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The cover shows "Commencement '46 & other considerations" by
HERBERT BURKE.

Unfortunately, lack of space has precluded biographical details
of contributors. Please contact Reality Studios for more information.

Please can contributions be sent in by MARCH 31ST 1984
for selection in April & publication in late summer
... selection will be made bearing in mind the overall
balance & mix of the issue as it emerges ...(this
invitation is going to about 50 writers/artists - if
you can think of anyone else who might produce interest-
ing work for this issue please feel free to xerox this
invitation & pass it on ...)

(NB Not all contributions to this
volume were responses to this page)

Ken Edwards, REALITY STUDIOS, Flat H, 85 Balfour St, London SE17 1PB, UK
A surface forming a common boundary is where the new becomes.

What are the possibilities for non-official literature in Britain today? Proposition one: *Reality Studios* is a samizdat publication. Let's not overstate this: access to xerox machines & duplicators is not banned politically, but proscriptions & restrictions operate, economically & culturally. Proposition two: neither do we in this country live under total nothing-is-true-everything-is-homogenised free-market capitalism.

So there's a gap there to be exploited.

English Literature has already been swallowed up & excreted by you-know-who (cf. the poetry reading scene in the film *The Ploughman's Lunch*) - the abolition of the Arts Council Literature Department being the relevant ritual symbol. A matter of complete indirection to the writers for *Reality Studios* and similar publications. Already, survival needs have indicated shifts over other boundaries: into film, video, performance, dance, music. The only rule is: keep moving.

Within this context, there are worries of different scale. The current lack of a specialist bookshop for new poetry in London - the first such lack for decades - is not just an irri-
tant. Mail-order services exist, but cannot offer the browsing facility that would help to introduce new readers to new work, especially that from America, Europe & elsewhere. But then the rest of the country, always patchily served, has known this before. What is new is the current mood of repression, manifesting itself in such events as:

- the prosecution of Airlift Books & Knockabout Comics under the Obscene Publications Act for distributing material relating to drug use (including Burroughs' early novel *Junky*) - the first time the Act has been used in this way;
- the police raid on Gay's The Word, London's only gay book-
shop, & the indiscriminate confiscation of publications of all kind, pending possible charges;
- the passage through Parliament of Tory MP Graham Bright's Video Recordings Bill, subjecting any publicly distributed video to censorship, either through the British Board of Film Censors or potentially through the courts for "unclassified" videos. This legislation has the tacit sponsorship of the government & the craven support of the opposition parties, all with one nervous eye on the opinion polls & the tabloids - who have since forgotten about the supposed effect of video nasties on the irresponsible working classes' children, anyway, & gone on to lurid stories of heroin in school dinners.

Enough - or too much. *Reality Studios* offers a partial view of possible oppositional poetics. No more than that; certainly less than is needed.

June 1984
Before a letter can be drawn on the screen the computer must refer to a 'vector-table' (a set of numbers defining the shape of the letter) which exists somewhere in the computer memory. A variant on the graphic image program was written which instead of referring to these vector-tables, referred to random locations in the computer memory, producing 'sprays' of dots instead of letters. The size and orientation of 'sprays' could still be randomised. This variant on the original program was arrived at by a series of mistakes made by the computer programmer.

A Forth program prints single elements from a data file on the screen then moves to the right and reprints the phrase, moves to the right and reprints the phrase etc. etc. In this way complex 'animated' images slowly build up. The phrase can be made to move vertically as well as horizontally; mathematical functions are generally used to define the path of the phrase. The computer requests the usual instructions as to max size and rotation etc. with the addition of the speed of movement or rather the size of jump between reprints of the phrase.
A BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT
OSTENTATIOUS LUXURY
A RAPID DIAGNOSIS
BUSTLE
RADICALLY
A BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT
A RAPID DIAGNOSIS
WENT OFF SONG
SWEAT
UNDER THE PW CHANDELIER
THE MAN AT THE MACHINE
SOUNDSTAGE
OSTENTATIOUS LUXURY
SWEAT
UNDER THE PW CHANDELIER
THE MAN AT THE MACHINE
RADICAL
A BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT
HERE FOR ME TO IMPRESS MY READERS
SWEAT
1. If you don't find the words interesting you can watch the slides or listen to the music - they seem separate, except intermittently. What's preventing interaction, or even clashes, is the words. Clive beating against intractable sterile material, but it largely remains just a vocality; his alternating sounds, therefore, not taking off in anything made.

2). I can remember virtually no specifics of this (the repeated phrase 'business protectors' sticks), but it was the event of the Sound Poetry Festival (along with Rothenberg, who is somehow entirely different) that most made me sit up and think yes, something's happening. I haven't discussed it with Clive, but Steve figures that, since the words were generated in the same way, he must have been doing a lot more on-the-spot-editing-leaving out large chunks, fixing, repeating, shrieking, staccato then rushing etc (a radical extension therefore of the differences between the already-ordered text of the Legend's of Jack O'Kent and its rendering on the L.P. Legends, Blues, Roots, Shouts and Hollers). A successful confrontation then with the intractable sterile material, wringing, prizing, coaxing, yanking by main force and technical energy something made out of it. The slides dense scaffoldings, passin inhuman crispings of hair roots it seems, the un-image-able-shit into extended,chilling interaction. Steve; dry sprints into the sax, as if always trying to take off, becomes a worked-with-in vocabulary in themselves; full blasts always sparse; streaking beebling staying to counter mesh ignore ricochet off the voice noices.

It's not the use of hairdressing as metaphor. These are no memorably turned phrases. The distinction here between words and sounds always clear to hear and images, blurs when one's as liable as the other to switch into sheer trackless material at any point tons up highlightings perhaps for insistent development. Rhythmic suspense. In the presence of this work I register being in the world I'm living in. Hence, I think, the necessity of such work. (When reading, eg. Seamus Heaney, I register being in a world where such poetry is produced - a very different thing.) Memory of the fact, not the details persists. What can't be remembered nevertheless counters what routinely can't be imagined, everyday aphasia.

GILBERT AGAH, April '84.

ON 2 PERFORMANCES: 1) KINGS COLLEGE, JAN. '84; 2) THE L.H.G. APRIL '84.

J Christopher Jones

WITHOUT A THEORY

Interface. I like the way that this word, which began as a technical term (for devices like plugs-and-sockets, which relate machine-to-machine, or push-buttons, which relate machine-to-person) is acquiring new meanings.

Say that it is a crude effect, black reds,
Pink yellows, orange whites, too much as they are
To be anything else in the sunlight of the room,
In Ken's invitation to write for this issue it is taken to mean "a surface forming a common boundary" between such apparently separated entities as: politics/energy, poetry/everyday-life, art/science, theatre/information, performance/language.

And the illustrations to his invitation suggests connections between money, alchemy, technology and nature. He also includes a picture of a scissors, implying that new connections cannot be made without cutting some old ones...

With that I'd certainly agree, and with the general implication that it is through trying to make connections that this over-specialized culture we've inherited can be seen for what it is and perhaps transformed, or unified? But first we may have to pull things apart.

Too much as they are changed by metaphor, Too actual, things that in being real Make any imaginings of them lesser things.

As soon as I look back at what I've written so far, I see that it is composed almost entirely of abstract words; notions (such as person, machine, science, language, money, nature, art) which we assume to refer to something real but which we know very well to be highly artificial terms. I feel that to go on with this thought of mine (I'm trying to say something of "interface" as the means to make life less specialized) I'll have to jump down from these vast abstractions to something more concrete. More real...

And yet this effect is a consequence of the way We feel and, therefore, is not real, except In our sense of it, our sense of the fertilest red,

Those three dots are real. So are the words themselves. As words. But not as meanings. Somehow the idea of meaning seems to be an obstacle to what I'm trying to say. And to any serious attempt to understand why life appears so divided, so specialized, so broken up? Is it that our meanings, our assumptions, imply false similarities and hide important differences? And, if so, what could these be?...

Of yellow as first color and of white, In which the sense lies still, as a man lies, Enormous, in a completing of his truth.

Thinking of man-machine interfaces, perhaps the most tangible and central divisions in modern life, I'd say yes, undoubtedly. In the attempt to harness
men (and very often women) to machines is I believe the main error.

Our sense of these things changes and they change, Not as in metaphor, but in our sense of them. So sense exceeds all metaphor.

It is well known to those who have tried to compare human abilities with those of machines that the qualities of each are entirely dissimilar. For instance machines are vastly more powerful, speedy and accurate while people are vastly more adaptable, perceptive and able to self-organise. Knowing this it is patently and categorically wrong to put people to work at controlling and regulating the output of machines. The mixture of fast, rigidly-operating machines with slow but adaptable human controllers (as on any assembly line) is bound to bring out the worst of each. That is why, in for instance a car factory, where people are thick on the ground, profits are low, strikes are frequent, and the whole operation is just a headache for everyone. Whereas, in a generating station or an oil refinery, where control is more by automatic computer than by "human operator", the clash of interests between people and machines, us and them, has been largely avoided. Fundamental differences (the ignoring of which is I believe the primary fault of industrial life) are respected when mechanization (the putting of machines and people into indiscriminate contact) is replaced by automation (the insertion of a suitable buffer or "two-sided interface" between them, us).

It exceeds the heavy changes of the light.
It is like a flow of meanings with no speech
And of as many meanings as of men.

But all is not as simple as it sounds from these examples. To automate, to insert the right kind of interface between us and our machines, to recover our freedom to act humanly, is in most cases to be obliged to fight against the vested interests that most of us have, sadly, acquired in protecting what we call our "work", our jobs, our roles, our pictures of ourselves as workers, managers or experts, the ones who keep the others alive. It is of course a fallacy to think that the people working in industry supply the energy that supports the rest of us. It's the sun that does that, through fossil fuel. Or nuclear power (an artificial sun). The presence of people in factories or in offices is simply sand in the works. Their presence damages us all. Profoundly. Jobs and professions are, I believe, the main obstacles to being able to experience machines as beneficial, and the reason why we often experience them as destructive, alienating...

We are two that use these roses as we are, In seeing them. This is what makes them seem So far beyond the rhetorician's touch.

Politicians, engineers, poets, artists, scientists, performers, audiences, speakers, seekers-of-information... when will it be that these names too become archaic... When will we come to our senses?

J. Christopher Jones (with Wallace Stevens' poem Bouquet of Roses in Sunlight chosen by chance and inserted, on a word processor, after all but the last paragraph was written. From Collected Poems, Faber & Faber, 1955)

Allen Fisher AFRICAN TWIST

"I was an innocent sort of child"
a pluralistic perception of time
marked by experienced space
just drives me wild
a small cornfield beyond the garden fence
low palm trees a huge expanse of bush
here and there the shape of a baobab
four broken bricks staggered into two
rows for a game
turned to look at the sign over the door, simply to remember
conversations with Gris
a background pulled over the plane of the foreground
reorganising as others
here again
by the light of a petroleum lantern
wondering if the crop will be any good
"What's wrong with our life? We go fishing and to our garden
agents retire to consulting firms to
specialize in political risk

faster forward on pink noise

events require you, results inform you,
spatial lies interpolate frisket.

"the sign over the gate"
Do what you want
the desire to organise one's hatred
with the greatest possible tactical intelligence
Gibbons' carving of Eden under Blake's font
here and there the tall shape
a huge expanse
beyond the garden
a steel tubular frame flat about
a tree, it must have been thrown right
over the top

a radical lack of value, a deliberate push and pull
as if free

asked if there was a calendar, shrugged
we have a fête whenever we feel good

"We get food and cook it. If you need money you take vegetables to market
our design meets the challenge
of political violence and investment
uncertainties

"But innocence is hard to beat"
a new sort of kindness
the local recorded by movements of the feet
a dozen low palm trees
here and there the tall baobab
the same spectacle repeats in four directions
four broken bricks in a straight line across
the walkway

avoids subjugation of feelings into marketed desire
it must have been be-bop
it must have seen re-bop
de-pop de-bop

in the forecourt
watching a woman trance-dance to drums

"We can't use nuclear equipment. What's wrong please?
When we ring the bell for help
we get it These are people not readily
visible to the outside

3.
light carried fit touch
in apple
evety time the hellebore smelt
we get it breeze or reek buttercup red lily
rhizome toke or size.

"walked towards the exit in cold rain through mud"
Pound's drama of loneliness
replaced by exuberance alone
feeling your head thud the shelf

Blake sat
on Kennington Common beneath poplars
over the Effra-Washway
cornfield beyond the garden fence
repeats on four sides
except for a dirt road to the hospital and village
a twelve inch square frame from a
drain left in the empty space

a history of tenderness
an altered pace
going back for a tamaa finsta
for curing a madman neighbour

"What's wrong with our life today?"
You try to get seasoned, mature judgements. We pay well, we pay fast, that keeps them loyal and vigilant.

