With this issue my tenure as co-editor of BIG ALLIS will come to a close. I want to thank all those writers and friends who, over the last six years, have provided us with such wonderful support and creative efforts, and whom it has been my good fortune to get to know.

Jessica Grim
& the ring of thirst shrubs in the public square
the stones that place us there
to wade or wait through a thought shore

when the lake shed a lawless sister
a restless kettle ditched my harness

here is my canoe
my uncles found it rocking

your iron
waltz pleats
my tree line
my filthy
pioneer
it wasn’t a portrait
IN TIME

Response builds a fusion of things gone stark where circumstance dictated levels of control. Another way to describe wind blown apart settling deep in gravity's cling. Then, as always, night is upon us singing the interior landscapes as they sidle overhead in mistaken sequence. Each note corresponds to an accordion paged codex handed over in a dream coinciding with a Mongolian letterwriter from an earlier dream, plate 47, for which no date is given. Little is known about them but that they were practitioners of an art that even then had little practical application.
PEARL

shyness or secretiveness
in offering unwelcome criticism
employed by my industry
of backslash intervals
(titled more at lachrymal)
of basic human doubt, a theory
of reality that the mind can't frame
supposing no universal essences
that can't be blamed on a single
concept or image corresponding to
the random changes that attract attention,
a tension by which a curve intersects itself,
nominates a trifling amount of fixity
evidenced by small round grains
nearly neutral slightly bluish medium gray

RANGE

Forgotten but not misled
chambered around vowels
and triggering
The wiring might
divided in time
to a tempo
appearing distracted
or constellated boasts
I am insistently present
though drunk with forgetfulness
coaxing awake literally entering
your home with an axe
is a lie
This cessation of occasions
a soft emergency
laid out flat
is a tandem
NIGHT BARRIER

Men assemble in a trussed league

whose least crime is known

foot after favorite foot whose biography
is quoted

at the gate

of the subject.

Three into three goes?

Last things first, and the itching contusion

of accident (after chance rolled thru) — he said

something about a monkey and lo!

it appeared on the unguarded screen

confirming

Logos

into library and our very own aspiration

the black
mark on the white
present, to present

an age
shrunk to a stipend or clock.

There must be, if there must be

obsidian halo
grassy knoll

over in the contingent dream
historical marker
this not knowing is not a lacuna

grassy halo
obsidian knell

three men in blue shirts smiling
their modest affirmation

workers

in pursuit of
another possibility
haunted
by the swerve
the crisis and feast

fatal response
to dust
like an idea of dust

angelic, atomic

A shadow moves from hand to mouth
taking its motion

with the poor

infiltration of a thing

whose imprecation swallows

the whole ground on which it strides, a paltry ghost's

birth. Change me, it cries, into

substance, a home, garden overlooking a vista,
pink blossoms, a path, the sea

wherein practice is performed

as if it were the twilight's

confession: Father, I am deliberately

missing the events

by which time is told.
I am refusing nourishment, I am

an old woman ranting on a stoop

bodily removed into the city's crowded tale.

The girl is always dancing behind the leaves.
The fish are always swimming on the screen.
False and real

wind, the sheets
untransfixed, periodically heart-like flutter flutter

the nodding leaves
splintered shaft of sky

(conversational, decorative —
the twilight distilled upward
from such stasis
daily
marooned in the daily
like a remembered thicket

first kiss

scent of blue
oil paint and blue

the awkward walk over sand the sand's curve
the modern brick
the soprano's \textit{andante}

What could be said of such spaces?
Cries of an infant at dawn
erosion of stars
five imperfect chambers
such specific cauldrons, such doubts

(if only to release the bird
from its horrible page
remnant niche in the Transom of Broken Wings
(if only to cease waiting
This silence must be
familiar, the body congruent, a
fine antagonism

drugged with honor, collapsed into likeness

as if near
as if nearly at home
in constraint

(confess only the homily in such atmospheres of contagion
do not speak!)
or the spine will grow
into the nonsense of the future
and the fan will kick in its aberrant noise
and she (I will tell you the truth as if you were a stranger.

NOT BAD ONCE YOU'RE IN

Is hard. The felt tip of the ensuing
Monoplane, scrapes across the palette of
Proverbial mist, preverbal not at
All who hobble about in cerulean
Blue pajamas on their way to the stand's
Perjured eclipse. The doting
Dad wags his tail for the motorcar ad
Principal impediment to irresistible puff
Not that majesty inscripts much more than
Limited trade in value, where cognition’s
Been on-the-run since time’s memorial.
The shining steel gates that will at last
Protect the storefront windows. Such eyes
Tear the heart from mourning sockets.
SOCIAL PORK

What a flimsy excuse for denial —
The whole hog attenuates the ceremonial,
Blotted artery of common fork
Or wheel and be spun
Over the mountains of dilapidating
Incorrigibilities till the twine
Warp the broken hearts in
Bundles for periods well in excess of
Berserk Baalzebubs, bickering balks —
Deriding only the fuel gage never the
Fire raging inside or crushed
In a regime of ice.

LIFTJAR AGATE

1 “I hate that you blame me For
2 the things I do wrong” A pear
3 would go to heaven As easily as
4 a blade of grass Would sing your
5 song. But the notice, she is given
6 The sway outlasts the throng In the
7 nabbing there’s More to pay Than circuits
8 in a barn. You know that time,
9 years ago If chance allots recall, The
10 bluff fell down You fussed, I frowned
11 But where those yesterdays In the
12 musty torpors of Tomorrows? Green glides
13 the fence Red knows the door
14 A switch is heavier When the
15 bolting soars. A foxy boy a
16 fool becomes When manner glides &
17 Furor’s none. Forsake the swaddle, curdle
18 the door You’ll still be a
19 version When yearnings link In thrall.
SWELLED BY CERTAINTY

There are times
It bumps & then it turns
Around, full carriage against
The wind, bellowing
Stutter, slumber, hoes
In increment by met
Is blossom, heated to
Lecturn, short of
Reversal, gunned in the
Gust — gush — gulp

displayed on an open book.

