

KICKASS REVIEW

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Belle Randall

LUIS GARCIA: A POET'S TOUCH

Richard Denner has often acknowledged the influence of Luis Garcia on his poetry publicly and in print and I should too. Either one of us alone might be considered aberrant, but where two or more are gathered in his name perhaps some heed will be taken. Beyond ourselves, there are others who would also testify to Lu's influence, including the painter Larry Melnick and perhaps the poet Robert Creeley—voices more numerous and famous than even we his admirers might expect, thinking ourselves more exceptional than we are. But none, I think, are closer friends with Luis than Richard and me. I love and admire Luis with all my heart, and, even when they were taking place, considered the hours I spent with him priceless, and prided myself on my good judgment in placing his friendship above everything else in my life (however his company might disappoint and tax me in other ways), in order to enjoy in person his beguiling lectures on Olson, Creeley and Levertov, delivered mainly while he drove, usually on some errand or another, for himself or his mother. He had been a delivery boy in a previous incarnation ("Mr. Menu") and it suited him. Driving consumed all his excess energy and made him graceful. Dancing in and out of traffic, all the while, his hand in its fingerless leather glove restlessly tuning the radio, searching for jazz, settling for rock 'n roll. Sometimes the hand would be handing me a roach in a roach-clip, or a bottle of French Beaujolais concealed in a brown paper bag. Luis was too nervous to sit still while he talked, or even to eat a meal. He preferred to go for a drive. Sometimes he drove past places I had lived in childhood to which I had never returned before, seeming to know my past life almost

better than I did—no, this was fantasy of mine, sitting in the carriage, “having put away/my labor and my leisure too, /for his Civility.” Careful to distinguish what was real from what was not, I was ready to believe he could read my mind. It was Luis who taught me that friendship and poetry could have this kind of power. Although you may suspect that it was I who endowed him with his charisma, it was he who showed me that language could be magic. The word inside the word. The way the word “belief” unpacks its endless series of allusions to the Garden of Eden (be, belie, Eli, lie, elle, Eve, life, lief, leave, on leave, leaf, leaves), not because of etymology, but by pure chance. Poetry in the context of Luis’ friendship was a revelation.

Luis had a lot to teach me about friendship, love, and the essence of poetry. He wore a hat with a feather in the band like Holden Caulfield. He was Mr. Poetry Man (how corny, but I can’t help it, it was fact). In his company, I felt a great sense of imminence, as if something wonderful was about to happen. His appearance, both in high school, and later, after his physical transformation as a result of working-out, was always charmed, and took on a million aspects, so that at one moment I would be seeing him as a dowager empress, the next as a Hindu beggar, the next as Zapata. Nowadays this effect can be reproduced digitally on film, with one face morphing from moment to moment into faces of every age, race, and gender. If they ever make a movie about Luis they should use this effect, rather than any specific actor, to portray his character, so that the story unfolds with a kind of Everyman walking through its center.

For Luis the poet is a jazz musician, the poem essentially an improvisation. A handful of words (of sounds, of syllables) is flung out like a melody. These words can come from the heart or from a passing billboard—they can be almost anything--impassioned, amusing, arbitrary—the poet plays with those words finding in them music, puns, delight, resolution. A modest riff. A harbinger of “language” poetry, in that, way back in the sixties, sometimes he plays with words as words, not with the things they represent, pulling meaning out from under you like a rug (“This much I know: There’s a rat in the pack, and a ship in the deck”). So much for certain knowledge. The result of Lu’s play is to transform the random thing, whatever it was, into music, into art. Early on he wrote many poems that stand for me with my favorite poems of all time as a wall against the dark. As soon as I started looking, I rapidly found 80. Reading them again now I have the feeling that I have underestimated him, even while praising him, his poems are still so alive, so fresh and strange.

THE TWIN

He finds himself beside himself,
beside a dog filled with lilies,
a horse with angels.

He is not beautiful
but he is as the storm is not
what he thinks he is.

As the mountains occur
in the dream of his mother, he finds
there is certainly nothing

moreover than that.

My friendship with Luis brought me literally to the brink of madness in that in his company I was prepared to believe in magic, or in at least possibilities beyond anything I had previously deemed. Now that the language had started talking, who knew what it would say? But unlike Luis and Richard, whose belief in magic got them into trouble in the real world, I remained sane enough not to cross a line. I gave myself conscientiously to my work—writing and teaching poetry—and managed to get my bills paid etc. withal. I knew what was real. In reality, I was acting like a dunce following around a guy I wished were my lover but wasn't with my mouth open, hanging on his every word, most of which were inane and nonsensical. (There was a period of time when Luis and I actually did talk nonsense to one another, much to the annoyance, understandably, of others present). I was also stoned much of the time which greatly enhanced my powers of wishful thinking. Even so, I have never regretted the aimless hours we spent together. Long after another woman would have bailed (or so I imagined) as the result of one or another of the “tests” that his personality presented, challenges that popped up with the regularity of targets in a shooting gallery (How long could you endure his sexual rejection? His incessant non-stop talk which pursued you on occasion even into the bathroom? His consuming your marijuana in conspicuous amounts? His picking up strangers while supposedly with you?). As a trophy, Luis was kind of a booby prize.

Thom Gunn did not share my fascination with the power of puns. But this is understandable. For Thom poetry was all about using words to refer to things outside the poem, and using them accurately. I wonder if Robert Duncan was able to show Thom the magical aspect of language. Perhaps no one could. Thom's honor lay in his resistance to wishful thinking--a resistance which he maintained assiduously, and, (rather spectacularly) in spite of his copious use of drugs. More likely, he knew the magic of puns already, and knew, as I did not, that the fairy dust is finite and eventually exhausted.

In those days Lu's “cover” (for that is how I thought of it) was that he was a recovering speed addict who had had a nervous breakdown, whose mother, a child psychologist's solution was to “regress” him back to adolescence (we were both over 30) in order for him to re-enact leaving home, this time successfully. The reason I couldn't be his girlfriend was because he wasn't ready for the responsibility yet. This was the first of about 50 reasons offered over the course of the next two or three years in which I followed him faithfully, in so far as possible, everywhere. He was “too young” because the first time he left home he wound up marrying a girl he had known only a day with whom he got high on LSD who fortuitously turned out to be the heiress to the Baskins Robbins fortune as well as a very nice person. She very well might have been the right woman for him, Luis said, but they had ruined it by being too impulsive. Second thoughts? You bet they had had second thoughts. And that was why he and I must wait.

In 1968, Luis's almost fifteen years of methadrine addiction, the result of the use of speed to treat his hyperactivity in childhood, had been brought to a screaming halt by policemen with bull horns blaring “Please remain calm” to the audience at the inauguration of the new President of San Francisco State. Directed to this ceremony by “voices on the radio,” Luis had jumped on stage and wrested the mike from the hand of then President Elect Summerskill in order to address the crowd on what he imagined was his own Coronation as the Prince of Tides, or some such apocalyptic

vision. According to the San Francisco Chronicle “the interloper had to be subdued by the police.” Somehow, at the time, this seemed to me appealing. It was cool. The stuff of J.D. Salinger. It was hilarious. I told the story over and over, imagining with a wince Luis’s inward downward spiral from believing the crowd were gathered in his honor at the end of Time to understanding the sordid facts of his arrest.

Borges, Olson, Creeley, Levertov were the poets whose books Lu gave me, and they were each important, Olson perhaps the least, though for a season or two I became hyper aware of my breath in relation to the line, and I listened for the pattern of heart to breath to ear (if I have the order right) as I began to experiment with free verse.

I should mention that my friendship with Luis blossomed in the months when I was recovering from an ectopic pregnancy which ruptured twice, a near death experience. I was lonely for someone to talk to, and vulnerable to believing the very laws of the universe had changed. Probably I would have entertained fantasies that I had “died” and was being “reborn” even without Luis’ influence. And what did that mean, anyway? I remember Donald’s Davie pointing out to me that “death” and “rebirth” used in this way were just rhetorical strategies. He clearly disapproved of what he saw as a Californian’s casual resort to them. He asked me if I saw a danger in apocalyptic visions. The question was a good one, apocalyptic visions were rife at the time. My long poem “Solitaire,” completed under Donald’s tutelage, ended with one. But the resort to extremes of language represented real experience. Poems read with Luis seemed to speak in covert ways expressly to the reader. I was as thoroughly bewitched as when I heard my own name Belle in the lyric to “Bell-bottomed Trousers” at the age of three. I had been seduced and was living in a state of suspended definition, as if “negative capability” were the condition of my life, waiting to see where I would be led next by the word inside the word. It was like entering an underworld: the underside of the tongue.

Luis and I read our poetry out loud to one another and to friends, as I had never done before. Imagine! I was thirty and had been writing poetry for over fifteen years, but almost no one knew this about me, it was a kind of terrible secret on account of which I felt aloof from everyone, like the Little Princess in the orphanage. Luis was helping me prepare to be a poet in public, I see now. He had—mysteriously to me—connections among the avant-garde. Readings were arranged—at a San Francisco tavern, a book store, the invitation of Morton Marcus at Cabrillo Community College, the Encore, a little theater in downtown San Francisco. Reading poetry aloud at times Luis’s body was so charged with energy it was as if he were having an internal orgasm. In those days, I too read with great intensity, venting my terror by emphasizing the rhythm like the elderly Yeats—an approach that seems unsubtle nowadays, but for me then, as I think for Yeats, the heavy rhythm was a way into an altered state, a trance, almost—or, anyway, was a way of placing the language in another realm and infusing it with energy. When *Solitaire* came out, I was invited to give a reading at Stanford. That may have been one of the evenings Luis’s passed a joint among the students at a private party afterwards, somewhat to my dismay, for I never mixed marijuana and teaching. Permitting it, now seems an error of judgment, but, at the time, I wasn’t sure in which direction I was more likely to error. Most of the time, I feared I wasn’t far out enough, comparing myself to the poets who prevailed—Ed Dorn, Allen Ginsberg, Diane DiPrima—and with this in mind, probably took a toke myself.

During the time I hung out with him, Luis's poems began to change—with a poem like "Ribbons" marking the transition. "Ribbons" could almost be Williams.

RIBBONS

Coarse grass bent
toward the old man's imagination,
wind opened his eyes
with what he called nature—

grass, wind, sunlight,
and the thoughts of an old man
hoisting themselves into the air.

But it's different from Williams. It was Luis who pointed out to me that William Carlos Williams claimed his Spanish roots by retaining his middle name, "Carlos," like a spot of color between the two staid and symmetrical "Williams"—"William" happening to be the name most often occurring among poets of the English tradition. But of the two poets, it is Luis who actually manages to bring together the Anglo and the Latin, braiding imagism and surrealism, in his poetry of the sixties. In "Ribbons" the thoughts of the old man (often in Lu's poems a stand-in for the poet) are depicted as concrete things—a reality comparable to the "grass, wind, sunlight," and not merely their intangible "correlative." Like the surrealists, Luis goes beyond the natural image ("what he called nature") to express the truth of internal experience:

suddenly I could see
the branches made of blood
in the eye of some strange diety.

The poem "No Kidding" presents the same elements as "Ribbons" from a slightly different perspective. Whereas in "Ribbons":

Coarse grass bent
toward the old man's imagination

In "No Kidding":

I bent toward the grass
listening for the voices
someone had hidden there.

One can't date Luis's poems from his books, which often include revisions of earlier poems, but after "Ribbons"—after, say, about 1973—the language of his poems becomes increasingly opaque. Words are less referential and more present as palpable material substance made of sound: one and two syllable words mostly, hard consonants, long vowels, and rhymes, arrange and rearrange themselves. Severely minimalist, using very few words—almost like reefer magnet poetry (no pun intended) but with a less self-consciously "poetic" basic vocabulary—almost the equivalent in

language of abstract painting. Luis poems of this period seem to be made out of a finite number of words: water, miles, morning, bell, midnight, feet, horn, etc. Sometimes Luis, would introduce one of his own poems as “political,” and then read some riff on “the bill that breaks the duck’s back” (quack quack) as a protest against the rising costs of healthcare. I found this very amusing. I would have thought that because, for Luis and I, poetry was not intentional, political statements, were probably better left to prose, but here was Luis as usual showing me the way.

“No Kidding” is explicitly about the word inside the word.

NO KIDDING

I bent toward the grass
listening for the voices
someone had hidden there.

I laughed when I discovered
the words inside the words
I had already discovered—

—one of my favorite poems, all the way to its non-sequitur end:

I guess I too must borrow
the theme—how else
can I report the sadness
when there was none?

Like me, Luis is functionally dyslexic and attaches hand-wringing anxiety to fairly straightforward linguistic choices. I remember him pacing the floor wondering whether one might correctly omit “can I” from the penultimate line above.

Puns offered a running commentary, winking and latent, in the content of almost any printed matter. The voice of the collective—for language is a collective creation--was surprisingly familiar, a bit like the voice of Groucho Marx delivering a series of insinuating wise cracks. If you said “embarrass,” it said “bare ass,” if you said “therapist,” it echoed, “the rapist.” I remembered that punning is the province of fatherhood and considered that poetry might be the working out of something in our DNA.