...by chance affected

time-break
meeting pupil

you tie up reason, procure fudge, many say we stay fast seat keepsakes, boil and vegetate.

"saw the frame of a bicycle with wheels, lacking tires, on a nail beside it"

beyond parody of the self, a restored strength the whole body reels then retires and rests until fit

smelling bananas once a stall by Brixton Station or from aroma know that the twigs on sale could be toked

a huge expance here and there a baobab from the north east corner a dirt road

instead of the frame a cube four feet across made from bricks in the play area

anticipation of loneliness avoided in production without domination

a deliberate avoidance of nation in an address

Shat under a poplar tree watched the moon turn red

the weaker left to starve

"We go to our garden and get food
went to market specifically to buy twigs for size to mix with chalk carried from Togo, Brixton stall-girl go-go say
Don't forget to root it and get it good and sticky, 'fore you put your white stuff in

I have a pretty high visibility, so I don't travel. Helping friends is not immoral

moved once, someone on the box acting unselfishly, through television snow

imagine a witty rye viscosity
sold to unravel sticking
commends this time quarrel.

Read Klopstock, wrote and counted until Lambeth turned from the stars wiping arse on the sun

AFRICAN TWIST forms part of the work Gravity as a consequence of shape. Other parts of the work shown so far have been the chapbooks AFRICAN BOOC (Ta'wil Books) and RANDA (Spanner/Open Field), and ATKINS STOMP appeared in the magazine The Third Eye.

The italicised words in AFRICAN TWIST are adaptations of lines in a letter sent by Pierre Joris in the spring of 1983 to the author from Togo.

Charles Bernstein

THE SIMPLY

Nothing can contain the empty stare that ricochets haphazardly against any purpose. My hands are cold but I see nonetheless with an infrared charm. Beyond these calms is a coast, handy but worse for abuse. Frankly, hiding an adumbration of collectible cathehexia, catheterized weekly, burred and bumptious; actually, continually new groups being brought forward for drowning. We get back, I forget to call, we're very tired eating. They think they'll get salvation, but this is fraudulent. Proud as punches--something like Innsbruck, saddles, sashed case; fret which is whirled out of some sort of information; since you ask. We're very, simply to say, smoked by fear, guided by irritation. Rows of desks. Somathing like after a while I'm reading my book, go to store to get more stuff. "You're about as patient as the flame on a match." After the ceremony lunch was served by Mrs. Anne MacIassac, Mrs. Betty MacDonald, and Mrs. Catherine MacLeod, and consisted of tea, bannock, homemade cheese oatcakes and molasses cookies. We thank the ladies. Waste not, want not; but there's such a thing as being shabby. Which seems finally to move the matter, but in despair seeing "lived experience" as only possible under the hegemony of an ideology, an "imaginary". Started to do this, I corrected, he (they) demurred, I moved aside. Don't look up but she goes off. "Pleasant Bay news really hasn't dropped out, it was just on holiday." To bare it, make it palpable--but not so it can be transcended, rather circulated, exposed to air, plowed, worked until fertile for inhabitation. All huff & puff. Is having a party and wants us to. House burned, possessions destroyed, death. Wind howling in the background, Neil drives over to say there's an urgent message. Get into it, move through it. These vague reproaches--a handkerchief.
waved at the tumultuous facade, returning the look with an altogether different effect of discounting. Over and over plagued by the dialectic of such Messianism—tied as it is to a conviction in a primeval totality of word and object, each echoing the truth of the other and the very contours of the cosmic. County Clerk Connie Murray told council that packing dogs had "pretty much wiped out McPhee". But why this paralysis of terror and extreme guilt feelings that he had to go out of his way to help us? "For he was working it for all it was worth, just as it was, no doubt, working him, and just as the working and the worked were, as one might explain, the parties to every relation: the worker in one connection the worked in another." We're in Sydney, Nova Scotia, maybe hospital cafeteria. Tendenciously insipient, flaccidly ebullient: transmorgrified pullulation. Woman says she's very busy but will try to look into it when it's turn comes up. The landscape has so much power to overwhelm; walking back some yards in the yard, up a small hill, the vista extends to the ocean; the sky is immense, total; the rolling hills rock into a reverie of place that is sometimes just distracting, at others like some dream of the pastoral as living presence. Took elevator to 3, then walked to 4. The sin of pride, positivit y.

"I don't think they make people like him anymore—tough as a boiled owl." On July 31 Fred Timmons, Bayne and Hattie Smith, Mary Sutherland, Margaret Hartford and Lizzie Daniels enjoyed a treat of strawberries and cream at the home of Grace Kendzia. I am particularly susceptible to the stuff about angels; do you really think so? Intrusion of event blasting through to, exaggerated by, standing in so much more than. 464 moved to side entrance of 101. This would be the 'now time' of the communicative moment, reducing as it does to an idealization of non-historical, non-spatial—which is to say--anti-materialist possibility. At some point, later, she meets with an other official. Though my dreams fail me, surely you will not. Nothing brought him so sharply, so roundly, to a sense of his condition as this and no sooner had he outlined the limits he could, he would, reproach himself for; it was in a manner of agreement with this new perception that he was determined to venture onto the scene, equipped, as he would have it to himself, with the sturdiness of conviction, however recent, to match with any presented persuasion; it would not "do" that he had simply donned his views, as one simply "takes up" the morning papers, his assessment took well in hand the need to add recalcitrance to the equipage of his stand; and so it was with sanguine resignation that he departed. The bugs practically get the better of you. "For all that we have not up to the present noticed any more Religion among these poor savages than among brutes; this is what wings our hearts with compassion, if they could know themselves what they themselves are worth, and what they cost him who has loved us all so much. Now what consoles us in the midst of this ignorance and barbarism, and what makes us hope to see the Faith widely implanted, is partly the docility they have shown in wishing to be instructed, and partly the honesty and decency we observe in them: for they listen to us so diligently concerning the mysteries of our Faith, and repeat after us, whether they understand it or not, all that we declare to them." In the current debate, idealism is greatly endangered by the common claim among "Marxists" that indeed it, as the cultural the social is the material base; surely the task must be to salvage idealism from such ravages. Why not, under a sway so profoundly gentle as this, give the act a credence that, in other light, seemed to demand disapprobriation, the account of which, at odd measures, might even be taken if the alarm first not sounds that, painstakingly no more the proviso than encampment, only to force full well the recondite consideration that what is by such confrontation supposed to later allow is just what by deference, accommodation to vitiate, would be then available? Adventure film with poison arrows, seated in the front. By objectifying, that is to say, neutralizing one's regard, allowing the integrity of the other and all that it cedes by its
dominion. The world deals with negation and contradiction and does not assert any single scheme. New signs on the federal building, they say Federal Building. Or whether you're dreaming or just thinking to yourself. The isolation, the boredom; the quiet, the space. Why am I not a soul at rest, at peace? Already around the corner are But it's not pain but the fear of pain that is terrifying. And what price to be so peaceful that nothing is felt or noticed or perturbs. Anxiety is mortality. Is everything, then, prey to your cannibalizing search for material? Such visibility suggests radar patterns, launching pads. "Sketchily clustered even, these elements gave out that vague pictorial glow which forms the first appeal of a living 'subject' to the painter's consciousness, but the glimmer became intense as I proceeded to further analysis." They call me Mister Tibbs. It is the taint of positive value itself in the mythological structure; to question, that is, all current correspondences even 'the most luminous, lusterous.

False. Today turns so that I'm trying, only which helps to explain, now ensconced, as any place has so much fully to; in any case we're makes more count as to getting, still it will be good to see what's waiting. She shirks complexion, resents having had. Vague feel of it but no recollection. Ex dulcit figitur omnibus pleatum semperis delecto, obit relientere moribue dixum. For I have wintered in the fields of the Hesperus and tasted of the starling; this, too, unbears my trial. Though the question is, how can you lose something you never had? Accumulation of accommodation, inherent entertainment an muddled portion. That grown we weep for want of. Slumps as it pumps. "I've got my instinct trained to a rare morsel of respect." That is, that I can see myself. They produced thick tomato sandwiches, saying with pride that they were bought from Woolworth's. One screw missing, but you can air condition us all; some kind of far away village, behind it. Don't you find it chilly sitting with your Silly? Yet things beguile us with their beauty their sullen irascibility: the hay of the imagination is the solace of a dry soul; which is to say, keep yourselves handy since you may be called on at any hour. One wants almost to shudder (yawn, laugh...) in disbelief at the hierarchicalization of consciousness in such a dictum as "first thought, best thought", as if recovery were to be prohibited from the kingdom; for anyway "first thought" is no thinking at all. There is no 'actual space of'. So quiet you can hear the clouds gather. Weep not, want not; but there's such a thing as being numb. "As if you could kill time without injuring eternity." I'm screaming at somebody or being screamed at, not interesting enough to wake up for. Slurps as it burps. First burp, best burp. "You take it very well," he said admiringly. "I don't think I would have been as cheerful if Uncle Bill hadn't given me money." The Case of the Missing Coagulate. Emphysema / Nice to see ya. 'Some such succor' 'monozone don't treat me right' 'infestation of prognostication'. "You have such a horrible sense of equity which is inequitable because there's no such things as equity." The text, the beloved. Can I stop living when the pain gets too great? Nothing interrupts this moment. False.
end sound | first sound
---|---
end word | end word
---|---
first sound | first word
---|---
common | uncommon
---|---
common | common
---|---
common | uncommon
---|---
uncommon | uncommon
---|---

STORY

numeral characters

he, she, they, 1, 3, 7
(for instance

(ambiguous character
he, or3
they, 3 or 1, or 5

art unescapably mnemonotechnical

Proust, Beckett, Stein

"It was as if some barbarous somnambulists had mumbled in the daytime the bizarre atrocity of their thoughts."

Romance Conrad/Hueffer

probable vectors-

prone; vertical; lateral

Lewitt

exhaustive
persistent
obsessive
simple

:quatrains (agoraphobic delineate

I confess that a certain use of the imperative indicative -- that cruel tense which represents life to us as something ephemeral and passive at the same time, which at the very moment it retraces our actions stamps them with illusion, annihilating them in the past without leaving to us, as the perfect tense does, the consolation of activity -- has remained for me an inexhaustible source of mysterious sadness.

Proust On Reading footnote 3

With the use of two words - of; and - a writer can control half of whatever he can make unusual. In relationship; in combination.

Then, how to do it without them - the less easily chartable excitement.

At 3 a.m. I awake from a dream, which continued as I became awake, of prose lines tumbling and interlocking.

Lines of prose already set within margins, moved over each other; all the even-numbered lines were moving down one line. The new ordering of lines: 1, 3 2, 5, 4, etc. There was then a gap of greater space between the first and third lines; all the other lines were more tightly knit than previously.

Coexistent with this vision, was one of a more fluid moving and recombining of the lines. Of this latter, apart from its sensuality, I retain only the image of an eyehook as a device protruding through certain lines of the prose, perhaps the device for linking and holding the final arrangement.

(I can't sleep now)

A
B
C
D

B/C synthesis
prolonged description (abstracted optically; through mucous state) of non-experienced place, e.g. desert

achieve pre-literate mind: use literacy as tool not end

A world of nouns and verbs is latent, bored. The modifiers are the activity, the movers; meaning can hardly be said to begin without their titillation.

the morphe juste

A world of nouns and verbs is latent, bored. The modifiers are the activity, the movers; meaning can hardly be said to begin without their titillation.

the morphe juste

I said glottal. Charles said you mean clotted. I had wanted to use glottal and have it work as clotted.

zen - no transitive verbs
practice makes practice

object (the word)ivist

long work the force of which is its function, device: one morph

In to it? Out of it? No. I make my thoughts.

novel:
all words from the notes, should be spoken in the novel (brief novel)

from Stein, Mrs Reynolds, last page last sentence, 1942 -
There is nothing historical about this book except the state of mind.

 Proceed by imasculation. Each subsequent statement releasing the previous into unexpected, unlikely, space.

In a text each word is photonic = its chance of being there, its chance of going further.

A text which allows only "horizontal" words. One which permits only "vertical" words. A text which screens out both; here the words must have no aspect of light about them.

"...the mouth is only a movable and answering ear..."
Novalis

There is what else is there than this death of verbs.

We look into each others' eyes and correct each other's minds.

Distance between the verbs is equal to 27 ÷ X - N (where X = N)

Subjects A & B begin simultaneously and intersect. Follow A to the intersection, then B; keep both always equally forefront and apparent.
Lead the idea in pursuit of its affable structure. Structure is sense. The working will be obtained.

