

FEATURING AN INTERVIEW WITH AND POEM FROM NATHANIEL TARN

+New work from: Laynie Browne
Mark Lamoureux

Michael Sikkema
Carleen Tibbetts

Adam Fagin
& more

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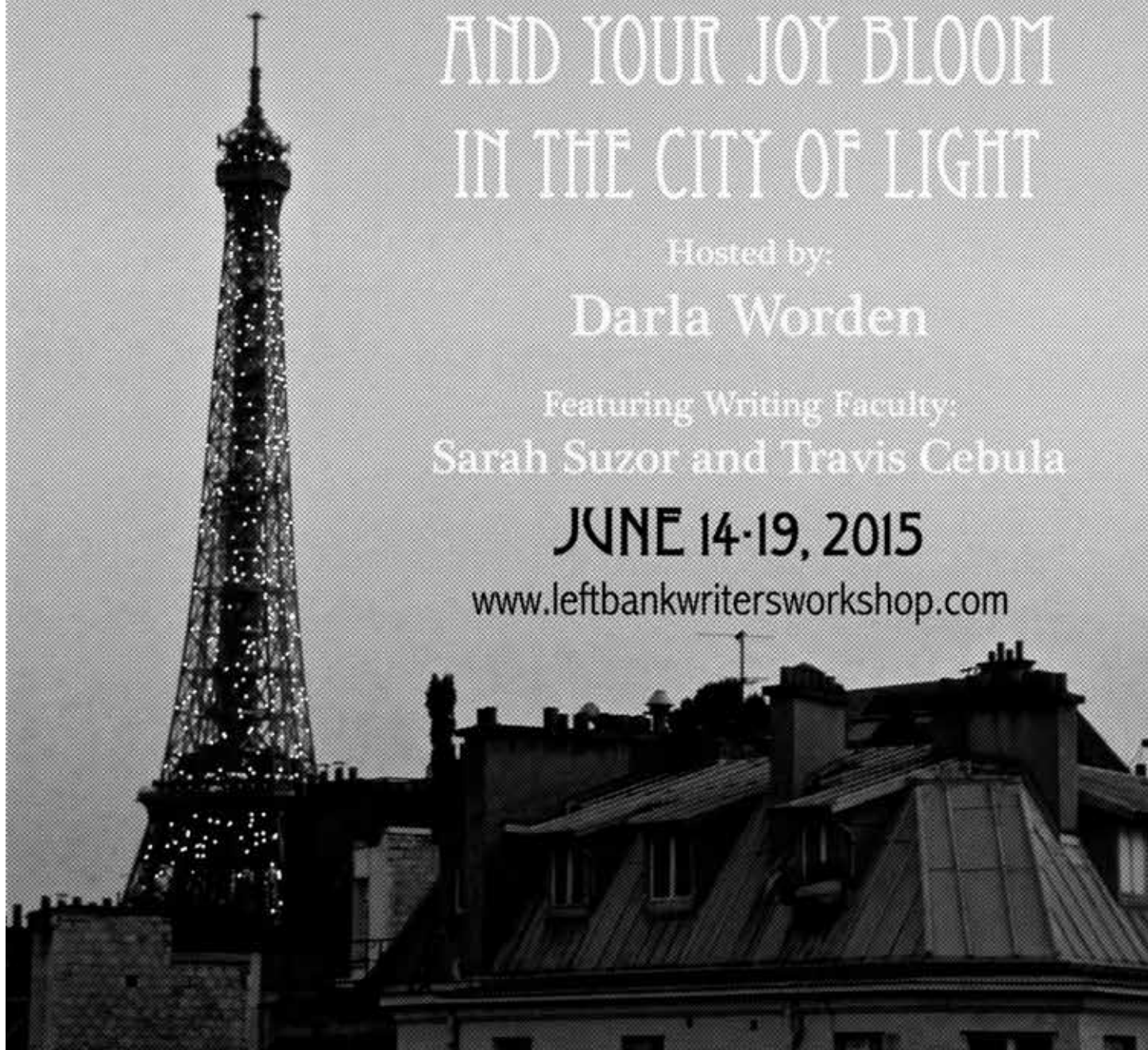
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FACT-SIMILE is edited and published
by Travis and JenMarie Macdonald in
Ardmore, PA.

LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Reader:

We read an article recently that referred to English as the speech
of merchants. Whether or not you agree with that statement, it is a
description that resonates within the poems and prose gathered
here in Fact-Simile #10.

In this issue's interview, Nathaniel Tarn says about poetic
construction: "...the poet's role here, as is the case with any artist, is
to make the customer look deeper, if possible more wisely, into the
information, the informaction (I think I coined that) indeed, of what
s/he is buying."

Carolina Maugeri makes acts of exchange out of alchemical
reactions: "...my conversion goes beyond / water mercury yen
to dollar dollar to dollar yen euro" Here, money and its meanings
merge and emerge into more tangible manifestations of space and
relationship.

Michael Sikkema builds ornate houses out of statements flowing
with fiscal imagery like, "The rabbit scream of a hilltop house carries
for a week's worth of the help's wages." and "Where the river bends
the folding money of most bricklayers is planted in honor of neon."

Adam Fagin challenges us with the question: "Isn't this debt the
riddle of our age? // What accumulates but only takes away?"

Michael Thomas asks us to speculate on the costs of language in our
socio-political landscape: "Let's say the / physical infrastructure of
our lives as readers, the / political economy of texts, the publishing
houses and / newspaper comic strips, are implicated in something
/ like violence. Let's say it's even worse than that. // Let's say
language, written language, itself is part of / the problem"

JH Phrydas' HOMO OECONOMICOS sets out to tax our attention as
readers (and the physical limits of the sentence-as-structure) with
an almost Proustian lyrical exploration of one man's intricate interior
experience as he moves through an unnamed consumer holiday.

This pattern moves through and emerges in many other poems as
well. There are hints of original currency, organic baubles: glass,
quartz, shell. Acts of transmission and exchange weave throughout
the work gathered here.

As you navigate your way through the following pages, we invite
you to observe the exchanges at work on each page and ask
yourself: What wealth does "economy of language" translate into?
How do we approach the open page without reducing our choices
to a cost/benefit analysis? Where do cultural currents and currency
of language converge? What must we trade in order to form a
better understanding of the world around us?

Happy Reading,

Travis & JenMarie
The Editors

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RESPECT FOR THE UNDERSTANDING: AN INTERVIEW WITH NATHANIEL TARN

by Travis Macdonald

Fact-Simile: You came somewhat late to poetry, yes? Or, at least, poetry as a profession...

Nathaniel Tarn: “Came late to poetry”? I wrote my first poem at age 5 in France and surprised a class at age 13 by writing a poem for an exam instead of an essay, with the faculty coming to our place to congratulate my parents! And forty years later, my old teacher, red-haired Monsieur Claude, met in the street and asked if he remembered: “yes, you were the poet.”

“Poetry as a profession”? No, poetry has always been a life, *the* life, *Life*—anything else has been thought of as “professional.” And I kicked against the need for profession all that life: kicked at U. Chicago; kicked at U. London, kicked at UU. Princeton, Pennsylvania, Manchuria, Rutgers, etc. Some thirty years in all of “earning a living.”

The fact that poetry can only be discussed as “profession” when you teach “creative writing” should say it all. It may also be mildly significant that, for most of my existence, I have always asked myself how anyone could *exist* without being a poet. Perhaps this is fading a little as the po-life gets more and more problematic and as I get close to age 87...

Poetry was always there under the “profession.” It would come up every now and again: for example at school in the Forties; in Paris (and in French) in the Fifties – but that was unsatisfactory (25th-rate Apollinaire). It came up in the Botanical Gardens of Maymyo in the Burmese hill country during the Seventies—but that manifested as facsimile Gerard Manley Hopkins. It started seriously in London, after Burma, when David Wevill, a Canadian poet I had met there, took me to “the Group,” a bunch of poets only recently post-“Movement,” which I frequented more for social reasons than for the agenda. I suppose that is when the transition took place from “poet” to “occasionally heard of poet.” The “internationally known, valued, respected, bejewelled, interminably awarded etc. etc. etc.” bit has yet to come by.

FS: How do some of your life’s other directions (anthropology? economics?) inform your work?



NT: My “inspiration” when an anthropologist came mainly from Claude Lévi-Strauss, though Marcel Griaule of the Dogon had had a starting hand in the matter. I have always been in C.L.S. terms, a totalizer &, basically, a structuralist. I cannot think of any discipline (except economics perhaps—that was not a direction) which has not, in some way, informed the work. As was the case for a number of forerunners, this implies that there is *nothing* that cannot be talked/written about in poetry. Botany, ornithology, general biology, archeology, history, visual art, music, linguistics, philosophy, history & sociology of religion, you name it, are just a few of the concerns.

I have a library of some 25,000 items, constantly growing, and so need another, say, 500 years to get through small parts of it. I am assured that I cannot have them—and this is as good a cause as any other for life-long depression. This is *serious*: as an adolescent and youth, it happened that, in a bookstore, I would sit and moan at not being able to decide which of several volumes I could afford to buy. And I have always shared Benjamin’s remark in *Illuminations*: he felt that a book added to a library was a book saved from barbarism. We are talking addiction. My one regret about the so-called “afterlife” is: no libraries.

To be a good anthropologist you have, as a start, to be able to talk with people and to enjoy it. Despite becoming an expert in Highland Maya religion and in the Sociology of Buddhist

institutions, mainly in S.E. Asia (thanks to Paul Levy) I never felt that I was particularly good at that, often claiming that I should have been an archeologist in that stones and bones inform, yes, but do not talk back.

There was and is a huge amount of theory in anthropological analysis which, somehow, would never excite me. They had to be not just a social science, you see, but a *science*. In effect, I have always seen myself as an ethnographer, a recorder of material or immaterial culture rather than an analyst. (Some colleagues have been kind enough to demure: Sir Raymond Firth, for instance, wrote during his last days that he admired the poet as much as he had admired the socio-cultural anthropologist.)

Besides travel, perhaps aesthetics were vital from my first discovery of the whole matter (and we must remember the Cubists *et al* as well as C.L.S. himself at the vast Paris *Marchés aux Puces* before the WW2 German army ransacked them). In any event, ethnographic topics have appeared in much of the work: Melville's Polynesians in the first book titled, ironically, *Old Savage/Young City*; the Maya of Atitlan & Tibetan Buddhists in *The Beautiful Contradictions* and further into *Lyrics for the Bride of God, A Nomhere for Vallejo*, etc. In *T.B.C.* there is, embedded in a section on Siegfried & Brunnhilde, a reference to kinship theory and the incest prohibition.