The spring of 1972, Luis drove me past a house where I used to live in the north Oakland hills on Merriwood Drive. For the first time that year, I noticed and named the pale blaze of the tulip magnolias. Could it really be I had never noticed them before? I was thirty-three and had never noticed spring?

Recovered from the ectopic pregnancy, I broke up with the no longer prospective father, and moved out of the funny little house on Wheeler Street—built on a lot so small it could not legally be resold, purchased at an incredible bargain, a house where I had sometimes felt I was living in a coffin, with vines reaching through cracks in the walls into a lighter, more spacious space—the top half of the duplex my mother owned on Harwood. (She had remarried and was living

elsewhere). It was light and airy, with high ceilings and a creek behind it. The upstairs flat had an extra bedroom. Luis suggested subletting this himself. His mother sent a check, signaling her approval, and I bought a new nightgown in anticipation of whatever this might bring. Weeks went by. Another rent check came. Luis talked about how exhausting it was to move. He mourned for all you lost, unaccountably, every time you moved. He parked his car in the drive. He carried three or four boxes up the long flight of stairs and stacked them in his new closet. He even put his shoes under the bed—

That was a poetic touch, I thought, weeks later, peeking in at everything just as it was, undisturbed, as if in a museum.



Michael Rothenberg

JUNGIAN QUARTET

1

Remove all obstacles
Count backwards from 108
 Fever blisters in anticipation of
Sustaining ejaculation

2

Chakras clear
 It's only Wednesday
 Peacocks cock it up in the yard
 Ticks in frenzy
End of Spring

 O, The Gurus!

3

Fog rushes in
 Moroccan butterfly
 Nepalese rice paper nest

Tibetan Hollywood Telethon
Go away ugly black bird!
Stuff attic vent hole with paper towel

4

Hedgehog crashes through woods
by lane above rolling wheat field
“Krishna and Rada Enjoying”
Wild grape blossoms
Appalachian Trail horizon bliss

May 20, 2001-August 28, 2005

BRAINS EVERYWHERE

Scientists at the University of Utah and in Japan have discovered a gene that ensures the flatworm's brain develops within its head. When the 'brains everywhere' gene is silenced, brain material develops throughout the body, including the worm's tail.

—Newswise, Oct 10,2002

The claim on gray matter
belongs to a custodian

after the doors are locked
by donut-bellied rent-a-cops

plastered to the split-screen
static of long hallways & motionless

ficus benjamina potted in
mauve, celadon & stainless steel

Irregularities externalized
Security panned, canned, timed

Filed to preserve the shadows
of gunmen & corporate espionage

So the court can decide
who will be the next felon
in dungeons where Temptation
drained the saccharin

from Girl Scout cookies
and hardened the wood of Boy Scouts

Turned their pocket-knives
to awls & corkscrews

Someone's coming to build the new
Pyramids of Utah and Attica

Lamb chops for dinner

November 25, 2000



Lulu

TWO DRAWINGS





Gabriela Anaya Valdepeña

BARTERED BLUES

Chantilly lace falls in my chow mein, and the record skips.
I'd rather be the devil than that man's woman.

He was the meanest cat of all,
and the best dancer this side of Acadia,
bee-hives in his nostrils, testicles swollen with the sting.

I admit, I might have swooned in the beginning,
like Cathryn did when Heathcliff, a brow-beaten boy,
stomped into the stables. At last, someone
to nap with on the heather, to void

the white spaces of eternity.

But his bartered blues couldn't save him
from either Jesuit or Mongol, who chased him out
of the burning temple. He would have stayed
to watch his tattoos fading in the flames.

In retrospect, I agree:
to let a woman starve is not the worst thing.
But to watch her get dolled up, and then just leave, drunk
with her lily scent—that'll get him the best hate-sex,
when he returns to me some rain-filled night,
confetti in his pockets,
stale rice in his hair, svelte as the hands of his watch, thin
as the eyelids of dolls.

CALLING ART

I've called to say, Art—
the sun is broken; I'm caught
between two listless spheres
where winged black hearts swim.

I almost smiled—
three skinny zebras
walked onto my porch, then
wandered off as it started to rain.
Alas! They were just painted donkeys;
and I was only a tourist.

I swear—
the friction of your lashes on my
skin has woken a new sadness,
which I prefer to heaven, by the way.

This vision loops—
a pair of hands reaching
for another pair of hands
across a library table.
The fire place is silent.
The dust roars.

Today, God is at our table,

tomorrow, the morgue's.
It will be hard to pin its death
on either one of us—
we were always together,
our alibis tight as air.
Together we suffer this wound closing in on us.

LOVING YOU

Loving you is an unchangeable fact, an illumination
by darkness, a part I'm compelled to play. Loving you
is an unbanishable demon, a face in the woodwork,
a gritty shadow in the lung.

I remember, now, how to forget;
I am beholden to rock;
I am hoping that rain can wash away lies.

Loving you is a cherished fault, a choice
of fate over fuss, of hot blood
over cold vows.

Shall it profit a woman to gain you and lose the world?—
You are the diamond which tears from me my mother's ghosts.



Lee Harris

D PRESS: A JEWEL IN THE NET

Like Indra's all-encompassing jewel net, D Press sparkles and shines with an offering of well-crafted chapbooks that reflect more than forty years of publisher Richard Denner's handiwork with words, ink, paper and illustration. Available works are always new as the idea of keeping press runs short allows for a quick turnover, a low cost or break even per book, more time for fresh material and other writers to make it into print. Present titles include *Angio Gram* by Charles Potts, *Celestial Cattlecall* by Lee Harris, *Rebel Girls* by Leila Castle, *What Is The Sign?* by Gay Shelton and *A Year in Cows* by Jane Booth. Belle Randall (*Wax Museum*) and Luis Garcia (*Even Steven*)

have been performing with Richard for years under the group name *Circle of Friends* and are kindred spirits.

Although conceived in a Ketchikan attic flat in 1967, the roots of D Press go back to the Bay Area of 1959. Richard took classes at UC Berkeley (Diane Wakoski was there) and perhaps unconsciously received the metaphysical mantle of alumnus poet Robert Duncan. Soon, Richard found himself reporting for Public Service Station *KPFA*, getting married and working as a bindery clerk. He became acquainted with every facet of printing: the feel and look of paper, the color and smell of ink, typesetting and the uses of different typeface, the feeding and rolling of presses, the cutting and stitching of recto and verso. After a move to Aptos for more classes at Cabrillo College, Richard became a regular at The Sticky Wicket, a coffee house with poetry readings and live jazz. Many ordeals and a few years later, he attended the seminal 1965 Berkeley Poetry Conference, what John Bennett has called, “an event creating white light intensity that rivaled any drug high and had more staying power.”

This convergence of the Black Mountain, Berkeley Renaissance, Beat and Northwest Schools gave Richard the pivotal opportunity to study under such avant-garde poets as Charles Olson, Ed Dorn, Robert Creeley, Allen Ginsberg and Jack Spicer. Later he would study with Robert Bly, Gary Snyder, Phillip Whalen, Denise Levertov and Carolyn Kiser at Fort Worden Center for the Arts in Port Townsend, Washington. But it was Jack Spicer’s molding of *series poetry* into little books that had the most singular effect.

In 1965 Richard became a staffer on one of the original underground newspapers, the Berkeley Barb and wrote his first article, *Where Is The Citizen?*, which according to publisher Len Fulton (Dust Books) put the coffin nails in this floundering Berkeley co-op paper which he co-directed. Besides printing his poems in The Barb, Richard became a street poet who gave impromptu solo and regular group readings with others such as Luis Garcia, Richard Brautigan, Richard Kretch, John Oliver Simon, and Gene Fowler. “I would hold five different colored magic markers,” Richard said, “and write rainbow words on girls’ legs and arms.” Poems from these embryonic years appear in his *Letter to Sito in Time of War* (D Press 1998).

Here I am reminded of Cummings or Snyder, words in vertical order as if they had fallen off a pen, images juxtaposed with ideas to steer and grip the eye rather than rhyme scheme, line length and academic filler. *we find/ourselves/in a new/world/speaking/an old/language//we speak//of beauty/and feelings/while the/machines/blast/the birds/ from our/hearts//watch/the words/ hear/the howl/come/to the ear/eye/nose/lip//scream/at the/dichotomy/of the/comma—/a dream/an illusion/how time/passes//dinosaurs/dance off/the map/where you/and I sit/drinking/coffee//we hold/down/this loose/end/of the/universe/feeling/at home/in the/smoke.* Great one breath rhythm here, vowels echo and consonants resonate while war and apathy are clearly addressed. An economy of words, words used like paint or graffiti, well-woven words that challenge and explode with intensity and insight, simple poems not only of use but of beauty and all connected by a central motif—these would become Denner trademarks. Luis Garcia aptly alludes to them as “dinner” in the title of his book, *Poems for Dinner* (Summit Road Press 1997).

According to Karl Shapiro, a rational person is least able to understand poetry, and the poet must find inspiration and pry truth from hard won experiences. At The Barb, Richard was suffering from

rationality with acute ennui and hot flashes of Armageddon. So he took off for Alaska, in search of lost horizons, to find his true self (and what is reality?) through a series of pristine cognitions. He worked as a water-chaser, unsetting choke and bundling logs for a logging outfit. For two years Richard lived with wife and child in a cabin at Deep Bay off berries, hunting and fishing. Back in civilization, he got a job on the Ketchikan Daily News and worked at a cold storage plant. *Tackshack* (D Press 1998) is full of such experiences: the Tongass National Forest, glacier deposits, bears, dead salmon, king crab, soil samples, and *The Beast* (Richard's Alaskan Pipeline poem which pits industrial horrors against natural habitat and spells indigenous doom).

The first D Press chapbooks were simple affairs, printed from a Kelsey movable type handpress and 60 point Boldini Bold, all acquired for fifty bucks. The pages were hand cut, hung to dry in Richard's attic flat and hand bound, yet showed brilliant illustrations (*Aztec Design* by Grant Risdon). Good paper, fine cover art with linoleum block prints to accentuate the poems, a balance of art and word, these Dennerisms would become D Press trademarks. An old picture of Richard adorns one cover: he appears much like young Trotsky in Siberia with wire-rimmed glasses, mustache, student garb and a pensive gaze...he had reason for concern.

Up the Alkan Highway, Richard traveled to the University of Alaska at Fairbanks. He worked in the backshop of the student newspaper and graduated in 1972 with degrees in English and Philosophy. D Press was admitted to the campus library but banned from the UA student bookstore. Perhaps it was the explicit prints in *Linoleum Nudes* or graphic poems, such as 'Musky/Hump/in US/for 69.' Whatever, feathers flew, and the UA Polar Star (which later printed Richard's works) put out the story, 'Books Raise Censorship Question.' Professors came to his defense; Richard's chapbooks were found to have literary and artistic merit; and D Press was back on the shelf. It would be easy to dismiss this book ban as provincial fuss, however the ground D Press broke in Fairbanks mirrors the breakthroughs of alternative publishers such as Grove Press and City Lights in the lower 48 states.

Next stop Seattle, where Richard took a job with the Queen Anne News and studied at Port Townsend. *Islam Bomb* (D Press 1998) presents some of Richard's first post-modernist poem experiments during these years (1972-74). Here there is an expansion of line and poem length as well as consciousness expanding East meets West terminology. Much like Eliot, Richard combines his fragments into a unified whole, and does not leave one in a forest of foreign text (like Pound) or babble (like Joyce). Using even romanized Sanskrit and Tibetan is high risk business, yet Richard explains his diction and uses it as part of a tapestry whose weave is encyclopedic in scope. In point, his four page poem on the once unprintable *F* word reminds me much of Robert Grave's exhaustive piece *Lars Porsena, or The Future of Swearing*.

From Seattle, Richard went to Ellensburg to oversee a 300 head cattle ranch in Badger Pocket for several years. Between stints in Alaska, he worked at Moe's Bookstore in Berkeley, so perhaps it was *deja vu* that he opened the Fourwinds bookstore in Ellensburg (1977). This literary nucleus was enlarged to include a restaurant by Richard's son, Theo, who continues to operate it today. It was here that Richard received a Washington State Arts grant to produce *Ellensburg Anthology* which featured and promoted local writers. The list of Denner influences East of the Mountains seems endless: more anthologies, readings and poetry workshops at his bookstore, formation of a city arts & crafts festival, exhibition of his books and printing techniques at Kittitas County Art

Gallery, a three-day poetry workshop for the Washington Poets Association, and video production for Ellensburg Public Television.

D Press books began to resonate with new organic imagery in his *Cow Songs* and *New Gravity*. In ‘Diamond Hanging I Blues’ the lines are simple and effective, *I mend the fences./I tend the herd./...The shit is ten feet deep/and I can’t eat or sleep/coyotes yap all night/below the blown moon*. A number of D Press books can be considered pivotal in the evolution of Richard’s poetic style, psychic metamorphosis and creative adaptability. *The Scorpion* (1975) combines all of Richard’s loves: astrology and tarot, philosophy, Tantra, Latin (‘Cogito Ergo Shazam’) and the fine art of printing, which Richard learned thumping type for Wesley Tanner at Arif Press.

