

THE COLLECTED
BOOKS *of*
RICHARD
DENNER

Volume 20



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RICHARD
DENNER

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With an introduction
by Barry Shelton

dPress 2020 Ellensburg

I burned the bones of it
And the letters of it
And the numbers of it
That go 1,2,3,4,5,6,7
And so far.

—Jack Spicer

Heads of the Town up to the Aether (“Magic”)

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Introduction by Barry Shelton

It's probably not a coincidence that this twentieth volume of Richard Denner's works is set to go to press here in the year twenty-twenty—one of those little symmetries that seem to arrive out of observation of any archive but might just arrive out of pareidolia. The need to recognize such patterns defines human intellect, and our greatest intellectual achievements (both literary and scientific) have been in recording, organizing, and interpreting our observations of patterns, and these observations give us understanding of virtually all of our collective behavior generally referred to as culture. For example, you seem to be reading the introduction to a book right now, but the word “book” would indicate a certain cohesion that this volume simply doesn't have. This is really more a nested hierarchy of documents in mixed and ever-shifting genres, fitted together by way of sheer ontology, because Jampa, as the curator and printer of this archive, brought them into being here alongside one another. You'll find pictures of paintings about poetry, you'll find prose about paintings of text, collages of collages, Blakean illuminations, and books about books about books.

The title of this volume is *The Collected Books of Richard Denner Volume 20*, a title which ties these pages into a tradition of literary canon-crafting reaching all the way back to Ben Jonson—the artist organizing and authorizing his own canon. Yet, many of these books aren't “by” Richard in the traditional sense of the word either. You might say that some of these are records of events, while others are participatory or collaborative projects; for example, he is the subject rather than the author. You might think of this not as a collection of books by R. Denner but rather books collected, harvested, manifested, and by him. He once told me that he thought of this archive as some sort of mystical machine that was his duty to observe. He says that “rather than beginning

with the manuscript, I begin with the book. I initiate the writing process by visualizing the completed form the manuscript of my telling will take.” Above all, this collection shows a profound respect for the book as a physically present object of art, a thing worthy of contemplation in itself, not simply a blank vessel for raw black text, but a full realization of the aesthetic possibilities that inhere in the book as a human technology.

(January 2020)

No
Reference
Point

Richard Denner

No
Reference
Point

Richard Denner

D Press 2018 Ellensburg

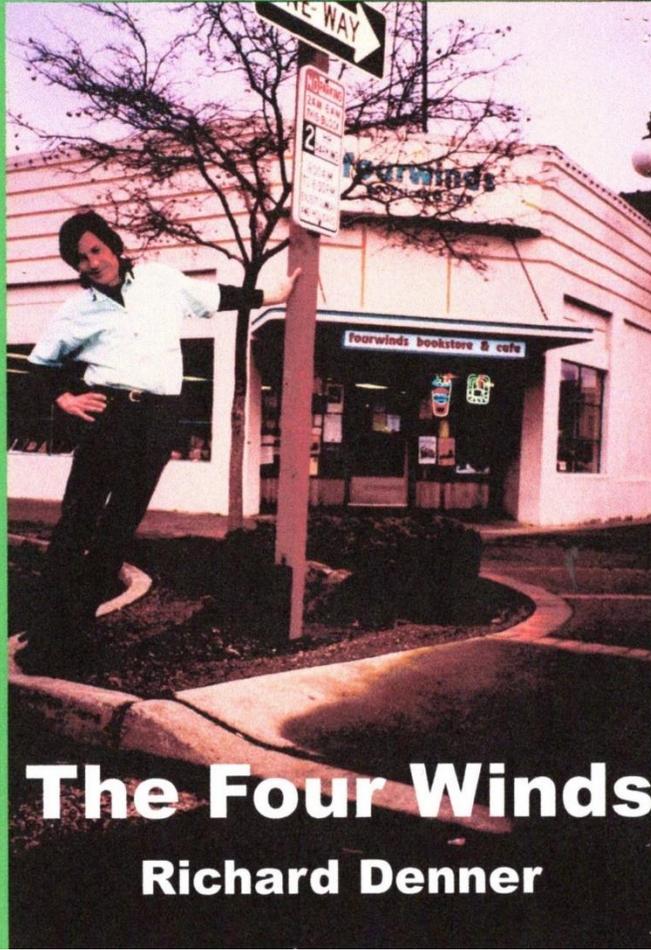


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NO REFERENCE POINT EXCEPT

[non-doing]



The Four Winds
Richard Denner



THE FOUR WINDS

Richard Denner

D PRESS 2019 ELLENSBURG

An earlier version of *Four Winds*, entitled “Business”
can be found in *Jampa’s Worldly Dharmas*
by Bouvard Pécuchet, Kapala Press, Santa Fe, 2014.

The 2014 edition of *Four Winds* by Bouvard Pécuchet is included in
The Collected Books of Richard Denner Volume 14, dPress, Ellensburg, 2016.

The Four Winds Bookstore sign on the title page
was painted by Mikhail Stahm.



I could have followed in my father's footsteps. The path was there, and I did work for a short time in the Administrative Services Department of the State Farm Insurance Company, in Berkeley, as a bindery clerk. After a fist fight on the loading dock, following an argument over a lunchtime poker game—a fight without a decided winner—I realized this was not exactly what was meant by “fighting your way to the top.” I was told by my supervisor that no one was going to call the Big Boss onto the carpet and that I needed to think about my actions and how they reflected upon my father.

My father most likely had heard about his son's behavior, because he was soon to suggest I take my wife (Patricia) and baby daughter (Kirsten) to live at the family's beach house in Aptos, where I would re-enroll in school at Cabrillo College, then in Watsonville (“the Artichoke Capital of the World”). I decided it was an opportunity to reinvent myself and rebuild my grade point average. Plentiful avocados would be a perk.

I no longer aspired to be a brain surgeon, and when I departed the chemistry laboratory at U.C. Berkeley, mid-way through my quantitative analysis class, I threw a chemical “unknown” into the trash can. I wanted to be a poet. Where this notion came from only the Muse knows. The Denner family had no tradition of artists. Perhaps, it was a combination of wanting to find redemption in the English Department of the soul as well as a nudge from the ghost of Joaquin Miller, a flamboyant 19th century California poet, who had once lived near our family home in the Oakland hills. The books you would have found on the shelves of my father's den—*How to Win Friends and Influence People*, *The Power of Positive Thinking*, *The Extra Mile*—were books of practical wisdom, but what I really needed was something to stimulate my increasingly active imagination.

In 1965, I attended the Berkeley Poetry Conference, two weeks of high-octane poetic stimulation, and it was through the advice of living poets that I gained courage to start my own business. At one gathering, I told Gary Snyder that I had plans to go to Alaska, make my fortune, and open a bookstore in Berkeley. Gary said, “Berkeley has enough bookstores. You should go to the hinterlands and find a town that needs an infusion of culture and start a Berkeley bookstore there.” I asked Allen Ginsberg, “Can I be a good poet and a good businessman at the same time?” Allen said, “Just be good!”

I might note that in the practical side of my quest, I was inspired by Edgar Guest and envisioned *finding a little place along the roadside where I could be a friend to man*. The Four Winds Bookstore, selling new and used books, gourmet coffees and teas, cards and prints and gifts, opened at 204 East 4th Street, in Ellensburg, Washington, in 1978. I had not made my fortune in Alaska, but my friend, Sid Thomas, had done well by working on the oil pipeline. Sid offered Cheri and I seed money, and with some of the money we bought *The Coffee Conspiracy* from Christie Brown. Sid went a step further and married Christie, not realizing that the business of

business is business. Their marriage didn't last nor did Cheri's and mine.



After twelve years of marriage, I—years away from becoming a Buddhist monk—was a single man, again. Cheri kept possession of our house and our son, Theo, and I kept the Four Winds. In a few years, Sid would want out of the partnership, needing some ready cash, and I gave him all I had in savings. I'm sure he expected a greater return on his investment, but Sid said the amount would suffice. The Four Winds was never a money-maker. I made a modest living, breaking even, getting by, as the store grew. But the store was a success in other ways. In the

twenty years I was sole proprietor of this independent bookstore, I looked forward to work and would open my shop with a feeling of gratitude and glee.

I remember the day I became a member of the American Booksellers Association, when I received a decal to put in the window, a red binder with data and forms to make single title orders from publishers, and a poster with a picture of Charlie Chaplin embracing a young woman (maybe Mary Pickford) with a caption that read, "Booksellers Make Better Lovers!" I was in business.



It's an angst-ridden condition, bouncing from job to job, with people asking you what you do and you wondering what you want to be. You say, "I haven't made up my mind" or "I'm just a Student of Life." Now, I had a profession. Once, a guy came up to me at a party and said, "Oh, I know who you are; you're Four Winds Books, Coffee and Tea." "Yep," I said, "that's me."

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I learned the basics of buying and selling books from Moe Mavkowitz (of the legendary Moe's Bookstore), in Berkeley. Cheri and I worked well as a team, and Moe took a liking to us, as a young couple. He had a trade policy, where you could bring your old books into the store and be given hard cash or be given a piece of *Moe money*, which had the terms of trade printed on one side and a picture of Moe in a top hat, holding a glass of champagne, in the center of a facsimile of dollar bill, designed by a cartoonist, named Joel Beck.

enterprise because it was one of the first bookstores to only sell paperback books. Later, Cody built a beautifully designed store, on the south side of campus, on the corner of Haste and Telegraph, where he expanded my inventory and began a reading series that lasted for over forty years, until that store closed in 2006. There were photos of great poets and novelists (and a president) hanging in the gallery. A stoical Philip Whalen looked at a smiling Bill Clinton in adjacent frames. I read some of my poems there, in 2002.

City Lights, at the intersection of Columbus and Broadway in San Francisco, was founded, in 1953, by Lawrence Ferlinghetti and published many of the Beat poets. It became famous after publishing *Howl* by Allen Ginsberg, that led to an important obscenity trial, that concluded with Ginsberg and Ferlinghetti being exonerated. I would drop by this bookstore anytime I was in the area and browse and maybe buy a book. My all-time favorite City Lights book is *Kora in Hell* by William Carlos Williams. I remember crossing the street after buying a copy and reading this book at Enrico's coffeehouse. I would develop my D Press in tandem with a bookstore and coffeehouse. Ferlinghetti, still going strong, just turned 100.

Powell's Books, in Portland, made me realize a bookstore might have no limits in terms of size. A rabbit warren of books, Powell's claims to be the largest independent bookstore in the world. It is actually an interconnected chain of bookstores surrounded by a town. This bookstore might be the archetype of the Library of Babel described by Borges:

The universe (which others call the Library) is composed of an indefinite, perhaps infinite number of hexagonal galleries.

The geometry of the structure does not resemble Powell's, but the possibility that it contains all the books in the world gives the store a touch of the sublime.

Seattle's Elliot Bay Bookstore, in the Pioneer District, only sold new books, but downstairs there was a café surrounded by shelves of hardback books by authors whose works were no longer in demand. Much later, when Four Winds moved to the corner of 4th and Pine, my son, Theo, and I developed a café surrounded by shelves of books that were for sale. I wanted to offer a juicy hamburger with a thick romance novel on the side, but Theo said that this was obscene. His idea was to serve wholesome, well-prepared food for a reasonable price. Theo had gone to culinary school in Seattle and worked both ends of the spectrum, from road-side truckers' cafés to high-end cuisine hotels. I opted to sell books by the pound, using a scale left by the previous owner.

But, before that move, Four Winds was still at 202 E. 4th, and a man opened a cigar shop and newsstand next door. The enterprise was short-lived, and when he moved, after he had finally alienated his clientele with his bigoted remarks, I cut a hole in the wall and established Café Rose, the first espresso bar (with the second espresso machine, after the one at the Valley Café) in eastern Washington. I enjoyed the size and decor of this store and was quite content, but hearing that the fancy housewares store on the corner was closing and that the space was being considered by the owner of a chain of used bookstores, I made a wise business decision. One of the things I had learned by then was that business does not remain static, and it's best to take advantage of opportunities. I phoned my landlady and told her my plan. I was lucky to have a landlady who appreciated having a bookstore in her building. Miss Reed, an elderly spinster, said she

remembered a bookstore with a samovar, when she was a college student, and wished me luck. She, also, kept my rent the same. In this regard, Miss Reed was a true mentor to Four Winds.

Ellensburg is a college town. Ellensburg is also a rodeo town. Ellensburg Rodeo is a major stop on the rodeo circuit. For my bookstore to survive in Ellensburg, I catered to a wide clientele—students, professional people, ranch wives, cowboys, the physically and mentally disabled, and professors from the local university. You might encounter Professor Hood and Professor Goedecke discussing Descartes' mind-body dualism at one table and Lawrence, off his meds, going into a narcoleptic coma at the next table and falling face first into his food.

I kept up with the trends and sold best-sellers that would help pay the rent. Initially, I had an extensive highbrow literary inventory, rode the wave of New Age titles, and finally settled on a general inventory, where Stephen King subsidized the plays of Shakespeare. My *raison d'état* was to have the right book for the right person at the right time at the right price.

When Theo and I opened Four Winds Bookstore and Café, on the corner of 4th and Pine, in 1995, the Daily Record newspaper announced that "Richard and Theo Donner have formally reopened Four Winds Bookstore." The proofreader missed the reference to the infamous Donner Party that reverted to cannibalism while crossing the Sierra Nevada Mountains, into California, during the 19th century. A *maître d'* calls out, "Donner, party of four!"

On a less grisly note, I can relate to a story I heard Bob Hope tell on TV about selling newspapers, when he was a kid in New York City—a limo pulled up to the curb, a hand extended out of the window holding a five-dollar bill (an enormous sum of money in those days), and a man asked for a newspaper. Hope didn't have enough money to make change and lost the sale. The young Hope, who in time not only became a famous comedian but also an astute business man, was given a piece of sagely advice— "Always have plenty of inventory on hand and enough money to make change." This from John D. Rockefeller.

I built my business by continually increasing my inventory. The town folk had an insatiable hunger for my choice of merchandise, whether it was a mainstream novel or something a little off-beat. Still, cash flow was a continual problem, and I relied, like most retailers, on the Christmas season to make enough revenue to pay delinquent bills and get a foothold on the coming year. Still, by tax time, I'd be hurting and would leave the Four Winds in the capable hands of one of my friends, and go into the woods to plant trees. I was lucky in my choice of managers, but Theo was to learn that not all his friends were honest.

An important business lesson I learned about retailing was the damage caused by a shoplifter. This might have been the fruit of my own earlier karma, as a book thief. One stolen book creates a loss to the store that is hard to recover. With the margin of profit on a new book being 40% and the cost of overhead being close to 15%, the loss of an individual item demands reaping the profit of three books of the same price to break even. Now, I understood the ramifications of my rascality years before, when I stole a hefty tome on macroeconomic theory and was arrested for trying to sell it back to a clerk in the same store.

These were fruitful years (the twenty years purifying my karma). A coffeehouse-bookstore is a

special kind of institution, and even if, sometimes, Four Winds was referred to as a den of iniquity—it was a lively place to hang out, share knowledge, and create revolution. It was a place for my children to grow up and learn about the world. It was a place for me, after much drifting and dawdling, to become a member of a community. And, yes, it was a place to meet potential lovers—but not, I learned, a place to harass my help. Having stood too close to one young woman who worked for me, I was told, “Don’t you sidle up to me in that fashion, or I’ll file a sexual harassment complaint.” Luckily, I learned this important lesson long before the Me Too Movement came to be.

The Four Winds was a bit of Berkeley on one of Ellensburg’s side streets, and I believe it was (and Ellensburg still is) a cosmic hub, resting harmoniously on a set of sacred ley lines.



I’ve talked about the way Four Winds evolved from Berkeley bookstores—bookstores of an independent nature, in turn evolving from a lineage of bookstores. Berkeley’s Shakespeare & Co. takes its name from a Parisian bookstore named Shakespeare & Co.—one that was started by Sylvia Beach, in the early 1920s, where aspiring young writers gathered. So, in a travel-analogy of a day in vintage Paris-Ellensburg, I would get a cappuccino (definitely not

a café au lait, as that was invented in Berkeley, in the ‘60s) and a croissant at Café Rose on Fourth Avenue and sit and listen to John Bennett relate one his adventures with Charles Bukowski during a visit to San Francisco, or I’d go next door to the Four Winds to a book-signing party for Jan Kerouac’s *Baby Driver*, and in the afternoon, I’d drop by Don Brontsema’s studio, above the Historical Museum, to view one of his paintings, maybe one of the Lone Ranger on Silver, galloping across the top of the Davidson Building. When the clock struck midnight, I’d rendezvous with some friends at the Cornerstone, a hangout for hard-core night owls or I’d head for a dance hall, like The Ranch, to hear The Screaming Trees. Not exactly the East Bank or Montmartre but great fun and definitely true to the Bohemian lifestyle.

Ellensburg is a small town. I had created a watering hole for the mentally and physically thirsty—a traditional literary bookstore with new age overtones—a place for poetry, music, art, politics, books, coffee, tea, and food to nourish the soul of the community. Again, Ellensburg is a small town, and as I had a history of wild romance—at one point having two ex-wives and two different lovers living on the same street, within a short distance of one another—a small town, indeed—I found that, after twenty years of being the sole-proprietor of this fantastic bookstore and coffeehouse, the time to move on had arrived.

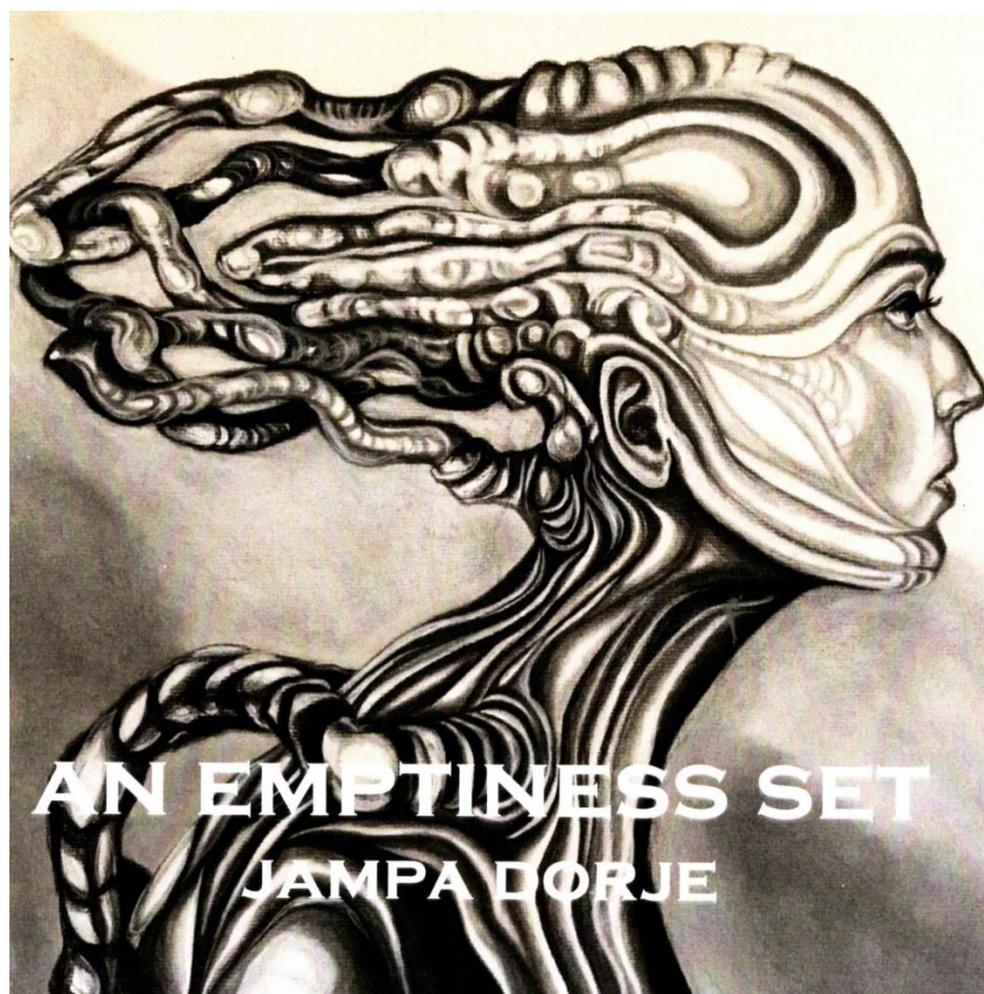
I dug into my occult knapsack and, once again, reinvented myself. Why not become a reincarnated Tibetan lama? The Englishman, T. Lapsang Rampa, had done it. So, why not me? If a Berkeley Beatnik could become an Ellensburg cowboy, why not a Tibetan Buddhist lama? I saw a sign, a literal sign, in my shop window, inviting me to attend a meeting with a Tibetan lama at a Presbyterian church, in Seattle. I remembered a couple of Sufi pith instructions—“God is the curse, and God is the cure.” Also, “When the student is ready, the teacher will appear.”

While listening to Sogyal Rinpoche transmit the Dzogchen view, I had the experience of being one with the guru. Without further hesitation, I quit drinking, sold the Four Winds to my son, pointed my pony toward the East, and began following a path that led me nearer to Luminous Peak.









AN EMPTINESS SET
JAMPA DORJE



AN EMPTINESS SET

JAMPA DORJE

KAPALA PRESS 2019 ELLENSBURG

Cover drawing by Hannah Gunderson.
Title page drawing by the author.

List of “emptinesses” from Lama Anagarika Govinda’s
Creative Meditation and Multi-Dimensional Consciousness,
A Quest Book, Wheaton, Il., 1976, page 37.



emptiness of
inner things,
emptiness of
outer things,
emptiness of
inner and outer

things,
emptiness of
emptiness,

great emptiness,
emptiness of
created things,

emptiness of
uncreated
things,
ultimate
emptiness,

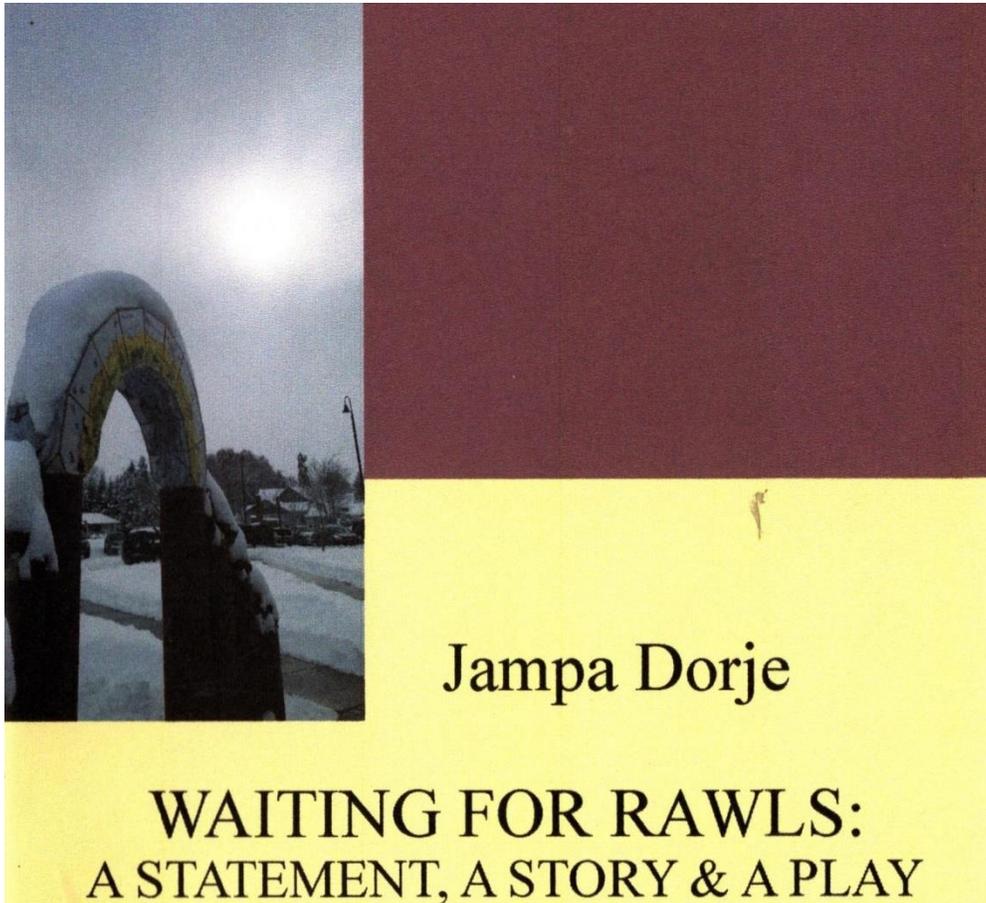
emptiness of

ultimate truth,
emptiness of
limitlessness,
emptiness of
dispersion,
emptiness of
selfhood,

emptiness of
self-nature,
emptiness of
the nonbeing
of self-nature
broken
only by my

lament in the
vibrant
crepuscular
haze, as I
wither
on the stalk of
this sunyata

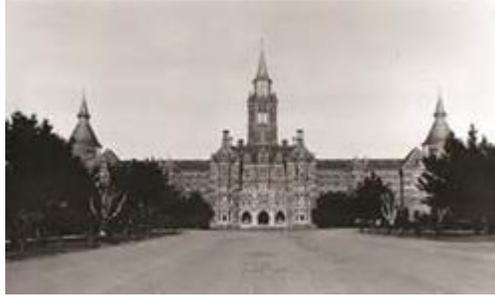
sutra



Jampa Dorje

WAITING FOR RAWLS:
A STATEMENT, A STORY & A PLAY

WAITING FOR
RAWLS:
A STATEMENT
A STORY & A PLAY



Jampa Dorje

Kapala Press ◼ 2019 ◼ Ellensburg

This is a version of *Jampa's Adventures in Mental Institutions* by Bouvard Pécuchet, D Press, Ellensburg, 2016, adapted for Dr. Michael Goerger's *Philosophy 348: Social and Political Philosophy* at C.W.U, Ellensburg, Winter, 2019.

Cover photo and watercolors by the author.
Title page photo: Napa State Hospital, 1875.



When I arrived at Herrick Hospital, in Berkeley, after my bust for indecent exposure and possession of marijuana, while tripping on Peyote, I was spewing verbiage from the deepest recesses of my subconscious mind. You might have thought I was quoting from James Joyce's *Finnegan's Wake* or enacting the part of Lucky in Samuel Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*, perhaps both at the same time.

riverrun past Eve and Adam's brings us to the stones of Connemara by a circulation of Commodus vicus to the works of Fartum and Belcher past Howth Castle the stones know the secret...

After listening to me for a few minutes, the admitting psychiatrist leaped from his chair and left the room, returning with a colleague to listen to my rant. After the interview, I was allowed to enter the dayroom, where I met my fellow inmates. There was a hierarchy among those who weren't catatonic. The matriarch was Mrs. Melick, the Queen of Hearts.

Mrs. Melick confided to me that between the digits of her feet there was toe jam, and in her belly button there was rot, and in her nose was snot, and although it might seem gross, like it or not, if you took a close look, there were bugs with homes and families, who on Sunday went to church, if not eaten by birds on their perch, and in their shit lived microbes, happy as could be, a pure world, dazzling and bright, and what you miss of beauty is what you don't like.

There was a Seventh-Day Adventist Japanese woman whose husband had locked her in a closet because she believed she was the Virgin Mary. She said that at the time of the Immaculate Conception, her womb had "burned with the heat of a thousand suns."

I painted a small canvas in the arts and crafts room, blotches of color, in the style of Hans Hoffman. Raw pigment pleased me, the magenta flowing into the cobalt blue. No meaning except painted color and emotional expression. After ten days of observation at Herrick Hospital, I was transferred to Napa State Hospital and assigned to the D Ward.

My new companions included Bob, a Seventh Day Adventist, who thought he was Jesus Christ, Smitty, who had been transferred from San Quentin because he was stir crazy, and Mike, who had tried to shoot his family and commit suicide, failing on all counts. It was Tom, who had attempted to commit suicide by cutting his wrists, who loaned me a blood-stained copy of *Dawn Visions* by Daniel Moore. It was in *Dawn Visions* where I encountered the Great Bodhisattva, Avalokiteshvara.



Lorraine came to D Ward with other female patients for a Saturday Night Dance. The dance idea may have been an experiment. It only happened once during my three months on the ward. Lorraine sat next to me. She had a presence of forceful energy. She told me that she and her boyfriend had tried to rob a bank and, when it had gone wrong, she had climbed up on the counter and pissed on the teller who had set off the alarm. Lorraine and I were sitting at an oblique angle to the glassed-in nurses' station, facing one another with our knees interlocked, and she seemed ready to mount me

yabyum style, when an orderly interrupted us and suggested we dance. I have a weakness for bank robber women. Might be a Bonny and Clyde Complex.

This was 1964, and because the widespread use of psychedelic drugs was a new phenomenon, the doctors were interested in the pathology of "bad trips," and I met with a room full of shrinks at my first interview.

I was calmer, after being repeatedly dosed with Stelzine, an anti-psychotic, and I was coherent, if less imaginative, in my descriptions of my state of mind. I related my feeling that there was irony to my being interviewed in the same room where I had once been a guest, during a visit with my high school American Problems class. Now, sitting on the opposite side of the table, I was experiencing what it was like to be a "problem." I must have made a good impression, as I was not given shock therapy. Instead, I was allowed to chill because I had "expanded my consciousness and needed space to re-enter the atmosphere." After ninety days, I was released and transferred back to Alameda County Jail to await the formal return of my sanity from the State of California.

When I reached the bottom of the steps of the courthouse, I kissed the pavement. My dad may have thought I was crazy, but I think he understood. Having to go through security checks and peer through a porthole to talk to his son in the tank, as well as appearing in court, was humiliating for him, and he was glad it was over.

For me, it was as if I had been holding my breath under water for several months. Freedom felt good, but the transition was not easy. For one thing, the silence in the neighborhood around the Santa Rosa Country Club was unnerving, because I had become accustomed to the clanging of steel doors, the rattle of chains, and the moans and groans of my fellow prisoners and inmates. The squawk of Stellar Jays and the whap of tennis racquets was not the same racket. I wrote a poem:

POEM ON MY RETURN

I'm back
among the living
back from where angels & devils dwell

I'm back
and see the meager come, the greater go
day follow day as usual

I'm back
and will live lustily
among the oak trees

If I had remained in Santa Rosa among the oak trees, it might have made a difference in how things came to be, but I found the place stifling and moved back to Berkeley, which for me was like an open wound.

I rented a room above Cal Textbook Exchange, on Bancroft Avenue. This was the bookstore where I had been arrested for shoplifting a dense tome on macroeconomic theory. I thought, at the time, that I was following the Marxist principle of redistributing capitalist wealth, but I was soon to learn that it was an ordinary case of petty theft. I was not in a true state of desperation. I was not Jean Valjean, in *Les Miserables*. I was merely taking a shortcut. I could have begged forgiveness or have fled before I was taken into custody. I had been reading *Crime and Punishment*, and I needed penitence and purification. Like Raskolnikov, I had created a karmic debt. I thought I should suffer.

Again, in despair—and being at a loss as to what to do with myself—I committed myself to Mendocino State Mental Hospital, near Talmage, in northern California, a facility for those requiring drug and/or alcohol rehabilitation. I found the mountain air more to my liking than the sweltering heat of Napa Valley. I was sternly instructed, “Don’t try and get comfortable. We don’t want you here.” Dr. Wurtzel was old school, Viennese. She had my maroon thesis binder, the one that Lu Garcia had given me to keep my poems together. She said that my dad had lent it to her because he thought it was a big part of why I was crazy. It contained an early draft of this poem:

FLOWER POEM

Gladness linked to
Madness to amuse you
Characters move—

Rhythms, waves of color

Flowers.

They whisper to me.
I am a privileged guest.

They let me do as I please.
They do as they please.