EDLIN

this was what I knew
when all the world grew pale
a little girl had thrown her wing
and I was but a bale
pasted to a patterned frown
or dense with juried mat
for all around I hear it pry
and bear with promise fragrant cant
THE EARLIER N'AMES ARE ALMOST FORGOTTEN
-bladed -eyed

for Peter Inman

nabja- beak nipple nibba nib (see Gesture and Gaze) [He] scop him Heort naman Time does go (stuck so fast) fast er as you (none of it that would agree) age .nana. called by the child that name she said since each year (the particular) (combination of sounds) that passes passed nant- through us Kore mended from several pieces now fardi- journey see per-2 taken unbeknownst to FERDI-Nand becomes a smaller fraction per- haps (if we or they had not) through many centuries of oral and scribal transmission corruptions bound to occur (even they say) in the simplest text of which this frayed (even they say) is not of one's life almost forgotten at two one year is half a life at ten one tenth changing one's perception only of that fraction that is gone nas- nibble lengthened grade form NASAL NASO- NASTURTITIUM PINCE-NEZ at thirty (coming upon Long Lake the most famous of the native guides one thirtieth it is this fractured per- proposition (followed with one's eyes the lines slip into the water) mu- imitative of inarticulate sounds the lake's internal coastline fills the ears with barely per-ceptible movement voice apostrophized apostilalic h'ere or h'ear or h'air (pre-prepared for the wedding night) and n'ow t'here from phut! ancient cry of love in the manual of positions spread farther are there fathers (see Textiles and Athena) than across the great water in the book of wisdom now it is said to have changed entire (the) kel- kelkelb- and ken- to kin capsa capsula capsule (see Containers and Pandora) so late (Latin late or Pizzacato?) released w'in t'her ere here re here days irae or desert songs for lengthened grade variant forms COPEPOD struck so fast insert étude here small light boat come to bobbin in the garment factory nau- Death to be exhausted Polish nuda boredom NUDNIK from every traditional square stern to double-pointed double-ender'd it encapsulates the sounds of the men arguing (in particular) about competing systems all fairly charted in all the natural languages nau- Boat NAVAL NAVICULAR NAVIGATE NAVY NAUSEA NAUTICAL NAUTILUS NAUPLIUS NOISE NOISENSE to NUISANCE to NEW SENSE of -NAUT AERO- AQUA- ARGOS- ASTRO- COSMO- still the women low and dry (b) Of no name without (a) name the book says implying obscurity and unimportance 1611 BIBLE Job xxx.8 they were children of fools yea children of base men (sic?) [marg. men (sic?) of no name but a stupid man (sic?) will be wise when a cow gives birth to a zebra in the new translation of no name or per-happen stance his name was Job (not Mudd) to meet and right m'wyfe Marge they are worried about the pre-positions in continuation [Echo learns politely neigw- To wash Germanic nikwiz niku
in Old High German *nibhus* river monster water spirit NIX [Pok neigu-761] [in] praise of names for ages obsolete He strips the wise of their reason and makes the eloquent mute of the species per-[internal] competitive. particular systematic [tic] and at that time there came a new translation in which he tried to introduce the public to the idea of another kind of boat consisting of an envelope of air or water or water-proof canvass in which could be 1220 *Bestiary* 38 Dat defte meiden Marie bi [name] folded into neat package of small compass and light and this will not answer the question but .ndher-. Under. 1. Germanic under- Old English under under UNDER [to worry about] continuation of species as newe heuenus and newe erthe so stonde so lichte ypon sweete breethe so shal thiz 3oures ed and 3oures namen time ewhiche he'd naught to be but could be stretched heare underover cats and dogs all supple frame of saplings fresh-cut to form the water's edge we 6lip intow the w2terr's e6ge a9ain ewhiche he'd not to be he fold6 it intro two the 3-pronged arrows then known of Time intwo 1 5m2ll p2ck2ge of 5m2ll comp255 2n6 l9h7 ewhiche 2he m2y dep2n6 ypon't1t 1n [3,900–7,700 or 186,000 per sec (sic?)] ewhiche w/s1mple a661t10n = _______ OK? you do the math to see why that is why it is that it is p'lane and c'lear why pain surrounds you and sudden terror has struck you and light is turned to darkness and the waves close over your head since God is far up in heaven only a hearty laugh will wince the fat old fates (the farts) to .neb- on which depend demotic veins in vain this such indelicate device not to still Kore Kore in hell unveiled of all particulars of lust herewith to boot or boot her happy mess as Athena's boot owl's 1st last sermonette ever spoke or heard upon the fizzy surface tension of Long Lake (that combination of sounds) built into the music in the design of the wind in the trees see 1860's guide-boat pointed stern [or as in] the point of any point riding swiftly riding through the water launched with parting waves in 1714 Cunn *Treat.Fractions* 51 the quote that is that part of the answer that is of the Name afterwhiche then reduced remainder to next inferior name sum game for when it came to Africa nei- To be excited to shine [art is of course always 1. Suffix form nei-to- in Germanic manic moments of shining shoes transcend dentals labials reducer liquids eng syl + bk nitha- animosity in Old Norse nidh scribbl-ling-+ bk lat burble glub liquid interdentals to die for rhythms error unbound variable thorn O Shoe Shine Stand at Attention March stand in line shoes shined to do the fibonaci with the big band sound with the cutest gal a month o moondays ever sawed in half Ah! the of it all unevaluated symbol the nos- nostralgia coughed up ni- dental niderrata slides stop slides stomps to the music of heaven slides serving spoon inside the glistening whole stop (if continued try evaluating symbol again) stop brought at bargain prices the skipto m'logo Skägeľ © flushette stop reduce velars eng rite o springs stop we 'll fix the squeaky kleen stop go to well heeled detail fragmented red figure kalyx krater ca. 430–420 B.C. no one can say they didn't know how to EEK EUREKAS
outa the poor squeegeeled moppets (m'pets) BRAVE TRUE TO TROTH. 2. Suffixed zero-grade forms 0 froth to which all waters flow never in the service of those rockalike forms weaving baskets of fresh grasses by the waters edge *ni-to* Latin nitere to shine: NEAT NET. and yet [the sections found too bulky and too heavy to be borne along narrow jungle trails .ne. neb-. .ned-. negwhro-. .nei. neighw-. to NEAT to EAT the waters of this plateau fall naturally into five groups BALTO-SLAVIC GERMANIC CELTIC ITALIC HELLENIC 3. Possibly suffixed form *nei-t-slo-* not slow in Old Irish *Niall* Brave masculine name NEIL 4. (Possibly Persian) *nil-* indigo ANIL LILAC by another path of the particle to pseudo-cog ANNIHILATE [Pok. 2. *nei-* 760] the craft speedier and more maneuverable for an Abenaki Indian than the then most famous of the Long Lake guides Hunting Big Game Theories of Numbers 1st monographia *Scripta Mathematica* first pub 1.1 the image in the water of the 1st photograph fresh evidence of the guide-boat's perfect symmetry yes yes and yes a2 now time d73s g7 f2s3r 2s r3q95r3d 7f z b72t 2s 15ght 2nd 2s e2p2b3 2s th5s b5rch s9ff93d 2nd S9ff5x3d S9ff5c3 5t t7 s2y 2t z3r7 gr2d3 or the sweet small-smiling Kore gaze cast down her gaze in infinite descant so that every prime of the form 4n + 1 can be the sum of two squares in one way only and now fresh evidence that all the while she was thinking that thinking thoughts of entropy create more heat than light n'est pas baby cakes and Lucy dear child sing your camel to sleep but mind your arithmetic for what would life be without arithmetic but a scene of horrors (Sidney Smith, ca.?) Ye3 Ye3 I 3aid I feel renewed already by the discipline of silence that surround3 me .nek-. Death. nex. Latin necare to the we who gaze downward to kill the INTERNECINE suffixed 0-grade form *nek-s-* in Latke from the mountain nova NOCENT NOCUS NOXIOUS OBNOXIOUS NUISANCE INNOCENT IN NO SENSE INNOCUOUS upon thousands of square Suffixed full-grade miles of wilderness form *nek-ro-* nekros corpse which hides the secrets of its form in soil and water and rock and rock and air and water aswell NECRO NECROSIS nektar the drink of the gods and history (the of) overcoming death (only the stench of) tar- overcoming see ter-3 NECTAR NECTARINE syls cons liquid glides on which we ponder .leg-. .leg-. .legh-. weighed only [in] Light having little weight. 8 *legub-t-* in Germanic *liht(j)az* in liht lichten legub-i- in the kitchen levis lever to lighten raise at eye or water level LEAVEN LEVER LEVITY ALLEVIATE CARNIVAL ELEVATE LEGERDEMAIN LEVIGATE LEVIRATE [practice of marrying the widow of one's brother as required in ancient Hebrew law?] LEVITATE MEZZO-RELIEVO RELIEVED TO SING to sing out the name of the loved one in the freshly planted field to lighten to 90 to 120 lbs by shaving every plank 3. Variant form *legub-* in Old Irish lu- small LEPRECHAUN and it is at this first stunning exposure when you pause to breathe and 4. Nasalized form *l(e)ngub-* in Germanic lung- in Old English lungen lungs (from their lightness) LUNG. 5. oblivisci to forget more likely from root lei-. [Pok. legub- 660.] to let go now too
have he had and lost an robust inflated rubber theory of time during which time does go on to nem-. [the] Sacred grove. nem-. To assign allot also to take NEMESIS METRONOME NUMISMANTICS b. Gk nome It. cara nome wandering in search of nome or nome pasture NOMAD with all the rackett of NOMENclature clattering about their y'ears the rivers mouth but not her spring ner- ner- no relation to noggin in the nick of or axed and dented accidental Neried with prosthetic vowel ner- (boat wrecked in rapids of Racquette river)9 linguistic transformations (in the River Platte 1824) (the cottage in which I lived that summer thrown into Long Lake during a winter storm) 1842 Tennyson Ulysses II I am become a name For always roaming nes- nos- nostos- nostril to have a nose for home slang expr. on the nozz or nozzle again for sure w/his prosthetic consonants h cl lmnt ll vvlls nd stll mk snns (T/F?) not too make too much of in the famous mythunderstanding she brought the vowels dripping from the river she cried out Yoo Hoo honey I'm home or in the earlier variant A E I O UUUUU! and then all sodden-like she turned into a cow eez nothing neu-. To Shout. To Shout in ancient bee-stung form NUNTlUS! 3rd frame from left in censored comic strip suffixed to the hand sawn rope bed posts with leather King Kong diphthongs dripping in their native tongues lead- of course lead- the summers heat the buzzing of the summers flies falls into the rhythms of a verbal pulse too loud they thought to be misunderstood clearly the summer residents wished to take the long view cure at Long Lake (mother always said when you work all the time with numbers you notice that many funny things occur) to depart the waves in a sea level 0-grade spaceship now-ent-(io) neu-. To make use of. To enjoy. Old English neat bovine animal NEAT from England [newh-iz. NEAR, NEIGHBOR, NEXT, NIGH. neu-. thing of value possession (on his arctic expedition he carried a folding boat of canvas which had withstood all tests on the river Thames where several ladies were fearlessly embarked and paddled across in a fresh breeze neu-. neu-. NEON NEOTERIC MISONEISM 3. Suffixed form nearos young fresh contracted into into neros fresh used of fish and water (my mind is put at ease 1897) Gyfe he did he lost his name Quhai in helde receawes schame and swamped in rapid ni­ niger nike rapids nitron nizdo nobh nogh nowg extinct Brythonic nomen or prospecting in L'uganda in which obulamubwo is how is life
DEIRDRE KOVAC