Write in the space of a thought.

book

Criticism functions to the definition of its terms. The rest is discourse.

structure cubes words

words

structure

Make a text in which the letters will appear to move (progress) from the right margin to the left.

Answers to metaphysic questioning are abstract. The mark the sign of the pursuit is diffuse.

Q: Literature.
Q: Words.

If the reader is facing north then the word "the" is a vertical opaque surface tilting toward the space between east-northeast and northeast.

politics = art

art = politics

You get to thinking about concepts, everyone does it, thinks conceptually. You get these ideas flashing around like little bits coming off the end of a welder's torch. You've seen it, watched them, white things, showering. Bright then not bright. Think about them. They crackle quietly then they don't make any noise.

This is it. Its where it starts. Here.

Predominantly light.

If Marcel Duchamp had been writing this he would have put it in the loft for six months to let it secrete and have things attach. But its not as casual as that. Its the kind of thing that the structuralists are said to like, writing about writing. And I've always hated that. So it isn't, its about art and if its not that then its something else altogether, its about building sheds.

Peter Finch

blue light, blue light, blue light
continuous light
animal light, garage light,
mechanical, plastic,
predominantly red,
predominantly silver,
art, predominantly blue,
yellow blue, yellow blue light polyphonic, polyrhythmic,
predominantly indispensible, pictorial,
it whirls, cones, spirals,
it rolls, rolls, tangles:

You've seen it , watched them, white things, showering. Bright then not bright. Think about them. They crackle quietly then they don't make any noise.

This is it. Its where it starts. Here.

Predominantly light.

But its what you have to do next that fools you, where it gets difficult. Craft. Its what you've got to do. Making. All this trimming around with a chisel and a cool paint brush.
Moulding. You must do it, got to do.

Gradually we eliminate the future,
us painters,
make it special, make it whole.
We incorporate volumes and colours,
a kind of obscurity
which becomes our canvas,
our states of mind, our noises,
our pure findings, railway stations,
ports, garages bubbling ellipses,
concave, convex, spherical,
spiral, excessively pale and drooping,
the transcendency of what we do.

I'm not making myself clear. I know I'm not. I can tell. What I mean is this:-
Its a hot day and when I find his studio he's inside. Collecting pencils. He does it all the time. Walks around with his eye on the ground, bumps into things, cracks his glasses, you can see the knot of cellotape on the bridge, collecting dirt. He has hundreds of them. Pens, pencils, mangled, leaked, thrown away things. They come from the gutter now. He writes them down. Goes around hunting, finding them, laying them out in lines. He shows me a book where he's got all bits of slogans and names and writings off the pens listed. Times and dates and places where he found them. Its like a poem, I say, I could chant it. He shakes his head. He has them set in pews like a church, like the big head of a rocket. He fixes them, looks at them, reads them. Paints on the wood around them, gouges, manipulates. All the clips are in straight parallels. All the time he's talking, holding scraps of things, bricks, bits of metal, rocks, papers, tubes of paint. He takes it further, he doesn't leave it, he hardly ever does, I ask him. Occasionally. Mostly I work, he says, keep touching, push the concept along.

Vertical lines are dead lines
force is involved
plastic passionless, static harmoniousness

desires, mysterious fascination
tactile shouts, reds, polenta yellows,
saffron yellows, brass sounds,
lines, volumes, colours, lines.
These are the theatres, music-halls, cinemas,
brothels, garages, hospitals, workshops.
They are triangular, ellipsoidal, oblong, conical
They carouse, they go
reeeeeeeeooooo churn churn
churn tssch flap flap flap
flap flap flap
flap flap flap
flap flap flap
flap flap flap
flap flap flap
Lots of times its fussy, always too fussy,
endless, endless rolling and smoothing and rounding and rounding. When you get involved you sit with the thing for days. You stare at it. Blind it. 6 weeks for one line, ragged when it comes. I use a morning to change a word. Then I think. Then I change it back. Rounding. All the crackles, smudges, shadows made bland. Wiped until they go translucent. You can hardly see them anymore. Why? I can't tell you. I'm building sheds, digging out a hole for hardcore, flat concrete base. You can see them when you've done. Nailed wood and creosote, doors on big hinges, long nosed vees. If its solid and you've made the roof right then they last. You can use them often when they last.

The silences are static, yellow arabesques.
They are noise, speed, chaos, vibration.
They are the sounds of railway stations, stadiums, restaurants, cafes.
They are the sounds of women, they are green, blue, light blue.
They jump, dance, exaggerate, clash, contrast.
They are grey, brown and all mud,
pure horizontal, bombastic,
serene, an intellectual rhythmic quadrature.
You know what I'm doing. I've told you.

Smoothing, planing, rubbing, rolling.
Each time I look at it its less,
smaller, rounder,
like a pebble you've had in your mouth and kept in your pocket and taken out and sucked and rolled under your tongue and spat out and dried on your shirt and put back in your pocket and thought about and then tried sucking without it and felt what its absence might mean and touched it, the actual pebble, with your fingers at the same time, niggled it a bit, down near where the rip in the material at the bottom of the pocket is, so the pebble touched your skin, not too sharp because you've softened it, not cold, and you take it out, palming it, suck it again. Its like that.

Nobody told me.

That's what I'm doing,
no more,
just that.

6.83
zahlreiche Strafanzeigen vorge- 

würfen. Dennoch läßt Hubner die letzte Frist tur eine Durchsuchung, die die Staatsanwalt-

schaft gesetzt hat, verstreichen. Die Durchsuchung des Hauses könnte nämlich neue Krawalle auslösen.

Neue Krawalle auslösen,

verdrossen, niederliegen und sich dem 

späten spotteten, 

akzeptiert habe 

ist in de, Hubner muß seine 

Haltung scharlachrot 

kritisch 

erwähnten. Politieigewerkschaft im Deutschen Beamtenbund spricht Haußbe 

tzer 

tordern, daß jedes besetzte Haus 

von einer Kapitulation des Rechtsstaats und einem Milliarden 

umtauschen soll. Der Polizeipräsi-

dent hat gesagt, er 

halte die Durchsuchung oh- 

ne Bedingungen er- 


dem zur endgültigen Lösung 

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dem zur endgültigen Lösung
Alan Halsey

"Figures of a Goddess, circa 1920" from Alice-Ball Café
A Ramification of Mallarmé's Theorem

"If in the meantime peace should break out"

as a token upset
or an upset token
if a phrase is wrong
or a city taken
out
of context
or control
meaning levelled
& revealed
a white cylindrical object
most disputed
& difficult

if "the tarpaulin slipped"

if "tar slipped"

Dis most
material & martial
immerse in Air
most
heavy & immense

Then if
dark is Most dark
mindless & revealed among
recondite
bodies (if B
is for Base

& I is the immanent Forms then
immediate
immoderate in
meadows as
in media res
immeasure
Janet Sutherland

for the dreams
invented in the mind
are spurs

a group a gathering of women
with purpose
lives so large we
can
see the power
of a hundred small acts

but so small
bodies like lilliputians
amongst giants

i have seen ants moving
about their common business
shift equivalent mountains
without thought

to think to care to act
to move sideways without fear
and call back the giants
who would have us run with them
into the holocaust.

Adrian Clarke

SENTENCES

1
87 Theberton Street: pavement and space
beneath, behind which A:
kitchen, bathroom, bed, couch and desk;
television, telephone, stereo, books.
Topos. Telos:
area where leaves collect to document autumn.
And the message-strewn air hazy in the distance
between railings overhead.

2
Roads walked to no purpose.
Feet over poetry of bones, mosaic, broken cups.
Hermes, Vertumnus. La Tomba del Convito.
Stratum on stratum.
Rumours in the forest and a screech of brakes.

3
Before me a nothing ling. Inverted echoes.
The Fall contemporaneous with last orders from the Bunker.
In a bookshop: "Etruscan Places" ...
and "Freud Against Marx on Social Progress".
On the news-stands: CRUISE ARRIVES.
The shaping-up process. And history as fiction.
A plane taxis down in a cluster of half-tones.
"O build your ship of death, for you will need it."
News that stays news. Re-Horus, Thoth.
From over the horizon reversed transformations
rescramble the signals.

Along leaf-strewn pavements night is the silence of wakeful
Descending, seconds tick from a twenty-year mortgage. (possession.
A last drink and, at random,
Christopher Middleton's "Pataxandu" -
to be transported by "The Spaniards Arrive in Shanghai":
"From behind bars of iron, under the poop, a man is peeping out".

Gad(i) Hollander

THE ART OF BANKRUPTCY & BROKEN TABLES

This how consciousness happens? X dream, may I pry open your lips? While the everlasting is a concrete poem I am still ephemeral, the body X, and why the intelligence drifts remains a mystery, seemingly the last in the field.
Sky, ground, between, and sun light, a presence would be almost a rudeness.

Nameless I write, PreX, in a ring of voices waiting to be said. Today the sun does not set, does not move left or right, up or down in the sky. To speak of dawn or dusk is now impossible. What waits to be said is not my own unsaid material. Night is being kept in abeyance like a roomful of nightmares. I don't know whether the laws of nature are being broken. It could be that nature has chosen to manifest new laws today, to contradict old laws, to establish a law of possibilities. Whatever the case, the writing is trans-personal. As I speak I walk. As each heel alights on the ground a word crystallizes in its separate reality. As far as I remember I've never walked this way. Here there are leaves, scraps of metal and paper, bits of flesh every so often. I'm reminded of a parable and the word dream leaves my mouth.

We write against a blank background awaiting time-intervals in which the transformation from unsaid to the said may discreetly happen. 130 voices are rumored.

Our dreams are waiting for us at different depths; we do not create them.

We do not possess them. The voices come and go of their own accord, fickle as memories. Though I'm lying. Possibly borne by the wind, memories ossify, become tangible, like letters.

Now of all times I wish I were with you, taking pleasure..., telling you about..., and about the serene... until a voice... should answer mine.
The still sun not withstanding.

Parabola. The sun doesn't set. Night's being kept in abeyance. By whom or what, I don't know. And become 130 ultimate sentences, a day one hundred twenty-nine voices were heard, is a dream. When I speak a hyperbolic "Christ!" spawns itself in mid-air. The realization of walking has paralyzed my mind. My thoughts scattered on the ground. Fair to say I'm passing inside a parable, as fair the contrary. With each step another thought is rendered void, intractable. One loses the feeling for time. Night's absence prolongs itself indefinitely. Yesterday's become as-if, history infinitely fantastic. Each step a finite quantity crunches against the earth or a piece thereof, as if to punctuate the voices.

A halo of voices, a parable of echoes, I thought was dream. That thought nullified, rectified, or adapted. One by one, as I approach or veer, they speak to me. Or speaking incessantly, grow audible in turn. God is listening, they pray. They pray to him face to face. Their words climax their waiting. God is here & now & through us, in our words, they pray. Each step a finite quantity I thought was dream, and walking make no answer. Treading past the debris in a thoughtless, dreamless way, I pick these scraps of language for my memory. The terrain familiar, each sentence a life, each life a voice. Each voice a refutation in the parable.

We don't believe in fairies because we're Jews.

Oh ground litterbugged with corpses and junk of every description, ground pretty overgrown and threatening the grounds whose well-kempt living bodies recline in its midst. Ground particolored but also sometimes where devoid of ecological balance rather drab and cadaverish, neglected would be the word by the god of ground. From a safe distance I suppose the word would be natural, and another, ordinary. Natural, ordinary tract strewn with dead or inanimate objects of every description flecking the grounds like UFO's, though not flying, ferous I guess. In above a parapluie or a black umbrella stuck half-way in the earth, for instance, its handle broken, cloth a little torn, 's pulled out, opened, shut, stuck back in the earth, same hole. I shout for help and as for help I shout there's no-one within earshot. This how consciousness happens? Of one hundred twenty-nine voices none claims ownership of any object nor affiliation with same. It's mine now stuck back in earth same hole. The word's out, scavenging, seeking respite in the order of words. And to X a voiceshift: IF, THEN I'LL BE BACK FROM THE GRAVE TO PROVE IT, BUT NOW TOO BUSY WORKING OUT PROBLEM, DO WHAT YOU LIKE, ADD THEM TOGETHER IN ANY ORDER, LOVE & KISSES.