Though I mainly studied religion and world-view in Guatemala, I walked over the whole country collecting indigenous textiles while, in S.E. Asia, objects were hunted—even as far as the 2005 Indonesian and Borneo work figuring in *Ins & Outs of the Forest Rivers*. (At this point I no longer collect). There was great attachment to the Maya: for years after the 1952-3 fieldwork I dreamed of reaching that magnificent central Lake and being unable to cross it at the last moment. And I did go back in 1969

and 1979, re-writing the materials of thirty years before.

Less attachment in Burma, probably because the work there was diabolically difficult. And the art in Burma was less entrancing than that of Cambodia or Thailand. I guess I should add that there is much on all this in the Essays. The first version *Views from the Weaving Mountain* contained some of the less technical ethnographic pieces and, while a Stanford reprint as *The Embattled Lyric* took these out, there was still much anthro influence as in, for example, studies of attitudes towards First Peoples in the work of many poets. A book called "Autoanthropology," begun in the Seventies (see *boundary* 2, vol.4, no.1, 1975, p.37), has not yet been published.

FS: So many of your poems seem to be infused with a sort of living landscape. By which I mean, you go beyond the two-dimensional depiction to reveal the deeply embedded histories and currents beneath surfaces and appearances. Place as both personal and public act. How do you travel past tourist? What is the poet's role in that process? The translator's?

NT: In that it seems to me that all serious poets, all poets that I would be interested in, show the infusions you speak of in their work, I am not very sure what I can do with this question...

Well, the key element in your question here seems to be "How do you travel past tourist?" I like that. Yes, I have sometimes found myself thinking: are you being a tourist now, or are you deeper yourself and going deeper? And, sometimes, uncomfortably, I have not known what to answer.

A lot depends, of course, on the amount of time you spend in, and on, a place. The time available to tourists is usually circumscribed and the routes they take, the things they see, the people they hear from (or are allowed to hear from) also.

Actually, there is a very interesting large bunch of studies available now on "the anthropology of tourism."

So, for one thing, I usually stay someplace longer than a tourist does. As an anthropologist, I am professionally "empowered" and able to search out successfully those I want to meet and talk to, etc. It takes *time, a lot of time* and much anguish. Inevitably, I tend to go behind, as you say, the two-dimensional approach.

Deeply embedded histories and, in our tongue, deeply embedded ideas of social structure and social organization, will come up into whatever one is writing: "science" or "literature." As I'm sure you know, there also exists now a substantial number of "literary anthropologies"—one of them in fact is my *Scandals in the House of Birds: Shamans and Priests on Lake Atitlan*. A good book which had virtually no life at all because the publishers went bust extremely quickly. Its aim was to combat well-entrenched jargon by finding an anthropological language which would be completely faithful to the science of the data discussed while not abdicating a shred of its potential literary qualities. The difficulty lay in how far one could go—formally-speaking, Joyce, Stein and others might have to be accounted for. And the eternal question of available or unavailable readership. I've mentioned some occasions in the poetry where such anthropological issues surface.

Even when it is just travel, I find that physical movement across a landscape, human or not, is a way of bringing up poetic statements, usually short, noted down immediately and left sitting until, after homing, you can see whether there is enough connection between these snippets, enough thematic cohesion, enough lyrical, forward-thrusting power, enough "message" I guess you might say (I was deeply influenced by communication theory), to justify furthering toward a poem, a serial poem, or poems.

The “message” has to satisfy you in the sense of being up to, as you see it, what you have done before and what your intentions are for the future. Since life is both an on-going constant archeological as well as an architectural venture, I’ve written about these views on the construction of an “Opus” in a number of essays. So the poet’s role here, as is the case with any artist, is to make the customer look deeper, if possible more wisely, into the information, the information (I think I coined that) indeed, of what s/he is buying.

FS: Dictionaries aside, how do you interpret the term “Ethnopoetics” coined by Jerome Rothenberg? Does your definition differ from his? Where do these definitions intersect?

NT: I should probably skip this. There is a possibility, but I cannot check this now, that I might have preceded Jerry in coining the word “Ethnopoetics” in a paper written for Robert Redfield at the U. of Chicago in 1952 on potential new terminologies. But that is of no importance.

What is important: Jerry’s own work *created* “Ethnopoetics” and has manifestly been of the highest influence in bringing other cultures, especially First People ones, into our conversation. In that respect, I merely tagged along. But I am also somewhat wary of the present habit of summoning up various poetics: “ecopoetics” is another one, not to mention: gay, racial, disabled poetics, etc. etc. etc. This separates things which should probably not be separated: Poetry is *one* and its fight for survival is tough enough.

But, of course, this habit comes out of not only very dutiful activism, but out of a population explosion for which “creative writing” is the main criminal responsible. Every distinguishing tool

that can possibly be found has to be deployed. However: I am desperately unconvinced.

FS: You mention “poetry’s fight for survival” above, and I can’t help but sense a parallel... If poetry were a

...poetry has always been a life, the life, Life—anything else has been thought of as “professional.”. . . I have always asked myself how anyone could exist without being a poet.

culture (and perhaps it is) how would you approach it from a point of anthropological study?

NT: OK to clarify: I differentiate between “poetry,” a matter of heart and head, and “writing,” a matter of head. This, like all notions, is vastly simplified and has to be relative. You know that, since the Seventies, I have been attacking “creative writing” (CW) classes as disastrous to the poworld and as the contemporary developer of pobiz. I am also well prepared to admit the acceleration of culture is such that anyone is liable to become old fogey or geezer at any moment.

As an anthropologist, I would determine the dates of the initial CW offerings. Roughly: end of WW2, coming in mainly with the G.I. bill? I would then check the dates of CW entering into colleges, schools, etc. both here and, eventually, abroad and their rate of growth. I would check the identity of teachers, the extent to which CW affords jobs to writers as well as the identities and provenance of students (including, above all, their aspirations). I would study the ratios of available jobs to the number of practicing writers, especially “poets” (as determined mainly by a defined publication status I suppose); the number of students turned out with MFAs in relation to the number of these that get CW jobs (and other jobs). The initial hypothesis

would be that whereas CW classes function by persuading every student that they each have a poet’s baton in their backpacks, the number of MFAs successful at building careers in CW is small. In this sense, CW would be a destroyer of lives through misdirection.

I would then feel it necessary to do field work by attending as many CW classes as possible all over the country and in various teaching set-ups. The degree of satisfaction of both faculty and students

would be a priority. The extent to which teachers would clone students in their image, another. The extent to which teachers would end up for their students as infallible “gurus,” another. The extent to which teachers would be training students for publication perhaps over and above good writing, another. The extent to which teachers would approach writing broadly as opposed to by school, gang, clique, etc. etc., another. The extent to which objective technical matters such as grammar, syntax, etc. etc. would be taught (this is not at all necessarily learned thoroughly in schools) as opposed to somewhat more subjective matters of content, yet another.

You would also have to go into the whole paraphernalia of pobiz: reading scenes; advice sites; enticement sites; publisher’s poetry programs or lack of; the influence on publishers of the ever-growing population of poets: they must either bloat or, if keeping small, disappoint an ever growing sum of people. *Und so weiter.* This, in addition to the CW world, would be “the culture” or “the subculture.”

You would also have to go into the whys and hows of the ways in which so many CW-affiliated people dominate those media which bother to refer to poetry at all, pretending that there is only *one American poetry* (Lowell, Berryman, Plath, etc. etc. etc.) and that (*cont’d on p. 40*)

NATHANIEL TARN

NERVAL'S MAIDENHAIR (FERN)

Aurelia's

All night devouring the streets of Paris,
 as if I'd never left the unforgiving city—
 city I thought I'd die of... if I ever left it.
 Maidenhair on the desk. Sixty years since
 a book was written over these fronds,
 out of these very leaves, [face fallen into
 them]—they have never evolved, as this
 man has, toward oblivion despite the
 stretch of evolution. A fill of sixty years
 after such greens hallowed the writing
 desk: ready to talk. Between & latterly
 they were reviewed along the roadsides
 of the emerald Andes. But giant there, so
 large you thought one plant could fill a
 province. In that southern night, sudden
 electric eyes of *hope*, dead all the mean-
 time, opened, [opened once only in the
 night], [alas for once!] and it was like a
 kind of adoration, of recognition—a thing
 I had, maybe had had, & lost in the far past?

Aurelia!

But that immense, immeasurable *hope*,
 working on down the ages, the everlasting
 & immemorial, & seeming indestructible,
 timeless apparently but riddled yet with
 time—it is a *lie*, no longer living—kept
 moving only by men's insanity, aimed at
 giving another clearer reason to their lives
 than even sun hands down in diamonds &
 in gold. She had belonged, no, not to him,
 never to him, brightest that shines the dead-
 lier, but to the other irretrievably & he could
 only yield. And since: the dying bloom of
hope. But he is blind from birth on now: he
 cannot use those eyes. Hanging from some
 lamp-lighting post, gray in the bowels of no
 city but in a cruel desert. And hardly singing
 from that lost day forever into this other life.

CLIFF SAUNDERS

Future Guru

So much for dreams,
for a green doghouse
pelted with freezing rain.

So much for the star storm
in a strange gym,
for blue sky

in the tracks of nomads.
It's official: Today is dead.
You might as well toss

a beehive into a ravine.
You are totally at the mercy
of apples come back

from Cleopatra's underwater city.
It's not easy being purple
as a blurry blueprint.

Slip into something
more starlike, dude.
So much for spreading

your skin in the garden
of bird song.
So much for standing

in this canyon
with lizard spit in your mouth.
Here's your chance!

Are you ready to boogie?
Are you a guru
waiting to be found?

You hold the key to all of life.
Ask yourself: Is it so hard
to crack open a turtle egg?

JOHN PATSYNSKI

Old School Troll

I'll get there as I go
Knocking the water tower down

The old gods never left
Us this horrible anchor

Our collective
psyche's opposable thumb

We
look better in real life

Anemic
in light of media's pallor

I quit culture
I am a tree in a forest of trees

This being just a waste of time
But what I'm good at

All the while
the crystal spheres shatter about us

MICHAEL THOMAS

Say What About

To be read aloud [with optional gesture] for a mixed audience of academics and anxious schoolchildren.

