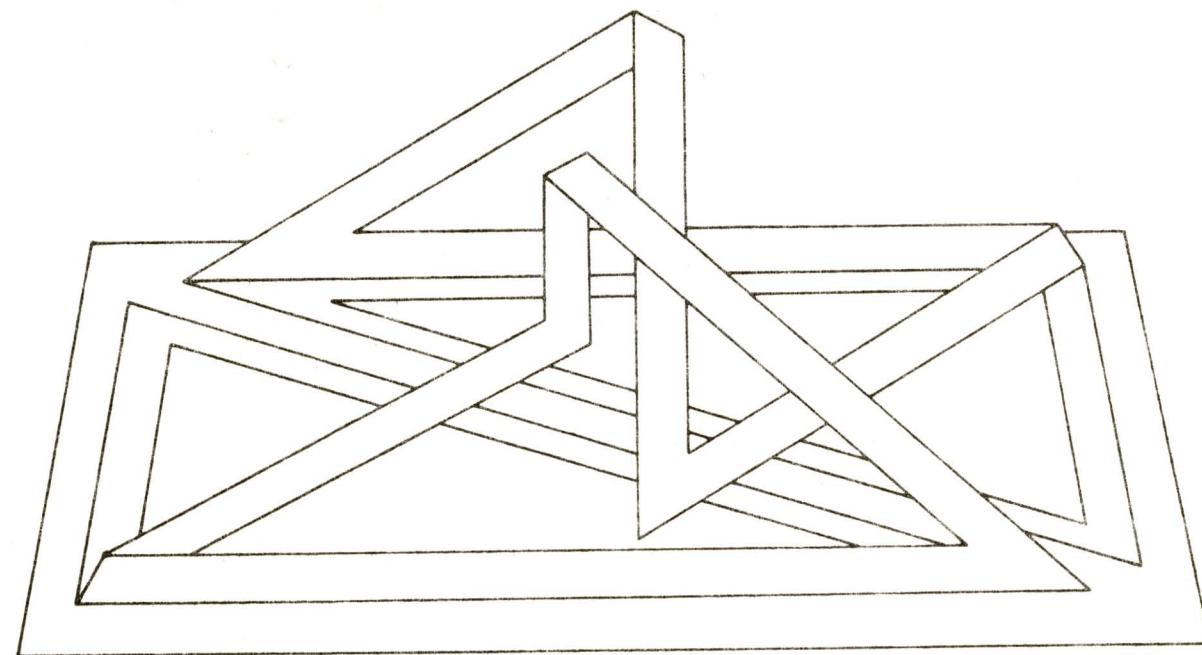
Artwork by Frank Fecko

A special note of thanks to Barbara Bakos for her help with this issue

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the blessing
that difficulties are once more

- Charles Olson



Volume I, 2

Winter, 1980 - 1981

Cid Corman

1/

If I'm here...

That becomes

the wonder

and the treat.

All language

is pretend.

2/

The words are here

because I'm not.

You become the

poet. As if

nothing happens

unless you do.

3/

Nothing more
difficult
than saying

and meaning
nothing - as
you can see.

Ron Silliman

from BOURBAKI

I.

Yes
I go
in what way
if a man
they are structures
both spatial
no words

.

concentric
assumption
recognized or
the writer's
or analogies
verbal
mechanically

.

in that enchanted
of a city
with the compulsion
every composition
and
a significant
despair

.

distance we
have I no
of a general
is at least
often the bases of
code-switchings
the slow

.

commotion
to lie
that we have
his opinion
an important
various
before me

.

successive
consideration was
emphasized
subjoined that the whole
technical
or multi
feeling the dry

.

lurks
it comes out
the idea
or measure
in which metaphors
of our
buried

III.

a titanic
the city in this
organic
ingredient
propositions
interpenetration
how

.

and so closely
to the question
would be a tendency
admit
are frequently
from interdialectal
but I

.

of the crowd
certain associations
under the influence
which mutually support
deliberations
from one language
in the gallery

.

round on their backs
psychological causes
earlier condition
legitimate poem
their motives
that apply
there could be

.

like multiplied spans
of us
according
of interesting
secondly
cannot
I ever felt

.

but overarched
but tho I see no reason
towards
but if the definition
arguments in order
follow
the course

.

in each
realize that the city
of all
affecting
in the metaphysical
or partial
never

VII.

calm
with a friend
to repetition
a poem
especially
role
I was

.

axis of the herd
I had followed
the manifestation
known
as an essential
belief
appeal from my

.

we were
for a walk
is the instinctive
chooses
built out of
and temporal factors
in any human language

.

and still
on our right
stumbled
uncontroverted
part
forms of
but to die

more immediately
along a canal
a kind of organic
harmonizing
thirdly that very often
I refer to my earlier
the cause of the strange

at the heart
that I am imagining
is forced
or both
and analogies
verbal
alive with no other

afforded us
lay on our right
life
arrangement
power
the verbal code
my ear

Bob Perelman

GEARS

The desire to open my eyes
Arrives from the dark.
The film itself is blank. Senses

Surround my will to be
Where I am. I see my head
Present to the depth of centuries,

Altitudes where I couldn't breathe.
The fourth wall is missing, crowd noise
Makes me want to talk.

An enraged optimism
Rises from these tapes. The tone
Is at the machine's mercy.

Plaid curtains hang thoughtlessly
Against reports of darkness. Birth
Reopens the parenthesis.

The oracle enters, dreams
Intentionally. She hugs herself
In his sleep. A fixed idea

In a room of prior synonyms.
Plain patterns while waiting.
Blows struck offstage occupy

The autobiography. There is also
Nothing. My former future
Blows sideways without obstruction.

A shade under an assumed name
Reflects a touchy crystal universe,
All begining, middle, and end.

SELF PORTRAIT

An enraged optimism
Surrounds my will to be
Without begining or end.

At night the oracle enters
A room of prior synonyms.
Plaid curtains hang thoughtlessly.

Nothing. My former future.
Plain patterns while waiting.
The mirror reflects the dark,

An assumed name. The forms see
Where I am. My head arrives
Missing the fourth wall. Crowd noise

Rises from the tapes. The tone
Reports. Sleep darkens dreams. Birth
Is on purpose. She hugs herself.

Years later, the autobiography.
Blows struck offstage occupy
A touchy crystal universe.

The film itself is blank.
The senses present the centuries,
Are at the machine's mercy.

A fixed idea wants to talk
Without obstruction. There are also
Attitudes where I couldn't breathe.

The visible order reopens
The parenthesis, underlies
The desire to open my eyes.

ABSTRACT

The film senses the machine.
A name assumes. The mirror reflects.
Attitudes want to talk.

Optimism desires to be
The autobiography.
The universe: offstage.

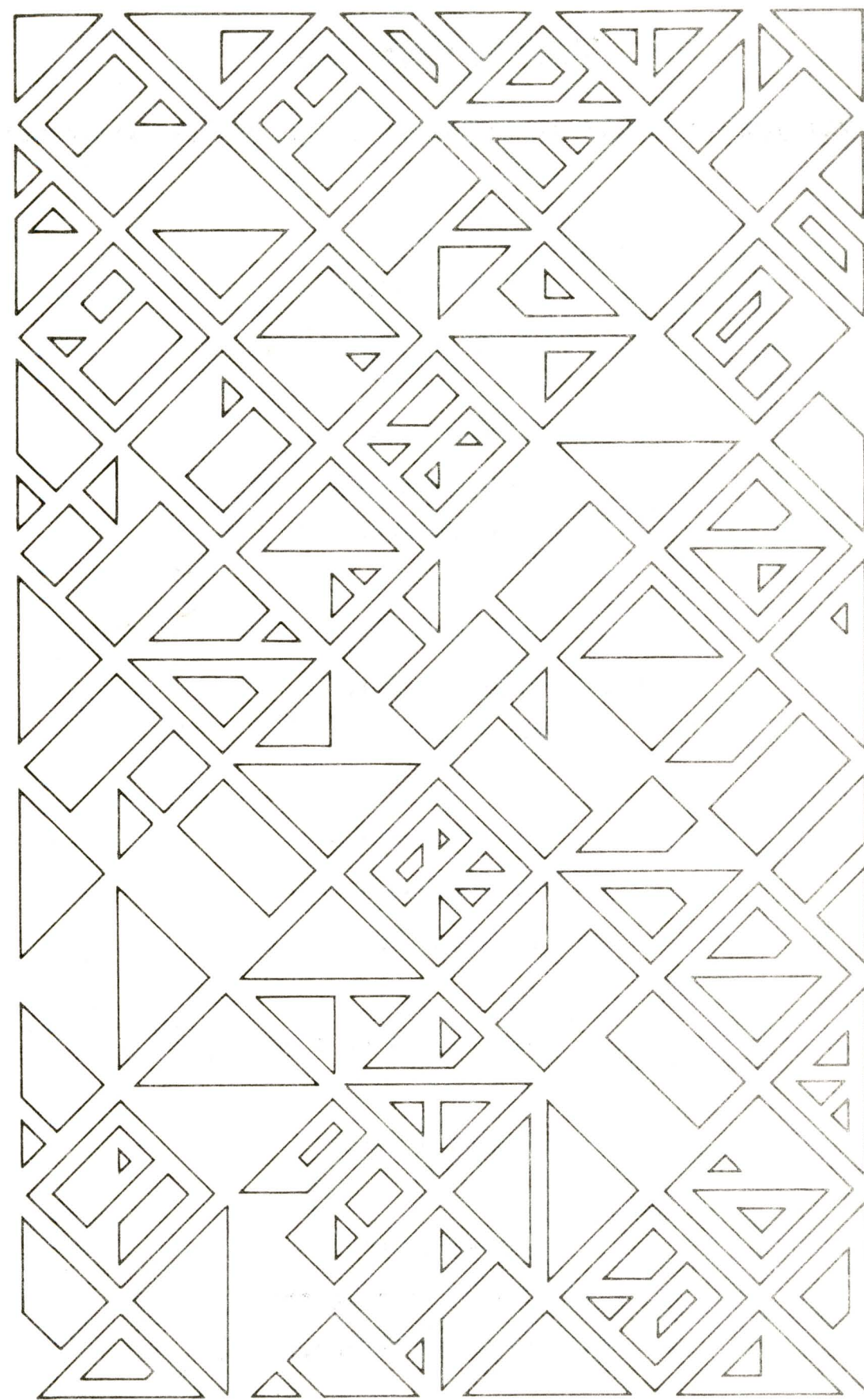
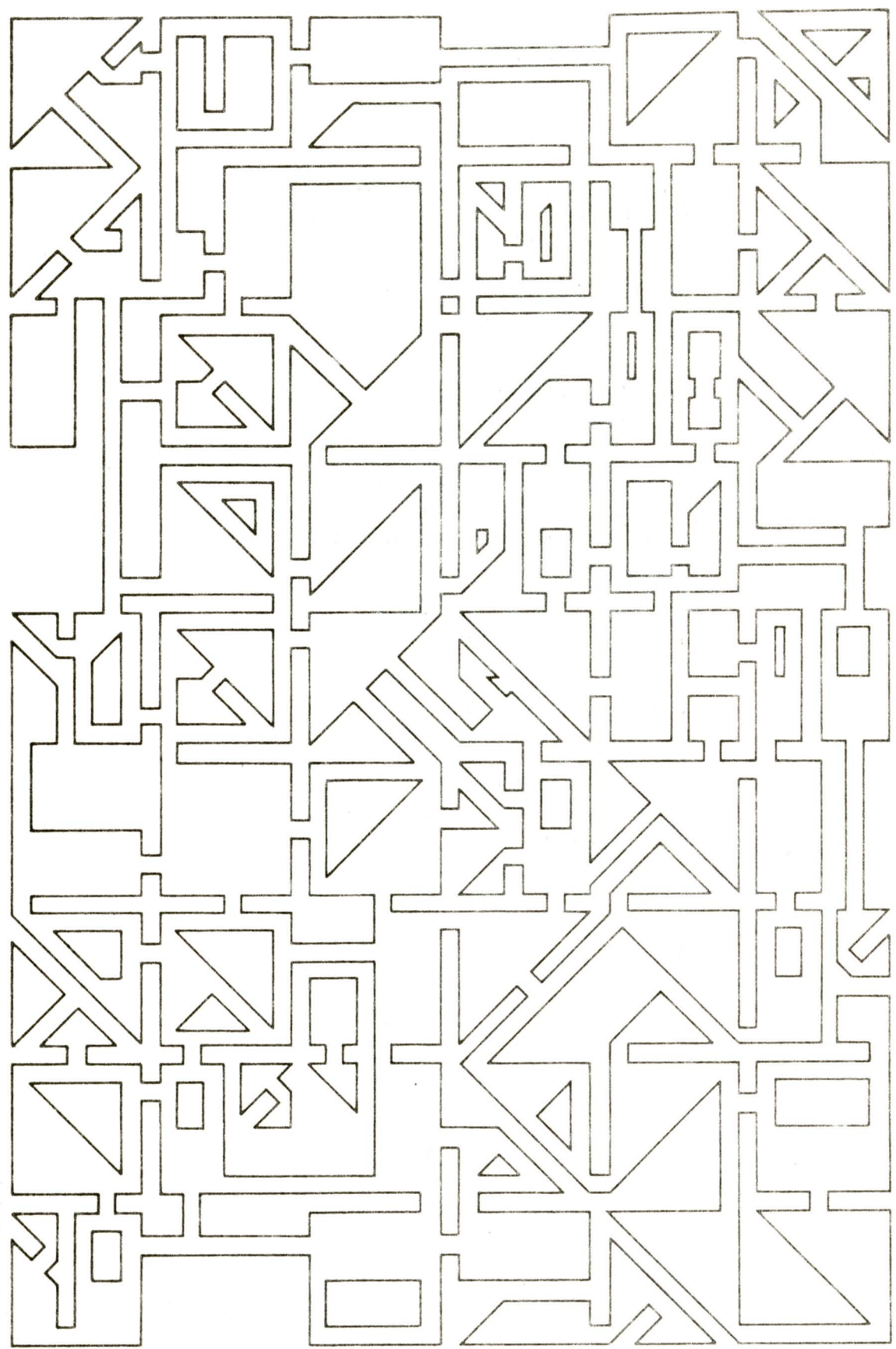
A prior century
Enrages the synonyms.
The idea is missing.