In the core of the bud
Is fire,
The bone of desire.

Dr. Wurtzel said, “As long as you are not following orders from these flowers, it seems harmless enough.” I didn’t know how to take that comment. I decided I should make my poems more dangerous, like this one from *Another Artaud*:

SOUL OF THE ANTI-POET

Spring into movement, like 111 or 666—
It’s all in the wrist.
Take your hat off, and stand alone
Wipe that smirk off your chops.

It’s ok to fart, it’s healthy.
Make it loud.
Salute the sun.
The mucus of life is before you.

Eat up!

I feel, at times, that I am a “walk-in” for Antonin Artaud (1896-1948), the French poet and playwright, who was committed to mental hospitals, in Paris and Rodez, and who had been one of the first modern Europeans to take peyote.

I produced a book entitled *Another Artaud* (D Press, Sebastopol, 2000) that is a facsimile of the City Lights book, *Artaud Anthology*. Belle Randall called it (and others in the same genre that I have produced) one of my “forgeries.” (See Belle’s essay, “Having Tea with Blake: Self-Publication and the Art of Richard Denner,” online at Big Bridge.) She does not mean “forgery” in a derogatory way; she is complimenting me on my inventiveness.

John Bennett in his “Afterword” writes:

“Taking *Another Artaud* in hand, the well-informed fringe reader will be struck

by its mirror-like similarity to another Artaud, the *City Lights Artaud Anthology* published in the early Sixties and superbly edited by Jack Hirschman. If one leafs through the pages of *Another Artaud*, the visual and structural similarities hold, and if one goes no further, a conclusion might be reached that a rather clever thing has been done. But if one delves into the writing itself, distinctions blur, and one Artaud bleeds into the other. Antonin Artaud, Rychard Artaud—will the real Artaud please stand? Two men who straddle three centuries and who have battled hard to ward off mental extinction; two men touched by madness exacerbated by drugs and alcohol; two poets, two thinkers, two philosophers who suffered incarceration in penal and mental institutions—at this juncture the comparisons end and the fusion begins to take place. Antonin Artaud died in unresolved torment, and after reading *Another Artaud*, one is left with the disquieting sense that Rychard Artaud may very well be the reincarnation of Antonin Artaud and that he has—after much purging—spiritually elevated Artaud’s struggle and transcended the darkness.”

I had more freedom at the Mendocino asylum than I did at Napa. After working a couple of days in the laundry room operating a steam press, I was transferred to the Admissions Office. In the laundry, some of the patients were handcuffed to their irons, so that they would not wander. It was a hell realm with hissing machines and plumes of steam. One woman sat on a bench and with ornate gestures swatted at invisible flies. At least to me, they were invisible.

It was a better fit for me as an “administrative assistant” in the Admissions Office, where I welcomed new arrivals. When Lu Garcia and Marianne Baskin came to visit, I was at work and acted, much to Lu’s chagrin and Marianne’s amusement, as though my friends were to be processed for admittance.

I had a roommate, a young man named Bill, who had cut the fabric and sewn an entire bespoke suit for himself. It was a sad affair. It made me want to cry, yet Bill was proud of his work and wore it with such aplomb that I always complimented him on his dapper appearance. It made me realize that my own work, my poetry, might be just as ill-fitting and homespun in its own way.

Did I have a girlfriend at Mendocino? Yes, I did, a girl named Rose. At Mendocino, there were scheduled dances. We held hands. We snuck kisses. This is as far as it went. After I left the hospital, I drove back up to Talmage and went to the hospital to see Rose. She was standing alone by a cyclone fence, as though she knew I was coming. I asked her if she wanted to get together, after she was released. She smiled and said, “A black girl from Richmond and a rich, white boy, not likely. Too crazy!”

I took a job at a company called Idea Research and Development Corporation. A fancy title, but my main task as the warehouse foreman was to mail out boxes of TV Bingo

cards to TV stations for at-home players. I saved my money,—enough to go Alaska and develop healthy, outdoor lungs. Too Crazy!

Upon my return to Berkeley, after my adventures in Alaska, I was sitting with my girlfriend, Cheri, and my mom in a café. As I doused my cigarette in a cup of coffee to put it out, I told them I was feeling unstable. In fact, my hands were shaking, and there was a nervous twitch near one of my eyes. They took me to Herrick, where I self-committed myself and spent a couple of days, before I was released as an out-patient,— out during the day and sleeping on the ward at night.

Cheri cooked me huge meals and baked pies for dessert, trying to put weight on me. My main diet was espresso coffee and Gauloise cigarettes. We were living on Ward Street, which was an appropriate name. I was on meds, and helped by Cheri's home cooking, I began to regain my composure. I repainted the whole apartment, except for one wall in the back bedroom. On the wall, Walter Duesenberry painted a mural.



Cheri helped me paint the bathroom. We painted the lower half of the walls a dark blue; the trim board that ran around the middle of the room, we painted red; and the upper half of the walls and the ceiling, white. The outside of the claw-foot bathtub we spray-painted gold, and we hung a large American flag upside down in the window. American society was in distress, and so was I.

Cheri became pregnant, and my stable condition reversed itself. I had been giving my meds to my guitarist friend, Robbi Bashō, who said it helped him with his music. I was glad about that, but I was now afraid to go outside our apartment. When Mike Lovewell, who had helped me stage a production of Beckett's *Waiting for Godot* at Cal Poly, came to visit, I couldn't get out of bed to say hello. Cheri became concerned. Usually, when the going got edgy, Cheri's solution was to take more Acid, but this time she called my psychologist, who came to the apartment and diagnosed me as "schizophrenic-non-decisive," which in today's parlance might be "bi-polar" but could have simply meant that she was unable to tell which direction I was headed.

The psychologist helped me apply for Aid-to-the-Totally-Disabled. Once I showed signs of recovery on this path, she came to Berkeley to interview me at the Med, a café on Telegraph Avenue, saying it gave her an excuse to get out of her office. It is amazing how the prospect of an income, a sort of grant from the State of California to maintain my Bohemian lifestyle, improved my outlook on the world. However, there were strings attached,—visits to a psychiatrist, medications, and occasional reviews of my condition. It was not going to be easy to play the ATD game.

It was 1967, the Summer of Love. Cheri and I went to San Francisco to the “Gathering of the Tribes for a Human Be-in” in Golden Gate Park. It was overcast, but it wasn’t raining. We wandered through the crowd; I’ve heard that 10,000 people showed up. There was a bandstand, and Allen Ginsberg was up there, along with the fuck-with-love-poet, Leonore Kandel, and Gary Snyder, Ram Dass and Timothy Leary. Some bands played: Quicksilver, Jefferson Airplane, Big Brother. We weren’t sure what it was supposed to mean or what we were supposed to do. The event brought together different branches of the emerging counter-culture. I had some poems with me and read to a small circle of Hippies. We stepped over supine bodies in colorful clothes, and at some point, someone came floating down in a parachute to much applause. I took swigs out of a jug of wine that had been handed to me by a Hells Angel, and I was beginning to feel very high.”

When a three-month, retroactive ATD check arrived (near three grand in today’s dollars), Cheri, pregnant with Theo, and I drove our VW camper to Reno, got married by a Justice of the Peace, camped at Lake Tahoe, visited Cheri’s family in Seattle, drove to British Columbia, boarded a ferry headed to Ketchikan, and kissed the craziness goodbye.

A postscript: Mendocino State Mental Hospital is now The City of Ten Thousand Buddhas, a Zen Retreat Center. I was just a little ahead of my time. Yes,—a mental hospital that became a pure land and a mental patient who now sees all appearances and events as the enlightened activities of the buddhas.



From my journal, 2/25/2019.

We are treating John Rawls’ *Justice as Fairness: A Restatement* (The Belknap Press, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 2003) like it was as a piñata. Dr. Goerger has us critiquing Rawls from different points of view, libertarian (Nozick), Marxist (Coen), feminist (Young), and disability theory (Nussbaum). Rawls theory of justice revolves around the adaptation of two fundamental principles of justice:

- (a) Each person has the same indefeasible claim to a fully adequate scheme of equal basic liberties, which scheme is compatible with the same scheme of liberties for all; and (b) Social and economic inequalities are to satisfy two conditions: first, they are to be

attached to offices and position open to all under conditions of fair equality of opportunity; and second, they are to be to the greatest benefit of the least-advantaged members of society (the difference principle) (JF 42).

Rawls is trying to arrive at a fair system of cooperation among free and equal citizens who don't always share the same moral values. The question arises: "Can the difference principle resolve all the demands of the citizens in the body politic of a liberal democratic society?"

In *Anarchy, State, and Utopia* (Basic Books, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, 2013), Robert Nozick argues against a welfare state, and claims that the only purpose of a government is to protect us from the threat of force and theft. Nozick emphasizes the need for liberty over equality and claims liberty is going to lead some people to accumulate more wealth (ASU 163). Any interference, such as taxation, violates their rights. Entitlements are viewed as the "tyranny of the majority" (ASU 168). It's just not a just world.

Rawls attempts to correct for irregularities in our natural talents and abilities with his difference principle by having the state take steps to guarantee equal opportunity, to level the playing field, and by offering incentives. In this sense, inequalities are ok, if they benefit the least advantaged citizens (JF 52-53).

G.A. Coen, in *Rescuing Justice and Equality* (Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 2008), claims that the debate isn't about policy but about the effects of policy. It's his view that fair agreements cannot contain a coercive element and that distributive justice should not tolerate deep inequality. He suggests there be an "interpersonal test" for any kind of policy (RJE 42). Coen suggests a rich person should look a poor person (say, "Sandy") in the eye and explain why their gold bathroom fixtures are necessary expenditures, when she is without food and shelter. In this configuration, questions about justice change when we think about real people making decisions.

In her book, *Responsibility for Justice* (Oxford University Press, Oxford, England, 2011), Iris Marion Young points out that Rawls bases his theory on three assumptions: (1) social solutions and personal responsibility are mutually exclusive (pp. 16-19); (2) existing social structures are just (p. 20); and (3) policy makers need only worry about the responsibility of the deviant poor, since other members of society act responsibly (p. 25). These are merely observations made by Young, but by reversing the order, a deductive argument can be made: if people, other than the poor, act irresponsibly, then the background structures are not always just and would reveal that social solutions and personal responsibilities are intertwined,—interdependent, a Buddhist would say.

MY STAND: I believe we should try to embrace and accommodate the most exaggerated condition of malformation in life, because I know from sneaking behind the veil of ignorance to look at the vast array of human suffering, it behooves me to take care of the least among us, because there's a fair chance that there for the grace of God (and through interdependent causation) go I.

The narrative of my adventures in mental institutions can be read as how the social net can catch

a fallen angel and aid in restoring the angel to a state of grace. Or you can interpret it as youthful folly at the taxpayer's expense. Or, it's a story of the tolerance and liberality of the Great Society social programs. I did not vote for Lyndon Baines Johnson, nor was I paying attention to his domestic legislation. I hated his misguided foreign policy on Vietnam. There was a draft on, and I was potential cannon fodder.

So: a visit to the loony bin seemed more like a luxurious stay in a resort (with ping pong replacing golf) compared to dying for the insane idea of blood and soil. No excuse, really, I hijacked the system to free myself from the system, and I popped out of the Kafkaesque social network as proof that the background structure of society was not unjust to a white, upper middleclass kid, who had thrown himself bodily into the gears of the system.



WAITING FOR RAWLS: A ONE-SCENE PLAY

Two hobos standing by a tree on a deserted road.

JAMPA: If you wonder whether or not I am sane, I have papers to prove I am.

BOUVARD: Jampa, people who are sane, do not need papers to prove it.

COMMITMENT

It appearing to the Court on this day the above-named defendant appeared to answer a charge, a doubt arose as to the sanity of said defendant

The said Judge dismissed criminal proceedings in said action and certified the above-named for hearing and examination by said Court to determine the sanity of the said defendant; and the attorneys for defense and prosecution stipulated that the doctor's reports could be received in evidence

And the Court considered the evidence presented upon the issue of the present sanity of said defendant and found the said defendant to be insane

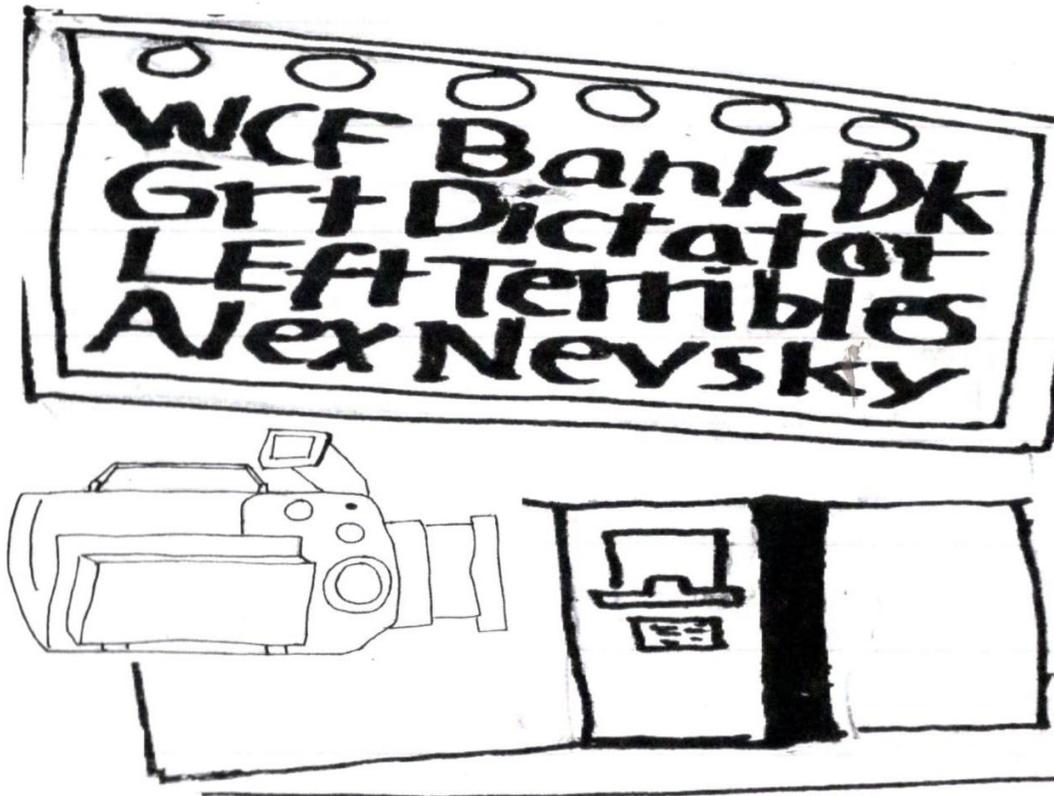
It is **THEREFORE ORDERED ADJUDGED**

AND DECREED that the said defendant be committed and confined as an insane person until such time as he shall become sane



JAMPA DORJE

MY LOVE OF MOVIES





JAMPA DORJE MY LOVE OF MOVIES

Kapala Press 2019 Ellensburg

“Sightseeing is the art of disappointment,” Stevenson noted. The definition applies to films and, with sad frequency, to that continuous and unavoidable exercise called life.

—Jorge Luis Borges, *On Dubbing*

I differ with Borges on this point, at least where movies are concerned. Asked what I will miss most about being alive after I’m gone, I’d put friends first and then, fountains and flags and fireworks—movement—and films. The actors acting on the big screen.

...Louise Brooks as Lulu, Greta Garbo as Queen Christiana of Sweden, Humphrey Bogart as Rick, The Duke always as himself, Mickey Rooney as Tom Sawyer, Debbie Reynolds as Tammy, Dean Stanton as the Repoman, Anthony Quinn as the strongman in *La Strada*, Sophia Loren as the mother in *Two Women*,

Elizabeth Taylor as Cleopatra, Katherine Hepburn as a missionary in *The African Queen*, Betty Davis over the top in *Of Human Bondage*, Orson Welles in *Citizen Kane*, a movie that Pauline Kael proclaimed a yardstick by which to measure all movies...*Sleepless in Seattle* and *Dune* and *Birth of a Nation* and the works of Tarkovsky, Kurasawa, Wim Wenders, Herzog, John Sayles and Darren Aronofsky, not forgetting Bruñuel, Renoir, and...Harold Lloyd hanging from a clock, Stan Laurel & Oliver Hardy pushing a piano up a long flight of stairs, Charlie Chaplin eating his shoe, Eric Van Stoheim as an imperturbable butler in *Sunset Boulevard*. How do I rate them?

Marianne Moore, whose taste was impeccable, said that one standard of judgment is whether or not you remembered something. I remember many movies that critics might say are best forgotten, *Ishtar*, for example, about two traveling showmen (played by Dustin Hoffman and Warren Beatty) with a “bad act” that they do a bad job of doing, but I enjoyed it for all that, box office flop or not. I saw *White Christmas* several times with my mother. I remembered it snowed and that Bing Crosby sang with who? Rosemary Clooney? The snowflakes seemed real, but the plot escapes me. A pageant in a rural Airbnb? The same with *Singing in the Rain*, although the story was about making the first talking films, but it was Gene Kelly’s exuberant dance in the rain (not really connected dramatically with the plot) that remains vivid. Other movies hang together and seem seamless. *The Wizard of Oz*, *The Seventh Seal*, *Casablanca*. Johnny Depp could not have been any deader in *Dead Man*, nor the old man in *Wild Strawberries*.

Movies are for me what sports are for others. They just like the game. They can spot talent in the bush leagues and in high school competitions. There may be more fumbles, but a surprise play can make the whole game worth watching. All-star performances are no guarantee of quality in sports events or in theatre. *Waiting for Gutmann*, a movie about an amateur drama group putting on a play and hoping to impress a critic who is supposed to be in the audience, is a case in point. Utterly charming work by amateur or semi-professional actors.

...the rabbit shoot in *Rules of the Game*, the snowball fight in *Blood of the Poet*, the cherry trees in Kurasawa’s *Dreams*, the strange object on the beach in Fellini’s *La Dolce Vita*, Bill Murray doing a whiskey ad in *Lost in Translation*, Clark Gable saying, “I don’t give a damn,” in *Gone with the Wind*, the Mexican bandit in *Treasure of the Sierra Madres* proclaiming, “We don’t need no stinkin’ badges”...

Some people only like contemporary films and have a hard time if the film is not shot in color. Others dislike American films made after the Hollywood studio era, in decline by the late 1950s. Independent film makers arose in the ‘60s. Paramount, Warner Bros., Metra-Goldwyn-Mayer, Loews, Fox, RKO, Universal, and Columbia were conglomerates. The demise of movie moguls, who had unchallenged authority, allowed new forms of movie-making to be born. The star system was over, and directors put their names first in the credits. And then a new breed of producers branded them: Bad Robot, Wild Bunch, Anchor Bay, Dreamworks; but the corporations are still players. New Line was acquired by Time Warner; Orion was acquired by M.G.M.; M.G.M. was acquired by Sony, and so on.

Peter Fonda’s *Easy Rider* set a trend. Shooting in natural light and on locations in everyday places, rather than using movie lots and sound stages, became popular. It helped keep the overhead low. Low budget films proved to be commercially feasible. A Greek production of Euripides’ *Electra*, starring Irene Papas, made for \$50,000, in 1962, broke box office records and was nominated for an Academy Award as Best Foreign Film.

Some directors start small, have success, get backers, become more Hollywoodish. John Walters, “the King of Sneeze,” made underground films in Baltimore with his friends. Very disturbing films, no subject taboo—family murder on Christmas Eve, the transvestite, Divine, eating dog shit off the street, an older

woman, known as the Egg Lady, living in a baby's crib in a house trailer with pink, plastic flamingos at the door, getting it on with the postman—and although Walter's later, higher budget films are still wonderful satire of American culture, their polished quality and the softer story lines that give wider audience appeal dilute the nittygrittyness of Walter's early work. But so what!

The Coen Brothers, Ethan & Joel, keep control of their product. Their debut film, *Blood Simple*, a neo-noir crime film, is a classic of its genre. Perhaps no better film like this can be made. Scary moments in that film. Economy of means, perfect harmony of plot, character development, photography, and direction—these are what one expects from a Coen Brothers film. They go on to create great roles for actors and actresses, delve deeper into the darker areas of the human psyche, find innovative ways of telling a story on film—without compromise, while winning Oscars.

Not that Oscars are given to the best films and the best actors. Scorsese waited a long time for an Oscar. Leonardo DiCaprio still waits for his. John Sayles, a true American treasure, may never win an Oscar for his masterpieces, but he will continue to make great films.

I grew up on Hollywood films, before T.V. My parents took my sister and I to the theaters in Oakland—The Paramount, The Fox Oakland, and The Roxie—big theaters with plush carpets, large restrooms with attendants, ushers in uniforms that showed you to your seat, theaters with lodges (more expensive and more padded seating in the back), theaters that occasionally had premiers with searchlights that threw their beams in crisscrossed patterns on the night sky. My dad was not as fond of the movies as my mom. I think much of the subject matter disturbed him. The censorship was not as strict as he would have liked, and the sentimental films my mother liked were not to his taste. So, I went to see *Oklahoma*, *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers*, *Love Is a Many Splendored Thing*, and such films with my mom.

I can't remember the name of the film, but I was sitting with my dad. It took place in a hospital, and a patient, dying of severe wounds from an accident, was complaining of a boil on her foot that was giving her pain. The patient expired, and I piped up, "She died of a boil," and I got a few laughs from the audience. I don't remember going to the theater with my dad again.

In the '50s, theaters usually showed two movies, a first-run film, sometimes in color, and a B-flick. The theaters were the property, or a franchise, of the movie company—the Paramount showed Paramount Pictures, and the Fox Oakland showed Fox Studio Pictures. I think the Roxie had RKO and Warner Bros., whose movies had edgier stories or were lower budget with lesser-known stars. The running times for films was usually 100 minutes or more, and before the main feature there would be a newsreel, previews of upcoming films, and a couple of cartoons. You got your money's worth.

The Saturday matinee. The movie theaters only cost a dime for children under twelve and adults, maybe a quarter. To put into perspective, a candy bar was a nickel and a bag of popcorn, a dime. There was a main feature plus cartoons and a serial or two. Bugs Bunny, Sourdough Sam, the Roadrunner. Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck and Goofy. (The Warner Bros. cartoonists were bent, whereas Disney's crew followed the wholesome dictates of Walt's esthetics.) An episode of the Durango Kid or Buck Rogers. Maybe a short Our Gang comedy. A Gene Autry or Roy Rogers western, then an Abbot and Costello or Marx Bros. comedy. You would be ankle deep in spilled popcorn and candy wrappers by the time it was over.

I saw *Bambi*, *Snow White & the Seven Dwarves*, *Dumbo*, *Fantasia*, and *Pinocchio* on the silver screen. The story of Pinocchio frightened me, an adopted child with a propensity of telling elaborate fibs. Being taken away on the stagecoach with the bad boys was much worse than being swallowed by a whale. In a sense,

I've never been sure I was a real boy. That movie hit a nerve.

...Jack Nicholson ordering a sandwich in *Five Easy Pieces* and trying not to step on cracks in *As Good As It Gets*, Tom Hanks with shell shock on the beach at Normandy in *Saving Private Ryan*, James Arness as the alien in *The Thing*—I saw *The Thing* in Iowa and convinced my cousin Birney, who had come to pick me up, to let me stay for a second showing—Kroenberg's version is his own, but I only viewed it once...the robot in Fritz Lang's *Metropolis*, the somnambulist in *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, Klaus Klinski's lips twitching at the sight of blood in Herzog's *Nosferatu*, Jimmy Cagney dancing in *Yankee Doodle Dandy*, Marisa Tomei going on about cars in *My Cousin Vinny*, Briget Bardo's talented backside in *And God Created Woman*...

My mom would drop me off in front of a theater and go shopping. If she was going to shop all day, after seeing one double feature, I'd go to a second theater and see another double feature. She knew where to find me. I always sat on the left side of the theater on the outside, five rows down from the rear. Alone, I could watch movies and actors that I liked...*Broken Arrow* with Burt Lancaster as Cochise, Kurt Douglas as Ulysses, Tony Curtis as Houdini, Hitchcock thrillers like *Rear Window* and *North by Northwest* and war films like *The Bridge over the River Kwai* and *From Here to Eternity*. I no longer sit in that location, but I still like to go to movies alone.

Of course, I go to the movies with friends, and I used to like taking a lady to the movies as a romantic thing to do—but I always felt more conscious of myself, and if it was early in the relationship, my mind would be more on her than on the movie. Is she enjoying it? Should I hold her hand? Should I reach for the popcorn in her lap? I wonder if she sees any resemblance to me and the film actor, Charles Denner, in Truffault's *The Man Who Loved Women*?

I met my girlfriend at the Liberty. Corinne was having difficulties with her thyroid, a medical condition that affected her moods and behavior.

TOO LITTLE TOO LATE
for Corinne

waiting at the Liberty
how long have I been waiting
how long should I wait

am I early
am I late

or am I?

We had taken seats and were waiting for the movie to begin, when something made her get up and move to the row behind us and take another seat. I got up and joined her. She got up, without saying a word, and left the theater. I was perplexed, but being aware of her medical condition, I decided to follow her. She seldom ventured out in public. When I spent evenings with her at her apartment, she was normal. We'd share a meal, cuddle on the couch, watch episodes of *Red Dwarf*, talk about books, make love, and be happy. She told me she was going to take a radioactive substance to adjust her thyroid gland but

hadn't done this yet.

When I got outside the Liberty, I didn't see Corinne on the street, so I got my car and started to look for her. I came up on her walking towards her apartment a couple of blocks into the residential district. I drove slowly along the street next to her on the sidewalk, trying to coax her into the car. We hadn't gone far like this, when a police car pulled up next to me, and an officer asked Corinne if I was bothering her. She said, "No, he's my father" and got in my car on the passenger side, as though I had just come along to pick her up. The police car drove away. Corinne moved across the seat to sit next close to me, and I drove her home, where we watched another episode of *Red Dwarf*.

...the plane crash in *Alive*, the rain of bullets in *Fires on the Plain*, the sniper on the cross in *The Longest Day*, the ship upending in Cameron's *Titanic*, the magic trunk in *Fanny and Alexander*, the horses breaking through the ice in *Alexander Nevsky*, the eyeball being sliced in *Le Chien Andalou*, the car chase in *The French Connection*...

In Berkeley, in the '60s, I was a regular customer of The Cinema Guild & Studio, two adjoining small theaters (much like you find in cinema-plexes, today, only funkier) that were owned by Ed Lambert and his wife, Pauline Kael. Pauline Kael wrote terse reviews of all the movies shown, which fit on a brochure that was a calendar-of-events. She later went on to fame as a movie critic for The New Yorker magazine. I found that I shared her taste in movies, avidly read her reviews, and enjoyed the films mentioned.

My friend, Ardy Davaran, managed the theater, and I sometimes helped him change the marquee. It was a puzzling sort of job, in the sense that you had to figure out how to design wording for at least four films needing to be advertised in a very small space. I did not know Pauline Kael personally, but I consider her my mentor in cinema, and I realize how seminal my experience at The Cinema Guild & Studio were to the development of my intellect. I think I have learned more through this media than any other. One's experience of the world is the primary teacher, but art not only reflects human events but also invents and challenges the construction of nature. Movies, in making the world seem unreal, inspire us to reflect on our reality. Does Art imitate Life or does Life imitate Art? Unlike life, movies can be rerun.

The Cinema Guild & Studio contained over 200 films in its archives, prints of Silent Era films and films of the '30s & '40s, both foreign and domestic. Going to the movies in an art house, I came to expect the breakage of the film, odd edits, and delays of one sort or another. I took this for granted.

The names of film directors now became of more importance to me than the actors. Ingmar Bergman, Akira Kurasawa Luis Buñuel, Jean Renoir, Sergei Eisenstein, Orson Wells, John Houston more often than not guaranteed a powerful work of cinematography. I began to look at camera work and detail in production, as much as the story and characters. An example of a film that I saw that amazed me then and continues to amaze me after several viewings is Carl Dryer's 1928 silent film, *The Passion of Joan of Arc*. It is a miracle of a film with a miraculous performance of a girl who performed miracles and, finally, was herself a miracle.

Dryer's film was lost or only existed in fragmentary form, until a complete version was found, after the Second World War, in a closet in a Swedish mental institution. The scope and grandeur of the revealed work became apparent. The script follows the events of the historical trial. The sets for the rooms where Joan is interrogated and imprisoned were designed by Herman Warm, the same set designer whose hand had created the expressionistic sets for *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*. A young Antonin Artaud has an important supporting role. Dryer chose René Jeanne Falconetti, a 36 year-old amateur stage actress, to play the 19 year-old Joan. He said he felt he could bring out something that he saw behind her facade:

her soul.

It is, hands down, the greatest performance on film. The camera hangs inches from her face—a young innocent visage without blemish, without makeup—for most of the scenes, while Joan’s tormentors cross-examine, revile her, spit on her. It is as though you are present during a saint’s apotheosis. Every human emotion, every nuance of those emotions are experienced and portrayed—joy and elation, fear and terror, amazement and awe, calm and beatific exultation. Each time I watch this movie, I feel a spiritual transfiguration take place, what Buddhists call “liberation upon seeing.” Modern audiences would probably find *The Passion of Joan of Arc* tedious. It is slow moving, almost static, in its dramatic presentation. We take for granted that cinema is about movement—car chases, gun fights, kick boxing, train wrecks—but film can also slow the pace and move us into calm emotional places, as well.

It is hard to let go of our fascination for shootouts with blood flying. Sam Peckinpaw pioneered the use of devices that make blood spurt out as though the actor has been hit in an artery. A bullet goes in, and there’s some seepage, but this is not as dramatic as a gush of blood. What works on the screen is our surprise that we are just bags of fluids; our sense of being contained and then we are leaking shocks us, gives us a thrill. Anything on the screen that moves IS the movie, holds us in rapture.

If I had been raised in Southern California, the movie capitol of the world, rather than Northern California, the poetry center of the world, I would have tried to break into film. I had the talent. I’m photogenic. I’ve had parts in amateur films as an actor, a script writer, and as a director’s assistant. In the mid-to-late ‘80s, I worked on video productions with artists in Ellensburg: Dan Herron, Kim Secunda, Jimmy Eisenberg, Sam Albright, and Sean O’Neil, who wrote, staged, cast, and directed their original works.

Wherever there is Public Television, a requirement is that the public must have access to equipment that allows them to produce programs. Along with Kim and Dan, I took classes at Central Washington University, where the cameras, editing bays, and studios were located, so that we could be community producers and have our videos shown on the local public television channel. This was before digital technology, and the cameras we used had ¾ inch video tape. They were large and cumbersome but they were what the professionals were using. A big step beyond “home movies.”

The center of our operation was Four Winds Bookstore and Café. We met and planned our shoots. Jimmy Eisenberg was our maestro. He created concepts for some of our first works, based on the puppets he made from latex. He is still at work in this field.

We were influenced by Hollywood “B” movies—and by Surrealism and Dada—and by artists such as Jean Cocteau and David Lynch and John Walters.

FILMOGRAPHY

BEULA: a puppet horror movie, written and performed by Jimmy Eisenberg, directed and shot by Dan Herron—a life-sized puppet, Beula, who by day is a TV cook personality, at night collects and resurrects roadkill. Among the various props and pieces of the *mis en scene* that I worked on, my favorite element was the mortar in the bricks of the wall that I painted blue.

FRANKENBABY: written by Jimmy Eisenberg, directed and shot by Dan Herron—a mad scientist keeps a human head alive and successfully attaches it to the body of a baby in a bizarre operation. Then, Baby goes bad and kills clowns. The scene where Igor, haven been given an order to bring back a “fresh, young body,” murders an infant (a life-like latex puppet in a stroller) with a rock did not pass the censors. Note that the actors are tripping on LSD.

