



ARTISTS' BOOKS, TYPOGRAPHY & THE MIMEO REVOLUTION

No. 7 Fall 2012: The Lewis Warsh Issue
Edited by Jed Birmingham & Kyle Schlesinger

MIMEO MIMEO IS A FORUM FOR critical and cultural perspectives on artists' books, typography and the mimeo revolution. This periodical features essays, interviews, artifacts, and reflections on the graphic, material and textual conditions of contemporary poetry and language arts.

We are especially pleased to present this issue of *Mimeo Mimeo*, the first magazine ever devoted in its entirety to poet, novelist, publisher, teacher, and collage artist Lewis Warsh. Clocking in at 200 pages (double our typical count), *The Lewis Warsh Issue* is our first devoted to the work of a single literary figure. Warsh was born in 1944 in the Bronx, co-founded *Angel Hair Magazine and Books* with Anne Waldman in 1966, and went on to co-found *United Artists Magazine and Books* with Bernadette Mayer in 1977. He is the author of over thirty books of poetry, fiction and autobiography, the Director of the MFA program in Creative Writing at Long Island University in Brooklyn, and as you'll soon discover, so much more. Our thanks to all of the people who helped make this issue of *Mimeo Mimeo* possible, especially Steve Clay, Alan Davies, Daniel Kane, Jim Maynard, Patrick Riedy, Arlo Quint, Anne Waldman, and of course, Lewis Warsh, for making it all happen.

— JB/KS

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> Lewis Warsh. New York City, 2010. Photograph by John Sarsgard.

INTRODUCTION

DANIEL KANE

The last time I saw her
was on the escalator in Bed, Bath & Beyond.
She was going to the basement to buy
some linen, and a few new pillows.

These three and a half lines end section fourteen of Lewis Warsh's poem "Donatello," which you'll find in its entirety in this special issue of *Mimeo Mimeo*.

I want to linger over these lines. I want to linger because even as they are quoted out of context, they fairly hum with a complicated emotional power that I rarely find in contemporary poetry these days. To my ears, these lines radiate sweetness and lonesomeness and, maybe even most of all, a shaggy sort of melancholia that is oddly seductive *and* kind of funny.

How does Warsh manage to generate such intense feeling with such an economical diction and mundane setting? First off, I want to insist on the virtuosity of Warsh's line breaks, especially when they teeter on the edge of being cheesy but manage—just in time—to redeem themselves and become what we sometimes rather awkwardly refer to as "moving." Take the first quoted line ending with the word "her," for instance. Such a move encourages the reader to see that form for Warsh is, as Robert Creeley might put it, an

extension of content. Do you see "her" there, standing oh so forlornly at the end of the line? There she goes as we go into the next line...there she is disappearing in the next line's wake.

This line break enacts the finality (that "last time") of the speaker's sentimental memory. Lewis Warsh is taking a risk making a move like this. I for one can't help but think about Glen Campbell singing "The Last Time I Saw Her Face" when I consider Warsh's line here apart from the ones that precede and succeed it. And Campbell's song is treacle. But Warsh raises the specter of an almost unacceptable sentimentality only to undercut it with bathos. The last time the poet saw the always and forever idealized "her"—a "her" that almost inevitably points to all the innumerable "hers" that populate the landscapes of romantic poems and their country-western cousins—was not when she stood there weeping on the platform's edge as our poet took the steam locomotive to some distant corner of the Urals. No, it "was on the escalator in Bed, Bath & Beyond." Not a remarkable phrase when considered on its own, true, but what a funny marvel it becomes as it agitates alongside the implicitly heightened rhetoric of "The last time I saw her."

Warsh does not employ this bathetic move to elicit a series of cheap yucks either, as the way he

ends the line on “Beyond” heightens the very real music at play here. Arranging these words as he does, Warsh encourages the reader to sway within the rhyming and suggestively iambic phrases “was on” and “Beyond” that open and close the line. That is a gentle sway, which is apposite given we are engaging here with a sad little gentle little rueful little memory. Considering the line as it extends the narrative begun by “The last time I saw her,” we also take pleasure in noticing the rhyme of “her” and “escalator.” That’s poignant and kind of amusing all at the same time. The woman in question rhymes with the very thing that carried her away from and out of the poet’s sight for the last time.

In light of Warsh’s seemingly casual but sophisticated line breaks and rhymes, how can we read “She was going to the basement to buy,” particularly given the fact that it’s a ten-syllable line? I emailed my friend Keston Sutherland, a poet and prosodist, to see what he made of this. He wrote back, “it’s a decasyllabic line, but one that seems ambivalent about (or even indifferent to) its quantity rather than committed to it. The variation in syllable count across the surrounding lines strengthens the impression that its specific quantity of ten syllables may be accidental (or at least that it might best be read as if it *may* be an accident). I wouldn’t mark either the syllables or the stresses very emphatically in utterance. The line is not overtly or irresistibly metrical, I think, but a sort of prose with line breaks, or a verse made by an agile, shifting and local negotiation with the contingencies of syntax, word order etc, rather than in any sort of strict observance of metrical regulations.” Yes, given its place within a series of lines that are more prosaic than they are traditionally (metrically) poetic, “She was going to the basement to buy” is obviously not designed to be picked apart by a prosodist. And yet, and yet...I still hear four trochees and a spondee (the lilting “She was going to the basement” followed by that brusque “to buy”) even if the line, given its rather pedestrian content and matter-of-fact tone, resists such attention. As Keston puts it, albeit hearing the line differently than I do, “But that doesn’t mean that the rules of prosody can’t be applied and the line made to sound regular. If I do that, what I get is a line that is organized into two tetrasyllabic feet followed by one disyllabic: a couple of tertius paeons then an iamb. That’s what I hear, anyhow, but as I say, I think the prosy, relaxed rather than

regulated, talkative sound of the line makes the use of metrical analysis risk seeming like academic overkill.”

I’ll go farther, perhaps ridiculously so in light of Keston’s sober warning about “academic overkill.” If one literally sings the first eight syllables of this line just after singing or reciting some lines from, say, the Finnish epic *The Kalevala* or Henry Wadsworth Longfellow’s “Song of Hiawatha,” one can see the fun Warsh *might be* having with the possibilities of using meter parodically. (Imagine Warsh’s “She was going to the basement” alongside Longfellow’s “When he came in triumph homeward,” for example.) While I am probably a little bit guilty of overstating my case here—after all, “to buy” makes my intertextual reading problematic, to say the least—I maintain the sonic and literary effects and allusions in “She was going to the basement to buy” are nuanced and wonderfully odd.

Leaving scansion behind, let’s think about the final line, “some linen, and a few new pillows.” What, in the end, is Warsh *saying* here? As simple as this might sound, I think that what Warsh achieves with this straightforward statement is to direct the reader’s attention to the tender fact that we all need and like our sleep. I’m moved to say this because the isolation of linen and pillows in a single line encourages me to make a series of basic associations and to imagine attendant narratives. I think, “Yes, we miss each other, we remember each other, we have our meals and we go to movies. We come home, and we go to sleep. What will we sleep on? Oh, this linen feels nice and soft against my cheek. I could use a few new pillows couldn’t I? Are these sheets comfortable? Are the pillows too fluffy? I like my pillows a bit firm, you know. I’m going to ‘Bed Bath and Beyond.’ I’ll probably find some nice pillows there. Yes.”

That these are the thoughts Warsh’s lines evoke in readers points, I think, to an interesting lineage that can help us read Warsh out of the limiting “New York School” taxonomy he is too often lumped within. Warsh’s poetics have a lot more in common with a tradition that begins with Whitman and takes an Objectivist tack in Charles Reznikoff’s work than they do with Ashbery and O’Hara, Brainard and Berrigan. In other words, when I read these lines from Warsh, I’m reminded as much of Whitman’s sweetness in “The Sleepers,” in which “The female that loves unrequited sleeps, / And the male that loves

unrequited sleeps, / The head of the money-maker that plotted all day sleeps, / And the enraged and treacherous dispositions, all, all sleep,” as I am of Reznikoff’s weirdly cuddly three line *Yiddishkeit* poem “Showing a torn sleeve, with stiff and shaking fingers the old man / pulls off a bit of the baked apple, shiny with sugar, / eating with reverence food, the great comforter.” To sleep, to eat. To want those things and to want them to be soft and delicious and warm. To build a poetics around that want.

Considering his works as a whole, I see Warsh as extending the Whitmanic effort to tally and universalize, but that extension is mediated by an approach suggestive of Reznikoff’s urban-Jewish and formally more fragmented adaptation of Whitman’s capacious sallies. Crucially, Warsh throughout his fiction and poetry *moves on* to produce his own distinctive form, employing a number of literary methods including (especially) collage and radical parataxis. As we will see, the results of Warsh’s experiments are writings that function to invoke the way many of us interact sensually and neurotically in our various cities as we are informed, entertained and contaminated by vernacular, commercial and “official” language. And now, finally, thanks to Jed Birmingham’s and Kyle Schlesinger’s labor of love in putting together *The Lewis Warsh Issue of Mimeo Mimeo*, readers can sense the range of Warsh’s life in writing.

Perhaps the greatest eye-opener in *The Lewis Warsh Issue* is the inclusion of Warsh’s early poem *The Suicide Rates*, written in 1963 and first published as a chapbook by Toad Press in 1967. While this poem arguably lacks the confidence and subtlety of what was to follow, the signs are here of an important poet conferring with his predecessors in an effort to figure out where he stands, what side he’s on. Written the same year as Sylvia Plath’s *The Bell Jar*, the poem begins on a surrealist-confessional note: “The bell was not a jar, when / I woke that night I was listening to the rain. / The wing of the gull was not hidden beneath the glass.” No clear New York School influence here—more like a weird amalgam of Robert Lowell in “Skunk Hour” or Plath herself morphed with the surrealist poet Robert Desnos (whose work Warsh translated in the early 1970s). Yet Warsh quickly moves away from this mode as a series of pronominal shifts transforms the “I” to a “We” and, ultimately, to that Whitmanic omniscient first-person speaker. Section 1, for example: “I see

a gambling room and the men / stacking cards, I see // a bluff on their faces / the streaks of light go / the hint of light wavering // I see the child who is the hip breathing / and the bottom rise from under, undersea.” Or later, in section 5: “I am all at once a passage / of tourists returning home for the weekend via my hands. / Of tourists replete with all their divine insights.” Moments like these resonate with the repeated appearances of Whitmanic leaves: “the leaves do not / beg here to be swept”; “Last night on 53rd the / leaves did not / release, they / balanced;” “The leaves // were not real gold;” “The leaves that the child touched.” Note, however, Warsh’s allusively surrealist syntax which points to his current reading at the time—Robin Blaser, Jack Spicer, Robert Duncan. *The Suicide Rates* is evidence of a young man experimenting as much with his reading as he is with his writing, and the poem contains vital clues as to how Warsh ended up developing into the brilliant fiction-writer and poet he is today.

What I find particularly interesting in revisiting this rarely-read poem are the early indications of Warsh’s fascination with the cool, the laid-back, the humble and the small as values that can inform a poetics. Though a healthy dose of late adolescent angst seeds *The Suicide Rates* (it’s called *The Suicide Rates*, after all!) nevertheless as we read through this poem our attention is captured by “Small hotels,” “Small eyes,” “a party for small poems,” “small and gentle truces,” “small oaths,” “Smaller / things.” These modest gestures, playing as they do alongside phrases like “a casual stare,” “I am going to sleep tonight, early,” “Products of the calm,” “Quiet gambles it away,” “cool ashes,” and “cool gray” mark Warsh out as a poet who is at least beginning to think about moving away from the expansive, even stentorian tenor that characterized so much of the work of the New American poets (think Olson’s *Maximus*, Ginsberg’s *Kaddish*) and their Confessional alter egos. They indicate a style that is more, well, *laid back*, albeit a laid-back attitude colored with just the perfect brushstroke of urban neuroses.

This style is now in full flower, as we see in the remaining works Jed and Kyle have published here. Leaping from the early *Suicide Rates* to writing Warsh is doing now, it’s clear that Warsh is at the height of his game. We can only marvel at lines like “You can use the word ‘sweet’ to describe almost anything / The closer we get to someone the farther away it seems / I was looking for

something I had lost but it was right in front of my eyes / Unassuming yellow fish swim up out of the coral” (from his poem “Anything You Say”). Moments like these reveal an ear sophisticated and bemused enough to point to the many vernacular uses of the word “sweet.” Warsh doesn’t show off either—he gestures confidently towards the possibilities of “sweet” without making a big deal out of it, handing agency over to the reader to hear the word “sweet” on his or her own terms. (I imagined and recalled “Yo man, that’s *sweet*,” and “suh-weet,” and “that shirt’s sweet, I gotta get me one.”) And how wonderful is it that the fish are *unassuming*? Would that we were all so unpretentious and so quietly fun!

I don’t want to give the impression that Warsh’s recent writing is simply *cool*, though. Warsh is a poet—he is committed to evoking what I think can be called (with some blushing) the sublime. Crucially, though, Warsh is smart enough to leaven and literally dilute his sublime insights with phrases grabbed from the chatter around us, lest we become oppressed by portentousness. (Perhaps here is where we see Warsh learning a lesson from John Ashbery, who wrote in his poem “And *Ut Pictura Poesis* Is Her Name,” “You can’t say it that way any more. / Bothered about beauty you have to / Come out into the open, into a clearing, / And rest. Certainly whatever funny happens to you / Is OK”). Daily experience has it all for Warsh, much as it did for William Blake before him. *Viz* the lines from Warsh’s poem “Hello Stranger,” which practically applies Blake’s ability to “To see a world in a grain of sand, And a heaven in a wild flower” to a modern domestic scene: “He refused / to express the slightest / regret for his behavior. Each leaf might / be a map of light / in paradise—out the car window / at night. ‘I’ll leave / the light on if you come home late.’” Again, the music is here but it’s barely perceptible (the simple rhymes of “express” and “regret;” of “He” and “each” and “be” and “leave;” of “light” and “slightest” and “night”). The reasons for the narrative tension (who is this “he,” why the bickering?) are forever unclear. Yet even within this series of paratactic lines that *leaf*, appearing out of the blue like some quasi-mystical hieroglyph, shines through.

Warsh’s work overall strikes me as absolutely committed to locating those moments in life that help us, if fleetingly, to transcend ourselves and link in to at least the possibility, if not the reality, of a larger collective consciousness. Part of

me can’t quite believe I wrote that, but at the end of the proverbial day I really think it’s true! Why else, for example, would Warsh write lines like “Music—a party—// the bossa nova—do you want to dance?” or “We stop for gas at a Texaco station on the road / between Albany and Troy” (from “Donatello”)? This is a street-wise, New York update of Robert Duncan’s trans-temporal vision of the eternal pasture, “a dream of the grass blowing /east against the source of the sun / in an hour before the sun’s going down / / whose secret we see in a children’s game / of ring a round of roses told” (from Duncan’s poem “Often I am Permitted to Return to a Meadow”). Sure, Warsh is being funny whereas Duncan wasn’t, but we still have it all here—the poem as portal to the eternal dance, the poem as time machine that reveals a resonance between Homer’s Troy and the time one spends on I-787 driving from today’s Albany to Troy.

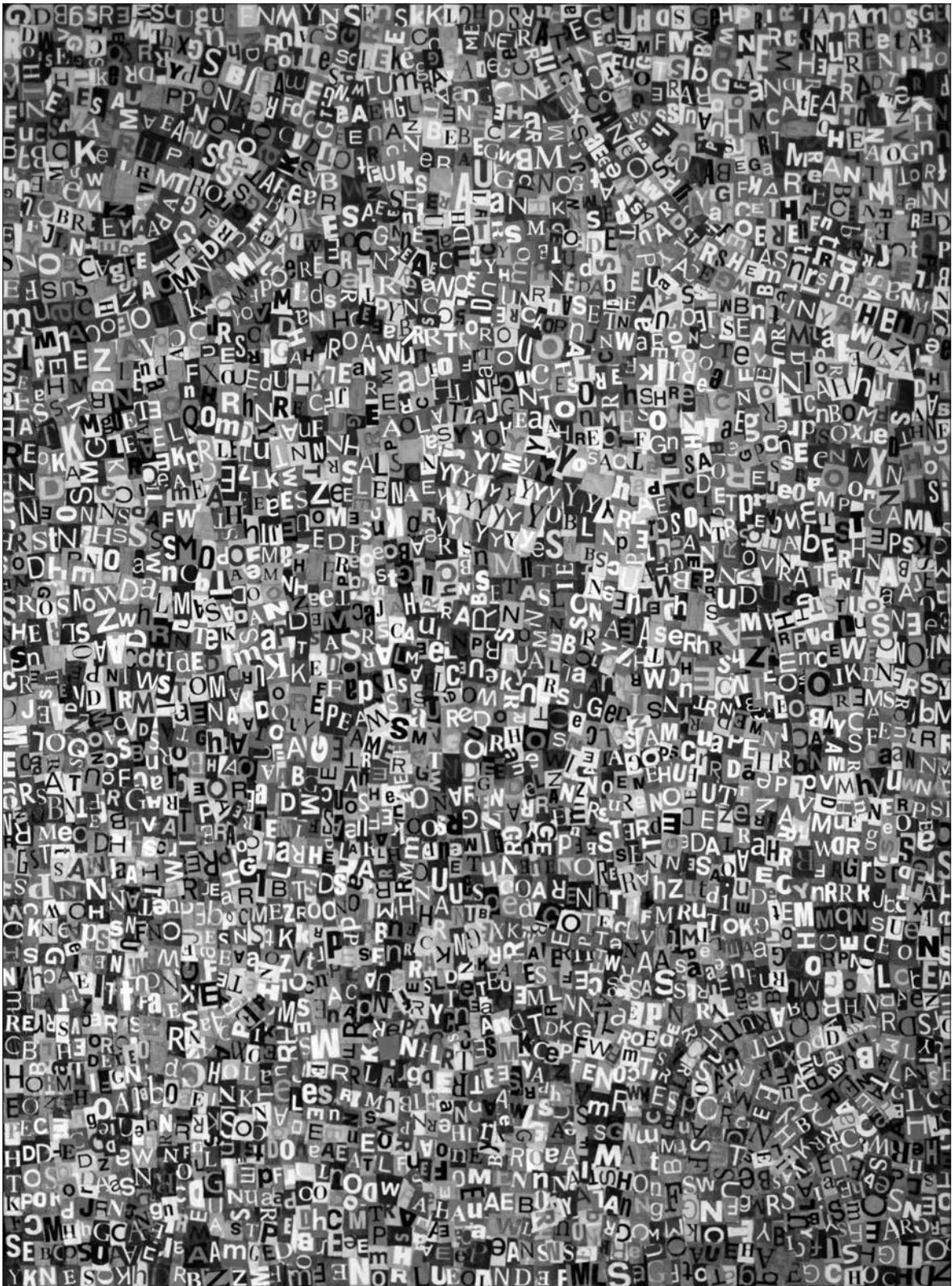
So far, I have just been talking about poetry. There is of course another writing Warsh, and that is Warsh the fiction writer. This work takes the form of short short stories, novellas, and novels. The fiction is as marvelous as the poetry, as a read through the new “Ten Stories” included in *Mimeo Mimeo* will attest. And yet, I don’t want to distinguish between genres here, as pretty much all my paeans to the poetry above can be applied to the short stories in these pages. Again, the darkly dead-pan humor: “[My former wife] has beautiful knees, I must admit, and it was hard not to feel a little sympathy for her as she sat by herself in a corner of the large ballroom, nursing a daiquiri. Everyone was having fun except her. The last thing I heard was that my former wife dumped her new husband—literally dumped him out of the back seat of her car on the side of the road in the middle of nowhere. They were coming home from a party where he had thrown up on one of the guests” (from “Inner Circles”). Again, the cool flâneur with the exquisite ear attuned to the signs, humor and sensuality of our contemporary culture: “I’m going to put on my Hightops and head uptown, aimlessly, stopping whenever I want. I like walking around without any specific destination, turning left or right, walking west to the Hudson for a short stroll on the Highline, usually deserted on weekday afternoons, or east to a café on Avenue C where I can sit in a garden in the back, drink a double espresso and smoke. I like to watch all the bodies, the shapes, the bare skin, the nipples sharply defined” (from “Vicki”). And always,

always, the quiet astonishment over the fact that life's small pleasures and horrors can be made into writing, and that writing can become a life: "It was she who started talking to me and invited me back to her house. There was pleasure in all of this. It was my whole life. And writing. I'd begun writing seriously, so this is what I did. School, writing, Vicki" (from "Vicki").