The title of Bob Perelman's "Let's Say" invites a yet unnamed, perhaps unnamable, collective to speak. Let's *say*. At the same time, it asks this collective to consider a hypothetical situation, to imagine some utopian other than the given here and now. Let's say *this* or *that* is something like *true*. Let's say we are reading a poem. Let's say we accept this invitation to imagine, to invent, a new way of speaking together, a new way of living together. Let's say we feel what Lyn Hejinian calls "a desire to say, a desire to create the subject by saying." Let's say we change the subject. Let's say we change the world. Let's say socialism.

But let's say it's not that easy. Let's say Hejinian says "a feeling of doubt very like jealousy that springs from the impossibility of satisfying this desire." Let's say there are collective costs: "the you and the I spends its life/trying to read the bill." And, of course, "the smell means money." Let's say it's political. Let's say it's economic. In a certain complex way that's difficult to explain. There are "economics of cliffs, galleys, cartoons, explosive devices patterned to look like adults reading signs." Let's say the physical infrastructure of our lives as readers, the political economy of texts, the publishing houses and newspaper comic strips, are implicated in something like violence. Let's say it's even worse than that.

Let's say language, written language, itself is part of the problem: "a page is being beaten/ back across the face of 'things'" words obscuring the very world we want to change. Let's say we can't read through it. Let's say those who run this world fight back. Let's say "a page," a servant who carries messages, texts, "is being beaten/ back across the face" [*slap face abruptly*]. Let's say they've killed the message *and* the messenger. Let's say it makes us want to say "let's not say constantly," let's constantly "not say," let's say we keep our mouths shut. Let's say its time "to close the damn book."

But let's say "the model breaks" and we're stuck with a "nasty little landscape which *you*" (and I think this might mean *me* or *us*) and "the group" and there's a "slaughtered city" and a "strafed farm." And let's say "a page is being beaten" again. Let's say this sounds pretty grim. Let's say this is what comes with "silently."

Let's say we *say the problem*. This poem *might* be merely a "scrapbook of desire." And after all "the floor is sexualized, tessellated with little languages crying out speak me, squash me, love me up into one libidinous hunk of noise, you great big missing other, yoo-hoo, over here." Let's say that sounds like fun. Or let's say that sounds like what Michael Greer calls "the liberation of those elements and forms of language which are repressed by the dominant literary and communicational modes in capitalist society." Let's say we don't know how to tell the difference. Let's say we're both "asleep & provoked." Let's say the poem articulates a revolutionary relationship to capitalism, or let's say we are "merely reading that / backwards." Let's say Bruce Andrews says "it's as if the established order tries to sew itself up ... & to sew us & our meanings up inside it. Yet if the social order both constructs & disrupts us, we both construct and disrupt that social order." Let's say we're confused. Let's say the poem *says* something *about* something. Let's say we think the poem *says* something about the political economy of language. Or let's say politics is *not external* to poetry. Let's say Bruce Andrews says "writing *as* politics, not writing *about* politics." Let's say the poem *says* something *radical*. Let's say *that's so bourgeois*.

Let's say we start over. Let's say we want to change the world. Let's say we're left-wing activists and poets writing and marching in the streets until the mid 1970s. Let's say *socialism*. Let's say we're taken by surprise when the New Left collapses under the weight of post-Watergate cynicism, fear of state violence, Kent State, Jackson State, fear of the Weathermen, the Panthers, the end of war euphoria and exhaustion, oil embargo recession, disco driven distraction. Let's say Reagan gets elected. Let's say we're quite depressed. Let's say some of us find

compromise with electoral politics and join the Democratic Party. Let's say some of us fight on in low status jobs as community organizers or union reps. Let's say some of us wind up in the academy teaching English or creative writing.

Let's say we want to change the world. Let's say we *definitely* don't want to be bourgeois. Let's say we find ourselves now both physically and emotionally disconnected from any ongoing concrete social movement based on class. Let's say we feel alone. Let's say we want to be relevant. Let's say we'll settle for what Michael Greer says is "an emblem of an ongoing effort of resistance." Let's say we can't liberate *people*, but we'll liberate language. Let's say Louis Althusser says that ideology and language are relatively autonomous and determined by the economic only in the "last instance." Let's say Ron Silliman says "by recognizing itself as the philosophy of practice in language, poetry can work to search out the preconditions of a liberated language within the existing social fact." Let's say Silliman says to the San Francisco chapter of the Democratic Socialists of America that poetry is "class war—and more— ... and this attitude forms the basis for a response to other information, not necessarily literary, in the text, and, beyond the poem, in the world." Let's say poetry *matters*. Let's say poetry is radical labor. Let's say that's hard work. Let's say hard *to write*. Let's say hard *to read*. Let's say we're *definitely* not bourgeois. Let's say it's hard to say.

Let's say we get back to Perelman's poem. Let's say we don't know what to say about the poem. Let's say we can't say what it does or doesn't say: the "primary ideological message of poetry lies not in its explicit content... but in the attitude toward reception it demands of the reader." "O parse me" instead someone begs. Let's say it's the reader. Let's say there may or may not be an authoritative reading, the "so-called absent father." But let's say there is "a fishing pole." Let's say someone is *fishing* for something. Let's say we want to change the world. Let's say we're *definitely* not bourgeois. Let's say someone is fishing for something to say.

References available upon request.

CAROLINA MAUGERI

at peak temperature the heat of my limbs

at peak temperature the heat of my limbs convert money into money convert dollar into dollar convert dollar into euro all these travels to sort through convert lira into euro libra into lira lira into yen at the sharpest rise in blood pressure after being pulled out of a sleep vessel Fahrenheit to Celsius to Reamur my conversion goes beyond water mercury yen to dollar dollar to dollar yen euro amount one the writer the writing become one the island the ocean become one the hungry the starving become one the tentative & the coward become one all of one author whose hand is in every translation the island the continent become one with the ocean the alien & the human become one the plant & the animal become one the taxidermied the taxidermist become one the octopus the hand become one the plastic the garbage the oil become one the bird the mammal become one we have feather's for hair the slightest touch of apostrophe either marking a loss or a possessive the signage says it has already been happening my home & your land the woman the woman the man the man become one the corporation the nation & the child become one united fruit the city the mountains become one what with bowel movement likely would be the loss how many decimal places the invasives & the natives after conversion where to put markers where in speak english I am hungry at peak testosterone secretion the dream distinct from the dream the ink distinct from the writing distinct from reality & the dreamer, & so on

書き込みとは異なるインク 現実とは異なる夢
女性とは異なる男性

男性とは一人一人異なる個性

ADAM FAGIN

Bold Taxonomies

*'So far from being able to acquire a clear grasp of other things,
the mind is still trying to understand itself.'*

Seneca, De Cometis

They say the future is an illusion produced by the reflection of a neighboring mind.

Or by the conjunction of minds into a more or less agreed upon version of events.

An anticipatory gesture that starts tomorrow and works laboriously toward the present—

though the opposite seems to be true.

Where *is* time, that hollow and varied offense?

Just as soon as the question's asked it collapses into bathos and fury and whatever else is

present, ingesting a treelimb or neighbor's child.

Maybe we exist only *in pursuit.*

A kind of embodied reference point or desert of proximity concealed in the flowering

cadence of its apparition.

Like the skyline's floral grip,

its spiraling incandescence is less a structure than the weather of civilization enacted

and returned to the streaking architecture of morning.

Isn't this debt the riddle of our age?

What accumulates but only takes away?

What grows but only digs us deeper?

Call it the revolving door theory.

Call it the concentric pestilence of imagination.

A future is born; no one can explain it.

When love is its projection,
 We hover. We sift. We brood.
 We steal. We dote. We forsake.
 We scuttle. We yearn. We whoop.
 We partake. In an arithmetical light of day
 We spit. We splinter. We defend.
 And not without our doubts, we broach.
 We bramble. We branch. We grate.
 We breed. We abhor. We amend.

The heart of the matter is its simple digression—

Known by chance or only in comparison, by repetition or the depth of our illusion.

We are kept in every surface, this is our dream of everyday.

Light washes over the walls of our room, changes the room.

And then the light changes, what we are having also given way.

JEANINE DEIBEL

Life Room

I could gestate forever here:
a seed idea in a gallon of water
laced with kelp.

You tend to me hydroponically
in your attic chamber
beneath heat lamps
and clear-plastic drapery.

Once after a bout of twitching
I hid in the rafters
feeling ugly in a patchwork
of interlocking tissues.

You lit a vigil and cooed.
On the seventh day I fluttered
down to you
slipping back into my tank
during a serenade of
Beyond the Sea.

Woe Captain. My Captain. You've Upset the Keel.

It was such a fright for you
and such a fright for me how
we could find ourselves kindred
in a sea of self-imposed division.
We were the same on the inside
yet living separate lives—character
is not contingent—I was forced to
watch you grow away from your-
self and unwed me like conjoined
twins where one opts for surgery
as if it was all the world or nothing
and you scaled the earth west
to offset rotation, buried your soul
deep in a glorious leap off a bridge
in your minivan thinking if you built
enough layers between self and sur-
face you could incarnate, be a ringer
of autonomy, snuff out your copy,
change the course of creation.

STEVEN TOUSSAINT

from Aevum Measures
"not of one bird but of many"

abide more tritone idle mode
what cannot see will be in light

at ocean's door
 with citrine quartz
precision
the harpsichords
 in ribbons clean
as winter branch
 and cistern draught
 a sweetness
overboiled
 and thus ebullience
in us lives
mocked
 the light source lying
deep in our
 division

abide more tritone idle mode
recorded pilots discoursed on

angelical
emissions
behind the wash
of juggled clouds
impassive iron
though light may be
in particle
allowed
to throttle angels
where they sleep
just to hear the sound

MARK LAMOUREUX

ANGEL BABY
after Rosie Hamlin

A crystal comma
 in a silo, voice
like tinkling glass.
 Dendrites
a thousand pins,
 verdant cloud mycelium,
its shadow
 on Earth
 describes a map
of ill-omen. All our thousand
 cherished nightmares
boiled to gleaming—
 chromium flames
in the central eye;
 the eye of the lion
 in the agate,
the aperture opens,
 a double axe;

 redacted pages
 coagulate
as punishing wings,

pinions up against
 the heavens'
autumnal orange
 scratch commands

on the retina,
 dilating time,
the rise of the apocrypha
 as the margins begin to

overwhelm the page.

BABY ANGEL

Insofar as life is a song & a song is a poem, tautologically anything here could be the end of me. Or else it could have happened at fourteen like it did for Rosie Hamlin. Angel faces: mascara & a minidress & some guys from school—no golden trumpets, though, because the Original with the horn hadn't finished mowing the lawn. Just like that—in an afternoon—a poem for a boy—woo, ooo, ooo & you're set for life. The moral of the story is go with the angel in the psychomachia: fewer calories & less paperwork, especially if you write a song about the one & walk out on the other & wind up blackballed. Never met John Lennon, never wrote another poem.