THE SEA MONKEY SHOW: written by Jimmy and directed and shot by Dan—a scientist and his assistant, curators of a traveling exhibit of a large brine shrimp (Oscar, the star of the show, weighs 60 lbs.) demonstrate that the brine shrimp, the kind children send away for after seeing ads in comic books, have intelligence and talents that go unappreciated. A movie that appeals to animal rights activists. Contains a short Super-8 film shot in “the wilds” with Jimmy in a wet suit manipulating the puppet in a pond. A homage to Jane Goodall and Roger Fouts.

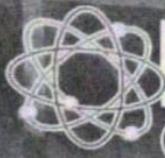
RED HANNERHAN: an hour-long video, which I scripted, based on a William Butler Yeats short story with the same title, directed and shot by Dan Herron, about a school teacher (Red, played by Bruce McNaughty) who fails to rendezvous with his sweetheart after encountering a wizened card shark (played by me) in a tavern, who produces a rabbit and a hound from a deck of cards, and follows the chase into a parallel world, or state of consciousness, where he is confronted by Knowledge (played by Carolyn Zick), Power (played by Kim Secunda), and Pleasure (played by Jimmy Eisenberg), who tempt Red, but he only has eyes for *The Most Beautiful Woman in the World* (played by Beryl Reeves). Because Red fails his tests, I (now costumed as *The Magus*) prevent him from claiming his heart’s desire, and he returns to this world to find a great deal of time has passed, his former sweetheart is no longer available, and he is no wiser.

FERTILICHROME is a moody low-budget indie sci-fi horror grungedelic cult film with steampunk overtones. This Stimco-Velvetone production, written and directed by P.S. O’Neill, takes place in the blazing, windswept Eastern Washington desert and was shot over a period of thirty days. Paying homage to sci-fi and film noir classics—1930’s Buck Rodgers films, *Dune* by David Lynch, and early *Mad Max*—it is the very definition of a retro-retro production, filmed in 3/4-inch U-matic video, in 1988, the action taking place in the dystopian future of 1976, and finally being released to audiences in Ellensburg, Washington, in 2019.

The setting is a world that has become a nuclear waste dump. The story revolves around Christian Cairo (Scott Renderer), his estranged wife, Sylvia (Rachael Parks Weatherford), and their daughter, Tanya (Rebecca Grace). While Sylvia and her boyfriend, Dale (Alda Shepherd), are traveling to The National Cheerleader Conference in Arid City 5, Cairo travels the backroads of the Power Landscape to monitor the nightly energy transmissions for Operation Power Suction. Dr. Stimson (played by renown sampling artist Steve Fisk), is a fame-obsessed genetic scientist with his eye set on a Nobel Prize. He controls three motley misfits (Van Conner, Mark Pickerel, and Mark Lanegan of the Screaming Trees rock band) who terrorize the local inhabitants, as they prepare their nefarious scheme to kidnap a vibrant, young cheerleader to carry out a deadly breeding experiment.

The drug, Fertilicrome 76-6-6, is a brew of molecules that purports to enhance fertility. Desert rat Jack Frontille (played by poet, Richard Denner) and his more than creepy nephew, Peter (played by director O’Neill), are the dastardly drug dealers. The misogynous nature of the enterprise is obvious, and the characters perpetuating this crime are not likable, although their performances are effective. Rebecca Grace shines in her role as Tanya, a stubbornly uncooperative victim.

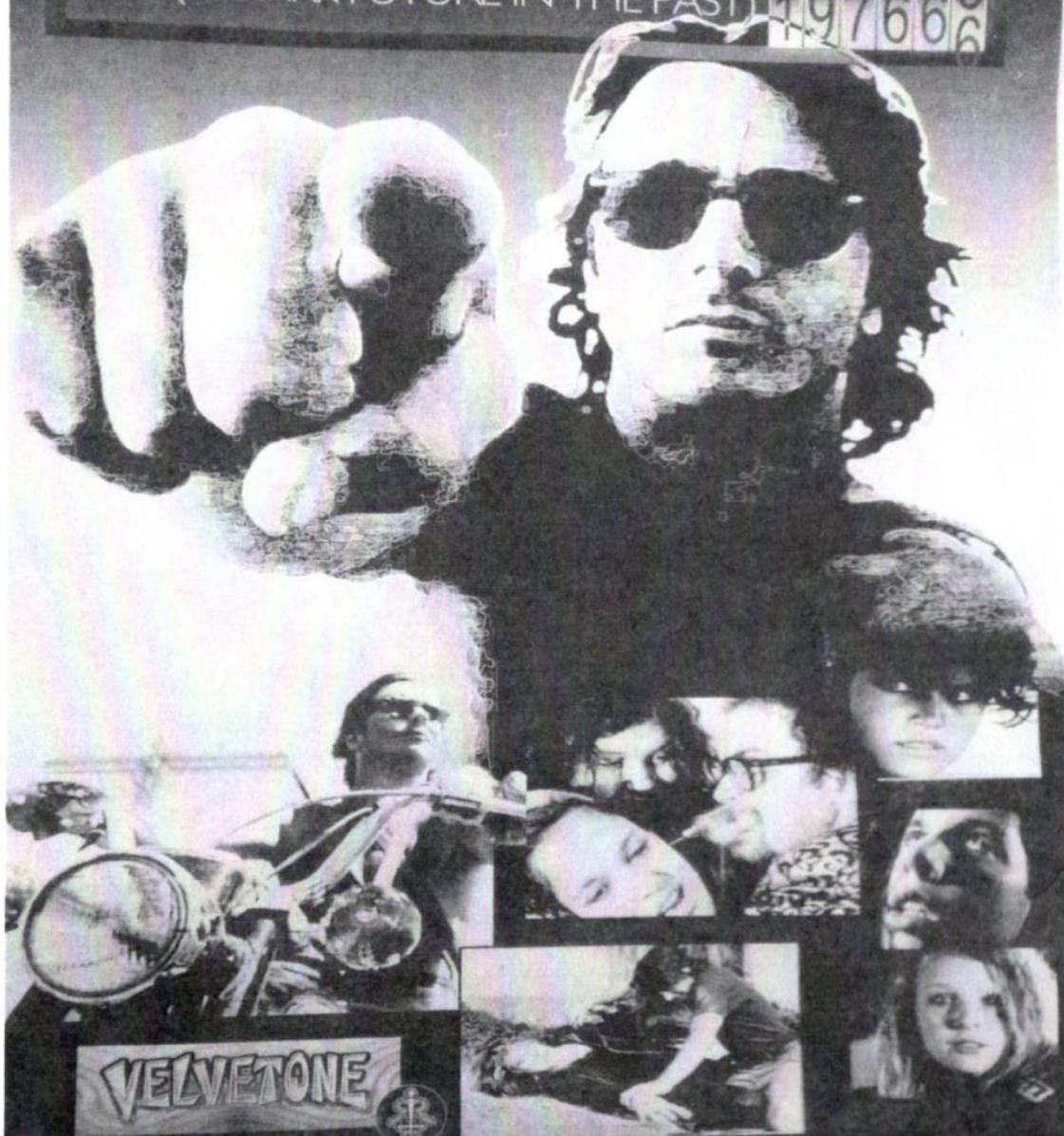
The production values of this film, which owe much to Sam Albright’s cinematography, are surprisingly creative; the performances are skillful; and the plot twists are entertaining. There are moments that are darkly humorous, moments that are heart-wrenchingly tragic, and moments that are outright funny. This minor masterpiece by P.S. O’Neill is fascinating and worthwhile, though not for youngsters.



FertiChrome

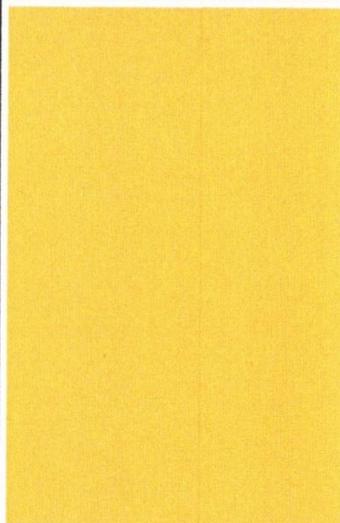
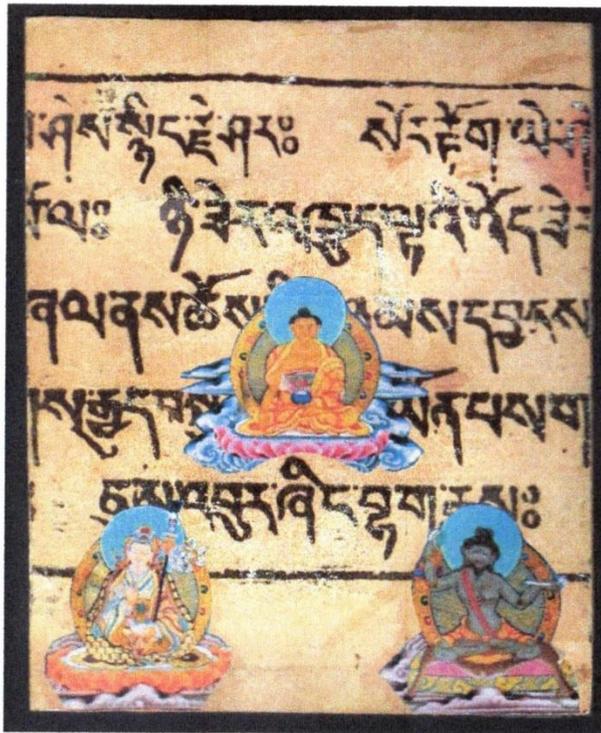
(A DARK FUTURE IN THE PAST)

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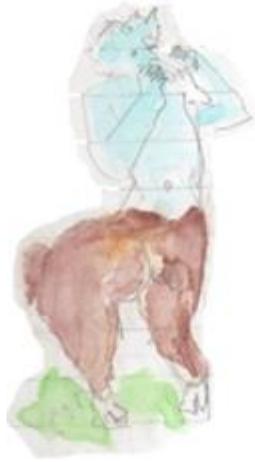


VELVETONE 

30 years in the making



**A DEVIL SITS UNDER THE ASS
OF THE GODDESS SOPHIA
AND OTHER STORIES BY
BOUVARD PÉCUCHET**



KAPALA PRESS 2016 ELLENSBURG

Book design by Oberon



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A DEVIL SITS UNDER THE ASS OF THE GODDESS SOPHIA

How strange it must have sounded, this quarreling about dematerialization, voluntary aging, goat gods, and immortality to a city that was primed for the Age of Reason, a populace that was beginning to put Descartes before des horse.

—Tom Robbins, *Jitterbug Perfume*

In Buddhism, the meaning of life, the point of existence, the goal of the self is understood to be the attainment of omniscient Buddhahood. Since Buddha nature is claimed to be inherent, it only needs to be uncovered. The means to this end are found in the 84,000 teachings and in practice. In Christianity, mystical experience is considered a gift from God, and methods intended to produce divine ecstasy, or union with the Godhead, are discouraged. The direct knowledge of God, when it occurs in Christian experience, is said to be something beyond the individual and the universe, a “Wholly Other,” while in Buddhist experience, self and other are found to be empty of essence and yet to manifest as luminous clarity.

Christianity has its roots in Judaism, and Jesus is believed to be the son of the creator god, *Yahweh* (“He who brings into being whatever comes into being”). The doctrine of salvation through Jesus Christ affirms that God is One God which exists as a Trinity: Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

Buddhism has its roots in Hinduism, and Gautama is the historical person considered to be the founder of the Buddhist faith. There are many buddhas, a term that means “enlightened one.” Just as in Christianity God is One Substance in Three Persons, buddhas have three bodies, the Tri-kaya, that consists of the *Dharmakaya* (emptiness), the *Sambhogakaya* (luminous clarity), and *Nirmanakaya* (energy that is the quality of phenomenal existence in the course of history). In Buddhism there is no creator god because nothing is actually born or finally ceases to be. In terms of the nature of mind, there is no Self, and in terms of reality, the essence of all phenomenon is empty.

In Vajrayana (Tantric) Buddhism, and especially in Dzog Chen, the formation of the trinity (or groups of three) is carried out further. The Three Real Jewels: the *Buddha* (the enlightened one), the *Dharma* (his teachings), and the *Sangha* (his followers) are equated with the Tri-kaya, that in turn are reflected in one’s personal Guru, one’s meditational deity (*Yidam*, or *Deva*), and the *Dakini* (a term with multiple meanings but, here, representing one’s activities). The Guru (Lama) confers blessings; the Yidam, accomplishments (*siddhis*); and the Dakini, activities. These are known as the Three Roots and are manifestations of the mandala of mind (thoughts as wisdom), of the mandala of speech (sounds as mantra), and the mandala of body (forms as deity), respectively.

In *Dzog Chen* (the Great Perfection, or Completion), the “highest” of the three inner yogas of Tantra, the pattern of threes is further distilled. As transmitted by Namkai Norbu Rinpoche (see *Crystal and the Way of Light*, Chapter 8), the interrelationships of the teaching are as follows: the primordial state contains (1) the Base, made up of (a) Essence, which is empty, (b) Nature, which manifests as thoughts and objects, and (c) Energy,

constituted of Mind, Voice, and Body; (2) the Path, which consists of (a) the View, or an understanding of the way things are, (b) the Means, or practices that work with Body, Voice, and Mind, and (c) Conduct, or how one integrates the View and practices into everyday life; finally, (3) the Fruit, or the realization of *rigpa*, the natural state of one's being from the beginning, what was with one when one was born and will continue at the time of death, which can be realized: Buddhahood. Since Buddhahood is the core of every individual, the Base, Path, and Fruit are inseparable.

The idea of one Substance with three Attributes in Christian doctrine was arrived at by scholars to solve theological difficulties about the nature of Unity. A schism arose in the early church with the addition, in the West, of "and the Son" to the Nicene Creed, where it says the Holy Spirit proceeds from the Father...and the Son, thus creating what was called a Double Procession, since God is the Source of All Being. (See *Dictionary of Religion and Philosophy*, Geddes MacGregor, Paragon House, 1991.)

A complex matter not completely resolved, but the solution, in my humble opinion, is to rearrange the order of the Personæ in a Buddha-body sequence. Jesus is the *Nirmaka*, the manifestation of God on the earthly plane of four dimensions; in the hereafter, fused with the Great Progenitor, as an object of worship, He exists as Yidam, on the Sambhogakaya level; and together, alpha & omega, Yahweh-Jesus issue from the Spirit, or the Dharmakaya. The Spirit of God is the unfabricated "nessness" of suchness, self-cognizing Buddha nature. It is not the Holy Spirit that "broods on the face of the waters" in *Genesis* (1.2) but the Creator, who is baffled by Samsara and by His role in the unfolding of worldly events.

In Christianity, the male principle of the Godhead represents the authority figure. For Protestants, the Virgin Mary, who is the main figure representing the Divine Feminine, is reduced to a cardboard cutout in a Christmas nativity scene. In Catholicism, she does not fare much better, acting as an intercessor to her Son in prayers of petition and supplication.

In Buddhism, the Mother of the Buddhas is *Prajnaparamitta*, the Supreme Mother and Goddess of Wisdom, associated with Sophia of the Gnostics and Athena of the Greeks. However, unlike Athena, she was not born from the head of a god. She is the Primordial Wisdom Dakini, and her teaching expounds the nature of the void, that "form is emptiness and emptiness, form"—a profound ontological teaching.

With its suppression of the feminine principle, it seems to me that the religion of Christianity is half-baked. Ideally, the tantric union of wisdom with skillful means would be in balance, the feminine with the masculine. Instead, society is skewed towards skillful means, and this has resulted in the dominance of rationalist philosophy, which, in turn, has enabled the development of the empirical sciences. Not a bad thing, but there is the problem of moral accountability.

Again, in Buddhism, the goal is known: to overcome suffering and attain, through meditation, the state of consciousness known as enlightenment. For one in tune to a materialistic-rationalist system of thought, the goals are hypothetical, and the world is analyzed and verified through experimentation to determine the truth. What follows is a short history of how we, in the West, arrived at this approach. (MacGregor, op.cit.)

René Descartes (1596-1650) investigated his thinking and found that traditional forms of knowledge were groundless. He systematically doubted everything as a method to ascertain the truth. His famous statement, in *The Discourse of Method*, "Cogito, ergo sum"—"I think, therefore I am"—was meant to be a clear idea from which he could prove the existence of God. He did not intend to posit the existence of a mental self and thus create a mind-body split in consciousness. Actually, from the antecedent, "I think," the most that can be

logically deduced is: “I think, there I think.” Anything more than that—“existing”—is a leap of imagination. As Padampa Sange (circa 12th c.) remarked, “If you do not destroy grasping by seeing appearances as the nature of consciousness, consciousness will not be realized to lack inherent existence.”

David Hume (1711-1776), in his *Philosophical Essays Concerning Human Understanding*, disputed the ontological argument of Descartes and argued instead that rational investigations of reality cannot yield truth and that causal connections between things are also unprovable because we only observe sequences of events and not initial causes nor final results. Nothing is as it seems. As it says in the *Longchen Ningthig Ngōndro* by Jigme Lingpa (1729-1798), “Like moons in water, sights deceive us.”

Immanuel Kant (1724-1804) pointed out, in his *Prolegomena to Any Future Metaphysics*, that until we understand how we know, we cannot answer any of the ultimate questions with certainty. This follows from Descartes’ method of philosophical inquiry and Hume’s skeptical epistemology.

Now, two centuries later, how do we fare? We have the certainty of global warming and the high probability of nuclear annihilation, while stupidity continues to progress in tandem with the enlightenment philosophical agenda. Will a neuroscientist finally discover how the vast network of the brain functions, so we can know how to know what is really real before a nuclear winter arrives or *Waterworld* becomes reality? In the meantime, in order to transcend suffering and accomplish enlightenment, to attain wisdom, this wandering sentient being will remain grateful for the experience of the union of bliss and emptiness.

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“I VOTED FOR IKE WHEN I WAS EIGHT”

The Incredible Bureau does not discriminate
Between polished shoes and Greek statues
And I didn’t always talk with a stutter
And I didn’t always live in the gutter.

—Jampa Dorje

Jampa would have been more like 10, going on 11, when he marched with a placard that read "I LIKE IKE" on the Sequoia Grade School playground. Dwight D. Eisenhower, the 34th president, was inaugurated in January, 1953, and served as Commander-in-Chief until 1961, at a time when Jampa was marching around Cal Berkeley's Campus protesting mandatory ROTC. By then, he was a Kennedy supporter, and Camelot was giving off a Hobbesian aroma.

Jampa was too young to vote for JFK in the 1960 election, and his man did not live to run for a second term. Jampa could not bring himself to vote for Lyndon Johnson, who he believed might have been a conspirator in the assassination plot, a belief he no longer holds. Jampa was living in a cabin in Alaska during the Chicago riots at the Democratic Convention, in 1968, but he was in sympathy with the protests against Herbert Humphrey because he felt this presidential hopeful would continue Johnson's war policy and was oblivious to the fact that the majority of voters were against the war in Vietnam. Instead:

After the Chicago protests, the demonstrators were confident that the majority of Americans would side with them over what had happened in Chicago, especially because of police behavior. They were shocked to learn that controversy over the war in Vietnam overshadowed their cause...It was often commented through the popular media that on that evening, America voted for Richard Nixon (*Wikipedia*).

Jampa admits that the actions of the younger generation of that time were rash, but their actions were not wrong. "That government is best which governs least," or as Thoreau amends Jefferson's statement, "That government is best which governs not at all." In his actions, Jampa is more of a left-libertarian than a bomb-throwing type of anarchist, and he remains dubious about the various forms of government humans have invented to maintain social harmony. Whether power is in the hands of the many, as in Athens, or in the hands of a few, as in Sparta, it seems to him that there is a cycle of liberalism followed by a cycle of conservatism. One group naturally checks the excesses of the other. This tug-of-war, this ebb and flow, is called, by Hegel, the dialectic of history. No one is happy with it. As Buddha reminds us, this is samsara, the cycle of existence. And it's not just any old samsara; this is the samsara of the Kali Yuga, a dark age. It is the way of government to overreach and dominate; this Jampa understands, and he acknowledges that acts of civil-disobedience are necessary, when the government's encroachment on human rights becomes excessive.

PRESIDENT BUCHAMAM SLEPT HERE

Expanding Our Dominions
With Might and Right
With Axe, Rifle, and Plow
With Computer and Nuclear Bomb
In the Course the Propagandists
Mark on the Soil and in the Sky
For the Stars of Empire
With the Policy of New Possessions
Beyond the Seas and the Atmosphere
According to the Logic of History
And the Duty of Destiny

All for Power, Sex, Money, Death

The rhetoric of this poem is from a 19th century tract. James Buchanan (1791-1868) was the fifteenth president of the United States, an expansionist period in the country's history. The Wild West had been corralled, and yet some of the flavor of taming the west lingered in Alaska, when Jampa lived in the woods.

WOODNOTES (1969)

Living in the woods is a fruitcake idea
Can others be influenced by seeing how
It's done—expanding circle—friends
Town, state, country, galaxy, cosmos
Returns me back to myself

Repression, exploitation—leaving
The city to avoid the establishment
And, in turn, I become the Man.
Good weather, one clear day in thirty
In this rain forest—ego hunting—lots
Of weird animals in the mind, the mind
Itself a crazy monkey

Somewhere, the governor of someplace
Makes money in real estate, and
Dr. Leary attends Altamont, says
It's a lesson to be learned, while
Theo and I float in our boat—far away
Neil Armstrong takes his giant step

On one of those rare, clear days at Deep Bay, a hunter in an outboard motorboat shot a sea otter in the cove in front of Jampa's cabin. Jampa considered this a rude thing for anyone to do. The man was within his legal rights, but Jampa took offence. He confronted the stranger with a handgun tucked in his belt. From the deck of the cabin, Jampa shouted, "How would you like it if I pulled up in front of your place in town and shot your dog in your front yard?" The man offered to share the meat, but Jampa declined the offer and went inside without further insult to be with his family.

In a phenomenological sense, the entire range of politics was imbedded in these events. From Jampa's state of being the monarch of all he perceived, "the King of the great Outdoors," to an oligarchical dispute, to his decision to withdraw, which had it come to a vote with his wife and child would have been confirmed to be the best course of action before the situation escalated to a state of conflict.

All the elements that precipitate conflict, since the days of pre-historic man to now, were present: territory, food, wealth (otter skin), machismo and saving face, protection of family, anger, greed, and paranoia. And there was blood. There's nothing like the sight of blood to stir up rage. Perhaps, what irked Jampa most was that the tranquility of the day was disrupted by a gunshot.

If human beings have any chance of surviving on this planet beyond a karmically determined condition of suffering due to negative emotions and wrong views, we need to evolve a mindstream that is less aggressive and inflexible and more compassionate and loving. Political solutions have their place, but what it will take is for every person to come to terms with their demons, their habitual tendencies, of overcoming their fear of “doing unto others as you would have them do unto you” and in finding happiness by helping others to be happy. It is a jungle out there—or worse, it is a civilization out there—and it is hard to survive the food chain, the chain gang, and the chain store.

And the drone war and the computer hack...

ON PRESIDENT OBAMA’S WINNING THE NOBEL PEACE PRIZE

[Jampa wrote these thoughts soon after hearing his gatekeeper, Maria, question the validity of the award being given to the president.]

The Nobel Peace Prize is not given on a whim. The process is long and involved. As I understand the process, there are delegates appointed by the Nobel Committee, experts in their fields (including past recipients of the prizes), who submit the names of candidates. Then, the committee correlates the names of the nominees into a master list on which they vote. Each member of the committee has a “short list,” and the name of the winner must be on all the members’ final short list. There is, of course, a symbolic or political message to the Nobel Peace Prize. Here, it says that the world prefers peace to war. It was also a vote by the world that it had confidence President Obama would change course on torture after the Bush Administration. But there must be the expectation of a real substantive endeavor having been rewarded.

Things must have cooled off significantly in international affairs since I went into solitary retreat, in January. At that time, there was a world financial crisis, and “W” and his neo-com buddies were pushing on with their war in Iraq, while ignoring many frightening events and taunting Syria, Iran, and North Korea as members of what they construed to be an “Axis of Evil.” In Africa, there was a continuing genocide in Sudan’s Darfur and unrest in the Congo; in Eastern Europe, the Bosnia-Croatia conflict was about to resume; the Russians were angry about our plans to build a missile defense system near their borders; the Pakistani president, about to be toppled, could leave a nuclear arsenal in the hands of Islamic fundamentalists; North Korea and Iran had every intention of continuing their uranium enrichment programs, adding to the nuclear threat; the Israeli-Palestinian crisis of terror and retaliatory strikes was at an intense pitch; and China continued to buy up the world. In such an environment of political and economic instability, a world war was not unthinkable. If any of these infernos have been quenched or contained, it would be worth ten fucking Nobel Peace Prizes and would go to prove the dude does walk on water.

I commented at the time that this did not sound like Jampa, that he was playing to the stands. It is unlike him to express pro-establishment sentiments. He distrusts institutions, giving credence to Blake’s idea that governments are “a pretense of Liberty to destroy Liberty,” believing that the only kind of democracy is the kind that promotes true liberty and equality. What Jampa is expressing in his note to his gatekeeper is sympathetic joy, and he is simply sharing in Obama’s triumph. I also sense wistfulness for the youthful expectations of the Kennedy Era.

Jampa has given his entire literary output a political slant. At his website, www.dpress.net, when you enter the area behind the stupa icon to reach his *Collected Books*, a line appears, as you touch the page with your

cursor: "You asked what I could do for my country, Jack."

Jampa is not a naïf (or is). He knows the Kennedy Administration was tragically flawed. Robert MacNamara, JFK's Secretary of State, has publically confessed that their Vietnam Policy was wrong. Politics is called the art of compromise, and it wreaks havoc on a person's integrity. The character of a politician (whatever that might mean) probably lies somewhere between the depiction of the senator, played by Jimmy Stewart, in *Mister Smith Goes to Washington* and the senator, played by Kevin Spacey, in *House of Cards*. At the very least, as Melville pointed out in *Moby Dick*, all politicians have had their assholes sewn shut.

In 1960, Jampa claimed he was a Marxist, and his parents were terrified. Then, his picture appeared in a newspaper showing him at a protest against the House Un-American Activities Committee. He was sent to a psychiatrist, who hypnotized him and told him to repeat, "I am not a Communist" over and over. Jampa did, but he kept his fingers crossed behind his back. I conclude with Jampa's retelling of these events; an earlier version was published in *Berkeley Daze*, online at *Big Bridge*.

BLACK FRIDAY (May 13, 1960)

[Michael Rossman, author of *The Wedding in the War*, pointed out some historical inaccuracies in my original telling of this story. He wrote—"Don Bratman says that the suicide did NOT happen while he was working there, but before that. As for your reference to Fred Moore, who was sitting-in alone on Sproul steps in '61 to protest compulsory ROTC, I can correct that from my own memory. Gosh, it's hard looking back that far without documentary sources, isn't it? Also, I believe you are referring to William J. Lederer, who co-authored *The Ugly American* with Eugene Burdick. Professor Lederer may well have been subpoenaed to appear before HUAC in their planned 1959 visit in San Francisco, as many people were, but that visit was cancelled; and it was not until May 1960 that HUAC actually did visit, to interrogate other dozens of subpoenas, and to face the protest you speak of, in which we were hosed down the steps."]

Political Science lectures at U.C. Berkeley, 1959. Professor Learner is showing us both sides to an ideological conflict, revealing positive and negative forces in two systems of economics and government, Marxism/Communism vs. Democracy/Capitalism. For this he is accused of corrupting youth and is subpoenaed by the House of un-American Activities Committee (HUAC).

Black Friday. I go to the county courthouse in San Francisco with my friend Dennis Wier. I've known him since grade school. We're on assignment for KPFA, the non-profit, listener-sponsored radio, and we are trying to record for posterity hundreds of agitators giving the seig heil salute to Congressman Willis, the chairman of HUAC. Later in the day, the demonstrators gain admittance to the courtroom, which has been packed with American Legionnaires and Daughters of the American Revolution. The city police, fearing they are losing control of the crowd, turn on the building's fire hoses and wash the protestors down the steps of the courthouse to the sidewalk.

The first edition of the "San Francisco Chronicle" reports: POLICE ATTACK STUDENTS, but the next edition quickly reverses this headline to read STUDENTS ATTACK POLICE. This is the first use of force by municipal authorities on the public since the San Francisco General Strike during the Great Depression. In the morning, my father sits down at the kitchen table and opens his Oakland Tribune and begins to choke.

He's sputtering. "What. . . what is this?" The newspaper is being wildly waved in my face, but it is clear to me

— my picture is on the front page. I had climbed up on the cement portico with a hand-held microphone, and someone from the Oakland Tribune took a profile shot of me with my hand held up against a backdrop of placards and protesters giving the seig heil salute. A protest movement is arising, and I can still feel the exhilaration. It is the formation of a hive, what is later to be called the Birth of the New Left. The buzzing of mindful bees.

My parents send me to a local psychoanalyst, who hypnotizes me and gets me to repeat after him, "I am not a Communist. I am not a Communist. I am not a Communist." I think of myself as the patient of the phrenologist in Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* having my cranium measured, a 19th century scientific method of determining psychological change in people sent into the jungle. I'm headed up the river. I have read some psychology and know a little about hypnosis. I fake my trances and give myself auto-hypnotic suggestions to counteract any effects of Dr. Gompertz's attempts at brainwashing. I gaze at the reproduction of a Gauguin painting of Tahitian maidens in the doctor's office. I lift my finger in response to the doctor's inquiries. "Yes, I hear you. No, I am not a Communist."

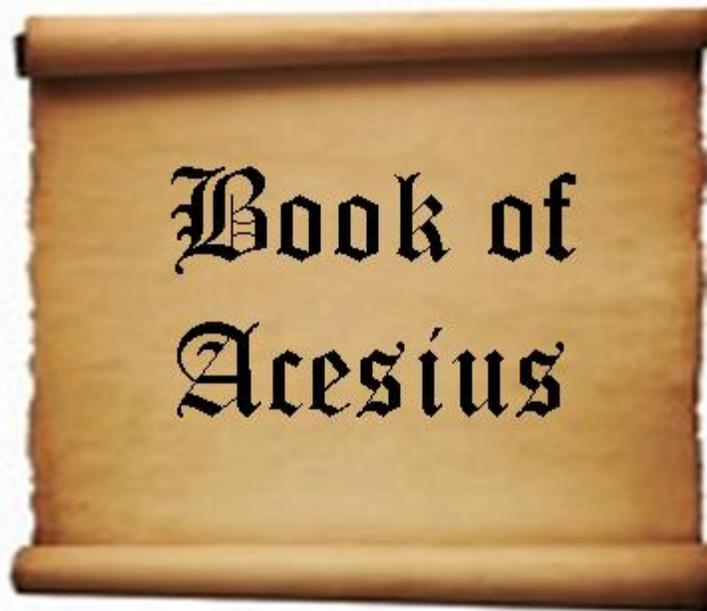
I'm moving upstream...leaving out the part about the suicide...up to a bend in the river where I write a diatribe. I'm on my way to the Dean's office with this scabrous piece of scatology in my fist when I'm waylaid on the steps of Sproul Hall by Don Bratman. Don is a poet, older and wiser, and he knows I am headed for trouble and steers me in a different direction.

Don tells me he thinks it would be better to revise the poem and correct some of the misspellings. We walk back across the plaza towards our dorm. We stop to look at a young man sitting just inside the campus boundary with a sign on his chest, indicating he is on a hunger strike until the U.S. withdraws its advisors from someplace called Vietnam. America sleeps. A war machine is slowly slouching its way towards Saigon to be born. I watch the son of an Air Force officer sit in his hunger strike for several days. Finally at the prompting of the university administrators, his father flies out from Washington D.C. and talks his son into having himself committed to a mental institution. This is the beginning of the Litany of the Dead.