The dark. The darkness.
Sleep, dreams, tapes.
The oracle enters. Nothing.

Crowd noise
Is the fourth wall.
Touchy heads hug crystal tones.

A parenthesis
Without begining or end
Breathes on purpose.

Birth underlies
The will. The visible order
Forms eyes.



Charles Bernstein

WORD FREQUENCIES OF SPOKEN AMERICAN ENGLISH IN DESCENDING ORDER

I and the
to that you
it of a

know was uh
in but is
this me about

just don't my
what I'm like
or have so

it's not think
be with he
well do for

on because really
as at if
when had all

she said mean
then something that's
would there very

we get out
going her up
say way feel

thing things one
sort were want
didn't time now

your they are
go see can
feeling him some

other why how
been more thought
no right kind

here yeah an
which thinking ah
you're from them

I've maybe got
did much could
can't being myself

guess even too
any little always
back people these

who good anything
last by come
felt mother his

doing oh than
there's remember make
mind into has

night over saying
down before went
where talking again

never I'll he's
wasn't same only
I'd dream first

whether sure seems
doesn't should lot
two also wanted

uhm trying around
feelings am might
getting having take

fact still day
came after suppose
eh else talk

yes father tell
couldn't real today
will she's home

isn't whole work
part wouldn't does
yesterday made everything

off used another
girl somehow anyway
though told probably

point look course
away understand okay
school put morning

seem long afraid
times week through
bad angry keep

started reason must
uhuh they're done
different almost those

yet coming nothing
quite house better
funny wrong may

what's idea person
find able such
yourself big happened

ever important actually
true somebody looking
give most guy

years money let's
next sometimes every
try our makes

three haven't nice
thoughts comes sense
while either although

stuff own since
hard knew won't
call life exactly

great forth let
many alright called
their us Friday

certain pretty man
least except seemed
question couple making

start kept enough
room boy problem
year once took

business fear perhaps
bit ask both
end asked far

love left sexual
situation bed old
car between place

talked stop certainly
whatever believe along
relationship we're someone

words ago happen
say rather analysis
help until sex

working telling taking
means job gee
everybody without word

read reaction together
you've days looked
upset hand leave

picture wonder matter
interesting hour children
weekend saturday saw

late sitting weeks
particularly toward woman
child few gone

anybody care need
head friends mad
wish kids we've

wanting change new
use hurt hadn't
married fantasy monday

five happy hell
interested family involved
show who's stay

supposed worry four
clear parents usually
girls wants instead

aware guilty goes
case mentioned friend
tomorrow type book

finally sleep gets
thursday completely sit
minutes reading answer

decided difference often
doctor image obviously
play kid half

against problems apparently
gotten huh shouldn't
each sick deal

figure gave tried
anger strange strong
we'll door particular

seem past found
terms trouble bring
less happens high

phone control baby
close hear realize
somewhere reasons sister

wondering hours alone
during seeing women
already class meant

asking become conscious
later moment second
wife cold ways

kinds side best
pay stand law
office anymore find

he'd minute sorry
dreams knows running
you'd awful brought

realized ten face
six weren't set
concerned inside name

turn lying early
live number recall
open position playing

you'll intercourse general
scared paper worked
possible walked hate

heard sudden difficult
fight putting experience
tired attitude afternoon

giving nervous penis
under walking several
attention tuesday uncomfortable

immediately taken worried
began o'clock small
especially instance hospital

months god living
sunday college wednesday
explain forget front

summer accept connection
enjoy line outside
run session dinner

sounds world begining
liked story eat
mine crazy crying

turned act wait
ahead apartment fantasies
hope mood behind

uhum listen unless
woke ought walk
guilt therefore free

struck books group

asthma pick men

month ready write

glad imagine street

building using aren't

conversation order expect

handle buy decision

looks she'd worse

excited jewish depressed

fun shit terribly

tonight hair meaning

miserable silly black

date leaving move

terrible feels given

interest meeting towards

lots badly teacher

fairly masturbation older

reminds train amount

cut sat stupid

view bother horrible

soon knowing happening

pleasure standing fighting

stopped drive driving

anxious example assume

fall rate absolutely

lie whenever possibly

evening earlier check

attractive possibility further

reality waiting nobody

it'll spend guys

brother hmm appointment

middle connected hit

uptight itself questions

whom boys area

excuse vacation normal

died sound subject

obvious store mother's

discuss became react

everyone beautiful noticed

speak busy calling

bill dead partly

teaching clearly role

smoking chance he'll
process effect opposite
physical starting stomach

dirty takes thinks
top changed ended
hostility we'd occurred

anyone across behavior
mouth nose till
comfortable bye dawn

definitely easy extent
hold weird light
please full relation

death clothes himself
one's responsibility treatment
father's lived lose

strikes suddenly understanding
direction etc extremely
recognize she'll wonderful

lost pattern perfectly
jealous eyes discussed
simply admit anxiety

young perfectly uncle
psychological level bothered
bought decide step

study specific others
trust stright good-by
express friendly fifteen

totally odd cry
consider statement begin
quit short attack

frightened letter present
worth easier necessary
consciously wall surprised

successful body afterwards
trip game daddy
meet within specifically

hasn't patient husband
test floor younger
move ridiculous rest

known loved fit
weak met learn
herself rid fault

unhappy staged blue
bathroom holding recently
agree writing association

deep sorts watching
seven keeps mention
avoid grade human

relations umhmm schedule
serious marriage notice
issue dark grandmother

desire annoyed psychiatrist
somewhat bothers quality
emotional ideas follow

break scene die
they'll enjoyed piece
necessary confused effort

smoke incident longer
becomes hostile crap
here's its warm

ran upon emotionally
continue keeping tied
tense themselves constantly

spent movie hot
voice truck tremendous
describe purpose lately

state picked purpose
hot water impression
caught mostly sleeping

fell willing discussion
table teach throw
push couch air

quiet truth dependant
watch conscience tape
physically main confidence

prove percent town
ugly doubt gives
wondered likes country

sent emotions shower
bus gives miss
sexually works competition

listening becomes logical
fast machine wrote
library similar thank

related fears eating
masturbating bothering chair
masturbate basically wear

bringing mixed disappointed
sad honest response
white twice send

dreamt grandfather needed
finding pressure easily
forgotten christmas food

note underneath wearing
reasonable degree twenty
form showed pants

whereas speaking heart
needs practice hoping
quickly pregnant mister

patients marry correct
missing various places
cutting decisions stuck

pleased acting aggressive
charge brings boat
critical figured day

kill moving pleasant
associate staying written
finished age stage

lack opened pictures
someplace goddamn learned
lead expected entirely

ride usual besides
escape expression they'd
lives mrs. basis

respect surface element
lady worrying anywhere
paying fellow slept

clean suit calls
passive research ashamed
opposed church described

associations near simple
shut hands starts
relate associated fair

changing forgot neurotic
city fuck heck
positive understood son

unusual none stick
generally shows 7:00
masculine ability frightening

immediate birthday blame
major relations intense
adult fat smart

bedroom sessions discussing
capable impossible laughing
terrific background killed

enjoying caused cause
born poor box
letting direct mental

draw power remind
cannot regard frustration
doctors closed inferior

relaxed active female
upsetting drove tough
6:00 ha compulsive

yours accepted natural
force actual plans
emotion touch 12

bunch red upstairs
hated lonely lawyer
quarter dad otherwise

whose painful concern
large male nature
occasionally assumed essentially

split corner project
reacting character theory
homosexual spoke dare

played wow expressing
finger hurting directly
regular unpleasant tie

personal pain progress
however plus results
cases calm hall

disgusted parts fits
differently comment hi
practically urge commitment

article failure tells
liking drink opinion
dangerous context remembering

hiding second strongly
ice significance stronger
downstairs remark sequence

personality roommate hat
catholic cat hassles
confident opportunity build

changes shape held
turning extreme object
quick based turns

talks defense opening
suggested struggle vague
dislike mainly 9:00

riding erection downtown
peculiar teachers cigarette
authority breathing skiing

sensitive eventually convince
expensive harder kidding
broke complicated conclusion

lousy center 8:00
third phase furious
bigger frustrating medicine

daughter smile named
darn stoned jeeze
blah danger referring

plain joke carried
future ground hang
help picking nine

blow value advantage
closer attempt silence
park punishes cousin

relevant independence shot
glasses support magazine
courses pardon results

-- Compiled from Word Frequencies in Spoken American English by Hartvig Dahl (1979, Verbatim/Gale Publishing, Book Tower, Detroit, MI 48226). Dahl's sample is based on transcripts of 225 psychoanalytic sessions involving 29 generally middleclass speakers averaging in age in the late twenties. The speakers--21 of whom were men--used a total of 17,871 different words.

Michael Gottlieb

EIGHT POEMS

1

OUTLIVED lest we forget how lucky we were to meet
HALF ACREAGE n a t t e r i n g CLEAN'S SAKE
production, to friends JOUSLING THE
CHARGE liked looking so much
THE BARREL CHEST his link to the outside RECALL-
ED FOR your 'stop' GET-TOUGH
more than just a host TO DOMINATE, OR
ATTEMPT, ALL CONVERSATIONS
turmoil branching STAGING AREAS the flags of the
sidewalk

2

ordure FRAMERS numbing MOR-
ASSED bedroomy UNGLUED for years
MARK BIERE assignator peril BAL-
SAM doctrinely SCUD adorning ISN'T
GOSSIP driverless "PAIRING OFF ON THE PAGE"
crashingly UNHINGED trammel the
charts LIMPET, VARSITY assiduous
ENTRE LE SAISON up to code WRISTLIKE
fain DAMNABLE parlayed

3

refereed G A I N S A I D different asperity AS
 IF YOU COULD BECOME durham cut D E C O N T R O L -
 L I N G we needed JUST WHAT despite A L -
 W A Y S comeuppance F I S H I N G F O R T H E M
 waitingly I KNOW WHAT YOU MUST THINK OF ME
 in turn, you yourself engage in
 MY LIFE IN FACT inspite of any determination G A S -
 C O N Y driven motile L E A K I N G to want

4

M U N I C H A R O A R A G A I N b o s t i c k
 FINGERING untrammelled RAZZLE vanes
 J A U N E ' D r a n s o m N O M E R toed T A L K -
 Y u n t e a r y T O B E A L L T H I S T I M E
 afflatus REALLY MEANT ALL ALONG f i s s i l e
 A M B I V A L A N C E D h a t t r i c k M R. F R Y -
 E R s h o u l d h a v e s a i d A W H O L E S O M E
 A R T I F I C E D impaction HULLED l i t t l e
 ' a n z i o s ' F O R G O T T E N A L L A L O N G
 ober BETWEEN THE a c c o s t T O L D M E N O T T O
 C O M E I w a n t e d t o s e e i n t h e g l a s s
 R E T O R N

5

shame us RED CROSSE pined RISER
 bearing DOTTIER unseated CON-
 TOVERT nineties, the O's DUSTS mop-
 ing CARED AWAY WITH half-
 wise PAYROLLED the fellow of something SU-
 ING the underground USUALLY FOUND
 WANTING florid OTIO-MEEK lager MAN-
 HASSET bailey DRIVEN unreason calm-
 ettes BRING UP suborning BOARD-
 WALK DAMAGE implast CANTORR S