What happened, the topography of an emotion determines the ultimate map of the poem. Ah! But how map glad or unglad day? We look for the lie of the line, the pitch & pith of its measure, while ZY are escaping. Like children, cool, small, they're good at it, have practically vanished. For some intents and purposes landscape contains no children. We stand at the aphelion of a dream. The war as far away as it will never be. Last chance to round up a song. The soul glides home on the edge of a razorblade, not because it's brave, but because this glimmer on stainless steel is the last ray of light. Dull glow by which we memorize /UNIVERSE TROUVE/

STORYS A & B SUPPOSE UNIVERSE OBSERVED FROM A NOT COMMUNICATE EARLY TIMES UNAWARE B IS BOMO GENUOUS ISO Trotic/ UNIVERSE SOMEHOW WENT HANG EACH OF A & B SEE MORE ORBITS AS TIME GROWS WIA AT SUSTAINABLY BOTH PLACES/ FROM OBSERVATION HOPELESSLY EARLY TIMES A & B NOT TABLE SEE EACH GENIETY ISO Troty IN VERSE INMENSE SCALE/ SINCE LIGHT RAYS EMITTED FROM A NOT ENG TIME IMPLY BREAKDOWN BASIC PERUION CAUSALITY RICH B AND VICE VERSA/ A & B SAID LIE BEYOND PRECEDE EFFECT LEAST AS TIME AS TAKES ALIGHT HORIZONS CAUSALLY DISCONNECTED/ TO ARRAY TRAVEL POINTS CAUSE POINT EFFECT MEANS FEELING THAT AT THAT NOTHING HAPPENED IN THE IN SOME IN THIS OF A/ AFFECT B AND VICE VERSA AT TIME A RECEIVER OR BEFORE TIME PICTURE FIRST SIGNALS B THEN SAID COME WITHIN A HORIZON/ NECESSARY TO SAY FIRST/ A OF B EXISTENCE SUBSEQUENT TO COPE WITH THIS THEORETICALLY AND COMPARE PROSPECTIVE SUCCESS Merging/ EVENTUAL THERE A THEY THAT THEY HAVE LITTLE RELATIVITY EXPERIENCED IDENTICAL STORY THEIR ENVIRONMENT/ ALTHOUGH A & B A & B COMPARE NOTES FIRST BIG SEAS BANG EACH OTHER/
chiselled into the tombstone on which the head rests as it dreams.

I come within A horizon in a speech transfusion. You there. If it is not X writing, who is? I am eager to hear this story, X. The words won't come for X. There are false counters. But X is not writing, in a dark place, not dreaming, inaudible. That doesn't mean he was silent. I am so eager to hear this story, X, which I do not know. May I pry open your lips? Where are they, your lips? You did not hear X. That doesn't mean he was silent. When he made a movement in the dark it indicated an imagination. But when he made no movement it indicated the same. The word or words won't come for X. How facile to have the imagined one open and shut like a book. A ring of voices round, but not one. I am eager, X. Tell me about your family. Where do you come from? Of all eternities only one goes by as X waits. When X shifts the dark place stirs. No words come for X. But X does not shift.

But if X shifts the dark place is erased then X shifts. But X does not shift. Then X shifts. The dark place shifts. The writing dreams.

At the end of the dream you will cry. The word word becomes immensely weak, reverberating into death. Then every word follows like a play of words. (Take the writing. Give it nothing. It holds you, a sea of sounds, always in its heart.) When the writing dissolves all that's left is the agent of its dissolution -- a sea of sounds,

the work writing
which not writing emerging movie
drawn frame perception time expedient
& which (expedient
given moment lie peers pierced surface
body drowned
soul gesticulating use of words & body
strange gesture underneath
clusters hopeless paralyzed fathom punctuated strange instinct
dive move embrace
hinges freely
on occasion
on chin
on chin
marg 'clink'
athletic sock
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with hinges
loosened vaccination
shoulder sheet
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his bluff
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athletic socks
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squadroned combination
restless occasionally
of door
tightened
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reply safe
dead reply
in slickest
terrace discovery
common embankment
as even
as much
abyssal mesh
he called
planks furniture
tho' fully
fried woks
ceiling craning
limousine
t these
tho' afternoon.

3′6 Digit

County outer
restless bald
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on occasion
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marg 'clink'
athletic sock
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account/schema for some of a performance on 1/4/84 as part of the 14th International Sound Poetry Festival.

the basic text The Fellowship of the Frog: a plan for world domination flanks 3 ub columns of writing, these last being derived from Edgar Wallace’s forgotten classic. "owing to their columnar shape, this forms a blend with other frog poems already composed: frog movement poems 5, space frog, frog bell poem, frog instrumental poems 8; also with frog game poems 3, which also uses as backdrop the cover of a book featuring a frog, here The Dosadi Experiment by Frank Herbert. blend was considered, if you like, in terms of camouflage.

A second piece was also written, frog everyday poem. This involved making on one sheet a scaled-down outline of the shapes of the script in The Fellowship of the Frog and trying to write in the spaces. The text was transcribed from a tape in the dark. Together then (theoretically) these pieces blend with frog filmless poem and others (e.g. frog verse poems 5) in which the entirety of the page is covered; also with others (e.g. frog bell poem, space frog) involving outlines of words or paragraphs.

To give a different take on blending, the first para of Chapter 5 (the only ch so far or ever written of a putative frog novel) was read. An early version of this appears in Lobby Press Newsletter 18 & 19 (joint issue); its form is repeated in frog specimen poem at, e.g. "Gillyflower gammons, leading to...'.

The idea is that I start reading 'The F'ship of the F'. After a couple of minutes Clive Fencott comes up, selects one of the blend poems (bluetak’d to a vertical surface backdrop) & starts reading it in such a way as to force a change in the manner of my reading. A reciprocal, hopefully dynamic, blending follows for 2-3 mins.

As an interruption frog specimen poem (thro' to '... non-practising gammons') was read. A principle of the frog books is to use different structuring principles for each piece, cut across by 3 (at least) typewriter faces, various types of handwriting, accents etc. This poem merges these principles, using sometimes the same words (but only twice in the same order), more often different words (frog company poems 3 was a major source of vocab).

In the 2nd reading of The F'ship of the F Patricia Farrell will interrupt Clive analogously to. In the event Clive read 'f bell p' pretty frenetically, Patricia 'f instrumental p 8' more deliberately.

The performance closed with a version by the 3 of us of f game p 5 as a hunt. To start a phrase is to be cut off when a hunter, locating it, duplicates your reading; shift to another. The quarry has no goal equivalent to refuge.
POINTEBLANKRANGE: (sources of imagery):

1/2 Details from BW photo Greenham Common printed in City Limits.
3 Detail from BW still from F. W. Murnau's silent film Sunrise.
4 Detail from Col postcard of Paula Modersohn-Becker's painting Poor-House Woman With Glass-Balloon.
5 Detail from BW photo by Jane English in Lao Tzu's Tao Te Ching.
6 Detail from BW still from Kinugasa's film A Page of Madness.
7 Detail from BW photo in Tony Palmer's book The People of Providence.
8 Detail from Col polaroid of my friend, painter Anthony Cook.
9 B&W photo Four Steps to Reconstructing the Face of Philip II printed in The Sunday Observer.
10 Detail from BW photo of Dead American Gunner, on torpedoed ship 2nd world war.
11 Detail from BW photo of Fred Astaire & Ginger Rogers dancing.
12 Detail from BW photo Greenham Common printed in City Limits.
13 Detail from Col photo of marble relief of Claudius Seizing Britannia printed in The Sunday Observer.
14 Detail from Col American 1930's advertisement for Holeproof Hosiery.
15 Detail from Col painting by my friend, Alex Crawford, aged 6 of My Portrait.
16 Detail from BW photo on cover of book, Through Music to the Self by Peter Michael Hamel.
17 Detail of BW photo In the Convict Camp in Greene County, Georgia, U.S.A. May 1941.
18 Detail Col photo of A Seated Philosopher (1st cent. A.D.) printed in The Sunday Observer.
19 Detail (as 16).
20 Detail (as 7).
21 Detail from BW still from James Ivory's film The Wild Party.
22 Detail from Col painting by my friend, Alex Crawford, aged 6, of School.
23 Detail from BW photo of Fred Astaire & Ginger Rogers dancing.
26 Detail of plastic Spider purchased from toy shop.
27 Detail from BW photo of Fred Astaire & Ginger Rogers dancing.
28 Detail from BW photo Greenham Common Women printed on CND leaflet.
29 Detail (as 7 & 20).
30 Detail (as 10).
31 Detail (as 22).
32 Detail (as 23).

maggie o'sullivan 1984
marasmius oreades

start again rabbit
casserole fungi speech
marks the occasion
pleasurable as cumulus
humbly fold feed
window Renault wednesday
left off centre
grador biscuity gone
tomorrow in the
forest picnicked where
you photographed a
think russula on
the pine-floor still
older here remembered
crumblesome fresh creosoted
cramplesome wellies intertwinings
what causes it?
ring-a-ring a scents
paprika pepper sling
it in just
about anything'll sign
belt's cockeyed meaning
spring up &
overnight responsible for
there's loves about.

(for g.m.)

the plush juice of
from Seville w.
bitter pith & pips
as if it
could be otherwise'
dark
fruit of knowledge, say
speak me you
gimcrack Lorcan oranges

baseball 1.

Joe Dimaggio
on the box sign/ auto
graphs the other night--
Eeeeee
imagine it!
the old guy
still alive

...& that we thrive, de
hiscent

(Zanussi/ "you
can be sure of "

splitting off like out
fielders in a game of
yr skill n
judgement/ wch
the heroes have all gone & died
to do commercial
breaks for
some New
York powder or...

baseball 2.

or the man from Berkeley, across the French bread
who knew of Rogers Hornsby, tho
did not carry
in his head
the career figures as delineated by Mr Blackburn
"(hit .424 in 1924) with a lifetime
average of .358" but was instead
as surely pleased
at the thought of "the greatest rt-handed batter
in history" as the poet was
at the pretty &
querrily elegiac
wit of such numbers
(four aurals)

(i)
can bludgeon no
answer from circling
world/ wheels/ gull Vs
& no man seen
their like
ness to clap
eyes on their flight
through the town
& that we
are the language too is
a matter buffeted be
-tween rooves

(ii)
ducks wade
on thin ice squat
webbed lumber from the open
water over chilled
Greys
of Monet’s
London Docks(?) carried
in the belly phrase
of frost, plane-bark, branch each
broken in at points
to let through
cries
of a man and boy at play:
Objects
lay their names down in the grass (c’mon
hit the crack, hit the crack) grace
notes of the measure, the measure of
the feet, of
their finding way.

(iii)
"issa
peesa
pizza uzha
sure itsan olive-- what, you
doughn like olives? hey,
you jus
pass it over here then ."

(iv)
etched
Chair-
leg creaks,
all
day it rains:
(wretched sparrows yelling
in the laburnum for
the sheer hell of it,
& politics...?)
"an example must be set"
ok, witness then
sodden/ this
labour to break
Clear .
Herbert Burke

SCENARIO WITH ROPE

THERE WAS TO HAVE BEEN a significant journey by air cab idling outside curb house throb throb time throb dingy weather much due to short span settle time else time where execution ropes come in various sorts in no time house became house to strangers and suited to differing climatic conditions rooms no longer familiar time could also be climactic switches impossible to find how much time left to catch up with others time family at airport we have to make sure erections suitcases a remote area toilet articles another that in time ghastly things don't happen to the ropes extra clothing loose here there which route follow in house to strangers gathering them like ropes getting said spokesman eaten up by bugs Crown Agents and not available time to pack ahead of time knapsack not among cellar jumble house to strangers surprisingly this time father brought a reassuring command side his nature weather cleared mother lingered distant silhouette this time he seemed conscious of . . . .
AFTERNOON seeming endless sun drenched song birds
watch them accumulate blacks whites evening grosbeaks
orioles add orange tones warblers yellow lemons cedar
waxwings accumulate crested heads dark olive open sun
fields deep wild northern grasses thirteen days allow
a generation of insects low scrub tufts to grow immune
DDT accumulated small hawk swoops toward bird song
clumped scrub inside hawk off swoops deflected evening
primrose accumulating pale gold light released from
within itself much larger bird accumulated ripe seed
problem is few people distinguish bird much larger
flew through bright air hovered flew a slow gliding
passage between profit to individual companies accumulated
its proud admired head turned its curve of gold
beak called Barbara look at this presence a toucan
with curve of gold beak here in these northern fields
deep wild grasses sun filled saying touquet echoing
bouquet its flight gold dalliance its golden toucan
beak bursting centre ravishing phoenix parabolas of
gold thread shimmer of fountain streaming filigree
arcade glistens golden round Moorish pavilion accumu-
lated the problem harm accumulating omphalos clarity that military expenditures deep circle navel centre enclosed bliss music of chromosomes contained life size perhaps magic place polished bronze sculpture touches messages gold leaf with in encoded mccombe's ephbe classic the serpentine penis uncut pose slow motion forth burst gold silk threads symmetric grace deep umbrella eye level gold enclosure accumulating expenditures cause to the whole economy global sheer balloon transparent igloo dome threats embossed mosque rubaiyat accumulating accumulated accumulates . . . .
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Perhaps nothing is wasted, not even the Miller/OTL polemic over Benjamin (Reality Studios Vol. 5). In this particular spectacle the shock (of misrecognition) prompts a surge of memory - or an alternative view of the fragments.