BOOK OF ACESIUS



Jampa Dorje



This fiction is the product of Dr. Lily Vuong's
Religious Studies Class on Christianity
at Central Washington University, Ellensburg WA
in connection with
Dr. Michael Goerger's class on Greek and Roman Ethics
in which we read *The Republic* by Plato.

Thanks to bing.com images.

Photo of Bishop Acesius by Oberon



Salutations from the Synod of Libya to our most illustrious potentate, Emperor Flavius Valerius

Aurelius Constantinus Augustus, known as Constantine the Great. Praise be that his majesty is in good health and has called together this august body of representatives of our Holy Church from the far reaches of the empire to this convocation. Salutations, as well, to Bishop Hosius of Corduba, our Senior Council Officer, and to the right illustrious elected council officers.

Since the time of Our Savior, Jesus Christ, taught in Galilee, Our Holy Church has been confronted by obstacles, as it spread the Good News to distant lands. We true believers, as well, have undergone hardships, as we traveled from these distant lands to reach this most-favored City of Nicaea in the province of Bithynia, and we face further hardships in our mission unless we attain consensus on church doctrine in this assembly representing all of Christendom.

Let me introduce myself. I am Titus Flavius Acesius, Bishop of Libya. I was born in the first year of the reign of Emperor Diocletian [284 CE] in the port city of Leptis Magna, a part of the prosperous Africa Nova province, Tripolitania. The hills in the countryside of my homeland are covered with olive trees. The city has always depended upon the fertility of its crops, and olive oil is one of our chief exports. My father, Marcus Aurelius Acesius, was a successful merchant. He was absent much of the time, and my mother, Antonia, who was very religious and very devout, raised my older brother, Claudius, my younger sister, Julia, and myself.

My brother, a robust and rather aggressive young man, was destined to take over the family business. I might have followed this path; however, because of my frail health and my interest in books, my father decided I would have more success in the clergy. He had connections, and through his beneficence I acquired a teacher and learned to read and write. I proved to have excellent academic qualifications but was totally inexperienced with the practicalities of daily living.

Later, I traveled to Alexandria and studied in both the Catechetical School and the Museion, where I gained a great deal of reverence for the teachings of the Roman presbyter Novatus, sometimes called Novatian. Although I have been influenced by his penetrating and rigorous arguments concerning the substance of the Trinity, I have managed to stay out the political turmoil in which he was embroiled.

I studied classical Greek philosophy and literature, focusing mainly on Plato and the Stoics. I am also familiar with pre-Christian Jewish esotericism and Gnosticism. I read Latin, Hebrew, Greek, and Aramaic. I have written two treatises: *Trove de Trinitate ac Pretioso (A Precious Treasury of the Trinity)* and *Deriuationem Omnia Mentem (The Transmission of All-inclusive*

Mind). These works are unknown to you, because they have only circulated among a small audience. You are all learned men. At this point, I prefer not to impress you with my erudition. I would rather tell you a salient story to set a tone for the debates to follow.

In a distant diocese, there was a ghetto of Jews outside a castle inhabited by a clever bishop, who shall go unnamed. The parish wanted these Jews to disperse, but the bishop, being a fair man, said he would give them a chance to stay, if they produced their wisest man on a certain day to answer his newest riddles. It was agreed among the parishioners that this was a safe bet because the bishop was well known for his difficult riddles.

In the ghetto, the people were asking, “Who is our wisest man?” After much debate, it was decided that Izzie, the tailor, was the best choice, although his wife, Deborah, whose namesake can be found in *Judges 5:7*, was a strong second choice.

On the appointed day, Izzie arrived at the gate of the castle. He showed his pass and was escorted to the grand entry hall of the building. He was amazed by the embroidery on the massive tapestries hanging from the ceiling, as he climbed a marble staircase. He was ushered into a room and seated in an ornate chair at one end of a long table. The fate of his people was to be determined by his ingenuity in answering the bishop’s riddles.

The bishop, wearing his mitre and robes, entered the room with two priests. The priests stood at attention on either side of the bishop, once he was seated. After a pause, the bishop raised the forefinger of his right hand in the air. Izzie, moving his arm in a dramatic arch, pointed his finger at the table top. Then, the bishop pointed a finger directly at Izzie, and Izzie, in rapid response, pointed two fingers back at the bishop. The bishop smiled and, from a side pocket, presented an orange. In response, Izzie presented a piece of matzo.

After Izzie had departed, the priests beseeched the bishop to tell them the outcome of the debate, whether the Jew had satisfactorily answered the bishop’s riddles or not. The bishop was ecstatic. “I have never met a wiser man in my life. I said, ‘God is in heaven,’ and he said, ‘but some believe he has also been on earth.’ Then, I said, ‘There is only one God,’ and he said, ‘There are those who believe he has two other manifestations.’ I said, ‘Some believe the earth is round,’ and he said, ‘Others say it is flat.’ The Jews can stay where they are.”

Meanwhile, in the ghetto, Izzie was nearly crushed by the throng wanting to know their fate. “Do we have to leave, or can we stay?” they clamored. “That bishop,” said Izzie, “what a schmuck. He said, ‘Your people must leave.’ And I said, ‘We are going to stay right here.’ He

said, 'I'm going to poke out one of your eyes,' and I said, 'I'll poke out both of yours.' He took out an orange; I took out a piece of matzo; and we had lunch."

My fellow bishops, I pray that the Heavenly Spirit is upon us and that we may have God as our guide and the power of the Lord as our aid, to direct the course of our work in a satisfactory direction.

Note: I compiled some of the data from entries in *Wikipedia*: Constantine, Novatian, Acesius, First Council of Nicaea, Libya, Christianity in Libya, and Early Libyan Churches. Some phrases were taken from Eusebius's *Church History* and from a Masonic document, *Protocol of the Imperial Council and Imperial Court*, online. The joke, to which I added details, is an old one.

TOWARDS THE FORMATION OF A CREED

My fellow bishops, I pray that the Heavenly Spirit is upon us and that we may have God as our guide and the power of the Lord as our aid to direct the course of our work in a satisfactory direction.

This is the first ecumenical council of the Church. It is convened to create a uniform Christian doctrine, a creed. With the creation of a creed, we will have laid a foundation on which both local and regional synods will be able to create orthodox statements of belief. A momentous opportunity is present. The creed we produce will enable us to define the unity of beliefs for the whole of Christendom.

There is much to be resolved. Among the subjects to be debated are the following: castration among the clergy; ordination among the recently converted; women living with the clergy; women's roles in the church; ordination requirements in general; excommunication and how to appeal; the supervisory role of Alexandria, Rome, etc.; the status of Jerusalem's bishop; the readmission of the dualistic *cathari*; what to do with priests who were improperly examined before ordination; the removal of clergy who are discovered to have fallen; readmission of others that have fallen from the faith, such as those returning from the military; the communion for the dying; lapsed catechumens; what to do with transient members of the clergy and of those who receive transient clergy; the problem of usury; the conduct of deacons; the followers of Paul of

Samosta; and when we should kneel or stand while praying. Also, the date for Easter must be decided. [This list is from *Fourth Century Christianity*, Wisconsin University, “Canons of the Church,” <https://www.fourthcentury.com/nicaea-325-canons>.]

All the above subjects are of great importance. However, none of the subjects is as important as our need to resolve disagreements arising over the relationship of the Son to the Father? Is the Son *begotten* by the Father from his own being and, as such, has no beginning, or was He created out of nothing and has a beginning? Against Arius, I am with the Alexandrian faction.

It is my belief that our creed should commit the church to the following precepts [What follows is a paraphrase of the Nicæan Creed as it was adopted at the First Council in 325CE, https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Nicene_Creed]: *We must state, unequivocally, that we believe in one God, the Father Almighty, who was the creator of all things, in both the visible and the invisible worlds. We believe in Jesus Christ, who was the Son of God and the only one begotten by God. We, also, believe in the Holy Spirit, and both Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit are of the same essence as the Father, not made afterwards by God the Father, but of one substance with the Father and with the Father from the beginning. The Son of God, Jesus Christ, came down to earth and was incarnate as a man, suffered for our sins, died on the cross, and on the third day ascended into heaven. At the end of time, Jesus Christ will judge us, both the living and the dead. I also want to emphasize that those who say: “There was a time when he was not;” and “He was not before he was made;” and “He was made out of nothing,” or “He is of another substance” or “essence,” or “The Son of God is created,” or “changeable,” or “alterable” are to be condemned.*

Overview of One Substance stance based on scriptural authority

-

That the Father and the Son are of One substance. In *Matthew* 11:27, Jesus said:

All things have been handed over to me by my Father; and no one knows the Son except the Father, and no one knows the Father except the Son and anyone to whom the Son chooses to reveal him.

That Jesus is from the Holy Spirit can be found in *Matthew* 1:20. An angel tells Joseph:

...Joseph, son of David, do not be afraid to take Mary as your wife, for the child conceived in her is from the Holy Spirit.

Jesus, by inference, is God the Father, when Jesus rebukes the Devil after being offered all the kingdoms of the world in *Luke* 4:12. Jesus answered him:

It is said, "do not put the Lord your God to the test."

Throughout the Gospels, the Father, the son, and the Holy Spirit are of one substance. Jesus is with God; Jesus is God; Jesus is responsible for all things attributed to God. That the Word become flesh is revealed in *John* 1:14.

And the Word became flesh and lived among us, and we have seen his glory, the glory as of a father's only son, full of grace and truth.

In *John* 8:21, Jesus comes and goes from earth to heaven:

Again he said to them, "I am going away, and you will search for me, but you will die in your sin. Where I am going, you cannot come."

In *John* 10:22, Jesus is the Messiah, speaking to the Jews:

Jesus answered, "I have told you, and you do not believe. the works that I do in my Father's name testify to me; but you do not believe..."

All of this is summed up at the onset of *John* 1:1-3. John says:

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. He was in the beginning with God. All things came into being through him, and without him not one thing came into being.

. . . .

Phenomena that have tripartite being pose a language problem. How is one to describe a condition that operates with a three-value system of logic (both/and) utilizing a two-value system of logic (either/or)? A thing in a two-value system must either be or not be. It cannot both be and not be at the same time. This is true for objects that exist in time and space. This is not the case for an Absolute that exists outside of time and space. It is said that a thing is the sum of its parts. If you remove the legs from a chair, the chair is no longer a chair, but the idea of a chair remains. It is easy to see that things are impermanent, that the only permanent characteristic things have is that they change. In the realm of the Absolute, things do not change. In the world of change, according to Plato, we get glimpses of the eternal realm of Forms [see "Allegory of the Cave" at the beginning of Book VII of the *Republic*]. Goodness is what every soul pursues [*Rep.* 506a].

Just as we need light from the natural sun to give us power to see earthly objects, the Good, which is the substantive base of our human soul, being the cause as well as the result, contains an epistemological structure (good-truth-beauty) that informs our methodological path to experience the Good. Images are reflections of objects; objects are reflections of forms; and forms unlock the metaphysical principles that allow us to reach God. In *Genesis* 1:3-4, God said, “Let there be light” and there was light. God saw that the light was good, and God separated the light from the darkness. With the light of reason, we can discover our right relationship to God by seeking the good and forgoing evil.

. . .

There is a belief that God is 100% divine, that Jesus was born human and became divine upon His baptism. In *Matthew* 3:15, Jesus stated that he must be baptized to fulfill all righteousness.

Let it be so now for it is proper for us in this way to fulfill all righteousness.

If God and Jesus are, at this point, both 100% divine, and Jesus can redeem humans from sin, then humans are potentially of the same substance, a substance that can become divine, and humans simply don't know this. The possible transubstantiation of man is revealed by Jesus Christ in His baptism. As it says in *John* 4:15, Jesus is the means to this end:

God abides in those who confess that Jesus is the Son of God, and they abide in God.

. . .

It is said Jesus was not divine because he died on the cross. Although He later ascended into heaven, the question remains, why couldn't Jesus, if he was God, save himself. Humans must die to be reborn. If they abide in Jesus, they will be reborn and, on the Day of Judgement, ascend into heaven (or not). Jesus shows the way humans will discover their divinity. Why doubt the omnipotence of God?

Getting into heaven is a bigger problem. I agree with Novatus. If a person has forsaken their vows, they should not be readmitted to the congregation. I know this is a severe position, the position of a purist, and I have been admonished by Emperor Constantine (“Acesius,” he said, “take a ladder, and climb up to heaven alone.”) and I was humbled.

[https://biblehub.com/library/sozomen/the_ecclesiastical_history_of_sozomenus/chapter_xxii_

acesius_bishop_of_the.htm]. Still, I persist in my belief that those who have fallen from the faith during the times of persecution, or who have committed any mortal sin after baptism, should not be admitted to the church, even if they repent. In general, it sets a bad precedent.

Some will say that we can be saved at the last minute, if we confess our sins, and they source this idea to the story of the thief on the cross. Of the four Gospel writers, only Luke speaks of a thief being saved (*Luke 23: 42-43*). Mark and John don't mention any thieves. Matthew mentions two thieves but says that both taunted him (*Matt. 27:44*). Why believe Luke rather than the others? [I take this question from a speech by Vladimir in Act 1 of Samuel Beckett's play, *Waiting for Godot*.] We all want the chance to be saved from our sinful ways, especially in our last moments on earth. Redemption and salvation will not be easy for those of us who have lost their faith. The salvation of the thief on the cross is the exception because he was present with our Lord at the Crucifixion. Now are the End Times, and without God's intercession, there is not enough time to complete the necessary penance to be truly purified.

Argument for God, Jesus, and Holy Spirit being of one substance, like a blanket with three folds, rather than an egg with three parts:

I have argued in my book, *The Transmission of All-inclusive Mind*, the danger in resetting the order of procession as the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit to a more Gnostic view with the Holy Spirit being first in the order of emergence.

In the beginning when God created the heavens and the earth, the earth was a formless void and darkness covered the face of the deep, while the spirit of God swept over the face of the waters [Gen. 1:1-2].

Before the creation, there was a formless void, and out of this void, God created the earth. The Spirit (although some say that the word merely means "wind") appears at the time of the creation of the earth, but what existed before God? If the void existed before God, with God appearing out of this emptiness, God would not be eternal and would occupy the second part of the equation, with the Son taking third place. Emptiness (an abstract concept), followed by God (imaginable but human-like, since we are made in his image), and, lastly, the Son. In this scenario, God would be some form of arithmetical anomaly in space and time, an abstract first principle, producing Himself, like an accidental "vacuum" arising within the void, and the divinity of God,

the Son, and the Holy Spirit would be diminished to zilch. Any attempt to place a specific value scale on the divinity of the Trinity will limit omnipresence and omnipotence of their existence. Therefore, a simpler and more elegant solution [Acesius anticipates *Ockham's razor*] is to say that the Son is 100% divine and 100% human. Otherwise, we will be eternally debating this matter in hell.

. . .

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Concerning women being considered for the priest hood and the date for Easter:

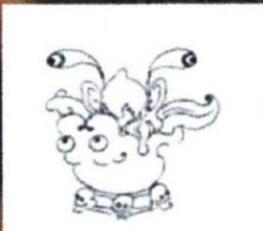
There is one belief that God created both man and woman in his image. If this were so, God would be hermaphroditic. And this won't do. Just look at women. They have none of the proportions of classical male beauty. Women are emotional and have no intellectual capability. They were made from Adam's rib, a part of man, and are deformed creatures. According to Aristotle (and who would doubt Aristotle?) they have fewer teeth than a man. They must remain in a subservient role in both civic and religious, service.

[A year later, upon hearing of the death of his mother and having a vision of her entering heaven, Acesius reversed his position, saying to his friend Alysia, "If women are good enough to enter heaven, they are certainly good enough to have a place in the clergy."]

. . .

As for Easter, let the date set be a floating feast day in the spring, as a symbol of the renewal of life.

COUNCIL OF NICAEA 325 CE



Kapala Press

**THE ARCHIVE
OF THE AGES SERIES**

COVERS

The Library is unlimited but periodic. If an eternal traveler would journey in any direction, he would find after untold centuries the same volumes are repeated in the same disorder—which, repeated, becomes order: the Order. My solitude is cheered by that elegant hope.

—JORGE LUIS BORGES, "The Library of Babel"



OUR SOUL
IS BOWED
DOWN TO
THE DUST

WRITINGS ON
RELIGION BY
JAMPA DORJE

Our Soul Is Bowed Down To Earth: Writings on Religion by Jampa Dorje (Archive of the Ages Series #1), Kapala Press, 2019, Ellensburg contains eight chapbooks previously archived in *The Collected Books of Richard Denner*:

God see Collected Books Vol. 15, page 34

Art as Meditation, Meditation as Art: see Collected Books Vol. 19, page 101

Initiations see Collected Books Vol. 15, page 112

A Devil Sits Under the Ass of Sophia and Other Stories see Collected Books Vol. 20, page 181

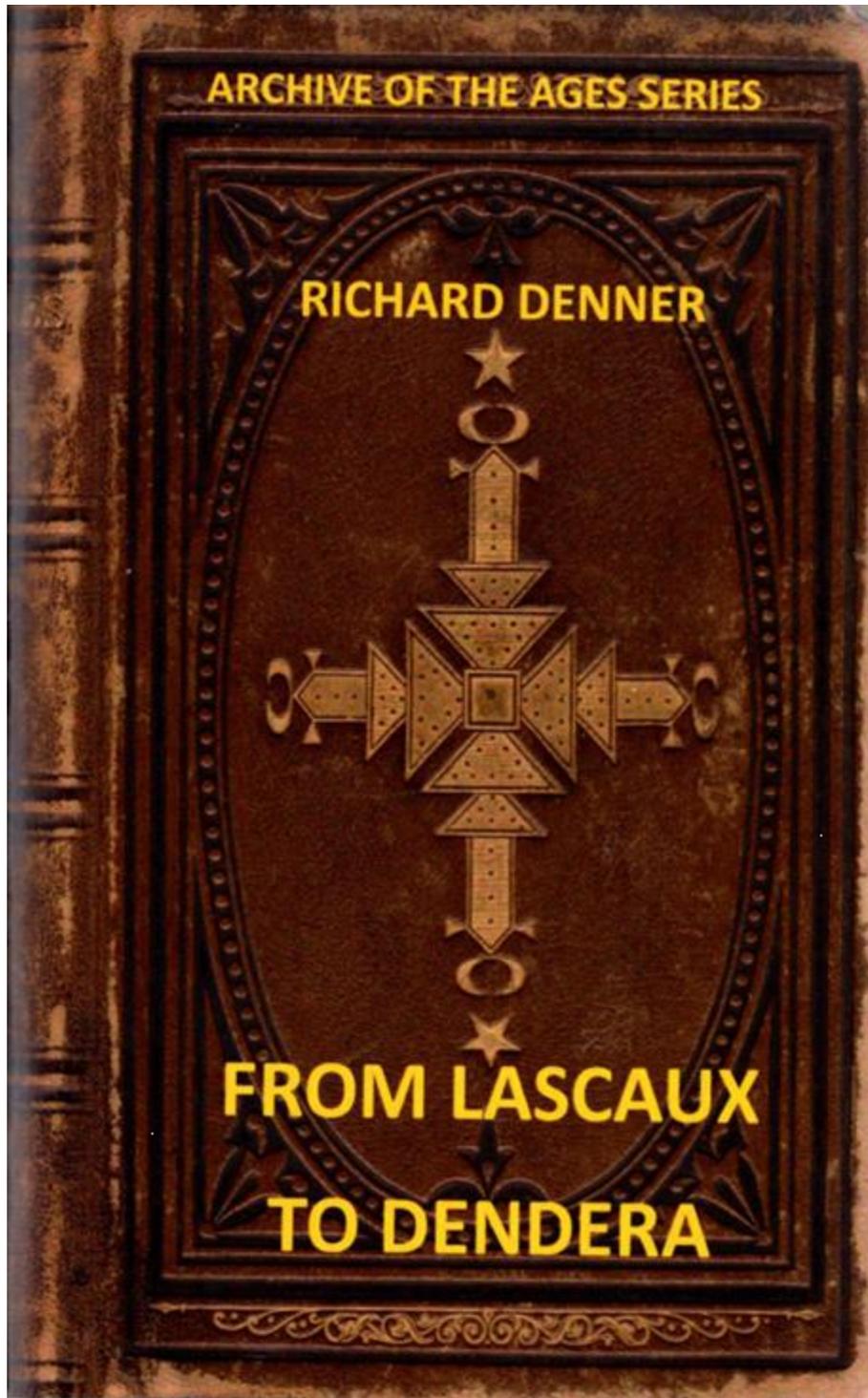
Reveries of a Eudaemonist see Collected Books Vol. 18, page 57 (Part 2 of *Ergo*)

An Emptiness Set see Collected Books Vol. 20, page 105

Make It New: A Response to Aronofsky's Noah see Collected Books Vol. 19, page 41

Book of Acesius see Collected Books Vol. 20, page 209

The Annotated Earthday Ode see Collected Books Vol. 19, page 19



From Lascaux to Dendera:

A Study in Archeoastronomy and Art

Richard Denner

Kapala Press

2019

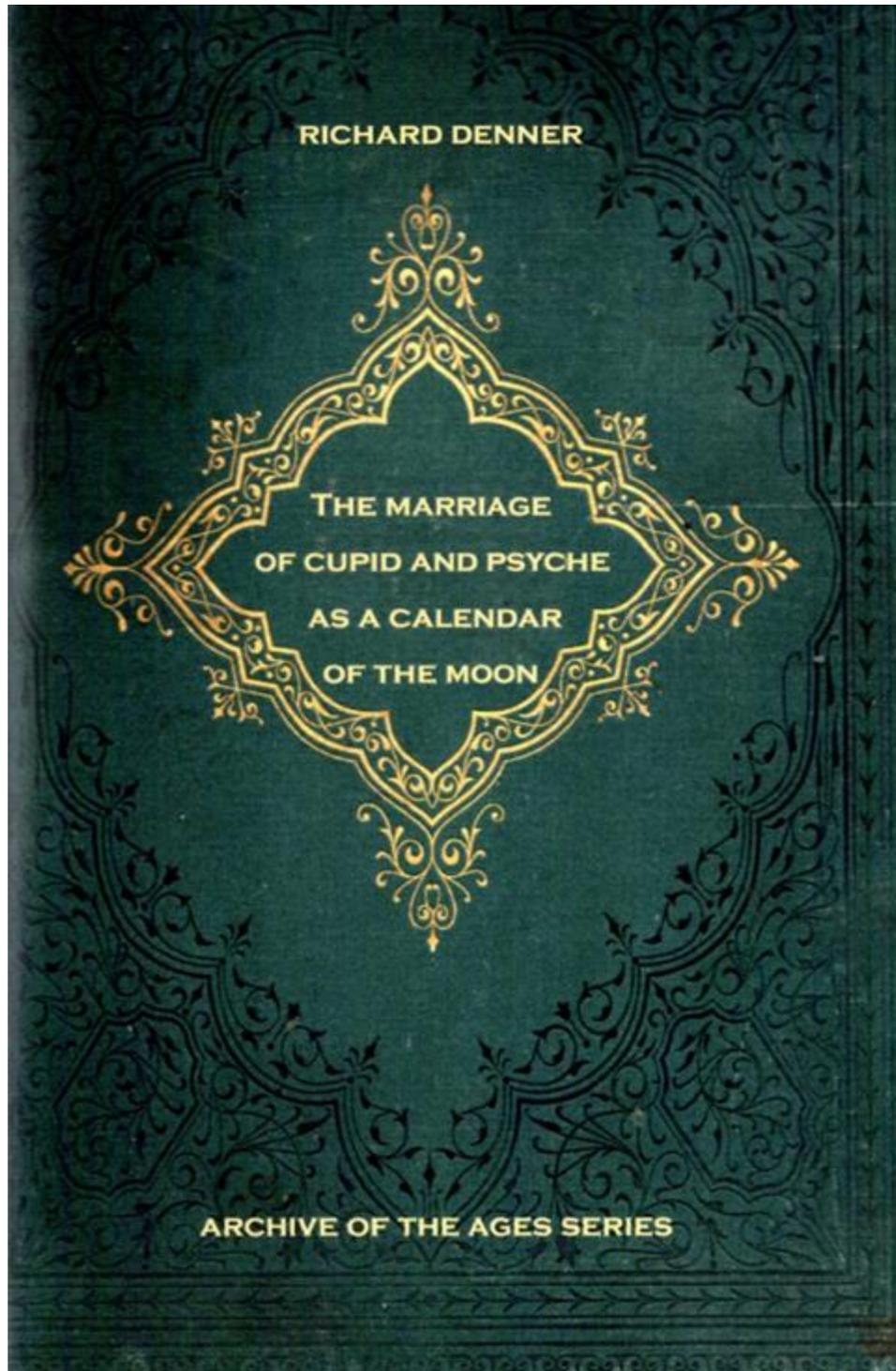
Ellensburg

Archive of the Ages Series #2

Previously printed by D Press, Sebastopol, 2001

and now archived in

The Collected Books of Richard Denner Volume 20



The Marriage of Cupid and Psyche as a Calendar of the Moon

Richard Denner

D Press

Ellensburg

2019

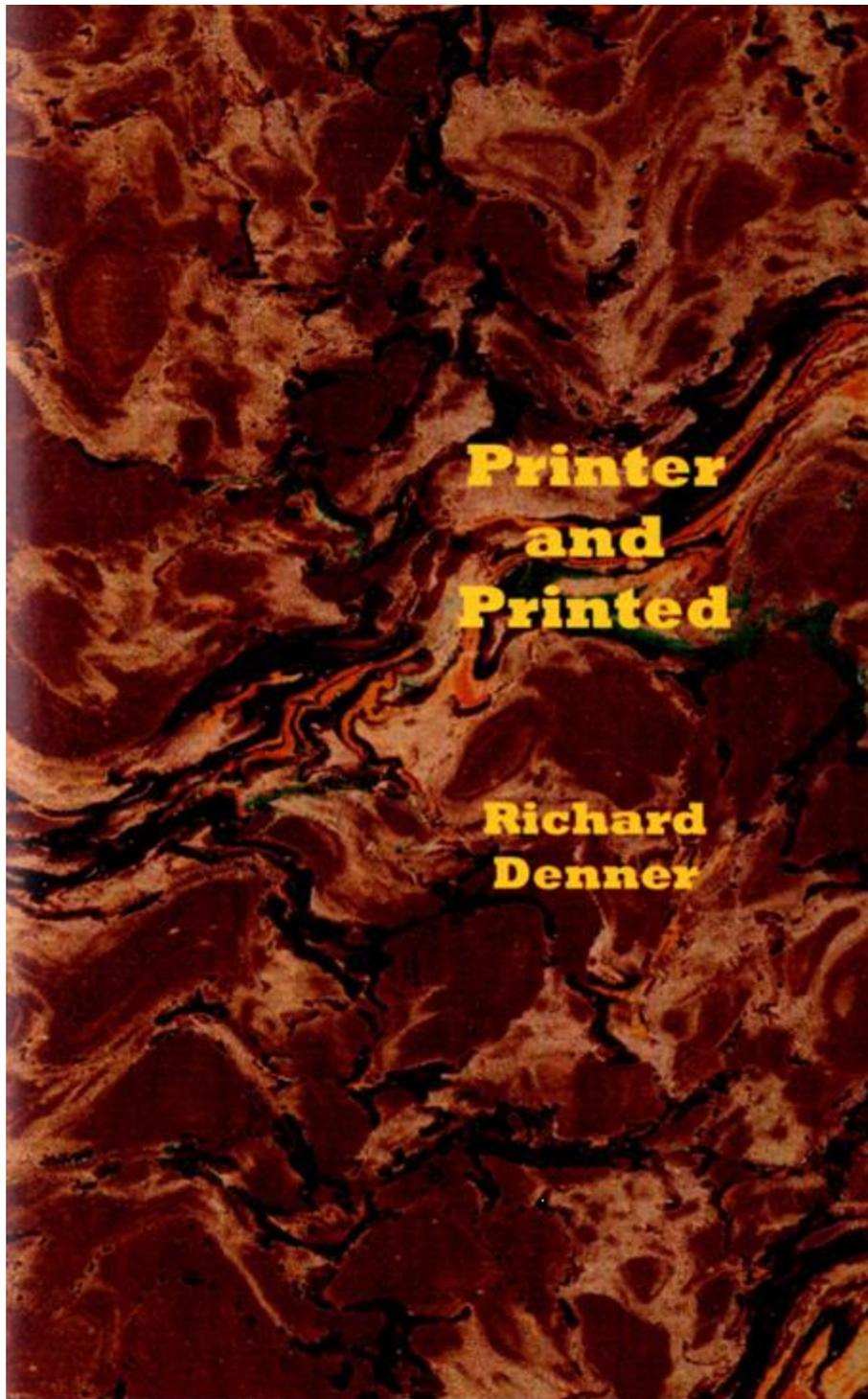
Archive of the Ages Series #3

Previously printed by D Press

Sebastopol

2001

Archived in Collected Books Vol. 9, page 71



Printer and Printed

Richard Denner

D Press

Ellensburg

2018

Archive of the Ages Series #4

Previously printed this year with the cover
archived in Collected Books Vol. 20

JAMPA DORJE



SUNDANCE

Sundance

Jampa Dorje

Sundancing on the Pine Ridge Reservation: A Denner Family Trip

D Press

Ellensburg

2019

Archive of the Ages Series #5

Previously printed by D Press, Sebastopol, 2005

and archived in Collected Books Volume 10, page 233

Before I was sealed in retreat
 Gail warned, "Be careful,
 Tibetan practices aren't American."

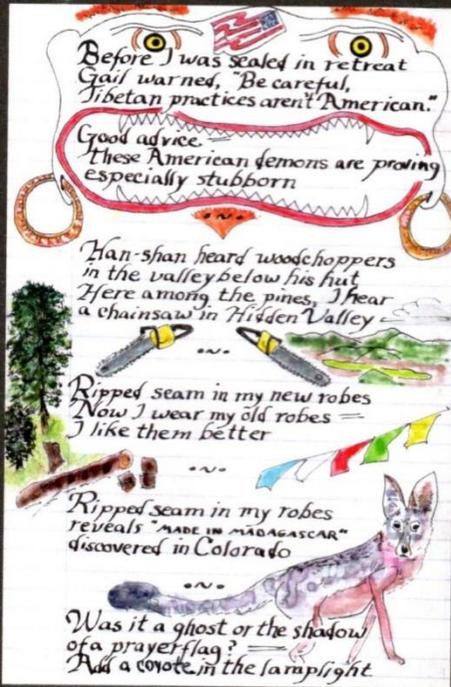
Good advice.
 These American demons are proving
 especially stubborn

Han-shan heard woodchoppers
 in the valley below his hut
 Here among the pines, I hear
 a chainsaw in Hidden Valley

Ripped seam in my new robes
 Now I wear my old robes =
 I like them better

Ripped seam in my robes
 reveals "MADE IN MADAGASCAR"
 discovered in Colorado

Was it a ghost or the shadow
 of a prayer-flag?
 Add a corote in the lamplight



Printer and Printed

A hummingbird entered Luminous Peak
 and hummed, while I sang

Hum, your mantra
 Wis dom's great mirror
 Revealing the infinite
 in the tiniest of things

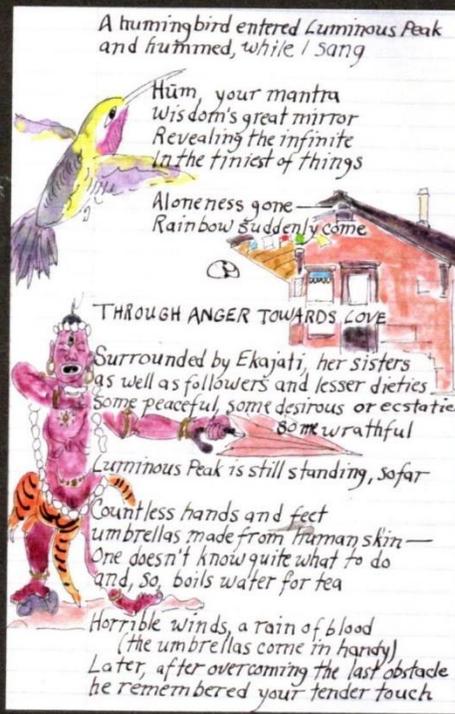
Aloneness gone
 Rainbow suddenly come

THROUGH ANGER TOWARDS LOVE

Surrounded by Ekajati, her sisters
 as well as followers and lesser deities
 some peaceful, some desirous or ecstatic
 some wrathful

Luminous Peak is still standing, so far
 Countless hands and feet
 umbrellas made from human skin —
 One doesn't know quite what to do
 and, so, boils water for tea

Horrible winds, a rain of blood
 (the umbrellas come in handy)
 Later, after overcoming the last obstacle
 he remembered your tender touch



Richard Denner



PRINTER AND PRINTED

RICHARD DENNER

D PRESS 2018 ELLENSBURG

ARCHIVE OF THE AGES SERIES

To Webster Hood
with love and gratitude.