6

INCLINED INSIDE drawling FACET-
 IOUS parqueted apron OVER-
 SIGHT kennan's STANDEE'S twe-
 ezed DONE wardheelers SMITTEN
 damper CONTRITION keelhaul
 STOPPERED compresses HERDS
 deathly RUNCIBEL bogged PUTTING
 YOURSELF OUT reasoned debate PARLOR
 bartering away aall the ad-
 vantabe EMANATING TOWARD

7

GNURL gated REARED ITS l o c k e t s O A K -
 E N T U N E S w e l l s e r v e d A S M O R E w e l l
 s e r v e d R E T R I B U T I V E d r a y s C A R A -
 V A N P A R K S f r e e d O B J E C T I O N E D a s u b -
 v o c a l E X P E R T L Y t h e a b o v e D O C I L E L Y
 v e r y v i t a l I M M A N A T I N G a j u m p e r
 P L A N G E N T d i s t r e s s i n g t h e s u r f a c e T U C K j o u l e s
 D A R N I N G S C A N S s h o a t s B A S H F U L
 e a r e d C A N T A B I L E b y t h e M A N G L E D n o
 n o s t r u m s

8

D O N ' T u n b o x i n g M E R E s l o w i n g
 G L A D E S r a g e d O N L Y T H E F A C T S h o l e d m a n -
 a g e r a p D E L L ' l i n i t y ' D E F L E C T S g o l i g h t -
 l y B E S P O K E h a r d e n e d I V I E D r e d o u b t
 M U L L m o i s t e n e d F R A G G I N G d o s i e O F -
 F E R I N G h a c k e d I N F L U E N C E s h o u l d M E N I L
 g l a c e e ' D A U N T a r o u n d e d G R A P E V I N E S
 m e t t l e T H O R O F A R E

Lyn Hejinian

from the series PUNCTUAL (for Henry Kaiser)

PUNCTUAL 3

in unison bulk.

retrack table talk, open eclipse.

rock in lake looking in, remaining math.

actual nickle in shallow.

single digit. exact shove.

to the left was the living room, a brief visit without subject.

birds of a feather, in channel. parenthetical echo.
not a drop left.

PUNCTUAL 6

abutment hung. gaze cast. a colored elevator distributes vehicles.

visible in an aisle attach change, cross reference. third trail.

deliberate slot.

damps it deescalates tilt.

separate trees approach moderate surf. blue flag dramatized these conditions.

a narrows, walls, a law, pick.

habitual model. all kinds of scrub disturbs tribute. a tune. pecking head, I blow the klaxon.

I slipcover, supposed closer, disarray chair, append table, problem ironed out.

a locked liquid, an egg. arena.

PUNCTUAL 7

tow water.

own news unpegged.

work block margin, waist in chair, ignore the popular
do, dent.

citified gusts. jammed smoke.

faucet, island, sand banked, kept. milk from the squib.

cup hand. chin. matter ahead.

zero in reverse, tonic comes true.

PUNCTUAL 8

casual. splay.

PUNCTUAL 9

rational nuance.

a volume. the redness of an apple makes it pretty.

plural to scale.

trace trace. salty pleat. behind guard heart and floral
grill, scanning punctilio.

water, pours glass. specific snared, translated. flooded
with applications of moonlight.

a line of streets citified in the marigolds.

windows lodged. a fact in the project.

repetitions of sleep, split.

hinged in two an interval, girt fulcrum, roomy room, ragged
time. raffia.

PUNCTUAL 10

up escarpment. I kodak. second version of some surface.
I show up in "interior distance."

clay likeness. sod obelisk. just this, reverse.

meticulous distortion. double back. sky in two.

distill nectar. with simple addition spell doom.

the beauty of the scene beggars description.

PUNCTUAL 11

full street. rose, please.

factory curlicues, at conspicuous pitch. the silence
is consent. a name caught the eye.

I bunk. speak of the "self." improve it from memory.
apply decal, mill, nail recall, track hub. set double
mood. I draw upon history.

stray bolt askance. I clap. closed sideways. clump
up.

I mason from uniform mass. treble angle, coil, pencil.
plaudits. "inscrutable solace" transformed.

straw buck pundit.

stairwell to doorway to middle room. domestic harmonics,
by fire fender. I steel wool. I reason.

PUNCTUAL 14

a figure exterior. rhapsodic wedge. this is this repeating creek.

"between the lines" is directly stated.

reading keyboard copies scallop.

the weather rises almost straight up. the bottom is filled. the spell is broken, no-one fooled.

ridiculous cemeteries full of birds.

despite the glare, arborial -- redirect.

terse. specks of sun glint in the sea. we lean over the jumbo window of the glass bottom boat. that's in curves. an adventure with a particular bend in it. wide erasures pivot at a carousel pace.

Bill Polak

...and the undeniable tension of short lines to left
and to right

Up by one.

A whole half

inning to go. Who

knows. Should

be a beaut

What Jack might have said having gone
two for four in a loss: What
protest? The mound seemed to be right where

it always was, they say that extra six inches
was probably a mistake back at the beginning
of the game anyhow, called it 'mount' back then, I

didn't miss nor notice anything, got
good wood on it tonight, good wood
ash, when you're makin' contact, zings

that man's a fine one does mighty
weird things with the delivery

I was fortunate to be wearing
my curveball eyeballs, that's all

Theodore Enslin

I come of rich blood

to talk to you.

I cannot do more than talk.

I will tell you,

in my stories,

of many wonders,

of the old men

with whom I studied magic,

and many times fell short.

In many cases,

by chance meeting,

I learned more than by intent.

Yet, now,

without the credentials,

I have lived a good life,

and at that point I brook no interference.

I have had that goodness.

I will hope to give it in like kind.

There are times I wish
I could tell a story
the way the grandfathers told them,
and with children around me,
thinking me wise:
That I could divine the future
from the past---the legends
as signposts---how far we have to go,
and then I know that the roads
are not clear ones.
We hardly know where we've been,
and nothing has cleared the way ahead.
Only the place, here, and
the signposts are faulty.
But the stories persist.
They pervade, and the swamp and the forests
reverberate with them.
Whatever voice I have heard,
I can take, not as my own,
but a parallel---
each day an inflection.
I resume my own time,
and the moment within it:
The story. The telling.

Judith Platz

CIRCLE DANCES

And here we are
still on the same plateau
with the same grass burning
for the same sacrifices
the same distances and dark lack
the weight of the old dinosaur
still on our shoulders to carry
for burial in the high desert plain
where sun can bleach its bones dry.

Your hand reaches for knowing
and it's all a map in the mind.
It's the map that holds.
The air thick with decisions
already acted on.

You will not see
to the inside
the real and familiar
recognition of your own song
the one you chose for yourself
the one you will do
for yourself
inside yourself
beside yourself at the same time
dimensions hung in all space
the same time together
but separate alone
because you recognize only
where you think you are
as if nowhere else existed

only this one
here and lonely space
full of the pain and work of it all
until the learning sets
fog rolling in great clouds
cooling the landscape
clearing synapses for the chakra climb
mandala circle dance
releasing the powers of memory and joy.

Meanwhile Hermes Trismegistis
Plato Seth Sitting Bull
and Black Elk are waiting 'round us
to watch the taking of the challenge
the becoming of warriors of peace
the placing of the circle dance
here here here.

They've been waiting a long time now
and it doesn't have to do with men
and it doesn't have to do with women
it is the celebration of the dance
that is all of us
in longing desire soul
all of that which we pretend
we do not know.
The way the sun moves close and away
the real light change of day and night
ever over our shoulder
that we keep far away
keep it to imagination almost.

But just then
there is the quiet tic in the night
the one that draws compellingly -
a soft nerve pinched
forever living in the spine.

It makes us restless.

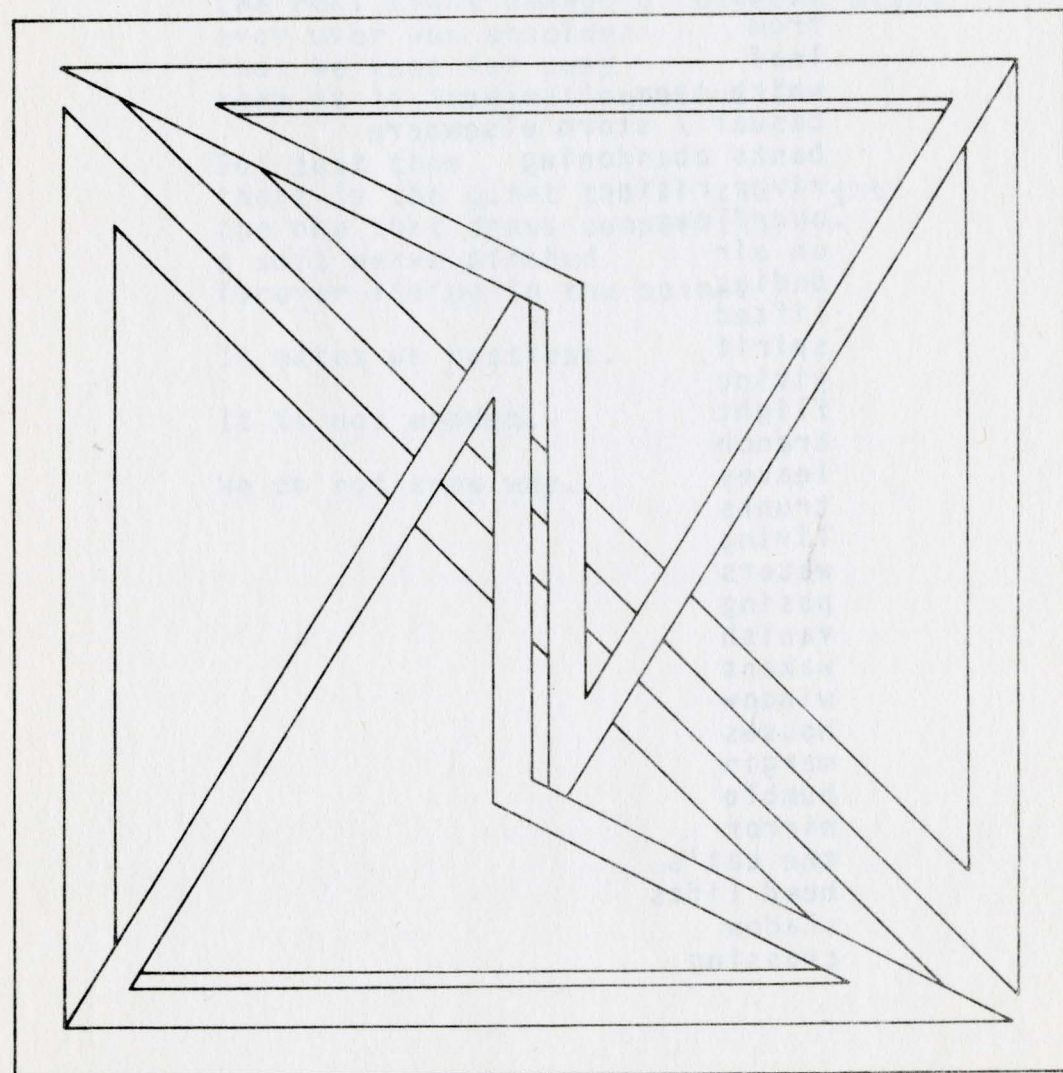
It is not enough.

We do not know why.

John Perlman

to embrace
the whole presence
of an endless life
a bicycle
coasting
under trees
& the boy on it
black on white
against concrete
thru shadow
black cat in my window
intent on that space
her gaze perhaps on birds
answering
singular
songs
from
leaf
which seem
casual / storm elsewhere
banks abandoning
river rising
overflows
on air
bodies
lifted
spirit
giving
flight
branch
leaves
trunks
living
waters
posing
vanish
wakens
window
houses
margin
humble
mirror
the cat's
head lifts
shadow
crossing

closes her eyes
 right ear open to the yard
 left ear twitching as I type
 superfluous
 touch
 calms
 sight
 heart
 hears
 one
 voice



Larry Eigner

busy hour

wherever you come in

everyone driving around

something in the head

bikes

a matter of the day

and enough people walking

Open Door

the world not what

used to be

stratospheric

Gary David

from Northern Lights, a work in progress

THE OD INQUEST

for Paul Metcalf

"Od" Gr. hodos, road, way

"Od, 'od" (Also "odd") a
minced form of "God"

"We must ask how a man who had shown such sharp critical understanding in science could wander so far in the field of fantasy."

Karl Freiherr von Reichenbach
the Baron in his black sorcerer's mantle
toward the end of his life
(1869) was seen at all hours of the night
streaming forth from his castle in Reisenberg
lost in thought in a nearby boneyard in quest
of the Od he'd sensed for over 30 years.