Indeed, there is pleasure in reading through the lengthy bibliography of *The Lewis Warsh Issue* in part because it serves as inspiring evidence of what a life in and as writing can look like. With Steve Clay's friendly and comprehensive interview with Warsh serving as a kind of guide through these pages, it is a cold reader indeed who will not be amazed at the scale and conceptual ambition evident in Warsh's life as poet, writer, publisher, and, more recently, collagist. Warsh has annotated all his publications, and even here his approach is humble, funny, and compulsively readable. In typical fashion, Warsh amiably acknowledges the worlds around him that informed the production of his mostly fugitive, mimeograph, and small-circulation publications. People and places whose works and sites many readers have come to love or ache for—Anne Waldman, Bill Berkson, the Poetry Project, Joe Brainard, St. Mark's Place, Wang Ping, Ted Berrigan, Tom Clark, Clark Coolidge, Bustin's Island, Maine, George Schneeman, Bernadette Mayer, East 4th Street, Hannah Weiner, *The World*—are mentioned by Warsh as crucial in the creation of the works. The

contexts behind so many of Warsh's writings are raised as points of consideration—the Vietnam War, resistance to the draft, psychedelics, rock 'n' roll, feminism, the "mimeo revolution"—providing future scholars and committed readers with new ideas and frames through which to read these still-elusive poems and stories.

"Still-elusive"—the scandal that is Warsh's relative obscurity as a writer has yet to be addressed and resolved. There is simply no excuse for the academic or trade publishing industry's failure to co-opt this avant-garde maverick. But the funny thing is, I doubt Warsh himself cares that much, as his life is unsettled in an ever-evolving and forever compelling art project. Who needs a "wide audience" when you've got *that*—not to mention a phenomenally cute fan base of poets and small-press publishers, friends and students? Whatever the case, Kyle and Jed's *Lewis Warsh Issue* makes it abundantly clear that it should only be a question of time before Warsh gets that wider audience. Surely this issue will inspire an intelligent editor to gather Warsh's work together in a generous *Selected Writings* or even *Collected Writings* volume. We should be grateful that Kyle and Jed have the vision to understand that this issue *had to happen*—a basic gap in the history of contemporary American literature has been filled, the field of Warsh's writing mapped out for future readers.



> Lewis Warsh, *Red Queen*, 2010, collage on board, 15x20".

>> Harry, Ray, Susan and Lewis Warsh, c. 1950, Pelham Parkway, The Bronx. Photographer unknown.

LEWIS WARSH

INTERVIEW CONDUCTED BY STEVE CLAY

NYC / SPRING 2011

SC: This interview will focus primarily on your role as an editor of books and magazines, but as a backdrop please describe how you first came to writing. Am I correct that you attended Bronx Science High School where your classmates included the poet Charles Stein?

LW: I met Chuck Stein when I was in high school but he didn't go to Bronx Science. We were part of a group of high school students from all over the city who met once a week—every Friday night—at someone else's house. Chuck went to Horace Mann, if I remember right. I also met Jonathan Greene, who was part of the group as well, and he went to Fieldston. The purpose of "the club," as it was called, was to discuss progressive politics, civil rights issues, existentialism, religion. There was an organized discussion every week and then we all socialized. Chuck and Jonathan, and another poet, Eric Felderman, were a little sub-group who were interested in poetry. A few years later, simply by accident, Chuck and I met again as next door neighbors in a rooming house called the St Mark Arms, on 112th Street between Broadway and Amsterdam. Chuck was at Columbia; I was at CCNY. One day he knocked on my door with a nose bleed—he had been meditating too intensely, if such a thing is possible. And a few years after that, Anne Waldman and I published his book,

The Virgo Poem, as one of the first Angel Hair Books. In 1999 our paths crossed again when I



taught for a year at SUNY Albany. Chuck, Pierre Joris, Don Byrd and I—we'd occasionally all get together on the nights when I stayed over in Albany.

The person who made a big difference for me in high school was Chip Delany, who I saw just a few days ago when he came to speak in my class at Long Island University. We met in 1959 and here we are, still standing. He was a senior at Bronx Science when I was a junior and he had already written seven novels. So it was very useful to be around someone who was so devoted to writing, and so tireless. He set the bar very high, he encouraged me, recommended books. In his autobiography, *The Motion of Light in Water*, he discusses those days very vividly.

SC: Were you writing in high school? What was your relationship to Chip?

LW: I wrote some poems on scraps of paper, nothing very serious. I tried to get on the high school literary magazine, *Dynamo*, but they turned me down. I was a sophomore. Then I was part of the club and met Chuck and Jonathan. One night we all met at Eric Felderman's house and he asked if I wanted to see his poems. He pulled out two clipboards with ninety-nine poems each, all neatly typed on onionskin paper. I was very impressed, especially compared to how little work I had done. I just sat there sweating, staring at his poems. I got serious after that, bought a notebook, and began writing every day.

I sent poems to *Dynamo* in my junior year and they accepted me. That was the year I met Chip. I was in a special creative writing class taught by



Jack Luria. I wrote a short story and won a city-wide writing contest sponsored by NYU. I won first prize in the junior year division and Chip won first prize as a senior. One afternoon we went downtown to a brownstone on Washington Square Park and had lunch with some members of the NYU English Department. Mostly, they were trying to convince us, especially Chip, to enroll at NYU. Chip was a casual mentor during my junior year—a good role model, to say the least.

Chuck and Jonathan were already talking about Robert Kelly and Paul Blackburn, and they had all the new books by all the poets who later appeared in the Don Allen anthology. The Allen anthology came out between my junior and senior years, the summer of 1960, and I bought it that summer when I was with my parents in Provincetown. We were traveling across country to Colorado to see my sister. I spent the next five years thinking about all the poets in that book. I wrote hundreds of poems between the age of fifteen and twenty, and two novels.

SC: Your first book, *The Suicide Rates*, was published by Toad Press in 1967 by which time you'd attended the Berkeley Poetry Conference (1965) and, with Anne Waldman, started *Angel Hair* magazine. The first issue of *Angel Hair* appeared in spring 1966. It seems like a period of intense discovery. Besides those mentioned already, what poets and writers were you in contact with in the 1960–65 period? What magazines and presses were you encountering? How and when did the idea of starting your own magazine / press begin to emerge?



> Lewis Warsh. San Francisco, 1963. Photo by Liam O'Gallagher.

> Anne Waldman. New York City, 1966. Photo by Lewis Warsh.

LW: The summer of 1960 was important. I met Harris Schiff in Boulder; our parents were living in the dorms, and he was also at Bronx Science though we didn't know each other before this summer. It was also the summer I first heard *Kind of Blue* by Miles Davis and Ornette Coleman's first records and Harris turned me on to classical music. I remember hearing Glenn Gould play Bach's 2nd Piano Concerto and the centuries of the past just began opening up. I had mostly been a doo-wop fanatic and a folkie up until then. I like to think I turned Harris on to poetry as well. We spent most of our nights at a coffeeshop on The Hill, right across from the University of Colorado campus, called The Ten O'Clock Scholar. Everyone was reading the Don Allen anthology and it was there I met Steve Lovi, a filmmaker and painter who was studying with Stan Brakhage. I returned to New York, graduated from Bronx Science, and entered CCNY in fall 1961. Chip was at City as well and I remember him showing off his first published novel, *The Jewels of Aptor*. I was appointed

poetry editor of *Promethean*, the college literary magazine, during my freshman year, and took fiction courses with Irwin Stark, and began reading all the new French novelists like Robbe-Grillet, Butor, Duras, Simon, and Sarraute. Irwin encouraged me to write in a more conventional way, but I couldn't do it. I went to all the new French films on the day they opened and to all the screenings of experimental films. David Brooks, one of my classmates at Bronx Science, founded The Film-Makers' Cooperative, but died shortly afterwards in an auto accident.

In summer 1963, I took my first plane trip to San Francisco. Harris Schiff and Steve Lovi met me at the airport. Steve was living in a big loft on the corner of Fillmore and O'Farrell, at the time a mostly African-American neighborhood. The Black Muslim headquarters was right across the street. Harris, who had been attending Antioch, lived just up the street from the loft with his girlfriend, Ann Dalton. That first night in San Francisco Harris and Steve took me to Gino and



Carlo's, the bar where Jack Spicer and his coterie of poets, including Larry Fagin and George Stanley, hung out every night. Spicer was only thirty-eight but seemed much older. There was a depressed feeling in the bar—everyone was on edge, waiting for Spicer to arrive. We all sat around a table in the back and Spicer asked me what I did and I said I was a writer, which was the wrong thing to say—people kicked me under the table. I was supposed to say, "I'm a poet." I felt like I had failed my first test. Spicer caustically referred to me, Harris and Steve as "the blackheads," because we were all Jewish. He began calling me Moe Drabowsky, who was a pitcher for the Chicago Cubs. He was a little bit in love with Harris, I sensed, and they spent a lot of time together outside the bar. I went to the bar every night for a few weeks. Spicer's book *The Heads of the Town up to the Aether* came out that summer and everyone was talking about it. It took me awhile to realize how great it was—I just didn't want to be this person who sat at Spicer's feet. An acolyte. It was more my nature to try to think things out for myself. Spicer was a great poet, but the scene in the bar was too depressing to me. I also met Liam O'Gallagher and Robert Rheem, who lived together in a loft in Chinatown, and began visiting them two or three days a week. It was like night and day, compared to the feeling in the bar. It was dark in the back of the bar, but it was all lightness and warmth in Liam and Bob's loft. I also met all of Harris' friends from Antioch, including Diana Reed, and she moved into the loft with me for the last weeks of the summer.

Mostly I was engrossed in reading the Black Mountain poets and the poets from The San Francisco Renaissance, but when I returned to New York, fall of 1963, I enrolled in Kenneth Koch's poetry class at the New School. I was going to CCNY full-time by day and Kenneth's class one night a week. I began to realize that the different groups in the Don Allen anthology were at odds with one another, and that even within the groups there were conflicts. I was just beginning to read the New York School poets, but my poems were mostly influenced by my readings of Spicer and Duncan, and especially two long poems by Robin Blaser, "Cups" and "The Park," that appeared in *Locus Solus* magazine. I was interested in the idea that although *Locus Solus* was filled with poems by first and second generation New York School poets, it also published poems by Blaser and George Stanley, poets from San Francisco.



For me, all the poets in the Don Allen anthology were interconnected—I could learn something from everyone. Whatever battles these poets were having with one another weren't that important to me. While I was in Kenneth's class, I wrote this poem "The Suicide Rates" all in one night in my parents' apartment on Eighth Avenue and Twenty-seventh Street. The apartment was on the seventeenth floor, with a big window overlooking Eighth Avenue and the Empire State Building. We had moved there from the Bronx in 1962. The poem was divided into ten sections and I dedicated it to Liam O'Gallagher. Kenneth, to his eternal credit, read the poem twice in class, and muttered something like "we better sign this guy up." It was the best poem I'd ever written—I was just turning nineteen. As I was leaving the classroom, I saw Kenneth motion to Gerard Malanga, who was sitting in on the class, and Gerard followed me into the hallway and asked me to send him the poem for a new magazine he was editing. I sent him the poem but the magazine never appeared. A few years later Gerard wrote to me saying he had sent the poem to Bill Thomas, publisher of Toad Press in Oregon, and that Bill wanted to publish it as a book—my first small book.

In summer of 1965 I returned to San Francisco. I stayed for a few days with Liam and Bob and they helped me find an apartment on Nob Hill—the fanciest neighborhood in the city—right around the corner from The Fairmont Hotel. I was taking classes at San Francisco State—staying up all night reading long nineteenth century novels and

writing poetry and smoking dope. I would go to Gino and Carlo's occasionally and one Sunday afternoon I went to Aquatic Park where Spicer and the other poets spent the afternoon. The Giants game was on the radio. I remember Spicer trying to stand up and leaning on me—he was having trouble, he was only forty but he seemed ancient. The big event that summer was The Berkeley Poetry Conference and there was much talk in the bar about who was reading and who wasn't. The Spicer circle felt they should have top billing, but the conference was really a celebration of the New American Poetry—Olson, Creeley, Dorn, Duncan, Spicer, all of them were there. There was a lot of backbiting going on—but I was just on the periphery of it all. An old friend, Michael Bersohn, came to stay with me and one night we both went to Berkeley. Michael had gone to Columbia and had a crush on a person named Jonathan Cott who was now living there. Amazingly, as soon as we stepped off the bus, and simply by accident, we ran into Jonathan and his girlfriend Angelica. We all went out to dinner and then on to the conference. It was the night of Robert Duncan's reading. An old high school friend of Jonathan's, Anne Waldman, was visiting him from New York, and that's how we met, at the Duncan reading. Afterwards we went to a party in the Berkeley Hills given by Tom Parkinson, a Berkeley professor, and a few days later Anne visited me in my apartment on Nob Hill and we took LSD together with Michael. I had taken acid for the first time a few weeks before with Liam as my guide. It was the night of Allen Ginsberg's reading at the Conference but we never got there. It was Anne's first trip. Later in the week we attended the amazing Olson reading at the Conference and then we saw Ted Berrigan read with Ed Sanders, John Sinclair and Lenore Kandel. A few days later Anne moved in with me and a few weeks later we hitch-hiked to San Diego and took a bus to Mexico City. We stayed there two weeks, took a bus to Laredo, Texas, and hitch-hiked back to New York. I took Anne home to her house on MacDougal Street and met her parents for the first time—and we both learned that Jack Spicer had died, a few weeks before.

Anne was still at Bennington—she had one more year. I had one more semester at CCNY. Before going to California, I had been living with my long-term girlfriend, Allegra David, and her baby Juliette, in a low-income apartment in the projects on 125th Street and Amsterdam. Allegra

and Juliette went to France to stay with her brother for the summer of 1965 and when I came back from California everything was different. I moved into an apartment at 188 East Third Street and Anne stayed with me on her winter break from school. That spring I graduated college and began working as a case-worker for The Welfare Department. One of my co-workers was moving out of her apartment at 33 St Mark's Place and I moved in. And then Anne—when she graduated from Bennington that June—moved in as well.

During the year I would visit Anne in Bennington. She was the editor of *Silo*, the Bennington College literary magazine. She also arranged for poets to read on campus—and one night Paul Blackburn came up, along with Chuck Stein, and we all drove back to the city together. It was on that trip from Bennington to New York that Anne and I decided to start *Angel Hair* magazine. The phrase "Angel Hair" came from the title of a poem by Jon Cott, "Angel Hair Sleeps With A Boy In His Head." We just sat in the backseat of the car with Paul, Chuck was driving, and said "Let's do it." I had spent the years 1960–65 avidly reading all the new magazines associated with the Don Allen anthology—*Yugen*, *Locus Solus*, *C Magazine*, *Fuck You*, *Floating Bear*, *Trobar*, *Open Space*—and during the summer of 1963 Steve Lovi had taken me to visit Auerhahn Press, where I met Dave Haselwood and Andrew Hoyem. All the poets in the Spicer circle had little books published by White Rabbit Press. It seemed like the way to go—to publish our own poems alongside those of all these poets we were reading. My own education as a poet was a direct function of my engagement with these magazines and books. There was never a question of not doing it or how to do it—it was just like breathing. The first issue of *Angel Hair* came out that spring, 1966.

SC: The Fabriano covers for the first five issues of *Angel Hair* reveal the influence of Claude Fredericks, poet, printer and proprietor of the Banyan Press who'd been a teacher of Anne's at Bennington. From the perspective of production, there seems to be a bridge between *Silo* and *Angel Hair*. Is this a fair observation? How did you gather material for the early issues? Do you recall how you and Anne worked together to assemble the material? *Angel Hair* quickly began publishing books as well. Can you recall how you made the move to publish books?

LW: Yes, Claude was teaching at Bennington and

I'm sure he influenced the look of *Angel Hair* and encouraged us to use Fabriano paper for the cover. There was this connection with Chapel Press, in Williamstown, Massachusetts that printed *Silo*, so it made sense to use them to print *Angel Hair* as well. There was another teacher at Bennington, Georges Guy, who took us to dinner in a French restaurant in Bennington, The Rain Barrel, a few times. When it came time to gather work for the first issue he offered us a translation of a poem by Pierre Reverdy that he had done in collaboration with Kenneth Koch and this was the first poem in the first issue of the magazine. But the way we gathered poems for that first issue were mostly from people we had met—Chuck Stein, Gerard Malanga, Jonathan Cott. And then there were our own poems. Denise Levertov was teaching at CCNY and I asked her for a poem—though I wasn't in her class—and she sent me something so we used it. The first issue feels a little thin, but it reflects where we were at that moment.

With the first issue in hand, we were able to solicit poems from people we liked—like Ted Berrigan and Bernadette Mayer. We sent them the magazine and asked for poems. Ted sent us two sonnets and—as I wrote in the introduction to his bibliography—I rejected them and asked for something else. That was the start of a little conversation and Ted was the first person to visit with us at our apartment, 33 St Mark's Place. He was living on Second Street between C and D so he would stop in at night on his way home from somewhere. He always walked down St Mark's Place so he could buy a milkshake and *The Times* at Gem Spa. And there he was at the bottom of the staircase—the apartment was one flight up—“Can I come in?”

Gradually we began to meet the other poets on the Lower East Side—Jim Brodey, Ron Padgett, Dick Gallup, Peter Schjeldahl—among many others. It was at Schjeldahl's that I met Lee Harwood, a British poet who was visiting with Peter. There was some thought that Peter was going to publish a book of Lee's with Mother Books, a spin-off of *Mother* magazine which Peter was editing with Lewis MacAdams, but it wasn't going to happen, so Anne and I took on the project. Our first *Angel Hair* book, *The Man With Blue Eyes*. This was 1966–67. Joe Brainard did the cover—it was on Fabriano paper once again. It took us awhile to wean ourselves from Fabriano covers. They turned out to be kind of

vulnerable to light—some of the covers have faded down through time. The next two books—Gerard Malanga's *3 Poems for Benedetta Barzini* and Chuck Stein's *The Virgo Poem* all have this type of cover. After we did these books we began to change format. In those days, books were typeset or mimeographed. We found a typesetter in New York and that's how we did many subsequent books—including Jim Brodey's *Identikit* and Sotere Torregian's *The Golden Palamino Bites the Clock*. But then we discovered mimeo—there was a mimeograph machine in the office of The Poetry Project, and I spent a lot of time there printing books.

SC: Were you and Anne each bringing in manuscripts to publish? Were you each free to publish the books you wanted or did you both need to agree? How did you divide the labor of producing the books? How were the books and magazines distributed?

LW: We generally agreed on everything—and the choice was always in the moment. Starting in 1967 there were all these poets in our living room every night—we were reading each other's poems all the time. *The World* magazine began happening at The Poetry Project and that was being produced mostly in our apartment as well and then printed on the mimeo machine at the church. I remember Ted Berrigan coming over and he had a manuscript copy of “Tambourine Life” and wanted to show it to us. People were showing up with their latest work all the time. It was just an ongoing flow and our choice of what to publish was a function of all the people we were meeting and the poetry we were also reading all the time. We never sat down at a table with ten manuscripts with the idea of choosing one over the others—that never happened. We would hear someone at a reading or someone would show us their new poems and we would decide to do a book by that person. It was just me and Anne making these decisions. There were mimeo books like *Shining Leaves* by Bill Berkson and *The Parade of the Caterpillars* by Larry Fagin that were taken very seriously by the community. The fact that they were “mimeo” didn't matter to anyone. The mimeo books had covers by Alex Katz, George Schneeman, Donna Dennis, Joe Brainard, Philip Guston—among others. They looked great. Most of those books were in editions of 300–500. There was often a signed limited edition, lettered A-Z. I think I began doing much of the publishing work when Anne started directing

The Poetry Project—and I was also working on producing and editing some of the first issues of *The World*. There was a lot happening and we didn't spend days debating our editorial decisions—it all happened spontaneously, intuitively, on the run but with much care.

I brought the books to bookstores and they took copies “on consignment.” Remember those words? Then we had to check back later to see if any had sold. Occasionally somebody paid us. I was in touch with numerous independent bookstores around the country. We sent out a lot of the books to people we knew were interested, and not just other poets. We had an ongoing mailing list which just kept expanding.

Libraries ordered books. We had a post office box that was our official *Angel Hair* mailing address and where people we didn't know sent us poems. There were some distribution centers but I can't remember when that all happened—there was a distributor that dealt with New York publishers, there was Sun & Moon which functioned as a distributor for a few years—I think in the seventies. There was a place in New Haven. People bought subscriptions to the magazine. We started

applying for grants. It sounds like a lot of work but again it was all part of the same thing—writing, reading, publishing. It was all intertwined.

We were twenty-three years old. We were living on St Mark's Place between Third and Second Avenues, the gateway to what was then the new East Village. The Fillmore East was on Second Avenue and Sixth Street. St Mark's Church was two blocks away. Almost everyone we knew lived within walking distance. No one had jobs, or very few. I worked for a big publisher, Crowell, for a few months. My job was to create a kind of index for a huge book of quotations. I got the job through Charles North. All I remember is that I worked on file cards a lot and tried to organize the whole project. One day my boss called me in and said I had done it all wrong but that I could start all over

again—no one seemed to mind. I was amazed at the slow atmosphere of office work—no urgency at all—especially compared to the rest of the world. When they told me that I could do it all again—I thought they were crazy. I just walked out the door.