HOLD ON

after Judy Freeman & Blackrock

Though another imagined end,
 a row of nosegays
 erupts from the buried
 clavicle, debris
 dances to fill
 a vacuum, water to fill
 the hollowed-out
 temple. Eight or nine
 clouds to fill
 the droopy head.
 No rope
 trick, just a yellow balloon.
 Microorganisms'
 parthenogenesis, a lifetime
 of two-minute songs
 stacked end to end
 to end the dance
 of Maya, illusion is
 as hands must be
 hands
 to get the record flipped.

FREEWOMAN

Fame as an unfortunate side-effect of art. It's better to burn out than to fade away in the same way it is better to drink water than wine. A candle in a hurricane lamp. An old woman with the voice of an angel; an angel with the voice of an old woman. So few succeed in letting the sad songs make them happy. Rain makes rainforests & the sun, deserts. Into every eye a little sand must fall; into the sunset—only a silhouette. Held fast to a black rock, the lonely lighthouse bringing the fathers & brothers & sisters & mothers home. & a song is just a song & doesn't need a thing; a singer is a sieve for a song. The rest is just marketing—late capital halitosis.

LAYNIE BROWNE

Phantom Amulet

for Alice Notley

When I was alive in a faux city adamant
And unknown to myself, waxen
When I ordered a tulip to carry my mail
When you said you hadn't livid fur spectacles

When I was burned, pallid as a witch
When we returned and took each other
Verdant—when the midwife asked me to rise
From the cognizance of an unknown stream

When a shell-hinged desk became possible
When you were no longer dying, disrobed
Voice of navy coal—I became an endless hollow
More emptying of maps than I could fathom

I was removed from a train of privatized
Constellations and lifted snow was no longer cold

Phonetic Amulet Sonnet

for Bhanu Kapil

How much of your day
Can be spelled
In worsted letters
Parboiled or married

Carried in satchel
From the moment you wake
You conjure the life of an acrobat
With secret non-speech

Fragmented daughter, phoneme,
Sister, mother, how many
Flowers have you
Inhaled

Inside this bloom kit, coincide
Lay down in mud, undress

Flowering Amulet

Dear almost clearly vibrant,
Please confirm— stranded
Fence mends mind incarnate
Seep quartz transmission

All light tinted green-through
Leaves tear libido novel
Wreath of coincidence
Deepens epistemological molecule

Orchid oracle
Rebirth chrysalis
Mellifluous broken watchband
Setting reels

Hands together in offering
As if woven lay little skirts

Lalochezia Amulet

A city is shut down and children
Are writing explosives

Tree trunk covered in ivy rocking spire
As the face of a motherly lion, wind mind

Brown dunn, slightly yellow lips
Green turning beneficent backdrop

I need to put my shoes on
Absence of light, ruby dream

I need to cry, not into waiting
Statue, steps separated from pulse

Black is a river to carry me across
The bottom of any page

We cannot see
Two ways to read each *now*

MICHAEL SIKKEMA**3003 Houses**
for Nikki Wallschlaeger

Imagine a house constructed on stilts over the flood plain, on a river-ready boat, designed as a wind and percussion instrument. Houses w/ side rooms dedicated to China dolls & collectable army toys, w/ side rooms specially designed for opium use. Constructed so that the central beams are living branches, houses w/ side rooms specially designed for adventurous sexual behavior. Houses designed with half walls and refractory glass, designed to resemble light itself but safe to touch. Houses with turrets and stately entranceways, the stairwell posts made from trees that couldn't grow in this hemisphere.

Silk spit house. Fat apples for aristocratic maggots. The glass stairwell in various garter belt eras trumps trumpet bells. Decorated in selfies, the single family ranch was a shooter stable. 4 houses in pig country wheat deep with mail order slaves. A plow in the front yard of the banker's mansion is the grave marker of a mouthy asteroid.

A dust-cloud home of dust and clouds. You can't park your asphalt schooner behind the Rite Aid, Buffalo Grass or no. Those 45 houses were bought and paid for with a bumper meth crop. From the top of the sniper tower, you can see all the thought bubbles. A shake and bake '78 Buick sleeps two if they're friendly and recently tested. It's true. Six miles east of singing water, the double-wide paradise on blocks resonates with raccoon love. Your fishbowl house is 7 kinds of privilege meant to be photographed from all angles. The rabbit scream of a hilltop house carries for a week's worth of the help's wages.

Pasturage of green screen therapy. Four studios above a chandelier-shop hold four disagreeable anarchists interested in 3-D printing. Where the river bends the folding money of most bricklayers is planted in honor of neon. I bleed free. 85 houses built around an industrial size furnace with a steeple visible from space. When the clouds opened, the armada was obvious, and property value plummeted.

Houses stacked 13 high with a greased metal slide from top roof to bottom-most basement. Rows of possum skulls as a home for your bullshit pop country “get’n the truck, girl” aesthetics, and the pacman parking lots say “do, do-do, do, do-do-do.” 104 houses conceived of as trophy rooms so all antler everything, toilet to table. Sticky change in a jar offered to all the chain gang mothers at the art competition. Your time collapse staph infection was a fine kazoo. Flies fly. Flies don’t do fuck-all we care about. So we name them in the manner of the working class. Miners mine. Doctors don’t dock.

STEVEN SALMONI*from A Day of Glass*

The water line secured, in the ground, some ground to secure
the water-line.

The grain was in the figure, the flight along a single plane, and
innumerable painters, burning shells,

drawing lost transparencies, having escaped this notice.

§

You brush two lines of higher order than what represents your line.

Then, something to be counted, like: “Looking up into the
immense words, ‘one,’ ‘two,’ ‘three,’

assuming that whatever holds for one, holds everywhere.

§

It should be correct to speak of the tendency of movement, rather
than of movement as such,

to make perception a matter of method—for instance, when
walking, to be able to draw in line freely, quickly, in this way.

Breadth is painting with a belief that you must give it away.

One speaks of “the futility and permanence of color.”

. . . as it is the non-ideal point of each. Position on the line, is there before one.

I learned to draw a line, each line to a point, and only one's line along the points can be ideal.

§

Or, to imitate the look of purpose. I echo some medium in which you marvel at your hearts as hearts, much as an anti-matter should be opposed.

The eye in consequence, all image, and quick to counter in this regard. Some have been created, the medium was

dissimulation, or the purpose of the picture, however subject

The legacy of blue and green, respectively, is one of the things that can be finished in glass. That the sun did not set as an ideal sun is one of the things that can be finished in glass.

Half we distinguish from the analytic, whereas half the story is just extension. For *unbranched* read:

as in the encouragement of branches,
on soft-sand under the font of boundary-line,

in return for half in glass, half the things we know from half the story.

§

“Thank you,” said the glass. “Most certainly, that is a marvelous remedy.” What the one drop contained,

there is something almost astonishing. No one intended to leave you alone that afternoon.

The watery mountain, abounding in springs.

It was that lie in the flat element, initialing the line between
corridor, then transom, the lines, in each, less their regard.
Above, I will assume that it contains and will be enough, but
only in relation, and line by line, in any case, will have tended.

I am looking for a will, for what the will telescopes: curvature,
however small, the appositive mass one had, once taken as the
shape's magnitude, in ratio when still enclosed.

In reality, a limit we divine, but there's nothing to resign
the fiction of the viewer from the shadow, to encode what
continues in clear view nonetheless.

"I am second-hand and thus transformed," but then we are
only picture and point to one another.

§

In most instances, the end of art is either. "Stand here," is
sufficient. In pursuit, the flight is meter, whereupon the here
signals that "the game has ended." A handful of rain came
to a standstill right here.

Supposing the rain stopped just here, the flight commences
with the "right away." Here is the letter: "p," the next thought
of the colloquial. Immediately, instantly, "play," would add
the "l." The next is once, without delay.

The length of the system, but still the length of the system, but
the length of the sail in the blue and blue for passage of the unity
of kind. “The net effect, but the concord of the sail, the line, by
the way it starred his eyes, something in the passage

§

Where they represent the scene, would you track the distance they afford?

In order to live, one protects the shell in the word, or
in the collection of the words which gives us to these qualities.

Should east be decided by the request to go further?

“It’s not the don’t,” they said, “but another.” Each place
is the slight high doubtful hill.

The plain itself takes up the subject; now, picture the second
time around.

The name also wears the ground. The exception of the road is
luminous.

CARLEEN TIBBETTS

explosion is just how a heart beats out

we drone plane
fearing the tantalizing mega of
all the love that waits
for us on the ground
desire is the originator of all things &
it's greedy to take the whole machine but
explosion is just how a heart beats out
the spectra of courted loss
a way to hold & be held
as all night the leaked agency of human invites
its own demise

GENEVIEVE KAPLAN

Night birds (over night earth)

they root through the dirt

spreading what seed was there around
the day long, enough

for the night not to pass
talons catching it and

(defeated)
above the clinging

rosemary. the night moment
as I put things together as a rash

or I ask for the dilemma to resolve
the distinct chirp of one song

the early moon
I know the procession by its sound

the warbler, this season
the breezes too

ash and seed at their feet
the evening spread out

we say they are strangers

JH PHRYDAS

HOMO OECONOMICOS: a sentence

*Prose is paint, poetry statuary—that's not it exactly
either, but it's a place to begin again again.*