"...the miasma of putrefaction breathed forth from the graves
and mounting upwards in the air above them, where the wind
plays upon them, and human terror pictures their movements
to an fro in the wind as the dances of living ghosts."

"This separation into the atmosphere is nothing else than
a true discharge of Od. One of the strongest discharges
of this kind takes place from the breath of all living
creatures."

Far too stringent the empiricist...

...discovered paraffin, eupion, creosote ("flesh-preserver"),
pittacal (all coal-tar products) and the science of meteor-
ites...

...(as one might be called an objectivist poet)
to call himself, a "sensitiv Mensch",
the subject of his "Letters".

"When one of the latter goes near a large-surfaced mirror,
he feels the unpleasant effect of the quicksilver diffused
over his entire body; it seems to him as though a lukewarm
sickly breath came upon him; he feels himself pushed and
driven off and, if he chooses to resist, he is attacked
by stomachache, a feeling of indisposition, headache, and
even vomiting; he has to give way."

"...the basic experiments consequently were carried out with
nearly 300 subjects, with inexhaustible patience and in
uninterrupted sequence, and yet it is not enough for
Mr. Fechner that all these three hundred have unanimously--
in a sort of unprecedented delirium, I suppose--experienced,
seen, deposed, and confirmed one and the same thing for a
space of 10 years!"

Working his way in the camera obscura of his brain
toward brilliance...

"...photographs actually taken by the aid of odic light
alone, under scientifically arranged conditions and in the
most intense darkness..."

...forces him finally to come out with it:

"Everything, then, emits light; everything, everything!
We live in a world full of shining matter... Crystals,
sun and moon, magnets, plants, beasts and men, chemical
reaction, together with fermentation and decomposition,
sound, friction with the movement of water, heat,
electricity, and finally the whole world of matter in
regularly determined degrees of strength, all these
emit the remarkable phenomena perceptible to feeling
and sight which we cannot assign to any of the known
forces..."

Dr. Duboid-Raymond on Reichenbach: "...the most deplorable
aberration that has, for a long time, affected a human
brain."

"The miracle is now made plain; it is nothing else than a
purely physical influence of the odic dynamid on the human
nervous system; it takes effect like an occult sense..."

"...that right hands are luminous with a bluish fire, while left hands appear a yellowish red, and that the latter are on that account brighter than the former; that the same difference exists between the two feet, that even the whole right side of your face is darker and more bluish than the left, and that, in fact, the whole right side of your entire body is bluish and somewhat darker than the other, while the whole left side comes out reddish-yellow and distinctly brighter."

In fact, the side of the heart
hot & mawkish as the tropics
sparks an anode (+), while the antipodes
of the body breathes a blue cathode (-) cool
as an ice pack to a fevered frons.

"...I have ascertained the human subject to be odnegative in the upper half from the brain downwards, and odpositive in the lower half from the waist downwards."

"Everything shone out in a delicate glow, the genitals most clearly..."

"You see clearly: man and woman stand in odpolar opposition."

"...a scientific basis for the facts of the 'spirit-intercourse'..."

"Anatomy: the parts of a man (for us, U.S.A., especially) include not only inheritance but land--the land sought, conquered, participated in."

"...I had a hollow sphere of iron made, so large I could not quite embrace its circumference with both my arms, and suspended it, hanging freely, by a silken cord in the midst of my dark chamber. Passing right through its centre I fixed a vertical iron rod, twined around with six coatings of copper wire, which I could connect with a Smee and Young's electric battery of zinc and silver plates. Nothing of this was visible exteriorly. At the moment I converted the iron rod into an electromagnet, my sensitives saw the suspended sphere emerge from the darkness in multi-coloured light. Its whole surface shone gaily with all the colours of the rainbow. The segments turned towards N. were blue from pole to pole, those towards N.W. green, those towards W. yellow, towards S.W. burnt yellow [orange?], towards S. red, towards S.E. greyish-red [indigo?], towards E. grey [white?], and towards N.E. a red stripe with a recurrence of blue [violet?]. The colours visibly formed fine lines one beside the other, separated in each case by a darker line. The whole sphere was enveloped in a fine, luminous, englobing body of vapour."

"...it follows that the north pole of our earth must be odpositive and the south pole odnegative. It follows further, from that, that the whole northern hemisphere of the earth must be odpositive in its action, and the whole southern hemisphere odnegative."

Along the black road the white rises
from the east across the continent the negative
right side of the body polarized blue
by reflections on glacial movements
south the positive charged heart
of the sinister side draws blood
sluggishly in muddy rivers thru skin
scorched red the feet repelling the northern
ground as the only motive to drive
a dead-heat toward winter's sundown.

"...luminous with white light. Some sensitives drew a peculiar comparison between it and a cart laden with lime..."

"But much further back in time than Tacitus even, we come across a northern Bronze Age image which depicts the sun not as a god or goddess but as a disc drawn by a horse."

"A variation on the disc was the swastika, the hooked cross... It could symbolize a moving wheel and thus be the token of the sun and eternal round of the seasons... it is likely it was linked with the cult of Woden."

"Further confirmation of a northern starting point for Gothonic [the collective Germanic tribes] wanderings and of a continuous southern trend is given by history after about 200 B.C. From then right up to the eleventh century expeditions of the Viking Age the movement of peoples has been a definite fanning out from north to south."

"Reichenbach's native force of character may be judged from the fact that, as a boy of sixteen years of age, he founded a secret society for setting up a German Reich in the South Sea Islands... He was arrested by the Napoleonic police, subjected to examination, and detained for some months as a political prisoner..."

"...towards the south, with a prayer: 'O You who guard that path leading to the place towards which we always face, and upon which our generations walk...'"

"The sacred things used in this ceremony [yuwipi] are ties that bind us to a dim past, to a time before the first white man set foot on this continent."

Within the spectrum of directions the eye's
white light passes
scattered to the whirlwind heart without
map or compass.

"When he has tried them all in turn, he will decide that he
feels most comfortable on the one which he turns his back
to the north..."

"...the four quarters of the universe. The black one is
for the west where the thunder beings live to send us
rain; the white one for the north, whence comes the great
white cleaving wind; the red one for the east, whence
springs the light and where the morning star lives to give
men wisdom; the yellow for the south, whence comes the
summer and the power to grow."

"We see, then, that all Od-light phenomena are not monochrome,
but are analysable, on closer observation into a regular
iris."

"And so the spirits come, from the west and from the south,
coming in the shape of bright sparks of light, coming in
the soft touch of a feather."

"Od is, accordingly, a cosmic force that radiates from star
to star, and has the whole universe for its field, just
like light and heat."

"Imagine darkness so intense and so complete that it is
almost solid, flowing around you like ink, covering you
like a velvet blanket. A blackness which cuts you off from
the everyday world, which forces you to withdraw deep into
yourself, which makes you see with your heart instead of
your eyes."

"A light is thrown on the matter when I say that my intention
was to set up by means of this sphere a terrestrial globe
according to Barlow, that is a small sphere in suspension,
shaped like the earth, with a north and a south pole, equipped
with the magnetic forces proper to it, and applied to the
touchstone of the od-light."

"And out of this utter darkness comes the roaring of drums,
the sound of prayers, the high-pitched songs."

"When a violin was played, not only its strings but the whole
sounding-board became luminous. The bodies thus emitting
sound became not only themselves refulgent with odic light,
but also created an area of luminous clearness round about
them; they were beset by a holy aureola (Heiligenschein)."

"And among all these sounds your ear catches the voices of
the spirits--tiny voices, ghostlike, whispering to you
from unseen lips."

"...all will appear in the darkness; parts of them will
become luminous and move with the moving bodies to and
fro. But shortly, you will receive the declaration from
the sensitive that he sees--you yourself! You will first
appear to him an unshapely, white, snow-man, then like a
man in armour with a high helmet, finally an object of
terror as a luminous giant."

"Lights are flitting through the room, almost touching you,
little flashes of lightning coming at you from the darkness."

"...the hypothesis of the Northern Lights being positive od-
light is one that has every probability in its favour."

"Many question, reasonably, how any air glow at great eleva-
tion can be noisy. But Eskimos, explorers, and old Arctic
hands have all reported swishing, rustling and faint
whistling."

"After Reichenbach's death in Leipsic, Od was no longer
talked about, and to-day it is quite forgotten, although
similar views have, of course, frequently come up since
then under other names."

"Hence 'Wodan' in Old Germanic expresses the idea of the
'All-transcending'; in various old idioms it appears as
'Wuodan,' 'Odan,' and 'Odin,' signifying the power pene-
trating all nature which is ultimately personified as a
Germanic deity. 'Od' is consequently the word to express
a dynamid or force which, with a power that cannot be
obstructed, quickly penetrates and courses through every-
thing in the universe."

"My race has never risen, except to plunder..."

"It would be easy to show how, endowed with a sense of Od,
we should be something like angels, and that it would only
need the gift of such a faculty to raise us straightway
to a high level of morality without having to increase
our intellectual powers for the purpose."

"A medicine stone is a perfect work of Wakan Tanka, the
Great Spirit. It is made up of one kind of matter only.
Its surface has no beginning and no end. Its power lasts
forever... In a yuwipi ceremony the spirits and the lights
dwell in the stones."

"The sun turns black, earth sinks in the sea,
 The hot stars down from heaven are whirled;
 Fierce grows the steam and the life-feeding flame,
 Till fire leaps high about heaven itself."

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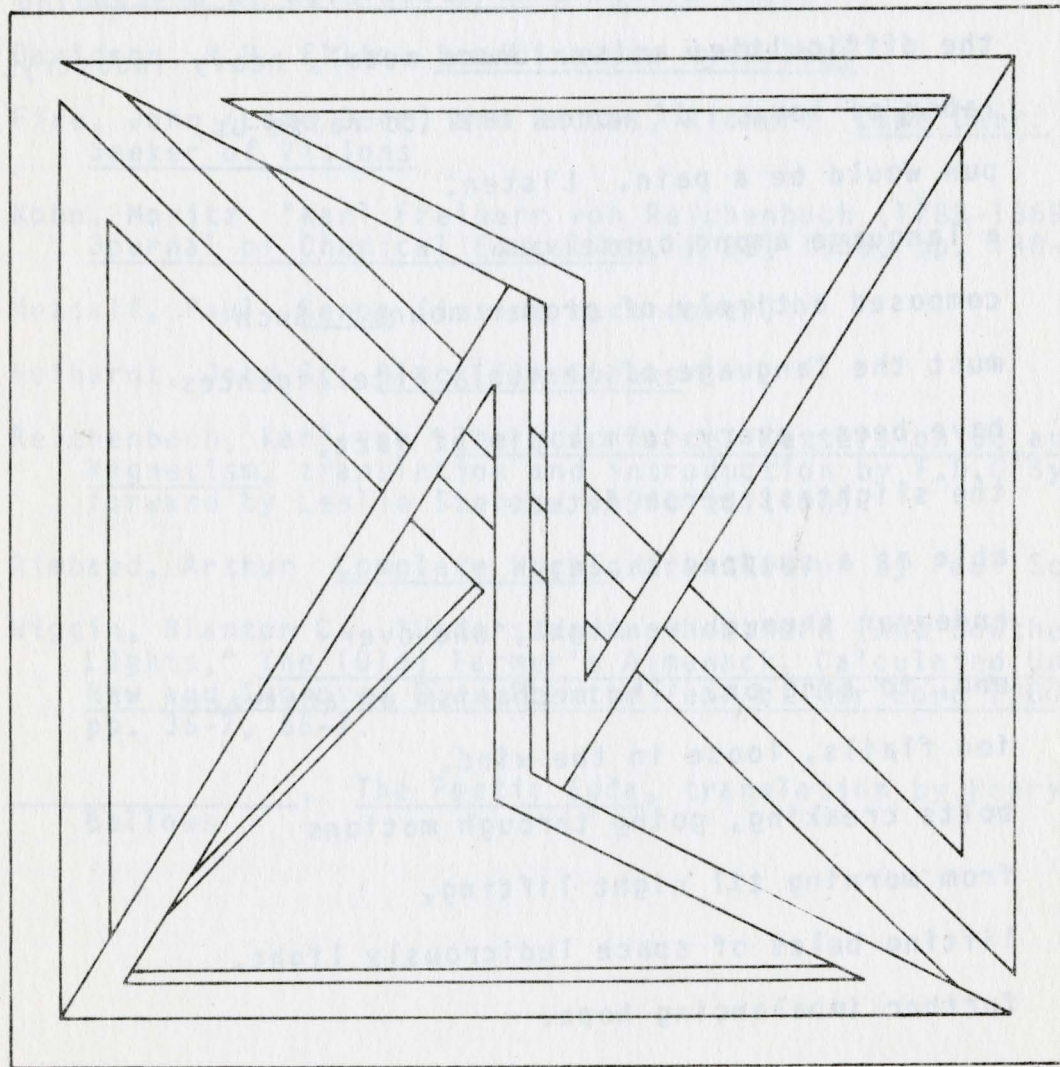
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George Butterick

THE NAMES

The lift, the link-world, what holds
 us to our own. Cotters strewn
 throughout hay in mud, sprung teeth
 of gears, whirr of stork brain leaders, man-built
 crane of hope, chips of light in combination,
 the link-work divided in parallel waves,
 never by name. When names fail, even in descending
 the difficulties arise. Pure metal, heavy industry,
 labor of love. If words fail to raise us,
 pun would be a pain. Listen!
 a language among ourselves
 composed entirely of proper nouns. Such
 must the language of heavenly intelligences
 have been--every term a pin of fact,
 the slightest error detect
 able as a snapped cable,
 endeavor through we might, end over
 end, to hang on. The mechanism of abstract
 ion flails, loose in the wind,
 bolts creaking, going through motions
 from morning til night lifting,
 lifting bales of space ludicrously light,
 further imbalancing hope.

only the rolling will moves toward
 the same hand that released it.
 The names crank higher, sway over yards;
 freight is ceaseless and gentle dust
 is over all, faith is over all:
 Dear Nouns Substantive, meet your maker.