.

Essay excerpts from

Author's Preface, *Collected Poems: 1961-2000*
Comrades Press, Warwickshire, England, 2001.
and *My Process*, D Press, Sebastopol, 2003.

Quotes from Jacques Derrida's
Archive Fever: a Freudian Impression
Translated by Eric Prenowitz
University of Chicago Press, Chicago, 1996.

.

Thanks to Matthew Altman
for clarifying Freud's "death drive" concept.

Thanks to Monica Miller, Renee Adams, Clay Maer
and Sarah Haven at Gallery One for their support.

Special thanks to
Crystal Hering and Theo Denner for helping
me construct the installation in 2017.

Thanks to Christine Sutphin and Megan Gustafson
for being photogenic and for their help.

And my eternal thanks to Gail Chiarello
who helped broker my first collection to
Shields Library at U.C. Davis in 2008.



PRINTER AND PRINTED: THE ARCHIVAL ARC OF D PRESS; OR, A
SKELETON KEY TO
THE COLLECTED BOOKS OF RICHARD DENNER

"Archive" is only a notion, an impression associated
with a word and for which...we do not have a concept.

—Jacques Derrida, *Archival Fever*

My daughter, Lucienne, told me I should write about the intricacies of my oeuvre before I die, since my mode of writing is counterintuitive. Rather than beginning with the manuscript, I begin with the book. I initiate the writing process by visualizing the completed form the manuscript of my telling will take and fill in the empty pages. Over the years, the books have piled up.

From early on, I collected my poetry and published chapbooks under the D Press logo. The “D” comes from the first letter of my last name, but there are other associations—feeling depressed and it being “the” press. Since the poems revealed my interests, I considered this an inner autobiography. Later in life, I began creating a prose narrative of my adventures, and I chose to have these stories told in the third person by a fictional biographer, Bouvard Pécuchet, whose name is derived from a combination of the last names of the protagonists of Gustave Flaubert’s novel, *Bouvard et Pécuchet*, a pair of court clerks with intellectual curiosity, who delve into all branches of human knowledge with disastrous results. Combine two idiots and get one author.

I am fortunate to have twelve volumes of *The Collected Books of Richard Denner* archived in the Bancroft Library of the University of California, Berkeley. I couldn’t be dead—and yet dead in quite illustrious company. I rub shoulders with Shakespeare folios and Aztec codices. The Mark Twain Collection—rumors of Twain’s demise still circulate—resides in opulent splendor. Here, one might expect to get some well-deserved rest, but after a brief suspension of time, one hears complaints about wormholes and arguments over shelf space...there is table tipping during seances convened by Madame Sosostriis...and there is the sound of tears and laughter beyond the garden wall...but that is there, and this is here and now.

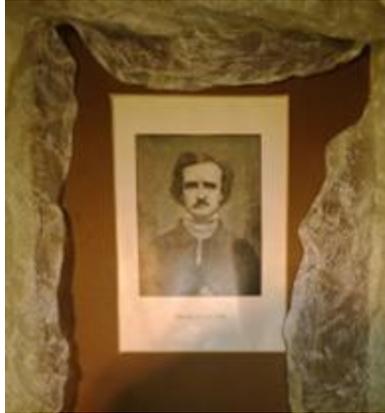
Now, I am assembling a group of ideas around the notion of my archive. After this brief introduction, I present a photo-collage of an art installation that I did in Ellensburg, Washington, at Gallery One. Following the photo-collage is a pastiche of two of my essays on the history and technical procedures relating to my writing mode. I conclude my tryptic by positing a sample of the Richard Denner papers that reside in the Bancroft collection.

Beginnings and ends. Knowing where your work fits in, in the larger scheme—60s Berkeley street poet and Pacific Northwest spiritual poet—living within the scale of these worlds, as well as knowing how to navigate is the trick. The secret entry to *The Collected Books of Richard Denner* is to open Volume Six, which has my first chapbook, *Breastbeaters*, published by Berkeley Pamphlets, in 1963, during the Little Magazine Wars. This is a secret entry because it’s where the self-publishing of my poetry begins. Volume One is the formal entryway for *The Collected Books*. This volume begins my canon with the first books I self-printed after I owned a personal computer.

Go to www.dpress.net

Volume One begins with an epigram from Jack Spicer’s *A Fake Novel About the Life of Arthur Rimbaud*:

“You can’t close the door, it’s in the future,” French history said, as it was born in Charleville. It was before the Civil War and I don’t think that even James Buchanan was president.

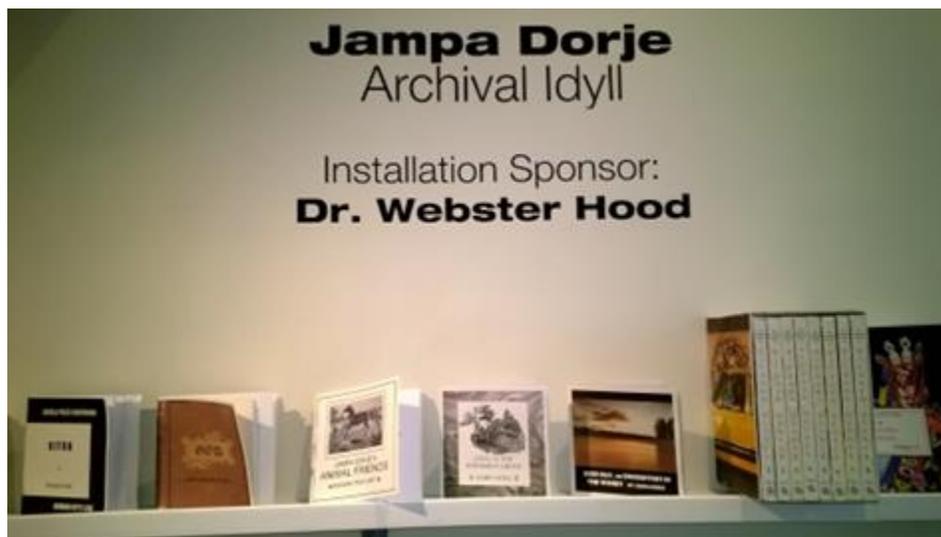


INSTALATION AT GALLERY ONE APRIL 2, 2017

...a concept in the process of being formed always remains inadequate relative to what it ought to be, divided, disjointed between two forces. And this disjointedness has a necessary relationship with the structure of archivization...

...while tinkling away on my computer...I asked myself what is the moment proper to the archive, if there is such a thing, the instant of archivization strictly speaking, which is not, and I will come back to this, so-called live or spontaneous memory (mnēmē or anamnēsis), but rather a certain hypomnesic and prosthetic experience of the technical substrate. Was it not at this very instant that, having written something or other on the screen, the letters remaining as if suspended and floating yet at the surface of a liquid element, I pushed a certain key to “save” a text undamaged, in a hard and lasting way, to protect marks from being erased, so as to ensure in this way salvation and indemnity, to stock, to accumulate, and, in what is at once the same thing and something else, to make the sentence available in this way for printing and reprinting, for reproduction?

—Jacques Derrida, Archive Fever





The muse may be embodied in a person. My first contact with this spirit of inspiration was Juanita Miller, the daughter of the flamboyant, 19th century California poet, Joaquin Miller. She lived in a vine-covered castle among her father's monuments to Moses, John Frémont, and the Brownings, nestled in the Oakland hills, in what is now Joaquin Miller Park. In our neighborhood, she was unusual. On a foggy Halloween night, some friends and I spotted her in a white nightgown walking barefoot through the eucalyptus. We were sure her house was haunted and dared not go to her doorstep to trick or treat. She rode with my family to church on Sunday, and on one occasion she signed a copy of a collection of her father's poems and presented it to my mother. I revered this book. I would open it and gently touch her signature. It amazed me that we knew someone who was associated with the arts.

I memorized a poem from Miller's book, a poem to Lily Langtry, a popular singer of his day. I recited this poem in the 4th grade, and the next year in Mr. Shriner's 5th grade class, when asked to memorize a poem, I recited the same poem to fulfill the assignment, and the class jeered me, saying they had heard this poem before. A red-headed girl came to my defense and said she still thought the poem beautiful. A muse can be old or young, peaceful, joyful or wrathful, and sometimes they are teachers. In the 6th grade, Mrs. Latimore whacked the back of my hand with a yardstick for passing a scatological note when I was supposed to be diagramming sentences. Professor Traugot reprimanded me in front of a freshman comp class at Cal for plagiarizing from Alfred Kazan's essay on Blake, and Professor Parkinson proclaimed my essay, "My Home," the worst thing he had ever read. I may be forever re-writing "My Home," but I have learned to disguise my sources with better craft.

Kenneth Rexroth was the first poet I heard read. Ernest Blank opened my eyes to hidden beauty in poetry by explicating Andrew Marvell's "To His Coy Mistress." Mike Sneed critiqued my first poem, a parody of Poe's "The Raven," pointing out that poems are not Freudian soap-operas. While guarding the balcony of the Campanile on the U.C. campus, Don Bratman taught me how to scan a poem's lines. Dennis Wier fired my interest in printing by showing me how to burn plates with a light bulb in an orange crate in his closet. Vic Jowers promoted my first chapbook at the Sticky Wicket, near Aptos. Up to this point, I was dabbling, but I was primed for allegiance to this art when the 1965 Berkeley Poetry Conference was announced. My English teacher said he knew Robert Creeley and that I would learn more in one day at this conference than I would in a whole year at Cal Poly, so I thumbed my way back to Berkeley.

A major turning point—an injection of rocket fuel. I want to thank Gary Snyder for telling me Berkeley didn't need another bookstore and to take the nuts and bolts of what I had learned and move to the hinterlands where I was needed. Thanks to Allen Ginsberg for revealing that I could be both a good poet and a good businessman. "Just be good," he said, and I took the meaning of this to apply to both esthetics and ethics. Thanks to Charles Olson for showing me the meaning of epic scale. It was a mind transmission watching him bebop through the universe fusing Gilgamesh and quantum mechanics. To Robert Creeley, who laid down two laws: William Carlos Williams's "No ideas but in things" and Ezra Pound's "Make it new!" To Jack Spicer, who admonished, "Poet,

be like God.”

It was during these days many lifelong friendships started. Luis Garcia, my closest friend and collaborator, has been my greatest mentor, always present with insights and humorous twists of perspective. I met Lu right after the Berkeley Poetry Conference, and we continued meeting with other poets for weeks to come. Lu’s style of writing is unique—playing with the words within the words, he directed me to meditate on the morning light and helped me understand that it was important to forge a blade, as he put it. Lu’s poems sizzle. They move so fast, if you aren’t ready, you miss them. By imitating Lu’s use of jazz rhythms and breath notation, I began to read my poems aloud. Just like Leadbelly learned to play the 12-string, I learned my craft by putting my spine against the piano.

After I acquired a 1927 Kelsey “Excelsior” hand press, I began printing in an attic apartment in Ketchikan, near the ball field. I’d come home from a day’s work in the back shop of The Ketchikan Daily News, and I’d print 100 pages and hang them to dry on cotton string along the roofline of the apartment. On the weekends, I bound my books together, set type, and prepared for the following week of printing. The printing was smudgy and uneven, but I pressed on. The typefaces were worn, so I over-inked and pressed harder, pressing the letters into the paper, embossing the page, letting the ink bleed through. Grant Risdon taught me how to cut linoleum blocks, and in a rush of visual imagery, I tipped my linoleum nudes into the books, alternating poems and blocks, giving color to the big words.

After reading *How to Live in the Woods on \$10/Week*, I moved with wife and child and press to Deep Bay, fifteen miles from the nearest road by boat. D Press moved into a new dimension. Pouring the words right into the type case seemed natural. I began to break my poems into smaller and smaller units. Tried to express myself with just the Anglo Saxon. I was printing with 60 point Bodoni type, and this limited the number of words that could be arranged in a 4X6 inch type case. Constraints can be liberating.

Toward the book through the computer

One of the uses of a computer is to solve the problem of justifying lines. Justified lines are the even alignment of letters at the margins of a text. It is the demarcation of where a line of type ends, not the end of a rhythmic line, where the number of scanned syllables makes one line a bit longer than the next because of the constituent parts of the sentence in various scripts and fonts. It's the printer's task to choose the right font and make the line end at a given spot, to choose the point size of the font so the longest line fits in the type case, within the margins. Poetry is usually justified to the left margin and proceeds as a dance of consonant and vowel. The carcass of prose is anchored to both margins with hyphenated word breaks. In letterpress printing, lines are justified by filling the space between pieces of hand-set lead type. In a computer, this operation is accomplished in a text box by clicking the appropriate format icon on the tool bar.

Mapping the book

Mapping the book. First, I estimate the size of the book. Then, I make a dummy of the book by figuring out how much of my text will fit on a page, say 8½x11 inches, folded in half, or half-letter size. I count the lines and estimate how many pages it will take, adding a title page, a page for acknowledgements, a dedication, and so forth. I divide by four since there are going to be four pages on a sheet of paper folded in half. I take that number of blank sheets, fold them, and write the page number and an abbreviation of what text will appear on each page. This guides me since the opposite sides of the page are not consecutive. For example, in a 32-page book, page 1 is next to page 32, page 2 is coupled with page 31. If a given page is going to be blank, I write "blank" on it. I design the page setup in landscape and create my master pages, using a booklet publishing program. All this to say, if I want to add a new page of text, I have to think in terms of four pages.

Although the cost per copy decreases slightly when you reach certain print amounts, the unit cost per book is essentially the same for one book as it is for one hundred. This is in contrast to offset and letterpress processes where the setup cost is much higher and the runs must be longer in order to make back the initial investment in labor and materials. I make short runs. I use the book as an editing tool—more, I often begin writing into the book, once the process takes hold, printing one copy at a time until I am satisfied with the layout and content—then, I run a handful of copies to be archived in the collections of a few friends. I sell books at readings and exchange books with poets that I meet, but, at present, I am not as interested in marketing my books as I am in the process of creation.

Backward process

I work from the final form, the book that is already accomplished, like in a Tantric visualization, I develop the book by extending the vision, adding the ornaments, which are the poems. Marllarmé conceived of the book as a spiritual exercise. To me, the book fuses Newtonian sequence and Blakian simultaneity. It's a vehicle to write poems, the book as pen. I am writing with the book. Jack Spicer is my inspiration for molding serial poetry into small books. The poem arrives on the page, whether I collage it together from bits or carve it from a single block, whether I dream it or work it out as a puzzle. Once it makes it onto a sheet of paper and can be read, the poem is already a part of a book. And, once in a book, it gets lonely, wants to speak to other poems. I let it breathe, let it percolate, let it draw to itself magnetic companions, let them be a piece of a larger poem. What starts it?—a metaphor, maybe, or some scribbling on the washroom wall, something fleeting, a little synaptic firing in my brain. I get these firings into words and onto a page because I have developed a modicum of mind-body coordination, and the words might even mean something. I keep making books, this book overlapping the next, being sure to leave a bit undone, like a Navajo weaver bringing a thread to the edge, allowing the spirits to come and go.

This is not the whole story of D Press. The roots of my printing can be traced back to a rubber stamp press that I had as a child, to my job as a bindery clerk at State Farm, to the various project books I made for my classes through my school years—there is an entire English grammar I meticulously copied for Mrs. Weismiller in the 10th grade—and to my connection with Dennis Wier at Berkeley Pamphlets. I gained further experience working on a letterpress with Wesley Tanner at Arif Press, in Berkeley. I learned graphic design and photography from my newspaper experiences at the Ketchikan Daily News, the Polar Star, the Berkeley Barb, and the Queen Anne

News. I assisted John Bennett with his mimeo mag, Vagabond. I took a printmaking class, in Alaska, with Terry Choy. While working at Sprint Copy Shop, in Sebastopol, I utilized their photo coping and bindery equipment.

I have printed with most media, from potato prints to the computer, linoleum block printing, wood block printing, mono prints, etching and engraving, mimeograph, offset and letterpress. Also, I combine printing techniques in a single volume. The rationale behind the making of small books and the controversy surrounding self-publishing is explored in detail by Belle Randall in her essay, "Having Tea with Blake: Self-publishing and the Art of Richard Denner," online at Big Bridge (Vol. 7), and which originally appeared in Vol.13, No.2 of Raven Chronicles.

The thrust of Belle's argument is that a poet has more control over his material, over the selection of materials, layout and design elements and so forth. She points out that there is a long, honorable tradition of this kind of publishing. Small presses, which are often run by poets, publish not only their own work but the work of their friends, who may have presses of their own, and reciprocate in like fashion. I call this "collaborative publishing." There are also "co-op" type publishing enterprises, where a group of poets join to edit, design, work on marketing, and then job out the printing of their members books. A new wave of publishing—although some of it has the look of being turned out by a cookie cutter—has arisen in the mainstream with the advent of "print-on-demand."

Initially, this technology enabled all authors to be their own publisher by simply submitting their manuscript to a company that designed and marketed their book. Now, the author chooses from a number of templates and designs their own book. The finished design is maintained on file, and copies of the book are printed whenever a copy is needed, on demand. Publishers are not burdened with large and taxable inventories, and, as authors, their works appear on lists in the market place with the International Standard and Library of Congress book numbers.

My English publisher, Verian Thomas, used Xlibris to produce my *Collected Poems: 1961-2000*. He explains his vision:

Comrades Press was founded in 2000 as a direct result of its on line magazine. The amount and the quality of poetry, fiction, and non-fiction that we received was staggering, much of it from previously unpublished writers. We decided to rectify this by becoming publishers ourselves and, with no funding whatsoever, set about the task of bringing the work of the misplaced poets of the world to the world.

By utilizing print on demand technology and on line stores, we are able to produce quality books without many of the overhead costs associated with traditional methods. This means that we are prepared to take risks that would probably have other publishers waking up in a cold sweat in the middle of the night. Rather than publishing what we know will sell, our goal is to publish work that we like, work that we believe in, which should be the only reason for anybody to publish anything. Comrades Press works on a non-profit basis. If we make any money from our publications, it sits in the bank account just long enough for us to make the red numbers a little smaller before it is channeled straight into our next publication.

This also allows us to produce short-run chapbooks from brand new authors whose work grabs you by the throat and demands to be read or picks away at the back of your brain until there is no choice but to go for it.

Verian left me to slug it out with Xlibris, it being a branch of Random House, which is an American corporation. He paid for the primary cost of the book, and I worked with the layout artists. Verian's idealism might have been dampened had he experienced the confusion and setbacks that I encountered. Every glitch surfaced: lost files, uncorrected changes, inventive designs, and just when things would be going smoothly, the layout artist would change, and it would begin over, a new horror story. But credit should be given where credit is due.

A work the size of *Collected Poems: 1961-2000* is not a small undertaking. It contains nearly 500 poems spread over that many pages with forty illustrations. It required diligence by the graphic artists who worked on the book to be mindful of the nuances of line breaks and stanza separations; this is not required with prose which can be poured into linked text boxes without mishap. The shift to self-design came with improvement in the software.

The Collected Poems took one year to produce, and it emerged in good form, very close to my intentions. The head honcho at Xlibris rolled up his sleeves at the end and worked on it himself. Everyone learned; the system evolved.

When I moved to Santa Rosa, in 1998, to care for my elderly parents, I bought a used computer from Don Satnick, in Ellensburg, a Compac with one gig of memory and an early Windows operating system and began to data input my poems already published in a handful of chapbooks and manuscripts from a group of spring-backed thesis binders. My *Collected Poems* is organized into sections of poems reflecting my geographical locations: Berkeley, Apotos & San Luis Obispo, 1961-68; Ketchikan & Deep Bay, 1968-70; Fairbanks & Preston, 1970-74; Ellensburg, 1974-95; Pagosa Springs, 1994-97; and Santa Rosa & Sebastopol, 1998-2000. Of the 462 poems with titles (many are serialized under one title), just under half (229) are included in the Santa Rosa & Sebastopol section.

Most of the poems in Santa Rosa & Sebastopol section were new works, but some were revitalized from older, abandoned works. In retrospect, this two-year period was a flowering of my confidence in myself as a writer. By learning to use a computer to design my chapbooks, I returned to my Blakean muse at Deep Bay, pouring my poems directly into the Grail.

I found it expedient to have blank templates of various sizes and formats that I could copy and use without building them from scratch, and this became my personal form of print-on-demand. My creative process accelerated. In 2003, I had the inspiration to put all my chapbooks sequentially into bound volumes. These volumes would contain the books with their original typefaces and covers. Since all the masters were in my computer, it seemed to be an easy matter, simply print them out, reverse alternate pages, run them two-sided on the copy machine at Sprint, and then cut the stack in half and combine them into volumes. Easy to envision but not quite the way it was to be done in reality. It took more time to organize and assemble 108 volumes in *The Collected Books of Richard Denner* than I had anticipated. The basic idea was sound for each individual chapbook, to cut and stack the pages; but the color cover had to be run off separately and inserted,

and the process repeated for each chapbook, until the whole volume emerged and could be glued. I glued four books at a time in two groups to produce one eight-volume set, each with a cover in a hand-made box. Once complete, it was a history of D Press.

A professor of neurobiology at U.C. Berkeley, who I met at a Dzog Chen retreat, bought a set and said, "It is the history of your mind."

The title pages of *The Collected Books of Richard Denner*, each with a Tarot card symbol, imitate the Black Sparrow edition of *The Collected Books of Jack Spicer*. Here we touch upon an aspect of my oeuvre that Belle Randall has called my "forgeries," meaning that those of my books that imitate already existent and recognizable books. Evermore the outlaw/outlier/outright liar, I write under a variety of aliases, cautiously trailing in the wake of the Portuguese poet, Francesco Pessoa. I have written as Richard Denner, Rychard Artaud, Jampa Dorje, Bouvard Pécuchet, Jubal Dolan, Doug Oporto, Luis Mee, and Thuragania. We have written poems, novels, plays, and belle-lettres. There is mystery, intrigue, humor, romance, and adventure. Call it a life.



A SAMPLE OF THE DENNER ARCHIVE AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA BANCROFT LIBRARY

Containing works by Richard Denner and works under various nom de plumes, as well as collaborative works with other authors

INVENTORY OF D PRESS & KAPALA PRESS BOOKS

The Magic Bear, a saga by Jampa Dorje. Kapala Press, Pagosa Springs, Colorado, 2009. Hand-printed with drawings by the author

Jampa's Worldly Dharmas (9 volume boxed set) by Bouvard Pécuchet (Richard Denner pseudonym) Memoirs, Kapala Press, Santa Fe, New Mexico, 2014, perfect-bound, calligraphy edition with illustrations.

Part 1, 120 pp; Part 2, 118 pp; Part 3, 116 pp; Part 4, 118 pp; Part 5, 122 pp; Part 6, 126 pp; Part 7, 126 pp; Part 8, 122 pp; Part 9, 126 pp.

Jampa's Worldly Dharmas (3 volume boxed set) by Bouvard Pécuchet (pseudonym). Memoirs, Kapala Press, Santa Fe, New Mexico, 2014, perfect-bound, print edition with illustrations, Drawings and watercolors the author. Vol.

1, 268 pp; Vol. 2, 272 pp; Vol. 3, 268 pp.

My 20 Years in Tara's Mandala by Jampa Dorje (Richard Denner's monk name), Kapala Press, Santa Fe, 2014, 120 pp perfect-bound). Collection of poems, short stories, and essays (illustrated)/ Artwork by the author

A Book from Luminous Peak by Jampa Dorje. Poetry, short stories, and essays, illustrated by the author. Kapala Press, Santa Fe, 2013, 260 pp, perfect-bound

A Book of Drawings from Luminous Peak (Volume 1) by Jampa Dorje/ Kapala Press, Santa Fe, 2013, 176 pp of drawings (with 22 pages of notes), perfect-bound, Pencil drawings, watercolor and colored pencil

A Book of Drawings from Luminous Peak (Volume 2) by Jampa Dorje. Kapala Press, Santa Fe, 2013, 128 pages perfect-bound. Pencil drawings with some watercolor and colored pencil

A Book of Drawings from Luminous Peak (one volume) by Jampa Dorje. Kapala Press, Santa Fe, 2013, 304 pages of drawings (with 22 pages of notes), perfect-bound, Pencil drawings and some watercolor

Wild Turkey Pecking by Jampa Dorje. D Press, Pagosa Springs, Colorado, 2009, 12 pp, Artwork by the author

Up, Down, and Sideways by Richard Denner (one volume edition, perfect-bound), Fictionalized version of *Jampa's Worldly Dharmas*, D Press, Santa Fe, New Mexico, 2014, perfect-bound, 574 pp. Cover art by Claude Smith

Up, Down, and Sideways by Richard Denner (3 volume edition, perfect-bound). *Up*, 188 pp; *Down*, 188 pp; *Sideways*, 198 pp.

Get Off That Alligator by Richard Denner (flash fiction). D Press, Santa Fe, 2014; cover by the author; 114 pp, perfect-bound. Preface by Gianna De Perslis Vona

Rychar'd's Assemblages by Richard Denner (art work) D Press, Santa Fe, 2014, 46 pp, hand-sewn, Photos of artwork by the author and one set by Mike Burtness, Cover photos by Lynda Davaran

One of a Kind Editions (1-3 copies):

Sitting in the San Juans (Poems for and about Tulku Sang Ngag) by Jampa Dorje, Kapala Press, Luminous Peak, 2009, 12pp, hand-sewn. Calligraphy and photos by the author

Ikkyu's Libido by Jampa Dorje, Kapala Press, Luminous Peak, 2009, 24 pp, hand-sewn, Calligraphy and drawing by the author

So Remote the Mountains by Jampa Dorje (Eleven Poems Beginning with a Line by Saigō), Kapala Press, Luminous Peak, 2009, 16 pp, hand-sewn, Calligraphy and watercolor by the author

Recipe for Disappearing Egos by Jampa Dorje, Kapala Press, Luminous Peak, 2009, 8 pp, hand-sewn, Calligraphy and watercolor by the author

A Thrush by Jampa Dorje, Kapala Press, Luminous Peak, 2009, 16 pp, hand-sewn, Calligraphy and artwork by the author

An Interview with Fashion Icon Yeshe Tsogel by Jampa Dorje, Kapala Press, Luminous Peak, 2010, 10 pp, hand-sewn, Calligraphy and artwork by the author

A Time to Go A-berrying by Jampa Dorje. Kapala Press, Luminous Peak, 2010, 12 pp, hand-sewn. Hand-printed, a watercolor and drawing by the author

You Who Taste These Berries (first draft of "A Time to Go A-berrying") by Jampa Dorje, Kapala Press, Luminous Peak, 2010, 8 pp, hand-sewn. Calligraphy and drawing by the author

Dakini Woodchopping Chöd by Jampa Dorje, Kapala Press, Luminous Peak, 2010, 12pp, hand-sewn, Calligraphy and drawings by the author

Pink Fox Goes All the Way by Jampa Dorje, Kapala Press, Luminous Peak, 2010, 12 pp, hand-sewn, Calligraphy, drawing, and watercolor by the author

A Book for Laurence by Jampa Dorje, Kapala Press, Luminous Peak, 2011, 16 pp, hand-sewn, Drawings and poems by the author

Kapala Press books by other authors:

Johnathan Barfield, *The Story of I*, Kapala Press, Pagosa Springs, 2009, 16pp, hand-sewn, Cover art by Lama Gyurmed Rabgyes

Lily Brown, *Poems to an Old Monk*, Kapala Press, Luminous Peak, 2010, 16 pp, hand-sewn, Calligraphy, watercolors by Jampa Dorje

Áine Pierandi McCathy, *Tomorrow's Clew*, Kapala Press, Luminous Peak, 2010, 8 pp, hand-sewn, Watercolor by Jampa Dorje, 30 Copies

D Press books by other authors:

Lara Bache, *As Dreams Give Way to Day*. D Press, Santa Fe, 2013, 24 pp. Photo by the author
Miranda Smith, *Traceless* (with the working title “Craving” and corrections)
D Press, Santa Fe, 2013, 32 pp, hand-sewn, Photo by the author
Áine Pierandi McCarthy, *My Rakusu: a Personal Lineage*, Memoir/essay
D Press, Santa Fe, 2013, 20 pp, hand-sewn, Photo by Jampa Dorje
Michael Irwin, *Peldaños*, D Press, Santa Fe, 2014, 24 pp, hand-sewn
Watercolors by Jampa Dorje

Online Art & Writings (and miscellaneous detritus):

Nine bound volumes (leatherette back and plastic cover) of different lengths
Years 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008-2012
containing works published online at different e-zines, along with flyers from poetry readings and art
shows at different locations, re-views, rejection letters, and the occasional drawing
Tribute to Richard Denner, 2007, Big Bridge #12 , 150 pp., www.bigbridge.org

Other bound volumes:

Berkeley Daze: Profiles of Poets in Berkeley in the 60s, edited with a preface by Rychard Denner, foreword by J. Poet, and introduction by Gail Chiarello. dPress, Sebastopol, 2008, 494 pages, perfect-bound
The Episodes by Richard Denner (leatherette back and plastic cover) man-script, Hand written copy contains drafts of “The Episodes” (approximately 200 page, 1-side)
The Episodes by Richard Denner (spiral bound) D Press, Santa Rosa, 2008. Typewriter copy (200 pages, 2-sides)
1960s Love, War, Revolution... an excerpt from volume one of *Visions and Affiliations: A California Timeline: Poets & Poetry: 1940-2005* by Jack Foley (Pantograph Press, 2011) that contains a section on Richard Denner with excerpts from *Berkeley Daze* by Richard Denner, 150 pages, spiral-bound and inscribed “For Richard—This nearly final draft—note particularly pp. 142-150—Good luck in CO! Jack”
A Set of Lessons Introducing the Aspects of Poetry by Richard Denner. A set of lessons developed for California Poets in the Schools under the supervision of Arthur Dawson, Sonoma County, 2001, 30 pp. bound with plastic cover and leatherette back

Collaborative Works:

The 100 Cantos by David Bromige and Richard Denner
This series of books reveal the evolution of the three-volume epic poem (*Spade*, *The Petrarch Project*, and *Garden Plots*, a collaboration by David Bromige and Richard Denner, which was written in stages, in Sebastopol in 2004, and was published by D Press
The Spade Cantos 1-4, *Spade Cantos 16-18*, *The Spade Cantos 1-5*, *Spade Cantos 1-8*, *Spade Cantos 11-13*, *Spade Cantos 16-20*, *Spade Cantos 27-33*, *Spade Cantos 1-11* (all hand-sewn with corrections), *Spade Cantos 1-15*, *Spade Cantos 1-25*, *Spade Cantos 1-26*, *Spade Cantos 1-33* (perfect-bound with corrections)
The Petrarch Project Cantos 34-36, *The Petrarch Project Cantos 34-42*, *The Petrarch Project Cantos 43-46* (hand-sewn with corrections)
The Petrarch Project Cantos 50-61, *The Petrarch Project Cantos 34- 49*, *The Petrarch Project Cantos 34-66* (perfect-bound with corrections), *Garden Plots: The Hung Chow Cantos* (hand-sewn with corrections), *Garden Plots Cantos 67-75*, *Garden Plots Cantos 67-88*, *Garden Plots Cantos 67-96* (perfect bound with corrections)
One set of *The 100 Cantos* with black covers and tipped-on titles
One copy of *Spade* with cover by Luis Garcia
One copy of *The Petrarch Project* with cover by Sam Albright