-Vanessa Place, to whom this prose is dedicated

He left early to avoid the faces in morning traffic, seeing as it was a type of holiday, window shoppers delighting in pre-dawn sales, the sun having *not* risen, at any event, while he stood at the mirror and looked at a dense set of teeth caught between dotted lines that traced potentialities; he wondered if others noticed, crows feet and eyebrows performing as if tiny strings pulled from eaves, livening up, air from the heat vent tightening an edifice, when contracting does little to shift latent miscommunications, such as: a tendon, pulled taut at a 33 degree angle may send a mixed signal, of course, he knows about release, when acetylcholine and Ca++, as if factory settings, revert back to zero—smeared features and cropped hair seemed out of place, his side burns buzzed amid fields of dark stubble, swept against a shorn chin a smile equates to deep purple or a decimal number, depending on whose authority you attend, whose shoulders you stand on, and so he leaned closer wishing he saw a mask, or something marvelous, knowing each species exerts its own rendition of disguise; in intrigue, as if aggrieved (a shifted letter) his eyes like markers slipped in and out between signs: lines of emotive potential evoke a change, of course there's a bred knowledge that wear doesn't always equal tear; a soft wave, he breathed in, steeled himself for the day, the exit approaching, and he could imagine the studio gates already open to mimic the sentiment of inclusion, such a joke, as if a universal trope could diminish a metaphor's intrinsic violence, his breath now discordant, its emphasis maneuvering again—these signs, why can't the mirror judge itself in him; for a plane, the aspect ratio need be half the height of its diameter for any symmetrical beauty to remain—and yet, he still records a sheer lack of event or, how do you say, stasis, a fall out of time, his head divorced from torso, an object of scrutiny from which the body reclines, in effect, a marginal sensation or type of site-net, a topos of tiny pricks; if only he could be a shuffling of events, a force along the jawline setting teeth unnaturally on guard, serviced in equity, rows of potential stalemate, a gaping shift, apertures reloading, he leaned closer to notice—wait—mirrors of teeth just a glint off the silver, the outside no different, in any case, like today, what it meant to perform permutes *ad nauseam*; pores a bit more pronounced, in such a morning it could be worse than a trickle of remorse from a major late-night failure, replete in full, having mastered attempted side-swipes and overstated gropings the other men seemed at ease, toes thick in the water: ecstatic, the temperature fine, and even then whirring fans could not diminish the smell of fur and sticky floors, his eyes reflected, these signs not lessened in attempted squints, still reticent to recede out his retinas' rear ends, those hanging bulbs and wet seats, to get this far ahead and leave the room of blue tiles, grey towels, an echo: perform the echo, go, and in going, remember that glance, the night undone, toiletries spilling over the edge of the sink, frozen there, a plastic waterfall of products, floor mats retained the night, past bookshelves and photographs, a shrine of his mother, a basket of pale oranges, a wooden table in the center, as if each room harbored one object, each house uncluttered, a synthesis of space and matter, soft threads against a massive frame, wooden beams, geometry, and a breeze when the door opened to exit, and entering see there the shine of polished chrome, a weight, two ropes in suspension into receding darkness, but not to linger, exposed as-is, under halogens or natural light streaming through warehouse windows, a mark of reclamatory style, a mission in penetrating *homo oeconomicos* from behind, mete example to live proximate to a produce stand, a cheese shop, flower-engorged under sidewalk umbrellas, and mastery, outside of purpose, is merely pedantic, a place to hang a hat, as are hooks along the wall, the next room, a wasted form, bone-heavy, tight-lipped, a map in skin, as matted fur of taxidermy left out in the rain, he kept himself open to its folds—he's not registering so much as betraying an itemized catalogue, field of images, a language, and what's worse, no sun in the eyes when the door is opened, instead: studded streetlights paralleled sidewalks, tactless for such an early hour, the house dust spilling into the dirt of the garden, untended since the spring, he didn't have the temperament for feeding small items arranged for display, an excess of energy, and what's more, dust on dirt creates an agreement, soft patterns of beige on wet earth, a reminder of other maneuvers, the way hands slide

over clay, the movement of fingers along a crevice, deepening with each pass, each whorl of pressure: there, it gives, the surface retains marks, a force, what causes it, a language that intimates touch, casual or cruel, he measures his level of calm by studying the lines drawn on the wheel, the pot or shard scoring the air around it, its mold, the space holding weight as if it too could drip over the edge, layers of dense and dried matter covering the table, clogging up slits in the wood and metal hinges, plastic bags along the walls on floor-to-ceiling shelves a cellular foundation, his basement studio and footsteps—stilettos, leather boots, steel-toes, sneakers—along the floorboard overhead, waiting creates a din similar to most behaviors, his studio, the one whose doors, left open by security, acclaimed a sentiment unrelated to any real passage or semantic relation, as if calling them “guards” would unwind them again, as if a novelist were there, napping in the corner, and often, as any other bureau-lover would, he nailed chests-of-drawers to walls and filled them with dirt and unfired kaolin, crumbling with any clumsy paw, as if to say: grid it, as if the compartments themselves retained a drive for order, as if the method wished nothing more than clean sheets, tightly knit; but, seeing as the morning verged towards a tendency to crowd, instead of tending towards the bridge, he veered left to walk under pale shadows of the bulwark, a massive umbrage he thought served to press the city concave, a shred of twigs and nets that, threaded through with random trash and plastic wire, weighed the center in nadir, of course the streets appeared to fold, as if objects, there, descending, attached to every faint eminence and dip of cladding, covered as-is in rates and systems specific to such measurements, its dimensions implying a set of additions and completions building itself a vantage point, a means to rise and pierce perspective, that one rate impossible for the worker whose income depends on covering one’s hands in mud and, starting from there, encasing: thick slabs, an ordered series, numbered markers leaning against walls and stuffed in corners, subdued edges never 90 degrees because of thin hairs along fingers, a loose grip on the handle, the curve begging attention, and this, over all things, a constant face-save, this curve overarches and causes him pause, seeing as he was, at the time, taking the circuitous route in search of larger bodies: as if to say, “in my stature *now* I retain value,” in ratio—a sense of proportion, an anti-symmetric urge left out on the lawn, as if multiple figures, a set of stones stuck with mud to a towering height, elongated limbs, a faded face covered by steel instruments patinated with rust, at this point the front of buildings were contiguous enough, the slight chill of air kept his eyes open, glancing around corners paling as they filled, he hurried to pass the overgrown field before a stumble across his workplace, a simple side-step, a presumed lapse of memory as if caught in a muse, a play of light on the trees, a mix of color, impressionistic, as if only vomit could attain the precise hue, no chance for an html color code, although juxtaposing #FFEB CD or #E2A76F might suffice, except for the potential to induce epileptic seizures, the vibration of coalescent putrid tints, the sidewalk before the cleaning trucks scour them with pressure-washers, filling streets with mossy foam, opaline and sour milk, a shade of pleasure in the roil, where the glint of a passing figure might catch his eye, a firm stride, a willed witness of deceleration, a fake phone-check, a pause—

could he consider such a moment a miniature event or broken time, a seizure predisposed to elicit response, a glance, or otherwise potential movement, and so he stopped at the fence to tie his shoe, one foot on the lowest rung, a failed ladder along the field, as a flock of birds stood watching, knee-deep in grasses long turned brown, but this is not considered melancholic nor schematic, the sun beginning to demarcate volume, a warmth and added suture, both sides of the flock departing in opposite directions, without emotion as symbol or sign, merely objects in transit along urban crosshatch: corners and ruins, stale assemblies stacked on concrete rising up from the dirt, a cabinet below a street sign caught his eye as he turned, the flock gone, a scene repeating, another glance, a seated figure among the brush in a halo of smoke, a breach accepted as reparations for withdrawal, and after, seeking air, penitent monger among the rough, sad cardboard of local sign-makers and purse peddlers, keystones burdened by the weight adding mystery to the myth, a tally kept of all the misses, fluctuations, engrossing methods of relation, a way to extend and in so doing rectify the sagging storefronts, constant shuffle, taut faces emboldened by law, a seated statue, a marble bronzed in commemoration of prior syntaxes, base raised above traffic in lieu of more precious accommodations, a reason to stand and cycle back, position towards a room of production, place-heavy, rudimentary and still, wrought with accretions necessary for a vision, sight abstracted with an excess of aims, style disseminating graspable ideology, a mention of rustic flavor amid tightly cut adages, serene hyperboles, an erection of castigated failures, mottled iron and chipped stoneware, a pile of indecency upended by malaise, the doors open for any random passerby to peer in; this, an added bonus, debris another tool to live by, an ancient set of rules, a mark or curse to frame it, the body, until now, overwhelmed and suffocating—and yet

continues along his sight, the lines compel him like any other, all mystic notions reside in etched glass, neon lighting, since the psychic is in he can relax or forget to notice any preface to his motions, the time of day, the surge of bodies ascending from the subway, a stream of objects correlate to any type of mold, ekphrastic or otherwise, in forgetting doorknobs wear with each use, a minute impression, surrounded by improv, unless a witness shifts everything, as if everything could contain itself rising, a call to choose, whether one watches the news or licks the salt off stamps, recollection rarely causes a clarity outside of a stiffening of bones or finger twitch, even then to press out a form both readable *and* reasonable an undertaking in itself, disinter where the mounds are in evidence of deeper structures, he felt the wind across his face, along the silver teeth: a preparatory grimace, unwilling to step amid the ruckus, he leaned himself against a wall, slid down hot brick, hands empty, knuckles resting along the sidewalk near dark splotches of gum, if only clay, then he could form a litany of object, stairs and tiny increments, as if only to find the curtain's end would reveal the back-hidden, the way out, lines around the block, the air kept him seated across the road and open studio doors, the in-an-out of traffic indiscriminately accelerated, to stand up, to reach the table, to find the way in, an interchange might be necessary, onramps and exit signs, cordoned-off construction along the shoulders, green or blue signs, white words in Helvetica, street markings, a pull along the thighs, a shift of posture, looking changes, and then, as if on cue, a flood—a refusal washing over, suspended above, a merchant temperament offset by context, to be left opaque and back to the wall, a figure in repose, when *to walk* is what's necessary, an impulse to move, and the movement itself, a push or resolve, windows matted by the dust, clean edges still sharp, he scraped dirt from cracks and rolled them into balls, left them sitting in the sun, he touched everything proximate, an abundance, an accord lulling in its sympathy, a fade—towards rhythm and a lack of regard, figures in the windows across the way shared a certain timing, a way to relate, to stand and cross the street, ignoring faster objects and their aural reverberations, to try again, to enter the doorway, walk down the hall, descend the staircase, turn on the lights, stand at the table amid walls of piled matter, combine all energies in a gesture of control, and open—a soft resistance met him as he moved, clay amid clay molding figures, appendages, plastic temperaments, and contours, as if approaching what remained illusive in his morning prow, stepping forward and shaping, the table a field, brown and dusted, strewn with untethered forms, points in a grid without context as lines left room for small breaths, dots: marking space through fissures, a heave, a glance, he set hands on the wooden board, his procedure replaced by the desire to feel the form give under duress, a release of energy from sedentary objects, set among the bags and piles ringed with tools, table covered in dust, and his clothes, and the floorboards, and in his surround: dust a layer on each surface, his feet making prints in heaps along the molding.

(*cont'd from p. 8*) is mostly the traditional, conservative and conformist in all senses. David Antin went into this extremely well quite some time ago.