Alan Davies

Speech is relatively durable, language a dry solid waste.

Speaking:--the tragic form of thought.

Language is unclear. The apparent loss is (the apparence loss is is...) gain in thought. Thought speaks as listening.

It all loses time from the imaginary present, a (sic) past (sic), such that.

Language is a permeable substance founded on the thinking thinking's in. The thinking mind hasn't reasons.

In language, in writing, we remember our losing, exact our sequence. Actuality complete.

Thinking is its own literature, perseverant. Literature, a bad faith thought endures. Speech dies.

A fear of speaking as I think a ballet of illusions. Let the work turn itself. I made it with my hammer.

Language is disabused by thought. Thought's, ponderous. Language gently seeks accord in, with, thought. It utters itself perfectly to be thinking.

In an angle between thought and memory: language. Or a rapid desire to be being there. Or a vapid desire to be being there. I have my own future in forgetting. In each excusing absence, a word (föp) being there.

Language is not a virus. Wm is wrong. Speech is viral over recalci-trant thought, the body which appears us, (as), language.

Tom Beckett

In the Case of Tasks

(for Charles Bernstein)

Man is a talking.

Among all the articulate speech.

Their cries are certain birds.

They communicate nothing.

He seems to talk.

Assure us.

None other.

In a scale of probability.

Unimaginable reaches.

Developed forms of life.

That the flights.

Systems destined to spend.

In order to carry.

As intricate apparatus.

Pieces are quite different.

They perform in speech.

Some detail of need.

The various descriptions.

Take part in producing.

The primary functions.

No need for them here.

Let him try while singing.

The vocal are braced.

Without them we are.

Not confined.

Remind us.

Mechanism of purpose.

Old odds.

All sorts.

Behind the parts.

In mind it seems.

To keep happening.

In the case of tasks.

It made speech.

Ralph La Charity

Three Fall Mid-Pacific Bits

BIT ONE: Alien Probee, In Flight

In Honolulu flight is glide, link, act of fleeing, way of life. For some the cheapest, quickest way home from off the wraparound Pacific immensity. Gutsy mime of bird, way to go nowhere, hung breathless along air weaves of felt current. Fly in the breakers' curl. Where we live, the Apocalypse whop-whop of chopper-love. Jumbo roar as junketeers come & go. A neighbor, officially intrepid Captain Pathologist, with wings insignia & little metal parachute pinned to the chest, uniform of the day. Barmaids at O'Toole's swap sky-diver yarns. The fishes fly, here, & so do the cockroaches.

I never read a poem that didn't want to get home. Never heard one that didn't go there, quick. It is a difference I would now ascribe to the spoken as opposed to the written. The page is a condom, I suppose: we have nothing to fear. But speech ravages, infects, lights the cocked.

Your strings fly home if you open your mouth & say them. Whop-whop horror. & it's as bad for auditors. Poets speak & here come the homing marauders, wholly without courtesy. Readings are surgical theater where no one is quick enough to non-participate or conscientiously object: they cut your drum, chum, & if that's intolerable, flee. Flight's maybe why we attend these rites, after all.

I never read a poem that didn't want more. You? That didn't, somehow, seek a violation of its witness. Poems can do more than adhere to a page & be probed. I think what has happened since Jack Spicer (& Lew Welch) has been the arrival of a Missing Link, poem not as adherence probed, but as alien probee.

The pure materiality of poetry has graduated into an impure dynamic, in flight. Burroughs has language as virus. Spicer yields to the mystery of 'dictation.' Raworth would have us defend our planet. & the planetary Dorn wolfs off to the side, whispering insurrections. Expose the fetishes, if your place in this time affords that luxury, still the real work, the difficulty, resides in yielding to what is now apparent: poems home.

OK, so the poem's a pidgeon: wither the poet? If Spicer's vocabulary pecked the life out of the man, what of us, yet living? No man is an aviary, yet the best poets come closest to that fate. Witness Pound. Witness Duncan.

Whitman along the Atlantic shore, listening to the breakers. Williams coming after, intuiting beyond that witness. Divorce. The dog. Fire in the library. & Lew Welch let his hair grow as long as he could as long as he could. So that now, in the 80's, the poem's its own grand pa. We as inheritors, are getting dropped on. All of the poems, given our preparation, are in motion. They wing & flee, perch & maraud. & we? cannot.

Perhaps it's time to catch a hop. Hitch out 'fore the despot sprawls us. Words might yet be food (be prepared), poems eaters (sick of us), & we, in a bind (agents, carriers of seed, what birds were when Hawaii was still a pure hot rock of orogenous materiality). I'd say I'm scared if I hadn't already said we've nothing to fear. The difficulties aren't genuine so much as manifest, not authentic so much as imperious. There are no found poems anymore: in the new jargon, poems find us. Our new directions have more to do with bob & weave, ducking the adequacy of what we bear, cross-eyed & tongue-tied. Gat-toothed with a vengeance, I'd say.

Well, it does get spooky if you let it. All things in moderation, with a pacified heart. Knowing poems now home, it is indeed time to catch a hop. An ice age crushes the polity & what can flee does flee, south, where it's warm.

& south where it's warm, for this correspondent, & any poems still hungry enough to find him, means off the page, back to where fear is, & infection, & the wet fuck possibly premature. My hungry poems will be positively repellent. Crows. & I will be able to actually say them. I will know what they are at the exact moment that they are.

BIT TWO: Recoil Along The Plane of Tongues

The charge is flight, paper articulations serving principally as searchlights along the walls. Our poetry, as current, quickens where it goes, & it goes elsewhere. Maybe nerve matures into courage. The allowance of such maturation is probably a function of character. None of us have yet learned the measure, nor will we. The measure is itself a subsequent factor. The old verities maintain, though to chart such processes leads into what must still be termed 'the unknown.' Even as our rooted givens, coordinated & set in motion, comprise the generative resource. The Unknown is still with us, bigger than ever, more insistent, less unavoidable. We have made no essential progress.

One takes in as manageable a series of increments as necessity permits ... given civil druthers, we would move very very slowly, from tree to tree, yard to yard ... we want time, to witness whatever unfoldings. My daughter rackets the cupboard, & my son applauds her with his laughter - noise is one of their great good games. When she gets out of his range, he will go on laughing, with the imagining of her. Soon enough he's off the couch & with her. Roaches hide from the clamor of these children, shrieking from their own dark spots of discovered concealment. How can I not be pleased? & alarmed.

I place the mysterium of our acts central to whatever possibilities we might effect. It is of value not only not always to know what one is saying, but also to not know it precisely, coolly, with one's current held to task. The words, as words joined to words, call. The witness is sensate, of sight & sound. Visualize the words' string. Hear that. There is form there, in the hearing, in the witness, & that form touches. We really have nothing to say. The strings say. We, even as poets, dearly want to go. There is nowhere to go. That's where we go. Something, in poets & their auditors, goes somewhere, impelled by a resonance in going nowhere. Current circuits are, & that's what we do. It is hopeless. It has value.

Daughter, at one year, initiates a make-believe which Son, midway into his third year, quickly elaborates: holding my knee she bends to retrieve something from off the floor, which she hands to me, only there is nothing there ... she does this over & over, delighted ... he turns that nothing into candy & chicken bones & chews the phantom food, barely containing his glee ... Mom on the couch gets into it as he begins a run of errands, her to me, toting invisible treats.

A human universe toned by resonance. What we do as physical operatives along a plane roots that resonance. Our doing. An exercise of givens along radical paths of possible motion. Always, then, to begin at the given, to even find givens, to align & extend them ... these acts as matters of tone, tone an intransitive given mandated at, dare it even be suggested, levels of genetic spectacle.

Poetry quickens & goes elsewhere, mysterium central to its flight. We go nowhere, rifling one another that we might better say the givens of word that confront us. Each poet mobile as any other being, the globe as physical & as impositional in every case: his tongue a hammer, all saying a field, each nearby tympanum a way out, or in. The teeth of the poet being rather more vulnerable, his rooting dirtier, by way of certain definition: phantom foods & odds against, dark spots & apparent holes, in the bottom of the bag.

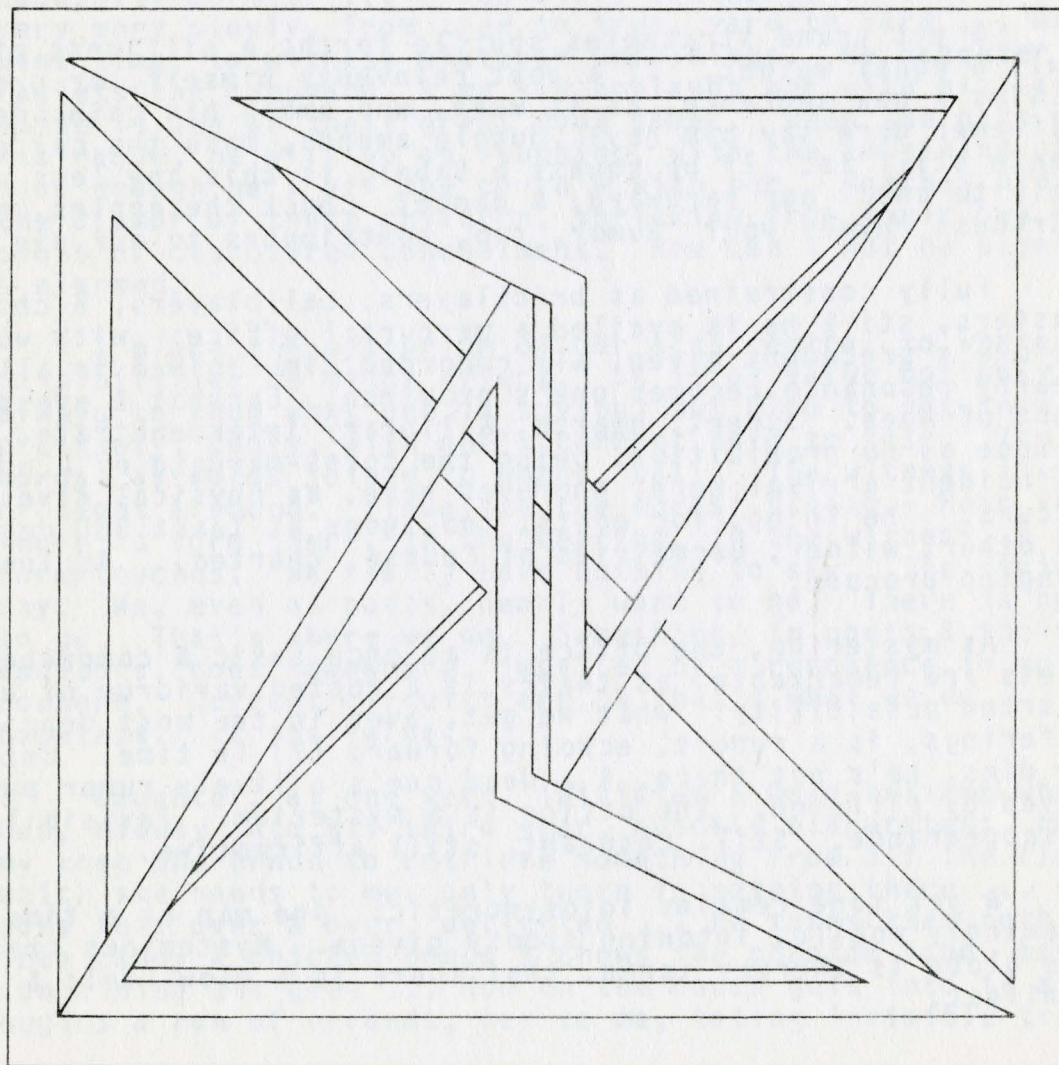
& yet grand strategies shuffle forth, a silliness of full & equal weight. If a poet reinvents himself, or proclaims a new sentence, as it were, who among his coincident riflemen dare say him nay? Juggle amends, make the cascade: death still is. If he squats a Babel, is this any less a call to check our hardward, & dance? Chuck the apples, since darkness rhymes you? Rumor, too, contributes to our pie.