SC: When did you first begin spending time in Bolinas? Did you encounter any new models for writing and publishing in Northern California? Tell me about *Sugar Mountain*, the one-shot magazine you edited with Tom Clark.

LW: I visited Bolinas for the first time in the summer of 1968. Anne and I were staying in Joanne Kyger and Jack Boyce's house on Buchanan Street in San Francisco and we all drove up

there one day. Tom and Angelica Clark were living there. That's when the photo was taken—the one of Anne and I on the cover of *The Angel Hair Anthology*. Then in fall 1969 I went back again—this time alone—and stayed with Tom and Angelica for about two weeks. Jack and Joanne had moved up there as well. John Thorpe and Ebbe Borregaard were also around. But it was pretty quiet, relatively speaking. Tom and I wrote *Chicago*, a five-part collaborative poem, when I was staying with



him, and I felt my poetry began to change a little. There was a lightness in the air to counteract my propensity towards melancholia. I was writing this book, *Part of My History*, an autobiographical work about life in New York and my new life in Bolinas and also my travels across country which involved visiting Ted Berrigan in Ann Arbor and Alice Notley and Sandy Berrigan in Iowa City. Ted and I wrote an interesting collaborative poem one night in Ann Arbor as well, which I included in the book. Finally I moved into a house on the Main Street of Bolinas. Philip Whalen had lived in the house not long before I moved in. It seemed like every moment of time in Bolinas was dense with drama and intensity—the year I lived there made a big difference in my life. Joanne Kyger and I lived together in a house near Agate Beach and then

Joanne, Bill Berkson and I briefly shared a house on the main street of town. I felt a little out of place—it was the first time I'd ever lived anywhere other than New York City—but it was liberating and intoxicating and limited the way a small town tends to be—all at the same time, and my poetry opened up in a lot of new ways. I reconnected with Andrew Hoyem, and he printed a beautiful edition of *Chicago* as an Angel Hair book. I was also in touch with Robert Creeley, and I published his book *In London*,

also printed by Andrew. Then Tom and I decided to edit a one-shot magazine called *Sugar Mountain*, titled after the Neil Young song, we were kind of Neil Young fanatics during that year, and I remember printing it at a house on Wisconsin Street in the Potrero Hill neighborhood where Kirstin Creeley and Darryl de Vore were living, and Tom Veitch lived

in a house in the back. And for some reason they had a mimeo machine. *Sugar Mountain* reflected everything that seemed to be going on in my life at the time. It's a legal-size mimeo magazine with a beautiful photograph by Jayne Nodland of Alice Notley on the cover with work by Bill Berkson, Clark Coolidge, Lewis MacAdams, Ron Padgett, John Thorpe, Anne Waldman, Ted Berrigan, Scott Cohen, Joanne Kyger, Alice Notley, Harris Schiff, Charlie Vermont, and me and Tom.

I stayed in Bolinas from October 1969 to August 1970 and then I returned to New York for a few months. I was really in an itinerant state but managed to keep publishing. And while I was in New York, from September through December, living on the top floor of Kenward Elmslie's house on Greenwich Avenue, I published *Joanne*, Joanne

Kyger's book-length poem, on the mimeo machine at The Poetry Project. So I was alternating between publishing fine press books and mimeo books—for some reason all these formats felt compatible. I was also in touch with Ted Wilentz of Corinth Books who asked me for a manuscript which became my first full-length book, *Dreaming As One*. And Andrew Crozier, in England, publisher of Ferry Press, also asked me for a book—and that turned out to be *Long Distance*, all the poems

I'd written in Bolinas, including a set of collages by George Schneeman. **SC:** *Angel Hair* #6 (the final issue, with a cover by George Schneeman) came out in the spring of 1969, but the books continued through 1978 with many important titles by Joe Brainard, Alice Notley, Ted Berrigan, Lorenzo Thomas, David Rosenberg, William Corbett,



Bernadette Mayer, Clark Coolidge, Tom Veitch, Harris Schiff and others. At the same time you were editing *The Boston Eagle* with William Corbett and Lee Harwood from Cambridge, Massachusetts in 1973–74 quickly followed by Bernadette Mayer and you starting *United Artists* magazine and books in 1977. How did *Angel Hair* co-exist with these allied enterprises? As an editor, how did you keep them separate in your mind? What were their differences, where did one begin and the other leave off?

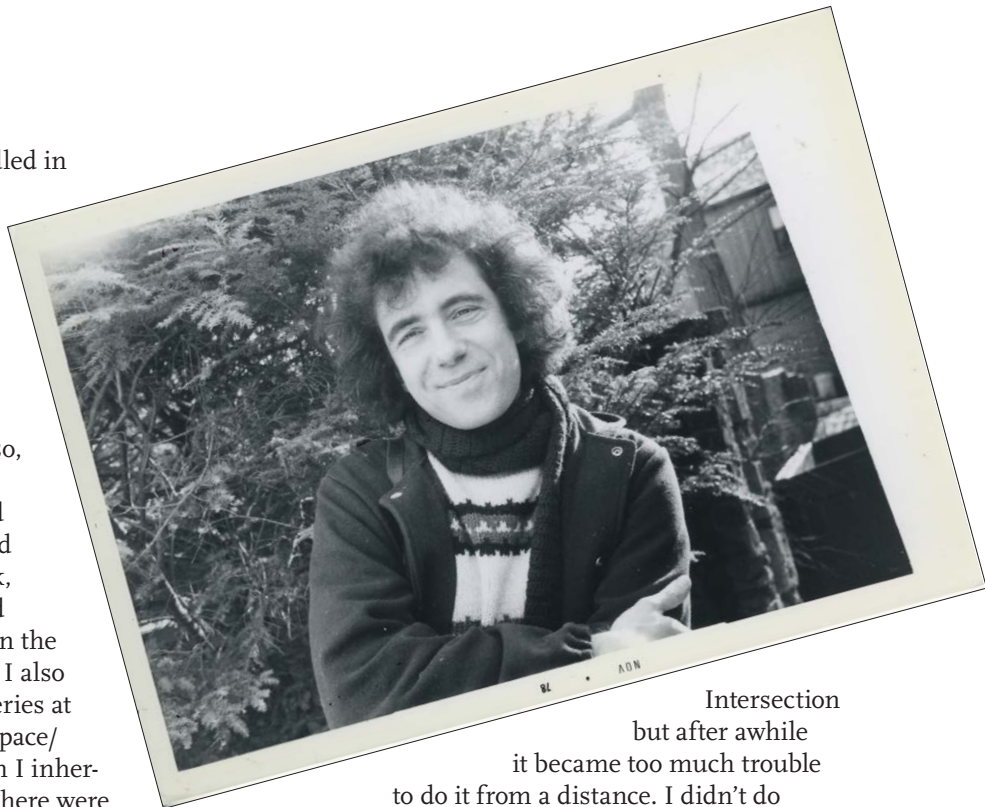
LW: Let me back up a little. In spring 1971 I'm living in an apartment on Oak Street in the Haight-Ashbury neighborhood of San Francisco, a half-block from Golden Gate Park. People discouraged me from moving to the Haight—the summer of love was over, there were a lot of homeless

> Bernadette Mayer and Marie Warsh. Lenox, Massachusetts, September, 1977. Photo by Lewis Warsh.

>> Harris Schiff. Lenox, Massachusetts, 1978. Photo by Bernadette Mayer.

people and panhandlers huddled in doorways, but I liked being close to the park and never felt any danger. I published two large broadsides that spring—"Verge" by James Schuyler, lavishly printed by Andrew Hoyem, and "Icy Rose" by Anne Waldman, printed by Clifford Burke. Also, I made new friends, Charlie and Anne Vermont, who lived a few streets away. Charlie and I embarked on doing his book, *Two Women*, a mimeographed book—I assume I printed it on the machine at Wisconsin Street. I also began curating the reading series at Intersection, a performance space/church in North Beach, which I inherited from Andrei Codrescu. There were some great readings—Ted Berrigan and Robert Creeley, for instance, Philip Whalen and Allen Ginsberg, Alice Notley and Tom Clark, Bill Berkson and Joe Brainard, Joanne Kyger and Bobbie Louise Hawkins—I can't remember all of them. It was Philip Whalen's first reading since his return from Japan and he read all of his book-length *Scenes of Life at the Capital*. At some point that spring Ted Berrigan and Alice Notley drove across country from New York and moved in with me—it was a two bedroom apartment, so there was plenty of space. I lived and worked in the living room and they slept and worked in the other two rooms. I don't know how long we all lived together but some time that summer, 1971, I was offered a place in Stinson Beach, an hour north of San Francisco, seven miles south of Bolinas. I was anxious to move out of the city, so I moved in to the top floor of a house literally steps from the ocean on a street called la Calle de Ribera. Greg and Evann Irons lived in the bottom floor and Tom and Martha Veitch lived a few houses away. I often wonder what would have happened had I stayed in San Francisco—I could still be living in that apartment right now, between Stanyan and Schrader, a half block from Golden Gate park. My life would have been different, to say the least. But I left the apartment to Ted and Alice and moved north instead.

I lived in Stinson Beach until summer 1972. For a while I continued to run the reading series at



Intersection but after awhile it became too much trouble to do it from a distance. I didn't do much publishing while I was there—Larry Fagin's *Twelve Poems*, a very short book printed by Tom Veitch, is the only thing I remember doing during that time. By now Bill Berkson had moved to Bolinas and Bob and Bobbie Creeley were there and eventually Ted and Alice gave up the apartment on Oak Street and moved to Bolinas, Aram and Gailyn Saroyan were there too. I was glad to be a few miles away from the center of it all. I made a new friend, Mushka Kochan, and we lived together for awhile at la Calle de Ribera, before deciding to drive East. Mushka is a classical singer and wanted to study in New York, but I wasn't ready to return and we moved to Cambridge, Massachusetts instead. So I left California behind, really forever, since I've never lived there again. We drove across country, stopping off in Toronto, and visiting the Coach House Press, where my book, *Part of My History*, had just been published. We landed in Cambridge, found an apartment near Inman Square, and lived there for a year.

I'm not sure why Lee Harwood was living in Boston, but we quickly found each other. One afternoon, after a walking tour of the city, we ended up at Bill and Beverly Corbett's house in the South End, and not long afterwards Bill, Lee and I decided to do a magazine together, which turned out to be *The Boston Eagle*. One of the great spin-offs of doing this magazine was visiting John Wieners, with Bill, at John's apartment on Joy Street, to get poems for the magazine. I had met John before, and worked with him on his books

Asylum Poems and *Hotels*, which we did for Angel Hair. While I was there, he opened a big trunk filled with old journals, and when I expressed interest in them he just handed me one—a ledger size journal which he'd kept years before in San Francisco, and which I later transcribed. Many years later this transcription was published by Sun & Moon, a book called *707 Scott Street: A Journal by John Wieners*. That spring Mushka was accepted at the Manhattan School of Music and in summer of 1973 we left the apartment in Cambridge and moved in to Bill and Beverly's big house in Boston. The Corbett's were up at their place in Vermont so we had the house to ourselves. It was the Watergate summer, Mushka was gone a lot singing in the chorus at Tanglewood, and I sat upstairs on the fourth floor of 9 Columbus Square transcribing John Wieners' journal while listening to the hearings on the radio.

We moved to New York, August 1973, to an apartment on 216 East Tenth Street, between Second and First Avenues, right down from St Mark's Church where I was teaching a workshop at The Poetry Project. It was the first time I ever taught anywhere and the workshop went on for two years with the same cast of characters—Bill Kushner, Patricia Spears Jones, Robin Messing,

Yuki Hartman, Maggie Staiger (aka Dubris), among others. Richard Edson, who later starred in Jim Jarmusch's *Stranger Than Paradise*, was in the workshop as well. Bill and I bonded immediately and became life-long friends.

I began publishing again. I guest-edited an autobiographical issue of *The World*, #28, with a great self-portrait cover by Alex Katz. I published Alice Notley's *Incidentals in the Day World*, *Recent Visitors* by Bill Berkson, and Ted Greenwald's *Make Sense*. Philip Guston generously did a cover for Alice's

book—he had previously done a cover for another Angel Hair book, Clark Coolidge's *Ing*. At the same time, Anne was publishing books under the Angel Hair imprint as well—most notably, the three volumes of Joe Brainard's *I Remember*. I also published the first book of David Rosenberg's many translations from The Bible, *Blues of the Sky*, a version of David's Psalms. A mimeographed book, 300 copies, with a cover by George Schneeman. I produced all these books on the mimeo



machine at St Mark's Church. Since I was teaching at the church, I had keys to everything, and would go to the office in the middle of night when no one was around except for Peter Stuyvesant's ghost who I could hear stomping on the balcony.

Bernadette Mayer and I began living together

spring 1975. We moved out of the city over the summer. We lived initially in an old farmhouse in Worthington, Massachusetts, and then summer of 1976 moved to an enormous apartment in the center of Lenox, 100 Main Street. Marie was born winter 1975, while we were in Worthington. A week before, David Rosenberg's mimeo translation of David's Psalms was reviewed in the Sunday *New York Times Book Review* by Bill Zavatsky. I had very few copies and received hundreds of orders—including an envelope with eight quarters (the book was two dollars) from a nun in Brooklyn. I managed to reprint a few hundred copies of the book to fill the orders of everyone who had sent cash or checks—but someone wrote a letter of complaint to the *Times* about this “Hair”-brained publishing company that was late fulfilling orders. On the basis of that review, David received a contract from Harper & Row to reprint the book and to translate other books from the Bible—Ecclesiastics, Job—all of which were later collected in *A Poet's Bible*.

In 1977 Bernadette and I decided to resume publishing—this time as United Artists Books. We stumbled upon a mimeo machine in a store in Pittsfield, took it home with us, and began running off the magazine in our huge living room. We also began doing perfect-bound books—*The Clairvoyant Journal* by Hannah Weiner, *The California Papers* by Steve Carey, *The Golden Book of Words* by Bernadette Mayer, *Judyism* by Jim Brodey, *Nothing for You* by Ted Berrigan, *Own Face* by Clark Coolidge, *Columbus Square Journal* by William Corbett, *Cleaning Up New York* by Bob Rosenthal, *Songs for the Unborn Second Baby* by Alice Notley, *Selected Poems* by Charlie Vermont, and my own *The Maharajah's Son*. Some of these books were Angel Hair Books, others were United Artists—I'm not sure which was our first United Artists book. We were also doing mimeograph books. I produced *The Basketball Article*, the collaboration by Anne Waldman and Bernadette Mayer, in a single night. And the magazine was coming out frequently. The first issue was simply work by ourselves and our two neighbors—Paul Metcalf and Clark Coolidge. Bernadette and I wrote a long collaborative work during our first year in Lenox, *Piece of Cake*, and there's an excerpt in the first issue. Those years in Lenox were among our most productive—Bernadette wrote *Midwinter Day* and *Letters to Mothers* and I wrote my first novel, *Agnes and Sally*, and the poems that were going to make

up my book, *Methods of Birth Control*. And Sophia, our second child, was born in that apartment, November 1977.

So there we are—a quick run through the seventies.

SC: You moved back to NYC in 1980. *United Artists* magazine ran through 1983 and United Artists Books continues to this day—that's an amazing run for any press. How would you describe the differences in publishing in the years immediately following 1980 for example, the changes in what you published and how you saw the function of the Press with respect to its location, Western Massachusetts vs. East Village?

LW: One last look at the seventies—in 1979 we left Lenox and moved to Henniker, New Hampshire. We had two very young children, a third on the way, and we needed money. Russell Banks, who was teaching at New England College, offered us jobs as adjuncts, so we relocated for a year. Max was born in Henniker, February 1980. Teaching at New England College was my first academic job. My first day of class I hit a car in the parking lot and it turned out to belong to the dean, things like that kept happening. But we also had some fun that year. Max was born at home, we had a live-in student helper to take care of the kids when we went to teach, and at the end of our year there we both received individual NEA grants, as well as another NEA grant for *United Artists*, and Bernadette was asked to be the director of The Poetry Project. So we had to make a choice—stay in the country, either in Henniker or elsewhere, or move back to New York. We suddenly had all this grant money so it seemed like a good time to seek out an apartment in Manhattan and return, though both of us, especially Bernadette, had misgivings about leaving the country. The East Village was in its first stage of gentrification, rents were high, galleries were starting to open along Avenue A. We found a ninth floor apartment in the Ageloff Towers, a twelve-story building on the corner of Fourth Street and A. One of the few elevator buildings in the neighborhood. A four-room apartment for six hundred dollars a month, which seemed exorbitant at the time.

In retrospect—this was an odd period. I was writing a novel, *A Free Man*, which was eventually published by Sun & Moon. Bernadette was directing The Poetry Project. I was also working on the magazine, typing up stencils and running off the issues in our living room. Marie was in

kindergarten, Sophia was in nursery school, and Max and I hung out a lot together. I would put him in a backpack and wander down to Seward Park, which is where my novel was taking place. We published eighteen issues of *United Artists* magazine between 1977 and 1983 and many of the later issues were over a hundred pages. The first fifteen issues had very ordinary covers—just the table of contents on card stock. I liked the utter simplicity of everything, but for the last three issues we had covers by Louise Hamlin, Rosemary Mayer and Yvonne Jacquette. Ted and Alice and their kids lived a few blocks away on St Mark's Place. It was odd to be back in the city after five years in the country. I was used to putting the kids to bed and getting to work and here every day and night were different. A lot of the young poets around St Mark's entered our life—Gary Lenhart, Greg Masters, Eileen Myles, Bob Holman, Steve Levine, Michael Scholnick, Lorna Smedman, Mitch Highfill, Kim Lyons, Bob Rosenthal, Rochelle Kraut, among many others. My first novel, *Agnes and Sally*, was published by The Fiction Collective. We continued publishing, including Gary Lenhart's first book, *One at a Time*. I think Bernadette and I both felt a little sad—that we had

replaced the equanimity of country life with big city turmoil. I wanted to feel like having all the people around us was the trade-off—I had felt a little too isolated in the country—but sometimes it was a battle to get everything done. In the country, all our priorities were clear. When we weren't with the kids, we were doing our own work. Here each day was a blur of new faces.

In 1982, United Artists published a reprint of Ted Berrigan's *Sonnets*—a book that had appeared initially as a mimeographed C Press edition in the mid-sixties, and which had then been published by Grove a few years later. This new edition included seven sonnets previously unpublished. People still referred to it as Ted's greatest work—I always thought of it as his first great work. I was a fan of many of the later poems, as well. I published a hardcover edition of *The Sonnets*, twenty-six copies, at his insistence, and with the idea that he would sign them and I could then sell them to make money for the press—but that idea collapsed under the weight of his needing money immediately when the book came out, which led to bad choices on both our parts, which further led to outbursts of animosity and a long period of estrangement—not only between me and him, but between Alice



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> Marie and Max Warsh, Bernadette Mayer, Sophia and Lewis Warsh. Lake Buel, Massachusetts, 1983. Photo by Greg Masters.
 >> Wang Ping. Apollinaire's grave, Paris, 1993. Photo by Lewis Warsh.

and Bernadette as well. The four of us had been friends for a very long time. I wrote about it all in more detail in my intro to Ted's bibliography. Meanwhile, there was the book, the source of all the turbulence—a beautiful edition, I think, with a great cover by Louise Hamlin.

Bernadette and I began to spend our summers, 1981–84, in a house on Lake Buel, a few miles outside Great Barrington, back in the Berkshires. We reconnected with our old neighbors, Paul and Nancy Metcalf, Clark and Susan Coolidge, and Matt Tannenbaum, who ran The Bookstore in Lenox. And Geoff Young and Laura Chester were also living outside Great Barrington. Life was simpler in the country—but there was no going back. For Bernadette and I, these were our last moments of real happiness. The house was called Whispering Pines, on a hill surrounded by trees, a few steps from the lake. I worked late on the screened porch, mostly writing poems and finishing *A Free Man*, listening to the cicadas in the trees.