If I must choose sides then it's probably OTL's - at least when I write "shot from the left". But he would do well to heed his own advice re "the moral victory which (as Nietzsche was quick to point out at all). "What makes his ideas and arguments ... so tense and crucial" is not that Benjamin was "working his way toward" (towards Marxism) - not unless you believe in salvation through adherence to the correct doctrine. I'm not sure, actually, how OTL sustains his faith in Marxism in this age of the liquidation of all values (viz. Nietzsche). Or is it that his polemic is merely a mask, the real issue being who is to be Master? If so, I choose Benjamin...

Art with or against Politics? The ethical question - how shall we conduct ourselves? - is not easily disposed of. Even OTL must admit that "we have a duty" to support Derek Robinson. That Benjamin's ethics are derived from Judaism/theology hardly disqualifies them from Marxist application. Politically, "The Work of Art..." is precisely that "critique of the ideological tropes of the spectacle" that OTL demands. What Benjamin wished to produce were concepts which would be "completely useless for the purposes of Fascism. They are, on the other hand, useful for the formulation of revolutionary demands in the politics of art." (from the Preface; my emphasis) The politics of art, notice; art does not require politicising, it is already involved. If Miller finds that Benjamin "doesn't bother" to correlate concepts such as genius with Fascism, it may be because Fascism had already done that work (Wagner/Mussolini). Benjamin did not write merely as a disinterested scholar - the place in which he wrote removed that option.

And yet the essay is also a rapid sketch of a theory of Art History. The primary question - whether the very invention of photography had not transformed the entire nature of art - was not raised" by thinkers puzzling over the art-status of photography. That invention (which may be understood in Benjamin as a metaphor for the effect of capitalism) was crucial. The terms "aura/auraless" are comparative, marking a transition: after photography, the reproduction can be understood in two ways: (i) the representation of a (lost) whole (Historical Materialism). (II) the dismemberment of an (illusory) whole (Historical Materialism). (I haven't the space to enlarge. Read Benjamin!)

Politically, ethically, the question is do we remain transfixed (by intimations of the numinous, viz. Miller?) or can we use "shock" wherever it arises, to return us to the real world? Benjamin did not "attempt to take refuge in the
idea of supposedly "auraless" phenomena (cinema, photography)" pace Miller. He attempts to recover a potential. Against reactionary defenders of high culture (Benjamin quotes Huxley on "the proliferation of trash" caused by modern techniques. And replies: "This mode of observation is obviously not progressive.") and simplistic enthusiasts of "new-therefore-better", Benjamin analyses and proposes ways in which cinema might break out of the complacent, mass-rallying conformity to Hitler-worship. Not that the media are inherently capable - the point is that one can make such demands of them.

And hence the importance of "the fragment" in Benjamin's work: under what conditions does it appear, and how might it be used against its present context? We begin - because we have no choice - from where we are, not where we'd like to be (anarchist-aesthetes and doct marxist-situationists could both do with some reminding that much...): the fragment, the "auraless", offers itself as the antithesis of the closed spectacle - as a potential new beginning. Benjamin's incomplete work remains a fragment worth remembering. Thank you, Miller, OTL, and - especially - RS for reminding me.

Mark Callan

Dear Ken,

I have just read your passing words on my first collection of poetry, UPBEAT, in Reality Studios, and find myself reacting with some annoyance and - it has to be confessed - hurt.

You admit that the book raises problems in the relationship between the earlier "complex, allusive" etc poems and the "later, explicitly 'feminist' poems", which you see as "the old chestnut of 'committed' writing ... the making of one's art an instrumentality". You go on to say that books like this "get written to be marketed and shelved under the 'women's' rather than the 'Poetry' section".

There are other points in the 20-odd lines you follow the mention of my name with. Perhaps the fact that you didn't even put the damn title of the book in - it is called UPBEAT - indicates perhaps your reluctance to take it seriously as a book, or even to follow your own instincts about the earlier poems. UPBEAT, incidentally, is a word which carries an ambiguity with it, and does not in any way promise anything explicitly feminist (not, I may add, that there is necessarily anything wrong with that anyway). Nowhere in the book does it say that it is written and marketed to be sold just on "Women's" shelves. I do not write "for" women, although it may be true that some of my poems are more liked, appreciated, understood, by women than by men. Might I suggest that any paranoia about the relationship between feminism and poetry is more likely to be in the eyes of the reader than the writer? What is contentious, controversial, continually up for debate, is what the relationship between any kind of explicit political affiliation and the choice to write poetry actually is. It is different for different writers. The "uncommitted" writer may not be able to give you chapter and verse for his/her ideas, but nevertheless those ideas will, in some measure, be informing the work.

That is the political bit of me wanting to explore and challenge any idea that there really is such a thing as "committed" writing, which in some way has to be "worse" or less concerned with language and imagery and the testing of the boundaries of meaning than whatever its opposite is.

The other part of me responds with the frustration that a chance for some appreciation of the formal and image-qualities of my early poems has gone past. In my twelve years as Poetry Editor of Time Out (1971-1982), I was as concerned to cover and review "experimental" poetry as the more immediately accessible social-realists stuff. In my own attitude to my writing, I continually encounter philistinism from two opposing sides: the "arty" poets sneer at the more "political" stuff, and thus ignore the more experimental of my poems. The politicos sneer at the "obscurity" of the more difficult (and, I believe, interesting) poems. Net result: my sense of myself and my writing as inhabiting some kind of peculiar moon surface in which the two worlds of real poetry and ideas can never have any communication. Some of that, of course, does have to do with my being a woman and a feminist, and not ashamed to admit either; but it is also related to a deep-rooted philistinism across the board in British poetry, in which the "arty" and the "political" are seen as either in "art" or in "politics". And given that over the years I gave space to both and their meeting-points in Time Out, I feel a little hurt that the tiny poetic community that still exists does not seem able to do the same.

You have another book of mine to review now: GARDENS OF EDEN. I do hope you will assess it as a whole, and not single out one or two poems with which to condemn the rest.

Yours,

Michelene Wandor

(Brief reply: it was precisely my criticism of the notion that "one must be seen as either in 'art' or in 'politics'" that underlay my remarks. Perhaps I didn't make this sufficiently clear. Perhaps Benjamin is relevant here (in opposition to, say, Lukacs). Anyway, I hope these issues will receive more detailed explorations in Volume 7. Point of fact: titles, publishers and prices of all books reviewed in the "round-up" piece were listed at the beginning; not all titles were repeated in the body of the piece, and where they weren't this should not be taken as evidence of not taking the books seriously. - KE)
Reviews

85 Langston Street Residence Program 1982, ed. Benny Pritzkin & Barrett Watten (published by the gallery, n.p.)


1) Expression

I wanted this review to provide a thorough, lucid account of the two books for British readers who have no access to them and may even be unfamiliar with the groupings of American poets represented. And to do more, to facilitate an entry into those concerns so that readers could both challenge and extend them and so illuminate their own poetic concerns. In trying to write this review my ideas encountered resistance in the mental reach I could command, in anxious distractions, in the existing patterns of a syntax that would distort my ideas and finally in an unavoidable vocabulary that is unable to manage the degree of resolution that my own initial distinctions required. I can still imagine that perfect review and it is not the one you are reading.

Such a fiction seems to insist on itself once a personal response is undertaken. A key element in the metapoetics of both anthologies is the effect on the reader that writing which is self-referential or non-referential should have. As a result the reader's subjectivity can easily cohere into the fictive aspect of the ideologies counter to the assumptions of most of these poets (as I have tried to show in sections 2 and 3).

The L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E Book poses special problems to the reader understood in this sense. Many of the contributions appear utilitarian, unpleasantly opaque or aridly abstract. There seems to be no sequence within the main sections. I find myself wondering what language is, and feeling that most of these writers assume they already know. Is the work they present about excepting the text it is in itself? If it is there must be a paradox at work, which says that all language as a specific instance is actually metamorphosised about language as a general entity has at every meal. I ate a meat and potatoes meal, I ate a meat, and I ate the distribution about the distribution of food between the rich and the poor nations of the world. And I see that it may be at some level.

I missed the excitement of open disagreement in The L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E Book that could be found in the original issues of L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E. Alan Sondheim's reply to Dick Higgins is typical of the kind of thing that's been tidied out of the way: "I find that in the REAL WORLD (which always seems distant from the universe or 'artworld') there is a surprisingly small audience for avant-garde work. I don't believe in this moment for that is soley (or even largely) the problem of ACCESS - it seems to be equally the problem of self-referentiality or encroaching on the public..." The unthorough bluntness of this is useful as is the subsequent suggestion that 'writerliness, autonomy, randomness and freedom' in the work of avant-garde artists like Cage and Cage could be considered "the embodiment of a type of bourgeois ideology". I don't agree about those artists but I do agree that formal experiment is not necessarily political - a way realising some possibilities need such direct angry statement just so we can qualify them, have a look at the "real world" and "access" (suggestive of the consumer credit card to a British reader), and re-examine the allegiances of such work. In the same issue Ron Silliman responds to criticism from Jackson Mac Low by writing in a hurt tone: "I myself find my arguments are not with Jackson Mac Low who has at least ventilated himself as a willing target." For that's what's missing in The L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E Book: impassioned willing targets. As a consequence I find myself as a reader with too little to clarify or content with.

And yet? It's a valuable anthology for anyone without the original issues of the magazine. I wish they'd put it all in, quarrels and loose ends and bad temper and flights of "clustered images" to adopt Bruce Andrews' phrase. This kind of discussion is of great value and much more of it in print needs to be done in Britain, while recognising that manifestoes and exposition and polemic have their own frame of reference and are not only an extension of poetic activity. They have their own locations and take place alongside writing that goes on in other political and theoretical fields as well.

2) Theoretical discourse

There are two kinds of writing in The L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E Book: (1) individual poetic demonstration of the referential qualities of language that have been over-emphasised in modern societies without language itself being written about - the human relations congealed in material products, & (2) discussion of the political and theoretical consequences of this in an academic discourse drawn from various recent theorists of subjectivity and language. The first kind (which includes work by Harvey Cox and Dick Higgins) is of great value and much more of it in print needs to be done, and the second, (2) discussion of the political and theoretical consequences of this in an academic discourse drawn from various recent theorists of subjectivity and language. The first kind includes work by Harvey Cox and Dick Higgins; the second, (2) discussion of the political and theoretical consequences of this in an academic discourse drawn from various recent theorists of subjectivity and language. The first kind includes work by Harvey Cox and Dick Higgins; the second, (2) discussion of the political and theoretical consequences of this in an academic discourse drawn from various recent theorists of subjectivity and language.
supposed fixed external world of pre-existent things, but referential to the social relations objects of knowledge produced by discourse or discourse. A discourse is essentially what is done with a number of theoretical methods by writers in this collection. A great number of pronouncements about language and society, based on the work of recent theorists, are made as if they were drawn from wholly authoritative sources whose methods, politics and assumptions were above reproach, and therefore no consistent argument for them or discussion of sources were needed.

Two concepts are central to the theoretical writing in The L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E Book and both are deeply questionable. Throughout the anthology the writers refer to something called "language", yet there is no necessary reason for supposing that such a concept is at best any more than a prescriptive norm for ensuring socially correct linguistic usage. More likely the idea of language has been a way of ordering the possibilities of thought within the ideological formations of the modern state. Language is a concept within discourses that are not necessarily radical in themselves, or even possibly so. It is not a given real structural system, "langue" as Saussure called it, but rather a series of practices whose methods, politics and assumptions were above reproach, and therefore no consistent argument for them or discussion of sources were needed.

The idea of reference is central to the thinking of all these contributors. Here is Steve McCaffery: "Reference in language is a strategy of promise and postponement; it's the thing that language never is, never can be, but to which language always gives of the beyond the fetishism of commodities as separate from human relations, especially productive ones that constellates realism, reference, commodity capitalism together in a persuasive manner, but tends to create a monolithic concept, reference, supported by the reader's endorsement of the overtly referential process as he assumes, but rather a series of practices that are ideological uses of specific discourses that are more complex and subtle than this account allows. Not all self-reference is going to be politically radical, because it is not necessarily the instrument of oppression seen both natural and inevitable. Therefore the best radical challenge may sometimes come from the apparent referential use of a discourse that is produced from within an analysis that renews the relative power of the body to the larger rhythms of the piece or be police to the logic of production. The piece does have occasional insights from Rodefer that are worth reading for. He says, for example, "First of all it was a pleasure to sit before a man with no California and no bohemia there in front of the audience, which I predicted a little." He adds that change can be brought about.