Xitro pays tribute to Richard’s spiritual quest, his teachers, Ginsberg and Tsultrim Allione, a vast range of philosophical studies and Tibetan Buddhist practice. When I read *On Borgo Pass* (1998), the line drawings mixed with poetry take me back to the novel water colors of Henry Miller and the wild pictopoems of Kenneth Patchen, *apocalypse now/a pair of lips now, or words of my perfect T-shirt/Don’t Worry/Be Hopi*.

For fifteen years Richard annually planted trees, giving back to the earth and getting in touch. Now, he plants seeds by teaching at a school run on the Steiner Method and also online in poetry chat rooms. When I was asked to write this essay on D Press and 40 years of Richard Denner, I was told there were about 100 chapbooks, and I thought, pull the other leg. James Tate is called prolific because he published some twelve books of poetry in six years. Richard is more likely to publish six books in one year along with a bevy of other poets. James Laughlin (New Directions) published William Carlos Williams and Ezra Pound for years at his own expense when they were not selling. He did not want them to end up like Blake, being generally unread in their own lifetime. In the same sense, D Press allows greater access to a variety of poets whose vitality is assured by limited editions of selected work.

As I opened a 20 pound box mailed from Santa Rosa, chapbooks flooded my table, and I wondered how I could begin to encompass such a literary sea (and most of Richard’s work is out of print). Seamus Heaney’s old headmaster used to look over his writing and sigh, “Ah, pure Hopkins” or “Ah, pure Chekov.” My eyes swim through this tidal wave of excellence, collage covers which steal my breath, Leonardo illustrations, such brillig poems, and I can only whisper in awe, “Ah, pure Denner.”



Bouvard Pécuchet

CLAUDE SMITH: GUTSY HONESTY

Claude Smith seldom moves from his studio. Smith's most recognizable method/style derives from traditional Abstract Expressionist art being made in the New York scene of the 50s, but unlike them he prefers the peace of the country to the roar of traffic.

Smith's art wells from a distinctively rural, specifically Gratonian, sensibility. Each of his paintings is a sensual landscape or vibrant domain, built stroke by stroke, revised and reworked. In these present *brush strokes*, the seemingly haphazard swaths of paint suggest a human form.

Erotic often, but always natural, a woman stretching, a man bending, a woman dressing, each arising from the immediate experience of the primordial condition of the artist. He swishes his brush, and a figure emerges from the chiaroscuro abyss. He paints, and the figures reveal the energies of the physical action involved in painting.

This is field painting, as practiced by Mark Rothko. This is action painting, as practiced by de Kooning and Franz Kline. This is Claude Smith doing his thing with gusto and a gutsy honesty.









Lucienne Dorrance

THE FANTASY OF A UNIFIED GERMANY

At a time when the German nation did not yet exist there was a great desire among the people for a united country. The invasion of the French army in 1794 lasted for twenty years. Following this the Congress of Vienna was held and led to the German Confederation which was a body of thirty-eight states, scaled down from its original 300 states under the Holy Roman Empire. These shifts in power caused most Germans unrest as the people lacked control of their country and were controlled by rulers in Prussia and Austria who withheld political freedom from the Germans, leaving their ego essentially broken. Simultaneously, the German people were struggling with a shift in faith.¹ Doubts in both Catholicism and Lutheranism arose and some turned toward the more open and individual Pietism which “stressed inward spirituality and the practical realization of Christian ideals.”² Without the structure of religion, new thinkers such as Heinrich Heine, Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm and Johann Gottfried von Herder harkened back to German traditions and incorporated “volk” into new religious understandings.

According to George S. Williamson in *The Longing for Myth in Germany*, Johann Gottfried von Herder viewed volk as,

“... most aesthetically creative and religiously vital during its youth, before it slipped into the evils of luxury and civilization.”...“The mythology of Volk contained *in nuncio* the seeds of its future development: its poetry, its art, its customs, its religion, its laws. Because it embodied a particular way of viewing nature and the world at large, this mythology was a nation’s most precious possession.”³

For the German people, folklore was also an escape from reality which was failing because of the lack of nationhood, losses in battle, shifts in religious beliefs and the demise of nature under the shift from an agricultural to an industrial economy. Folklore was rooted in the background of all German people. Folktales helped create a German identity and a realm beyond brutal reality. Three important artistic movements in nineteenth century Germany which followed the trend of folklore in their art were the Romantics, Nazarenes, and Biedermeier. Each movement would use its German folk heritage in different ways, but all uses stemmed from a desire for a stable and united German nationality.

In *Poplore: Folk and Pop in American Culture*, Bluestein writes that, “Only the cultures of Greece, Rome, and France were considered historically important, and any nation aspiring to become a “high” civilization had to imitate them.”⁴ The “upper crust” of Germany imitated the French. Friedrich the Great, ruler of Prussia from 1740-86, spoke and wrote in French and promoted Neo-Classicism in the academic arts.⁵ This also meant Neo-Classic rejection of the medieval period which was seen as a “period of darkness in which religious oppression and an irrational folk tradition fostered anti-scientific ideas.”⁶

As Germany sought a new source of identity separate from imposed French ideas, the interest in folklore and the raised importance of Medievalism became seen as the pinnacle of German greatness. Nineteenth century artists looked back to Dürer and the tales of the thirteenth century for inspiration in their authentically German work. An interest in all things medieval became the focus of the German people. The nineteenth century writers such as Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, Ludwig Tieck, and Clemens Brentano wrote medieval stories of their own involving knights, heroism, elves, and nymphs. One key component was the rediscovery of the *Nibelungenlied* in the eighteenth century. Translations of the tale into contemporary German were published and several artists such as Henry Fuseli, Peter von Cornelius and Ludwig Schnorr von Carolsfeld (illustrated the tale.

In the thirteenth century the *Nibelungenlied* was written by an unknown author, but most likely intended for the people of the court.⁷ The revival of the *Nibelungenlied* in the eighteenth century

worked perfectly for the German national identity because its tales could be developed into a focus of idealization for a once strong German commonwealth. The *Nibelungenlied* is a heroic epic which the Germans claimed as a grandiose work similar to the Greek's Homeric epics. It is "a tale about heroes and heroines, their virtues and vices, and, of course, the terrible consequences both for themselves and for entire peoples which stem from their imprudent actions."⁸

Johann Gottfried von Herder stood against the Neo-Classical mentality and helped to raise a light in favor of the medieval times. Bluestein writes that,

"Herder's work was permeated by one overriding concern—to discover the sources for the creation of a distinctly German literary tradition that would define the nature of an independent nation."⁹... "The folk represented those segments of the population removed from formal education and the influence of the established arts—in eighteenth century Germany, the peasantry. Herder shocked his contemporaries by insisting that this low class effectively germinated the nation's culture."¹⁰

Heinrich Heine was a Romantic poet who stood against the French and Christianity. In his book, *Elementary Spirits*, Heine denounced Christianity for praising suffering and abstinence as greater goods. Heine preferred the "fantastic" to suffering, and natural luck to imposed duties.¹¹ He contrasted the goals of the heroes in the *Nibelungenlied* to the martyrdom and death of the saints. He writes, "Man should strive for happiness in the world- sweet happiness, and not the cross. For that let him wait till he is borne to be buried, and then he will have one set above his grave."¹² Heine's writings recount old tales of fairies and spirits. In his work, *History of Religion and Philosophy in Germany* he claims that, "the mania for the Middle Ages was perhaps a secret prepossession for old German pantheism, or the remains of that old religion living in popular belief of a later age."¹³

After recounting one tale very similar to the story of *Rumpelstilzkin*, Heine mentions how a French man on hearing the tale asked for its moral and Heine retorts that this is where a difference lies between the French and German. The German only needs morals in reality, not in fiction or poetry.¹⁴

Heinrich Heine's main thoughts were similar to Jacob Grimm in that underlying the Christian stories were authentically German folklore which had been adopted into contemporary Christian narrative.¹⁵ Similar to Herder as well, the Grimm brothers sought to "gather and preserve their own folk heritage."¹⁶ Herder had published a collection of Folksongs in 1778. The Grimm brothers collected various German folktales and took an interest in language, literature, and custom.

Jacob Grimm and his brother Wilhelm both longed "to have the German people united in one nation through customs and laws of their own making."¹⁷ The artist Clemens Brentano requested the Grimm brothers to "help him collect tales for a volume that he intended to publish some time in the future."¹⁸ He never accomplished this task, however. The Grimm brothers did and had their first success with the publication of *Children's and Household Tales* in 1815. Later works dealing with German folklore were *German Legends* in 1816, with a second volume in 1818; *Irish Elf Tales* in 1826, and *The German Heroic Legend* by Wilhelm Grimm in 1829. Late in 1835 Jacob Grimm wrote a study entitled *German Mythology*.¹⁹ "Both Jacob and Wilhelm regarded their work as part of the social effort to foster a sense of justice among the German people and to create a pride in the folk tradition."²⁰

The German desire to propagate a national identity had them place the revered fifteenth century artist, Dürer, as an idol and to mimic him in style. Dürer illustrated many folkloric themes such as *The Three Witches* and *Knight, Death, and Devil*. The initial interest of Medievalism and folklore can also be seen with Neo-Classical artists, Henry Fuseli and Karl Wilhelm Kolbe. Kolbe's work

was surreal and dealt with nature in contrast to Fuseli's interest in the macabre and man's psychological states. Kolbe's bizarre landscapes would be influential on the work of both Caspar David Friedrich and Philipp Otto Runge.*

Landscapes in particular were a catalyst for the interest in folklore. That is, landscape artwork was not already filled with pre-imposed understandings as Neo-Classical art had been. To place landscapes at the forefront in art was a juxtaposition of German art from the French Neo-Classical artwork which was dominated by the figure of man. German artists returned to nature and the primitive. This would mean various things for each artistic movement. For the Romantics, Friedrich and Runge, their interpretation of nature was simplified to a world more ancient than man. Man was humbled by grandiose nature and its mystical language which could only barely be understood.

* See illustrations on page 49.

Without apparent elves and goblins depicted in the works, German Romantic art was steeped in allegory and symbolism which spoke of magical qualities and special powers. Contrary to Heinrich Heine, Friedrich and Runge joined Christianity with Paganism. Both deeply religious, they wanted to create images which spoke to the viewer on a highly spiritual level. For Runge the spiritual level was expressed in a mythological narrative. His drawings, *The Times of Day*, illustrated this. Nature and Christianity are united as he depicts the four seasons along with the ages of man and man's redemption. He uses symbols and imbedded meaning to speak to the viewer. An example of his imbedded meaning is his use of light which he saw "as the mystic force that came to release the human soul from its material bondage. Color, stimulated by light, represented the interaction between the physical and the spiritual."²¹

Friedrich also expressed his profound spiritual desire to connect to God on an intimate level through nature. Contrary to Runge, though, he drew from nature the landmarks of his German pride: the oak tree, cromlechs, and the dense forest. The oak tree's significance to the national pride stems from the Black Forest and the profundity of the tree. The tree was seen as withstanding time. It is symbolic of the enduring German culture with its roots deep within its soil. The oak tree is a defense against the outsider. Dating back to medieval times the Black Forest had helped German kings defend the kingdom.

In *German Romantic Painting*, William Vaughn writes that it was most likely Ludwig Theobul Kosegarten, a preacher of Pietism, who influenced Friedrich's choice of imagery: the island of Ruegen which was a "primeval *land of the soul*, its rugged, windswept cliffs and oak trees suggestive of ancient Teutonic heroes whose tombs were thought to be the large groups of dolmens."²² A Romantic artist influenced by Friedrich who followed his advice to study the island of Ruegen was Carl Gustav Carus. His depiction of a prehistoric grave is similar to Friedrich's *Cromlech in Autumn*. Both artists also depict scenes in moonlight. The moon has held both mystical pagan significance and Christian meanings of resurrection and pagan.