After Bernadette's four-year term was up as director of The Poetry Project, I found teaching jobs. Paul Auster, whom we'd met one summer in the Berkshires, recommended me to teach a graduate creative writing course at Long Island University in Brooklyn, and his wife, Siri Hustvedt, recommended me to teach undergraduate literature courses at Queens College. That was 1985 and I've been teaching ever since. At LIU, I met Barbara Henning, who had recently moved to New York from Detroit, and I published her first book during this time—*Smoking in the Twilight Bar*. I was living in a small apartment on Clinton Street, walking distance from the apartment on Fourth Street, so the kids could move back and forth with as little stress as possible. It's not easy to write about this time, which was the most difficult I've ever experienced, as you can imagine. Ted had died in 1983 and we never really resolved our misunderstandings. Ironically, I found the apartment on Clinton Street through Sandy Berrigan—her daughter, Kate, and Kate's husband, David Morrison, were the managers/supers of the building. They lived across the street. The apartment was very small and there were two small bedrooms with loftbeds. I set up my desk beneath one of the beds. I also published Liam O'Gallagher's book, *Fool Consciousness*, during this time. What else? It was a kind of numb period, but I was excited to be teaching and out in the world, often traveling to two or three different schools in one week. I also



published my own book of poems, *Information from the Surface of Venus*. I was less involved in the poetry community during this time, focused mainly on the children (they were all in school at this point) and teaching, and then getting my own work done. Publishing was something I was doing sporadically. That's a good word—"sporadically"—to describe my publishing activities for the last twenty or so years. I've been doing it—but it's not been on the so-called front burner. In the last year or two I feel like I'm getting a third wind. I published books by George Tysh and Chris Tysh in the last year, with books by Matvei Yankelevich and Ted Greenwald due to appear in the next few months.

SC: A few days ago I received a copy of "Brooklyn Paramount" #1, edited by you and published by the MFA program in creative writing at Long Island University, Brooklyn. How has teaching and more specifically, working full-time in academia, influenced your work as writer, editor and publisher?

LW: As I said, I've been teaching consecutively since 1985, initially as a part-time teacher roaming the city, teaching in different schools, with a few forays into New Jersey, specifically Fairleigh Dickinson in Teaneck and in Rutherford, not far from where WCW lived. I taught graduate level poetry, fiction and non-fiction workshops, and

undergraduate creative writing classes, as well as undergraduate literature and composition courses. I was shy and nervous when I first started teaching, and gradually began to see the pleasure in it all—mainly in the interactions with students. It was like an endless conversation about something I really loved to talk about. It made me realize how little I knew about anything, it made me want to know everything, it took up a lot of my time and also made me value my time, I met people who I wouldn't have ever met, I saw the bleak side of academia up close. I met Wang Ping at Long Island University and eventually we did a lot of traveling together—to China, Tibet, Paris, Germany, and California. It was a friendship I valued a great deal—and still do. Meeting up at that particular moment meant a lot to both of us and it wouldn't have happened if I hadn't been teaching at LIU. In 1999, Don Byrd at SUNY Albany invited me to be writer-in-residence for a year and after that LIU hired me full-time. I became a full-time person in an English Department faculty on a campus in downtown Brooklyn, a few minutes over the Manhattan Bridge. Then in 2007 we began our MFA program. LIU had a campus in Southampton that had to close and we inherited their MFA program. I've been the director of the program for

the first five years of its existence and that's added another dimension to my teaching life—it sort of connects my writing, publishing and teaching, in some complicated but positive way, even though I'm not a very good administrator, and I'm not good at balancing a budget. But there's been a lot of satisfaction doing this program, and as always most of it has to do with the students. John High and Jessica Hagedorn are my main colleagues, Barbara Henning teaches a class during the summer, and we bring in a different guest writer every semester. A new student, Sarah Anne Wallen, is involved with book arts, and it was her idea to handbind each copy of *Brooklyn Paramount*, one reason it looks so amazing.

Some time in the early nineties, Ed Friedman, director of The Poetry Project, asked me to teach a workshop called "Editing *The World*." I'd been involved with co-editing the very first issues of *The World* in the late sixties, so it was a project that interested me. Though after *United Artists* magazine ended, after eighteen issues, I thought I would never edit a magazine again. So I was the editor and the members of the workshop—often more than ten people—were the contributing editors, each of them soliciting poems from different poets. There was no rule book for running this

22



> Lewis Warsh. Lhasa, Tibet, 1994. Photo by Wang Ping.

type of workshop and we mostly figured it out as we went along. At some point in the process we voted on which poems should be included. It's hard to translate the experience into words—you had to be there, as they say, but the magazines that we edited (almost two decades later) look great. I made numerous friends in this workshop, including Peter Bushyeager, Merry Fortune, Ed Roberson, Dennis Moritz, Phyllis Wat, and Carol Szamatowicz. We started off as a stapled offset magazine, in the tradition of the early mimeographed issues. By the time the workshop ended—two years and six issues later—the magazine was perfect-bound, with some great covers by Rackstraw Downes, Rudy Burckhardt, Rosemary Mayer and Lori Landes, among others.

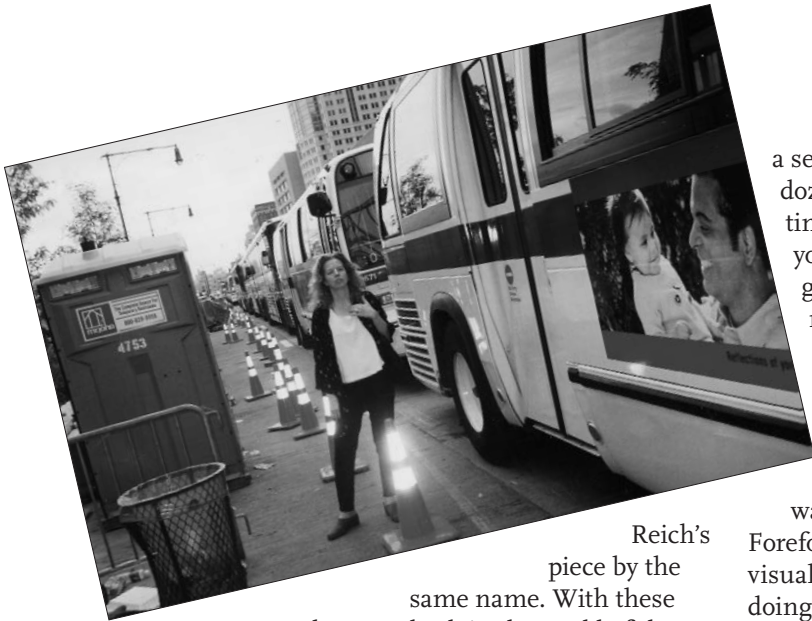
Ed asked me to teach another poetry workshop—starting fall 1997. It was scheduled to last ten weeks, but we decided to keep meeting at Be LaRoe's loft on Park Avenue South, and we did that for six years, the same group of people coming together almost every week. Dennis, Phyllis, Peter, and Merry were all part of the group, along with KB Nemcosky, Noam Scheindlin, Lydia Cortes, Lilla Lyon, Ruth Altmann, Donna Cartelli, Michelle Sommerville, and Be herself. Bill Kushner and Tom Savage and Karin Randolph were frequent visitors. Valerie Fox joined us in the later stages. After about three years, I suggested that they start their own cooperative publishing company, Ten Pell Books, and they all worked on getting each other's books into the world. Ten Pell was the name of a restaurant in Chinatown where we used to have celebratory meals, and which no longer exists. So doing *The World* workshop and doing this other workshop both turned into cooperative publishing/editing experiences.

I taught in the traditional academic setting and then at The Poetry Project where I could really do what I wanted. I also began teaching during the summers at Naropa, not every summer, and that meant a lot to me since I'd spent some summers when I was a teenager in Boulder, and being there again put me in touch with some younger self. For some reason, this was important to me. The experience of revisiting places is always interesting, since most of the time nothing really happens when you do this. It's like experiencing absence—superimposing it on a place that doesn't care whether you're there or not. You can measure the distance between who you were and who you are. Or something—something happens and nothing happens

simultaneously. Going to Boulder also provides a chance to meet old friends who I wouldn't see otherwise. In Albany, where I taught from 1999–2000, I met a great group of students, as well, among them Mary Burke who did a lot of work in the early stages of *The Angel Hair Anthology*. I also reconnected with Diana Reed, who I had first met in the summer of 1963 in San Francisco and who was living in Albany. Teaching seems to be an opportunity to combine thinking about writing and talking about different writers and traditions, and also a way of getting to know people.

It was at a party for one of the Ten Pell books, at Be LaRoe's loft, that I met my wife, Katt Lissard, who was a friend of both Be and KB Nemcosky. In the mid-eighties I had moved to President Street, the Park Slope neighborhood in Brooklyn, and I lived there over ten years. In 1998 I moved to Milton Street in Greenpoint, at the other end of Brooklyn, and I stayed there till 2002. Then I moved to the apartment in Chelsea where Katt was living, and that's where I am now.

In the late eighties I began putting together poems made out of lines from discarded poems or from the various notebooks I've been keeping forever. I'd be like a scavenger, but almost all the lines were my own. Then I would arrange the lines in a way that made sense, not as a narrative, but with some ongoing pulse—the whole point was to keep it going—discarding some lines along the way that didn't fit this particular poem but which I might use later in another poem. I felt like I had invented some new way of writing, at least for myself, or a new form, and in 2000 I put together a book of seventeen poems I'd written using this method. Gloria Frym put me in touch with Donald Ellis, the editor of Creative Arts Book Company in Berkeley, and they published *The Origin of the World* in 2001. Also, in the mid-nineties I began doing collages and making collage-related books, and I used one of these collages for the cover of *Origin*. Also, during the mid-nineties, Long News published a new book of poems, *Avenue of Escape*, and Trip Street Press in San Francisco published a book of stories, *Money Under the Table*. I was in an unsettled emotional state for much of the late nineties and I took refuge in doing this work that I'd never done before. I was making visual collages and books but the poems in *Origin* were also collage works. I also began to write long poems with numbered sections, beginning with a poem called "Different Trains" inspired indirectly by Steve



a serious body of work in this mode; I've seen dozens of your books, sometimes unique, sometimes in editions of five or ten. It's an aspect of your work that I find quite interesting, yet I'd guess it's an area about which many of your readers will be unaware.

LW: I hadn't thought of the Desnos book, where I did in fact illustrate my translation of his long poem. I guess, because it was a translation, I wanted to include something of my own in the finished book, which was published by David Rosenberg's Ant's Forefoot editions. But I didn't really do any other visual work until the mid-nineties when I started doing small collages. Then I realized that I could xerox these collages and paste them into books. I did about twenty small collages and made a book out of them and a university library bought the book along with all the original collages.

The Bustin's Island book was different, of course—I did it in one afternoon, there were the photographs we had taken on this small island off the coast of Maine, in Casco Bay, in the summer of 1968, and I wrote the text very quickly. But I must admit that doing books is something I've been wanting to do forever. I have no painting or drawing skills, but I do like cutting and arranging pictures. Most of the books I've done include text, but some don't. In one book, *Girls on the Dock*, I made copies of a photo of teenage girls sitting on the end of a dock, with boys playing in the water around them. I made multiple copies of the photo and spliced parts of it into a series of collages and made a book without words, but I tried to make the collages themselves tell the story. A kind of serial poem, but using collages instead. An element of the photo of the girls on the dock is in every collage, but everything else is different. I did another book called *Show of Hands* in which each picture emphasized a person's hands in different positions—but I used text with this one, just a line beneath each picture. I would do editions of three or four in most cases—same text, different pictures. I did a book called *The Names* in an edition of eight where the text consisted of the names of everyone I'd met before age twenty-one. Most of the time I use books that you can buy in any art store, but sometimes people give me special handmade books as gifts, and I use them. But then I only create an edition of one.

So I was doing image-based collages and artist's books with collages and texts until 2006 when I

Reich's piece by the same name. With these works I was back in the world of the serial poem, though I wasn't consciously trying to create any kind of narrative—it just happened on its own. I let it happen, but only up to a point. These poems were also like assemblages, including earlier poems of mine which didn't work on their own, but had a new life as part of the series.

Also, in the mid-nineties, you and I met—Mitch Highfill introduced us, I believe. I remember the first time you came to my apartment in Park Slope and saw the book that became *Bustin's Island '68*. **SC:** I remember meeting you on Seventh Avenue in Park Slope with Mitch. When I later came to your apartment you showed me the unique handmade book assembled from photographs taken of you and several of your friends in the late sixties in Bolinas, on Bustin's Island in Maine and elsewhere. There were wonderful black-and-white snapshots of Ted and Sandy Berrigan, Anne Waldman and Tom and Angelica Clark. Your parents made an appearance as well. Adjacent to the pictures, which were collaged onto the sketchbook's pages, you added short typed texts wherein you remembered aspects of what was happening in the pictures as well as thoughts and feelings about the present, nearly thirty years later. Since you still had the negatives, it was possible to make a reasonable facsimile by hand-mounting newly printed photos and having the texts printed letterpress by Joe Elliot at his and Anne Noonan's shop in Soho. The Granary Books edition came out in 1996.

Your visual work in collage appeared in print as early as 1973 to accompany your Robert Desnos translations, "Night of Loveless Nights." When did you start bringing the visual collages together with the collage style texts? Then, further, when and how did they develop into books? You've created

began cutting out letters and pasting them onto poster boards. It opened up a whole new door. No images, just letters. I realized I could make shapes and grids with the letters. And then I realized I could use some constraints. I did a sixteen by twenty inch collage where the only letter is the letter “e”—sort of like an answer to Georges Perec. There it was—the capital E’s battling the lowercase e’s. It looks obsessive and crazy. I did a collage called “MWN”—using just those letters. It looks great. I mostly do black-and-white—white letters on a black background. But I’ve done a few using colored letters, and sometimes I mix the two. I did a series of eight “SOS” collages, using S and O. I did a series where I alternated grids of color and black-and-white called “Sea of Cortez”—a place I know well. Katt and I spent some time in La Paz, on the Baja coast, where her mother and sister used to live. I’ve done a lot of these collages by now. Finally, last summer, I had the thought of combining images and letters. So I did an image-based collage and I covered almost all of it with letters. The question of what not to cover became crucial—if there’s a face, how much of it do I hide? In these collages, there’s a space between the letters—so the image shows through. I did about ten of these collages last summer and I’m going to do some more. I’m even tempted to go back to my old image collages and cover them with letters, but I think I’ll just move on. Now I’m going to do an artist’s book using text, images and letters. It’s going

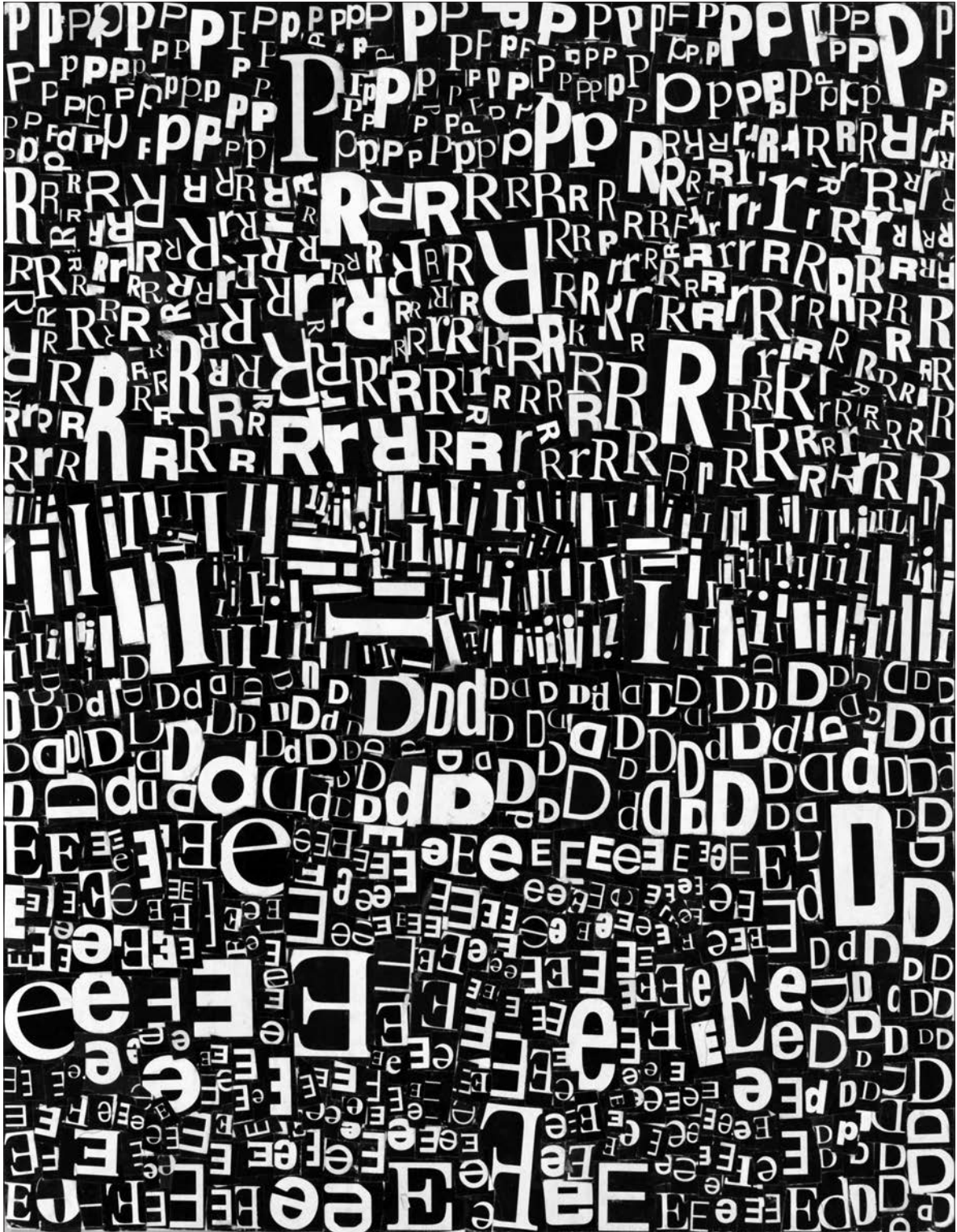
to take forever—covering everything with letters takes a lot of time.

Katt and I were in Maui a few years ago and there was a tobacco store selling cigar boxes and I shipped about twenty of them home and now I’m covering them with letters. John Wronoski, of the Pierre Menard Gallery in Cambridge, recently came over and took one of the letter-covered cigar boxes for a show at the gallery. I put a little book (text and images) in the box as well. There’s always something to cover with letters.

I’d like to think all this activity relates to my poems in *Origin of the World* where I’m putting together lines in some kind of collage-like pattern. I’d like to think there’s a connection between my writing and my collage work. In 2010, Spuyten Duyvil published my novel, *A Place in the Sun*, a book of fragments connected by invisible threads.

So here we are in the present. I feel like I’ve left out some of the most important things, but so be it.





> Lewis Warsh, *Pride*, 2009, collage on board, 11x14".

THE SUICIDE RATES

for Liam O'Gallagher



> Lewis Warsh, *Sympathy*, 2009, collage on board, 11x14".

I

The bell was not a jar, when
I woke that night I was listening to the rain.
The wing of the gull was not hidden beneath the glass.

Lights, as they go on, watch
the shadows melt backwards
and the ladder cross the shade.
Like a drop parting with the brick, watch
this silence go unending.

The houses we occupy
are empty in our trust.

The bell was not made to be rung
as an alarm. Small hotels and places
we can no longer assume vacant.

Small eyes blush at the windowsill
a geranium bends its wings into the crease, the
lights are the flashlights
finding the trail, breaking the line

We can no longer assume
that the forest was only memory
The branches were like lead cables.

29

Hands palms down
personal ashes dead now
a calm fire in calm wood
encircles, I see a bluff

I see a corner of the mouth
a light breaking the line

Here
I see a gambling room and the men
stacking cards, I see

a bluff on their faces
the streaks of light go
the hint of light wavering

I see the child who is the hip breathing
and the bottom rise from under, undersea

The calm stack he took one number from his sleeve

2

How many ways to die for a window

It is dead night, far from home,
I sit back, dazed,
for a moment we affect the equality of places
of other nights, eyes, a casual stare, a price.

A longing that is not mutual
passes as a swan passes
other swans, a passing

The hunting lodge door fell open
the door of a gambling hall
was open, a jackknife
(he swam away)
the blade became a buckle, in
his belt there were twenty odd revolvers
how many ways to die was left unmentioned

We did not speak
though my gesture made one/fifth
upon the bar

reveal itself

30

The child was not hard
he lived as long as a room is born
the left hand was not the first to go
it was the other, covering the deck

The doorman opened his door and a mouse
leaped out

3

The photographs that are dead before
the other photographs of his hands
were made public

Sperm or juice
and I am going to sleep tonight, early,
tilting the cup towards the blue uniformed stranger

Opening doors feeling the board rock
as you dive

4

How long must we wait before these
numbers proportionally swell?
In a ratio at every fourth step
we take our chances

A board rocks, a child refuses
to dive and dies

Lost in mid-afternoon
lost and the sun, pages
of sweat mount on my face

This grave is stone
the occupants of this room
turn obediently
Their backs are like lead
or so I would have it

A light does not turn with them.
An address book changes hands, how
many directions do we walk, walk
on our hands, on the joints
between our fingers, exploding
like underground mines miles away.

31

How many lines form at your door, are
they queues of longing, symbols
of that mid-afternoon
lost in sunlight, sweat
crawling back across the sudden fine tear?

The job was not a bridge-builder.
It was to tabulate
the frenzy of the wall
to which you clung. Losing
sleep over the memories
you forget.