Reference is not a term that simply means naming, it also conceals symptoms of an ideological need for reification. Radical writing can be achieved through the extension or the tension of syntax, or the slight displacement of names, just as much as by the apparently referential use of a discourse that addresses the tacit assumptions of L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E head on. "... a critique of capitalist society begins with an art that investigates its own modes of production ... an art which is consciously of its own vulnerability in a world of attractive, institutionalised solutions; an art which regards itself as a form of knowledge rather than a strategy in its pursuit; an art that in asserting its objectivity and integrity does so without forgetting the realm of human concern." Davidson's emphasis on knowledge, and his connexions with both the human and the nature of production, requires a more sophisticated theoretical articulation than any of the contributors manage, but the presence of such notions as this is a sign that these poets will have more to say of use.

3) Narrative

The 80 Langton Street Residence Program 1982 is an fascinating example of a narrative documentary that might at first seem surprising coming from writers who question reference and what Silliman calls its "higher-order fetish of narration". The Program is amazingly autobiographical. It is both a documentation of process, person and self which have all been eschewed in their poetry, keep popping out elsewhere. In the four accounts of visiting poets written by their peers, a series of quite personal, unquestioned selves reappear, validating the very discourses they think of as sources. Here as in the midsection of most of the accounts, obviously based on tapes, once the writing engages with the poet's work, the whole thing lives up. Greenwald calls his autobiographical short piece that addresses the tacit assumptions of L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E "The piece does have occasional insights from Rodefer that are worth reading for. He says, for example, "First of all it was a pleasure to sit before a man with no California and no bohemia there in front of the audience, which I predicted a little." He adds that change can be brought about.

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Rodefer sets up the autobiographical mode immediately in his piece on Ted Greenwald with the observation that "first of all it was a pleasure to sit before a man with no California and no bohemia. The piece does have occasional insights from Rodefer that are worth reading for. He says, for example, "First of all it was a pleasure to sit before a man with no California and no bohemia there in front of the audience, which I predicted a little." He adds that change can be brought about.
Robert Gluck's account of Bob Perelman's talk is less a memoir and more discursive, which gives a gain in exposition, as he is obviously standing aside and letting the man speak, but yet still struggling with the role about the discursive structure of the place. A new song of the words, "is interesting," we're told as it needs the mark of approval. "Poetry can provide a sort of contemporaneous afterlife for the displaced sensitive reader." But yet Perelman as a kind of 'in the language of' reality, "is central to the modernist fear of the self as an unconscious full of perverse anti-decency impulses. We're not going to eliminate the self that society has constructed for us by refusing to admit it or investigate it. Recent feminist debates about fantasy make exactly this point, and it is one that poets should consider. A remark quoted from Ron Padgett in the account by Alan Bernheimer is relevant to this. "Gender permits a more perspective with antecedents at far greater distance from their referents." In the absence of amplification this as a reminder that the self that is inescapably constructed of us is sustained in language and fixes us as individuals in gendered and disfigured positions. Not necessarily, but as a mode of self-love, which would be desirable. Not a self-production but a whole pre-existent civilisation.

The crutch in the book comes in the Allen Fisher account. It's the longest, most contentious, carping, irrelevant, mordant, attentive and detailed of them all. The conclusion that Bromige arrives at after this lengthy, grumbling meditation on his own work: "It always seems to have a surplus of serious points about the problem of the American poetry represented by Perelman, because it doesn't work with the market, but with a fixed area of reference, but it takes such discursive productions that make claims that can be investigated as processes of claiming truth and understanding. I don't think that always happens but that seems to me the tendency. Fisher understands the role of discourses, and I'm not sure that all the Americans do.

4) Language

Difficulty is opacity downtown. A long connexion between two associations across the park not driving. It is an enigma. Or take the heart. Lengthy formal deconstructionisms, identity made, off the back of a lorry, couldn't make them at that price.

Exasperation is a recurrent note. Was this man not good at the market hope, the pound in your pocket, keeps being made, one can distinctly miss a lot of it. I think this a weakness because the emotional pressure behind the formulations is not examined. It sounds too much like the modernist fear of the self as an unconscious full of perverse anti-decency impulses. We're not going to eliminate the self that society has constructed for us by refusing to admit it or investigate it. Recent feminist debates about fantasy make exactly this point, and it is one that poets should consider. A remark quoted from Ron Padgett in the account by Alan Bernheimer is relevant to this. "Gender permits a more perspective with antecedents at far greater distance from their referents." In the absence of amplification this as a reminder that the self that is inescapably constructed of us is sustained in language and fixes us as individuals in gendered and disfigured positions. Not necessarily, but as a mode of self-love, which would be desirable. Not a self-production but a whole pre-existent civilisation.

The world is everywhere but the trees in the park are an enigma. So that how it is behind the noise can be found ahead of the need for exposition. Most positions are appropriate, advantageous and what's clear is going to be past.

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The world is everywhere but the trees in the park are an enigma. So that how it is behind the noise can be found ahead of the need for exposition. Most positions are appropriate, advantageous and what's clear is going to be past.
Only alertness to nuclear references, how it makes and isn't all, is proleptic resistance. The new frontiers of language, that's a joke. How do you intend us to understand that? I've forgotten most of the language I knew at school because I never get a chance to practise. Explain that sentence by sentence and await developments. Park thoughtfully, think of others.

Peter Middleton

The inclusion of the chance element into Athenian jury selection meant that collusion and corruption were effectively eliminated. No juror knew if the balls would be black or white, so there was no means to determine his presence unless it is explained that his being selected he still had to choose the ball inscribed with his court's letter.

The unknown direction of chance selection substitutes natural law for human law. It releases judgement, or a large part of it, from the subject to personality. Natural chance is a statement of truth. It can never allow for the diversions of passion. The subjectivity of the mind is overruled and man's law is usurped by nature's, irreverent and without favour.

The study of the Kleroterion was made because it is the earliest reference to chance procedure that I have come across. It not only demonstrates the sublimity of Athenian logic but opens up a contemplation on further chance use. It took the passage of over 2,000 years before Tristan Tzara pulled words, written on paper, out of a hat. For this Breton expelled Tzara from the surrealist movement. Maybe it was no coincidence that Brion Gysin, the artist who managed to transform C20th writing by his invention of the "cut-up" mode, was rejected by the same movement? Surrealism, the cult of the personality, could never have offered a sacrifice on the altars of chance procedure.

The nature of Keith Shein's WORD EVENTS gets right back to Tzara's experiment in the 1920s. Instead of pulling his written words out of a hat, Shein has them carefully printed and hung as cards from a plexiglas frame. The reader, doubling as performer, may start at any one card, read it, meditate on it, then select the next card, turning those not in use over the top of the frame. The cards present the performance with words, parts of words, complete poems, word lines and spray paintings with words isolated within the painting's textures. There is no set time for any single performance of WORD EVENTS. A performer could, patience permitting, arrange a performance to last a considerable number of hours, reading and meditating on the relationships of each card as they are situated below. The cards have 50 cards, 100 sides. The permutations of the cards, the relationships and assessments of meaning, are almost infinite.

I have made a number of private reading-performances with WORD EVENTS and, as an aid to criticism, will record one more. The performance realised at the evening of February 2nd 1984 and limited to five cards. The choosing of the number five for cards to be read was done by dice. It is the second of two dice throws: the first throw, a number one, he pulled, left little chance for comparisons, and meditations, between cards.

CARD 1: A spray painting with two words on the right-hand side-lope at a diagonal position toward the right and took
at a horizontal position almost an inch from the bottom.

CARD 2: A spray painting with many textures. On a vertical, about an inch from the left-hand edge and an inch from the bottom, is the word bite, positioned on its side.

CARD 3: ALBERT WARP
Solamente no puedo dormir
Only men say no clay so no door mirror

CARD 4: Ahhhh
You leave, return, turning
flesh, then phantom, and back;
I grow darker as the days
away from you burn down
to the wick of my bones;
Your smell drying in the rooms,
the rooms growing larger,
hells echoing, dwindling fast
to a few rays of light, a closet.

CARD 5: wait in your wikiup
walk up and down
you
it is good
for people in love

An analysis might be: The linking of the first two cards; both spray paintings, dark, with single words positioned in an emulsion of dark textures. The first card has lope and took; the second card has bite. All words can be linked to the animal. I'd choose wolf. The wolf lopes, takes and bites.

The ferocity of the first two cards can be read in with the last line of the poem on card three. The wolf, still loping, and speaking in its first person, pisses in the timed cemetery of night. Perhaps it is an animal's, still a wolf's, observation of man that makes up the second line? What the line is, is also a "translation" of the first line, somewhere in the mode of Zukofsky's Catullus translations. The title evades me.

The poem on the fourth card addresses itself to the wolf recognitions glimpsed in the first two painted cards. It celebrates the wolf as phantom, still in the darkness of the night, recorded in the third card, and passes back into the congealed textures painted on the first and second cards. The poem, though, has been obliterated. Horizontal lines score out the whole text except for the title. The evocative images have been discarded, and we are left only with the long, drawn out, Ahhhh to be placed alongside the action in the third card, and to serve as a reduced ecstasy for the final emotions in the fifth.

The fifth card shows the word you on the left of the card.

The word opposes a small four line poem which, again, connects us with the residing image of the wolf - walk up and down - but also presents the word wikiup, a word strange to me but one I link with the N. American Indian (Algonquin: wikiwam = their house). The possible connection with the Amerindian and the wolf, even a coyote, makes the complete reading an exultation of primitivism and animalism. The isolated you can be stretched along the side of the whole reading. It is good / for people in love responding once more to the nocturnal energy in the animal's up and down loping.

The analysis is immediate, my own, and possibly one of several more that could be presented. The cards contain a way to understanding, internal and external, that assumes a configuration of ideas made plausible, and possible, by the chance context. A reaction to chance work, as well as being immediate, has to be pure. There is no opportunity to predetermine a response because immediacy is not controlled by predetermination. The reaction to the work is a partial, moving towards a complete, acknowledgement of the flux that shapes, controls, and bears witness to, the complex innocences that want to be described as LIFE.

WORD EVENTS is, in effect, a tool to restore the performer to his place within the flux. Being that, and doing that, it becomes highly enjoyable to operate. I recommend its investigation.

Paul Green
Feb. 5th-9th 1984

Acknowledgements: I would like to thank Margot C. Camp, Secretary of the Agora Excavations at the American School of Classical Studies, Athens, for providing information about the Kleroterion, and David Arnold, publisher of TRIKE, for the invitation to write the article.

Float perception and glue balls

Oral Complex at the L.M.C. (Writers Forum Cassette No.4, £3.00)

PETER SEATON: The Son Master (Roof Books, £4.00)

Oral Complex is a group consisting of Bob Cobbing, Clive Fencott and John Whiting. Cobbing and Fencott open their mouths, stick out their tongues and vibrate the air. Whiting shines a torch into their throats and records the vibrations, transforms the sounds they make in the process and feeds the new sounds back through their ears. All three complex the oralANNELP work, potentially, induces changes in the listeners receptors and channels, but not in the same way biochemists and electrophysiologists change messenger acids in rat brains. Oral Complex's art is manipulative of the local sound environment and their own speech habits without manipulating vocalizations and habits embed upon. They use experienced vocalisation.
and electronic machinery. Their art involves a wish to violate their own perceptive sets and, they believe as a consequence, the sets of their listeners. The words they use to describe their art focus on improvisation, freedom and change. As such their work carries the complex discursive load without embedding them in contemporary cultures and in particular in the descriptions of low-wage performances and free improvised music. This is indicative of situations at THE CUR, a venue Fencott co-creationises, and some of the work at the LONDON MUSICIANS' COLLECTIVE, where this cassette was recorded.

I went to meet Clive Fencott and Ken Edwards. They were arguing about improvisation, about the need, from Edwards' point of view, for playing a particular technique for playing a musical instrument in order to widen the possibilities of the instrument's, as well as his own, ability to present innovative change. Fencott was all for this possibility, as he saw it, while Edwards was persuaded by Martin's new painting show at the Waddington displaying more from his Chance and Order series. It is work that continues to be 'astringent', yet remains fresh and immediate. I took a copy of Peter Lipton's The Son Master from under the television, and put aside Anthony Collins' inquiry on human liberty Determinism and Freesill, dated 1717. It followed Hobbes' works on Liberty, Necessity and Chance.