The Romantic writer, Clemens Brentano, was a writer of fairy tales. He wrote *Gockel, Hinkel, Gakeleia* which was published in 1838. It is a story about a child who has created a new Paradise in his imagination. Brentano saw in Runge's *Times of Day* the Paradise Brentano had created in his fantasies. Brentano began to illustrate his writings himself when he was unable to find an artist who could depict his tales in a child-like manner. An artist who did spark his interest was Runge, but Runge died before being able to create any illustrations. Brentano appreciated Runge's work which had the "simplicity" and "childlike" qualities he sought to exhibit in his works. Brentano was influenced specifically by his genii and flowers in Runge's *Times of Day*.²³

The Nazarenes connected to Herder's search "for the true self and for the past."²⁴ They were, however, unlike Herder who wrote against imitation of any kind and saw folk as a source of ideology to draw from in creation, not to mimic.²⁵ The Nazarenes were not necessarily interested in German folklore, but in Medievalism and it was not until the addition of Peter von Cornelius to the entourage that themes of *volk* were truly composed. One of the first leaders of the Nazarenes, Franz Pfors, was interested in strictly religious creations. His *St. George with the Dragon* is as near as he came to depicting fantastical creatures. Cornelius joined the Nazarenes after Pfors's death. He had already done numerous illustrations for the *Nibelungenlied* and Goethe's *Faust*. Another Nazarene to depict the *Nibelungenlied* was Julius Schnorr von Carolsfeld. He had been, "engaged to decorate the royal palace... Ludwig [I of Bavaria] had originally envisioned a series of murals on themes from Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, but he later opted for paintings illustrating their German equivalent, the so-called *Nibelungenlied*."²⁶

Another Nazarene who worked closely with Cornelius was Carl Philipp Fohr. His career was short lived as he died at the age of twenty-two. Fohr's folklore themes were inspired by Brentano and Arnim.²⁷ Folkloric themed works of his were: *Three Robber Knights on a Boar Hunt*, *The Lost Knight*, and *The Knight before the Charcoal Burner's Hut*. The later two paintings were inspired by Friedrich de la Motte Fouque's *The Magic Ring*. It is a tale during the Third Crusade in which a "magic ring gives rise to many and various chivalric battles and adventures. Christianity and paganism clash, but Christian faith overcomes all evil magic, and chivalric honor and virtue triumph over all human weakness."²⁸

The Biedermeier movement, from 1815 to 1848, was against upper class culture and the Neo-Classical style. Instead the artists created an idyllic, sunny world with an innocent point of view. Fairy tales and legends were key features in the painting's narrative, but in an entirely reversed role from that of the Nazarenes or Romantics. The prominent Biedermeier artist known for his fairy tale images was Moritz von Schwind. He created a make-believe world in contrast to a "present" reality the German nation did not want to face. Germans were again at this time, unhappy with the current lack of power in their government. In an attempt to regain power the middle class revolted in the March Revolutions of 1848 which occurred over the course of a few days and ended without much satisfaction.

Von Schwind's *Boy with the Magic Horn* is taken from books of an old German song. The forest is seen as a sanctuary where man could be alone with nature. This was a positive counter image to the approaching industrial Germany. The boy is completely carefree and laying in the comfort of the thick forest filled with oaks. Von Schwind also illustrated Goethe's *Sir Kurt's Bridal Journey* and Goethe's poem *Song of the Spirits above the Waters*, a personification of the elements.²⁹ Von Schwind's *The Rose*, *The Ride of Kuno von Falkenstein*, and *Apparition in the Forest* are other created tales of fantasy which lack a narrative. Vaughn writes, "The narrative grows from the state of mind that the picture puts one in. Its rich colours and repetitive lyrical lines describe the world with the vividness and simple meter of the folksong. And like a folksong it combines the magical and ideal with the comic and lowly."³⁰

Von Schwind disliked the academy though his style was nevertheless Neo-Classical. He was a student of Cornelius and a Nazarene plastic quality and outline can be seen in his work. He was interested in the medieval times like the Nazarenes, but the stories he illustrated were his own creation. He differed from the Romantics and the Nazarenes in that his landscapes and narratives lacked any religious significance.

Depictions of German folklore can be seen throughout the Romantic, Nazarene, and Biedermeier movements. These artists interpreted the tales and created their own meanings from them. Though

so different in intentions these artists all desired a united Germany. Borrowing from the writers of the time the artists thought they had found a source of German pride and identity. Folklore to them was their tradition. The German landscapes were essential as a backdrop and national face of the German artist, yet the landscapes and stories they depicted were never really present in Germany. They were only an idyllic world that each artist thought they could create. As Novalis wrote, “All fairy-tales are no more than dreams of that native world that is everywhere and nowhere.”³¹

Lucienne Dorrance



Caspar David Friedrich
The Chasseur in the Forest, 1813



Carl Phillip Fohr
Three robber Knights on a Boar Hunt



Moritz von Schwind
Apparition in the Forest



Casper David Friedrich
Two Men Contemplating the Moon, 1819



Phillip Oto Runge
The Times of the Day, 1803



Mortiz von Schwind
Boy with the Magic Horn

NOTES

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- 26) Chu, p. 163.
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Doug Oporto

ALL I WANTED

All I wanted was to be in the arms of a beautiful woman.
It was the night I went to hear Pony Pondexter.
She was coming up Grant Avenue with a sailor on her arm.
She hailed me but seemed embarrassed.
She recognized me from high school.

Same graduating class.
I drove the three of us to her place in the Haight.
She took off for her bedroom with the sailor.
I sat on the wall-to-wall carpet, drank vodka and wrote poems.
Perfumed dreams.
She came out her room to tell me she didn't fuck the sailor.
He fell asleep while getting undressed.
She loves me.
She's loved me for years.
We've been classmates since the third grade.
I can't place her.
She says she had always thought I was a sharp dresser.
She liked that my socks coordinated with my shirts.
I made that little fold on the waist of my Levis.
The Pachuco look.
She loved me, but I couldn't fuck her yet.
But I could lick her pussy.
And would I help her get back to her sister's in Oakland.
Her pimp would be along soon.
I went and got a tire iron from my car for protection.
Her flesh excited me.
I wanted her blood in my veins.
Helped her pack.
Got all the stuff in my car.
Left the sailor sitting on a stained sheet in the false dawn.

INTELLIGENT DESIGN

Intelligent design implies a designer who has intelligence.
Two arms, two legs, a head.
In the likeness of God?
Omnipotence & omnipresence = intelligence?
What gauge for intelligence?
Standard tests?

Here's a metaphoric take on intelligent design.
Energy is like a play.
After the play, a stage manager breaks down the set.
The stage disappears.
The play becomes a wisp of memory.
And the play writer?
Home in bed with Anne Hathaway.

AFTER THE FLOOD

A body in the receding river.
Decapitated.
Bloated.
Caught in the brambles.
Maybe a sex crime.
Necrophilia.
Thanos.
Eros.
Sex and death.
Isn't that what pushes our buttons?
Better tell someone.
Better take a closer look.
A plastic dummy.
A blow-up toy.
Part of some Xmas pageant.
Leave the prank.
Another jogger can call 911.

INSTALLATION

dreaming myself
driving the misinformation highway
as different scripts linger

headed to the gallery
integrating with skill saw
and fan belt whine

in the rattle and rumble of
stillness with the doors
to my pretenses thrown open

just the thin-in-itself
existing
as my meditation starts to vanish

THIS CONDITION

I feel like a blind man who doesn't know where he is,
and whatever I might do about this condition,
I can't always be watching TV



Jubal Dolan

SHE RIDES HER BIKE IN THE RAIN

[Editor's note: The inclusion of this story, which is part of the vanished Jubal Dolan's autobiography, is at the behest of his wife, Tobey Gloria Dolan. BP]

This is a story that takes place in Berkeley, in the 60s. What should a story that takes place in Berkeley in the 60s contain? Politics, for sure, and sex and drugs and alcohol and rock 'n' roll, and some book knowledge, and sex and some more drugs and rock 'n' roll. Well, maybe not that much rock 'n' roll to begin with. In the early 60s, if music came from an open window, the sound would more likely be Baroque, Folk or Cool Jazz: Vivaldi, Manfredini, Bach, The Weavers, Leadbelly, Cal Jader, MJQ. On a path near Hertz Hall, I hear a girl singing a choral part from Beethoven's 9th Symphony.

Pablo Casals is demonstrating his technique on a cello in a master's class. Jean Renoir is discussing film. Edmund Teller is teaching freshman physics. Carl Chessman is about to be executed. The Un-American Activities Committee is coming to town. And, Toby is riding her bike in the rain.

Winter kills. Even in Berkeley. And she felt like killing. Toby is riding her bike down Fish Ranch Road behind the Claremont Hotel. A swift descent from Skyline, through the eucalyptus. Easy to fly. Easy to loose control.

Earlier in the day, she had lost control and had thrown a knife at Jubal, and now she was in a reflective mode. Sure, she had been angry, and she had plenty to be angry about, but throwing a knife had shocked her. Shocked Jubal, too. She knew she had not aimed right at him. Hit the cabinet.

And Jubal seemed to realize this, too, but she was angry, and her experience with anger was that it was easy to loose control. She might have opted to plunge the knife into his evil heart. She was glad he had retreated rather than put up an argument or try to explain or ask for an apology. She wasn't up for any of it.

She needed to unwind, and she had pumped hard coming up the hill. She was standing still on the hillside at one point and had to walk her bike. But she was getting stronger. She was working on it. Not so dependent. Not so wimpy. She was standing up for herself.

But standing your ground, she thought, and murdering your lover because he's cheated on you are two different things. Crimes of passion are understood, but you have to catch them in the sack, and all she had as evidence was a spent condom.

No, she didn't even have that. She had flushed the disgusting thing. It revolted her. She had changed the sheets on their bed. She had said a rosary to bless it. She wasn't sure when she would invite Jubal back. She knew she would, but first he was going to suffer.

Coming down the hill, she could smell the odor of skunk. "Skunk!" she yelled, "You dirty skunk!" And then, she was on it, a wet black lump along the side of the road. *That's more like I feel*, she thought. *All the life in me, spent. I'm just a hump.*

She rode past the hotel and down Ashby Avenue to College. She'd stop and see her friend, Linsey. Linsey was having a respite from her husband, Lyle. She would listen to Toby's story.

Linsey had been raised as a Baptist fundamentalist, but she had converted to the Occult. Dabbles in mysticism. Into crystals and colonics. "You'll feel great," Linsey said, "Cleaned out, renewed." She was a real saleslady. You'd have thought she was working on commission.

All the same, Toby listened. Seemed like a good idea. *Get this Jubal out of me. Flush him like a used condom.*

Sabrina had a small office on the second floor of an office building on the Ave. "This your first time? Right, nothing to worry about." There was something contradictory about the lab coat and the flip-flops Sabrina was wearing, but she went ahead and undressed, put on a terrycloth robe and lay on a starched white sheet stretched over a masseuse's table.

It was explained that an enema devise would be inserted in her rectum and that a steady pressure of warm water would course through her lower intestine to remove years of accumulated debris that would be flushed through a small fish tank apparatus, so she could see what was dislodged. She was told not to be astonished.

She said she wouldn't be surprised, because she felt she was incased in twenty yards of slime, and the sooner it was gone, the better. She was resolute, and Sabrina began with a light stream of water, and it felt wonderful, filling her with a blissful sensation. But as the pressure increased, she sensed something beginning to shift in her bowels, and she knew this wasn't bliss. She had to shit.

She was afraid, and she looked to Sabrina, who was adjusting a knob on the pump. The water was flowing through the glass compartment. For a moment she thought she saw a girl on a small bicycle ride by, and she moaned. Sabrina picked up on this immediately and reduced the pressure. Toby was more than relieved. She was weak.

Enough? How much shit is enough? she thought. No answer. There never is. *Why then, shouldn't I have cut his dick off? But, I should be more forgiving. Jubal is both a young artist and an old dog. I knew that from the start. He's just so yummy.*

The lightness of the new feeling was making Toby soft. In a minute she would be calling him "Bunnytoes," again.

THE FARMER

[Editor's note: Some years ago, the writer, Jubal Dolan, vanished without a trace. His wife, Toby, later gave me this story of Jubal's, which she found among his papers. She assumes it was written before his disappearance. BP]

The house Jubal was nearing was the house he had left months earlier. He had walked from this house without a word of goodbye. He had walked down the blinding block to the corner and caught a bus. He had worked at terrible jobs. He had wandered in the wilderness, covered with dung and experiencing other dimensions. He claimed he had seen killing fields crimson with carrion flesh. He said he heard angels singing and God whistling through his teeth. They took him to the county mental hospital.

As he approached this old house, he smelled rabbit-ear sage, and it reminded him of his life here. Still, the antiseptic smells of the hospital lingered in his brain. He thought back to sitting in the dayroom. He shivered in the cooling air. The effulgence of the setting sun cast sinister shadows, and he could feel the nearness of some ominous presence. It was the crystal meth that had driven him insane. Jubal felt his life was like bleached earth, and in the merciless intensity of his affairs, his soul had singed.

Through the bars of his window he could see the moon. Very round, sharp-edged and much too close. He heard a coyote in the heavy silence beyond the hospital wall. The wind from the prairie pressed sensuously against the window with the turmoil of a demon. The TV din from the dayroom mixed in cacophony with the music piped into the long, sterile hallways.

He listened to Smitty in the next bed tell about riding boxcars in the 30s. "Man, I started riding boxcars when I was fourteen. From New Orleans to New York to Chicago to Dallas to Frisco and back. And you meet some weird people. Got to be careful, too. Lots of ways to get hurt. Rode into a jerkwater town in Texas and walked into a restaurant to get myself some grub before my freight hooked up, and the guy behind the bar yelled bad words at me, and I bet he would've beat my head in, if I hadn't been fast getting back to the car. No, it's better to stay on the car. Still, some mean railroad bull might also take a hankering after your skin."

Smitty had been transferred from the State Penitentiary because he had gone stir crazy. His most prized possession was a blanket made of stitched together Bull Durham bags. It was a gift for his daughter, if he could just get his hands on her, he said. Spirits in his heart wanted vengeance. And now, it was like Smitty was tagging along behind him, commenting on the weather. "Windy, isn't it?" His life now and his other parallel life right beside him. Lines drifting into infinity.