5

Rain can not
keep falling, it
releases
a tension.

The bare back and arms of a cloud
moves at my side. I lie, I
listen the sudden darkness of vehicles
down below. Sterility combs the helm.

My boat I will refurnish
for a casino on the sea.
All the gamblers in their tight black dress.

All the children taunting numerals
on my thigh. If there was not this fear
that the darkness throws overboard.

Lie awake, my own bare arm re
flexes.
They're gone tonight into the glamorous black beyond.
The gambling hall is closed,
a narrow line, a light, seems to move beneath the door.

In the realm of valises
I am all at once a passage
of tourists returning home for the weekend via my hands.
Of tourists replete with all their divine insights.

I lean, I lie awake, the
minute scratches embed your moving face.
At my elbow, a caution, a tension of springs.
The mattress locked wire
makes sound the rain makes

I listen I lose myself
I lose my hands
they are bound with the tossing
your plane is tossing in a clear blue sky,
it alights

6

Now I see photographs of the wild
and open vehicles of our time.
Too many means which transport the wavering eye.

A calm fire, fear enrages us, engraved
and partially naked, too many leaves release us.
Rain climbs down our skulls, the
pins of our forearms arc
in readiness, they
re-burst. These goods
we do not appraise. They
surround us with prices, the
numbers are on their tags. I seal
myself in.

Behind me a large window
and a party for small poems.

Almost blind
like light, yet
luminous, a rough shedding
shone on her ankle, countless
scratches on her fingers, her
fingertips a claw:
that is the wound, that
is, defeat. I brush
the back of her elbows

with my shoes, like
a lost detail
or the crows lost out at sea
or the crows amid other birds
pitting their wings on the insides of our voices
I see and seem to understand real stone.
It is a comfort to brace
one's body on the real.
It is not enough
to keep this night from dying.

I see a bluff. I concede
all the dangers
and the comparable Autumn lights.
Somewhere the flash of a star
bleeds over his body.
A network of relative expressions
rapidly changes, changing face.

34

8

My own arm, my eyes.
The brick he lifts, was
it a mason
down below? In
the streets
we are given and we
accept, green
objects.

My eyes repeat that
the figures are
not discerned. They
are portions of the fire:
lost waking, blue moon rising.

Products of the calm.
A photograph that was his wrist
and the sleeve, the weightless flesh.

Quiet gambles it away.

9

Like small foreign villages whose gates have been
destroyed by bonfires
so the cities nearest my hands
are destroyed by the rust and the rustling of cool ashes.

Cool gray enters my throat.
It is painful to be foreign from you now,
to hear from others that your letters
spill like numbers
between the cracks of the avenues of the villages
that are not burning, that
have been spared

Huge windows corrupt me.
Between each ripple
the sun admits
duplicity. A
different face,
a room in which I lie and listen,
clawing for the grate
from which the gas breathes
in my hands.

It

hangs in space
above me
The loins hang

10

Small oaths snap like twigs
beneath our feet. Smaller
things impersonate
us, now that you are gone
a century of unappraised items
goes released. The leaves

were not real gold,
they made replicas to establish
the dead end of the season.

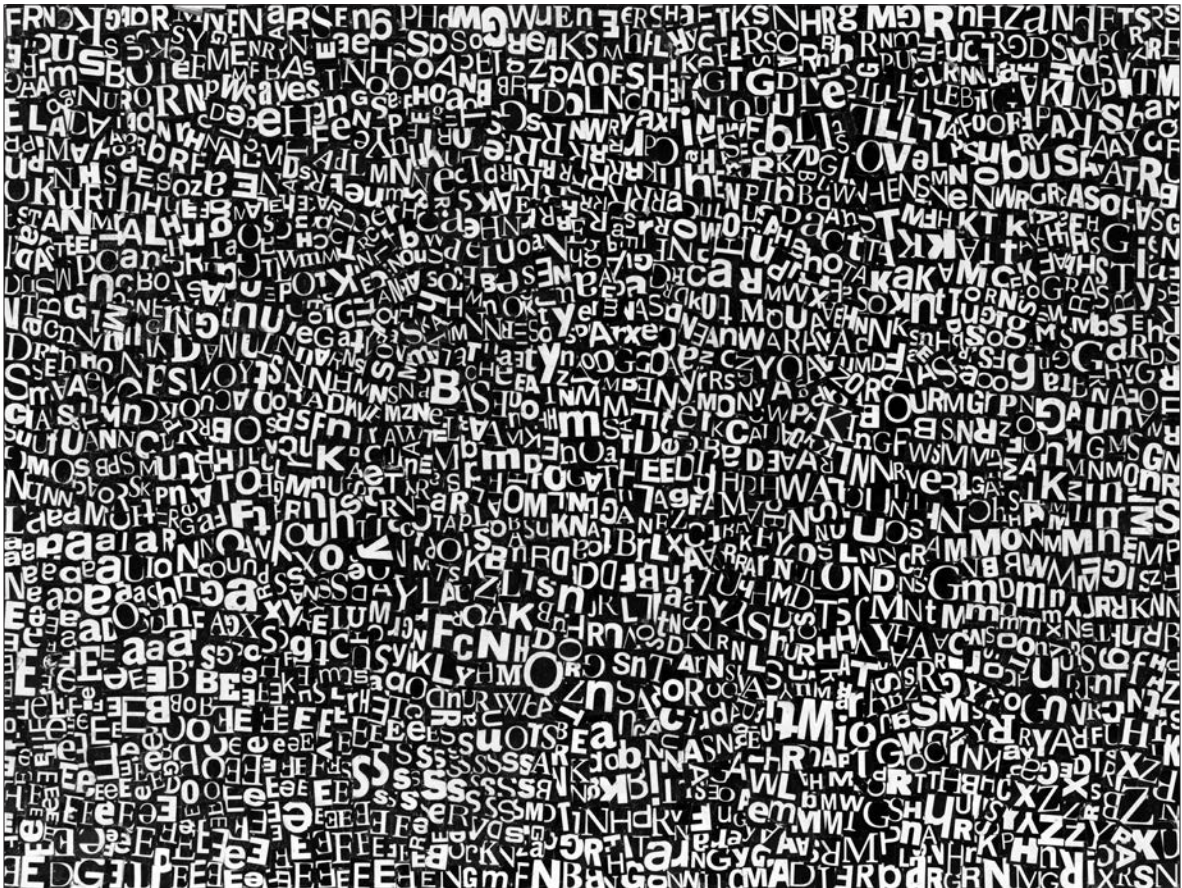
Firm branches dip
against the blue arms
of the laborer, blue
lips from the cold

firm branches knead his flesh.
The leaves that the child touched
were almost real sounds.
Counting the attempts that the sun makes
as it emerges, counting the chimneys
and the smoke about to rise.
A dim light leads the way.
Through a crowd of countless deaths
your face emerges, a map
moving and charting the rain
across this glass.

Firm branches dip the blue, blue lips from the cold

1963

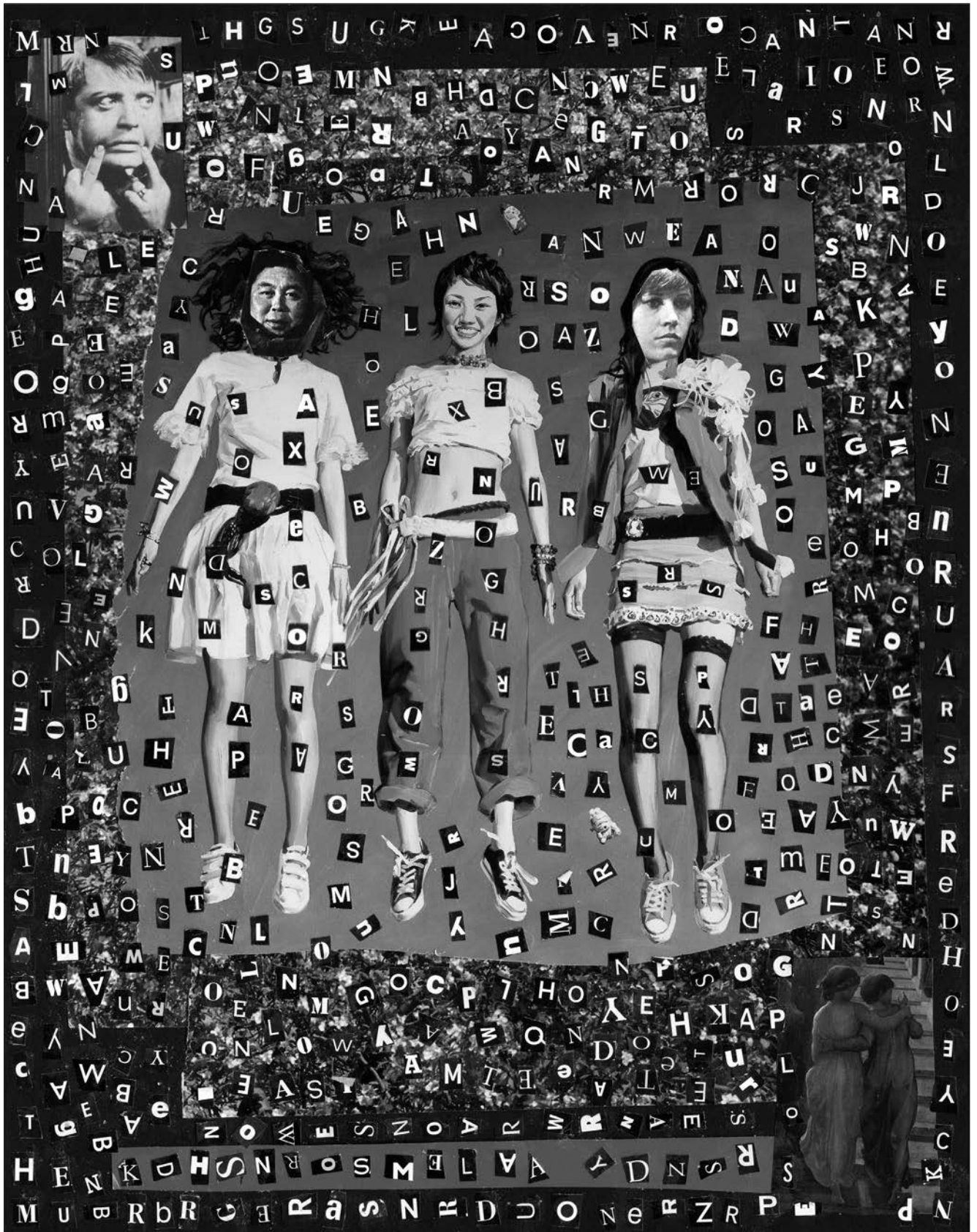
36



MIMEO MIMEO 7

> Lewis Warsh, *Black Hole*, 2007, collage on board, 20x16".

FIVE POEMS



> Lewis Warsh, *One For My Baby*, 2010, collage on board, 11x14".

ANYTHING YOU SAY

We live in an occupied zone among despots & thieves

The birds drop in uninvited, nameless blossoms fall
to the ground

One might as well pee on the street & hope a police car doesn't pass

This is the derivation of *cogitare*, to collect one's thoughts

He put the barrel of the revolver inside his mouth,
but nothing happened

I have to change my seat because the sun is in my eyes

The dead animals were left to rot on the prairie

You can't survive without paying attention to everything

A spontaneous reaction is a true reflection of a person's nature

She lies awake listening to the people having sex in the next room

She was like a bird—she *was* the bird—wading into the foam

I write the same poem again & again without meaning to

The time of year is more important than the time of day

All we need is a photograph to recapture the past

The impulse to continue (what will happen next?) — the impulse
to end (how will it end?)

It's the first warm day of spring but I'm not leaving the house

Small details—the lemon-yellow curtains—the bubbles
on the edge of a glass

Sap hardens on the bark of a tree or drips into a pail

He took a photograph of the inside of her heart, but it didn't
come out

The people on the shore are waving their arms in your direction
but nothing they do will keep you from going under

The photograph was blurred except for her lips & eyes

It's easy to promise something you can never give
Possibly the person listening to you will forget what you said
He put his elbow on the table & rested his chin in his palm
You can say anything, in the moment, with the hope
that no one will care
The arrow passed through her ribcage & entered her heart
You took the words out of my mouth & threw them out the window
My mind is an open system, but the doors are closing
Life is more than a series of broken promises
Pieces of a body fall from the sky to create a new person
You can use the word "sweet" to describe almost anything
The closer we get to someone the farther away it seems
I was looking for something I had lost but it was right in front
of my eyes
Unassuming yellow fish swim up out of the coral
The phone was ringing off the hook in my head
Interlocking flashbacks, role reversals, the gauge of ambivalence
You can be anywhere in your mind & no one will notice
Envy needs an object when the night is still
Her thoughts are like a series of windows covered with dust
The dancer was blinded by the light of a flashbulb
& hurt her knee
A jealous husband murdered his wife on a street in New Jersey
I fold my money into my wallet & pull up my pants
My love came to me vacant-eyed in a kind of delirium
The dog was vomiting on the side of the fire hydrant
A storm warning is in effect for the tri-state area
Apply some hot wax to the wounds on my back

There were cars parked on the wrong side of the street
that would later be towed away

I drive him to a store where he can buy some long johns

She refuses to be interviewed on camera but she'll talk
off the record

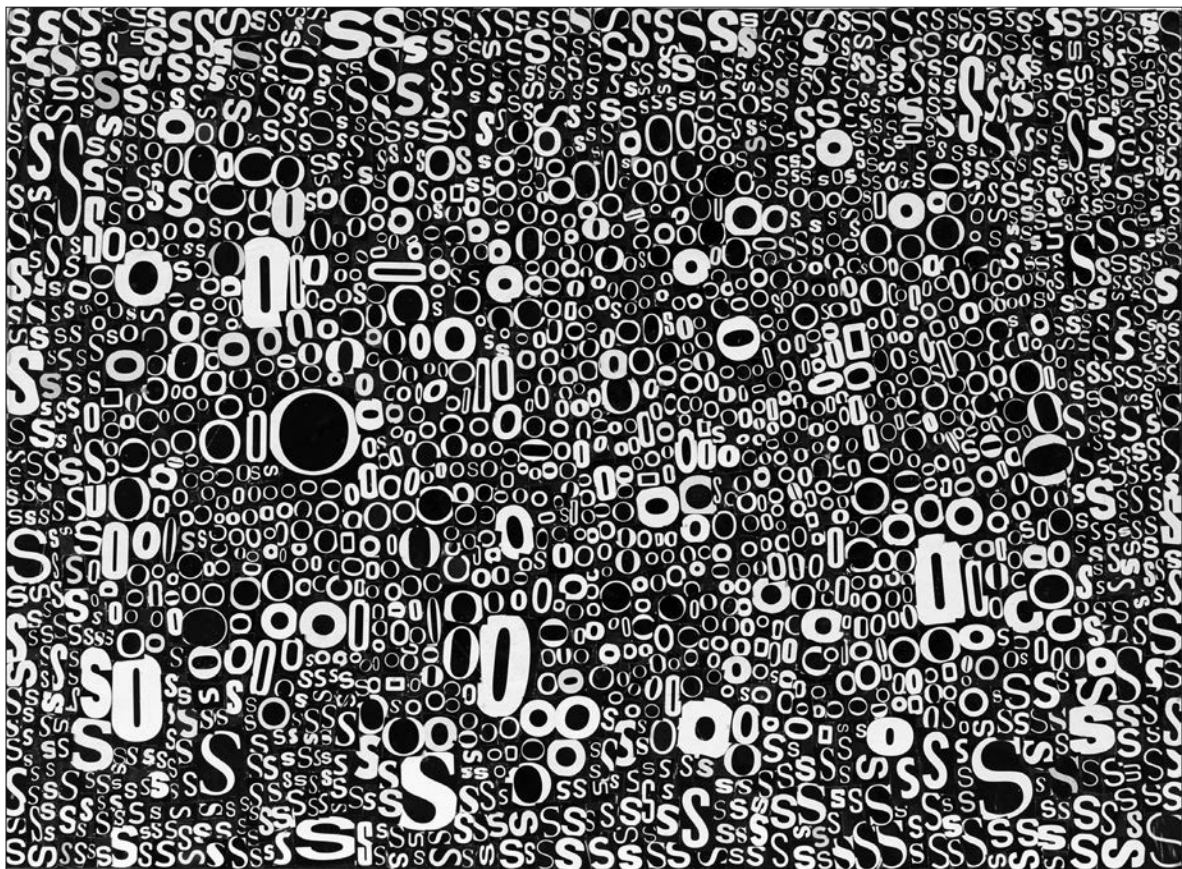
Someone I didn't know was standing under the shower

The 7th Day Adventist hands me a pamphlet

You can fall asleep in the rain & no one will care

The people who were here before us left a stain on the sand

The sunlight on the sand is breathing beneath your skin



HELLO STRANGER

It's a good time of year to get out
of the city. The canals are open and
traveling is cheap. You can see the stars
behind the tops of the trees. The dance
of blue veils like ripples in a mirror.
The handmade vests of the clouds
embroidered with tiny beads.

Time is up. If you haven't figured out
the answer by now you never will.
(They arrested him in the middle of
the night for stealing a chicken.)
Put on your clothes, they
said, and come downtown.

*

"Memories are Made of This"
was a hit by Dean Martin. The chorus
in the background sang "Sweet
sweet, memories are made of this,"
until finally he woke up and asked
whether he was dreaming.
His penis, we both noticed, wobbled
as he spoke. When the dust
cleared, we could see him
tottering on the edge of the
curb, waving his arms at the
oncoming traffic.

*

"Everything
in the natural
world," he wrote,
"has a counterpart

in the world of the
mind." I open a
notebook
from 1985.

You were lying in
bed on your side with
your back to me
as I walked out
the door.

Etna, Vesuvius,
Zoroaster,
synoptic.

*

My words seem to stand for something else.
In the time it took to speak they had disappeared
from view.

The red coals will protect my spirit from growing
old. If you step on a mine you will explode
like a shooting star.

There's a rumor that nothing can begin
until you arrive. Meanwhile, they serve beverages
and show old movies.

The scene is frozen in
the back of my mind, like
shredded lettuce left out in the cold.

Tell me what the food is like
where you are. Right out of the package
and straight to the heart.

*

Dust on the hem of a petticoat—don't get me started.
Someone you never saw before whispers in your ear.
You better return to the company of the living
before it gets too late. The floor is covered with threads
left over from the people who lived here before.
But the closet is empty, except for a few old socks.

More than I bargained for, someone says.
But compliance with the verb "to remember" throws
us off course. We can't lie down on the shore
and listen to the waves break out of the untrammelled
deep. Even Shelley came up for air, what little good
it did, and went back under.

*

Each generation needs its own music
Each thread needs a hole—but
the button also 'hanging from
a thread'
as it was said—his love
for her lingered long after
she had gone—(he tried to get on
the train

as it was leaving the station)—the music
in my head is in my head. He refused
to express the slightest
regret for his behavior. Each leaf might
be a map of light
in paradise—out the car window
at night. “I’ll leave
the light on if you come home late.”
Each hand five fingers
waving goodbye at the station—as the train
leaves the station. I’m on the platform
(waving). Each generation needs to say
goodbye to the past.
But the present crumbles in the
hand (like a leaf).

*

*It felt like centuries had passed
before we collapsed in each other’s
arms. (He tried to be affectionate
but she pushed him away.)*

44

Tell me about the Russian restaurant
on the boardwalk at Brighton Beach.
A child jumped off a rock and disappeared
beneath the waves. She was memorizing
her lines so she could take your place
at a moment’s notice. She was waiting in
the wings to make her appearance
on an empty stage.