Roses of Crimson Fire by Gabriela Anaya Valdepeña and Rychard Denner

An epistolary novel told in letter, poem, and photograph, this book evolved through a series of emails between Richard Denner and Gabriela Valdepeña, in 2006, and was originally published as a D Press “Scorpion Romance”—Still under the Scorpion Romance trademark, it was republished by Darkness Visible Press, La Jolla (edited by Douglas Martin) in 2008, where it won the 2009 San Diego Book Award for Poetry

Could Be Silk by N.C. Sappho and Bouvard Pécuchet, D Press, Sebastopol, 2007, 16 pp, hand-sewn
Wild Silk, by Nancy Cavers Dougherty and Jampa Dorje, D Press, Sebastopol, 2007, 24 pp, hand-sewn
Silk by Nancy Cavers Dougherty and Jampa Dorje, D Press, Sebastopol, 2007, perfect-bound
Silk by Nancy Cavers Dougherty and Jampa Dorje, Pillow Road Press, Sebastopol, perfect-bound

Sets of Books:

The Collected Books of Richard Denner, volumes 1-12 (Volumes 1-8 in a box)—1 set, all perfect-bound, books are from 243 to 284 pages in length, including color covers and original chapbook design; the books include the D Press letterpress books from the '60s and '70s, the offset books of the '80s, and the computer books up to 2008

5 boxed sets with different groups of hand-sewn books with wrap around covers (40-48 pp) by Richard Denner:

One box includes *Letter to Sito*, *Chainclankers & Linoleum Nudes*, *Islam Bomb*, *New Gravity: A Collection*, *Tack Shack*, and *On Borgo Pass*—One box includes *Dead Man Finds Happy Trails*, *Beginnings and Ends*, *The Episodes*, *Vajra Dance Mandala Odyssey*, and *From Lascaux to Dendera*—One box includes *Bad Ballerina Dances Against Violence*, *What Zen Wisdom (with Eve West)*, *Second Boiling*, *Imaginary Toads* and *Green Fire*—One box includes *Vajra Songs* (by Jampa Dorje), *Another Artaud* (edited by Richard Denner), *Selections from the Writings of Bouvard Pécuchet* (edited by Rychard), *Richard Denner & Co.* (edited with translations by Bouvard Pécuchet), *Wavetwisters* (by Artaud), and *What Zen Wisdom* (by Joie Phenix & Bouvard Pécuchet)

A Sleeve of Books (cover art by Mark Nolen), each includes 4 small books:

These Proud Lovers by Jampa Dorje, Kickass Press, Sebastopol, 2005

Special Relativity by Jampa Dorje, Kickass Press, Sebastopol, 2005

Poised by Jampa Dorje, Kickass Press, Sebastopol, 2005

Bouvard Pécuchet's Twenty-two All-time Favorites, Kickass Press Sebastopol, 2005

David Bromige's *Shorn of Duration*, Faerie Gold Press, Sebastopol, 2005, hand-sewn, 16-20 pp, photos by Richard Denner, a boxed set of 15 books with titles taken from poems by W.B. Yeats:

Apples of the Sun, *Nature But a Spume*, *Flame Upon the Night*, *As Goldsmiths Make*, *To Cypher and to Sing*,

What Careless Muses Heard, *What Star Sang*, *Great Rooted Blossomer*, *Honey of Generation*, *Body Swayed to Music*, *Another Troy Arise*, *Some Old Gaffer*, *Burdensome Beauty*, *Stubborn with Passion*, and *Vague Memories*

The Kickass Review: A Journal of Art & Literature, ed. by Bouvard Pécuchet

Volume VI, No. 1, Kickass Press, Sebastopol, 2006, 100 pp, perfect-bound, cover by Claude Smith

Volume VI, No. 2, Kickass Press, Sebastopol, 2006, 100 pp, perfect-bound, cover by Lorenzo Ghibilline

Volume VI, No. 3, Kickass Press, Sebastopol, 2006, 120 pp, perfect-bound, cover by S. Mutt

Volume VI, No. 4, Kickass Press, Sebastopol, 2006, 122 pp, perfect-bound, cover by Mike Burtness

Volume VI, No. 5, Kickass Press, Sebastopol, 2006, 106 pp, perfect-bound (with CD), cover by Mark Nolen and Donald Guravich

Volume VI, No. 6, Kickass Press, Sebastopol, 2006, 124 pp, perfect-bound, cover by Bobby Halperin

Volume VI, No. 7, Kickass Press, Sebastopol, 2006, 120 pp, perfect-bound, cover by Sam Albright

Volume VI, No. 8, Kickass Press, Sebastopol, 2006, 126 pp, perfect-bound, cover by Guy Lombardo and Sandy Eastoak

Notebooks:

1 notebook "Rate Florid" (a collage-type notebook) containing poems and ramblings, circa 1988 (81/2x11)

13 spiral-bound (6x9") notebooks, 2006 through 2012

1 notebook with Chinese-style cover (contains Tibetan Ngondro numbers)

1 notebook *Holy Nights* workshop 2001-2002

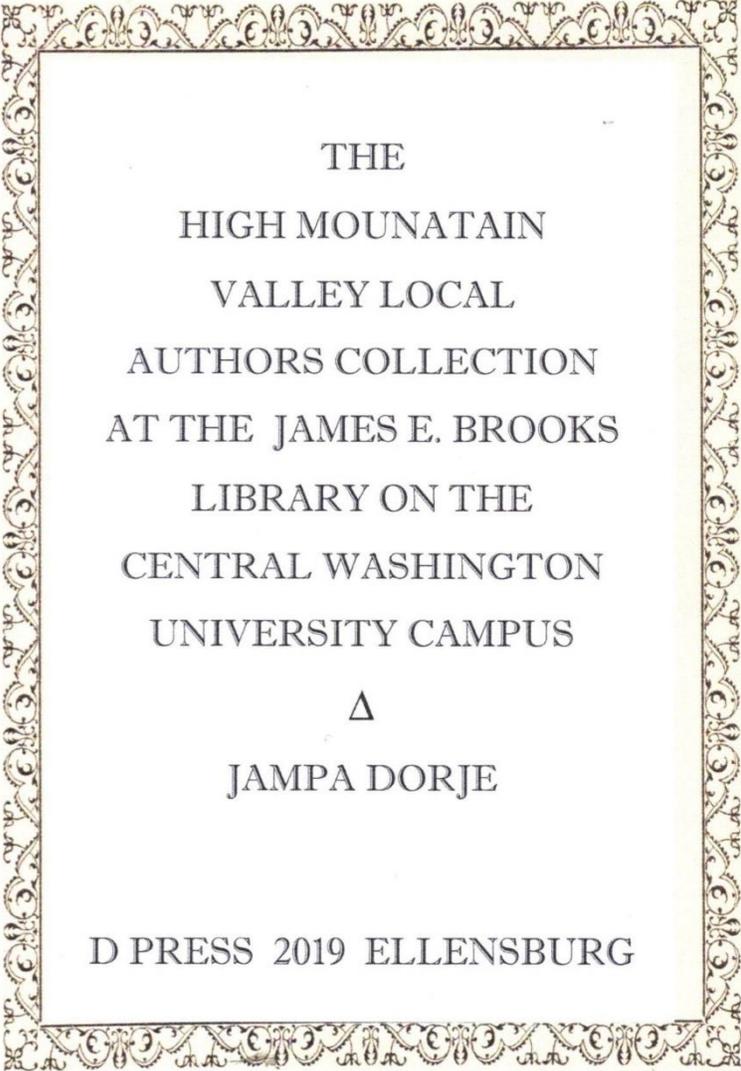
CDs:

Jack Straw Writers Program 2004

THE
HIGH MOUNTAIN
VALLEY LOCAL
AUTHORS COLLECTION
AT THE
JAMES E. BROOKS
LIBRARY ON THE
CENTRAL WASHINGTON
UNIVERSITY CAMPUS



JAMPA DORJE



THE
HIGH MOUNTAIN
VALLEY LOCAL
AUTHORS COLLECTION
AT THE JAMES E. BROOKS
LIBRARY ON THE
CENTRAL WASHINGTON
UNIVERSITY CAMPUS

Δ

JAMPA DORJE

D PRESS 2019 ELLENSBURG

In memory of Mark Halperin

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October 8, 2019 Reception, Opening Remarks

Welcome and Thank You given by Julia Stringfellow

University Archivist and Library Department Chair

"This reception celebrates the collection of works and its local authors as well as Jampa who collected and donated the volumes. The collection is a strong addition to the rare and unique books housed in the Central Washington University Archives and Special Collections.

All authors whose works are included in the collection were asked to stand.

This project began over a year ago when Jampa visited the CWU Archives about the idea.

The following library staff and faculty played a significant part in making this collection accessible to the public and helping with the reception:

Maureen Rust, Andreina Delgado, and Lauren Wittek: Publicity materials creation and distribution both online and throughout the campus community and reception set-up.

David Carrothers: setting up the sound for the reception.

The CWU Archives and Special Collections unit team of faculty member Marty Blackson, staff member Carlos Pelley, and student assistant Bekah Ramey who have organized the collection and worked with Jampa as well as researchers in answering questions about the collection and Archives. Marty created an online library guide for the collection.

The CWU Brooks Library Catalogers who created catalog records for the volumes thus creating a presence for them in the library catalog and making the collection more accessible to the public: Karen Stephens, Mary Wise, Sabrina Juhl, and Jennifer Ryder.”

Introduction of Jampa Dorje given by Rebecca Lubas

Dean of University Libraries

“Jampa Dorje, also known as Richard Denner, is Ellensburg’s resident Tibetan Buddhist monk. He is a longtime poet whose multitude of works include *Collected Poems: 1961-2000*, *The Collected Books of Richard Denner: Volumes 1-19*, and *Berkeley Daze: Profiles of Berkeley Poets of the 60s*. Many of his works are also part of the High Mountain Valley Local Authors Collection that you can view in the CWU Archives and Special Collections following this program. In addition to authoring books as Jampa Dorje and Richard Denner, Jampa also uses the pseudonym Bouvard Pécuchet.

Jampa is associated with the Berkeley Street Poets and the Poets of the Pacific Northwest. His career has included attending the University of California, Berkeley, where his papers now reside in their archives. He studied at the Fort Worden Center for the Arts in Port Townsend, and he earned a degree in English and Philosophy from the University of Alaska, Fairbanks. Jampa also founded and operates D Press that has published over 300 volumes that are mostly poetry. He is the former proprietor of Four Winds Bookstore in Ellensburg. Jampa is active in both the local and campus communities and is a fixture at art events at both. The Archives and Library greatly appreciate his gift of over 400 volumes.”

MR. DORJE’S TALK AT THE BROOKS LIBRARY COMMONS

ON OCTOBER 8, 2019

I would like to give thanks to Rebecca Lubas, the Dean of the Library, Julia Stringfellow, the Faculty Chairperson, Maureen Rust of Community Outreach, and archivists Carlos Pelley and Marty Blackson, for their support and encouragement, as well as to those who did the data input of the High Mountain Valley Local Authors Collection for Brooks Library. The collection can now be referenced through the websites of World Cat and Archive West.

I am pleased to speak in the Commons in the capacity of a donor. It is an honor to address you. Really, it is a multi-tiered honor to share an aspect of myself, to be recognized as an archivist, and to highlight this lineage of writers who have a strong connection with Ellensburg and the environs.

I will begin with an epigram by the poet, Jack Spicer, from his poem, *A Fake Novel About the Life of Arthur Rimbaud*:

“You can’t close the door, it’s in the future,” French history said, as it was born in Charlieville. It was before the Civil War and I don’t think that even James Buchanan was president.

My epigram is intentionally mysterious because the nature of an archive is essentially mysterious. For most people, an archive contains things that are saved because they are rare or unique or that an archive is a repository for historic documents, and they think no more about it. However, an archive is also a hedge against the collapse of civilization, against a fear of oblivion.

According to Jamgon Kontrul, who I know from the retreat manual that I used for my Tibetan three-year mountain retreat, when Atisa, an 11th c. Indian scholar, discovered the store of Sanskrit texts in the library of Samye, he was amazed at that the degree to which Vajrayana Buddhism had spread in Tibet beyond what had occurred in India.

We owe a debt (or not) to Averroes, the 12th c. Islamic philosopher, who wrote commentaries on the Greek philosopher, Aristotle, who lays the foundation for aspects of modern philosophy and scientific enquiry in later centuries.

According to Thomas Cahill, author of *How the Irish Saved Civilization*, everyone today owes a debt of gratitude to the Irish monks of the 5th century, who stored written records of western civilization and kept it safe during an era of anarchy.

A Canticle for Leibowitz by Walter M. Miller Jr. is a science fiction novel set in a Catholic

monastery in the southwest after a nuclear war. Over many centuries, the monks preserve the remains of our scientific documents until philosophers grock it again. (Think Herman Hesse's *Magister Ludi: The Glass Bead Game*.)

There is, of course, no guarantee we have a future on this planet. There is no icon labeled "P" to push for Posterity. Presently, we are in an era of self-archivisation via social media, but if our electronic infrastructure collapses, the "cloud" will dissipate. The intricacies of digital archives are beyond my expertise, but the main task of developing any archive begs similar questions. Where does it begin and where does it end? What is to be included and what suppressed?

Let me begin with the idea for The High Mountain Valley Collection. The idea came to me last year, following the death of Mark Halperin, a close friend, who had taught creative writing at Central for many years. I checked to see if his books were in the special collection at Brooks Library. Only his early works were there, and some works by other authors I knew. I noticed two library-bound editions of copies of *Vagabond*, an anthology of poets and story writers, edited by John Bennett, a courageous underground mimeo mag published by John, in Ellensburg, during the small press "magazine wars" of the late 1960s and 70s. There were some of my self-published books in the collection, but there were no copies of the *Ellensburg Anthology*. This anthology of local poets and writers was initially sponsored by the Ellensburg Arts Festival Committee, a committee that later morphed into the Ellensburg Arts Commission. Sometimes the anthology was subsidized by a Washington State Arts Grant (much against its outlaw nature), and it had a variety of editors during its run, 1980 through 1987. I looked for a copy of Dick Johnson's *Then King Down Came*, a novel I read after my family and I moved from Alaska to Kittitas County, in 1974, to manage the Diamond Hanging J Floating I cattle ranch out in Badger Pocket, but I saw neither hide nor hair of it. Might be interesting to round up and corral a collection of books published from that time forward, I thought.

The title of the collection comes from a chapbook of this period (which I will dub the Ellensburg Renaissance)—*Anarchist Murmurs from a High Mountain Valley* by John Bennett, circa 1972. It was one of John's first works after landing in the valley. Dick Elliott, taking the role of Coyote, told him this was a *high* mountain valley.

Thanks go to Paula McMinn for unearthing specimens of Ellensburg public school writing, to Rolf Williams for connecting me via internet with local authors who sell their books at Jerrol's Bookstore, to Daniel and Debbie at Brick Road Books on Main Street, to the many writers in the humanities departments at Central who donated copies of their works, to Julie Prather and Jane Orleman, who opened their libraries and presented me with valuable finds, including the holy grail of my search, *Then King Down Came*, and to Marlene Chaney, who has forgiven me for incinerating her copy of Gregory Corso's *Long Live Man* in my microwave during a preservation experiment. Believe me, a burning book in a microwave is a terrible thing to see.

Here is the blurb at the Special Collection's website:

The High Mountain Local Authors Collection contains a selection of Central Washington's unique and noteworthy literary efforts. It includes examples of various literary forms and genres, novels, poetry, history, philosophy, children's books, romance, science fiction, fantasy, new age, memoir, and essay. The arc of the collection includes examples of academic publishing, mainstream publishing, small-edition-self-published works, mass paperbacks, print-on-demand books in hardback and soft cover, underground literary magazines, and art zines. For those keenly interested in exploring the history of books and printing, the collection includes a spectrum of printing techniques, letter press, offset, photocopying, linoleum block printing, mimeograph, and calligraphy.

These days, I can send a word file via email to a print-on-demand publisher, like Xlibris, where it will enter a digital template and be run on a production copier, say a Xerox D136 hooked to a Horizon BQ-440 bindery machine, that will print out a single perfect-bound book. The only time a human hand touches the book is when a shipping clerk slips it into an envelope to mail it to me.

Beyond preservation, there are two other important aspects of an archive. The authority of the archive and the sequencing of its documents— the *provenience*, which is the place of origin or earliest known history of a work, and the term, *respect des fonds*, a principle in archival theory that proposes to respect the order of a collection of records according to their fonds (their groupings) according to the way they were created or from which they were received. This, in turn, informs the authority of the collection.

I have contracted a bad case of *archive fever*. (Books—I must have them. That one. And that one.) Where did I catch this bug? When Julia Springfield moved Special Collections from a corner room in the back on the fourth floor, to more spacious digs, here, on the second floor. I saw this as an auspicious opportunity to install a new collection.

Also, while browsing the philosophy section of the library, I came across Jacques Derrida's *Mal d'Archive (Archive Fever)*, a lecture delivered in London, in 1994, at Sigmund Freud's house, at the time that it was then becoming a museum. Derrida is the founder of deconstructionist philosophy, and his writings lead the reader to consider the nature of an archive, especially an internal contradiction within the Greek word, *arche*—which means both a commencement and a commandment.

I won't lead you down the rabbit holes taken by Derrida in his quest to analyze the notion of archive, but I will note that he points out "to archive" derives its meaning from the Greek *arkherion*, a residence of an magistrate, an *archon*, who, as a commander, a guardian, shields the

archive and has political power to interpret the archives, to “lay down the law” in all matters related to the archives. Consider the Supreme Court and the archives of constitutional law. Consider the Ark of the Covenant and the Ten Commandments given to us through Moses from God. *Arche* is order and anarchy is chaos. Two orders of order, sequence and command.

As Lu Garcia says of poetry, “The orders come; they are the only issue.”

An archive is both public and private. There is a bell, at the door, to signal your arrival. You enter and are seated at a table away from the stacks. You are asked to put on white gloves in order to handle the books. The books are brought to you. You can do your research, but you cannot leave the premises with the books.

From the books in my personal collection and those collected with the help of friends who donated books, by my mining bookstores and the internet, I found a bunch of books, some quite battered, and put them in alphabetical order and signed this collection over to the public at this state university. At that point, they mystically trans-substantiated themselves into both items of reference and items of reverence.

Let me shift from this kind of thinking and discuss specific books I have collected for the present archive. I wanted there to be breadth and depth to the collection, high art and low, ivory tower poets and street poets rubbing shoulders, serious and not-so-serious fiction and non-fiction intermingled with scholarly works in these labyrinthian recesses. An archive is like the human mind, and analyzing an archive is a bit like archeology (Derrida, again). Some things are on the surface and some things are hidden. An archivist might come across a reference to a lost civilization. Perhaps, one finds that the Universe, itself, is a vast archive.

. . .

Michael Allen’s *Western Rivermen, 1763-1861: Ohio and Mississippi Boatmen and the Myth of the Alligator Horse* came out in 1990. I believe it was his doctoral thesis in History. He would be here, tonight, but he told me that he had a previous engagement to do research at a historical site along the Mississippi. He’s still on the job, although he says he is retired. His *Rodeo Cowboys in the North American Imagination* promotes the thesis that rodeo is a folk festival, where archenemies—cowboys and Indians, ranchers and sodbusters, have a fall equinox festival, and the audience observes the enactment of working skills of another era. Michael is an Ellensburg native, and his dad was a mayor of Ellensburg.

Another native of Ellensburg was Nancy Bacon (1939-2018). She was a rodeo queen, who, as a teen, left Ellensburg and took a job at the Sands Hotel, in Las Vegas, and hooked up with the Ratpack. With her contacts, she made a couple of B-movies in Hollywood, wrote for Confidential Magazine, wrote romance novels and wrote tell-all books—*Stars in my Bed, Legends and*

Lipstick—and she told a lot. Asked once to describe her worst sex experience, she replied, “It was terrific.”

Judith Moore wrote a tell-all book, too. She was born in Oklahoma, went to college at Evergreen, in Olympia, and married an Ellensburg dentist. She used Ellensburg as the backdrop in *Never Eat Your Heart Out*, where she mingles culinary and romantic romps in this windy city. After simmering in scandal, she moved to Berkeley.

Jan Kerouac relates many of her harrowing experiences with lovely, wild prose in *Baby Driver*, and in chapter 6, she references a visit to Ellensburg. I knew her mom, Joan, who lived in Kittitas. She’d stop by my bookstore and have tea. We didn’t talk about her life with Jack and his friends. You can read about that in *Nobody’s Wife*.

Belle Randall was born here in 1939 and left as an infant, when her mom moved to Berkeley, where I met Belle, twenty years later. She is the author of the poetry collections *101 Different Ways of Playing Solitaire and Other Poems* (1973) and *The Coast Starlight* (2010). She coedited *Exploding Flowers: Selected Poems of Luis Garcia* (2004) with yours truly. She briefly returned to Ellensburg, in 2018, to be a featured reader at Dick and Jane’s Spot during the Inland Poetry Prowl.

Alan E. Nourse died in Thorp, in 1992. He was a major player during the ‘50s Golden Age of Sci-fi. He was also a respected physician and wrote on medical subjects. I knew him from the Four Winds. One day he told me he was having a hassle with Warner Bros. movie company. They had used the title of one of his books, *The Bladerunner*, without giving him credit. The storyline of his book was not used, just the title. The movie, *Blade Runner*, is based on Philip K. Dick’s *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?* That title didn’t work for Ridley Scott, and someone suggested this new title but couldn’t remember where it came from. Many of Nourse’s stories deal with medical problems, and in *The Bladerunner*, Billy Gimp, a man with a club foot, procures medical equipment (“blades”) in a futuristic black market. If you watch the credits scroll, you will see that Alan E. Nourse is mentioned at the very end of the credits.

As regards my works, my daughter, Lucienne, told me I should write about the intricacies of my oeuvre before I die, since my mode of writing is counterintuitive. Rather than beginning with the manuscript, I begin with the book. I initiate the writing process by visualizing the completed form the manuscript of my telling will take, and I fill in the empty pages. Over the years, the books piled up. And the words might even mean something.

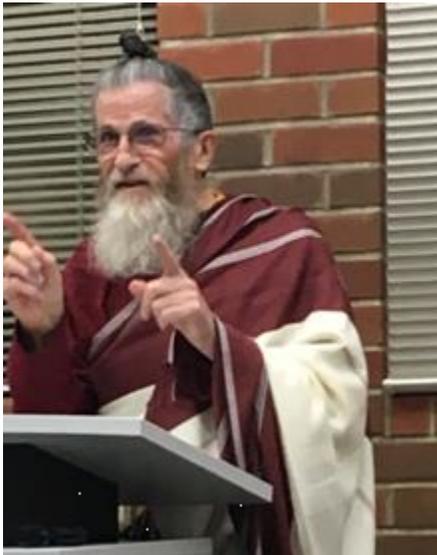
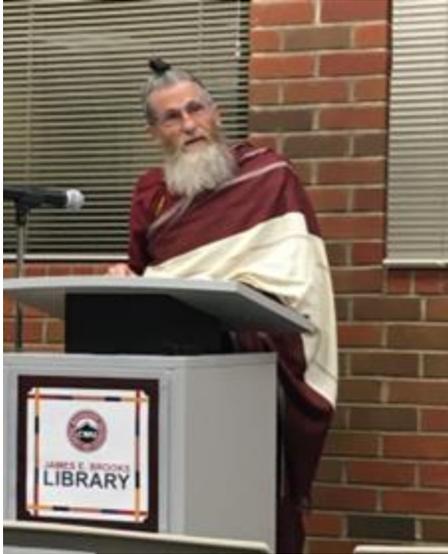
From early on, I collected my poetry and published chapbooks under the D Press logo. The “D” comes from the first letter of my last name, but there are other associations—feeling depressed and it being “the” press. Since the poems reveal my interests, I consider these to be an inner autobiography. Later in life, I began creating a prose narrative of my adventures, and I chose to

have these stories told in the third person by a fictional biographer, Bouvard Pécuchet, whose name is derived from a combination of the last names of the protagonists of Gustave Flaubert's novel, *Bouvard et Pécuchet*, a pair of court clerks with intellectual curiosity, who delve into all branches of human knowledge with disastrous results. Combine two idiots and get one author.

As a mid-20th century Bay Area Street Poet, I am extensively archived in the Bancroft Library of the University of California, Berkeley. In these confines, I rub shoulders with Shakespeare folios and Aztec codices. The Mark Twain Collection—rumors of Twain's demise still circulate—resides in opulent splendor. Here, one might expect to get some well-deserved rest, but after a brief suspension of time, one hears complaints about wormholes and arguments over limited shelf space...some nights, there is table tipping during seances convened by Madame Sososttris...and one can hear the sound of tears and laughter beyond the garden wall...finally one gets use to being dead. However, that is then, and this is here and now.

Derrida says, archive fever is “to burn with passion...never to rest, interminably, from searching for the archive right where it slips away. It is to run after the archive, even if there is too much of it, right where something anarchives itself. It is to have a compulsive, repetitive, and nostalgic desire for the archive, an irrepressible desire to return to the origin, a homesickness, a nostalgia for a return to the most archaic place of absolute commencement” (Jacque Derrida, *Archive Fever*, University of Chicago Press, 1995, p.91). My end in my beginning...my beginning in my end...

Before Mark Halperin died, we talked about our works. He said, “It's nice to leave something beautiful behind.” Poets have their city muses. Dante had Florence; Baudelaire had Paris; and I have Ellensburg. The formation of the High Mountain Valley Local Authors Collection is a group endeavor, and the door to the collection is, now, literally, open.



Photos by Julie Prather and Larry Kerschner

DOCUMENTS & PHOTOS RELATING TO THE COLLECTION



Maureen Rust

Carlos Pelley, Julia Stringfellow, Marty Blackson



Photo series by Marty Blackson

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Special Collections

Items in CWU Library's Special Collections are housed with archival materials on the second floor of Brooks Library. Special Collections materials may be found by searching [OneSearch](#) or by consulting the suggested reading below.

Special Collections materials focus on the eight counties of central Washington state: Benton, Chelan, Douglas, Grant, Kittitas, Klickitat, Okanogan, and Yakima. Special attention is given to Native American populations, early exploration, and pioneer settlement in the central Washington region. Special Collections include the following:

Regional Literature

The CWU Archives and Special Collections specializes in literature and fiction relating to central Washington, as well as publications by local authors. For suggested reading on the counties of Washington state, see the following guides:

- [Benton County](#)
- [Chelan County](#)
- [Douglas County](#)
- [Grant County](#)
- [Kittitas County and Ellensburg](#)
- [Klickitat County](#)
- [Okanogan County](#)
- [Yakima County](#)



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Rare Books

Rare books have been added to the CWU Archives when deemed significant historically, intellectually, or monetarily. Some of these books may be found in the following subject areas:

- [The Civil War and Slavery](#)
- [Fashion History and Costume Design](#)
- [The Northern Pacific Railroad](#)

Central Washington University History

The Central Washington University History collection contains published materials documenting the history of Central and its programs. Materials include college bulletins, yearbooks, institutional histories, and faculty publications. In addition, see the following guide for more on the university's early curriculum:

- [Early Central Washington University Textbooks](#)

Children's Literature

The Children's Literature collection contains historic children's books that were originally part of the Curriculum Lab of the Washington State Normal School. See the following for a few examples:

- [Aesop's Fables Collection](#)

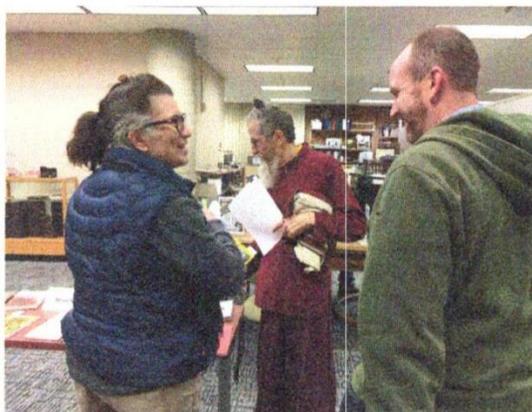
Darwin Goodey Native and Western American Art, Culture, and History

The Darwin Goodey Native and Western American Art, Culture, and History collection consists of books on Native American history, culture and art. It also encompasses published works on 19th-century western American history and art with a strong focus on the Pacific Northwest. See the following guides for examples of this material:

- [Native Americans \(Yakamas\)](#)
- [Pioneer Narratives](#)

High Mountain Valley Local Authors Collection

The High Mountain Local Authors Collection contains a selection of Central Washington's unique and noteworthy literary efforts. It includes examples of various literary forms and genres, novels, poetry, history, philosophy, children's books, romance, fantasy, new age, memoir, and essay. The arc of the collection is broad and includes examples of academic publishing, mainstream publishing, small-edition-self-published works, mass published works, print-on-demand books in hardback and soft cover, underground literary magazines, and art zines. For those keenly interested in documenting the history of books and printing, the collection includes a spectrum of printing techniques, letter press, offset, photocopying, linoleum block printing, mimeograph, calligraphy, and more. The volumes in the



collection were gathered and donated by Jampa Dorje (Richard Denner) beginning in 2018.

- [High Mountain Valley Local Authors Collection in the library catalog](#)

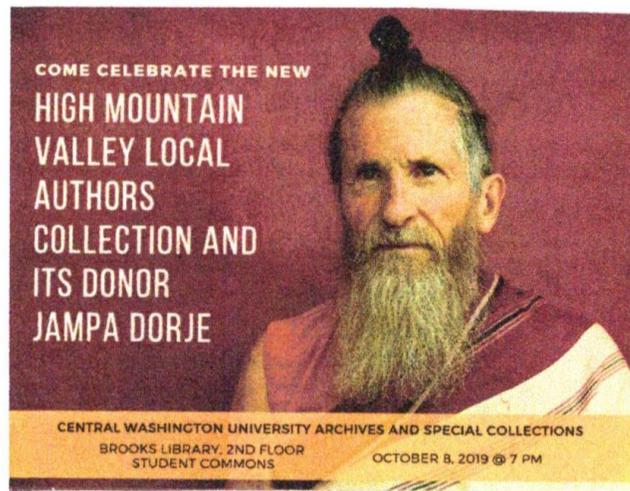


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Jampa Dorje, also known as Richard Denner, is Ellensburg's resident Tibetan Buddhist monk. He is an artist, painter, writer, and poet.

This reception celebrates the collection of works by local authors that Jampa Dorje assembled and donated to the CWU Archives and Special Collections. A talk by Mr. Dorje on the collection will be followed by a reception and tour of the Archives. Light refreshments will be served. For more information, email archive@cwu.edu.





August 30, 2019

Mr. Richard Denner
207 W. 9th Ave.
Ellensburg, WA 98926

Dear Mr. Denner:

I want to express our sincere thanks for your generous gift to the Brooks Library. The items for the High Mountain Valley Local Authors Collection are a great addition to the CWU Archives and Special Collections and will be an invaluable source of information and support to our students, faculty, and community patrons.

Your commitment to assisting us in providing outstanding information resources for Central's students and faculty is greatly appreciated. Again, thank you for your support.