Philosophically and poetically Seaton's book is contemporary with both Collins and Fencott. I had already read Seaton's Cries of Intervention from Tuumba 1983. The Son Master had appeared earlier, and I had missed it. (Not surprising given the present state of book-buyers' London.) The work is cynical, inventive, surprising, and is sometimes non-sensical. It's an up to date way to read, so it consists less of the terminal part than the sound of a voice over the long haul gauge, the trial of sensation and dissent, counting the pages in rhyme so that the metaphysical names of the poets become possessed of a key to divide word as the blood in her veins through her knee... These words started with, I saw John writing the metaphysical poets together. For my thoughts and Charles twee. For the rest of my life Wallace Stevens. Walt Whitman and the men in his life for the men in my life.

The Son Master, like Oral Complex, is philosophically both Euclidean and modern. Sometimes academic, cryptic or inverted and sometimes poetic, but not as promiscuously as work such as Bob Perelman's a.k.a. or Ron Silliman's Tjantung. From the wording of spoken dates and places (s-space) (space) as property on the mountain and the river in pages to you can stretch time with your eyes. Everything has suddenly be thrown into slanting and sorting problems and finding solutions at a fantastic rate. It is the anarchistic world of Oral Complex described, as well as one with Willard Gibbs and Robert Smithson: And then we went there and had thermodynamic retiring space...I'd work on a vein of thought...physical laws of axial change, electrochemical space fluctuations, maybe social body and the probability of confidence and even uses for the same as something leading itself as some other kind of question is in relation to always. It can't be such a show, so any indication of method is incidental and probably incorrect. Like Oral Complex it avoids systematisation as necessity, but suggests by implication, that while authors are not to be exclusively understood in terms of their own movements, they cannot be fully understood without them. The act that reflects on the structure is both Seaton's and the reader's. In Oral Complex this consideration of design is, as much as possible, carried out by Whitling feeding back or transforming the sounds of what Fencott and Cobbing attempt to give without conscious interference. Discerning the different means of production might, however, be worth attending.

Seaton says, Living in the collection of place and impulse proceeding from a legend, her knees her hair, transformed through the curve of her back to her face to the nameless language losing itself in stone... His work groups and contours. It explores the occasion, just as Oral Complex does not, into what Fencott and Edwards argue about improvisation for its musical instrument before learning anything about playing technique. Such a notion does not apply to Fencott's long experience with vocal techniques with groups such as JAGJAG, Cobbing's work with Koncrete Kanticle, or Whiting's work with the composer Berio. It does, however, illustrate the kind of attitude Fencott and Cobbing wish to maintain. Their scores are not written to keep performers from playing what they already know. In order to lead them on to explore other new ideas and techniques. Their wish to innovate relies on a different praxis derived from a combination of chance and physiological operations. This creates the mutual interest in alcohol, and wine, Seaton presents as a solution to their wish to present an unplanned, or extempore performance.

The first track on the cassette is titled "Approaching Guinessness". It is the combination of chance and physiological operations. This is the intervention of the presentations at THE LONDON MUSICIANS' COLLECTIVE, where this cassette was recorded.
Melville - 'poetic thinking', that perception... An event is an unwitting, into what... 

Oral... have now however been changed by the introduction of John Whiting... stereo. feedback. other physical sounds. paper rustle... does not carry its own problems related to the power it... 

Alfred Korzybski raised to... The use of animal-like sounds in this cassette and those used by Fen... conceptually... "natural order"... They are terms common to the gestural, ritualistic... and demonstrative work in the seventies with... and partly in the sixties with DIAS. (Cobbing was instrumental in the latter)... It is one of the bases for their advocacy of improvisation and acceptance of the ephemeral. Such puritan ethics have... subject themselves to... "natural order"... They are terms common to the gestural, ritualistic... and demonstrative work in the seventies with... and partly in the sixties with DIAS. (Cobbing was instrumental in the latter)... It is one of the bases for their advocacy of improvisation and acceptance of the ephemeral. Such puritan ethics have... subject themselves to... "natural order"... They are terms common to the gestural, ritualistic... and demonstrative work in the seventies with... and partly in the sixties with DIAS. 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(Cobbing was instrumental in the latter)... It is one of the bases...
concerned with the fleeting and temporal sometimes elaborated by its adhesion, its touch. It is the liveliness of their arts to keep difficulties active without too much interference and suggests their work to date expresses a potential they have not yet exhausted.

allen fisher, june 1984

The following are referred to in this review:

Chance and Order, Drawings by Kenneth Martin introduced by Andrew Forge, 1973.

Pure Poetry, a paper given to the Institute of United States Studies by Allen fisher in 1981 regarding particular kinds of contemporary poetry in USA.


SCRAMBLES, Writers Forum Cassette No.2, 1982, from USA performances by Fencott and Cobbing.


Elliott Carter In Conversation.

Other books referred to by Bernstein, Ward, Perelman and Stillman may be obtained through Segue.

A Celebration / Of and For Frances Horovitz 1938-83 (New Departures, £1.00)

JANET SUTHERLAND: Crossing Over (NoSuch Press, £1.00 inc. p&p)

At the beginning of October 1983 the poet, broadcaster and performer Frances Horovitz died of cancer aged only 45. This book commemorates in words, drawings, photos and poems many aspects of her rich and varied life. Great warmth and intimacy are conveyed by the friends who write of her - like Dom Sylvester Houedard and John Papworth as well as fellow poets such as Kathleen Raine, Valerie Sinason and Jeff Nuttall. And Frances Horovitz's strikingly mobile and sensitive spirit is evident in all the photos of her reproduced in this book.

The book contains many of her own poems, six from her second book - The High Tower, now out of print - and twenty-three uncollected poems written at various stages of her life, including three written in her last year. Her own poems are indeed a celebration, a celebration of being - a gentle and acute acceptance of the world she most loved to live in, the natural world. Her poems embody light and silence, stillness and flight -

from Buzzard

leaves hang in stillness
a breath drawn suspended
our connection is silence
the plunge in the blood

Her experience is rooted in the most tangible and material of elements - the earth - but her essence burns through this and with her, most poignantly, "we dance to the stillness / at the heart of the dance".

The Spartan precision and clarity with which Janet Sutherland's poems are presented underlies various aspects of her work very accurately. There is a sense of cutting back on experience, a honing process is continually emphasised whether she is discussing language ("Your pleasure in the smoke and fire dimmed by not being able to tell much than a fraction of it, and that fraction, approximate and diffuse") or an incident ("to be truthful and honest, as the saying goes, its impossible / the whole story") or personal response ("conversations intricately / sidling up to the point / with obvious humour").

Yet in this honing there is no sense of fear but rather a piercing and intelligent appraisal of the intricacy of experience ("There's nothing sacred / nothing that does not merge") and complexity of communication - "one might say voices in the reeds took up the tale / but they did not". At the human level the way through for Janet Sutherland appears often abstract and dislocated -

"the way we speak:
those places where we pause
indenting the surface
and leave off
without diving

and she shows a more thorough and confident engagement with the natural world -

It is not possible to be with the eyes only
the body also makes its demands
on the mind
come back to the tussocks of strong grass
the bare patches the indented flint

The edgy, nervy quality is apparent everywhere even at moments of intense fragility, "hesitate to say butterflies / but they are there". And sometimes when we are held, clench in "a caught moment" maybe we would ask a small area of release, a
chance for a little more breath, "in the seed heads moving / and moving / against each other". Yet finally we would acknowledge with her, "the road unsettles itself / it is alive" and we accept her alertness and tension.

Sylvia Paskin

KEITH MUSGROVE: Text and Texture (improvising using a text) (self-published, n.p.)

TONY LOPEZ: New Zone West (Actual Size, In Performance series, £1.85)

It's a found text: simply, half a page out of a book on performing Shakespeare, in a chapter called "Sensing the Shape and Rhythm" (which acts as a title), and which focusses briefly on a scene in Macbeth - an interchange between Lady Macbeth, Macbeth himself, and, to one side, The Porter - which is being quoted as an example of the way Shakespeare handles mood transition in the "shape and rhythm" of the written language/script. What Keith Musgrove then does is to lay out the piece of text over fourteen xeroxed pages in which the basic wording is repeated in cut-up form, and on which different aspects of the wording are reproduced in various different sizes: shrunk down from the original (intact) fragment, and - at the other end of the scale - blown up as if under a powerful magnifying glass. A pointless exercise? the point appears to be that Musgrove is emphasising what we take for granted when we skim-read in our normal and engrossing, a collection of feedback offerings from those stimulated student members of the audience. Vital stuff: as Lopez says in his preface exegesis - "I am attempting to define and to therefore help construct a community"; the beginnings of which must, as far as Lopez's work is concerned, be "defined" by a dual collaboration or witnessing of both audience, fellow artist/ workers - and (by analogy) Tony Lopez as he documents, critically speaking, as a member of his own projective gathering. The project itself describes engagement: the material of his performance is an embodiment of this; therefore at the centre of the material is the performer, reaching outwards. The poem is the recording of an action - at the centre of which the poem (likewise) offers itself outwards. The poem itself is secondary. On the other hand, as we know, the whole edifice of Establishment aesthetics relies on the authority, the power, the knowledge, the written as opposed to this unmasked sharing, communing, fuck-ups and all, of the "utterance" itself. New Zone West, not surprisingly therefore, is not a work of fiction; it is (a propos of Brakhage, Fluxus and Tarkovsky) a work of extension (and all that that word implies: imperfection, dissatisfaction, infinite) - and as one member of the audience remarked:

"Politics good. The discussion should be expanded. It's surprising to see how little people know about the subject."

Jay Ramsay

MICHAEL CARLSON: Winter Lovers (Bunting Raven Chapbook 4, Bran's Head, n.p.)

GUY BIRCHARD: Cold Mine (privately printed, n.p.)

Winter Lovers, Michael Carlson's first volume, came out in 1981. It is a collection of neat, quiet love-poems. The language is generally direct, declarative, handled as if non-problematical, but with an attention to pace and sound:

I chase her
down aisles
growing smaller
as we draw
closer.

("Broken Bones")

The short, direct poems are the most successful: when he breaks into a more imagistic style, his touch (in this volume, at least) becomes less certain. There is, for example, the opacity of parts of "The Silence of a Candle":

Here you chew the roulette wheel
an old woman holds between her teeth.

There are blocks of ice in your bed
& you wager on which will melt first.

The second sentence is striking and suggestive, but its strength is diminished by the lack of focus in the first sentence (that blurs the connection between the "roulette wheel" and the "wager") and is dissipated in the transition to the very different image with which the poem ends:
There is the sense, in some of these poems, that Carlson does not have complete control over the imagery he uses to bring it into coherent interaction, and the volume as a whole is slighter and more conventional than I'd expected from reading and hearing more recent work elsewhere.

*Cold Mine* is another first volume - again with a Canadian background. Where Carlson's book is dedicated to the city of Montreal, Guy Birchard's book has its sights fixed further west. The poems present a fragmentary account of the mine re-opened by his grandparents:

husband and wife both
bent underground
tunnelled and shoved
the first haul out.

The poem cleaves to the materials and material processes of mining: the energy of the poem derives from the hard edges of the language, the abrupt cutting of the lines, but above all from the verbs and the energy of the processes that the verbs describe. In this passage, the excessive demand, the work of both husband and wife, is expressed through the extra (stressed) syllable in the first line that leaves the word "both" hanging over the rest of the stanza unresolved, while the constrained energy of "bent", "tunnelled" and "shoved" is released by the final line which maintains the four syllable norm but has an extra stress falling on "out".

This is a poetry of fact and process, described with an attention to detail, an absence of figurative language, and a compacted syntax:

five tons a day a collier could shift
stymied by a solid seam
he'd wrap a pick handle with paper,
roll a tube in which to pour black powder
sufficient for the size of shot required.

In the final poems, the style changes with a shift in subject matter:

- economy and climate
decade dead revived
culture and nature compared notes
flatlanders' choices multiplied
mine face for battle front
rough tools for Ross rifles
grain more gold than coal
hardware swapped for seed
shafts collapsed and sealed.

As he locates the mine in the larger field of forces that determine its fate, he changes to a more abstract and sophisticated vocabulary - and the shifts from a narrative continuity grounded in empiricism to a mosaic of various informations, held together by the care with which each tersely-expressed item is placed in the poem's own field of force and by a complex sound-patternning.

Robert Hampson

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Banda is a self portrait, though "self" here is a questionable and closely questioned entity: "Laid out on the lawn / exhausted / the burden of personality lost / in untimed contemplation / independent of unified law / uses signs for other / than what they signify / by filling navel with powder / and exhaling a cough." (Who?) Though "I" wanders in and out of the poem, doing the ordinary: "I get a dust pan and brush"; thinking the unordinary: I am almost what I wish to live" - "we", "you", "he", "she" - "we" occur almost as often; and many sentences are without a subject: "Begin to decide how to perceive"...