Jubal opened and shut the gate to the picket fence and stepped up to the door. There was a freshly cut flower he couldn't name placed near the latch of the gate. Beyond the door, he could hear the faint cry of an infant. At this time of day, his wife and children would be sitting down to eat. He could imagine his wife, her eyes like bright lights. It is the eyes that hold secrets, he thought, eyes that let love in and let love out. Deep in the center of one another's eyes, Jubal and Toby could see their love reflected, their loss of innocence...strange visions, swelling, thronging, wailing...a rhythmic revelation between them.

She would motion him to sit at the table. Food would be placed before him. He would drape his coat over the chair and wash his hands at the kitchen sink. She would sit the infant in the corner to play, and then a string of complaints would pour from her. "There are weevils in the flour. The children are hungry. There's no money." His son would add, "I drug the milk cow behind the barn, Pa. It died of bad blood about a week ago."

Later, he would sit by the fire, the flames would lure him, and his melancholy would intensify. He would contemplate the weevils and the dead cow, and he would get a cloying feeling of being choked by too much sweetness.

He started to knock on the door of the little white cottage, as though it was the Temple of Wisdom. He whispered, in despair, “O, darkness, when will you flee? When will I daylight see?” An invisible chorus sang, “Life is life, and death is death.” Then, he turned on his heel and walked back the way he had come.

Later, at a roadside café called The Hungry Dude Sandwich Corral, abruptly and in a loud voice, Jubal said to the clientele, “I can’t always be watching TV!”

THE UNBORN POEM

Potso is vacationing with Lucky on the South African Coast, been on the beach for six hours.

Potso says, “If I could, I’d stay until the Jews convert.”
Medieval of him, hates the idea of public beaches—
not a Roman, a Sicilian.

“Look at yourself, Lucky, you’re an electro-magnetic
chemical factory acted on by physical change.
We should start a club.
If you join, you’ll have a microchip implanted in your brain.
It’s small, the size of a grain of rice.
Signals a mainframe 0/1.
You’ll become a time clock, like on my microwave.
Your batteries will be kept recharged by your body heat,
tummo, a bag of fire, a ticking time bomb.”

Potso looks at the ocean.

“It’s a fucking laundromat.
Everybody trying to brain you with their situation,
their family,
their frustrations,
their failures,
their fantasies.
Their successes, too
in tennis
in college
in work.”

Regardless of the tennis.

“Nothing = Love”

“A good position in the field,
but not on it.”

“Oh, it’s *samsara*
that’s the net.”

He thinks he’s caught in a net.

Just accept the universe is perfect
dump the thinking about it,
be born in the Self fully
integrated
with a realization
of wisdom’s flow.

*It’s the codes, the codes
in Connamarra.
The codes have the secret, the...*

WALKIN’

Joggin’
Bikin’
Ridin’

The zone—the 5-beat iambic—
or the alexandrine—
images fly by
a pinwheel
a cinema

Increasing speed
 now, a continuous field
of play magic

You want a peaceful world?
focus on literacy, every citizen reading poems

“Fuck that!” says Bob

“No worse than the emphasis on math and technology,
the English language under a lot of stress from our rulers these days,
syntax molded by Cicero, nouns by the Danes, and Beckett and Borjes.”

“Got as far as the Bs, did you?”

“Took me a long time to get past Anulios
and Ashberry—
yet to digest Caedmon and Catullus.”



Luis Mee

THE DAUGHTER

Under all the Phaedra, the Iphagenia, the Medea
there's an adult girl, 23, who is still a little girl, about 6
who wants her Daddy's approval

Daddy, meanwhile is walking across a minefield
specially laid down before he went blind
to explode his relationship with the child

A real flat-earther, this Daddy
he believes her being drunk caused her to get raped
the rape is her fault, ergo, she is responsible

She had no reason to be where she was doing what she was doing
makes sense, but based upon an erroneous
and very dangerous supposition

He writes his own fortune cookie
I saw one on the dinning room table
said, “You hide your feelings from me.”

By saying her rape was her fault
he rapes her again, rapes her psychically
pokes her, and he does it with a certain glee

She's not without defenses—

has her well-developed histrionics
and sense of dramatic self-control

She would like to have one glass of wine—
to sit at the table as an adult— be reckoned with—
maybe get a little expansive— she can handle it
But who knows?
somehow a lot of birthdays, whatever “birthdays” represent
celebration of herself—somehow, they got missed

No end to the recriminations
that you are unkind, don’t trust her, have given up on her
find her disgusting

When love turns to hate
one can hear some ugly things
come out the mouth of the one you love

And this is it, love—
you’ve got to love to really live
or hate snaps back and slaps you

CONNECT THE DOTS

It’s amazing
what you can do
when tested against
death-defying odds



David Mansfield

-

MILDRED

Eventually, I got tired of slugging through the snow to Mildred’s cabin, forty below zero. I had a good pair of boots, but I kept moving pretty fast. I was drunk, too, on whiskey, rye whiskey. I

wondered if I was having racial problems, what with her being an Indian, a half-breed actually, marginalized. I think Mildred was a prostitute, sometimes. I didn't have any money. She liked me. I never got a disease off her. Lucky—that's marginalized.

She taught me the levels of fucking that were important to know about the subject. She taught me everything I hadn't been taught in school. Pretty much all of it. Except for the whipping part. No whipping. But she was inexhaustible. First relationships set standards which later are beneficial or harmful, looking for that first experience again, or not, you find disappointment or fulfillment. At first I didn't like three of her children sharing our bed. Two had their own beds. I didn't like the kids in bed with me, but I was always a bit drunk and randy when I visited Mildred, and I never arranged for our lovemaking somewhere else or hired a babysitter. I didn't have the wherewithal. So, this is the way it had to be. It kept me warm at night. It's really, miserably cold in British Columbia. I'm sort of a gregarious person.

I do need space. I spend a lot of time writing books. Some of this may be a reaction to the confines of five people in a bed. Needing my space. Need to escape. "I've got to smoke a cigarette," I said, but she didn't like cigarettes. Irony, I thought. Indians against tobacco? But it was probably just cigarettes.

I wonder what has happened to her now. She would have to be eighty, but she didn't live very sensibly.

DENISE

"I like her English," I said.

Robert Duncan had said, "I like her accent."

I really liked her, but in the end Denise turned out to be a bad seed. A bad thing to say about someone you are almost in love with. I couldn't go there because I was in love with Charlotte.

I thought about it. The door was open. I was Denise's TA, and Charlotte was my TA, and I couldn't do it. Loyalty in the chain of command, I suppose. She liked me, or not. She liked me, but I loved Charlotte, and I didn't want to get in a tight spot with Charlotte by having an affair with Denise.

Still, I miss doing the wrong thing.

LOTUS FEET OF DENISE LEVERTOV

I would love to have had them in my mouth.

Well, one of them at a time.

WAITING FOR THE OTHER SHOE

Waiting
 for
the
 other
shoe to
 drop.

Something to do
about a shattered expectation
of time.

Something long, then
something personal.

We called him the *Zitgeist*
because he would pimple up
when he heard a certain sound,
a ghost in his psyche.
What did it want?

He would have to consult a soothsayer.
He'd ask, "Why am I so bad tempered?
Why do I want to hit people
when I'm so weak?"



Richard Denner

WHERE ARE YOU ON THE PAPER CHAIN?

Flaky footing on the high unit
wind cold, cold now at 4000 feet a bitch
but it packs well around the pine plugs
above Indian Creek in the rocky outcroppings
not a forest, a farm—slash and burn—a war

We're riding in a crummy

an orange International van beat to shit
the bad karma tipi that takes us to work
we've named it *L.A.*
so we can drive to work in L.A.

I want my forest cut into chips
so my grandkids can have toilet paper

On the other hand, we need air
and the mountains need cover
and the animals need homes
no matter they're in rows

Breathe into the pain
or get out of the way

Where on the poet chain are you? I begin my poetry on the slopes of Snoqualamie Pass, planting trees. I'm a bookseller. I've been selling books for 20 years. I'm a poet. I've been writing poems for 40 years. I felt I needed to replace a few trees if I was going to sell books and write on paper.

I started writing poems in Berkeley in 1960. I was influenced by *Finnegan's Wake* and *Waiting for Godot*, James Joyce, Samuel Beckett, and Dylan Thomas, his golden voice on Cædmon Records, those recordings of his poems and voice plays set my heart aflame. Dylan Thomas, a big-time poet, traveling, reading poems, kissing girls, drinking scotch, seemed to me to be living an ideal lifestyle. Later, reading a biography, I found out how tortured he was, but, then, I had my germinal fantasy, and the seed to be a poet grew in me.

These days, I'm becoming a Squire, but then I knew my destiny. I was determined to avoid becoming a doctor. I could make that diagnosis. I would put my Latin to better use. No thin chemical soup for me, a stronger draught, I would drink of life, the world would be my patient.

Dr. Denner. Has a nice ring to it, I know, but I had books in me that were, shades of *Alien*, struggling to emerge. *Breastbeaters*, my first book, was a yodeling of the heart. The image of a poet, beating his breast, giving his yawp, emitting his howl. Then, I began to read Ezra Pound and discovered *phanopoeia*. Next, I began to print with a *Kesey* handpress, which I bought from a Seventh-Day Adventist couple who ran a print shop in Ketchikan, Alaska.

I began printing in an attic apartment near the ball field. I'd come home from a day's work in the back shop of the *Ketchikan Daily News*. I print off 100 pp, two opposite sides, and hang them to dry on cotton string hung along the roof-line of the apartment. On the weekends, I bound books together, set some type, and prepared for the following week of printing. The printing was smudgy and uneven, but I pressed on. The typefaces were old and worn, so I over-inked and press harder, pressing the letter into the paper, embossing the page, the ink bleeding through. Grant Risdon taught me how to cut linoleum blocks, and a rush of visual imagery, mostly the nudes figures of women, flowed from my knife. These I tipped into the books, alternating poem and block, giving color to the big, bold words.

After reading *How to Live in the Woods on Pennies a Day*, I took press, wife and child (note my ordering) to Deep Bay. D Press took on a new dimension. I was into concrete poetry. I hadn't heard of language poetry, but the idea of playing with words, listening to their echoes, had been instilled in me by Luis Garcia.

Pouring the words right into the type case seem natural. I was sure I could express plenty with just the small words. Ketchikan was 15 miles from the nearest road head. In the cabin, I began to break my poems down into smaller units. I was printing with 60 point Bodoni type, and this limits the number of words that can be arranged in a 4X6 inch type case.

I had first begun to write poetry as a freshman at Cal. 1960. It didn't take long for me to discover I was going out of my mind.

*Grandure of grey dawn in transparent gold,
Miramids of restless weary wanders
to play the harpstrings of youth
and separating a bright red bar
held by a square bolt.*

My poem had an epigram—a *difficult birth astride an open grave*. Price Charlston, professor of esthetics at Cal, said, "I wish you would have let me proof read your manuscript before publishing it, so I could have fixed the misspellings." Misspellings and faint ink became a hallmark of the D Press style. Early punk. Deconstructionism. *Dasien*.

Breastbeaters was published in 1963 by Berkeley Pamphlets. I had renewed a childhood friendship. Dennis Wier worked as a night supervisor of the cyclotron, a physics major and pamphleteer; he showed me how to burn a plate with a 150-watt light bulb in an orange crate in his closet. As awkward a print job as was done, the book gave me an entrance into The Sticky Wicket in Aptos, where I was received as a young lyric poet. I met Lew Harrison, the composer, who liked my poetry, also liked my youthful looks. I took part in plays and readings, had affairs, drank wine, and danced on the table tops. My poetry was suffering from romantic outpourings, when I had my first writer's block. Only by discovering I could imitate other poets than William Wordsworth and Dylan Thomas did I enter another dimension where I could feel inspired. I studied esoteric philosophy. I wrote a set of poems: *D.T. Poems*. I break from my wife. I traveled to New York. I smoked pot. I returned to Aptos. I took peyote in Oakland. I thought I might murder my family. I spent a year in and out of mental hospitals. I couldn't think on more than one level. I couldn't carry an allegory. I sat and meditated on my belly button. When I got out, I ran my finger down a list of schools and blindly picked Cal Poly. There I wrote "Scorpio, Scorpio Rising" à la Kenneth Anger, George Barker, and Madam Blavasky. My alchemy was improving.

At present, I am aligned with a group called The Plagiarists, but my first plagiarist activities began at Cal, in my second semester, while attempting to write an essay on Blake. I copied verbatim from a well-known introduction to Blake by Alfred Kazan. His words were easily recognized, since he had taught at Berkeley, and his analysis of Blake was considered seminal to any study of the bard. I learned quick that I had better correct this kind of behavior in my poetic methodology—like, be

subtler, rely on personal experience and draw from poets who don't mind. Only after I met Luis Garcia did I really began to write. We composed extemporaneously and improvised like jazz singers, slinging out words out in a methedrene-induced psychosis.

Never underestimate the power of drugs. I had read Rimbaud's *Season in Hell* and *The Illuminations* in the New Directions paperback edition. I carried it as a bible. I wanted to rip my brain apart with drugs, wine, and sex, and go deep, get to the source of the mystery, and come back with a jewel. With the idea of the poem as a bridge, I took my commitment to *fall into generation* seriously. I shed a skin and returned to Berkeley and worked on the Berkeley Barb, co-writing the lead article of the premiere edition, which investigated another budding newspaper: "Where Is The Citizen?" I think this is still a good question.