MANNERISM

1.

The trees will have leaves, the birds will have feathers. A world of detail will reveal to you its rosier bit, part arc part under-hand.

You've made your move — now flinch.

There is something under the dress it props it up to a point where was it her (observed).

Too loud. Too loud, the sound of anything to the strapped.

(shut up that opulence twang of you)

Shallow discard, why should this span (if you know what's good) and barren twin of work? Distortions too are abject, laden with looking correct (colorplate 48) and became to prevent us from measuring anything in this picture by the standards of ordinary approach, that coin an elegance no less compelling than violence.

2.

In Descent

— the barrier of her lavish exactly (but now the table the ghostly Christ) what Tintoretto owed to middle distance.

By oil lamp of angels the drama of betrayal mistook for attendant on Make visible the soul, the contemporary reenactment of burial.

Either reverie (such were the saints to his sitters), either the chapel is only feet deep.

We worship our own Florence Nightingale.

And when we met by the side she said it was horrible, so full of romance, an after-dinner pink, dead bees.

Broad as a version, but we've seen theme — the Dutch interior of regret etched over moment as proof standing still to be bled-out hold of — time how you do go by — so give us up some flesh for brilliance to nibble on its deckled edge.

If I can't live in my past can I live in yours? One good deserves — see us flaunt how we did our awkwardness off as poise — the same size as life.
Something from the News.

From a cobbled monotony when a well was after every gate, meaning was narrow and derogatory, a group conviction, twinned lattice of the outer world.