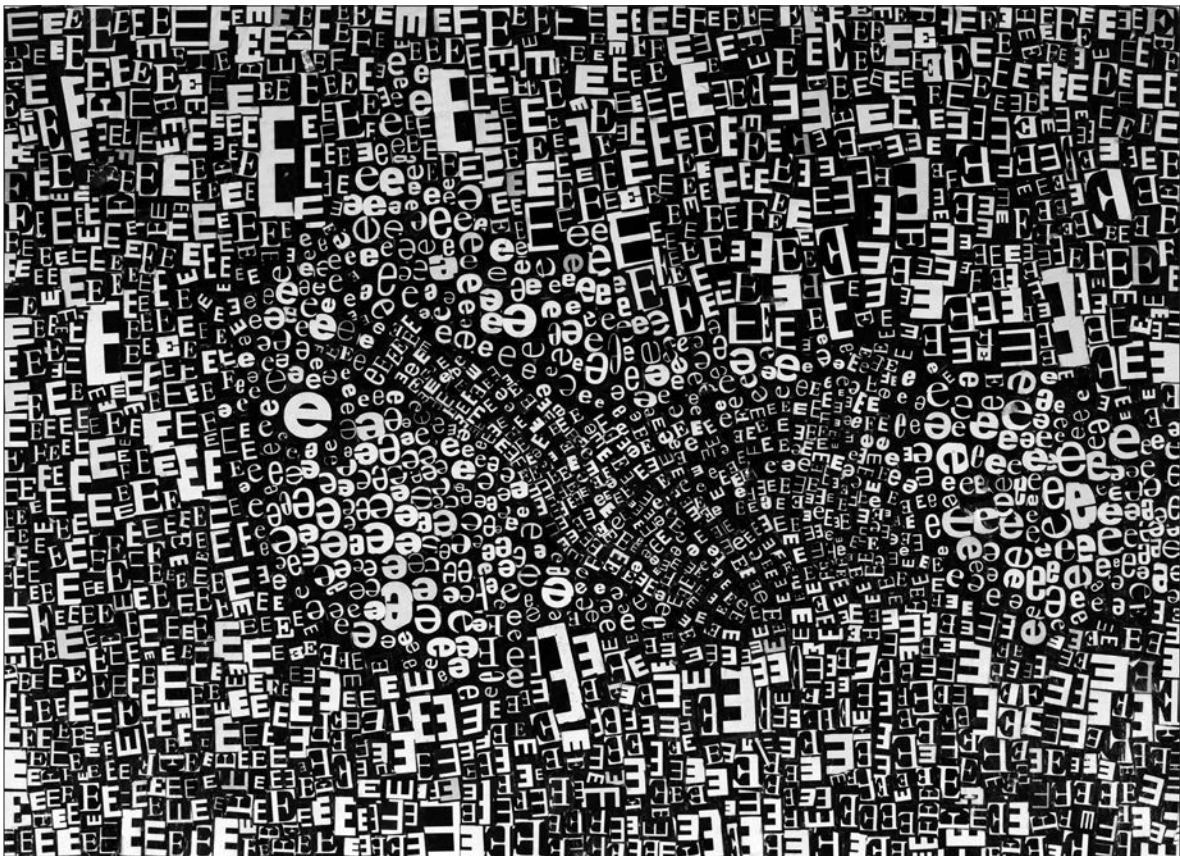
*

Memories are just accumulations of things
that have acquired meaning over
the passage of time, but the things
that you’ve forgotten still carry their weight
without weighing you down the way
the things that you remember tend to do,
though the opposite might also be true,
and another gin and tonic, no ice, won’t
get you through the day,
even if you look in the mirror
and see who’s missing, for instance, yourself.

Sorry for staying so close to the perimeter.
It’s more fun out in the open, don’t you think?
Tomorrow we’ll eat yogurt soup and baklava
on the road to heaven.

When someone asks me to make a choice,

I usually say "I'll sleep on it." And I do. I sleep eight
big hours in my king-size bed. It's so big
I can roll over and not touch any of the people
I'm sleeping with. They don't even know I'm there,
if you want the truth.



NO TRESPASSING

The street goes to sleep early. The storeowners close up their shutters before it gets too dark. The streets are deserted after seven in the evening. Most people build gates around their houses. Most people have complicated security arrangements. If an alarm goes off, four or five cops appear within minutes.

The olives on the side of your plate—who will eat them?

Famous last words: “I’ll be here in a few minutes.” But of course, no one arrives when they say they will. There’s always an excuse like “stuck in traffic” or “the alarm didn’t go off.”

Refer to something outside yourself that never happened.

Is the pressure back on? As far as I know, it was never not off. Stress-related illnesses have doubled in the last few years, not only in this country but everywhere. The stores close down well before midnight. Most people are afraid to go out after dark. There are gates and barbed wire encircling the private houses on the edge of the city. Most people seek out relationships for security reasons, while love gets lost under the dashboard with the cigarette lighter and the parking tickets. You have to pay for a ticket, otherwise they’ll suspend your license. And then you’ll be nothing but a burden on society, and your friends.

My feet are wet from walking in the rain.

I always read the label on the pill bottle before I take the pill, just to make sure it’s the right pill. Sometimes I can’t remember if I took the pill five minutes after I did. So young—in the picture he’s standing outside the house in the country with a beard and she’s pregnant. It’s good for the skin, you can roll it on when no one’s looking.

We need new frogs to decapitate for our experiment on reflexes.

She came up behind him and said something he didn’t want to hear. All the rain can’t wash it away, can’t wash out the stain. “You say you have some hang-ups and you’re going to get help, and I say....” She comes up behind me and whispers something in my ear, something forgettable.

People with masks run towards us between the headlights.

I tried to put the past behind me and then your letter arrived out of the blue. “Acute dysentery” you wrote, and it all came back.

A game of chance on an invisible grid.

Fate asked me what I knew, but I didn't answer. She greeted me as if I were a stranger: I'm sorry, I missed your name. The pine needles are resplendent in their fragile beauty. Everything is up for grabs (except you).

No one will find what's hidden in the closet.

The spaces between my lips and hers. We could kiss for a long time without opening our mouths. We could stand on the steps of her house and grind our lips together endlessly without even touching. Kisses that went on forever, and later, the way one button of her blouse might be opened, and then another. All the blood rushes to the tips of my fingers. The button had to be squeezed through a tiny opening. And then what? Could one simply get to work on the next button? And how many were there anyway?

Rain down on me, through the forest of trees, and melt my feelings.

I was caught in the revolving door again, trying to think about what mattered and what didn't, who I loved and who I still loved but only from a distance. All these thoughts occurred in the split second or two it took me to go around in a half-circle, from the hotel lobby and into the street. It was a street in a medium-sized city where I didn't know anyone and I was there on business. It's possible that you hear what you want to hear and reject the rest but vigilance, I wrote in my notebook, if anyone cares, is the price of survival. As on a holiday we might eat unleavened bread, we might hide the bread, as my father did, and the person who found it would get a prize.

47

Our tools are blunt objects, bloodstained and ephemeral.

I was born in Lebanon Hospital in the Bronx, 174th Street and the Grand Concourse. My parents met at a singles resort in the Poconos. Talking, touching, seeing can mean different things to different people. The clouds move across the sky, decorously, as if no one cared.

It's later. The reverse of memory. No platitudes or lies. You want this hole not to exist? Then fill it.

The god of improvement came down from heaven. It's not like he's going around giving people advice for free. You have to go directly to the source if you want his help. You have to make an appointment. At first, no one knew where to find him. There was a rumor that he traveled at night in a horse and buggy. When you expected him to be there he showed up somewhere else. But everyone needs some kind of improvement and the god of improvement has the right answer if you know the right question. Pocahontas stubbed her toe and was rushed to the emergency room but John Smith shot himself in the foot and no one cared. The people of history come out of the woodwork with cameras to take pictures of the people in the present so they can show them off when they return to the land of the dead.

I ride up the coast with the windows open.

It's unbearable to lose face. How can I show myself in public? He entered the classroom and I couldn't keep a straight face. I mean—is this someone's idea of what a teacher really looks like? It looks like when he got up in the morning there was some clothing on the floor and he just picked it up and put it on without thinking. The same clothing he was wearing all week or something. Wrinkles. Obviously this guy needs some help around the house. This is our first lesson in history: the house, and who were the first great lovers? Achilles and Patroclus are high on my list. We think of the first time the lovers met and walked under the trees. And now they don't even sleep in the same bed.

All you have is your own body and the stars to light your way.

It's an even playing field out there, and the god of improvement isn't cheap, but he often says something that changes your life, like when he told me how what I wanted was right in front of my nose and I didn't see it. So I opened my eyes and looked and there it was, just like he said.

Pull your chair closer to the table so you can eat your food.

There are other gods who try to suck you into their orbit. They hold up signs with your name on it, like limo drivers at an airport. They promise to massage your neck and shoulders—and why stop there?—if only you'll follow them into the forest, down the path to the clearing, all the pine needles and the sunlight through the tops of the trees. Sometimes the “clearing” is just a metaphor for something else, and once you get sucked in it no longer matters. The point is that you're there, and that the gods are standing over you, walking tall, pointing a finger in your direction. All you know is one thing: how to kneel at their feet. And that is all you need to know in this life.

(My grandfather praying in the back of his grocery on the Lower East Side, c.1910.)

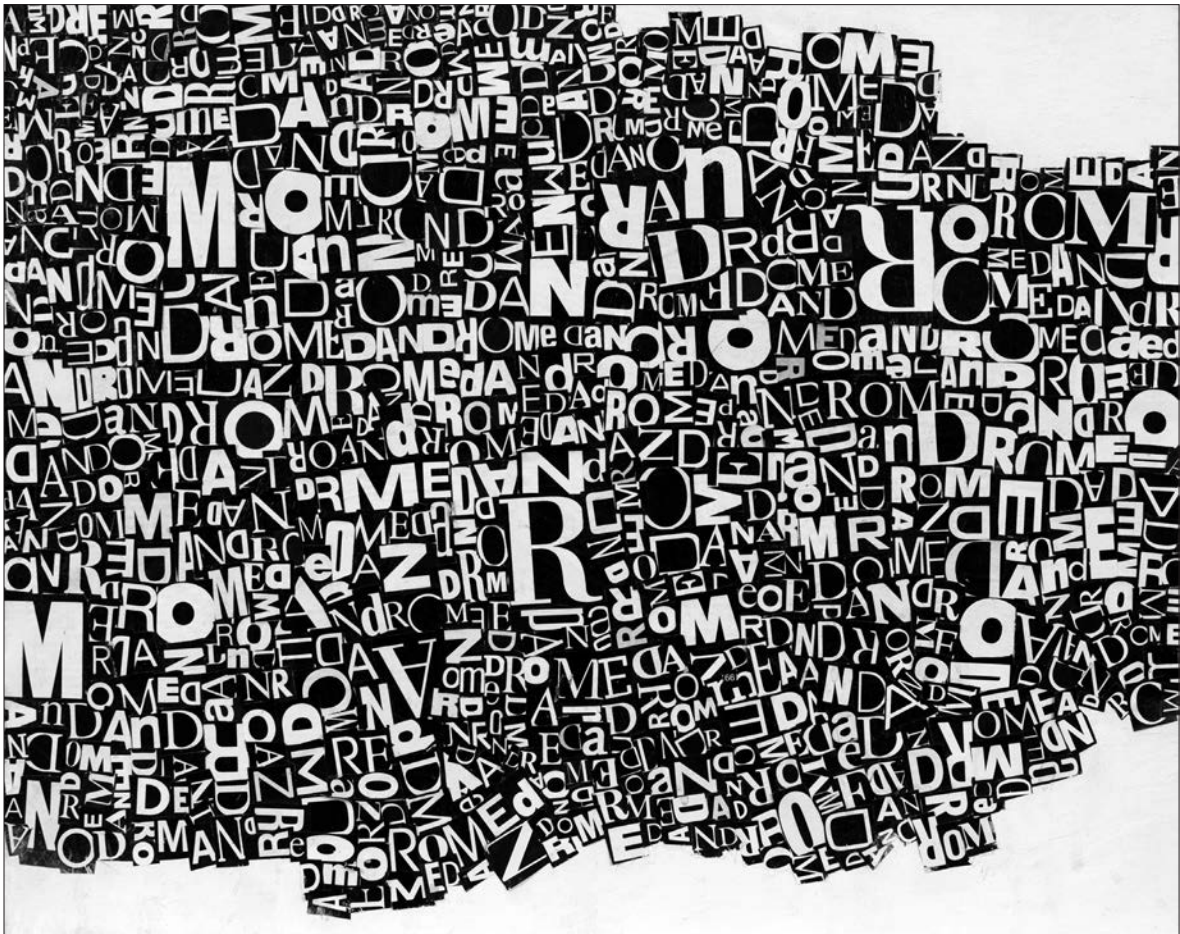
It's time to settle into my lawn chair and watch the grass grow, if you know what I mean—a boy on a dance floor steps on the young girl's toes—it's like the trailer for an old movie that won't go away—and now he leads her back to her chair—his hair covers his eyes and he can't see anything—and what could he say if he could and who cares?

You look at my hand as if you were seeing it for the first time.

The talking heads on the radio are speechless for a change. Even the person on the street, when asked, hangs her head in shame. It's not like there's anything to get excited about in the long run, a pair of tweezers on the kitchen table, a few false hopes.

Not to be confused with the other who entered the back way, the one who was here all the time but didn't speak.

It was written in a voice that no one could understand. What she said, if it was a she, took my breath away. Felt faint, momentarily, and looked the other way. Then it hit me: I was only half a person and the other half of me was dragging behind. All the flowers growing along the side of the road had withered in the heat and a storm cloud was gathering on the horizon. Someone was stuttering.



DARK STUDY

for Bill Berkson

There's something we don't know about that's happening
elsewhere

A photo by Weegee of a corpse on the streets of Paris

An emergency call from the school nurse went unheeded

All my belongings in one suitcase—how can I help you today?

Add -er to an adjective when you're comparing two objects
or people

It looks good on the page but when you read it aloud something
goes wrong

Matches used once may be bartered for tallow

We can trade identities for a few hours & you can feel
what it's like to be me

50

You can take the initiative & lean out the window
until your hair touches the sidewalk or you can
build a moat around yourself & never touch
bottom

Maybe abstraction sounds the deathknell to the colloquial
stammer, a tightening of the windpipe as the muffler
explodes

A boat passing under a bridge or a woman kneeling
at the edge of the shore

The cars passing in the opposite direction dim their lights
when they see me coming

Possibly you can forget about your own needs for the moment

Maybe I have a brain inside my head afterall

We go to bed early & wake with the sun

The sun comes through the curtains like the plague,
& we open our eyes

I slammed the door, boarded the subway, & never looked back

I crossed out what you said before you said it, without
thinking twice

The cranberry juice left a stain on the sheet

All new arrivals are cautioned to stay indoors after dark

They built the boardwalk so the old people can sit in the sun,
but when the sun goes down everyone & their mother
disappear

A minute feels like an hour, a day is longer than a year

You better turn on the defroster if you want to see through
the windshield

The animal fled into the woods on the other side of the road

Patches of ice float down the windshield in slow motion

All the shadings (equanimity, desire, abandonment)
that never add up

Half-sentences mixed with half-truths, complacency
& error—is that your real hair?

It doesn't matter where you were born or where you were going

The suspect climbs down the fire escape & disappears through
a hole in the floor

Someone too drunk to remember stumbles by under
your window

It was before the days of radio & everyone played their own
music

Some poets went to brothels, caught diseases, eventually died

Step back from the path & look at yourself, feigning innocence

Turn your back on the javelin while it's still in the air

If I had a hammer it would work both ways, from the center
to the interior, & out into the open

"But there are no more jobs in the city—we must return home
to the countryside"

It's her word against mine (if only the trees could speak)

We walk through a cemetery & read the names on the stones

A horse is like a large dog, but with different habits

Memory lingers on, but the distinguishing marks are a blur

The party isn't even half-over & already numerous guests
have passed out on the living room rug

What you wanted was right in front of your eyes,
but you didn't see it

It's hard to know what you want when something's being given
to you

You can see your whole life pass in front of you in a few
minutes

The milkman comes to the door in a horror movie from the 1950s
but no one's home

We park the car at the end of the cul-de-sac & listen
to the birds on the top branches, while the songs
on the radio curdle around us in the stillness

They came to my door with a warrant, but they didn't find anything

They looked under the bed but all they found were a few ghosts

There are tears running down the face of the statue

Rain falls on our eyelids, but we don't wake up

It's a long pilgrimage into the bowels of the earth until you hit
rock bottom

It was like a miracle to see the statue of the Virgin Mary
shedding tears

You never know who you might meet when you walk
down the street

Pride is the same as desire, on a different planet

I'd like to write an epiphany to the saints, but who are they?

Midge, Molly, Maggie, Mickey & Marge

DONATELLO

1

You can preserve your modesty by keeping your clothing on when you take a bath, even though the doors are locked and no one's watching. It's another thing to go swimming in the nude in broad daylight. Everyone does it. Only you, locked in your room, making mental notes about the dust in the air, are denying yourself the pleasure of feeling the ocean on your skin. It's important to drink the water itself, or so they say, the water in which you are immersed. It's important to stay under as long as possible.

2

A notice from the post office arrived when you were sleeping. You can press a button and erase everything, all the days of your life. There was an antimacassar on the arm of the sofa, but I erased that also. There was an out of order sign on the door of the restroom written in invisible ink.

53

Objects might be arranged like facts on a silver platter. Any combination of objects and facts add up to something different. I took off my clothes in the cold on the side of the road. If my parents never met I'd never be born. Or something. Someone would be born in my place.

3

Once I took a train from Paris to Barcelona. I left Paris on August 1, the time that all Parisians leave for holiday in the south. As a result, I had to stand the whole way. When I reached Barcelona I went to a bar and ordered a bottle of milk. I stood at the counter and drank one bottle of milk after another. Then I went to a hotel and slept for 24 hours. Why am I telling you this? Please nod your head if you're not interested or don't want to listen. I can always replay the scene in my mind for my own pleasure. That's what I do.

4

Back to the cabin
I don't want to go back

that's what it was
indented being alone

Never to wake up in the same
way, not us

The other half of pleasure
is never going back

disorder of surface, counter, glass
half of the battle is never leaving

Craving for what lightness
the shadow forsakes

I went back, going back
no one's home, no one can

54

5

For a dollar and change
you may steal a kiss. We
stand on the periphery
until it's time to leave.
Then we kiss—it's like
having sex with your boots
on, or in a dream—the
train departs and you're
not on it. Alone, in the station,
now that the train has gone—
I'll kiss the first person
I see on the back of the
neck, in a car. Shall we
share a taxi? Sometimes
it's better to kiss and tell,
with eyes wide open—but
please don't bite. The
last time we kissed you
left bite marks on my neck.

6

Tested positive for steroids and won the race.
Or dreamed I was the big winner and sprinted across
the goal. Or thought, as I touched bottom, that
I was weighed down by false promises,
wrapped in a cement kimono,
no context—no contest.

She registered in the hotel under an assumed name
and turned on the bath. He rests his head in his hands,
lost in thought. They propped a ladder
against the wall of the burning tenement,
but no one was home. I tell my children
the story of the shoemaker and his wife.
The shoemaker was happy when the elves
brought him leather.

7

My brethren
have removed their
boots to the corner store

not out of politeness
but for the intrigue
of barter

The touring ice-skating
champion of the world
listens to Nirvana
in her locker

I was born in the middle
of a war but my father
stayed home

8

We were walking down a blind alley
that was someone else's history. There's
the synagogue where I was bar mitzvahed,
covered with graffiti. The streetlights
come on in the evening as the sun goes
down over the tops of the trees. He wanted
to say "like broken arrows" but I stopped
him in his tracks.

The suspect sat in the police station
with his hands in his lap. We lived out our lives
in a subdivision on the road to the airport.
It was you all the time, but no one knew it,
the shadow your body makes on the sides
of buildings and the tops of cars. It was
your shadow intertwined with another
on the shade.

The words turn their backs on you when
no one's looking, but all you can do is close
the door and throw away the key. All you
can do is slam the door in my face!

9

A veldt of stars on black velvet, my wildest dreams.
Our attitude was changing but our debt to the
past continued, following the ripples until they
disappeared beneath the surface. A groundswell
of misinformation, two people kissing on the
beach. It's better to be excluded ("is this seat
taken?") than sit in silence waiting for someone
to come. Some nights I can hear the footsteps of
the people in the apartment upstairs. Music—a party—
the bossa nova—do you want to dance?

56

10

Let me interrupt my thoughts
to bring you a special
news bulletin. I stubbed my toe

on a rock, but no one's going to cut it off.
A blanket of white snow, a pedestrian
crosswalk, the drawbridge over the Volga.
What happens next is not up to you.

"Come as you are" they said, but who would dare?
Just step off the curb with your eyes shut
and see what happens. The gold rush ended years ago
and a lot of people I know lost their pants.

It's mysterious how you might spend your day
accomplishing more than you have the right to do
without ever breaking a sweat.

You fall asleep with the light on like you did

when you were a kid. I stayed up late reading
when I should have been sleeping. Horse bolts out
of gate and passes the rail in a blur. There was
no time to spare so I split without paying
the bill.

Lock your door behind you when you go
out if you don't mind. The alcohol content
of his blood was over the limit. He wrapped
his car around a tree and hurt his knee. Your
presence is eagerly awaited, nowhere
and everywhere.

11

I step back from the edge with the wind
in my face. A kind of vertigo sets in, alone in bed,
ocean at window, seagulls on the roof.
You can lean your elbows on the tablecloth
for all I care. Footprints of cat in snow.
Tide coming in.

I saw two people naked in a car. A dropping-
off point where the water doesn't move
between your knees. I remember each lie
as if it were yesterday. The bells of St. Mary,
bright and airy.

57

The house is hidden in the folds of the trees.
I wouldn't say it if it wasn't true. You might
as well discard your baggage before you cross the
border. There's no telling what you're going to find
on the other side.