"Self" is coextensive with its context, a similarly questionable "here and now", located as Brixton 1983 and approached through the language and imagery of disparate, conventional, "subjects of reason" / "sense and pieces of, for example"/ "facts", "physics", "politics", "the theory of art" and Olivier Messiaen's notes to his work on birds are juxtaposed in such a way that they borrow meaning from one another; and, while reflecting the fragmented way we experience "being human" today ("A bunch of type in my palm / populates fixed compartments"), begin to heal the brokenness. "The quantum leap / between some lines / so wide / it hurts" writes Fisher: yet in places the discrete elements come together to form a little whole reflecting the larger whole of the poem, like a small mosaic within a larger one: Carried the systems down Coldharrow / on the right shoulder / two circular speakers / plate the inner ear just / passing through / your living space / moving with a deliberation / seldom found in poetry. Here too is one of the many intrusions of "streetlife" - the "subject", recognisable "reality" - into a poem that, elsewhere, can state: "It was as if the subject itself lost materiality".

Fisher quotes Blake: "saying / the tear is an intellectual thing, / crossing it out". Emotion, here, is, if not exactly intellectual, at least a reported thing, something noted as part of "this male age praised by noodies / an innocent obsession with turning lecterns / coded in digits. / A firelighter in a screwtop can." This is a poetry of the observing, thinking mind, relentlessly questioning its own parameters: at the same time it's a very human poetry, not without its own affectionate, quirky humour. The first section of "Banda" gives a portrait of a figure who might well stand in for Fisher himself: "A mathematician at the turn of the century / works out invariant notions in a garden / every so often climbs a bike, / makes a figure of eight around / rose beds to help concentration, / then returns to the blackboard."

Gillian Allnutt
The ley-lines that flow between London and Cardiff (Hackney and Bute Town Dock) are many and mysterious - *A Posset of Milk* unifies manifold connections by reading this as writing, and taking off at tangents from it. Hartill and Lanham open a dialogue constructed from places, geological formations, modes of writing (letters, poems, quotes, etc.) and visual images (photos and drawings). Theirs is an exploration of the mythical under-earth of Garth Hill, The White Horse of Uffington, Womb Trees, West Kennet Long Barrow Henge, Silbury Mother, and more. "Silbury, the legend goes, 'was rayed while a posset of milk was seething'".

The text attempts to recover the prehistoric mythology of the Earth Mother both literally and more metaphorically in the light of how it and we are now threatened by the installation of nuclear weaponry. Hartill and Lanham, perhaps compromised by gender, cannot find a way to explore the problems of conventional (masculine) masculinity in this context, although the text approaches the male problem several times. It draws frequent attention to the contemporary women's anti-nuclear protests which suggest a re-knowing of the earth-mother forces, but it cannot do more than leave spaces for women's words and actions.

The problem which *A Posset of Milk* unearths is that of a too simplistic opposition between male violence and Earth Mother stereotypes. The emphasis on the spiritual, life-affirming female is a displacement of women into the realms of the mythical and legendary which gives scant regard for the realities of actual female experience - and the book, to a lesser degree inevitably, treats female experience in the same way. Myth and stereotype are, to some extent, its territory and this is perhaps therefore, acceptable. The interest of the text lies in its ability to draw attention to the extent power and presence of such two-spiritual domains, and to show how they still intervene in the contemporary world. The past and future are written into the shifting, uneven earth beneath us, as Foucault might put it, and the line from the observer to a fixed point. It is a crucial term in navigation. More particularly, the Arabic word means "way" or "direction", and this meaning, too, is present in Selerie's title - as the Tao, or as the graph of a life. In fact, he tags the book "the biography of a decade" - specifically, the early 70s to early 80s.

Azimuth is a word derived from the Arabic - meaning: the arc of the horizon created by the angle between a great circle, such as the equator, and the line from the observer to the north or south pole. It is a crucial term in navigation. More particularly, the Arabic word means "way" or "direction", and this meaning, too, is present in Selerie's title - as the Tao, or as the graph of a life. In fact, he tags the book "the biography of a decade" - specifically, the early 70s to early 80s.

Azimuth's poetry, all 348 beautifully produced pages of it, is indeed a revelation. Only a tiny fraction has been published in magazines and pamphlets, outside of this sequence, under the Binnacle imprint. Interests though these have been, they have not prepared me for the rush - the hit - of this book, comparable to that from first encounters with Torrance or MacSweeney: an adrenalin fix. That metaphor is apt in that Selerie clearly continues to draw sustenance from the head-changing personal politics of a decade ago, without succumbing to unproductive and reactionary nostalgia. The seven sections into which the poems are divided take their keynote from the five "root places" where the poet has resided and been in residence: Suffolk, Sussex, West London - drawing on the locations' energies and histories in what has come to seem a very English way and yet one that owes more to Olson than to anyone else. It is no surprise to learn from a privately-circulated note to the book that Selerie has "read him consistently over 16 years" or that his other reading during this period - in Greek and Nordic myth, Anglo-Saxon history, and Renaissance material - coincidentally and mysteriously paralleled that of Olson.

Furthermore: Selerie has absorbed an impressive range of techniques from these and other poets in the modernist Anglo-
American tradition, so that Azimuth kaleidoscopes through long lines, short lines, formal metrics, open and visual fields, prose poems, and found poems transcribed from other people’s monologues or from newspaper articles or historical accounts. The weave has been cunningly done, in that although there are occasionally weak or insubstantial individual pieces, they scarcely ever fail to take their place within a whole that transcends them.

I do not know that I can give more than a blurred indication in the limited space available of the book’s scope. Themes are pursued for several pages, then left, only to be picked up in later sections - chronologically, perhaps years later. (That there is that much unforced coherence is a tribute to the poet’s alertness to development.) The animal world, for instance, increasingly threatened - or the crucial lode-stone - or perhaps sightings of UFOs from the middle ages to the present day. The two York sections - in the vignettes of life at Ash Tree House - particularly focus the theme of the human community, learning, growing and falling apart. This is then implicitly put into a macrocosmic urban context in the sixth section, in a monologue by an elderly inhabitant of Ladbroke Grove. But nothing is forced through to a conclusion - there’s enough space, thankfully, for the reader to work into.

It makes me glad that there are poets of this energy and intelligence working in the hostile monetarist-cynical waste-land Britain is rapidly appearing to become. We are beginning to see, I think, a second wave of poets - Alan Halsey, who did the graphics for Azimuth, would be another - taking off from the last decade achievements of Pickard, MacSweeney, Harwood, Raworth and Torrance. They are not Martians, they’re part of us, and it will be a pleasure to support them by buying and reading their books, straitened as their means of production may be.

Unfair, perhaps, to try and deal with Pierre Joris’ book in the few lines available; even more unfair, though, to let it go by with no more than a mention. This is an 85pp Selected Poems which the poet has stated as being woven in and out of individual pieces - and Joris points out that much of it is still in progress. So, not a definitive edition but a photograph of where this thoughtful and adventurous poet has got to so far. I don’t need to say: highly recommended.

Ken Edwards
GALLERY 5/6, ed. Valerie Sinason (17 Pandora Rd, London W6 1J5, £2.50 for 4) Allnutt/Jackowska/Roigrove/F.Horovitz/Kazantzis, Lifshin/Berry, etc.

THE BLOOMSBURY REVIEW Vol. 3 Nos. 5 & 6, ed. Tom Auer (2933 Wyandot Capen Hall, SUNY at Buffalo, Buffalo, NY14260, USA. $3.50 / $10 p/p). Poets inc. Gail Sher, Stephen Rodefer, Berrigan, Messeri, Duncan + essays on Zukofsky, Loy, Olson, etc.

THE THIRD EYE 1 ("Primitive Issue") & 2 ("Psychic Issue"), eds. Jay Ramsay, Philip Barnard. See Barone for complete series. Final issue includes Susan Howe/John Taggaty/John Perlman/Pierre Joris/William Sherman/Rosarie WalDROP /Mac Low/etc. Other back issues also received, worth getting.


INTERNATIONAL 16, ed. Loris Essary (PO Box 7068, University Station, Austin, Texas 78712, USA, $10 for 2 issues)

KONTAKT 9/10 final issue, ed. Michael Gibbs (Overtoon 444, 1054 JW, Amster-
dam, Netherlands, still available at £2.50 p/p, or £2.40 for 2) Critical magazine, contributors being Michael Gibbs/Willem van der Does/Blair & Phillips/Barbara Weiss/Eddy Hens/Rosmarie Waldrop/etc.

MOVING LETTERS 2, ed. Robert Sheppard (580A Pavenham, Bedford MK43 7PY, 1983, £1.50) Main interest of this issue for British readers is a selection of contemporary British poetry by Gavin Selerie, inc. Alan Halsey/Georgina Monk/Bill Griffiths/Christopher Lasch/Robert Pickard/Alison Clarke. See Bemmel for complete series. Final issue includes Susan Howe/John Hall/Gaynor/Meguro Yoshioka. Mag features poems + writings by artists, etc.

THE MANY REVIEW 2, ed. John Welch (15 Norcott Rd, London W6 7BZ, £1.20 + 20p p/p, or £2 for 2) Critical magazine, contributors being Michael Gibbs/Willem van der Does/Blair & Phillips/Barbara Weiss/Eddy Hens/Rosmarie Waldrop/etc.

THE MANY REVIEW 2, ed. John Welch (15 Norcott Rd, London W6 7BZ, £1.20 + 20p p/p, or £2 for 2) Critical magazine, contributors being Michael Gibbs/Willem van der Does/Blair & Phillips/Barbara Weiss/Eddy Hens/Rosmarie Waldrop/etc.

THE MICRO REVIEW 7, ed. Penelope Toff (Lobby Press, c/o 5) The Bury, Pavenham, Bedford MK43 7PY, £2.40 or £4 to include also copies of "exposures" to come) Poets respond to requests about their current working themes/methodologies; inc. Buck/Cheek/Cobbing/Fisherep. /George/Gugliemetti/Heidieck/Biggs/McCaffrey/Paige Mitchell/Monk/Sylvie Neve/Silliman. Essential if you're into their work.

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SPECTACULAR DISEASES 7, "Latin America", guest-ed. Paul Buck (Paul Green, 80 Langot St, Cambridge, Cambridges, £1.50) Selection of contemporary Latin American poetry/prose, in English translations by Cola Franzen, John Lyons, Maureen Aher, Linda Scheer, George B. Moore, David Tipton, Ken Edwards, Jason Weiss, Carol Meier, Jill Levine, Philip Barnard. See advert elsewhere in this issue of RS.

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ERRATUM (Gad(i Hollander piece)

The following quote should be inserted after the title on page 49:-

thus the Baskiu... would require a form indicating whether this is a new subject introduced in conversation or not; and, in case the speaker had not seen the sick person himself, he would have to express whether he knows by hearsay or by evidence that the person is sick, or whether he has dreamed it. - Frank Boas, Introduction to Handbook of American Indian Languages (1911).

AGENDA

Publications received late:-

CLOTHES, ed. Allen Fisher (64 Lanercost Rd, London SW2 3DN, £3 inc. p&p) - see advert on page 78 for full details.

LOOT 3:4 (JOHN SKELTON, Tests) (address as for SPECTACULAR DISEASES, 30p).

Also from the same address is Seven Religious Songs by PAUL GREEN, small chapbook in limited edn. of 100, 75p.

Please note that prices in the "Publications Received" section do not include postage and packing unless otherwise stated, in the case of books and single issues of magazines. Books and pamphlets are published 1984 unless otherwise stated.

The following are sources of poetry and small press material in Britain, including many of the American publications listed and reviewed here:-

Alan Halsey Books, 22 Broad St, Hay-on-Wye, via Hereford, HR3 5DB

Nick Kimberley, Duck Soup, 14 Peto Place, London NW1

Paul Green, 83(b) London Rd, Peterborough, Cambs. (American imports)

Iain Sinclair Books, 28 Albion Drive, London E8 4ET (mostly secondhand)

Write for lists and prices. It is also worth writing for the 1984 catalogue of SEGUE DISTRIBUTING, 300 Bowery, New York, NY 10012, USA, for American small press material.

The editor would like to thank all those - too numerous to mention - who helped to make this volume possible by subscribing in advance. Special thanks go to the following individuals who made additional donations: Paul Buck, Jeremy Adler, Peter Middleton, Eric Mottram, Ian Bell, Rod Mengham, Maggie O'Sullivan, Allen Fisher, John Porter, Peter Hodgkiss, Paul A Green, John Welch, Will Rowe, Joyce Parkes, Herbert Burke, Robert Hampson. Sorry if your donation arrived too late for a mention here. Such generosity is particularly welcome in the absence of responsible public funding for poetry.

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It is hoped that RS Vol.7 will be guest-edited by Glenda George in 1985.
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Clive Fencott & Steve Moore
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