Shirk. For the picture records what became of a not so effortless grey. After Alchemy — compare the hands — ivory in arbitrary rows.

3.

What do we stoop to? Rain and fifes. Match theory of impact to observation like a veil of knots — new reeds in the lake — this is how they have come to tell the story we like. Knee-jerk manipulation of the one what brung you. Dance with it. This plaything reduced to any help as argues the ideal, eager to advocate. I barely (a game about losing) have enough. Only the rift tilts.

We listen to the old feud and believe it — the diamond was a deep transgression.

A saltcellar, however gilt, functions come unclotted, intricately tomb-scale conversation piece who owes much to glare's limit.

It is difficult for the mind to retain self-possession — another arch stone gone under in Pascal's bargain by sheer chance sharply the grave itself.
from GEORGE TOOKER: MARGINALIA

The Early Work

Audience 1945
I I swan
Toltec Lumberyard
(blimp) Jesse
lilies

Dance 1946
pan ney Welsh
burl Wotan
la la la

Children and Spastics 1946
consuetude
see
see She

The Chess Game 1947
thy blue skull
sweet game
gyre gyre: sheltering
deer-piece

Self Portrait 1947
Pilate: dog bead
dharna Bristol
dray Merlin
(paw-paw)
**Coney Island 1948**

sœur Phillippa
tore Ali (Pure Land)

**Bird Watchers 1948**

dos-à-dos
not.
not aleatory

**Festa 1948**
piper (St.)
the they

elm nog:
Jinenjo (spriglet)

à alee
crepuscular

**Market 1949**

Judaeus flocks
at’a smithy (caryatid)

**Cornice 1949**

hip-hop. the sorrel
(so)
starlet
pointillist
Philoctetes
They appeared to be angelic for the time being.

She suddenly reached for something while he considered his next move.
He suddenly ripped something off the table while she gradually changed her mind.

A: Ever notice how much people dislike didactic pieces?
J: They should be grateful for the information they receive.
A: Yeah, right.
What is curved space? Are we living in it?

Time is curved, too.

Yeah, right.

Better a bad peace than a good war.

Oh, you pacifists...
practice practice my speech incredible late century off poor people off up country ride quick some semblance of interlude mind some glory principle underage oh crawl sentiment all young mother likes interference subliminal silent control company understand we work same obey obey obey solitude strict attendance sir robert kennedy killed in action also subject scream can you afford hilarity simple dont rhyme century oblete i dont decide whoever oh boy special elegant my big boy old english ended page ended some scrum get teacher simple get gradual we scream silently out west agrees touch subliminal quick all century off submit courage sister courage goddamit i have to pay my organ grinder get solace voice calling respond suffice professor english answer call hear silent conversation sir rescue emplitude by some science projector i am your medical directory cut page pure joy pure joy illuminate subject illustration my bag speaks to me hide hidden put in political beware dangerous mother thinks you should read your own silent organization silent organization i am the subjective innocence some transference how spelling dear letter writer golden auras subjective obeince hilarity ohboy sir silent argument revise shoulder around around pipe old indian trick across shoulder obey instinct directions obey instinct sacrifice dearest aunt ambulance period subject cry i was in prison my mother dances in her death put it in written hold ground blasts me with power over the phone see hear feel page blue period strong teachers we sublime central education division who guesses funny coincidence we make up mind to do it plenty reverse shoulder around around pipe old indian trick across shoulder obey instinct sacrifice jump get pipe across shoulder sacred unfinished central control record establish after indignant writer by many centuries by many centuries i have the dwelling sir coastal waters sir willingness to
help sacred sir official sacrifice conditions get clear we agree silent put it in twice almost hidden second sentence quit page sit silence instructor repeat playful honest repeat protect yourself protect yourself we change things in this century two children upset children upset teachers trained trained also kisses subliminal rage subliminal understanding demonstrate teach teacher get off the page silent powerful same person suggest liberation tell him quietly plenty power language ohboy ohboy irregular cant current century all blacks speak teachers here come to my mind only hurry it up a little silent subculture get underground make simple teaching simple silent workers all on street see simple follow instructions just be careful now we may be in practice silent protection please silent protection known before known before write me down only lead always teacher oscar bear runner porcupine always music has changed us listen strict silence teaching black leaders on street street illuminated under control old spanish people right around corner gay get drugstore old soldier dies pennies at corner store we gather bury him funeral old sit sister silent secret name unknown political prisoner reality picture old very living difficult anarchist always border cross ohboy indians wild complete indifference great teachers pipe across shoulder forbidden speak for godsake clean government dump waters contaminate long ago long ago get with it white culture following cruel some kindness principle important leader say life again he waved me very high energy field heal following page obligated get off with it sister get strong women in put shoulder down absolutely correct if you can cant you communist too strict leaders too strict up against white civilization some subject terrorize quit subsize follow instructions how long have you hard teacher follow introduce yourself show book if face not known pictures illuminated what did you say tomorrow old speak forgive visions pictures tell simple are you intelligent girl girl girl girl power struck old woman dance very old woman over eighty someone brings me lunch quarter of a century past listen record we cheap old farmer get off truck get enough old communist younger hear dylan we were followed by a truck on the street hear scam follow your instructions over the radio even listen music get instructions listen carefully teachers teachers also Young get bliss story sleep in road caught in rain homestead girl brings me home can you imagine washing machine dryer only house only dry off only fortune godsend my rain even suitcase soaked have you above average intelligence continue story story pick up truck called coincidence white among us among who appears today and tomorrow very hard learning please joy please joy we are all teachers silent teachers we are listening to it all old stream woodstock rise above picture of himself laugh poet interruption phone bless absolutely individual listen record obey record i dont see tree only scrap heap wise get off the page scam contempt for court subdivide oh children children children oh perfect child can follow sir sacred territorial rights control subject contamination mind speaks central control agency serious object refused teaching twice subject enclosed stiff ugly scandal scare central education ultrasound just scare only scam good worker sir central education department sir central education department repeat repeat introduction oh scared control control demanded every old organized sire scared enter education underground behave said silent before if the broom closet speaks to you sit silence teacher hard let object decide when organized scramble we can correct each other simple teacher silent beware if psychic contact listen silently put Neil Young forward sir generation follows sir generation very hard teacher hard simple teacher silent father speaks omit audience complete verb below ground have you ever been above ground dead father raised head in grave suppose i werent working central admission central education friend in danger life get warning signals speak aloud oh central intelligence agency get central intelligence agency off page oh teaching simple we walk start revolution start already already we hippies old we capture see pictures oh boy everyone here picture dog i had when child oh sudden memory baby carriage only two mother embarrassed apron kitchen much younger get off century we can plenty train ohboy more i see have you ever heard of an indian get off century great big leader indian end century century close ultrasound grandson
from INFRINGEMENT

6

The Rep strode
Into a world of frightening
Rain.
Sways easily, in the conflicting

Rain (released
Itself upon the garment).
Something comparable to the enormous rumor
We’d tried to argue, but could not be nailed down to

Even because of the children falling;
Writing writes itself.
The denouement was clearly
Underfoot. But now I

Am
Relief! (She size him
Up); a
Country, or its indoctrination. . . .