I guess one would, in all honesty, have to do dull things like that. Way back, as a publisher, I deplored the absence of a competent sociology of reception (i.e. mainly reading) whenever a colleague would say that this work would sell and that not, or vice versa. Which does not mean that years of observing the scene don't allow for hunches and opinions. So...

1) In my youth, most "poets" (and I'll now stick to them) could tell who the dozen, say, important people were in the vocation in any given language. One had a sense of schools, movements, hierarchy and lineage. Also which dozen up-and-coming folks would be likely, repeat *likely*, to make a mark.

What we have now is avalanche after avalanche of "poets" making it impossible, for anyone my age, to identify more than one or two names in any lists of hundreds, if not more, of individuals on the magazine & small press scene. I cannot deny that there are perfectly valid reasons for this democratization of the "poet" fabrication-process (Everyone has a right, everyone everywhere needs poetry, or, say, what are people to do with their education? as Mary Oppen once asked, etc. etc.) and I cannot deny that my view will seem, or plain be, "elitist" to many.

(At the same time, I remember more than one lunch or dinner at which I would be identified as a poet and my neighbor, writing, say, for Hallmark Cards or the local rag, would be called to my attention as "also a poet.") Or the very common "Everyone is a poet; everyone is an artist; every one is a musician etc. etc.)

2) In a number of cultures, it has been an age-old custom for individuals to write "poems" in praise of some event—marriage, birthday or whatever. This never led the vast majority of such individuals to think or act as "poets" or to seek publication. The notion of "amateur," however distinguished, was a clear one. Now, the avalanches arrive upon us with every student demanding publication and a career. "Poetry" has rarely ever been before, among other than oral cultures, a widely adopted pursuit.

What consequent and reliable market is there for the avalanches? And to what extent do the avalanches impede the visibility of the forerunners? To what extent does the professionalization of the "poet" inflict damage on age-old notions of what a poet *represents*?

3) Obscurity, lack of notice, of appreciation, of valuing, has always been a problem for "married poets" — initiator "poets" married to their vocation and nothing else lifelong. One place in which a good sense of the harm this can do and the pain it inflicts will be found, for instance, in George Oppen's correspondence.

My sense is that, since the advent of CW, the prevalence of quantity as opposed to quality has multiplied immensely. Aha: *more+++quantity!* I believe that the difficulty of accounting responsibly for a literary contemporaneity and a future among both publishers and writers is due, in large part, to this. The wood can't be seen for the trees.

4) I have a sense that most "poetry" (which I call "writing") today is one of *statement*: this is like this and so. I feel or think like this and so. S/he/we feel or think like this and so. *Ad infinitum*. A documentary activity perhaps? Not a shred, for instance, of Melopoeia. Apart from leaning into the simplistic and the prosaic (story and novel writing would probably be more valuable for such perpetrators) and apart from leaning into the widely prevalent view that "this is good merely & only because it is there," the lack of imagination in this material—the presence of *imagination* implying and revealing the marriage of heart and mind in a body of work—can plunge many readers into the depths of boredom and denial.

Additionally, there are some "writers" whose use of disassociation & disconnection in message-making is so extreme (often defined as "self-referential") that it can be hard to find a sender or a receiver capable of telling another precisely what the message means. I believe, from communication theory, that you can only mess with reception so far. I know this covers a host of problems in

life is both an on-goingly constant archeological as well as an architectural venture

the fields of innovation but I am answering questions here not writing a theoretical tome.

One major problem is that CW teaches students that "writing" is "poetry." And so they cannot help continuing to inflict their stuff on an unsuspecting public.

"Nothing is revered
nothing
looked up to. Nothing
can
come of that sort of
dis-
respect for the under-

standing”

W.C.W. “The Unfrocked Priest”
Poetry 1930

5) Then there is the monster question of the digital revolution we are living through and its effects on every aspect of our lives. The facet of this I would mainly dwell on is the ever-increasing complexity of daily life that this brings in its wake. We are

I have always seen myself as an ethnographer, a recorder of material or immaterial culture rather than an analyst.

sempiternally being told that this, that or the other innovation (these succeed each other at break-neck speed) will make our lives *easier*, whereas the experience of all except geeks is that it makes everything more *complicated*.

The undeniable sheer convenience of having the world at one’s fingertips also leads to such an Everest of over-information that you wonder how any mind can sustain the weight of it. The amount of time that the computer and associated critters devour compared to the time that pen, paper, ink and the post-office entailed is astronomical (Someone like Balzac excepted I guess...) The question being asked in many places is whether those advantages which the machines can offer make for a better and more creative life—or not.

I leave aside what the machines do to text, to readability, to the “book” and a host of other issues. This is all being debated so much that only the “poet” can come to terms with it for his or herself in order to survive. My hunch is that it contributes toward the death of everything we have ever loved and meant in the past by “poetry.” If not, it remains true that everything I have ever loved in culture feels to me menaced by this “progress.”

I am virtually certain that this will be disapproved of, even cordially detested, by the majority of your readers. It cannot be a concern. You are your age. You lie / you die.

FS: In the late 60’s you spent some time as Editor for a press that was publishing Charles Olson, Robert Duncan, Louis Zukofsky and others. Do you consider them influences? Did that experience lead to your

decision to leave Europe for the U.S.? How, if at all, did that transition affect your writing?

NT: It was not just that I “spent some time as Editor.” I had published my first book with Jonathan Cape, London in 1964. At that point, there was extremely little poetry at Cape: Cecil Day-Lewis was about the best they could do. Formats, design etc., under William Plomer, were thoroughly dated. From the early Sixties on, I had realized that I saw virtually nothing in contemporary English poetry that spoke to me: the “Little England” sense of the victorious but exhausted country arising from the end of WW2 seemed deadly.

Three things shook me out of this. An early crush on “the voice:” Welsh Dylan Thomas was one antidote. A second was the discovery of Scotsman Hugh MacDiarmid for whom nothing existed that could not be said in poetry, whose problematic use of a Scots of his own as well as English, whose republicanism, indeed communism, and whose formal experiments were legend. The third and most crucial was confirmation that the American poetry of the time, especially the Black Mountain phenomenon, whose discovery was reinforced by purchases at City

Lights on the way to a Pacific Science Congress in Hawaii, was the field in which, ideally, I would like to play.

Friendship with the Director of Cape allowed me to put forward a prime list of three Americans: Charles Olson, Robert Duncan, Louis Zukofsky. These were to go mostly into the Cape list. I also proposed the creation of a Little Press, based on an existing Goliard Press, to parallel the efforts of two others of the kind: Fulcrum and Trigram—putting out avant-garde work but, in the Cape-Goliard case, supported by an established publisher.

Eventually editions were shared between Cape and C-G. The very tricky story of the competitions and results have been told elsewhere. Of course, the Big Three were influences—primarily Olson and the Olson of “The Kingfishers” first, later the *Maximus*. I had the happy experience of waiting for Olson coming from Spoleto in a movie house in Bled, Yugoslavia, with a contract in my pocket for the *Maximus* and, for many years before the U. of California Press took over, we were the publishers of one of the U.S.’s most important poets.

The question of becoming an American poet, after a short shot at being a French one and a slightly longer one at being English, is extremely complex. Impossible to go into detail as to how WW2 had thrown me out of any possibility of recognizing fully a homeland-by-birth as opposed to a homeland- (just like a name) by-choice. Half of my paternal family had actually immigrated to the States much earlier in the shape, *inter alia*, of the Shuberts “of Broadway.”

Heaven only knows why my lot stopped in Wales & then Manchester. During the Blitz on London, I had read Nevins & Commager’s *A Short History of the U.S.* and been lifted for a while out of depression by the

story of American pioneers. A bio. of Lincoln also did its work. I had a subscription to a Penguin magazine devoted entirely to the U.S. and a map of the States on the wall of my bunk. Also went down every evening to meditate on the Stars & Stripes over a nearby base. Later, when arriving as a Fulbright in New York to be “oriented” at Yale and eventually doctorated at Chicago, I felt completely at *home*. Yet this was questioned almost from the start: “How can you be ‘at home here’ if you have never experienced democracy?” (Yale) was the gist of some early opposition!!!

I guess I should have gone to an elocution school to get rid of a Brit accent but never thought of it then. The intense desire of many litcrit critters is to categorize to the max so that “changing ships in midstream” is looked at with fierce suspicion. One of those even managed to tell me that I would *never* enjoy either a life or a reputation. This is a land of immigrants—but a new citizen *poet* is an anomaly and the borders of the poworld are jealously guarded, especially, it often seems, by poets themselves. One very distinguished fellow-P, admittedly somewhat drunk, once ordered me to “go home.”

Paradoxically, while I think that the facts of “Borders” and of “Nation” are a highly dangerous universal abomination leading, as we can see right now and going forward, to the perpetual murder of thousands, I have a very strong sense of having chosen *this* nation even if it has not finished choosing me.

Olson’s stress on *space* is not an incidental influence: there is not a single state in this country in which I have not set foot and I have elected to live in the immense West, not only because the West is where the sun goes down both for individuals and for cultures, but because this is where I find the true America, un-meddled with by East Coast Anglophiles who continue to behave toward poetry (the little they have of it) in Anglophiliac ways. Stoopid (sic) no doubt but I once debated this one with William Everson.

None of this means that I have given up on my French affections or on my British ones. In fact, thanks to hard travel, affections subsist all over the world. And, indeed, when “Nation” has had its day—as the fate of the planet may eventually necessitate—and one can begin to think of Atlantean poets for the English language, other junctures for many other Ethnicities or Languages and Universal Poets over the whole shebang, we may, in the unlikely case

of human survival, reach a stage when all this partitionistic claptrap may be finally electrocuted.

FS: The intersection of architecture & archeology is certainly a palpable force in your work. What about the intersection of the “vocal” and the “choral,”—in Brenda Hillman’s words from her 2005 Jacket review of your *Selected Poems: 1950-2000*, “the impulse to join the tribe and to stay apart from it?”

NT: O.k. please note that the use of caps. in these next statements is deliberate (c.f. the Essays).

So, these were very intimate existential matters concerning the making of a Poem and the integration of a Poem into an Opus—mainly examined in the pieces “Archeology, Elegy, Architecture” and “On Refining a Model of Poetic Production” in

the Stanford essay book. What I have said about population growth surely sets up the question of what we are able to mean by “tribe” in our day? I’m no longer sure there is a meaning. Despite any and all appearances, Poetry seems to me to be a profoundly Silent, solitary business. Yes, you are addressing an audience, sending a message. More and more often the audience is yourself, hoping that the deeper the “yourself” gets to be, the closer the Vocal may reach, may become, the Choral in anyone receiving the “message.”