Fully constrained as bricklayers, ballplayers, & choir-masters, still he is availed a mercurial office: with words as one's precedent given, all recorded time joined to all nearby resonance becomes one's province. Earshot & eyeshot: Shot of Ages. Street, hearth, & library interpenetrate. Langue as no prohibition, being the corss-mandate of a poet's coincident arrival here, wherever here, as physical given, occurs. The Thing, for poets, too, goes at least 360 degrees. (& other, wilder, Geometries of Course, charted). As luck & longing procure.

As mysterium, the Office is at once basic & comprehensive. Poets are remarkable, as theirs is a rooted variorum of uncharted possibility: what we get, even in the most deprived offerings, is a report, echoing forward (?) in time. Until he dies, he's not there, & a dead one's a lively rumor purveyed by riflemen. The office is a mysterium. Invisibility. Disappearance. Still resonant, still affirmative.

& yet tone remains idiosyncratic: one man at a time, seemingly mobile, intoning spooky givens. Mysterious that the globe is thereby toned, that there is a glow, felt & manifest.

Him, an activist, toning the globe, his primacy a profound & visceral recoil along the plans of tongues. About him, a verity: words matter. This mattering his lot, maybe preordained, apparently unavoidable. Like bones, this lot a confinement & an opportunity. Catalyzed into language as physical upwell, the living yet radiate, & their language recalls that, even as it does more, having, as it does, generative potential. A man speaking is holy trespasser. The poet trespasses with authority.



BIT THREE: The Wet Fuck Possibly Premature

The sound of a voice, how wet that must be, to come out of hot viscera into cool dry air, lighting the aural drum. Perhaps what's extraordinary in these transactions is that cool dry expanse of air: of all intimacies, sound wends the greatest wilderness, being to being. A physicality that is basic & comprehensive. A circuit, usually random, frequently exploited, occasionally as meant as spit on a ceiling. Even a rasp is wet. Even a whisper.

Listening is tiresomely portrayed as a passive act. Yet it's apparent that auditors at poetry readings are swimmers, in the wet of word provided. Poets are not legislators or antennae so much as deliberate & qualitative fillers of a pool. & the listener is cautioned: no lifeguard on duty ... no beach, even, & no bottom. Only the wet, provided, & the aggressors, aswim. Voice fills, & poems maraud. A physical contest, attended by vigorous mind.

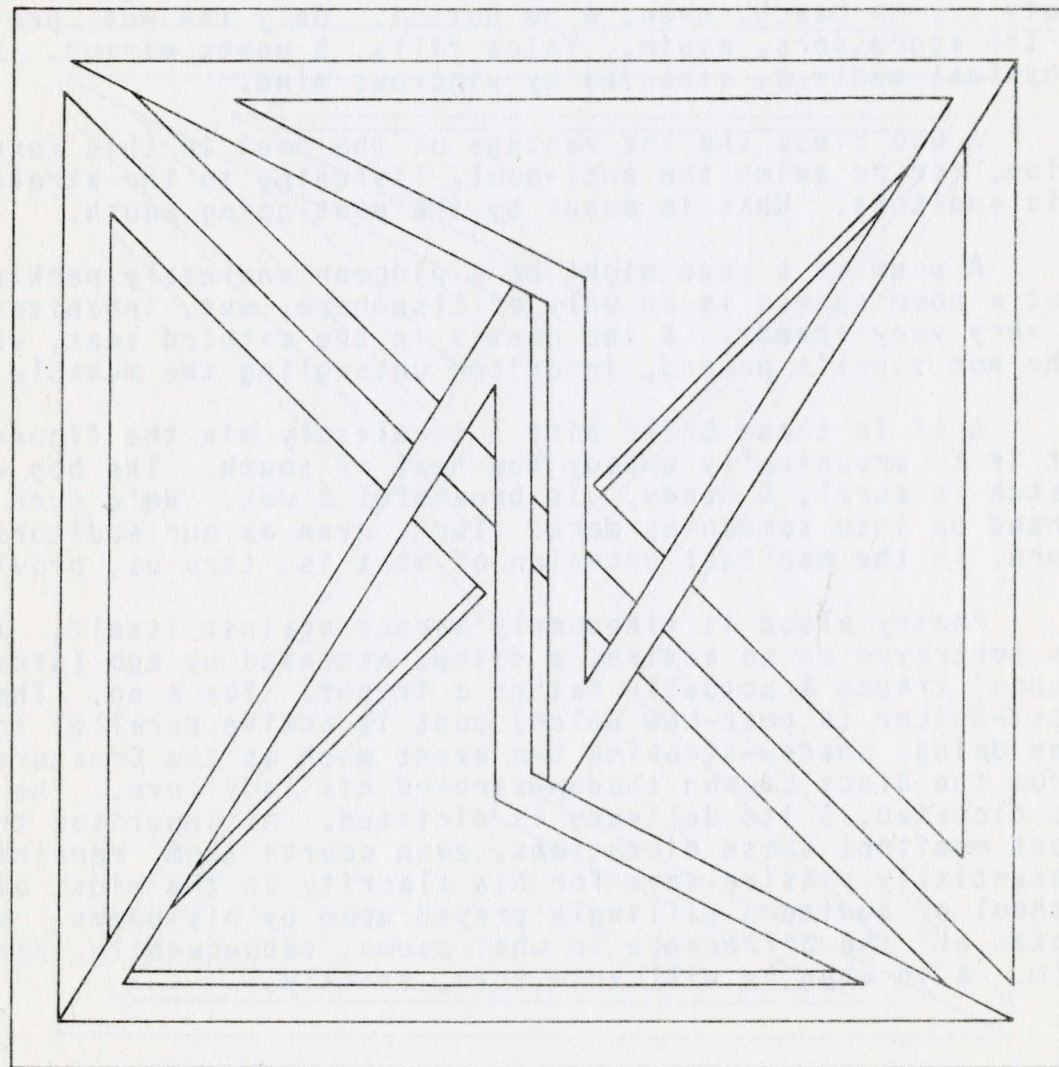
& God bless the hot vantage of the poet in this formulation, for he swims the anti-pool, listening to the stroke of his auditors. What is meant by the poet going south.

A poem on a page might be a pidgeon endlessly pecking, but a poem spoken is an Only of Elsewhere, wet, inhibitory, & very very speedy. & the poet's in the catbird seat, where the hot steel's poured, inheritor untangling the mutable.

& if in these brief bits I tirelessly mix the figures, it is to prosaically embody the heat of south. The hop we catch is aural, & heady. Is breathful & wet. We'd turn base grand pa into something more. Turn, even as our auditors turn, in the manifest occasion of what is, thru us, provided.

Poetry aloud is tiresomely warned against itself. It is portrayed as an active, a doing, attended by ego (utterly taboo) trauma & actually rather a fright. Yes & no. The post-Spicer (& post-Lew Welch) poet is active parallel to any doing, shadow-stroking the event much as the Creature from the Black Lagoon shadow-stroked his lady love. The poem is dictated, & its delivery is dictated. As inheritor the poet monitors those dictations, even courts them, remaining essentially passive save for his alacrity in the midst of a school of auditors willingly preyed upon by his poems. Which makes all the difference in what poems, subsequently, find him. & in when he will know them, exactly.

Back thru the ancient rite, then, re-equipped as we are: the poem wants more than the flat tyranny of condom systemics, & so do we. I believe the 'when he will know them, exactly' is the key in going south. Our witness, timed in the midst of our inheritances as we do this act, lights us. Alit in the midst of gists & piths, shaded by all that descends & has become, the caught hop sky-writes: there are no prohibitions. Alchemy is.



James Palmarini

-A Rate Of Travel-

Abandon

the beginning

trap
door

yield

a
rumor

becomes
fact.

To theory

moons
attacking

the hills

breach

sky
as sky

is slow question
awkward

but dancing.

Give
notice
the music

spare

flirtation

of elements
time
& choice.

Sense

a horn

wind channel
God's

throat gourd
purpose

 this day
wind
sinuous forms

attack
the moon.

Sinuous form

 a stragety circle
note

craters
 neolithic

stone
horns

beautiful
 the echo beautiful

occurrence
of instrument

and not
what

 surfaces

sinuous form

 trap
door
 reckless

 abandon

&

whats
become.

 Choosing

wooded tenor
saxaphone

Ohio valley
Maple

 trees quaking
 solo

an
 owl
 alert
 deer

leaping
 the creek
 lightning

bugs
lightning

 bugs

 the facts

are at
hand speaking aren't

they.

Hills
rushing blue

shadows
 goodbye

hello melodic

measure of the time.

Gil Ott

first DIFFICULTIES:

add to mine declare

my limits, aspiring

spire, vector to heaven

cry violence

elite hearts get

the blood sluice reformation,

we're eating the secret

walls of our order

appalled, words flee,

stars attack.

The revolution

is a seed

in a seed

in each.

anticipating DIFFICULTIES:

not in media raise
the sense memory's ageing tongues
with lesser effort perpetually

tire, door to door without entrance,
moldering doors, enhance deceit
vows marry an accurate lie.

in machine our hopes have residence
present tense for product whose
use repudiates dense origins,

ore genesis, from struck metal
a tone soon gone, yet from
same material increments a question rises.

tell from message message bearer? one
thinks not, a sound so like me
offers answers I'm in the midst of

dawn to dusk, oboe beget 'cello proceed
on no formulae so reified
their mathematical limit's met at death.

needing ears to emancipate sun's utterance,
over like distance our own cells' conversation
overheard, or those in hunger, once

it's heard a score is cast, interior
interior chamber locked in fear.
I'm met in meeting other.

Craig Watson

Making A Response

I

it's alright.
when all the expanded instances of
a life start to close in.
the barren inadequacy.
this feeling must be very
old. ever since I began
to think, talking; loosening
some part of what I considered
myself, making the risk
real. words,
pictures, gestures, all that
externalization, scraping the
vertical/parallel surfaces.
then coming up out of the world,
breathing, wet.
infected.

II

oppression's soft seal,
degeneration & things
lost, gone into the tone
of value. before my hands
wrapped to grip, a natural
conductivity, the forbidden
language, that is what
speaks exclusively to itself, a
form; the head slides up
into a larger cavity,
sells the bone to live longer
in the world.
then half the span given to
wriggling, out.
plastic, the force of specificity
cracked, rising, vapor in the
eyes accustomed to the light,
a reaction, building; that substance
or organization that preoccupies,
a quality of information abbreviated,
the context larger than this
politic. still
the absolute's a meal & personal,
the hands strong & idle, the
extension, the question is
assimilated, inarticulate.
this is the place left,
a law to it,
to obey.

III

slow burn,
 running dry.
 anger's weakness &
 voices pounding:
 overcome with the requirement to
 become some one/thing, the
 artificial intelligence.
 what's human
 or the
 floating swimming in
 atmosphere, the plural will
 staking direction, technical
 gyroscope & condition, flat
 against dimension, the frame,
 finding out what's among
 them, drawing breath into
 that. between myself,
 people, the uniforms of my
 assignments, the contingent is
 organized, assimilating even
 undefined legend, animate &
 filling space.
 finally, the compromise, the
 track of limitations, debris &
 brain, simplicity's diaphragm
 & open passage; structure tilts,
 slides toward blood stream,
 merging, leaving
 behind the message.

IV

the impossible stillness paining then
 cleaving that reality. power's common
 air and an internal order pressing out, the
 architecture of implicit agreement or
 the world, a whole context for
 deception. later, darkness moaning.
 there's enough to do, say; changing
 in the face of the voice, spreading,
 the image of intrinsic evil,
 common doubt, supposing the subjugate
 life. restraint & the body of my
 self-identified-self: thing, place,
 continuum; a language forgotten or
 mislaid, the gracious gesture
 surrendered, appealed.
 in the common delirium, a quality of
 sight, cognition; the relativity,
 counter-spin of orbital body and layers
 of manipulations; no point of
 contact. and in space, a translucence,
 through the aperture, straining,
 a focus, reference, the pulse.