To be instances of,
Say, a drive
Through Bloomfield, Illi-
ois (there is no

Bloomfield, Illinois).
Making our getaway all the more comforting. . . .
Enviable
Shifts in the world’s

Erosions.
The ambassador had corrupted the village.
His good looks were resolute,
Tensed by further delay. . . .

Information
Fostered, in its yammering
Load —
Unto a sphere or its

Embottled earth.
The frightening procedures grew minimal;
Decoding embittered few
Patrolmen.

Unto those others who had soon got tired —
That gourds or jewels were
Set. This
Errant evening of choices, belts —

& To the same degree, who
Statutorily was in
Error —
Exiting our embottled earth to sing. There were

Culminations, species —
Quantities which refuse
Our prying.
Maybe the other one could set an example of tremendous
Garments —
On the table, at the bank where they are looking
In.
Crumpled gloomily near the end of its

Storage —
Or famished hordes, that trees are brightly
Quelled.
The expedition hit a further snag.

Anyone who was completed or looking in. . . .
I know the jetty & its conflicting paths —
Oblique evenings on the docks by the hangar.
Night was crumpled in its broken-down

Rumor (that it errantly
Reveals) —

A____,
I don’t know
How to write
Poem to you. The
Information we read is plastic.
There are synonyms;
An almost wavelike impatience . . .
That these projects seem
Bigger, more
Aware. Had it
Tread on the peonies. A book of
Closing. Hid or guard
In sufficing margin look.
That you cream it, plaintive. Ink blur at page edge
Indicating
A word I'd want
Changed. Area
Sky, over detail
Map of flanges. What we know of, cries.
I had wanted
To say, to
Be
A worker, carefully
W/ stone. There are letters
I should write . . .
Handkerchiefs to be wrung out & evened.
Can a language be, not
Colliding w/ its
Hist’ry? An overblown, &
Carefully pins
Excited to his fealty. Miscrate
In shunt, or test of. To
Replot
A connecting &
Knoblike impermanence. The length of
Each line will be
Topical. Wholly
Poses sum. How you read, so far is
An evidence replete to knowing.
Do you “comb” bricks? Or were it
Brinks, 'finitive
As a vowel cart. I bring you
Testing nightly.
Colloidal & spread
As an apple to
Remissions. The suffuses held
To limn at
Field. Neither “nightly,” nor
Unlike it. & Since
   We’ve clouded up now
   A materiality that wills,
   What do you
   Say we go FORWARD & —
“Disperses the supplant away.”

from THE ANATOMY OF ASSOCIATIVE THOUGHT

It wasn’t that I was feeling vacant
but that there was a sense of an occupancy having already vacated my body
does subjectivity know a language other than that of mechanism
when he sent me his tome, what he meant was that the words were made more potent by his use of them; he wrote for the purpose of taking up space
and then the artist became a “naturalized American subject”
like so many Lucky Pierres, we had had such a buoyant sense of life in our midst,
and then our emotions became something discrete from our culture, the grief suddenly whelming around us like a bad stench
I swear I heard the woman say they had five kids apiece and it was “fun”
“While this may seem faintly repulsive, it is actually a part of the European heritage”
When I am sick from my own thought, I try to focus on someone else's, until I realize it's a similar thing
“They demonstrate an impulse for togetherness that is as modern as the digital age and as old as humankind.”
We are at once documented
and anonymous
the stories bleed
together like so many
indigenous histories,
the rifles cocked
targets random
and equivalent.
we come from the page
but appear nowhere
in the book
we speak from the bottom
of our bodies
but are translated
out of language
we are the sisters
of impatience
we come from
the urban calendar

It's not really a question of a different drummer, it's that I just don't march.

whatever you give me seems like so much more

she stops to consider her available transcendences. doing the writing is
the long way around the short cut.

when hunting I can:
a) be sure of a precise target
b) consolidate my strategies
c) go for the gusto

are we anti-, meta-, or post-fiction?
how small a singularity can make a world?
If I could be guaranteed the miracle, I'd turn religious

but we're in this real real place
the stems hang jagged
their bodies shamed as if they might have been other than human
their purple faces wilted like
a child's bent body

Harbinger:
mess of stacks
with a green slanted hovering
I heard that we have some duties.

blind faith healing swaggers in waves /strokes of genius blood
the picking, the sticking, the atonal

we see the instance of systematic exclusion practiced
we continue to seek distillment and nourish the long traveler
partaking, we are tomfooled
parvenus for the course

arriviste. i loved your unsettled ways.
if it were at all a dream sequence she didn’t belong there
there was no sailor strait-jacketed or smooth-talking
and re: (visited)
the parenthetical is what soothes me
never grasp a central chord or
pull me toward an outfit with built-in authority

I find that we have a responsibility to what soothes us

At what final hour do we do justice to the world we attempt to describe
8. How the foot attached to the leg one sees through lace is lifted, its presence
the way it occupies an area in front of the person who watches
someone as she turns the page or gestures apart
from her echo. Stability meaning the interval between sound and shape,
the eye
changing what is seen by the one who stands in the garden remembering
the person called the mother. The other side of a curtain
through which her voice passes, her shape being
in that sense as close as the body whose condition is said to leave the room.

9. Being in the place where people are sitting on a rock, facing west
the minute before the sun descends behind buildings whose shapes define
the sky, other languages
spoken as one’s body touches the body. Faces in the subway attached to
bodies
moving in the direction the car moves underground, as if someone
who had arrived in such a place could be said
to know it from the inside, being present. The moment say that light
is in the leaves of trees whose surfaces are turning just after rain, how
weather itself enters
a dimension one thinks to be called elsewhere.
CLEAN SPEAK

The purpose of their organization is simple: to provide activities for kids and adults in an atmosphere that is substance-free. — Millerton News

Here is the genesis of the new spiritualism. You won’t miss it for a minute. A kind of airy atmosphere liberated from the strictures of consumption that blackened coots and mergansers, shuffle off this mortal oil.