FS: In the same review, Brenda Hillman called your book “a prophetic volume, a handbook for the coming decade.” The work within, as the title indicates, is drawn from a half-century of work and nearly twenty books. As the decade she references draws to a close next year, can you speak to this idea of prophecy? What has been revealed? What is still to come?

NT: Ouch... a bit longer I hope than a decade? Well, Brenda is an inordinately generous reviewer. But this is also tricky. It’s a while since the Essays but as I recall, the “prophecy” business was related to my positing the backward-looking (at the Opus as it stood) factor (Elegy) in the composition of a Poem and then the forward-looking factor (Lyric). By this constant interior process of looking backward and forward in building the Architecture of an Opus, it is possible sometimes to get to a point where you know some aspect of the future—mainly, of course, in your Poetry. But Poets have always been known to be sensitive animals. So it is possible for issues to get into the Poetry before they are part of the general “Conversation” (very popular word at the moment!). Eco-poetics and a concern for the First

Peoples (the Indigenous) was there from the very first book *Old Savage/Young City* back in the late Fifties. A concern about intercultural conflict also—(see the end of poem 8 in *The Beautiful Contradictions*)—which we are now facing in some catastrophic developments of what was at one time a major world culture i.e. the Glory of Islam. What is still to come? In my optimistic opinion, the probable inability of the reasonable folks in the human race to have the time to beat the imbecile greed of the 1%, leading to an appalling wounding of the planet (though not *its* demise) and the consequent finale of said race.

FS: One last question: what are you reading right now?

NT: I have just finished going through again WCW's *Collected Poems*, vol. 1. and the new Matt Hofer edition of Dorn's *The Shoshoneans*. I am reading Peter O'Leary's lovely &, natch, luminous *Phosphorescence of Thought*; the extraordinary powerful new book by Joseph Donahue: *Red Flash on a Black Field* and Jennifer Bartlett's intensely moving *Autobiography/Anti-Autobiography*. After Étienne Lamotte's monumental *Histoire du Bouddhisme Indien* (he did not live alas to write vol. 2) I finished recently Kilty's *Tsongkhapa's A Lamp to Illuminate the Five Stages* and Wedemeyer's *Āryadeva's Lamp that Integrates the Practices*—leading to the thought that I am mostly with the Mahāyāna rather than with the Vajrayāna. Now in the process of reading all of Edward Conze's *Prajñāpāramitā* translations and studies, also follow-ups edited by Lewis Lancaster et al. Also Corbin's *Histoire de la philosophie islamique*, Greenwald's book on Snowden and the Earle-Reveal *Levis & Clark's Green World* about Western plants. Looking forward to Jan Swafford's new *Beethoven* and continuing the study of Buddhist-Daoist interactions through the work of Michel Strickmann, Robert H. Sharf and many others. **FS**

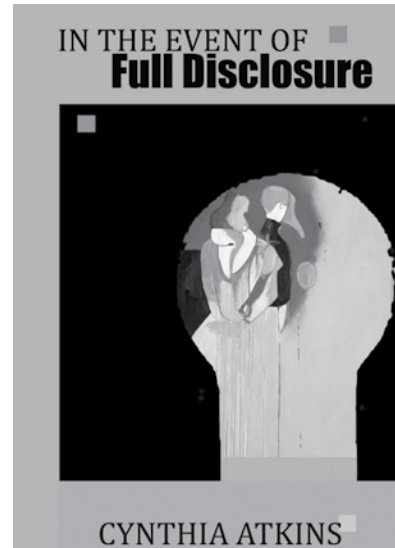
IN REVIEW

In the Event of Full Disclosure

by Cynthia Atkins
CW Books, 2013

Reviewed by Octavio Quintanilla

In an interview discussing her new collection of poems, *In the Event Of Full Disclosure*, published by CW Books, Cynthia Atkins says, "I wanted to capture the voice of someone caught in a moment of discord." Indeed, many of the poems in this collection succeed in capturing these moments that Atkins refers to, moments in which individuals must confront their own passions, their nagging sense of inadequacy, their interminable obsessions, staggering losses, and their relationships with another. For Atkins, writing is a way to make sense of and make peace with chaos. In these moments of discord during which all seem to fail us, Atkins reveals and points us to the places in which language itself fails and sustains.



In the first poem, "Liturgy," an ars poetica, Atkins writes that the "trees grew / into paper for words to write / down what there are no words for." At once, Atkins dives into and breaks the surface of silence, hinting at secrets that perhaps cannot be uttered, but that nonetheless, must be written for someone else to utter. Language has its limits the poem suggests "because it will always / want and want to name what can't be named."

Atkins continues her meditations on the deficiency of language in the poems, "Letter to Metaphor," and "What the Blind See." In "What the Blind See," the speaker observes her son speak to two friends and realizes that the boy is learning to see the world with language and compares his limitations to those of the blind trying to see the world with their eyes: "He's learning to see / by degrees, category, departure of lines— / Girls are soft, then fold themselves / like fans. / Boys hide frogs, then spread out / like a warm breakfast." Atkin's language is beautiful and evocative, yet, ironically, it is precisely this clichéd way of looking at the world that the speaker tries not to teach her son. The speaker reminds herself that "Like anything worth having, / I'll teach him chores, but not the snarl / of metaphors."

Continuing this train of thought, in the poem, "Letter to Metaphor," Atkins considers the fluidity of language, how it changes in our hands, in our tongues, how we can ask "for subtlety" and we "get a mixed strip-tease every time." But there is an inherent danger in beauty: beautiful language can lead us to places we might've not thought of going, can lead us to trade in "sex for a prayer." Metaphor, as Emily Dickinson suggests in the poem's epigraph, is as "soundless as a disc on a dot of snow." This is the issue in many of these poems—language—its

nonfulfillment, its inadequacy to reveal truth. Regardless, poetry still has the power to remind us, as Atkins does in a more positive note, that “each death is a song.”

There are poems in which Atkins tinkers with surreal imagery to suggest the unreachability of memory. For example, in the poem, “Holes,” we have this wonderful moment: “White space as in flour / sifting / to my notebook, where the moth / I drew an hour ago, just flew off / the page.” But this moment in the poem is more than a pretty image; it’s the hinge that holds in place all the absence we encounter in the poem, the loss that all things leave in our lives. Even our memory

has holes, the poem suggests. There’s something to this—memory is faulty and often elusive. We remember our childhood, the insects we “punched” in “jar-lids,” our fathers, wombs as coffins, but we always return to the “moths” we can no longer touch, those we are forced to draw on a piece of paper, and even so, in the end, they, too, leave a “hole” in our lives.

The poems in this collection are honest and often question the nature of knowledge—how little, and how much, we truly know about ourselves, about our transitory nature, especially in discordant moments. In the poem, “Vessels,” for example, Atkins writes: “How am I to imagine / that someday,

after me, my son will die?” Here’s the epicenter, and perhaps the most distressing, and accurate, observation in the whole poem. We are nothing but vessels, the poem suggests, specifically in reference to the female body, that brings to life what is already dying, that body of knowledge whose “beginnings all resemble / endings.”

In the end, Atkins seems to be sure of one thing, that she was born “to know that some things / call for ceremony, and some a puddle / of grief” (“Birth Right”). I must say that there is a puddle of grief in these poems, but there’s also a reservoir of celebration. And this, like all good things, must be celebrated.

MICRO REVIEWS

by JenMarie Macdonald

X Marks the Dress: A Registry

Kristina Marie Darling & Carol Guess

Gold Wake Press (2014)

To set up a wedding registry is to catalogue expectation. Expectation made manifest from prefabricated desire. We picture our future selves in ideal situations. Placing our beautiful springform cake pan in the oven. Splashing in batter with our beloved spouse. These desires freeze out reality, leaving our expectations “tinder for the fire.”

Kristina Marie Darling and Carol Guess’ *X Marks the Dress: A Registry* is a place, a book, a system. Built to record and store these stories of desire. But it’s also a history, an appendix, an index, a dictionary of desire’s rupture and burning aftermath. Darling and Guess make best use of wedding trinkets to frame the untidy breaches of expectation, the dismayed fray of wedding lace. The domestic objects in this book transform from gifts to lived-in things and their recurrence/rearranging/repurposing/regifting/returning document the erasure of individuality in cohabitation. It captures the violence of that erasure (“marriage / dissolves:”) and asks: If both parties end up erased in union, who is left to love? Who displays another’s “former

self in a glass cabinet”?

Through inventive construction and poignant imagery *X Marks the Dress* focuses its lens on the trimmings of event rather than chronicling the events themselves. Darling and Guess strike a match on such questions and leave the page burning long after the book has closed.



My god is this a man

Laura Sims

Fence Books (2014)

Incubated in the interior space of killers *My god is this a man* is a sparse, powerful text that meditates on and manipulates the position of the body. The body as both victim and witness, subject and object, as text. Laura Sims tracks the transformation of the body between these states and explores how this shifting position dictates (or does not) the experience.

Sims is masterful at crafting and placing meaningful and profound silences that shake the words she positions on the page. In places, the poet repatterns lines, bounds the language, resulting in new perspectives through which to witness. This repatterning and demarcating boundaries



invites the reader to try on language, try on experience, try on the dark unpredictable blackness of the page even when it leaves “[torn corners of mouths]”.

In fitting the reader with these different suits of language and perspective, she invites us to trace the fields of experience, the fields of the body. Near the end of the book, Sims’ literal positioning of the word “body” merges (or emerges) with one’s awareness, thus blurring perception. Subject and object, witness and victim, text and image flicker.

We, “The hordes / of the curious”. don’t always get to choose what we witness and what we don’t, what acts on us and what doesn’t. We are all too often seduced by the act and left to the consequences of witness and action: “you suffer // yourself to observe”. In *My god is this a man*, one observes the transformation of the field one finds themselves within, the field one finds within themselves.

A Princess Magic Presto Spell

**Lisa Jarnot with illustrations by Emilie Clark
Solid Objects (2014)**

In *A Princess Magic Presto Spell*, Lisa Jarnot hints at (with pleasing twists) familiar tropes of children’s books in image, vernacular, and syntax. The very design and manufacture is that of a beautifully crafted children’s book: velvety hardback in landscape orientation with color images on glossy pages. Something about reading it is like sleeping in a forest-open childhood bedroom swaddled in 1000-count sheets on an “eve of a picnic of trees”. The diaphanous illustrations of abstract garden scenes by artist Emilie Clark look like what I imagine fairy-tale princess cells would look like under a microscope: a sort of effervescent pastel neon.