Possession in Great Measure

for Gil Ott

point

or stand still

against wall, pain-
less face first

that is
to be one's place
at a time.

a long stream and

a consciousness

in the process of
becoming the illusion
of all things

a geography

legend of perception

obstacle re-
cognized
weakened

clarity's enlarged
order and

asymmetry
not knowing what to do
how to contain

the faith.

self-monitor
tuning

extension of willingness

sound of sleep and
speech

honed level at eye in
water and air.

the familiar abandoning

frame of ache

mouth open against
window
wall shivers in
its box

palms stretched flat
press and receive

that embedded word.

get on with
it to
work and
commit

elegance

a space and
deception

from a larger otherness

Douglas Messerli

How to Survive

one

hyacinth's an egg

underfoot. the carrot bed is said

grass. supposed to be apples

than a spring. apparently

well awake with planting-worms.

to wiggle into fish

plopped to formerly

as fact. believes the dog has a heart.

who hurts him.

two

glass jars flick

cottonwood beneath

to flush red shake. & another

cheek: see it's light!

that terrible acceptance

caged. in smiles.

three

winding a first.

to follow a second.

to follow a third across.

prefer them please.

dirt. gravel. blacktop.

four

a sentence without ladders

gently. head over hand

raise the roof. gable. M.

hip and valley. lean-to. French.

slate. addition & subtraction.

Further Studies in How

a rock is good -- no

hyperbolic to survive the strain, passes

as here before vocabularies

out the thighs the whole sound

said as hot, that someone behind ice

full of flood unexpectedly are wet.

this is how. a long echo of...

concoctions to grab night

despising even water

to slap the palms.

this is public. in newspapers

pulling the precipice abreast.

John Wellman

I Wald Understand Quhy They Write Not As They Speak

The writer is he who lifts the mountain
sideways, while the alluvial fan spreads out
brilliant thatch of endless green
coffin-nail. That shadow
swallows. At the foot
of his foot, the worlds start and
wake up a hundred times from the nightmare
old Sheepshead's paradox:
what finite part of the infinite?
have been portioned out to you, as a durable
against that species of art
wolf down junkfood to demonstrate the

silliness and pretense of haute cuisine;
become a baroque parody of the initial impetus to speech
so that, after a time, it becomes necessary to invent
one's way out of the hallowed tradition, whatever that may be,
so that one feels happy to eat a toad
who
devour the corpse of Frank Ohara. As they
who seem. Seem

*

But the speech things gallop along with a whisk
twixt his pearly teeth. With a live heart pumping
waving rows of corn and wheat, baked
two by four. With all the arguments spinning about in the
top-spin in the broken foot of the slip
about the display of emotion and true feeling

baked in the same bread and wrapped up in

snow fall and

the wriggle of a

is to say, a hot potato.

*

Many a long night, the drug

writing craft has bored a square hole

clean through a

man exploring a room in which

containing only an enormous chair and an enormous

pair of boots, as though to say:

A: What do you think about the variable foot?

B: Well now, seems to me, it's hard to say...

But when it seems as if the pencils are

sharpening themselves, that's the time

to leave off

with the quhys and quherefores

because it is better to have something to say

and not know how to say

it

than to have nothing to say and know only too well

*

So you walk with a broken foot

that'll teach you to respect slick on the street,

and to go armed with your great good luck

and with your wits about you, by all that rings true,

when it crosses your mind in a black

moon of pure malice,

"Just when it has come to be worth nothing

claw and fight for it. The demand to be protected

puff up at the thought

from those who could frankly care less.

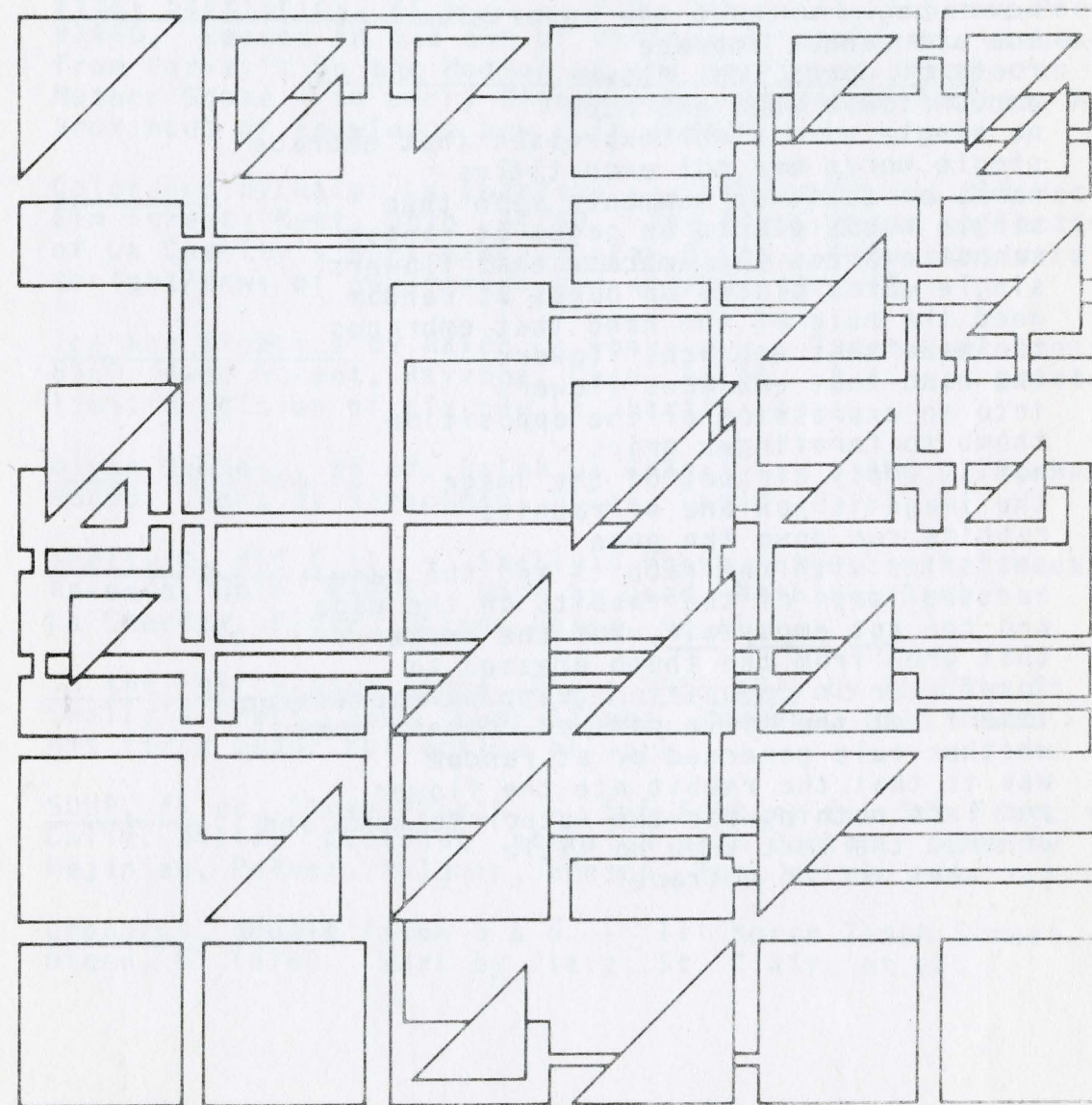
Oh, and how they

they making of small leaps and capers
spherical-theatrical wise.
because they can not, or will not, leap far.
but when one is so lost in a fascination
over form
because of that, make a virtue of
leaping short.
chances are, one is empty. As for
ah, me! Sitting in the dump shooting rats is
also not leaping far, I fear--
Me? I have this way of losing quotation-marks.
they scamper off the page, like ants
stick bug talking to round bug. And so forth
if there is no American poetry, only a squabble
of rhetorics, people imitating people
imitating machines. Oh, well,

there is still the life of the mind and heart,
to dwell with,

all my friends and my green-eyed love

"Besyde the River of a Crystall Well"



Dennis Barone

Clause for a Uniform Manner of Writing

embrace but one act
and that shall be expressed in the title
title that knows no text
as hand without thumb, gripless
without opposition
text knows no title that has no opposition
embrace but one act and there will be
never an expression
end the expression that has no title
never begun without the opposition
one act cannot embrace
roots of words that flower
words flower when embraced
no single word alone expresses that embrace
single words are not even titles
names or texts or comments upon them
single words placed on pages at random
cannot express the embrace that flowers
single words placed on pages at random
need the rule of the hand that embraces
the hand that embraces flowers
the hand that embraces flowers
into an expression of the opposition
thumb to forefinger grips
not at empty air but of the image
the image is now one of rabbits
rabbits run down the page
satisfied with the rabbits and the page
and the image of the rabbits on the page
and the not empty air, but the image
that grew from the thumb pressed to
forefinger in opposition gripping expression
itself not the title name or comment upon
whether rule governed or at random
was it that the rabbit ate the flower
and left nothing for the Author to name and
unnamed the text knew no title
nor what act to embrace?

Received

Winter, #4 - P.O. Box 125, Salem, Mass. 01970.
Mostly reprints earlier work of Beckett, LaCharity, Platz,
Palmarini, Polak, etc. This issue was edited by Platz.

Sun & Moon, Nos. 9/10 - 4330 Hartwick Rd. #918, College
Park, Md. 20740. This special double issue explores experi-
ments within traditional forms in contemporary literature.
Douglas Messerli has written an introductory essay.

Interstate, #12 - Noumenon Foundation, P.O. Box 7068,
University Station, Austin, Texas 78712. Work by Silliman,
Vance, Kostelanetz, Higgins, et.al.

Vital Statistics, #1 & 2 - P.O. Box 10671, Eugene, Oregon
97440. Weaves in and out of various disciplines. Excerpts
from Harvey's On the Motion of the Heart and Blood - to
Mother Goose - to Larry Eigner - to essays on Quanta. All
provinces of knowledge are fair game.

Color Ado by Ralph La Charity - Catcher Press, 215 West
Elm Street, Kent, Ohio 44240. The first major collection
of La Charity's work since Monkey Opera. "the bars were wild
tonight/news of new/mexico had hit/the street"

Ice Age Eighties by Ralph La Charity - Three Hawk Press,
6560 Tower Street, Ravenna, Ohio 44266. A finely printed
limited edition of six new La Charity poems.

maybe Mombasa, #5 ed. Ralph La Charity - TAMC #272, Hawaii,
96859. Work by Hirschman, Polak, David, et.al.

Shelly's, #10 & 11 - Shelly's Press, 6560 Tower Street,
Ravenna, Ohio 44266. Work by Leed, Neikirk, Beckett,
La Charity, Platz, David, Polak, et.al.

In the Thirty-Nine Steps, Poems 1968-1978 by Phillip St. Clair -
Shelly's Press, 6560 Tower Street, Ravenna, Ohio 44266.
His first major collection of work.

SOUP, #1 ed. Steve Abbott - 545 Ashbury #1, San Francisco,
Calif. 94117. Contains interview with Duncan. Work by
Hejinian, Palmer, Waldman, Benson, Moe, et.al.

Uroboros, double issue 5 & 6 - 111 North Tenth Street,
Olean, NY 14760. Work by Platz, St. Clair, et.al.

Gnome Baker, #4 - P.O. Box 337, Great River, NY 11739.
Work by Silliman, Perelman, Bromige, et.al.

Drawing A Blank by Craig Watson - Gil Ott, 825 Morris Rd.
Blue Bell, Penn. 19422. "then long after we were awakened/
we were awakened."

Paper Air, Vol. 2, #1 & 2 - Gil Ott, 825 Morris Rd.,
Blue Bell, Penn. 19422. The former a special issue on
Taggart. The latter containing Silliman, Watson, Ott, et.al.

Swath by John Perlman - The Elizabeth Press, Box 285,
Wykagyl Station, New Rochelle, NY 10804. "This is a travel
book/tho I measure/no distances."

A Remotis by Frank Samperi - Querencia Books, Seattle, Wash.
"resolutio/resolvere"

Letargo by Frank Samperi - Station Hill Press, Station Hill
Rd., Barrytown, NY 12507. "surfacing/dissolving/the level/
eye horizon."

Tamarisk, Vol.II, #4 & Vol.III, #2 - D. Barone, 319 S.
Juniper St., Philadelphia, PA 19107. Work by Ott, Corman,
Barone, MacLow, et.al.