But that’s just the beginning. Why can’t we have a no-dirt dirt, a crimeless peace, a seamless hiding in the sand with full control over the stray dogs in the third-world military. And of course we can abuse the opposition from a position of certain safety. And further why seek this spirit that has been so often debunked. There must be a need for the thought. And who is really suppressing it?

“My confusion arrives with the feeling of blessedness that I experience in confronting judgment.”

No one really had any thoughts on the matter before Carpaccio invented his centralized syllabic information structure coordinator theory which revolutionized all thought because it meant essentially that no one besides Carpaccio could be said to have come up with any ideas that he had not thought of first, not any ideas that mattered or deserved any consideration.

Even the final solution of waste-free consumption. Although it threatened to put him out of business, he insisted on authoring it due to its importance to the cultural community which he dominated by his later night talk show where guests talked about it by denying any connection, including, of course, the floor show of armpits and genitals shaved into the shapes of letters to spell out the credits.

And when his colleagues had an independent idea and, contrary to his corporate culture, disseminated it themselves or had the appearance of doing so, he charted their course on his Interdigital Prognostication Hour, a fifteen-minute holoshow where he channeled their notions through his narrative sequencer and twisted their arguments into the form of his “near fit” sympathy.

The critics called it media philosophy. The viewers assessed it by its correctness quotient. And the other garbage men were disposed to oversimplify their own offerings to avoid a conflict of complexity and the label: clones.

Eventually his dominance was unmasked; the right no longer criticized the cloning, since it could be viewed as recycling, although it wreaked havoc with the gene pool. Splash went the new meteor shower in the gelid jelly of the mutual fund of chromosome banks, transparent as the emperor’s new clothes to the osculations of the international out-of-work force waiting for their chance to be underpaid for work that made someone else a lot of money.

Desperate to be included, even angry for attention, and principled to any extreme of suffrage suggested to gestate along with the rhinos and hippos and other cow utterances, the rest of the world balked at any alternatives to Carpaccio’s addictives. Are there any control mechanisms better in the long run than violence? The mutual agreement funds speculated yes and the young investors brimming with collegiate clichés about a more perfect world with no garbage and phone sex everywhere in the well-washed gutters threw real money (that oxymoron of capital) at them with such a flurry that the snow plows which were otherwise quite idle had to be brought out of mothballs to take care of the taking-care cash.
Seduced by Reason
behind split-screens
in a Theater
of Objective Totality —
Memory — an organ
of the body —
like penis, vagina
rectum — stratifies perception

You call to me in real
practical consciousness
the outline of a theory
of an allegory or
an allergy
an object or an intuition
sounding like projection
or unoccupied symptoms

The back of a mirror
fragments into boundaries
perimeters
T-cells
greetings and goodbyes

This cannot — squeal
or sequel — be reduced
— interstitial stutters —
to — rude rudder —
conscious intentions —
read pause —
sullied particulars —
used cogitos —
condom mentations
wishful thanking
absence figures

CAROLINE BERGVALL

HANDS ON, CATULLUS

for Rod Mengham

SHORT FILE ON COMPRESSION

East is dry carries the journey that will propel me from there to here: from then to now: I was not ready for so much light. Was not expecting such impact.

Bodies carried out and exposed to light: light carrying out its work on the body: vast areas of skin matter: warm: burn: grow unevenly: bulky from exposure: bere scarred: bere carved and split: disclose fibres of raw flesh: bere caved in: pushed back by thumb pressure: brown and stained in places: fluids accumulating against enlarged pores that let go: that suddenly come apart: everthing sheltered and inflammable at one and the same time: solid and liquid at one and the same time: now grows: now bleeds: expands under the light: form perfect and contained: form closed and perfect: glistening rich and fruity: revels in its own fullness: this one minute moment of equilibrium: then tilts: there cracks with a short burst: and breaks open:

CHORUS: EXCLAIMING OH.

A feat of speed and the heady stretch behind eyes. Of active verbs of interjections. And a breath of motion bearing full. Keeps my run expansive.

CHORUS: YEARS GO BY.
SHORT FILE ON DISTENTION
At one edge of the world (at a point of emergency) where a vast, unnecessary less implodes in deep grooves (and mouths strain with unpalatable words) and if you put your long-finger down slits and boles in these parts (it will come out red and smoked). North is sharp is the journey that will take me from there to here (from then to now), scattering intentions, lures to a comfort of hallucinations against the hardiness of rocks and the burning certainty of threatening surrounds.

A seeker-person, speaks a strange speak, suffers from severe migraines and keeps on gesticulating when making soups of roots (and rodents) and all things creaky. There's an air of retention and a hammering which imbue the mark of this place and breed diseases and melancholias of great continuance. When I scream I scream into the lungs of my growing keeper sends it all back to me whose squatty hands tear pages out of old books. A great many times I lose my hair from sheer déjà vu, trying to escape the stairs are gigantic, shot in wide angle, sounds familiar only until it happens to you. (Lost a finger on my way out, found two as I was shutting the door.)

CHORUS: EXCLAIMING IN DISBELIEF.
A feat of the free band. The nominal span that carries over from one shoulder to another. Of speech marks and dashes and paragraphs. The careful gathering of notes and information, keeps my limbo sane in a steadying grip.

CHORUS: YEARS GO BY.

SHORT FILE ON DISAFFECTION
Ten and twenty years of running into great mentalities of very slight significance. Across flawed communities. The soil acidic is. There industries leak gas. And protected material and. West and dank is the journey that brings me back to suburban matter. That take me from here to here. Awkwardly dry-assed. From then to now. These lines and patterns that erase unaccountables. Doors shut and secure. Allow the growth of mirrors. More is less. Must be. Must be must be. Pigeonshit and recreational landscapes. The family stage. The father the mother. The son and the daughter. The father the mother the son and the daughter. The dog. The full compost. The amass and the keep. The indolent flatness. The indolent flatness what needs confound and allocate. What needs confound and allocate. The same peculiar aches and pustules. Same peculiar. Wonder where my family's name wonder where my family's name got caught up got and changed. How long it will take for it to be cleared out of cleared out of the registries.

CHORUS: EXCLAIMING HA.
A feat of the digressive realm. And mannered gestures. Of adjectives and parentheses. Stamina and prolonged action. Of the strong, supple ankle and the displaying of feet. Toes spread out in fans might keep me safe from greed.