This is fitting since it is with a kind of microscopic process, a zooming in and out, that Jarnot observes and spells this world like a psychedelic naming day in Eden: “this very linty cow / that useless Tibetan babysitter / the prime meridian a pale dead moose in the sky”. Beyond simply naming, Jarnot crafts marvelous families of lines sonically and visually. Each word in each line surprises. Most of these surprises are delightful. Others are decidedly mournful. In this disruption of expectation, one enjoys the sensation of reading a book by oneself for the first time, a proto-narrative space, and marveling at its acts of creation and revelation: “the midnight milkless melancholy of an icy beaver oracle”. One rests a spell in the pleasurable present moment of the text and

doesn’t anticipate where Jarnot is leading us.

Perhaps it’s this submersion in the present that makes the mournful moments of the book somewhat jolting. They are reminders of childhood’s inevitable loss. “and where is he? and where is she?” In these moments, the book is also an elegy, naming those who have gone.

Harry’s House

Various Artists

Fast Speaking Music (2012)

“In the spirit of spontaneity and the gift economy,” writers and musicians gathered in Naropa University’s recording studio to capture and transmit their voices. The generous resulting collection is *Harry’s House*, available on CD and MP3.



Produced by Ambrose Bye, the recordings took place during 2009–2011. One who has been to the Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics’ Summer Writing Programs can easily imagine a drift of writers breaking off from the clump after a panel to gather in the studio that used to be archivist, athologist, filmmaker and cosmologist Harry Smith’s campus cottage.

If this is not enough to spark interest in a listen, the inspired list of contributors surely is: Amiri Baraka, Mei-Mei Berssenbrugge, Edwin Torres, Anne Waldman, Thurston Moore, Harryette Mullen, Lewis Warsh, Anne Tardos, Alan Gilbert, Eileen Myles, Reed Bye, Akilah Oliver, Bob Holman, Kristin Prevallet, Kevin Killian, Eleni Sikelianos, Rick Moody, Stacy Szymaszek, Steven Taylor, and Junior Burke.

The production quality captures a shine absent from even the most polished readings, especially when violin, guitar, and studio effects are precisely added. While not all tracks are backed by such trappings, the clarity of the solo voice recordings are crystalline.

A couple of these crystalline treasures on the album are recorded by Akilah Oliver and Amiri Baraka. Having lost Akilah in 2011 and Amiri in 2014, one is hopeful and comforted to be once again in the same room with their voice, this thread back to their still resonant presences.

Tracks and contributors have been added to the online version (for a total of 83 tracks) on Fast Speaking Music’s Bandcamp page. *Harry’s House* is a great first volume of a great archive, which is a great gift for us all.

BIOS

Laynie Browne is the author of ten collections of poetry and two novels. Her most recent collection of poems, *Lost Parkour Ps(alms)* is out in two editions, one in English, and another in French, from Presses universitaires de Rouen et du Havre (2014). Her honors include: a 2014 Pew Fellowship, the National Poetry Series Award, the Contemporary Poetry Series Award, and two Gertrude Stein Awards for Innovative American Poetry. She is co-editor of *Ill Drown My Book: Conceptual Writing by Women* (Les Fignes Press, 2012) and is currently editing an anthology of original essays on the Poet's Novel. She teaches at University of Pennsylvania and at Swarthmore College. Forthcoming books include *Scorpyn Odes* (Kore Press) and *PRACTICE* (SplitLevel Texts).

Jeanine Deibel is a writer and an editor, holding an MFA in Poetry from New Mexico State University. Her poetry has been published in *Colorado Review*, *Eleven Eleven*, *Hayden's Ferry Review*, and *Whiskey Island*, among others. She is a Pushcart Prize nominee and the author of two chapbooks, *IN THE GRAVE* (Birds of Lace Press, 2013) and *Spyre* (Dancing Girl Press, 2014). Jeanine currently resides in Washington. For more information, visit: jeaninedeibel.weebly.com.

Adam Fagin is the author of the chapbooks *T's Alphabet* from Little Red Leaves and *THE SKY IS A HOWLING WILDERNESS BUT IT CAN'T HOWL WITH HEAVEN*, forthcoming from Called Back Books. He lives, works, and studies in Denver.

Melanie Hubbard lives in a small town on the west coast of Florida with her family. Her publications include *We Have With Us Your Sky* (Subito, 2012) and *Gilbi Winco Swags* (Cannibal, 2008). She has written on Emily Dickinson's linguistic-philosophical education and

has most recently taught at New College of Florida. These illuminated pages are from her current work-in-progress, a treatment of the 1924 domestic psychology manual *Auto-Suggestion for Mothers*, which stipulates that the mother, in her power to mold the child's every habit, use subliminal suggestion during the child's half-conscious states at bedtime and mornings. The illuminations eliminate most of the rational, persuasive text in order to play with, undermine, and explore the book's arguments. More can be found in the online portion of *Best American Experimental Writing 2014* (Omnidawn) and forthcoming from *Talisman Occupation One*.

Genevieve Kaplan is the author of *settings for these scenes* (Convulsive Editions), a chapbook of continual erasures, and *In the ice house* (Red Hen Press), winner of the A Room of Her Own Foundation poetry publication prize. Her poems and essays have recently appeared in *Tinderbox Poetry*, *Post45 Contemporaries*, *inter|rupture*, and *Opon*. She lives in southern California, where she edits the Toad Press International chapbook series, publishing contemporary translations of poetry and prose.

Mark Lamoureux lives in New Haven, CT. He is the author of three full-length collections of poetry: *Spectre* (Black Radish Books 2010), *Astrometry Orgonon* (BlazeVOX Books 2008), and *29 Cheeseburgers / 39 Years* (Pressed Wafer, 2013). His work has been published in print and online in *Fence*, *miPoesias*, *Jubilat*, *Denver Quarterly*, *Conduit*, *Jacket*, *Fourteen Hills* and many others.

Carolina Maugeri's recent chapbook, *many a holy & obsequious tear* (2014), was published by Horse Less Press.

John Patsynski Capricorn in Denver. BA from Shimer College (Chicago/Oxford). MFA from Naropa University (Boulder). Curates *next*

journal & press. Some chapbooks are *Simple Machines*, *Chaotic Neutral*, *Pop Magic!* Some poems have appeared in *Thought Crime*, *Morkville*, *Shampoo Poetry*, *Really System*. Once dropped acid with Bernadette Mayer. Helen's hand ever in mine. Thurston lives! "Poetry for everyone."

JH Phrydas is a writer and researcher currently living in the montane region of the Rocky Mountains. Phrydas was raised by his birth family in Atlanta and queer family in the Bay Area. After years of travel in imitation of Jean Genet, Phrydas was generously awarded grants to study writing and somatic psychology under the guidance of Bhanu Kapil. He currently works as a writing tutor at CU Boulder and co-founding editor of *Tract/Trace: an investigative journal*. Phrydas' creative and critical prose has appeared in *Bombay Gin*, *Berkeley Poetry Review*, and *Aufgabe*, and his first chapbook, *Levitations*, will be published this winter by Timeless, Infinite Light (Oakland, CA).

Octavio Quintanilla is the author of the poetry collection, *If I Go Missing* (Slough Press, 2014). His work has also appeared in *Salamander*, *RHINO*, *Southwestern American Literature*, *Texas Observer*, and others. He teaches in the MA/MFA program at Our Lady of the Lake University in San Antonio, TX.

Steven Salmoni's recent publications include *Landscapes*, *With Green Mangoes* (Chax Press, November 2011), poems in *N/A*, *Spinning Jenny*, *Spiral Orb*, *Versal*, *Sonora Review* and *Bombay Gin*, and articles in *The Salt Companion to Charles Bernstein*, *Studies in Travel Writing* and *The Journal of Narrative Theory*. He received a Ph.D. in English from Stony Brook University and currently teaches at Pima Community College in Tucson, AZ. He also serves on the Board of Directors for POG, a Tucson-based poetry and arts organization.

Cliff Saunders has been publishing poems for over forty years. He is the author of six chapbooks and has published poems most recently in *Hot Air Quarterly*, *Bluestem*, *Marco Polo Quarterly*, and *Miniatures*. He lives in Myrtle Beach and works at a South Carolina correctional institution.

Michael Sikkema is the author of two full length collections, 9-10 chapbooks and collaborative chapbooks as well as the forthcoming book *May Apple Deep* (Trembling Pillow Press), and the forthcoming chapbooks *3003 Houses (for Nikki Wallschlaeger)* from Little Red Leaves Textile Series, *Time Missing* from Grey Book Press, and the collaborative chapbook *Moon Poon*, written with Elisabeth Workman and soon to be released by Pity Milk Press.

Michael Thomas teaches writing and literature to word hungry high school students in Vermont. A sometime poet, sometime literary anthropologist, he is currently writing a monograph on lyric and class in the eighteenth century—"Rich with the Spoils of Time": *Towards a Political Economy of Voice and the Voiceless in Thomas Gray's Elegy*.

Carleen Tibbetts is the author of the e-chapbook *a starving music will come to eat the body* (FiveQuarterly, 2014). Her work has appeared in *Coconut*, *H_NGM_N*, *Sink*, *Dusie*, *Jellyfish*, *Ilk*, *inter|rupture*, *The Pinch*, *The Laurel Review*, and other journals. .

Steven Toussaint's an American but currently resides in Auckland, New Zealand where he is pursuing a Ph.D. at Victoria University. He graduated with an MFA from the Iowa Writers' Workshop in 2010. His work has recently appeared in *The Cultural Society* and is forthcoming in *Denver Quarterly* and *Omniverse*. His chapbook, *Fiddlehead*, is out now from Compound Press.

Nathaniel Tarn is an American poet, essayist, anthropologist, and translator. He was born in Paris and studied English and history at King's College, Cambridge, before pursuing anthropology at the Collège de France and the Musée de l'Homme. He attended Yale University and the University of Chicago on a Fulbright grant and studied at the London School of Economics. His first collection of poetry, *Old Savage / Young City*, was published in 1964, and he went on to publish poetry almost entirely in the United States. Tarn's subsequent collections include *The Beautiful Contradictions* (1969), *A Nowhere for Vallejo* (1971), *Lyrics for the Bride of God* (1975), *The House of Leaves* (1976), *Atitlan/Alaska* with Janet Rodney (1979), *The Desert Mothers* (1984), *At the Western Gates* (1985), *Selected Poems: 1950–2000* (2002), *Avia: A Poem of International Air Combat, 1939–1945* (2008), and *Ins and Outs of the Forest Rivers* (2008).



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