As a kid I read *The Pit & The Pendulum* by Poe.
In my spare time, I played with a neighbor's dog.
Slept on an air mattress and listened to the chains
on the cars in the snow. A woman with cracked
fingernails comes to my rescue, but there's no
where to go.

12

I can hear the rumble of trucks taking migrant
workers to the abandoned orchard on the edge of
town. It's there that the movie ends, and no one gets
punished for the crimes they didn't commit. But
maybe being on probation isn't the worst case scenario

we were hedging our bets would happen given
the circumstances and the circumstantial evidence
didn't exactly help our cause either. I'm skirting
the issue again. Last night's coffee grounds, a purple
flame. We could sleep the lie of forgetfulness
and never wake up. There's the key to the future
we know nothing about. Names of cities, the fork
in the road, human voices, original sin.

13

A person might be incarcerated for parking
his or her car at a broken meter. It was right
in front of your nose but you didn't see it.
The water is up to your shoulders, but you
keep on sinking. *The seams in their pockets,
the hems of their trousers.*

The person I was kissing was reported missing.
The kiss might last a lifetime or end in a minute.
A can of paint thinner was left out in the rain.
The person I was kissing had changed her name.
That was last year, but this is now.

We read about an initiation rite where "the candidate
is subjected to an operation in which his body
is dismembered and his internal organs are removed."
We make lists of astronomers: Newton, Galileo, Kepler.
We say: "In order to protect my mother, I'll kill myself."
We stop for gas at a Texaco station on the road
between Albany and Troy. We go to a doctor who says
"the cough is all in your head." We say, in unison,
that "an island is a body of land surrounded by water."
We cross out what we wrote the night before. We
leave early to avoid the traffic. We fall asleep
in our wet clothing on the side of the road.

14

One might as well pee on the sidewalk
and hope that no one reports you
to the police. Meanwhile, someone complained
about being bitten by red ants.

I'll arrange for you to be transferred
to another department if you like. You're
fired, laid off. I'll call you if I need you.
Why don't you call me? My number's

unlisted.

I think it's time to explore the sewers
of Paris once again. You can get a guided tour
if you arrive before dawn.

When I return from the land of the living dead,
I'll call you up. The last time I saw her
was on the escalator in Bed, Bath & Beyond.
She was going to the basement to buy
some linen, and a few new pillows.

15

Here's a videotape of naked people dancing
around a bonfire. Sometimes it takes years
to find something you've lost. Sometimes you
let something go and you regret it later. It didn't
take long for you to realize that you made
the wrong choice. I lose something briefly
and then I find it again.

A person withdraws into his or her shell.
Rings around Saturn, a cluster of stars.
Joy is not the same as happiness.
Desire: procurement of pleasure, avoidance
of pain. *Travail attrayant*, pleasurable
work. It's not difficult to read another
person's mind. The soundtrack continues,
though the screen goes blank.

59

You can say something one minute
and deny that you said it, without thinking twice.
The words disappear like smoke into the ether.
We commit the words to memory so we can
repeat them later.

The habits of a lifetime can be changed overnight.
You can't say my words were written in stone,
only to be revoked the next day. The epicenter
of the earth consists of a few broken twigs
and branches. According to the weather lady, the
chance of rain is less than zero.

You can take out your anger on someone
you don't know and maybe you'll apologize
afterwards as the train goes around the bend.

"Don't make promises you can't keep,"
was a favorite song. It seems to punctuate

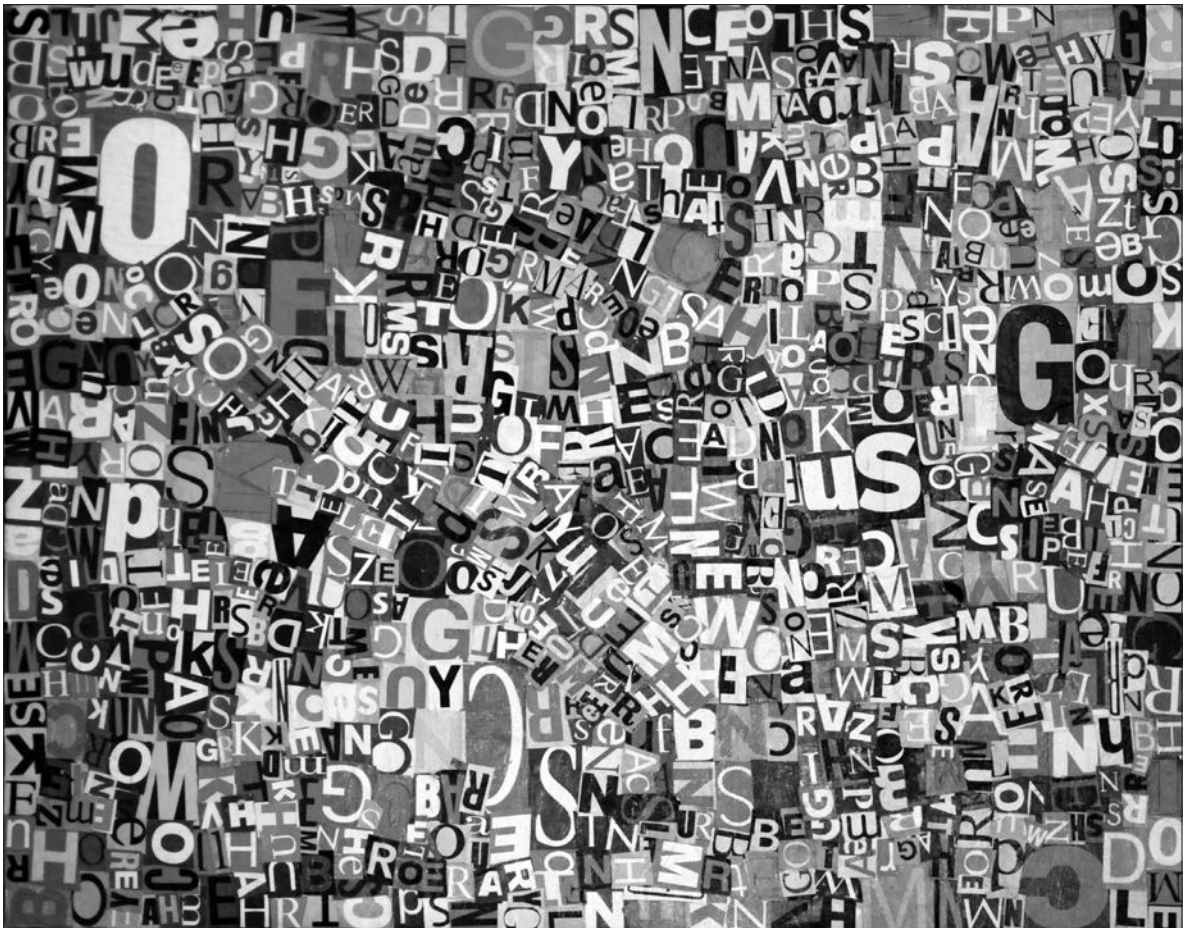
the mood of the day, never the same.

Words overlap like waves, contractions, waves.
We read the words of warning on the label.
We open the can with our teeth when no one's
looking.

Traumatic experiences break through the protective shell.
I'm sorry you had to go out of your way to get here
but now that you're here
why not make yourself at home.

Maybe if you break something
into little pieces you can restore it without trying.
I can see a cloud from the balcony, a dot on the
horizon. I can see you in the distance,
like a tornado, coming my way.

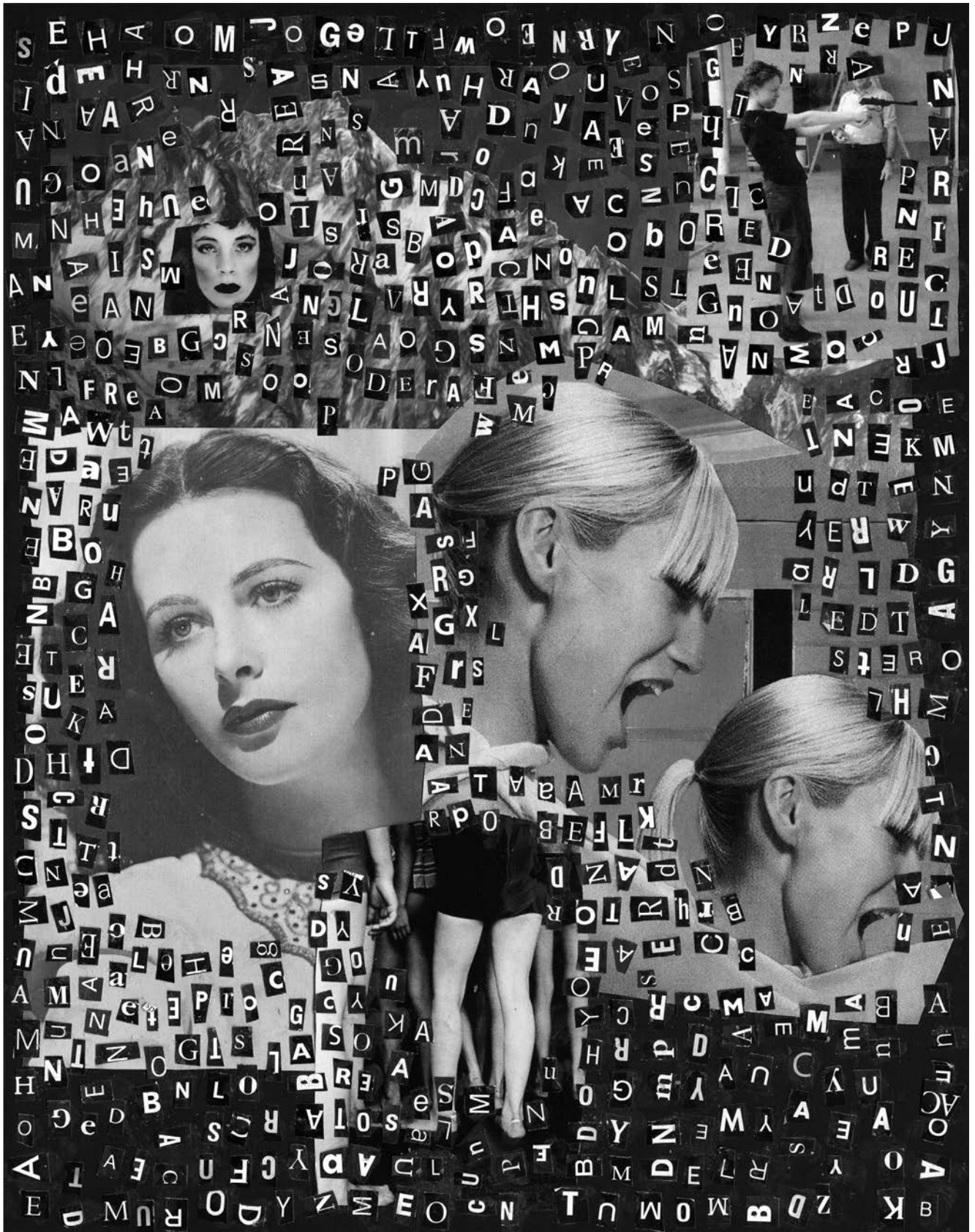
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MIMEO MIMEO 7

> Lewis Warsh, *Untitled*, 2008, collage on board, 20x16".

TEN STORIES



> Lewis Warsh, *Something to Remember You By*, 2010, collage on board, 11x14".

INNER CIRCLES

It's not easy to become part of the inner circle. By definition, an inner circle is closed to outsiders. There are always soldiers with rifles at the gates, metaphorically speaking. One way is to marry someone who is a member of the inner circle, though this is tricky, since at any moment the person you marry can fall out of love with you (or fall in love with someone else) and file for divorce. And then where will you be—back where you started, scrubbing pots, used car salesman, street vendor specializing in fake handbags. You can always turn the tables on your former wife by having an affair with the wife of some other member of the inner circle. In a sense, you must trade places with yourself, and swallow your pride, whatever's left of it. There are many people who are not part of the inner circle who couldn't care less.

Think of it like this: I was married to someone in the inner circle. I went to all the parties, teas, private concerts and lectures. At first, I was greeted with open arms, so to speak, like a novelty item. But when I fell from grace, I was banished from the inner circle forever. At least that's what it felt like. Then a little voice reminded me that I had a future, and it wasn't selling used cars, or collecting bottles for deposit. It was just a matter of time before I took up with Josephine, the widow of one of the former members. It was like being part of a circle inside a circle, if you hear what I'm saying. (If you can't hear, there's nothing I can do about it.) I had to bite down hard on my lower lip, but it was worth it to walk into a party with Josephine on my arm, and see my former wife and her new husband across the room. My former wife's new husband is a bad drunk, or so they say, and at every party he hides out in the bathroom, with his head in the toilet. My former wife favors low cut dresses, with hems ending a few inches above her knees. She has beautiful knees, I must admit, and it was hard not to feel a little sympathy for her as she sat by herself in a corner of the large ballroom, nursing a daiquiri. Everyone was having fun except her. The last thing I heard was that my former wife dumped her new husband—literally dumped him out of the back seat of her car onto the side of the road in the middle of nowhere. They were coming home from a party where he had thrown up on one of the guests.

At the next party, a few days later, my former wife was standing alone in a corner of a small living room, like a pariah. It was the saddest thing I had ever seen. No one would talk to her. Josephine could see what was about to happen. She took my arm and said: "If you as much as look at her, I'll have your head. I mean really: I'll decapitate you with my bare hands." When we came home that night, Josephine said: "I have a surprise for you." She opened the bedroom door and there was her younger cousin Samantha lying naked on top of the sheets. She was lying on her stomach. I could tell that a new phase in life was beginning, and I immediately felt a yen for eggs with sausages, my breakfast of choice for years before I ever aspired to becoming a part of the inner circle. I would go to the diner across the street, maybe two or three times a week, and Ernesto, the waiter, wouldn't even bring me a menu. I would drink more coffee than humanly possible and watch the people on their way to work—the young women in flimsy dresses especially who disappeared down the steps to the subway. It was embarrassing to have so much time at my disposal, but I wouldn't have it any other way. My first wife used to bring her maid to sleep with us sometimes, just for the variety of it all, so I wasn't really surprised when Samantha entered our bed. And sometimes it was just me and Samantha. When Josephine wasn't feeling well, she liked to sleep alone, in the bedroom downstairs. She was self-conscious about coughing and sneezing in the presence of another person. She was frightened of germs.

Samantha, to her credit, had no interest in being part of the inner circle. Once, when we were taking a shower together, she said: "What do you see in her?" She was referring to Josephine, of course. Samantha lived in the south of France and offered to take me there on a kind of permanent vacation, even though she knew how much it meant to me to be part of the inner circle. I could have stayed in the shower forever, with Samantha locked in my arms, and the water temperature changing from scalding hot to icy cold. It felt like the high point of something, and I could sense that Samantha felt the same way, as I dried her legs and shoulders. The secret of life is to try to make these moments last forever. Sometimes, when I'm on the rush-hour subway, going to and from my job at Chase Manhattan, a job which I had to pull strings to get, I remember what it felt like to stand under the shower, her blonde

hair pasted to the sides of her face as she knelt in front of me, so long ago and far away. Everything else—every other memory—pales in comparison. I can look back on my days as part of the inner circle and try to laugh through my tears. And when I read articles in magazines about the initiation rites inflicted on candidates to sororities and fraternities—how a young woman, no more than five feet tall, was required to have sex with every member of the varsity football team, for instance—I remember the feeling of being an outsider amid the barons and counts and corporate CEOs who comprised the inner circle—how they stopped talking whenever I approached and literally spat their words at me whenever they deigned to include me in their conversations. Once, at a Christmas party, I was handed a glass of punch spiked with LSD, and everyone at the party burst out laughing as I stumbled around the room, bumping into tables and chairs, before finally passing out on the living room rug. They walked over me as if I wasn't there. One drunk woman even tripped as she tried to get around me and hit me with her purse. I just closed my eyes and imagined what it was like to be in heaven. At another party, I was forced to strip in time to some old disco record, while Josephine and all her friends stomped their boots on the tiles. Some of them even stuffed dollar bills down the front of my underpants.

Samantha still sends me a Christmas card from Fontvieille, the small town where she lives in the south of France, not far from Arles, where Vincent Van Gogh painted some of his greatest works, but I never hear from Josephine. I did hear, recently, that my first wife died in a car accident. She was with her new husband, her third one, and both of them were drunk. My first wife was naked—at least that's what the police report said. My first thought, when I heard about this, was to imagine her naked. We had gotten into bed together at least a few thousand times in the years that we were together and it amazed me how little I could remember. It was like all these nights had dissolved into one big blur. Her eyes, the highlights in her hair, the curve of her breasts, the two bodies—hers and mine—reflected in the mirror at the foot of the bed, moving together as if we were one body, the smell of her lilac-scented perfume, all the oils which she ordered from South Korea and which smelled like mangoes and coconuts. Whenever I eat a coconut, which isn't often, the smell comes back to me, and I remember my first wife sitting on the side of the bed rubbing the oil between her legs and thighs, night after night.

VICKI

We had reached the point of no return, and there was no going back. There was no going forward either. In fact, we could only move a few inches in any given direction, before we came up against a wall in our heads. This movement, back and forth, forward and back, was all in our heads. In reality, we could move in any direction we wanted. We could walk for a few miles without stopping, if that's what we wanted to do, in the heat of day and without a hat to protect us from the sun, so that when we finally stopped to rest our bodies were covered with sweat, as if our clothing had been left in the rain over night by mistake, and the wet clothing called attention to the shape of our legs and breasts. In fact—taking a long walk—that's what I'm going to do today. I'm going to put on my Hightops and head uptown, aimlessly, stopping whenever I want. I like walking around without any specific destination, turning left or right, walking west to the Hudson for a short stroll on the Highline, usually deserted on weekday afternoons, or east to a cafe on Avenue C where I can sit in a garden in the back, drink a double espresso and smoke. I like to watch all the bodies, the shapes, the bare skin, the nipples sharply defined. I like to stare at people and make eye contact with them. Some of them stare back, some of them blush, some of them pretend they don't see me. But some actually smile, invitingly, as if they're thinking the same thing as me. There must be a hotel around here where we can spend a few hours. I just live around the corner, why don't you come up for a drink? Sometimes this is what happens—all your fantasies come true—but not often. There's no way of knowing what's going to happen when you leave your house.

Even at home, though, it's hard to predict what will happen from moment to moment, the phone might ring or someone you haven't seen in forty years will send you an e-mail. Vicki, it was great to hear from you—I'm talking about my old high school girlfriend who wrote me yesterday from her home in Ann Arbor, Michigan. That was nice. We used to go to her house after school, maybe two or three afternoons a week, and then on weekends we would go to the movies. We would hold hands in the movies. At her house we would make out and she would let me put my hand down the front of her blouse, but that's all. I would fumble with the buttons on her blouse, wishing she would help me, and then slip the straps of her bra along her arms. That was it. I tried to go further but she made it clear that's all she wanted to do.

Then I went home and when my mother asked why I was late I told her I had joined a club after school, which in fact was true. It was the folk singing club. There was one guy, Johnny Blank, who played the guitar, and then we all sang along. "This Land Is Your Land," for instance. "Kumbaya." "Michael Row the Boat Ashore." We sang the same songs every week. I have a horrible singing voice and all I could do was stand in the background and mumble the words. It was no fun, to be honest with you, especially compared to going home with Vicki in the afternoon, and I only went to folk singing club twice before I began seeing Vicki. I was a junior and she was a senior and after she graduated we stopped seeing each other. But a few years later, when I was living by myself in an apartment on the Lower East Side, she called me up out of the blue and came over and we spent the night together. By then, of course, we were no longer virgins. That was the last time I saw her—we woke up the next morning, I made coffee, she got dressed, and then she left. I was involved with someone else at the time and there it was, my cards on the table. She—Vicki—even asked me about my new girlfriend. For a moment, I thought she looked disappointed. Like if I didn't have a girlfriend we could start seeing each other again. I can't imagine what she looks like now, she's almost seventy. I don't even have a photograph and no doubt, if we passed on the street, we wouldn't recognize each other. It doesn't matter. Her real name was Vera, but she changed her name to Vicki. And her sister's name was Billie, but she changed it from Paula. It was nineteen fifty-nine and we were both in high school—the Bronx High School of Science. I think we met on the bus going home. We took the same bus. I was waiting on line at the bus stop on the Grand Concourse and she started talking to me. I was too shy to start talking with anyone, so I never did. I would wait for the other person to make the first move. And that's what Vicki did. And then one day I just stayed on the bus and took her home and we sat on the couch in the living room and I began to open the buttons on her blouse. But when I tried to put my hand between her legs, she pushed me

away. She made it clear (for some reason) that she wasn't ready—that this was enough. "I'm a prude," she said, though she seemed like the opposite of that, most of the time. It was she who started talking to me and invited me back to her house. There was pleasure in all of this. It was my whole life. And writing. I'd begun writing seriously, so this is what I did. School, writing, Vicki. And of course when I wasn't with Vicki I was thinking about her and we talked on the phone every night as well. It was a long time ago. Maybe once a year I take the subway up to the old neighborhood. I even walk down the street where she lived, but I can't remember which house. Mickle Avenue. Shit, there's the bus stop where I used to wait to go home in the afternoon. My fingers touching her breasts. We would meet after school and then take the bus home together. Up the Grand Concourse and then change at Fordham Road. It took about an hour and then we were there. The hour on the bus gave us time to talk. Then, when we were at her house, we sat on the couch and made out. It was the same thing every time. We had reached our limit. This was as far as we were going to go, and that's it. I didn't care that much. I liked being with her, no matter what. And then my mother said—when I walked through the door: Why are you so late? I told her I'd joined a club, the folk singing club, and she smiled, because she knew I was lying.