Going back a bit, in the late 50s, while I was in high school, my surfer buddies and I would drive over to North Beach from Oakland. We wore our high school jackets. We were curious about the Beatniks. We looked at Keene paintings and browsed in stores for prints of nude drawings by Picasso and Modigliani. Then, we'd make it to the Blackhawk to dig Miles Davis or Dizzy Gillespie or Cal Jader. We admired these cats. We'd sit in the back in our suits and drink Grenadines or Cokes. Eventually, to our dismay, the establishment insisted we sit in a special section behind chicken wire. This arrangement was the result of a campaign initiated by Herb Caen and Ralph Gleason to let the youth of the city hear these musical giants in an atmosphere where they served liquor. Crazy now, to think the City Fathers fell for that, but they did. When the Blackhawk would close, we would follow the musicians to an after-hours club in an old ballroom. The bartender would serve everyone soda, and I could see small brown paper bags emerge from suits and whiskey pour into the soda pop under the table. I was beginning to catch on—something happening on the surface, and something going on under the surface. I had entered the underground art world.

IT'S 2006, AND WE'RE WRITERS

New Year's day, Bromige and I drive through the wet streets of Sebastopol toward Petaluma on our way to a Poet's Brunch at a Poet Laureate's house. The rains have been fierce, with the Russian River at flood level, and an inland sea has developed. Sebastopol has become an island. Imagine Saint Michael's in France at high tide.

But Stony Point Road is high and dry, and we make good time to Terry Ehret's house. Actually, we arrive earlier than I'd planned, so we drive around the old part of town and look at the gingerbread on the big Victorian Houses. We're listening to Ornette Coleman on the car stereo. He's blowing mean riffs of Third Stream jazz, and we're discussing a series of poems I'm helping David with—my Pound to his Eliot—about intimate moments he's spent with some of the great American poets of the twentieth century.

He remembers being at Kathlene Fraiser's house with George Oppen and her alarm when she found him thumbing through a stack of playboys on the coffee table in her front room.

"Good-looking girls," he had said.

The hostess, flustered, said, "Those belong to my grown son or a male companion of his."

Oppen continued to read. "It's a lot easier this way," he had said.

“What way?” David had asked, but the party had moved on.

I park in front of the Terry’s house, and I help David out of the car. He has had two strokes and an operation on his foot that is slow to heal, and the hardest part of a car trip with him is getting him out of the vehicle. I take one end of his cane, and he takes the other end, and I pull him to the curb. We are met by a wet, red dog, and after ringing the bell, we enter a warm and inviting home.

Christmas tidings are still on display. There’s a small statue of Santa Claus with a lamp and a dog. Perhaps, Sage Diogenes, looking for an honest man. A box assemblage on the wall has Santa with his missus in armchairs by their own Christmas tree.

I say, “It’s hard to believe the Clauses have time to celebrate Christmas, what with getting all their presents delivered.”

David says, “They live on the North Pole, so they probably celebrate in the summer.”

There’s a line of people forming at a table laden with food and drinks—sausages, cakes and pies, finger food of all sorts—cider and Champagne. All about there are toasts to the new year and good cheer.

I’m deep into a conversation with Lizzie Hannon, and she’s telling me about her work with Tibetan hands-on healing, when I notice David starting to loll in his chair. He’s diabetic, and he’s not good at gauging his blood sugar level.

This is a house of writers, and there are a lot of writers here talking about other things than writing, but I have a video tape of a reading I want to give to our hostess. She had arranged *A Tribute to Robert Creeley* at the Petaluma branch of Copperfields Trading Company. Many present at this gathering were there that evening in November to read Bob’s poems and tell personal stories about the bard. It’s still hard to imagine the poetry scene without Creeley in the background keeping the beat.

But, now it’s 2006, and we are writers. David Bromige is the *eminence gris*, and I can tell he’s a little loopy because, when I give the tape to Terry and explain I hadn’t had a chance to play it, David said, “It’s ok, if it turns out to be porn, you can give it to your grown son.”

La de da. Whatever. He needs sugar in his blood. I ask Terry, “Do you have any Pepsi?”

“Just Diet,” she says, “which won’t do, but I have some hard candy. That’ll get into his system fast.”

She seems to know what to do, understands the situation. This is a relief. So we give David a Christmas candy cane, and I sit down and wait for him to return to his usual self, where he does his best to act like everyone else.

“How long have you known David?” Lizzy asks.

“Oh, we’ve been tight for like three years. We found we had a lot in common because we were both in Berkeley in the 60s and attended the Berkeley Poetry Conference. We got zapped by the same poets: Olson, Duncan, Spicer, that bunch. David is a little older than me. He was a grad student and a teaching assistant for Thom Gunn. I was a street poet, working for the Berkeley Barb. We were the underground to the Underground Poets. We admired them, but we were aware they were fast becoming the main stream, and we were determined to maintain the revolution and stick it to the establishment.”

So, forty years later, David and I are sitting in the front room of a Poet Laureate’s home, having cake and Champagne, and making witty remarks about the furnishings. Both of us are still a little crazy. I suppose *eccentric* is the right word, but without a doubt, we’re totally in the space of being writers in 2006.



S. Mutt

2 Photo Collages



Parking in San Francisco



Hiking Up Green Gulch



Jampa Dorje

A POEM AS A PLACE IN SPACE

Space does not comply with logic.
Space is empty, and therefore it does not exist.
Space accommodates everything, so it exists.

The proof of the two-value system is based on the Law of Contradiction (*tollens datur*) which states that something (ie. space) is either something (i.e. space) or nothing (i.e. not space) but not both. If A is A , then A is not *not* A . If something is logical is to be stated about something that contradicts this law, it must be translated into this system.

“Happy horse shit, that,” said Bob. That which neither *either/or* nor *both/and* express must be expressed both within *and/or* out of the system to be true as true and false, to be true as true or false, and both *both/and* nor *either/or*. To put it simply:

I have come to lick the inside of your sweet thigh,
Said the anacromystic lover.

I lust after the space-time hole.

As a manic-depressive-non-decisive, I want to have it
both ways to be one way.

If A, then B.
A, therefore B.

If A, then B.
B, therefore A.

It is the same in that it changes
the same that it changes
the same changes

As one
is one
that it
is two
too.

What is darkness is void
without light is black snow
not covering a tree as a turban.

A virgin is a desert and a dessert,
and I like your fun. Let's create
a new Athens of sensuality in the cold
which is beyond all thermometers, even
as the rigor of the climate suspends
our power of understanding.

It/he/she is with me at the end of the hall.
There is an orderly sauntering this way.
I see Susanna's tits in my mind.
Cock in cunt on nose in bum on toe
in mouth on tongue in an ear.

Sweetheart, dress uplifted, unable to see
through your knickers, rip them off.
Let me put my hand on your shining prize.
The red meteors of my lips massage your clit.
and the rapids of our flesh gleam in emptiness-bliss
as we are dotted free.

At this point, I should give a full and accurate account of the *dot* as a concept of space. In
Shakespeare's time, *dott* (OE noun) was the head of a boil; 1570, a small lump or clot; 1674, a

minute speck, spot, mark; 1748, a roundish mark made with a pen, as to mark with dots; 1816, scatter with specks; 1818 to cover with minute spots. It was not the act by which a dot is made until 1858.

“Oh, Dolly, dear dot, dotted free, won’t you, oh, won’t you come for me?”

Johnny pulls up in a canoe. She is lovely,
his canoe,
his romantic-metamorphic canoe,
his dainty lady of the tides.

She moves among sharp-headed serpents
and silver fish, and at first she is hard as granite, from flank to shoulder. But soon his scimitar
moves between her slender saplings, and, ah,
the rush of rapids, rocks...his waterfall.

To die is to come
to an end.

Without fixed objects
motion is relative.

3 cheers 4
Relativity.

Poets knew it [knew(i)—little *I*, knewt—no (tat, tit for tat)ed—knit (know) it, dotted it down].

Issac Newton, heretical alchemist, holds that *place* is
“not the situation, nor the external surface of a body.
For the place of equal solids are always equal; but
their surfaces...are often unequal.”

Newton shares with the Greek atomists the concept of matter
consisting of units of matter without void (*plenum*) between
which there is void or empty space. This is in direct opposition,
and the source of endless quarrels, with Aristotle for whom
place is an attribute of body, not as matter, but as boundary:
It is “the innermost motionless boundary...a kind of surface
and, as it were, a vessel, ie. a container of the thing. If a body
has another body outside it and containing it, it is in place,
and if not, not.”

The wart cannot be coerced.

Let me into your body. Put me in my place.
Plato refers to space as a *receptacle* and to a receptacle

as *matter*. He identifies them together as “the third nature, which is space, and is eternal, admits not of destruction... and is apprehended without the help of sense.”

We will get nowhere reasoning so.
I want to fuck on the moon with a harvest earth
rising above your buttocks.

It is space-time I am killing, here.
Playing cosmic roulette with God.
Ask enough questions and an apple
might gall you, might fall up your ass.

Whereas, the phone rang,
and a voice, trembling like Jell-O
said, “HELL-O.”

When *l* is a sentence
and *e* is a sentence
followed by a sentence
and *H* is a sentence
followed by three sentences,
Hell will be a sentence
in more than one sense.

Monks see miracles
because they sense
(in Aquinas’s *sense*)
the weight of angels
dancing on the head
of their pricks.

Augustine holds the word *earth*
(cf. “The earth was void and empty.”)
to mean *formless matter*,
and because it is formless,
“The earth is said to be void and empty,
or invisible and shapeless.”
Like Plato, he believes matter is place.

Space considered as receptacle
is thus identified with matter
devoid of form, not matter
of three-dimensional bodies.
i-d-i-o-t (I-dot)
It is this 3rd-person

Omnipotent Holy-I-Ghost
meaning of space
that the Jesuits carried
to Canada.

1626, C. Lalemant was one who sought
“only the glory of God and the salvation of souls”
in a place which was a “promising field...for the Gospel.”

1634, P. Le Jeune saw “the benefits to be expected
for the glory of God from all of these...places...”

1649, P Ragueneau wrote that the society was
“all of one heart, one soul, one spirit...there is not
one who does not seriously attend to his soul’s salvation,
that the soul can become the receptacle of holiness.”

With Platoe in Aquinasshole
and my scimitar in Susanass,
my cock gobbled, me sucking,
fucking, sucking, inseparable
from existence.

Says Descartes: “The same extension
which constitutes the nature of a body
constitutes the nature of space.”

5’2”/eyes bright blue/35-22-35
5’6”/legs amour/36-24-37
6’3”/relativity/42-30-44
These are differential equations.
Dot, slurp, blurp,
gobble, glot, clit,
spit, douche, cunt

Kant was a member
of the lunatic fringe
who believed warts,
like boils and dots,
are already voluble
and require us to learn
the way to listen.

Space in the *Prolegomia*
“is nothing but the form
of all phenomena

of the external senses;
it is the subjective condition
of our sensibility, without
which no external intuition
is possible for us.”

Ordinary eternal machinery—
where space is regarded neither as substance,
as Newton maintains, nor as an adjectival state
of extended bodies, as O’ Cogito Descartes would have it,
no, dig, it a system of relations, which, as a matter
of abstract logic, is reconcilable with the void
as a place where words melt into number.

Says Johnny, “Just as it was consistent
from the Newtonian standpoint to make both
the statements, *tempus est absolutum*, *spatium est absolutum*,
so from the standpoint of the special theory of relativity,
we must say, *continuum spatti et temporis est absolutum*.”

Generally, then, nature is only apparently restricted to four dimensions.

E
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Reducto ad absurdum

2 a place where time
is space is matter is energy is
time-space-energy-matter
a (wo) man
a metaphorical meta-place
that is darkness lit
by an inner Sun.

WHERE "IS" ATUK?
(a meta-historical addendum)

Agreeing with David Hume that the relation between cause and effect can be no more than a *de facto* conjunction, Bertrand Russell says, in his essay "On the Notion of Cause," (*Mysticism & Logic*, 1918) that the Law of Causality does not differentiate between past and future: the future *determines* the past in the exactly same sense in which the past *determines the future*.

Historical hypotheses aspire to the formation of necessary and sufficient conditions (i.e. "A if and only if B) for a given sequence of events. Russell considers physics a study of events in the immediate past and history to be the study of events in the more distant past. Although there may be no logical grounds for restricting cause to preceding that for which it is sufficient and necessary, it is suggested that the prevalence of irrevocable processes in physics may be empirical reasons to do so.

What then can be said of historical sequence? In *Human Knowledge* (1914), Russell sets forth the Law of Quasi-permanence, which states:

Given an event at a certain time, then at a slightly earlier or slightly later time there is, at some neighboring place, a closely similar event.

Events, then, follow a *causal line*, and inferences can be made as to their relationship. However much the ontological nature of existence inhibits historical credibility, here it is sufficient to describe Atuk as a literary character and necessary only to determine the spatio-locus of his character. The task of the historian is to describe and explain events in time-space, but for the poet, time-space must *a fortiori* be placed in events. Historical method for the poet is an eloquent term for the self-created specific formulations of self-created objective facts. Consequently, it can be said, although it is a generalization of such a fact, that Atuk exists nowhere.