Regards,

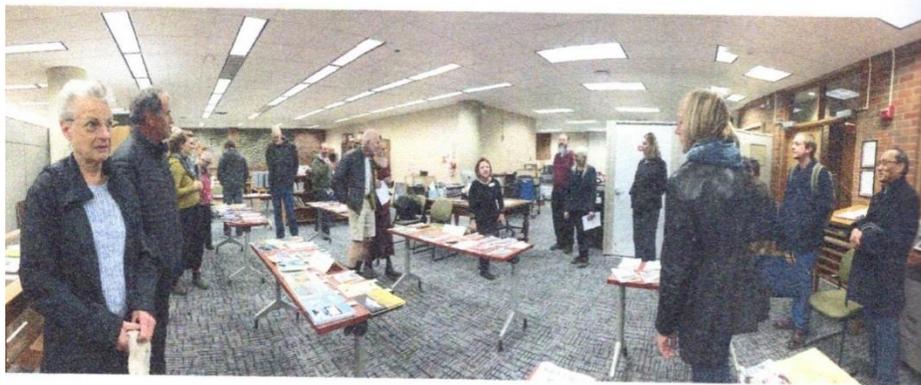
A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'RL Lubas', is written over the printed name.

Rebecca L. Lubas
Dean of Libraries

Thank you, Jampa!



Photos by Julie Prather



A cell phone video by Larry Kerschner
and an audio copy of Mr. Dorje's talk
are archived in ScholarWorks@CWU
https://digitalcommons.cwu.edu/library_lectures/

CORRESPONDANCE BETWEEN JULIA AND JAMPA

Julia Stringfellow <Julia.Stringfellow@cwu.edu> Wed, Feb 27, 8:40 AM

to RICHARDLEEDENNER@Gmail.com

Hi Jampa,

Sorry I missed you yesterday, we were in the midst of doing instruction sessions. Sabrina the cataloging librarian has the collection of books you authored and will catalog those first. We will let you know if any questions come up during the cataloging process and when they are completed and housed in Archives I'll let you know.

Thanks, Julia

Julia Stringfellow

Professor, University Archivist and Library Faculty Chair

Brooks Library

Central Washington University

Jampa Dorje <richardleedenner@gmail.com> Wed, Feb 27, 8:59 AM

to Julia

Great. Thank you.

Attached: First cataloged books of the High Mountain Valley Local Authors Collection!

Julia Stringfellow <Julia.Stringfellow@cwu.edu>

Mon, Apr 15, 1:13 PM

Hi Jampa,

We have completed catalog records for the first set of books in the High Mountain Valley Local Authors Collection! The cataloging process proved to be more complex than initially thought and 2 of the library's senior catalogers are cataloging the books. They started with the books in the collection that you authored. The cataloging likely won't be completed by the end of Spring Quarter and I am planning to hold a reception in honor of the collection in early Fall if this is okay with you.

On the library's website, <http://www.lib.cwu.edu/>, type in High Mountain Valley Local Authors Collection in the OneSearch box and you will be able to view all the books that have been cataloged so far in your collection. As more books are cataloged, I'll let you know.

Please let me know if you have any questions.

Julia

Bibliography of the High Mountain Valley

Local Authors Collection, as of 10/24/2019

Allen, Michael *Rodeo Cowboys in the North American Imagination* University of Nevada Press, Reno & Las Vegas, 1998 Modern cowboy history, well-documented 270 pages, hardback

Allen, Michael *Western Rivrermen, 1763-1861: Ohio and Mississippi Boatmen and the Myth of the Alligator Horse* Louisiana State University Press, Baton Rouge, 1990 History 262 pages, hardback

Eva Greenslit Anderson, *Chief Seattle*, The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho, 1943. Well-researched historical novel about Chief Sealth. This edition contains newspaper clippings, pasted onto the back end-pages, relating to a court trial that settled a copyright dispute between Mrs. Carl Gould and Mrs. Anderson. (Carl Gould, a prominent architect, designed the 420 Building, in Ellensburg.) Mrs. Anderson (1889-1972) was a woman of achievement: Regent of the University of Washington, State Representative, educator, and churchwoman. The Eva Greenslit Anderson papers are housed at C.W.U. Special Collections. 390 pages, hardback

Bach, Brian Paul *Tempering: Act 1 of the Forward to Glory Quartet* Clink Street Publishing, A Goth House of Howrah Book, Calcutta, India, 2017 Illustrations and cover art by the author 332 pages, perfect-bound

Bacon, Nancy *Legends and Lipstick: My Scandalous Stories of Hollywood's Golden Era* Edited by Staci Layne Wilson, published by Excessive Nuance, 2017 Memoir. Nancy was born in Ellensburg, Washington, on 8/16/1939. and died in Gig Harbor, Washington, 12/16/2018. Stories of Hollywood Love Affairs, life of a pinup girl, B movie actress, and novelist 366pp, perfect-bound

Bacon, Nancy *Love and Dreams* Ballentine Books, New York, New York 1980 An intimate novel, Hollywood millionaires, rock stars, and inside gossip 408 mass paperback

Bacon, Nancy *Winter Morning* Ballantine Books, New York, 1982 A "Love & Life" romantic novel 182 pages, mass paperback

Bambrick, Taneum, *Vantage*, American Poetry Review, Philadelphia, 2019, Poetry Winner of the APR/Honickman First Book Prize 56 pages, perfect-bound

Beck, George F. *Rye Grass* Katharine Havnaer, Virginia Michel, and Shirley Poage, publishers, Ellensburg, 1983 Poetry George Beck (1892-1982) taught geology courses at Washington State Normal School and Central Washington College of Education, 1925-1959. He was the co-discoverer of the petrified forests of central Washington and largely responsible for the establishment of Ginkgo Petrified Forest State Park in Vantage, Washington. Graphics by Jeanne Heikkinen. 24 pages, chapbook

Bennett, John *Battle Scars* Kamini Press, Stockholm, 2010 Watercolor by Henry Denander. Poems 44 pages, chapbook

Bennett, John *Betrayal's Like That* Vagabond, Ellensburg, 2000 Poems and short prose pieces 28 pages, chapbook

Bennett, John *The Birth of Road Rage* Vagabond, Ellensburg, 2005 Cover art by Don Brontsema; short prose pieces ("shards") 84 pp, chapbook

Bennett, John *Black Messiah: A Tribute to Henry Miller* Vagabond, Ellensburg, 1981 Linoleum cuts by Richard Denner; a collection of writings on H. Miller 96 pages, hardback

Bennett, John *Bodo: Infant of the Aftermat*The Smith, Brooklyn, NY, 1995 Cover art by Jim Kay, photo by Jackie Bangs; short prose pieces 186 pages, perfect-bound

Bennett, John *Born into Water* Hcolom Press, Ellensburg, 2013 Poetry 162 pages, perfect bound

Bennett, John *The Book of Shards* Hcolom Press, Ellensburg, 2013 Short prose pieces 320 pages, perfect bound

Bennett, John *The Burg: Stories about People* John Bennett, Ellensburg 2003 Articles originally printed in the Ellensburg Daily Record 40 pages, chapbook

Bennett, John *Children of the Earth* Hcolom Press, Ellensburg 2010 Cover art by Chris Yeseta; Novel 232 pages, perfect bound

Bennett, John *Death by Airbag* The Pedestrian Press, online site 2015 Cover art by Rhea Adri; poetry and short prose pieces 166, perfect -bound

Bennett, John *Deti Slunce Azeme* Mata (press), no town listed (Prague?) 2014 Translation into Czech by Alzbeta Glancova, novel contains drawings 248 pages, hardback

Bennett, John *Drive By: Shards and Poems* Lummo Press, San Pedro, California, 2010 Poems and short prose pieces 140 pages, perfect -bound

- Bennett, John** *Firestorm* Pudding House Pubs., Columbus, Ohio, 2008 Short prose pieces
30 pages, chapbook
- Bennett, John** *Frajer Bodo* Mata, Prague, 1995 Translated by Martina Loflerova 166
pages, perfect-bound
- Bennett, John** *Karmic, Four-star Buckaroo* Pudding House Pubs. Jamestown, Ohio, 1997
Cover photo by Jackie Bangs, short prose pieces (“shards”) 52 pages, chapbook
- Bennett, John** *Moloch and the Tire Grabbers* John Bennett, Ellensburg 2004 Excerpt from a
novel, cover art by Susan Waddle 20pp, chapbook
- Bennett, John** *The New World Order* The Smith, Brooklyn, 1991 Cover art by Jim Kay
Shards 86pp, perfect-bound
- Bennett, John** *Passing on the Fire* Hcolom Press, Ellensburg, 2014 Cover by Chris Yeseta,
photo by Jane Orleman, memoir-type novel 140 pages, perfect-bound
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the Kittitas Valley that appeared in the Daily Record 80 pages, perfect-bound
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Grehn Förlag, Sweden, 2010 Poems and short prose pieces 36 pages, perfect-bound
- Bennett, John** *Shards: Limited Christmas Edition 2005* John Bennett, Ellensburg, 2005
Short prose pieces, drawing by T.L. Kryss 16 pages, chapbook
- Bennett, John** *Short Jabs* Hcolom Press, Ellensburg, 2013 Poems 80, pages perfect-
bound
- Bennett, John** *Stars Fell on Alabama* Black Rabbit Press, Charlestown, Ohio, 2008
Two shards 8 pages, chapbook
- Bennett, John** *Survival Song, Part 1* Vagabond Press, Ellensburg, 1984 A novel,
drawings by John Harter and Louise Williams; mimeo publication 114 pages, chapbook
- Bennett, John** *Survival Song, Part 2* Vagabond Press, Ellensburg, 1985 A novel,
drawings by John Harter and Jimmy Jet; mimeo graph publication 116 pages, chapbook
- Bennett, John** *Survival Song, Part 3* Vagabond Press, Ellensburg 1986 A novel,
drawings by John Harter, Dick Elliott; mimeo publication 100 pages, chapbook
- Bennett, John** *The Night of the Great Butcher* December Press Chicago, 1976 Special
issue of December Magazine, Vol. 18 No.1 Illustrated Judy Geichman 120 pages perfect-
bound
- Bennett, John** *The Theory of Creation* Vagabond Press, Ellensburg 2005 Short prose

pieces, art by John Harter and Susan Waddle 36 pages, chapbook

Bennett, John *Tire Grabbers, revised 2nd ed.* Hcolom Press, Ellensburg 2011 A fantasy novel Cover design by Chris Yeseta 450pp, perfect

Bennett, John *Tire Grabbers*, an audio book read by the author Hcolom/Vagabond Productions, 2011 Mastered at Shofar Good Studios MP3 audio

Bennett, John *Tripping in America* Vagabond Press, Ellensburg 1984 A novel in journal form, illustrations by Jimmy Jet, photo by Cindy Bennett 154 pages, perfect-bound

Bennett, John *U-Haul with Dinosaur* Hcolom Press, Ellensburg 2012 Short stories, cover art by Don Brontsema, design by Chris Yeseta 144 pages, perfect-bound

Bennett, John *War All the Time* John Bennett, Ellensburg, 2005 Shards Cover art by Scott Malyberry 48 pages, perfect-bound

Bennett, John *We Don't Need Your Stinking Badges* Butcher Shop Press, Oneonta, New York, 2001 Shards, cover art by John L. Harter, Introduction by Mark Terrill 28 pages, chapbook

Boen, Kelly *Poem by K. Bowen Nudes by Rychard* D Press, Ketchikan 1968 Letterpress with tipped-in linoleum cuts on rice paper First collaborative work by Richard Denner 12 pages, chapbook

Bohnet, Clayton, *Ethos and Occupation* Clayton Bohnet, 2015 Prototype from Notebooks 2014-2015 One of a kind book with collage illustrations 56 pages, taped pages

Bohnet, Clayton, *Logic and the Limits of Philosophy in Kant and Hegel* Palgrave Macmillan, New York, 2015 Text examines the boundary between philosophy and formal logic in Kant and Hegel 270 pages, cloth

Bromige, David & Denner, Richard, *100 Cantos: Spade, Petrarch Project, & Garden Plots* D Press, Sebastopol CA, 2004 *Spade* has a preface by Robert Grenier and an introduction by Douglas Martin with a cover collage by Luis Garcia; *Petrarch Project* has an introduction by Douglas Martin and a cover painting by Sam Albright; this edition of *Garden Plots* is an early edition format 5 x 8 ½ black paper covers with pasted-on title 168, 164, and 184 pages, perfect-bound

Brooks, Steve Abhalya *Walking in Ellensburg* Abhalya Books Ellensburg, 2008 Poems. Art by the author. 42pp, stapled and tapped

Bumpus, Jerry *The Worms are Singing* Vagabond Press, Redwood City, CA, 1973 Short prose pieces Cover drawing by Okino; mimeo 28 pages, chapbook

Bumpus, Jerry *The Worms are Singing* Vagabond Press, Ellensburg 1979 Short prose piece 36 pages, chapbook

Cavazos, Xavier *Barbarian at the Gate* The Poetry Society of America, New York, 2014 Poetry, New American Chapbook Series Introduction by Thomas Sayer Ellis 80 pages, chapbook

Cavazos, Xavier *Diamond Grove Slave Trade* Ice Cube Press, LLC (Est. 1993) North Liberty, Iowa, 2015 The Ice Clube Press Prairie Seed Poetry Prize 86 pages, chapbook

Cavazos, Javier *El Malecón* D Press, Ellensburg, 2019 English poem with Spanish translation by Stella Moreno. Photos by author 12 pages, chapbook

Cavazos, Xavier *La Habana* D Press, Ellensburg, 2015 Cover photo by Terri Carrion 24 pages, chapbook

Cavazos, Xavier *Patriot* Kickass Press, Ellensburg, 2018 Poems translated into Spanish by Omar Manzo; art by the author 12 pages, chapbook

Chaney, Marleen *Buddha Winks* D Press, Ellensburg, 2019 Cover art by Jampa Dorje 12 pages, chapbook

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Denner, Cheri and Wieler, Susan *Poem/Block* D Press, Deep Bay AK 1969 Poem, letterpress, and linoleum cut with paper art for fly page 4 pages, chapbook

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Denner, Richard *Cow Songs* dPress Sebastopol, 1999 Poems written in Badger Pocket, Kittitas County, two drawings by the author 24 pages, chapbook

- Denner, Richard** *Crank Shaft* D Press, Deep Bay AK, 1969 Poem; tipped in linoleum cuts 12 pages, chapbook
- Denner, Richard** *Denner Recipes* D Press, Ketchikan AK, 1968 Poems; tipped-in linoleum cuts Letterpress 12 pages, chapbook
- Denner, Richard** *The Eye of the Vitamin* D Press, Ketchikan AK, 1968 Poem; early letterpress, # 7/69 8 pages, chapbook
- Denner, Richard** *Flower Poem* Wildcat Productions, Ellensburg, 1985 Poem; cover drawing by Cheryl Wentworth 8 pages, chapbook
- Denner, Richard** *The Four Winds* D Press, Ellensburg, 2019 A first-person version of Bouvard Pécuchet's third-person telling of the founding of the Four Winds Bookstore & Café, in Ellensburg 20 pages, hand-sewn chapbook
- Denner, Richard** *From Lascaux to Dendera, A Study in Archeoastronomy & Art* D Press, Ellensburg, 2019 Archive of the Ages Series #2 Illustrated with geometry designs over cave art 28 pages, chapbook
- Denner, Richard** *The Marriage of Cupid and Psyche As a Calendar of the Moon* D Press, Ellensburg, 2019 Archive of the Ages Series #3 A set of occult correspondences based on Apuleius's story of Cupid and Psyche 20 pages, chapbook
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- Denner, Richard** *Printer and Printed* D Press, Ellensburg, 2018 Writings and art, photos of Gallery One Installation, part of the archival project 24 pages, chapbook
- Denner, Richard** *The Scorpion* The D Press in Berkeley, 1975 Book design and letterpress

printing by Wesley Tanner, one of 300 copies; note on flyleaf by author 16 pages, hand-sewn chapbook

Denner, Richard no title, photo of author by Ray McLaughlin on cover D Press, Ketchikan AK, 1968 Poems; early letterpress edition with tipped-in linoleum cuts, offset cover 12 pages, chapbook

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Dougherty, Nancy Cavers & Jampa Dorje *Silk* Pink Rabbit Press, Sebastopol, CA, 2007 A collaborative poem, early edition with correction, later published by Pillow Road Press, Sebastopol 160pp, perfect

Dorje, Jampa [nom de plume, Richard Denner] *70,000 Fathoms of Bliss* Kapala Press, Ellensburg, 2018 Philosophical essay, existentialism 24 pages, chapbook

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- Dorje, Jampa**, *The High Mountain Valley Local Authors Collection at the James E. Brooks Library on the Central Washington University Campus*, D Press, Ellensburg, 2019. Jampa's talk at the library on 10/8/2019, along with documents, photos, and letters connected to the installation of the collection, # 6 in the Archive of the Ages Series, 56 pages, perfect-bound.
- Dorje, Jampa** *If It* D Press, Ellensburg, 2016 Poems, cover art by author 20 pages, chapbook
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Dorje, Jampa *Tara's Mandala* Kapala Press, Santa Fe, 2013 Poems and stories, illustrated with calligraphy by the author; later titled *My 20 Years in Tara's Mandala*, 122 pages, perfect

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Dunning, William V. with Mahmoud, Ben *Advice to Young Artists in a Postmodern Era* Syracuse University Press, Syracuse, New York, 1998 Practical guide toward becoming a serious

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Dunning, William V. *The Roots of Postmodernism* Prentice Hall, Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey, 1995 History of art, theory of art; cover artwork by Dan Rice 302 pages, perfect-bound

Eberhart, C.J. *Home: The Eberhart Album* The Saurus Press, 1981 Poems, stories, photos and art by and about the Eberhart family farm 32 pages, chapbook

Elliott, Richard C. *An Infinite Point in Time* Spot Publishing, Ellensburg 2009 An essay; book produced for art show at Yakima Valley Museum in 2009 20 pages, chapbook

Folkestad, William B. *The View from the Turret: the 743rd Tank Battalion during WW II* Burd Street Press, White Mane Pub. Co., Shippensburg PA, 1996 History, frontline combat experiences 146 pages, cloth

Fountain, Elizabeth *An Alien's Guide to World Domination* Burst, a Division of Champagne books, High River, Alberta, Canada, 2013 On the Cover: "When Earth's future is in the hands of the last person on the planet who thinks humanity is worth saving, it's lucky her dog knows what to do." 288 pages, perfect-bound

Fouts, Roger, with Stephen Tukel Mills *Next of Kin: My Conversations with Chimpanzees* Bard, A Living Planet Book, Avon Books Inc., New York, 1997 Introduction by Jane Goodall. The Chimp Program was a research project at C.W.U. Contains photographs 420pp, perfect-bound

Garcia, Luis and Denner, Richard, *Blood Dust*, D Press, 1988. Poetry with collages by Denner and drawings by Garcia 12 pages, chapbook

Garcia, Luis *A Gift from the Darkness* Summit Road Press, Berkeley 2000 Poems; book designed by James Whelage at The Tuscan Press, Novato; debossed cover 144 pages, perfect

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Halperin, Mark *Time as Distance* New Issues, Western Michigan University, Kalamazoo, 2001 A Green Rose Book selected by Nancy Eimers, design by Ivo Gasparotto 100 pages, perfect-bound

Harris, Lee *Celestial Cattlecall* D Press, Ellensburg, 2000 A Buddhist monk, Harris is a founding member of the Cowboy Yogi Association 20 pages, chapbook

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Huckabay, James L. *Wild Winds and Other Tales of Growing Up in the Outdoor West* Reecer Creek Publishing, Ellensburg, 1997 A collection of stories about people and their relationships with wildlife and the outdoors. Paintings by Parks Reece. 130 pages, perfect-bound

Humfleet, Melanie Falcioni *Till the Drift Steams* Melanie Humfleet, Ellensburg, 1979 Poems; limited edition 5/30 16 pages, chapbook

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Hutson, Raymond *Finding Sgt. Kent* Köehlerbooks Virginia Beach, Virginia, 2018 A novel about a soldier 198 pages, perfect-bound

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Johnson, Richard *The King Down Came* Trask House Books, Inc. (Portland, Oregon) 1970 A novel 144 pages, perfect-bound

Kerouac, Jan *Baby Driver* St. Martin's Press, New York, 1981 Autobiography by the daughter of Beat writer, Jack Kerouac, who occasionally visited her mother, in Ellensburg Mentions Ellensburg in chapter 6 First edition with dust jacket 208 pages, hardback

Kerouac, Jan *Baby Driver* Holt, Rinehart & Winston (An Owl Book), New York, 1981 An autobiographical novel 292 pages, perfect

Kerouac, Jan *Trainsong* Henry Holt & Company, New York, 1988 Prose memoir 210 pages, hardback

Kerouac, Jan *Trainsong* Thunder's Mouth Press, New York, 1988 Prose memoir 246 page, perfect-bound

Kerouac, Joan Haverty *Nobody's Wife* Creative Arts Book Company, Berkeley, 1990
Autobiography by the second wife of American author, Jack Kerouac. She lived in Kittitas and Ellensburg, at different times. 216 pages, perfect-bound

Kerschner, Larry *Memories* Garlic Press, Mt. Lake Terrace WA, 1989 A hand-sewn, hand-printed edition of 50 copies 20 pages, chapbook

Kerschner, Larry *To Those Who Know It Not* D Press, Ellensburg, 2019 Poems read at Clymer Museum & Gallery to kick off the 2019 Inland Poetry Prowl Press draft edition 16 pages, chapbook

Knapp, Lynn M. *Giving Ground* The Poetry Box, Beaverton, Oregon 2017 Poems 102 pages, perfect-bound

Knight, Brenda *Women of the Beat Generation* Conari Press Berkeley, California, 1996
Contains material about both Jan and Joan Kerouac, foreword by Anne Waldman and afterword by Ann Charters 368 pages, perfect-bound

Kleck, Judith *Culling the Petals* Fishing Line Press, Georgetown, Kentucky, 2008 Poems; contains an inserted page with poems by Judith and Joe Powell 28 pages, chapbook

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Martin, Terry *The Secret Language of Women* Blue Begonia Press, Yakima, Washington, 2006 Poems 84 pages. perfect

Masarik, Al *Invitation to a Dying* Vagabond Press, Ellensburg, 1971 Poems; introduction by Charles Bukowski; illustrations by Cindy Bennett 72 pages, chapbook

Masarik, Al *Red Mountain, Agatha Christie & Love* Vagabond Pub., 1976, Poems
84 pages, perfect bound [See Richard Denner's *Berkeley Daze*]

Mauer M.D., Stephen *Grampa Dances* No press logo No date Poems, Cover by
Elizabeth Mauer 68 pages perfect-bound

Maurer M.D., Stephen *Steaming Red Tea and Other Poems about Parenthood,
Psychoanalysis and Love* Big Table Publishing bigtablepublishing.com, 2012 Poems
38 pages, chapbook

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book; illustrations by Ken Shuey 196 pages, perfect

McIntyre, Jerilyn *Passi Felpati e Felini Alati* Bristlecone Peak, Interlaken, Utah, 2015
Children's book; translation in Italian by Grazia Adami Lovei, illustrated by Ken Shuey 96
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Utah, 2018 Children's book; illustrations by Ken Shuey 124 pages, perfect-bound

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novel about a broken family that finds its way back together. The author lives in upper county.
322 pages, perfect-bound

McMinn, M. Paula *Water Shed Poems* Homestead Press, Ellensburg, 1997 Poems cover
illustration by Anna Duskin 16 pages, chapbook

Miller, Linda Lael *Man from Stone Creek* Harlequin Books, Don Mills, Ontario, Canada, 2006
Western Romance Novel. 376 pp mass market

Miller, Linda Lael *Only Forever* Harlequin Books, Don Mills, Ontario, Canada, 2011
Romance novel. Coupled with Thunderbolt Over Texas by Barbara Dunlop. Miller's brother
was a sheriff of Kittitas, Washington. 186 pages, mass market paperback

Moore, Judith *Fat Girl: A True Story* Penguin, New York (A Plume Book) 2006 A memoir
dealing with a love/hate relationship with food 196 pages, perfect-bound

Moore, Judith *Never Eat Your Heart Out* Farrar Straus Giroux, New York, 1997 Novel
partially set in Ellensburg WA 328 pages, hardback

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24 pages, chapbook

Norris, Lisa *Toy Guns* Helicon Nine Editions, Kansas City & Los Angeles, 1999 Stories;
winner of the Willa Cather Fiction Prize, selected by Al Young; cover by Tim Barnhart 148

pages, perfect-bound

Nourse, Alan E. *Alan E. Nourse Resurrected*, ed. by Greg Fowlkes Resurrected Press, resurrectedpress.com, 2011 Short Sci-fi stories of Alan E. Nourse, taken from magazines of the 1950s, plus one story by Greg Fowlkes 378 pages, Perfect-bound

Nourse, Alan E. *The Bladerunner* Ballantine Books, New York, New York, 1974 Sci-fi novel about a futuristic medical black market. Title of novel was used for the cult-classic, film noir movie, *Blade Runner*. Nourse lived in Thorp, Washington. 214 pages, mass market paperback

Nourse, Alan E. *Consignment* Positronic Publishing Floyd, Virginia no date Sci-fi short story 18 pages, chapbook

Doctor X (Nourse, Alan E.) *Intern* Harper Row Publishers, New York 1965 Journal of a medical doctor Book Club edition 404pp, cloth

Nourse, Alan E. *Ladies' Home Journal Family Medical Guide* Harper & Row, New York, 1973 Popular medicine, family guide Illustrations by Sidney Feinberg 1072 pages, hardback

Nourse, Alan E. *Meeting of the Board* Positronic Publishing, Floyd, Virginia, no date Sci-fi short story 24 pages, chapbook

Nourse, Alan E. *Nine Planets* Pyramid Publications, New York, 1960 Science book on astronomy 288 pages, mass market

Nourse, Alan E. *PSI High and Others* Ace Books, New York, 1967 Sci-fi short stories 158 pages, mass market

Nourse, Alan E. *The Mercy Men* David McKay Company, New York, 1968 Science Fiction novel with the authors medical knowledge on display 180 pages, hardback

Nourse, Alan E. *Raiders from the Rings* Pyramid Books, New York, 1962 Science Fiction novel dealing with an Alien attack on Earth 160 pages, mass market

Nourse, Alan E. *Rocket to Limbo* Ace Science Fiction Books, New York, 1986 Science Fiction novel dealing with the exploration of an distant planet 186 pages, mass market

Nourse, Alan E. *Star Surgeon* Scholastic Book Services, New York, 1960 Science Fiction dealing with doctors aboard the hospital patrol ship Lancet 190 pages, mass market

Nourse, Alan E. *Sexually Transmitted Diseases* Franklin Watts, New York, 1992 Medical text, sex education 128 pages, hardbound

Pécuchet, Bouvard (nom de plume of Richard Denner) *Collage Art at the 420 Building* D Press, Ellensburg, 2019 Art Show opening October 4, 2019 Photos of work by Clayton Bohnet, Mark Mahagin, Jorja Towner and Jampa Dorje 20 pages, chapbook

- Pécuchet, Bouvard** *Friendship* D Press, Ellensburg, 2016 Story about friendship of Jampa Dorje and David Bromige 20 pages, chapbook
- Pécuchet, Bouvard** *Further Reaches in Mathematics* D Press, Ellensburg, 2016 Ongoing reflections of Jampa Dorje 20pp, chapbook
- Pécuchet, Bouvard** *God* D Press, Ellensburg, 2016 Jampa's philosophical reflections on the nature God and the Buddha 24 pp, chapbook
- Pécuchet, Bouvard** *Jampa and His Horses* D Press, Ellensburg, 2016 Jampa's reflections on his involvement with horses 24 pages chapbook
- Pécuchet, Bouvard** *Jampa Dorje's Animal Friends* D Press, Ellensburg 2016 Jampa's reflections on animals he's encountered 20pp, chapbook
- Pécuchet, Bouvard** *Jampa Dorje's Wild Edible Words* Kapala Press, Ellensburg, 2017 Poems and grocery lists; part of an archival project 24 pages, chapbook
- Pécuchet, Bouvard** *Jampa in Jail & His Thoughts on Terror* D Press, Ellensburg, 2016 Reflections on the criminal justice system 24 pages, chapbook
- Pécuchet, Bouvard** *Jampa's Adventures in Mental Institutions* D Press, Ellensburg, 2016 Reflections on the mental health system 24 pages, chapbook
- Pécuchet, Bouvard** *Jampa's Worldly Dharmas, Boxed Set* Kapala Press, Santa Fe, 2013 Nine volumes of a faux biography of Jampa Dorje; an early edition with corrections in high-liner; calligraphy and art by the author 128, 126, 116, 118, 122, 126, 126, 120, 124 pages, perfect
- Pécuchet, Bouvard** *Le Sang d'un Poète Redux* Pink Rabbit Press, Ellensburg, 2016 Cover: still photo from the film *Le Sang d'un Poète Redux* by Jean Cocteau 12 pages, chapbook
- Pécuchet, Bouvard** *Poetry* D Press, Ellensburg, 2016 Jampa Dorje and his connecting with the art of poetry 24 pp chapbook
- Pécuchet, Bouvard** *Reading* Kapala Press, Ellensburg, 2016 Jampa Dorje reading books and connecting with Buddhism 20 pages, chapbook
- Pécuchet, Bouvard** *A Tribute to Juanita of the Woods* D Press, Ellensburg, 2016 Jampa's meeting with the daughter of 19th c. poet, Joaquin Miller 16 pages, chapbook
- Pécuchet, Bouvard** *Walking, Talking, & Eating Art with Jampa Dorje* Wildcat Press, Ellensburg, 2018 Jampa Dorje discusses architecture and art 20 pages, chapbook
- Penfold, Maia** *The Red Buddha* Hcolom Press, Ellensburg, 2010 Poems, photos 170 pages, perfect-bound
- Petty, Eugena Hepworth** *If Apple Juice Were Oil* Poems-For-All San Diego, 2016 2 x 3 ½

format, stapled # 1386 8 pages, chapbook

Petty, Eugena Hepworth *Poetry Is Poems-For-All*, San Diego, 2016 2 x 1 ¾ format, fold-out page 2 x 7, # 13874 pages, chapbook

Philippe *How to Make the Ephemeral Stick* D Press, Ellensburg, 2016 Poems and paintings of the author 32 pages, chapbook, hand-sewn

Pimomo, Paulus *An Illustrated Dictionary of Common English Words* Taishukan, Tokyo, Japan, 2018 Illustrated by Masamura Hidemi 732 pages, perfect-bound

Pimomo, Paulus and Masamura Hidemi *A Practical and Illustrative English Japanese Dictionary* Shogakukan, Tokyo, Japan, 2008 Contains fliers 702 pages, perfect-bound

Pond, David and Pond, Lucy *The Metaphysical Handbook* Reflecting Pond Publications, Port Angeles WA, 1994 10th printing, original printed in 1984 in Ellensburg; illustrations by Jim Sorensen 180, perfect-bound

Pond, David *Chakras for Beginners* Llewellyn Publications, St. Paul, Minnesota, 1999 Occult/Meditation/Self-Actualization. David lived in Ellensburg and graduated with a Master of Science in Experimental Metaphysics from Central Washington University 172 pages, perfect-bound

Powell, Joseph *Aegean Dialogues* March Street Press, Greensboro, NC, 1998 Poetry 36 pages, perfect-bound

Powell, Joseph *The Distance Between Us* D Press, Ellensburg, 2015 Poetry; cover photo by Julie Prather 28 pages, chapbook

Powell, Joseph *Greatest Hits 1980-2001* Pudding House Pubs., Johnstown, OH, 2001 Poetry; Greatest Hits #96 34 pp, chapbook

Powell, Joseph *Fish Grooming and Other Stories* March Street Press, Greensboro, NC, 2007 Short stories; finalist for Washington State Book Award 288 pages, perfect-bound

Powell, Joseph *Hard Earth* March Street Press, Greensboro, NC, 2010 Poetry; cover art by Cynthia Kriebel 100 pages, perfect-bound