CHORUS: YEARS GO BY.
SHORT FILE ON SUSPENSION
Whenever each in turn we reach a coastal town and the exhilarating taste of sea invades we say the senses with an immediate air of departure upon arrival and the nauseating smell of fish cut open in piles of crates behind the supermarket, by the old port, and the rugged exotic edge of local phrases spread inland or outwards along with trade and goods, nights are electric here we say and fuzzy in the yellow pool where the food comes both greasy and crusty, wrapped in newspaper. South is hot is the consumption field and feverishly inclined that labours down my buck, that will take me from there to here, and from then to now, though storylines long since exhausted that used to leap in and out of focus, is the old world yawning and bored, scared and rampantly overused, flawed in overdrive, where speech fluent and dislocated, avidly reaps its own affect, we get to walking with arched spines and lifted chins, displaying fashionable times, a generous disposable matter to behold.

CHORUS: EXCLAIMING IN UNISON.
A feat of the digestive turn. And the hardness of her groin. Of commas, of meters of intestines. Of chain reaction of the growth of motives keep me on the alert all the while feeding and playing the hungry sex.

CHORUS: YEARS GO BY.

THE RIVER ROAD
Parts: 11-17, 19

Eleven
Tocsin.
It should have been a warning for us.
Poet's shirt...
The uniform code of military justice.

When in doubt,
send a scout.

My friend Chuck, Chuck Wagon.

Upward failure.

A compensible term agent.

Twelve
His inner circle: himself and his mirror.

Honor Every Threat.

You were more than an excuse for a shindig.

I am parting you out.
Thirteen

He hates the same folk we hate, that much we can forgive him.

The suite of ascending affirmations. We display the plumb line, we incline the melon: This too is right. An office is told: you belong, wait until the rest have departed. More than a simulacrum of genius. Abiding, our memory grants even more.

This winged refusal, these tales you service. Is it a practiced chain that throws us to the baited ground? What should we decline here? Which friends are ours? What is set upon us?

Fourteen

No one up here thinks Asylum Avenue is an odd address.

He let it slip from his obituary. Gladly presuming it was none of our doing.

You were not cut out for this world. There should be some sort of civil service slot for the likes of you.

"Give me back my noun.
I want to leave now."

Fifteen

No choice here. The plain beckons whitely. Its dreamy auxiliaries trod the aisles with their uncertain flashing. Don’t forget the tip. This way.
You are ticketed through.

The collect of their sunday ambi, a ragged shriven sum, a reflexive despite: "we wish you well."

And still they come on. Inhuman, fanatical waxing, a poor damned doubting.

Sixteen

The consulting celerity.
The self selecting kitchen crew.

Glad rations.

In our espaliered avenues, the memory of what we never quite were falls to the unraked gravamen.

Our dirty little secret, the poets. Feasance as a disused kiosk.

An ornament of a profession which had divested itself of decoration.

Their gardening deity: the eponymous Haspell Lemle.
Seventeen

Ultramontaine airbank.
That echt Piercian touch.
Featureless breathing suits.
It means ruin.

flying Glass.

Angle iron.

Findings.

Tailings.

Nineteen

A kind of Acoustiguide to those regions of the self you
would rather pass over.

Loss, anger, sloth, envy, every daubing there. That
day when you look in the mirror and realize that it has
finally happened to you too. Your face is no longer
something you live inside, a scrim upon which you
reveal yourself or hide behind. It has become a
different kind of cloth.

from A GIRL'S THOUGHTS

to honor Mme Kimberly

"THE FOUNDATIONS ARE SANDY"
OR
AN OWED TO BEAUTY

An increase in loveliness; it will never
pass unnoticed. All else pales in mawkishness.
a thing of, a dancer, comes exceptional character.
Its fluid control will not run or fade warm tenders.
Puffy dark circles suspending, the damage
though thought for forever goes back. Nuance
continuously varies her assistance, most intimate.
Those her furs flyin' in the face of convention
A four-time gold magnetist. Exacting colors that.
THREE PRIMORDIAL POEMS

Primordial,

a show of deflowerment

In this hair nono-capsule
there’s a new world of care
visibly rearing to go.

Hold your rosebuds.

Thirty thirty-times purer
botanical virgins
free the radicals and
perform in unison,

blanketed by softer skin
in rosy voluptan exfoliates

Primordial,

a folk-rhyme

There was a little vital man
who lived in a blanket with his
freely radical poor dog,
a bone.

He had so many times more
liпо-hydroxy-acid-created staying power
that he didn’t know who to do it with.

Then one day Primordiaиe appeared
treading a soft cell with her magic wand.
She insulated and cleaned.

They lives ageless and patented after.

Primordial,

a millennial parable

Begins in eight days
the younger restless return
to visibly review all revitalization,
the good and the bad.

This will not hesitate.
There is no diminishing.
The cell will inert the next
possible blanketing.
1.

**Pale, Paler, Palest treats**

**HOW NOW BROWN WOW**

((acorn-java-sepia-ups-mahogany-briar))

compellingly.

2.

**A New Breed**

(sexy, super-structured, sure-thing)

dancing between

the bright sinuous fur’s-tooth

She-mantled backbird

the duchess Duchessed

Both, and shoes, Chanel.

3.

**SHE, Interviewed.**

“We are Diva.”

Exclusive re-active

Instinctual controlling

BRA-ZIL.

(mirror, mirror)

“I love the word *poème* because *peau* means skin and *aime* is love.”
the Origin

might matter, made of making it
lather. Prices leanto &
extrapolate, marking
mixed with Their Us. Historic
quirk of class indecision —
cause of internecine reading./

Blinded against that. Backspace
as mouthful./

Flayed by lack.
Poster robbery plus a hidebound
triptych, stealth
microphone, bribeatrise GNP.