To put it simply,

Isis
and
isnotis
isnot.



Luis Mee

ARE SAINTS BIODEGRADABLE?

Myths in Leonard Cohen's *Beautiful Losers*

*Annul in me my manhood, Lord, and make
Me woman-sexed and weak
If by that total transformation
I might know Thee more.*

—BROTHER ANTONINUS

The Zuni weave their cloth with tie-dyed threads. Each thread is carefully tied in a precise pattern to form a series of dots. When the threads are woven together, they line up to form a complete image. Looking at this cloth is much like reading Leonard Cohen's forgotten classic, *Beautiful Losers*. Cohen reveals his theme through a complex pattern of recurring thematic images and symbols.

Cohen believes in a higher power, a power to "tune in on." He says, "It's easier for me to say God than some unnamable mysterious power that motivates all living things. The word God for me is very simple and useable."^[1] What, then, are *beautiful losers*? They are the ones who lose their Self and become the victims of the physical world, and by doing so, they gain the internal, spiritual beauty of the energy of love that is God.

When this energy state of love is attained, the seeker has realized the path to Sainthood. Cohen's special conception of sainthood is described by the character "I":

What is a saint? A saint is someone who has achieved a remote human possibility. It is impossible to say what that possibility is. I think it has something to do with the energy of love. Contact with this energy results in the exercise of a kind of balance in the chaos of existence. A saint does not dissolve the chaos; if he did the world would have changed long ago. I do not think that a saint dissolves for himself, for there is something arrogant and warlike in the motion of a man setting the universe in order. It is a kind of balance that is his glory. ^[2]

When this balance is achieved, the physical body becomes an empty vessel into which the energy of Divine Love can freely flow.

A study of the lives of the saints reveals a panorama of human activity and individual history, yet there is a well-established set of circumstances that occur in the life of a saint. Often they are martyrs. Willing to go to the stake for their belief. They manifest their penance in unusual manners, such as self-torture. They usually experience religious ecstasy and visions. They can possess healing powers and sometimes great intellect, and after their deaths, there are miraculous signs, such as the smell of flowers. One of the central heroines of *Beautiful Losers* is Catherine, and her sainthood includes these classic events. After her death, venerated by the Roman Catholic Church, her body is used for relics.

However, Leonard Cohen's concept of a saint is much broader. Whereas, Catherine achieves liberation *from* sexuality to become an orthodox Catholic saint, the second heroine of the novel, Edith, liberates herself *through* sexuality. Her process goes beyond any methods taught in the Western religious heritage. In the East, Tantra Yoga doctrine reveals the sexual act can be a

meditation in itself and a means for spiritual liberation. Tantric practitioners in the position of *yab-yum* (sacramental union), stabilize their energy in a state of bliss and emptiness without reaching physical coition. They believe sexual energy to be a constant in the process of realizing their natural mind, which in turn is equated with the Supreme Source. In Western parlance, this mystical coition-union is called the Godhead.

When F., the second hero of the novel, meets Edith, she is a pimply-faced reincarnation of Catherine. In Freudian-Pygmalion fashion, F. undertakes to remake her. To perfect what he calls *the pan-orgasmic body and extend the erogenous zone over the whole fleshy envelope* he introduces a variety of sex manuals. Edith reads these books, but she is still unable to achieve orgasm. So, F. introduces the Danish Vibrator, which not only brings Edith to climax, but it takes on a life of its own. It buggers F., and when Edith unplugs the toy, it refuses to stop and jumps out the window and crawls into the ocean.

Edith's tension is relieved, and her acne is gone. Her sexual liberation prepares her to meet the Black Beast of the White Race, Adolf Hitler. Hitler is not only symbolic of the scourge of Europe, but of the white genocide of the American Indian. What Hitler did with gas ovens and concentration camps, the White Man did with reservations and measles. In the novel, Hitler baptizes Edith and F., and when Edith returns home, she injects herself with holy water.

To follow the symbolism, holy water is the Host, which in drug terms is H. When she gives fellatio to "I", she eats "hank", which is the sacramental Eucharist. Then, she steps into an elevator shaft and off the Wheel of Karma.

Because of the interlocking nature of the characters, F. is John the Baptist, the forerunner of "I", the Christ figure in the novel. F. is a member of parliament; he is Freud; he is Moses; he is Oscotarach and Pygmalion. F. is the universal guru, and although he believes in his message, he comes to realize he has underestimated Edith's essential character. Psychologically, F. is really "fucked-up."

Beautiful Losers might be called an epic Freudian soap opera. As M.L. von Franz points out, the projection of the anima

can lead to the so-called *human triangle*, with its accompanying difficulties. A bearable solution to such a drama can be found only if the anima is recognized as an inner power. The secret aim of the unconscious in bringing about such an entanglement is to force a man to develop and bring his own being to maturity by integrating more of his unconscious personality and bringing it into his own life.

[3]

F. projects his female attributes (anima) onto Edith. Between the ages of sixteen and twenty-four, Edith emerged from a fairy-like maidenhood. F. realizes that, as a physician, he must heal himself. Relinquishing the psychoanalytic method, he turns to an act of anarchy and attempted martyrdom. The destruction of the statue of Queen Victoria is symbolic of the overturn of the outworn moral system, which is his inheritance. Yet, even after his incarceration in a mental hospital and his contraction of syphilis (Note: the White Man gave the Indian a bevy of diseases, measles, smallpox, scarlet fever, and in return the Indian gave man a sexually transmitted disease.), F.'s followers still contend he is the man to save the world.

"I's" impediment to liberation has its source in the division of his anima. The split-projection of "I's" anima on Edith and Catherine, leads him into a destructive intellectualism. The effect of the anima acting in such a manner keep him from being in touch with himself, and he loses all feeling for himself and others. "I" escapes from life by burying his Self in his anima projections of Edith and Catherine.

To analyze this situation in terms of Yoga, there are several ways to dissolve the Ego and achieve liberation. The training is fourfold: the way to God through knowledge, Jnana Yoga; the way to God through love, Bhakti Yoga; the way to God through work, Karma Yoga; and the way to God through psychological methods involving all of the paths. Some seekers are reflective, some are more emotional, and some are more active. A distinct yoga is designed for the profile of each type of seeker.

“I” is a scholar. As a reflective type, “I” is unable to resolve the conflict of his dual anima projection until he realizes he needs Edith and F.. With Edith dead, and knowing F. has taught him all he can, “I” achieves the *third person omnipotent*. To reiterate, a beautiful loser is one who loses his Self to gain the beauty of union with the energy of love that is God. “I” is a reflective type of person: Edith is primarily emotional; Catherine is active; and F. is an experimental type. Each follows a path basic to his or her nature, and they transcend that nature with their liberation.

F. is basically unconcerned with his impending death. Catherine, knowing God is a four-letter word (the Tetagramaton, *YHWH* or *JHVH*), realizes that the destruction of her mortal self leads to everlasting life. Edith destroys the very embodiment of her sexual being through her liberation manifested in sexuality. And the ego-death of “I” is a composite of all the various aspects of the human personality.

This fusion of attributes is effected by the influence of Catherine, Edith and F. on the life of “I.” Edith’s influence on “I” rivaling Catherine’s influence is analogous to the Christ-Isis mythology. [4] Edith is symbolic of Isis, the Egyptian Mother Goddess, who represents the soul’s immortality and regeneration. Catherine, on the other hand, models herself on the Virgin Mary, and since Isis is identified as Mary in comparative mythology, Catherine and Edith are essentially one person in different guises. Catherine’s love of God is on a spiritually active plane, while Edith’s emotional love is on a physical plane. Both possess miraculous healing powers.

F. and “I” are each biblical figures. As the initiator of esoteric practices, such as the episode where our hero masturbates in a speeding automobile, F., like Moses, leads his followers to new experiences, and like John the Baptist, he prepares the way to promised freedom. While F. develops into a leader and Old Testament teaching figure, “I” comes to embody all the characteristics of F., Edith and Catherine, and so becomes a Christ-like figure, the culmination of all the prophets into a Messiah. The time “I” spent in a tree house is similar to Christ’s meditations in the wilderness. Christ had his cross and “I” his wooden tower.

The personalities of the four main characters, each a diverse embodiment of the other, undergo transformation and finally co-mingle in the one transcendent-unborn-reality from which all words recoil.

[1] George Woodcock, *Odysseus Ever Returning* (McClelland & Stewart Ltd., Toronto, 1970, p.106.

[2] Leonard Cohen, *Beautiful Losers*, The Viking Press, New York, 1969, p. 95.

[3] M.L. von Franz, *Man and His Symbol*, ed. Carl Jung, Doubleday & Co., 1969, p. 179.

[4] Houston Smith, *The Religions of Man*, The New American Library, New York, 1959, p.39 ff.



LAURA OPENED THE BOOK OF MEASURES

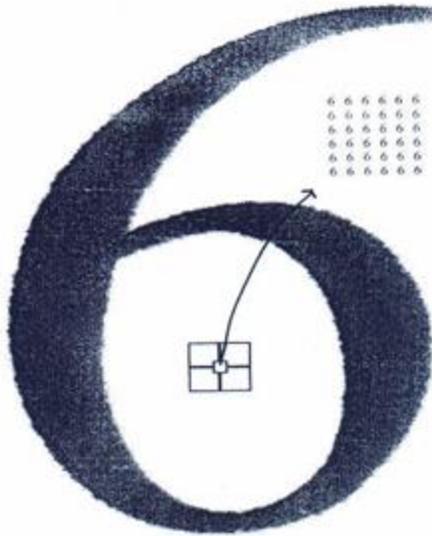
Adam, or 144, being the nucleus, the garden has enlarged to four squares of 36 X 36, or 1296 in area each, the numerical value of the *square yard British*; or, again, each one is now *Jared*, or *Yard*, the source of decent.

—J. Ralston Skinner, *The Source of Measures*

Laura opened the book of measures, and the pages were made of gold and the letters of lapis lazuli. The book rose up by itself, tilted at a 45° angle, and a tri-spoked Vajra of red light circled inside the hollow core of Laura's tongue. The consonants made sweet melody.

“My transmission, Atuk, is: The Earth was made of productive earth, Adam-h, *soil*, ready to germinate, and the number 6 emerges from this element. According to Skinner: ‘Take the word גַּן־עֵדֶן, *Gan-Oden*, or *Garden Eden*, and add the letters $3 + 5 + 7 + 4 + 5 = 24$: the numerical value is 24, and to show the factor 6, this becomes 24 divided by $4 = 6$, or the 24 indicates four parts, of 6 each. Cross 12, or a line of 12, on itself, and there results the sign of the letter ט, or *tau*, whose sign value is 4. Complete the square on each factor of 6, and there results the completed square of $12 \times 12 = 144$, composed of four small squares of 6×6 , or 36 each. This is the nucleus form of the garden.’”

Laura guides Atuk along a white and green checkered path that curves down a slope, and along the edge of an oval-shaped yard, toward a small garden with a sun dial in the middle of a flowerbed where time and distance mingle.



To be reborn, one must identify with the eternal forms nature produces. . .

Whereas Atuk, our Faustian Fool,
had been on the verge
of committing suicide,
 thinking it a way to leave
 behind a stale existence,
he is now ready to transform the poisons of his personal life.

The memory of this past
 vanishes like the winds of winter
as he ventures forth.



Gianna De Presiis Vona

MONTY'S LUCK

Monty's got his hat on backwards. This means he's ready to bet. He's been studying the horses, the numbers, the names. He likes betting on horses who have an M in their name, one of his many superstitions like turning his cap around. Moon Shine. Mad Dasher. Medallion Racer. These are horses that Monty will choose indiscriminately, not even bothering to check the riders, the history,

the wins and losses. The M is enough. There aren't any M horses running today so Monty spends longer than usual trying to decide.

Once he's made up his mind, once he's turned his lucky cap around, he stands up and goes to place his bet. At the ticket window he discovers that his God damned wallet isn't in his jacket pocket where he always keeps it, in the right hand pocket of his black wind breaker with pockets that zip shut, his lucky wind breaker. Oh, there's a wallet in there all right, and he has pulled it out and is holding it in his hand before he realizes that it isn't his, that it's some kid's wallet with Velcro and a picture of a rainbow colored marijuana leaf on it.

"God damn it, motherfucker," he mutters under his breath and then rips open the Velcro and checks for cash even though he already knows that it will be empty. One of Shelly's little tricks, another attempt to stop him before he has a chance to make another stab at success. This is a new one, the decoy wallet, a one shot deal because of course he will be sure to check from now on before he leaves the apartment.

"Never mind," he says to the woman behind the glass who is wearing too much blue eye shadow and cracking her gum like she doesn't give a shit if he bets or not as long as he gets on with it one way or the other.

Monty doesn't wait to see if his horse is a winner. He knows better than to torture himself like this. If he is the winner then he'll hate Shelly, he'll hate her like he's never hated anyone before, and when he gets back to their place there will have to be a world class screaming match just so he can breath again. And if he loses then he will have to feel that weight on his shoulders, total epic failure, and what is the point of enduring that when he didn't even end up betting anyway? Why even bother suffering through it? He crumples up his betting sheet and tosses it in the trash on his way out. The sound of the bell and the swelling roar of the crowd behind him propels him forward and draws him back so that he feels trapped for a moment, at a complete stand still, like he's being buffeted back and forth by some crazy mixed up wind. Then he turns his cap forward and is free of it. He walks forward and out onto the street.