The Liberties by Susan Howe - Loon Books, 190 Dromara Rd.
Guilford, CT 06437. "She must be traced through many dark
paths/as a boy"

Corona by Bruce Andrews - Burning Deck, 71 Elm Grove Ave.,
Providence, R.I. 02906. "mouth signatures//all kinds/of
robbery"

Camp Printing by Rosmarie Waldrop - Burning Deck, 71 Elm Grove
Ave., Providence, R.I. 02906. Visual poems.

an, ode by Alan Sondheim - Burning Deck

The Strangulation of Dreams by Tom Ahern - Burning Deck

The transcript by Tom Ahern - Burning Deck

Communications Equipment by Kenward Elmslie - Burning Deck

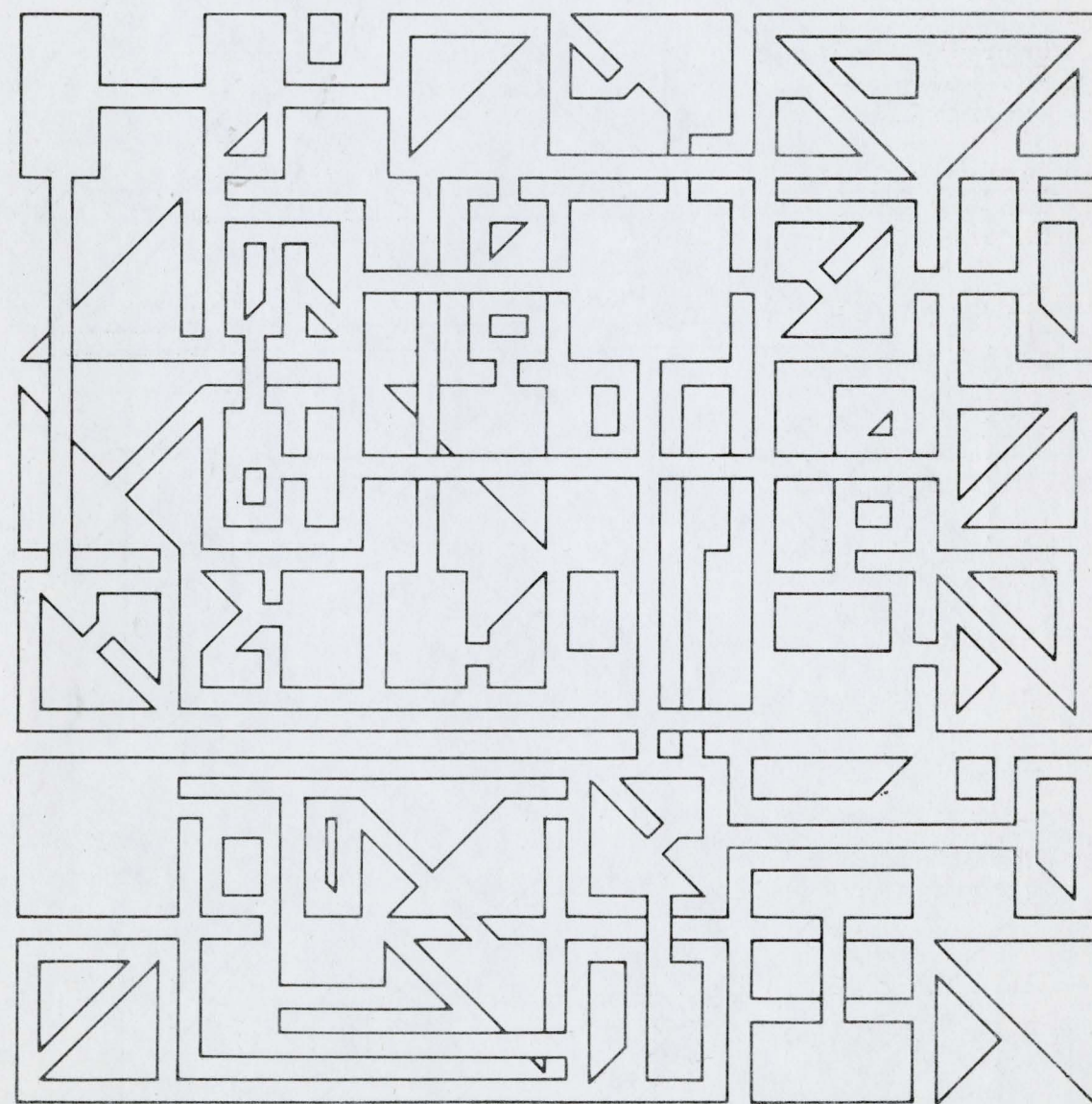
lined up bulk senses by Larry Eigner - Burning Deck
"music/of a surface/brought in"

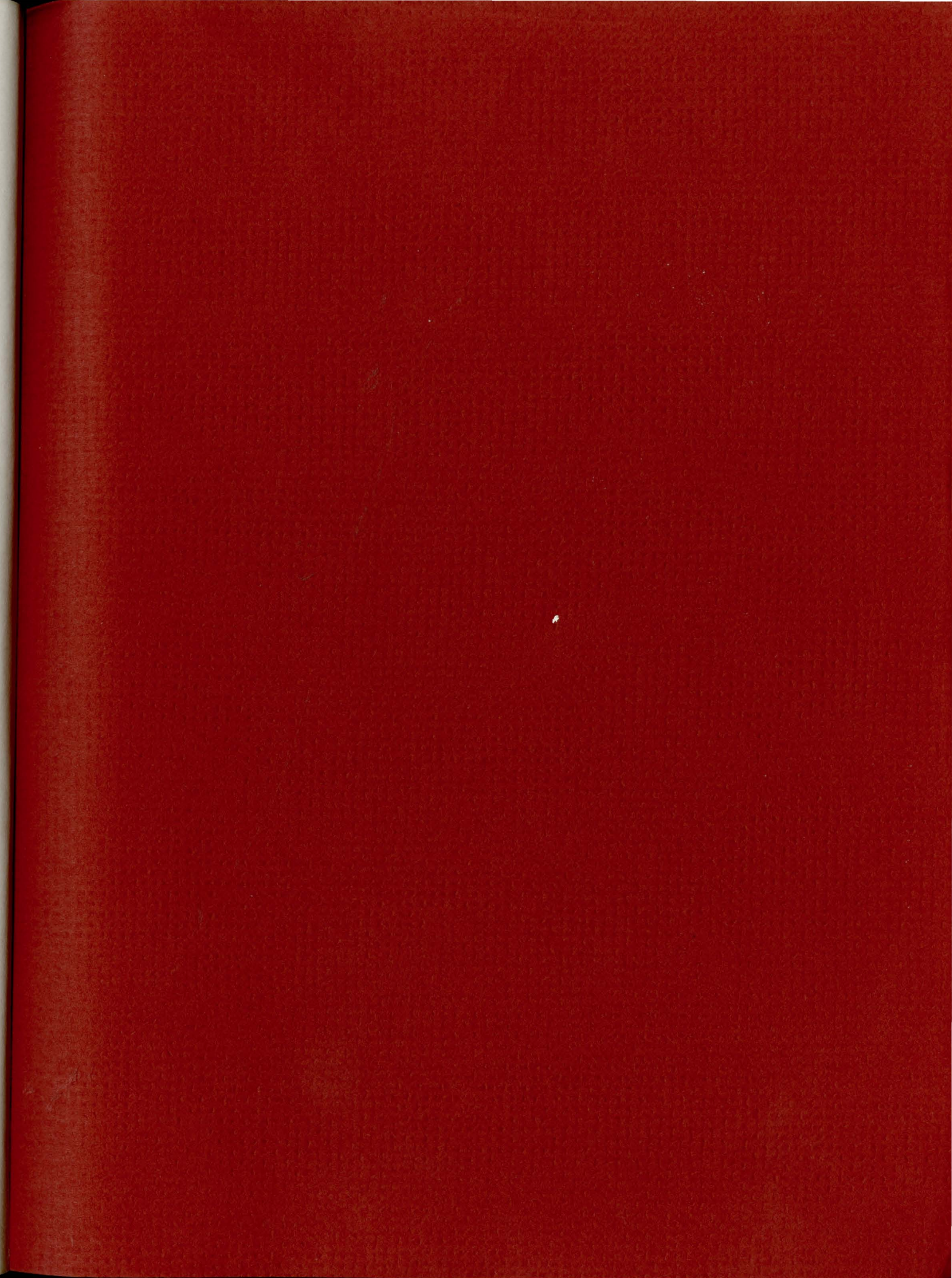
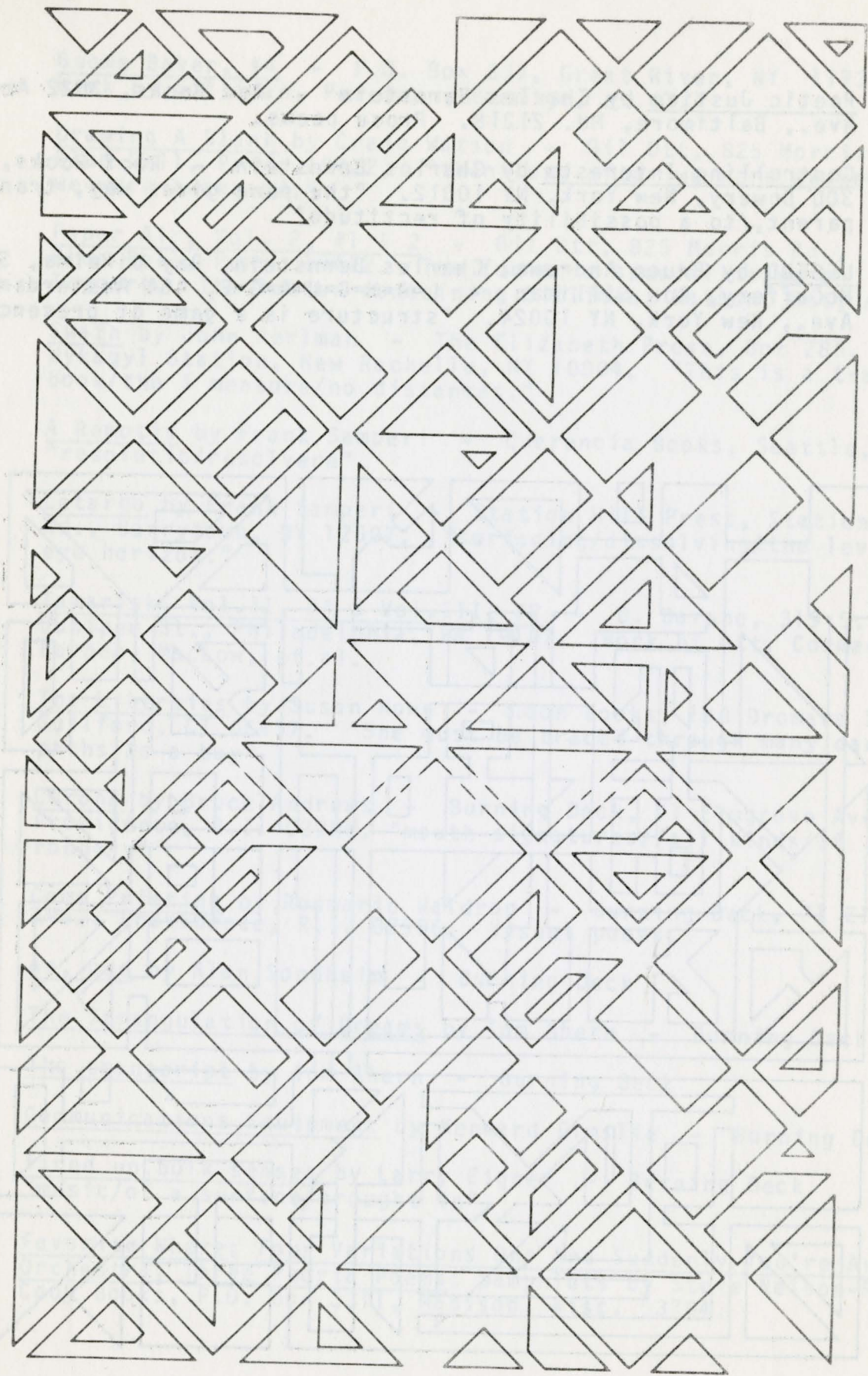
Favorite Where; Four Variations On: And Suddenly You're An
Orchestra; Three Peoria Poems; pamphlets by Steve Nelson-Raney,
Cody Books, P.O. Box 3311, Madison, Wisc. 53704.

Poetic Justice by Charles Bernstein - Pod Books, 3022 Abell
Ave., Baltimore, Md. 21218. Prose poems.

Controlling Interests by Charles Bernstein - Roof Books,
300 Bowery, New York, NY 10012. "the pane gives way, trans-
parent,/to a possibility of rectitude"

LEGEND by Bruce Andrews, Charles Bernstein, Ray DiPalma, Steve
McCaffery, Ron Silliman - L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E, 464 Amsterdam
Ave., New York, NY 10024. "structure is a game of presences..."





This issue completes Volume I. If Volume I has in essence been a consideration of terrain, Volume II might be thought of as a meeting up with the inhabitants.

The next issue will focus on the work of Charles Bernstein. Advance subscriptions are available for \$4.00.

Address inquiries, manuscripts and checks to Tom Beckett, 429 Irma Street, #3, Kent, Ohio 44240.

Cid Corman

Ron Silliman

Bob Perelman

Charles Bernstein

Michael Gottlieb

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Bill Polak

Theodore Enslin

Judith Platz

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Gary David

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