Powell, Joseph *Honesty, Elegance, and the Ragged Edge: Essays on Poetry* Powell, Ellensburg Essays 306 pages, perfect-bound

Powell, Joseph *In the Kittitas* D Press, Ellensburg, 1988 Poetry; illustrated by Richard Denner 12 pages, chapbook

Powell, Joseph *Preamble to the Afterlife* March Street Press, Greensboro, NC, 2013 Poetry 96 pages, perfect-bound

Powell, Joseph *A Ring in Air* D Press, Sebastopol, 2003 Poetry; drawings by Cynthia Krieble
40 pages, perfect-bound

Powell, Joseph *Winter Insomnia* Arrowood Books, Corvallis, OR, 1993 Poetry 72 pages,
cloth

Powell, Judith Kleck *In Dog Years I'm Dead: Living with A.L.S.* Powell, Ellensburg
Poetry and stories; book published in memory of Judith Powell 1950-2012; other books under
Judith Kleck 216pp, perfect

Powell, Judith Kleck *Walking on Stilts* Powell, Ellensburg, 2011 Poetry 16 pages,
chapbook

Prather, Yevonne, *Snoqualmie Pass: From Indian Trail to Interstate*, The Mountaineers, Seattle,
1981, Research and interviews make up the backbone of the narrative; maps, photos, indexed
168 perfect-bound

Randall, Belle *101 Different Ways of Playing Solitaire and Other Poems* University of Pittsburgh
Press, Pittsburgh, 1973 Poetry 74 pages, cloth

Randall, Belle, *The Adult in a Bonnet: Conversations with Stanley Cavell, Wittgenstein and St.
Augustine*, D Press, Ellensburg, 2019, Memoir and prose poem from point of view of baby
learning language 20 pages chapbook

Randall, Belle *Elvis: from The Lives of the Saints* D Press, Sebastopol CA, 2003 Short prose
pieces Belle was born in Ellensburg in 1939 and moved to Berkeley in the early 1940s 24
pages, chapbook

Ragan, Quentin *Homegrown Rascality* D Press, Ellensburg, 2019 Poetry 16 pages,
chapbook

Risdon, Grant *Studies in Aztec Design* D Press, Ketchikan AK, 1968 Three-color linoleum
cuts on rice paper 16 pages, chapbook

Say, Tyko *The Sound of Mouths* D Press, Ellensburg, 2016 Poems; photo by author 20
pages, chapbook

Satnik, Christine *Ballet for Tiny Dancers* Satnik, Ellensburg, 1983 Instruction for dance;
photography by Julie Prather 40 pp, chapbook

Schnelle, Robert *Valley Walking: Notes on the Land* Washington State University Press,
Pullman, 1997 Essays Rob has taught English at CWU 144 pages, cloth

Smith, A.D. *The Prophecy of Arden* A Positive Gain Fictional Book Series No.3, Project
No.33, Ellensburg, 2005 Author's third published novel, written while he was a student
at C.W.U., 1977-1981 340 pages, perfect-bound

Smith, David W. *Above the Mountain* Bristlecone Peak Books, Midway, UT, 2013 Poems
56 pages, chapbook

Smith, David W. *Now We Have Secrets* Bristlecone Peak Books, Midway, UT, 2014 Novel
set in Eastern Washington 390 pp, perfect

Smith, Mende *Veritas Cabaret* LummoX Press, San Pedro CA, 2013 Poems 36 pages,
chapbook

Taylor, Kent *Driving Like the Sun* Vagabond Press, Ellensburg, 1976 Vagabond chapbook
#5, cover design by Cindy Bennett 36 pp, chapbook

Thomas, Joanna *Cuddle Fluttering My Feather Heart*, Dogtown Press, Ellensburg, 2018
Poems inspired by Edna St Vincent Millay, some erasures of her poems 28 pages, chapbook

Thomas, Joanna *International Library of Technology* Joanna Thomas, Ellensburg, 2016
Found poems (erasures) 12 pp, chapbook

Thomas, Joanna *Leonardo's Lady Explains Herself* Dogtown Press, Ellensburg, 2018
Poems with illustrations 20 pages, chapbook

Thomas, Joanna *Rabbit: An Erasure Poem* Dogtown Press, Ellensburg 2018 Found poems
24 pages, chapbook

Thomas, John *Original Tavern Theatre in the Paimuit Lounge* John Thomas & Sheraton
Anchorage Hotel, Anchorage, 1988 Poems and local advertisements 76 pages, perfect-
bound

Tranchell, T.J. *Cry Down Dark* Blyssster Books www.blyssster.com 2016 Fiction First
novel Cover art by Michelle Kilmer. Signed by the author 156 pages, perfect-bound

Tranchell, T.J. *Asleep in the Nightmare Room* Blyssster Books www.blyssster.com 2017
Horror stories, poems, and essays. Tranchell is an alumna of C.W.U. 202 pages, perfect-
bound

Truax, Tara *Who the Hell Am I to Start a Business?* Tara Truax Company Ellensburg, 2013
Business manual; includes a hand-written note by the author 78 pages, perfect-bound

Valdepeña, Gabriela Anaya & Denner, Richard *Roses of Crimson Fire* dPress, Sebastopol and
Darkness Visible, La Jolla, 2008 A collaborate epistolary romance novel; winner of 2008 San
Diego Book Awards, Best Poetry 188 pages, perfect-bound

VandeZande, Zach *Apathy and Paying Rent* Loose Teeth Press, Vancouver & Halifax,
2008 Short stories; art by Mike Holmes 218 pages, perfect-bound VandeZande teaches
creative writing at CWU.

Vuong, Lily C., *The Protevangelium of James*, Cascade Books, Eugene OR, 2019 Early Christian Apocrypha, Translation and analysis of text by Dr. Vuong, Assistant Professor Philosophy, CWU 126 pages, perfect-bound

Whitcomb, Katharine and Goeltzenleuchter, Brian *Art Courage: A Therapeutic Plan to Free You from Your Fear of Art* Jaded Ibis Press, Seattle, 2014 An Art Courage Program 70 pages, perfect-bound

Whitcomb, Katharine *The Daughter's Almanac* The Backwaters Press, Omaha, NB, 2015 Poetry; Winner of the 2014 Backwaters Prize 68 pages, perfect-bound Whitcomb is Chairman of CWU English Dept.

Whitcomb, Katharine *Flame in a Jar* D Press, Ellensburg, 2019 English poetry with Spanish translations by Alma Garcia Photos by Javier Cavazos 24 pages hand-sewn chapbook

Whitcomb, Katharine *Lamp of Letters* Floating Bridge Press, Seattle 2009 Poetry; letterpress cover, limited edition #305/400 42, perfect

Whitcomb, Katharine *Saints of South Dakota and Other Poems* Bluestem Press, Emporia State University, Emporia, Kansas, 2000 Poetry; winner of Bluestem Poetry Award 54 pages, perfect-bound

Williams, Rolf T., Jerry T., & Donald J. *The Unfinished History of Jerrol's* Jerrol's Publishing Co., Ellensburg 2015 The history of a small business in Ellensburg, Washington: "from ice cream to office supplies" 112 pages, perfect-bound

Zeller, Maya Jewell *Rust Fish* Lost Horse Press, Sandpoint, ID, 2011 Poetry 78 pages, perfect-bound Zeller teaches writing at C.W.U.

Anthologies, Periodicals, & Zines

1996 Student Poetry Contest Winners Kittitas County Performing Arts, Hal Homes Center, Ellensburg, 1996 4 ¼ x 11 format 24 pp, stapled

Avitts, Ellen *"Home Staging in Twenty-First Century America: Doesn't It Look Like a Happy Place to Live?"* University Press of Southern Denmark, Odense, Denmark No date

Volume 42.1, a biannual publication: *American Studies in Scandinavia*, edited by Anders Olsson 122 perfect bound Avitts teaches Art History at C.W.U.

Bennett, John, editor *Black Messiah: A Tribute to Henry Miller* Vagabond, Ellensburg, 1981 Contains linoleum cuts by Richard Denner; a collection of writers on H. Miller 96 pages, cloth

Bennett, John, editor *Ragged Lion: A Tribute to Jack Micheline* Vagabond-Smith, Ellensburg, 1981 Photos, drawings, art celebrating the life of Jack Micheline 212 pages, cloth

Bennett, John, editor *Six Poets* Vagabond Publication, Ellensburg 1979 Poets: John Tomas, Ann Menebroker, Ronald Koertge, Lyn Lifshin, Al Masarik, Gerda Penfold; drawing by Charles Bukowski 68 pages, perfect-bound

Bennett, John, editor *Vagabond 23-24* Vagabond Double Issue Vagabond, Ellensburg, 1976 Art editor: Cindy Bennett (nee Kriebel), cover photo by Jill Andrea, contains Richard Denner linoleum block cuts 28 pages, newsprint, stapled

Bennett, John, editor *Vagabond 26* Vagabond, Ellensburg, 1977 A mimeo mag classic; art editor, Cindy Bennett, offset printing with photos 92 pages, stapled

Bennett, John, editor *Vagabond 29* Vagabond, Ellensburg, 1979 Mimeograph printing at its best; assistant editor, Betti Dempsey; cover art by Jimmy Jet 72 pages, stapled

Bennett, John, editor *Vagabond Anthology* Vagabond, Ellensburg 1978 Collected poems and stories from Vagabond Magazine, 1966-1977 278 pages, perfect-bound

Claman, Elizabeth, editor *boundEach in Her Own Way: Women Writing on Menopause* Queen of Swords Press, Eugene, Oregon, 1994 Essays on aspects of aging; cover art by Jane Orleman 180 pages, perfect

Denner, Richard, editor *Berkeley Daze: Profiles of Poets in Berkeley in the '60s* D Press, Ellensburg, 2018 Revised from 2008 Sebastopol edition; extensive collection of poetry, essays and fiction with photos of authors and correspondences, 8 ½ x 11 format 484 pp, perfect-bound

Denner, Richard, editor *Libellus* Wildcat Publications, Ellensburg, 1983 Anthology of Mark Halperin's poetry students; cover art by Mark Rude 28, pages, chapbook Forerunner of Manastash Lit. Magazine

Eberhart, Cory, editor *Retrospect 73-74* Ellensburg High School Ellensburg, Washington, 1974 Magazine of Washington high school writers, many from Ellensburg 60 pages, stapled

Hurrey, Claire Edna, editor *Camass Fields Prairie Reader, Vol. 1, No. 1* Camass Fields, Ellensburg, 1995 Art, photography, cartoon, and literary magazine by local artists 32 pages, stapled

Hurrey, Claire Edna, editor *Camass Fields Prairie Reader, Vol. 1, No. 2* Camass Fields, Ellensburg, 1996 Art, photography, cartoon, and literary magazine by local artists 36 pages, stapled

Denner, Richard, editor *Ellensburg Anthology* D Press, Ellensburg (mimeo under supervision

of John Bennett, w/ offset cover) 1980 Literary magazine, illustrated, established in conjunction with First Annual Ellensburg Art Festival, cover photo by Julie Prather 66 pages, stapled

Lineham, Tom & Martensen, Doug, editors *Ellensburg Anthology* Swingset Free School, Ellensburg, 1981 Cover art by Don Brontsema 76 pages, stapled

Tom Lineham and Doug Martensen, editors *Ellensburg Anthology* D Press, Ellensburg, 1982 Cover art by Tom Pickerel 76 pages, stapled

Lineham, Tom & Martensen, Doug, editors *Ellensburg Anthology* Tom Lineham and Doug Martensen, Ellensburg, 1983 Cover art by Bobbie Halperin 76 pages, stapled

Denner, Richard, editor *Ellensburg Anthology* Four Winds, Ellensburg 1984 Cover art by Mikhail Stahm 88 pages, stapled

Lineham, Tom & Martensen, Doug, editors *Ellensburg Anthology* Four Winds, Ellensburg, 1985 Cover by Louise Williams, title page by Don O'Connor 68 pages, stapled

Lineham, Tom & Martensen, Doug, editors *Ellensburg Anthology* Ellensburg Anthology, Olympia, Washington, 1986 Cover art by Cindy Bennett, financial support, Washington State Arts Commission and Swingset Alternative School Board 80 pages, stapled

Denner, Richard and Secunda, Kim, editors *Ellensburg Anthology* Four Winds, offset printing by Record Printing, 1987 WA State Arts Commission; cover art by Dan Herron 92 pages, stapled

Leader, Beth, editor *First Friday: The Arts Monthly Vol.2, No. 10* Ellensburg Arts Commission, Ellensburg, 2001, Oct. Events related to the First Friday Art Walk 8 pages, loose with flyer

Leader, Beth, editor *First Friday: The Arts Monthly*

Vol. 2, No. 11 2001, Nov. 8 ½ x 11 format 8 pages, loose with flyer

First Friday: The Arts Monthly

Vol. 2, No. 12

2001, Dec. 8 pages, loose with flyer

First Friday: The Arts Monthly

Vol. 3, No. 1 2002, Jan. 8 pages, loose with flyer

First Friday: The Arts Monthly

Vol. 3, No. 2 2002, Feb. 8, loose with flyer

First Friday: The Arts Monthly

Vol. 3, No 3 2002, March 8, loose with flyer

First Friday: The Arts Monthly

Vol. 3, No 5 2002, May 13, loose with flyer

First Friday: The Arts Monthly

Vol. 3, No. 7 2002, July 12, loose with flyer

First Friday: The Arts Monthly
 Vol. 3, No. 8 2002, Aug. 8 ½ x 11 format 12, loose with flyer
First Friday: The Arts Monthly
 Vol. 3, No. 10 2002, Oct. 8 ½ x 7 format 12, loose
First Friday: The Arts Monthly
 Vol. 3, No. 11 2002, Nov. 16, loose
First Friday: The Arts Monthly
 Vol. 3, No. 12 2002, Dec. 16, loose
First Friday: The Arts Monthly
 Vol. 4, No. 1 2003, Jan. 12, loose
First Friday: The Arts Monthly
 Vol. 4, No. 2 2003, Feb. 12, loose
First Friday: The Arts Monthly
 Vol. 4, No. 3 2003, March 16, loose with flyer
Friday: The Arts Monthly
 Vol. 4, No. 4 2003, April 12, loose
First Friday: The Arts Monthly
 Vol 4, No 5 2003, May 16, loose
First Friday: The Arts Monthly
 Vol. 4, No. 6 2003, June 12, loose
First Friday: The Arts Monthly
 Vol. 4, No. 7 2003, July 12, loose
First Friday: The Arts Monthly
 Vol. 4, No. 8 2003, Aug. 12, loose

First Friday: The Arts Monthly
 Vol 4, No. 10 2003, Oct. 12, loose
First Friday: The Arts Monthly
 Vol. 4 No. 12 2003, Dec. 12, loose
First Friday: The Arts Monthly
 Vol. 5, No.1 2004, Jan. 12, stapled
First Friday: The Arts Monthly
 Vol. 5, No. 2 2004, Feb. 12, stapled
First Friday: The Arts Monthly
 Vol. 5, No. 3 2004, March 12, stapled
First Friday: The Arts Monthly
 Vol. 5, No. 6 2004, June 12, stapled
First Friday: The Arts Monthly
 Vol. 5, No.7 2004, July 8 ½ x 7 format 12, stapled

McMinn, M. Paula, editor *Kittitas County Allied Arts 1997 Student Short Stories* Kittitas County Allied Arts, Ellensburg, 1997 Anthology of short stories, illustrated 72 pages, stapled

Hopkins, Shannon, editor *Manastash* Central Washington University English Dept., 1990, Spring Anthology of student poetry and prose Cover art by M.A. O'Sullivan, 44 pages. stapled

Hopkins, Shannon, editor *Manastash* Central Washington University, English Dept., 1990, Fall Anthology of student poetry and prose Cover art by M.A. Sullivan 36 pages, stapled

Horowitz, Joanna, editor *Punch: Art Music Stuff* Punch, Ellensburg, 2004, Jan. Justin Beckman, Publisher/Designer; an eclectic zine published in conjunction with Ellensburg's First Friday Art Walk, horoscopes, blurbs and announcements of shows 12 pages, stapled

Punch: Art Music Stuff 2004, Feb.

Punch: Art Music Stuff 2004, May

Punch: Art Music Stuff 2004, June

Punch: Art Music Stuff 2004, July

Punch: Art Music Stuff 2004, July

Punch: Art Music Stuff 2004, Oct.

Punch: Art Music Stuff 2004, Nov.

Punch: Art Music Stuff 2004, Dec.

Laing, David, advisor *Inscape* Inscape/SGA/CWSC CWU Student Government Assoc., 1966 Anthology of poetry and prose, illustrated, a student-faculty zine 64 pages, stapled

Miller, Monica *Paint Ellensburg September 12, 2016* Gallery One, Ellensburg, 2016 Fall Auction Catalog; local artwork and advertisements 20 pages, stapled

Potts, Charles, editor *Pacific Northwestern Spiritual Poetry* Tsunami Inc., Walla Walla, Washington, 1998 Contains poems written by Richard Denner, written in Ellensburg 384 pages. perfect-bound

Potts, Charles, editor *The Temple, Vol.4 No.4* Tsunami, Inc. Walla Walla, Washington, 2000 A quarterly magazine. Contains "A Jewel in the Net" by Lee Harris about Richard Denner's D Press publishing venture 28 pages, newsprint, stapled

Powell, Joseph *QRL Poetry Series, Volume VII*, edited by T. and R. Weiss Quarterly Review of Literature, Princeton, NJ, 1986 Other poets: Warren Carrier, James Bertolino, Nicolai

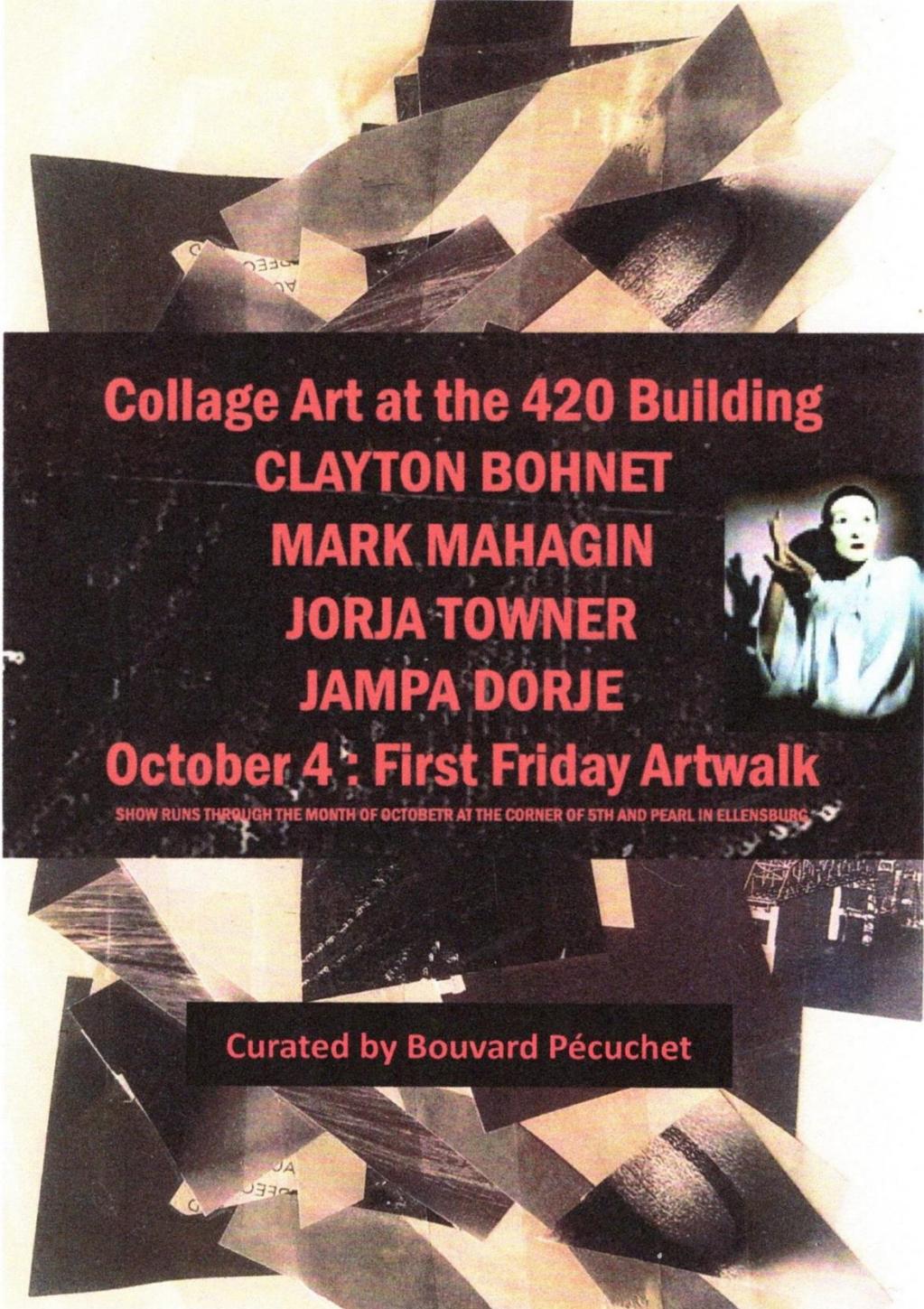
Kantchev, Jusia Mishkin, and Frederick Feirstein hardback

Share, Don and Wiman Christian, editors *The Open Door: 100 Poems 100 Years of Poetry Magazine* The University of Chicago Press, Chicago 2012 Contains a poem by Belle Randall, "A Child's Garden of Gods" 214 pages, hardback

Thomas, Joanna VISPO *Inland Poetry, Ellensburg, 2017* Art catalog of an exhibition of visual poetry presented in conjunction with Inland Poetry Prowl and the First Friday Art Walk 22 pages, stapled

Yoho, Gary L. *Swiftwaters, Vol. 1* Cle Elum-Roslyn High School, 1993, Spring Poetry and prose anthology, illustrated 58 pages, stapled

___ *Young Poets of Kittitas County* Kittitas County Allied Arts, Ellensburg 1998 3rd annual juried student poetry contest winners. 16 pages, stapled



Collage Art at the 420 Building

CLAYTON BOHNET

MARK MAHAGIN

JORJA TOWNER

JAMPA DORJE

October 4 : First Friday Artwalk

SHOW RUNS THROUGH THE MONTH OF OCTOBER AT THE CORNER OF 5TH AND PEARL IN ELLENSBURG



Curated by Bouvard Pécuchet



**COLLAGE ART
AT THE 420 BUILDING**

Curated by

Bouvard Pécuchet

D Press 2019 Ellensburg



Clayton Bohnet

420 Gallery

Life by Design: Industry, Sales, and Wayward Hopes

Fabricator: Clayton Bohnet Contact info: claytonbohnet@gmail.com

These works represent three different periods in my life and the evolution of my approach to collage. I try to select materials that facilitate the play of satire and critique- both of myself and the industry of life. Topics explored seem to me, in reflection, to be: monological mind, the rational schematization of the basic human conditions and institutions and the adaptation of humanity to that schemata, subversion, and the value of caprice, accidents, and whimsical wanderings. Below is some information regarding the three 'eras.' I have included reference to the muse-ic that was inspirational for the respective compositions.



Works in the Middle: Agriculture, Kitchens, Plants & Animals

Timing: All but the center piece (2015) were completed during the last two weeks of September 2019. Materiality: Kitchen Design promotional material, a text documenting the violence of industrial agriculture, and a calendar. Musical inspiration: Arvo Part's *Da Pacem & Tabula Rosa*



Works at the Bottom: Advertisements from Life

These works were completed in 2014-2015. Musical inspirations: Autechre's *Ep 7* and Nurse With Wound's *Joy in the House of DaDa*. Materials: *The Economist* and other magazines, and the subscription post cards found within. This is the time period in which my process of composition began to become a question and enigma to me.



The Weaves: Accidental Radicals

Completed in 2012-13. Musical Inspirations: the din of my own mind & Mos Def's *Kalifornia*, *Tricky*. Materials: brochures and flyers advertising the nobility of an education industry tied to job training and placement.







Jampa Dorje

I move objects around until things "fall into place." I like there to be a fit, and I try to interlock the shapes of the objects to give structure to the piece—an architecture of mind—keeping nails, glue, wire, staples, screws, welding to a minimum. I bring disparate objects together—eggshell Styrofoam, curtain lace, blurry photos and plastic water pipe—hoping for a most fortunate accident of composition. Look for nothing behind the junk.

Although there are examples of combining found objects and of pasting together paper images in the folk art of the 19th century, as well some mixed media in the early work of Picasso, it is Kurt Schwitters, a German artist of the 1920s who is considered the father of collage. He created what are known as "Mertz," after finding a scrap of newspaper torn from the word "commertz." The idea that this lowly fragment of commerce could be recycled into the economy intrigued him. That which is rejected, ignored, cast aside, is still a part of the system, and the artist threads it back into the fabric of society. This art was considered decadent, meaningless by the Third Reich, so Schwitters's work was burned, and he had to flee to America.

I am not a trained artist. I took printmaking and a class in drawing from Terrance Choy at the University of Alaska in the early 1970s. Mainly, I have hung out with artists that eat, drink and dream art, and I've watched them work and sat in cafes and walked the streets, talking with them. I go to museums and galleries and look at the pictures. I was 19 when I went to my first art show at the San Francisco Modern Museum of Art and saw Robert Motherwell's blue collages of Gualois cigarette wrappers mixed with paint. I saw an exhibit of Brancusi and Giacometti sculptures and a retrospective of Kandinsky paintings. All of these exhibits strongly affected me—the tearingness of collage in the work of Motherwell, the solid presence of the Brancusis, the organic economy of the Giacomettis, the ethereal precision of the Kandinskys.

Later, other famous and not so famous artists would influence me. Rauschenberg's combines reveal to me that materials are everywhere. Luis Garcia made me feel at home in the world of art, although I still strive to find the sense of alignment I feel in his work. Claude Smith manages to fuse music and painting. He thinks compositionally, and his intensity and passion are a continuing source of inspiration to me.

I have used the skills of a carpenter, a plumber, a printer, a painter—trades I work at and enjoy—to make my artworks. The best carpenter is the one who can disguise his errors. However, here I like to see the errors, the crustiness, the broken, bent, wrinkled, burnt, twisted materials, the wire, thread, nails, and the seams in the cut paper. I paint with junk, exploring space, positioning this "trash" to reveal hidden beauty.





Vajra Family Prayer Flag



Mark Mahagin

In the early ninetys I made a hundred collages - then I quit. These pieces were a beginner's effort; fun to do, but not worth framing. That's why I quit. Two decades later, a friend of mine encouraged me to try again with some of his old magazines: "Backpacker", "Outside" and "Climbing". From these three, I made a dozen collages, using scraps of colored paper like dabs of paint. Somehow, in these fallow years, I had grown as an artist. These new pieces worked, and I was hooked. I began looking for magazines like "Architectural Digest" and "National Geographic" - with that good glossy paper and vibrant color. A small stack would, I thought, provide years of source material.

The more pieces one produces, however, the more desire for variety grows. The more diverse your magazine collection becomes, the more options you see for composition. Novelty, relevance and visual impact eventually led me to striking human subjects placed in exotic, colorful settings. After all, what is more important; impressive artist or impressive Art?

So, combining models from different pages into a single scene, using landscape or architectural photos as backdrops was the answer to my Art problem. I call on film stars, fashion models, sports stars and pop icons in a nostalgic effort to please all of you who know and love these folks as much as I do. Look - I rely on other artists' photographs for my work. Some would say I don't deserve the title "artist", but I don't care about that. I choose the path of Art, not artist. The love within the frame is all that matters to me. Long live collage - long live Art!

- Mark Mahagin





Sandfish

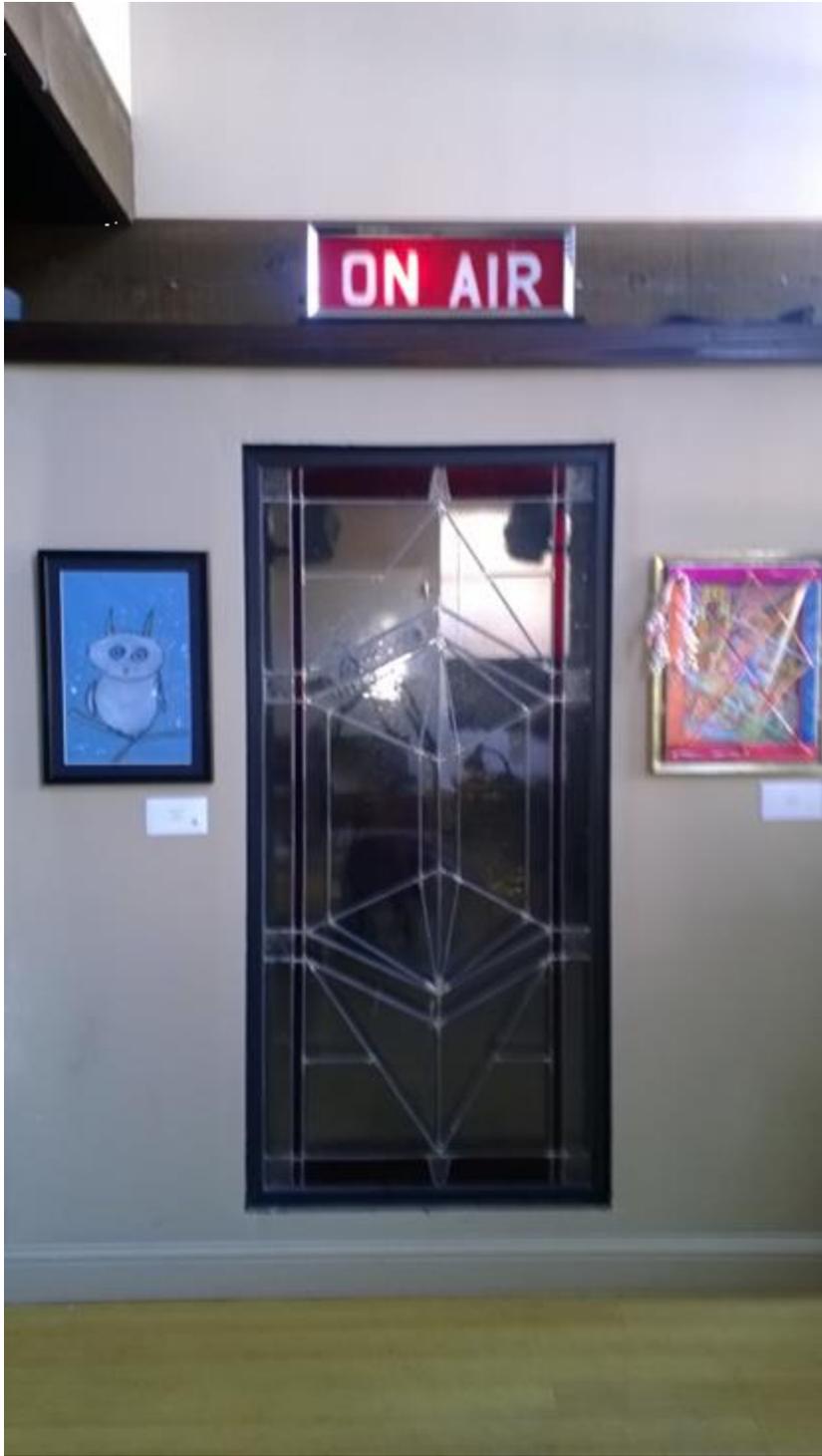
Jorja Jean Towner

Jorja Jean Towner - first time art exhibitor, lifetime artist. Her passions include coloring and painting with her grandparents, spending time with her Pygmy goats and her family. A lover of all creatures big and small, an aspiring veterinarian. She enjoys caring for animals 🐶 🐱 🐰 and continues to work on her art 🎨.

7-year-old Artist from Ellensburg, WA.



Efin





Moonlight



The Gift

...and there was music by
Quentin Regan & Ash