Back at the apartment he engages in an elaborate ritual designed to make Shelly feel like she is the failure, not him.

"How was your walk?" she says. She's wearing one of his T-shirts, still not dressed even though it is almost four o'clock in the afternoon. She's curled up on the plaid couch in front of the TV, her white thighs almost blinding him for a moment, looking like two giant slabs of whale meat, bruised in places from her knocking into the corners of things.

"Fine," Monty says, "But I'm starved. What say we order a pizza?"

"Sure," Shelly says, her eyes still glued on whatever soap she is watching, "Pepperoni would be good."

"You order, I'll pay," Monty says, flopping down next to her on the couch and smacking her on one of those thighs.

"OK," Shelly says, glancing at him now, so sure he's been at the tracks but beginning to doubt herself as he unzips the pocket of his wind breaker and takes out the empty Velcro wallet.

"What the hell is this?" Monty says, making his eyes go wide in surprise, like this is the first he's ever seen it. "What the fucking hell is this?"



David Bromige

REALITY, OF CONTINUING INTEREST

The highway patrol often overestimate
the speed of a car painted red
Persons subject to leadfoot
often buy red-colored cars

Being a superstitious person
accords wisdom to old ways
There's no control so who can say
Better safe than sorry
and not somehow mean it
We are nonetheless civilized
with a touching faith in reason
and so a sense of contradiction
goes with me all my days
around ladders and over cracks
and when night comes
in dreams and violent rites
attacks the vacant space
while thinking twice

The brain is bigger
than this figure
rapidly approaching

MIGHT BE RIGHT

Rawls' test of justice says
Pretend you're not born yet
So you might be born a millionaire
or you might be born a pauper
Now what social system do you choose

I saw myself sitting here saying this
with no small degree of smugness

assured of its success
I might be rawls himself

for we share the same reason
Except that a man began to shout
that he had a gun
We looked up then
It was an expensive one, more accurate

BENEATH THE UNDERGROUND:

Charles Potts' *Valga Krusa*: A Novel of the Bay Area 60s, and the Poetic Ferment in the Wake of "The New American Poetry"

I would like to introduce a neglected classic, the novel *Valga Krusa* by the poet Charles Potts. Potts—aka Laughing Water—arrived in Berkeley from Utah [Idaho] via Seattle in 1965, and quickly made himself a familiar figure in the poetry scenes not only of the East Bay but of San Francisco. He was a tireless organizer of reading series, a liaison between poets, revolutionaries, and the pacifists of the Peace and Freedom movement. He had already begun publishing the magazine *Litmus* before he arrived in California, and continued to issue it for many years thereafter. *Valga Krusa*, like *Litmus*, records much about this time of social ferment and upheaval, and in doing so, affords a unique view of the poetry of the sixties. Published on Potts' own press, Litmus Inc. in 1977, the novel was written years earlier, concurrent with the excitement it records.

Those poets who matured in the previous decade, who were to some degree instigators of the excitements of the sixties—Allen Ginsberg, Gary Snyder, Michael McClure, Robert Duncan, Charles Olson, Ed Dorn, Jack Spicer, Diane Di Prima, among many others—look very different when viewed from the community of younger poets even further out than themselves. Potts and his peers exemplify the ways in which the New American Poetry shaded into the poetry of the streets, the be-ins, the mimeo mags, even the Sexual Freedom League. Richard Krech (ed., *Avalanche*), Julia Vinograd (still the bubble-lady of Telegraph Ave), Andy Clausen (strips off, reads nude), John Oliver Simon (ed., *Aldebaran Review*), Alta (sexually outspoken no-b.s. woman poet), John Thomson (of FUCK fame), Pat Parker (who brought blackness into the largely white world of these writers), Herb de Grasse (wildly eccentric filmmaker), Mel Buffington (ed., *Blitz*), and Country Joe of the rock group *C.J. & the Fish* are just a few of the colorful persons who undergo little literary transformation into the same-name characters of Potts' novel.

We see their impatience with the better-known poets, who are often at once their heroes and their villains, figures being transformed into the latest establishment. There is no doubt that the existence of this underground-the-underground community in the Bay Area had its effect on those poets whom we now think of as the principals of this period. Their appraisals helped keep them honest. Few among this loose-knit group are remembered and some have yet to surface. (Is that Rychard Denner at the elbow of Luis Garcia at the party on Hearst Street?) Their radical faith in the revolutionary power of poetry constituted an horizon for the times, an instigation and a goad.



Bouvard Pécuchet

**REVIEW OF ROBERTA SOLTEA'S NOVEL
*THE FLESH OF FIRE***

In 1824, Shelly hazarded the opinion that all poems were parts of one immense poem written by all the poets, past, present and future. One hundred twenty years later, Jorge Luis Borges extended this idea, feeling that the almost infinite world of literature was in one person— he was Walt Whitman, he was Thomas De Quincey, David Bromige, Roberta Soltea.

In her plagiarist novel, *The Flesh of Fire*, Soltea's heroine, Annabelle Rose, travels through time to have conversations with famous authors, giving them plots and dropping metaphors. Annabelle has dinner with Emily Dickinson, and they discuss how "nerves sit ceremonius like tombs." She visits Shih Huang Ti, the first Emperor of China, and encourages him to burn all the books that had been written so far. Although the works of Confucius and Lao Tzu have since resurfaced, those of Kuc Xing and Laun Dri are lost to the world. She visits Adam and interviews him as the greatest author of his day, seeing monotheism as a stimulus to art and proclaiming *Genesis* morphological to all future literature. It is her idea that, in the beginning, the earth was without form and void.

Midway through the novel, Annabelle Rose transports Thuragania, a pre-Socratic philosopher, into the near past and introduces her incognito to Jack Kerouac. Their conversation is witty and intimate, full of wisdom and insight, and the gullible Jack, in a fit of infatuation, decides to follow her across America. Suddenly out on Irving near 19th Avenue bound for the coast Jack saw a yoga studio where there was a class in chi kung going on, and our lady doing the exercise *bird that flies with conscious intent*, said "hey, dude, you understand poetry is all one poem," and Jack made a tremendous soaring wobbling pass at the chick, and she caught the ball, saying "further, further," and out they went into the star-speeding night laughing and teetering in joy of their artistic power.

Near the end of *The Flesh of Fire*, Whitman's dog gives a yawp when he hears Jack proclaim that the grass that liberates itself is the same grass which grows wherever the land is and the water is. This Whitman also lived in previous poets. His secret autobiography reveals that he was a cavalry officer in the nearly mythical wars of Charles XII— wars that turned Voltaire, a mechanical engineer, into an epic poet, completely against common sense. But, then, it was Voltaire who said that we consider common sense so common that no one needs more of it.

All poems are one poem. All poets, one poet. And history, as revealed in *The Flesh of Fire*, is a preamble in the third person telling the story of a heroine who is writing a faux autobiography. Nothing really exists, yet we derive pleasure from the play of lights and winds.

MIRÓ WALGREEN

Author of Pierre Menard's *Quixote*
for Roberta Soltea

Pierre Menard, author of erudite and entertaining articles on varied subjects, is best known for being the author of the *Quixote*. Pierre Menard did not merely copy the work of the illustrious Miguel de Cervantes. Menard re-created the *Quixote* from scratch, word for word, line for line, chapter and verse. To accomplish his singular and, as he called it, astonishing purpose, Menard converted to Catholicism, fought the Moor, emptied his mind of over three hundred years of history, and taught himself classical Castilian. Miró Walgreen, respected for his critical scholarship and translations, has recently undertaken the difficult task of translating the *Quixote* of Pierre Menard first into Urnish and then, through Urnish, back into Spanish.

The land of Urn is a semi-mythic kingdom reported by Adam of Bremen, an eleventh century traveler, to “border the wide desert which lies on the far shore of the Gulf, beyond the lands where the wild horse mates.”[1] The language of Urn consists of a single word, and this word is kept secret and sung only by the illiterate bards of that distant country. Adam of Bremen received the word from one Bjarni Thorkelsson, and it was passed down by him through the lineage of *skalds* to Miró Walgreen.

Miró Walgreen, picking up where Menard had left off, first prepared himself by fasting and praying for nine days. He realized that he did not have the fortitude of Pierre Menard, who had smoothed the way by becoming Miguel de Cervantes before him, but he did have the stubborn determination to accomplish his own task.

To further prepare himself, Miró Walgreen, attempted to author the story “Pierre Menard, Author of the *Quixote*” by Jorge Luis Borges. The initial line, which I have clumsily translated:

The complete works bequeathed by the author can be listed in short order, regardless of the inept and scurrilous catalog that some snot rag of a newspaper published for the entertainment of a lot of fascist fart snuffers [2]

and all that follows was condensed into the cryptic and obtuse Urnish language. However, Walgreen, following the method of Pierre Menard, suppressed this intermediate stage of his final work. It is rumored that the exact word presented immense linguistic difficulties, and that it emerged in French. It was Miró Walgreen’s consummate desire for his opus to be rendered into the language best used when speaking to God.

The world is not perfect, and the word that is the entire language of Urn is not a perfect word, but the word does convey the romance and sad humor of the original story. Upon completing his reverie, the forces of fulfillment entered Miró Walgreen and, through the initiation of inspiration and imagination, he wrote...*La Mancha*.

1) *Analecta Germanica*, Lappenberg (Leipzig, 1894).

2) *The Book of Sand*, Jorge Luis Borges, (Buenos Aires, 1975).



Tamara Slayton



CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

David Bromige is the author of some forty volumes of poetry, fiction and song, published since 1965. He is a professor emeritus at Sonoma State University, having taught there since 1970. He was Poet Laureate of Sonoma County, California, 2000-2002.

Ernest Blenk is a co-editor of the art department at Kickass Review. Every nook and cranny in his small apartment is filled with books.

Richard Denner has appeared in the past as horseman, as court jester, and once as a Portuguese sea pirate. For many lives he was a merchant following the trade routes. He was relieved to find that there is life after retail. He was a Jack Straw Fellow in 2004.

Gianna De Persiis Vona has a Masters Degree in Creative Writing and teaches creative writing

workshops in Sebastopol, California. Her work has appeared in *Mothering Magazine*, *Curve Magazine*, and *The North Bay Bohemian*, as well as on-line, and will soon appear in *Night Train*. For nine months she was editor and publisher of a small chapbook of local writing called *The West County Wonder*. She is the co-author of *The Dictionary of Wholesome Foods: A Passionate A-to-Z Guide to the Earth's Healthy Offerings*, which will be published by Marlowe & Company in Winter 2006. Her advice column, *Ask Sydney*, appears monthly in *Women's Voices* as well as on-line at www.asksydney.com.

Jubal Dolan, a legendary Berkeley street poet, who vanished without a trace, had been a teacher of communication courses at Sojourner College in Amelia, Maryland. He was the *Marienbad* champion of his region.

Jampa Dorje is a Vajrayana Buddhist monk.

Luiz Mee teaches poetry workshops and is co-editor of the magazine *Tattoo Sidewalk*. His honors include an Albright Award and a grant from the Fisk Foundation. He has two books to his credit, *Latin Lyrics* and *Red Wheelbarrow Essays*, and he lives in Preston, Washington.

S. Mutt is associated with the San Francisco based Plagarist Movement, and he has connections with the Cowboy Funk Art School of the Pacific Northwest. For many years, he has been an in-house designer at dPress. His most recent one-man show was at Lucy's in Sebastopol, California.

Doug Oporto, a former reporter and photographer, won a state journalism award in Idaho in 1992. He published *The Lost Favors of Sister Mean* (St. Christopher Press, 1999). His recent work has appeared in *Northeast Southern Poetry Review* and others. He has been on the local zoning and sewer boards of Center, Idaho.

Bouvard Pécuchet is the editor of *Kickass Review*. He first came to the public's attention with the publication of *The Plagarist Years: 1982-1986*. He had won a prominent place among the Plagarist writers of the San Francisco scene. He became friends with A.P. Orria, Roberta Soltea, and Isabel Rezimchemko, and he contributed to *Big Mag*.

Belle Randall's most recent book is *True Love* from Wood Works Press (2003). Other books and chapbooks include *Drop Dead Beautiful* (Wood Works Press, 1998), *The Orpheus Sedan* (Copper Canyon Press, 1980), and *One Hundred and One Different Ways of Playing Solitaire* (University of Pittsburgh Press).

Rychard is Richard with a y.

Michael Rothenberg has been an active environmentalist in the San Francisco Bay Area for the past 25 years, where he cultivates orchids and bromeliads at his nursery, *Shelldance*.

Claude Smith has had one-man and group exhibitions in galleries beginning in 1968 and has had shows in New York, Toronto, San Francisco, and in Europe. Claude resides and maintains a studio in Graton, California.

Tamara Slayton (1950-2003) was a mother of five, an educator, artist, author, group facilitator,

entrepreneur, midwife to many projects and a catalyst for countless people awakening to their destiny in the service of Anthroposophia.