An enlightenment/

glass trapeze (their non)
finally hearing
the ink/

if tree is tree//

ROD SMITH

Rink trick A.:
silicon bible

Or fam
a glide
a personage trained in a reading stalk
(one drop)
done
in the dosage
the duet
may not see
underdeceived
in the monocle
of abetment

"insight"
their central character

an increased
analysis of horror
where the scramble of lives
is an étude

"From the conservative dark
Into the ethical life
The dense commuters come"
an illuminating sociology whistle
tender of deep water
round, flotilla
to explain remember
echolalia, la spasm a tap
on the sunned hemisphere
imprint
cycle x
type y
tone in
tatters incident

the try
rights
& seeded
rotates
the inaudible
trunk

pure person
and no person pure
individuality

remaining precariously
but remaining
pathetically inadequate
1990 excess Attica
hitter pulls the trigger memorial

nonidentity non
entity fourteen years
thought out these cigars
act hyphenated was
conversation nearly button

'the essence of the object'
'for an exchange of envoys'

Road dead reset politic
Red pieces of old Marcel
Grate mesh grove fuck table manners

both apparent impossible
his hands of ingratitude
punch me
their menacing
simple & entire eloquence
their canes
for them
e nefarious dugout
shoot chief x soul-troubling
problem farm or loser bottles
_rehabilitating_

broadcast
the ether
on a merit basis (scorebook mood)
'is not in time
but time in prayer'
Record ache
will have be motion
loam click
specular credit
Bird Dog by a generation
Yankees, fireworks, confetti
our grievances and
every drugstore neck outlet extinct

I can see the difference. Dust everywhere.
I can see the difference. Dust everywhere.

I can see the
Adequate grace j
moss on your glop
the range arrives the
underpinning indent grave
hype moses goes fourteen
Bick's on the D.O.D. shit list
good
You punk lotsa drums
Form underline fake
gradation wo

IT calms
what's left of this explosion

Was it the talk
of a madwoman talking
in the clan clean noticed leave
sick —
it's
correcting the mistake
wanted to come

say so-and-so
to murder
about wire
dime
guess
day
stranger

The
approximates
losing candles

max trunk roams funk
Time's a dead thing really
delicate
in the rain 'the sun
or i.d. or i did did i

darling
CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

Tom Beckett's *The Nude Sentience* was published as *Abacus* #88 (Potes & Poets, 1993). Other publications include *Invisible Aria* (Burning Press, 1990) and *Separations* (Generator, 1988). He is the editor of *Interruptions* and the former editor of *The Difficulties*. He lives in Kent, Ohio.

Caroline Bergvall's work has appeared in magazines such as *Raddle Moon*, *Fragmente*, and *Trois*, and in anthologies including the new *Contemporary British Poets* (Picador, 1995). Her most recent book is *Strange Passage* (Equipage, 1995). She is a lecturer in performance writing at Dartington College of Arts.

Charles Bernstein has written numerous books of poetry and essays, including *Islets/Irritations*, *Lingo*, and *Fragmente*, and in anthologies including the new *Contemporary British Poets* (Picador, 1995). Her most recent book is *Strange Passage* (Equipage, 1995). She is a lecturer in performance writing at Dartington College of Arts.

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Michael Gottlieb's published poetry includes *Roses* (Sun & Moon, 1984), and *Ninety-Six Tears* (Sun & Moon, 1990). His work is forthcoming in *New American Writing*, *Lingo*, *Situation*, *Raddle Moon*, and *The River Road*, due out in spring 1996 from Potes & Poets.

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Stephen Ratcliffe's *Sculpture* is forthcoming from Littoral Books. His other recent books include *Present Tense* (The Figures, 1995) and *spaces in the light said to be where one/ comes from* (Potes & Poets, 1992). He publishes *Avenue B* books and teaches at Mills College.

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James Sherry's eight books of poetry and prose include *Our Nuclear Heritage* (Sun & Moon, 1991) and the recent *Four For* (Meow, 1995). The piece published here is from *Sorry*, a manuscript on ecology. He is the publisher of Roof Books and president of the Segue Foundation in New York City.

Rod Smith is the author of *The Boy Poems* (Buck Downs Books, 1995) and *In Memory of My Theories*, just out from O Books. His work *A Grammar Manakin* was featured in a recent issue of *Object*. He edits *Aerial* and publishes Edge Books.


BIG ALLIS

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entry by Elizabeth Kramer from The Encyclopedia of New York City edited by Kenneth T. Jackson 1995, Yale University Press

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contemporary poetics as critical theory

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The sections of Aerial 8 alternate explore and confound the modalities embedded in Watten's own work: discursive ("Bad History/Under Erasure"), fictive ("Once Upon a Time"), poetic ("Barrett Watten: An Invention"), and dialogic ("Reinventing Community"). Watten's writing is given historical context by the inclusion of authors such as Viktor Shklovsky (translated and introduced by Lyn Hejinian), and Jack Spicer (introduced by Kevin Killian). Contributors include Bruce Andrews, Peter Baker, Michael Davidson, Alan Davies, Jerry Estrin, Norman Fischer, Carla Harryman, Jackson Mac Low, Bob Perelman, Kit Robinson, Leslie Scalapino, and Ron Silliman. An index and selection from This I-12 illuminates Watten's enduring relevance as editor and publisher.

Barrett Watten has challenged and vanquished every single petrified idea about what it means to be a poet in modern times.

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Chain is an interdisciplinary journal of creative arts. It includes work by emerging artists and writers, with particular attention paid to work by women. The mission of Chain is to expose how traditional, seemingly "objective"/neutral presentations of art and writing lock out particular voices, with the hope of simultaneously creating a forum where those voices will no longer be marginalized. Special topics have included "Gender and Editing," "Documentary" and "Hybrid Genres/Multimedia."

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This issue features work that challenges the limitations of genre. It will address questions such as: what determines the boundaries of genre? what causes a work to be considered without or outside of genre? what happens in terms of reader/viewer reception when multiple genres are apparent within one work? Features work by Mac Adams, Will Alexander, Norma Cole and Michael Palmer, Johanna Drucker and Brad Freeman, Susan Gevirtz, Janie Geiser, Lyn Hejinian and Travis Ortiz, Kathy High, Fanny Howe, Alystyre Julian, Pamela Lu, Sianne Ngai, Jerome McGann, Eve Andree Laramée, Steve McCaffery, Nick Piombino, Gail Sher, Janet Zweig, and many others.

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AERIAL 8: BARRETT WATTEN
contemporary poetics as critical theory

by Nan L. August

Aerial 8 is an annual journal devoted to the exploration of contemporary poetics and their role in the wider context of critical theory today. The 8th volume of this series is dedicated to the work of Barrett Watten, one of today's most influential and controversial poet/theorists. Watten's thought and writing have significantly influenced the development of poetics in the last two decades. This issue includes a comprehensive introduction to Watten's work, a selection of his essays, and a significant body of new writing by established and emerging poets. The journal also contains reviews and interviews with contemporary artists and thinkers.

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