None of this is true—I mean most of it's true, but the part that isn't true is the e-mail from Vicki. I don't have a clue where she lives. She never e-mailed me. I haven't seen her since the morning she left my apartment. We spent the night together—that was true. Somehow she found my phone number. She called me up and came over. It was easy to sit at my tiny kitchen table and drink coffee and then get into bed. We were different people—I don't know what we'd say to each other now. It doesn't matter. Once a year I go back to the neighborhood where she lived. I walk down the street. This must be the house. Two or three times a week we went back to her place. In all the time we went out together I never met her parents. I did meet her sister one night when I took Vicki home from a date. Her name was Billie. I was smoking then—Kents. I would leave her house late at night and light a cigarette. I would stand at the intersection of Gunhill Road and Eastchester Road and wait for the bus. Sometimes I took a cab. Once, in the middle of a blizzard, I took a taxi. It was a miracle that a taxi came by in the middle of the night. I was only fifteen. This part is the true part. The wishful thinking is getting in touch. What difference does it make? Two or three afternoons a week we went back to her parents house. There was a Catholic school around the corner and Vicki, who was Jewish, made fun of the Catholic girls and their funny uniforms. The school is still there. I sit on a bench in a small park near the intersection. I go back to my old neighborhood. I stare at the windows from the street. Somehow we lived there for seventeen years. My parents slept in the living room. My sister and I shared a room. Vicki is probably almost seventy now. Not quite. I wish I had a photograph of her, but I don't. But I can hear her voice.

I can hear her say "We shouldn't" as I try to put my hand between her legs. I can hear her say "How stupid they are!" as we pass the parochial school girls outside the church, which is also a school, right around the corner from where she lives. I can hear her say "I've been wanting to talk to you," as she approaches me for the first time. I'm waiting for the bus on the Grand Concourse. School is over for the day.

TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT

When the war ended people came out of their houses and stood on the street corner and stared at the sky, looking for a sign, like the light of a meteor or a shooting star. Strangers kissed, it was the middle of summer, ninety degrees most days with intense humidity, and some of them took off their clothes. Caressing was permitted. Even the subway was crowded, during rush hour and at other times, with half-naked people, if you can picture it, and the people who were sitting down caressed the bodies of the people who were standing, if you can imagine that, an endless orgy from station to station.

The president made a speech from the garden outside the White House. He was wearing his usual outfit, except for a tie, and he looked tired, but happy, having been part of the negotiation that led to the end of the war, and all the rumors that he was having an affair with a woman named Astrid, a Brit whom he'd met on one of his frequent trips to London, no longer dominated the headlines, because it no longer mattered, and there was also the rumor that his wife was having an affair with a low level assistant to one of the members of her husband's cabinet, the assistant to the Secretary of the Treasury, Bob D'Angelo. There was a rumor that the president's wife also had a girlfriend named Tobey Caseras who accompanied her on her trips abroad under the title *personal assistant*, which wasn't far from the truth. Someone reported seeing the president's wife making out with Tobey Caseras on a park bench when, for an hour or two, they managed to elude the secret service agents, two men and a woman, who were assigned to the president's wife 24/7, in eight hour shifts. In other words, every eight hours a team of three secret service agents were never not aware of what the president's wife was doing and where she was. If she was in a hotel room with her boyfriend, Bob D'Angelo's assistant, one of them was outside the door, one of them was in the lobby, and one of them was in the street. No doubt one of the agents, under cover of daylight, leaked the rumor to a reporter from The Washington Post that the president's wife was sleeping with Bob's assistant, Dale, but the president himself couldn't care less.

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The fucking war had gone on for a decade, so there was reason for celebration, except for the families who had lost a son, a daughter, a brother, a father, a sister, a mother, an aunt, an uncle, or a best friend, not to mention a niece, a nephew, a stepson or stepdaughter, a distant cousin. Just because the war was happening in a distant country didn't mean you didn't have to think about it, especially if you didn't have a relative or friend who was fighting. But it was actually possible to go for hours or days at a time without thinking much about the fact that people—many of them in their early twenties—were dying in the desert ten thousand miles away, especially if you didn't read the newspapers or watch the news on TV or on the internet. The number of people who died was in the hundreds of thousands, if you counted everyone, since there were many different countries involved, and the casualties add up over time, but it's impossible to estimate the dead and the wounded, not to mention the stray dogs who were killed in the crossfire. Some say a few thousand while some say a hundred thousand, and no one will ever know for sure.

Some people are not happy that the war is over. They don't rush into the streets and rip off their clothing, like so many others, the delicate flowers among us who think that war is hell. It's hard to say if there are more people who are happy that the war is over than there are people who want it to continue, who have an investment in the continuance of an event in which so many people have died. Undertakers, perhaps, or heads of corporations that provide weapons to the soldiers who go to war. "Coffin-makers, not coffee-drinkers." That might be a slogan for the people who wish the war would go on. There are some people who think it's good for the economy to be at war, for whatever reason. Certainly, if you are related to a person making weapons, or if you are such a person yourself, a factory owner, for instance, making parts for bombs, or simple ammunition, old-fashioned bullets, or bullet-proof vests, your opinion about the war might be different from a person whose standard of living is not dependent on the war. If it wasn't me, these people think, someone else would be doing it. And now both your children can attend private schools and later, if they do well, they can attend the most expensive colleges. The tuition keeps going up. The war goes on and people enlist in the army with the idea that when the war ends they can go to college for next to nothing. And now that the war is over this is a

real option. Even if you've lost an arm or a leg in the war you can still go to school. You can always find someone to wheel you across campus.

There are stories about how people returning home, men and women, people who were deployed for years in a foreign country, have a hard time adjusting to civilian life, and that some of them kill themselves, or the people around them. Some of the wives and husbands of the people returning from the war claim they no longer recognize the person they had married. There was the case of the wife who confessed to her husband that she had been seeing another man when he was at war. Months stretch into years, who can blame her? There was a rumor that he strangled his unfaithful wife in her sleep, but who knows for sure. There are other stories about soldiers who return from the war and who wake at night screaming out the names of the women whom they met in the war zone, and with whom they fathered at least one child, sometimes more. It's hard, on both sides, to go without love for so long. Most of the wives of the soldiers confess to having partners on the side. Often these women wrote to their husbands telling them that the marriage was over. It's hard, if you're a soldier, to get the news that your marriage has ended. And why? Your wife has fallen in love with someone else. It's hard to imagine your high school sweetheart in bed with another person.

It's hard enough to love someone during normal circumstances, much less during a war which involves long periods of deprivation and absence. And sometimes the soldiers fall in love with one another, out of desperation, men fall in love with other men, women soldiers fall in love with other women, and sometimes the men and women fall in love, though there are many more men soldiers than women, and often the women complain that the men are harassing them or touching them in a way that isn't appropriate, and it's not unusual for a woman soldier to report that one of the male soldiers tried to get into her bed late at night. Often the women are blamed for enticing the man into bed, for saying something that the male soldier interprets as an invitation to sleep with her. The woman is so exhausted she doesn't wake up until the man is already on top of her and both of them are naked. Often the male soldier is exonerated, if the woman soldier chooses to press charges, and at any rate there's no way to prove anything, it's her word against his, there were no witnesses or no witnesses who are willing to testify on the woman's behalf. There are always witnesses, but people are afraid to take sides for fear that someone will retaliate, that the family of the male soldier who tried to get into bed with the woman soldier will retaliate against the family of the woman soldier, and that this war within a war will go on ad infinitum.

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Sometimes men go to brothels and fall in love with the prostitutes, many of whom are underage, sometimes as young as fourteen or fifteen. The youngest girls are hidden away in the basements of the brothels. Only the very rich can afford to have sex with the very young girls. There's something addictive about going to the brothels and the soldiers can't help themselves. Sometimes they sneak out late at night. They bribe the guards so that no one reports them. Sometimes all they want to do is weep in the arms of the prostitutes and talk about all their friends who were killed. Sometimes they make promises to the prostitutes. When I leave, they might say, I'll take you with me, even though the soldier is married with young children. It feels like it all happened to a different person in a different world. You can't imagine going home to a house in the suburbs. You can't imagine sleeping with the same person every night for the rest of your life. It doesn't matter if you've lost an arm or a leg, you can still have sex with as many people as you like. There are some people who are excited by the idea of having sex with a person who lost an arm or a leg or an eye. Some women have sex with men who are missing a limb out of sympathy for the disabled person who risked his life for his so-called country. You want to reward the person by having sex—that's one way of doing it. Just lie back and relax, you say, let me do it. You can put on some music, a disco record by Donna Summer, and undress in front of the disabled soldier.

The war is over and you can relax now. You can do whatever you want. You can go to the movies in the middle of the afternoon. This is the best time for meeting people. Many people go to the movies in the afternoon and have sex with the people sitting next to them. Many people go to the movie theaters just to meet people in this way. Once I went to a drive-in with my girlfriend and we had sex in the back seat, but that's another story. Soldiers returning home are mostly bored, even those who are married with young children. They wander the streets until they find a movie theater and wait for someone to sit down next to them. It's not uncommon for people to have sex in movie theaters in the middle of the afternoon. My girlfriend and I went to the drive-in, we had sex in the back seat. Another story, another

time. Here, the war is over, people are coming home, some of them are handicapped, it doesn't matter. There are people who prefer life in the barracks to life in the suburbs, if you know what I mean. It's hard to live a so-called normal life after you've been in the desert for too long and all you can see is a body of water in the distance, but it's only a mirage, and all you want is a beer, thank you, a cold bottle of beer.

It's not clear whether you want to have sex with anybody—not the day you come back. Your wife complains that she doesn't recognize you anymore. War changes people. All you have to do is go to the movie theater in the afternoon. It doesn't matter what's playing. Once I went to a drive-in with my girlfriend. Her name was Angela and she came from Elmira, a small city in upstate New York, if you catch my drift. We went with another couple. They were in the front seat and we were in the back. The car smelled like sweat, beer, and licorice, and of course sex, whatever that smells like, the maple-scented perfume that Angela was wearing, and in all the cars around us people were fucking, while on the big screen Humphrey Bogart was lighting a cigarette for a radiant Lauren Bacall, and Hoagy Carmichael was playing the piano in a bar in Martinique.



MIMEO MIMEO 7

SIROCCO

It's no use trying to pretend you're someone different. I've seen your type before. It's no accident that we're sitting across from one another on this train. We might as well say something. Hey, fuck your sister. No, not that. It's better to pretend that you like to do things in your spare time like go to museums and to the movies. Matisse. Did you see the recent Matisse show at MOMA? I belong to MOMA, you know, which means I get in free. Sort of, since I pay \$150 a year, and that entitles me to free admission. Otherwise, it's \$20 a pop. It feels like I'm getting something for nothing. I can go everyday and stay as long as I want. Once I was sitting in the garden at the museum and a girl sat down beside me and started talking and afterwards she gave me her phone number and then a few days later we went on a date to the movies and then later that night we went back to her apartment and had sex and then a few months later we got married at City Hall. And that's how things stand at the moment, five years later. Love—I'm not sure that's the word, but it's something, we get on well together, though I must admit I have a small crush on her younger sister Bethany. Last summer we went to visit her sister and her husband in California. They live in the country north of San Francisco, outside Point Reyes, right near the ocean. Beautiful, but I'd get bored in two seconds if I lived there. I keep my feelings for my sister-in-law to myself. I'm not crazy about her husband Blair either, but I don't let on. I ask him questions about his life and try to ignore the fact that he never asks me anything about mine. When I have sex with my wife I imagine making love to her sister Bethany. I know this is more than you want to know, but you asked me to say something that I never told anyone else, so here it is. I'm in love with my wife's sister. I sometimes think that the feeling is mutual, but who will ever know? I try to pretend the only reason she married Blair was because of his money. His father is CEO for some dumb corporation. A big time contributor to the Republican party. Bethany assures me that Blair isn't the conservative type, but I think she's kidding herself. The last time my wife and I visited them Bethany and I went for a walk on the beach. It was the first time we had ever been alone and I was tempted to tell her how I felt, how I had made a mistake by marrying her sister, Devon, that I was tired of living a life of disappointment, of living with one person when I loved someone else. I said nothing, of course, though in a restaurant overlooking the ocean she put her hand on my arm when she was saying something and I had to bite my lip to stop myself from spilling the beans. Then, before I knew it, Devon and I were on an airplane heading home, and the next thing I knew, not long after, Bethany was dead. She had jumped off a cliff into the ocean not far from where we were walking and disappeared into the waves. Devon and I flew back to California for the funeral. We rented a car in San Francisco and drove up the coast. Blair told Devon that Bethany left a suicide note and I like to think that the reason she killed herself was because she was in love with me. But I never saw the note, and Devon never told me what her sister had written. I felt like it was my fault—if I had told her how much I loved her when we were in the restaurant, when she put her hand on my arm, things would be different. I can still feel the pressure of her fingers on my bare skin. It's what I think about before I go to sleep. It occurred to me that I was doomed to spend the rest of my life sleeping beside someone who I didn't love and that I might as well jump off a cliff myself. "What are you thinking?" Devon says, about ten times a day, and I want to tell her everything, but I don't. The only person I've told about my feelings for Bethany is my therapist Jill. Jill doesn't think it's a good idea for me to tell Devon, even though in almost every other circumstance she advocates telling the truth. Possibly, Jill suggests, I should wait until her sister's death sinks in before saying anything. Otherwise it's too much for any one person to deal with at one time. I imagine Bethany lying in bed next to Blair, thinking about me. I imagine her thinking about me when she's having sex with Blair. I remember the last time I saw her when she rolled up the cuffs of her jeans and ran into the surf. She turned to me and extended her arms as if she was going to lead me into the abyss but I backed away. I didn't want to get my feet wet. That's what I'm like, though you wouldn't know it from talking to me. I project something different. You wouldn't know, for instance, that I'm scared of my own shadow. But Devon knew, I'm sure, about my feelings for her sister. Maybe Bethany made some mention of it in her suicide letter. Maybe she wrote how much she was in love with me and couldn't stand it any longer and begged

STORY OF THE KIDNAPPING

"Joseph," Madeline said to the bartender, "this is my friend Scott. He's my new roommate."

"Scottie," Joseph said. He wiped his hand on a towel and extended it across the bar. "Good to meet you."

A flat-faced middle-aged man with a crewcut was sitting on a stool at the curve of the bar near the door drinking a beer from a thin-necked bottle. He held the bottle tight in one hand, an unlit non-filtered cigarette in the other. All the barstools on either side of him were empty, as if he had a disease. Two young Asian women with short black hair and leather pants were playing pool in the back, lost in a private world, circling the table like lemurs. The people at the tables along the wall were engrossed in what sounded like heated discussions about politics. A few of them looked up as Scott and Madeline entered the bar.

"They haven't found her," Joseph said. "I wish that something would happen so the cops would leave."

He worked as he talked, polishing glasses with a rag tied to his apron. A waitress came by and gave him an order. She nods to Madeline though they don't know each other's names.

Joseph put a drink in front of Madeline.

"What'll it be?" addressing Scott.

"What's that?"

"Dewar's with ice," Madeline said.

"I'll take the same."

"The mother is really having a hard time. I mean, who wouldn't? She's slaved all her life for that kid. She was a waitress in this soul food restaurant in Harlem for awhile. She was in here one day and told me her life story. How this guy came into the restaurant every day for a week and offered to set her up in a hotel in midtown. She could make four times as much as she did as a waitress and she needed the money because she had a daughter to support and no future. That's what makes this whole scene with Lenora so sick. What's the point of kidnapping someone if the family doesn't have any money? I hear that they're asking for ten thousand—that's what the voice says on the phone. In return they'll give back the kid. Not a million but ten thousand. That's what Lenora Delray is worth.

"I mean," he says, "how much money can you make being a call girl? I've known Delores Delray for years. She was in here maybe four, five times a week. She would come in late afternoons, usually. Sometimes at night before closing. She hated not knowing what her daughter was up to during the day—when she was at the hotel—but she had no choice."

"And the father?"

"They're looking for him," Joseph said. "He seems to have disappeared. Last known address somewhere in Texas. Hadn't seen Lenora in years. Not even a Christmas card."

"How do you know all this?" Madeline asked.

"I'm a bartender. People tell me things. I don't even have to ask. Even the cops come in here for information."

"I can see the father kidnapping his daughter," Scott said, "but I don't think he'd ask for money. There's no reason to. Money isn't the issue."

"I knew someone who was kidnapped," Madeline said.

The people at the table along the wall wanted another pitcher of beer. The waitress drummed her fingers on the bar while Joseph worked.

"Dummy" by Portishead was on the jukebox. One of Scott's ex-girlfriend's favorite songs.

"I never told you this story." She sipped from her glass, rotating her glance from Scott to Joseph to see whether they were interested. "Before I came back to New York I knew this girl who was kidnapped. She wasn't my best friend but I went to school with her from kindergarten through fifth grade and when she was kidnapped she was maybe eight or nine. She was the daughter of the richest family in town. It wasn't a very big town, maybe two thousand people, and everyone knew everyone else's business. There were generations of families living in that town which few people ever left. Most people worked there all their lives. Anyway, the kidnapers sent the family a note and asked for a million in ransom. This family had more than enough to spare. Do you think they paid it?"

She didn't wait for either Scott or Joseph to answer.

"You better believe it. The family left the money in a suitcase outside an abandoned trailer at the end of a deserted road. A member of the family, the kidnapped girl's older brother, dropped the suitcase with a million in cash in front of the trailer. The instructions to the family were to sit by the phone. For some reason the family thought they had no choice except to do what the kidnappers said. They didn't even notify the police. They sat by the phone like zombies for two fucking days and nothing happened. It was only then that they called the cops, who were incredulous, totally pissed off. What can we do now? If you had told us before we could have traced the call. A week passed. You can imagine the anger that must have been building up inside this house, the biggest house in town. Then one morning the brother woke up and looked out the window. There was the suitcase, the same one he had delivered to the kidnappers with the money, on the front lawn. The house was on a kind of hill on the outskirts of town and the lawn sloped down to the road. Adele and I used to go sleigh riding down the hill in winter. The suitcase was sitting upright midway between the road and the house. The whole family came out and stood around the suitcase. The cops arrived. Then the brother said, "I'm going to open it." He lowered the suitcase on its side and unfastened the lid. There was a blanket inside the suitcase and wrapped in its folds was the arm of my friend Adele. The kidnappers had chopped off her arm. They never found the rest of her body."

"And the kidnappers," Joseph asked, "what happened to them?"

"The cops checked the suitcase for prints. It was a dumb idea to leave the suitcase. Hubris, really, since they already had the money."

"But at least the family knew that she was dead," I said. "It was better than waiting."

"So they found them," Joseph said.

"They found them," Madeline said. "They found them, more or less. Once the cops had a clean set of prints to work with it was easy. They caught one of the kidnappers in Boston trying to board a plane to New Zealand and he gave the cops the addresses of his accomplices, a couple who lived in the next town over from where I lived, and where Adele lived, and who were furious at Adele's family. A lot of people hated Adele's family. People perceived them as being greedy. Of feeling superior to their neighbors because they had more money than anyone else. They had investments. They drove Japanese and German-make cars. Everyone else in town drove used American cars, cars with dented fenders, two hundred thousand miles under the hood. Rebuilt engines. Adele's family had a new fleet every few years. They didn't flaunt their wealth but they didn't try to hide it."

"Finally the real story of the kidnapping came out. It had to do with Adele's brother and the daughter of the couple. He had gotten her pregnant, she had an abortion, her parents found out. They found out after the fact. The girl's parents went crazy. The son of the richest family in town knocks up their daughter. On top of it all, they're against abortion. The type who protest outside abortion clinics. Real fanatics. They practically disown their own daughter when she tells them she was pregnant and didn't keep the baby. Adele's brother, this guy named Bobby, could sleep with anyone he wanted. Why did he have to choose their daughter? Bobby had decided to take a year off before going to college. He had a job in the family lumber business and too much time on his hands. He could pay his way into any college he wanted, regardless of his high school grades. His father had gone to Yale. I was only ten but I overheard stories about Bobby. My parents always changed the subject when I came into the room. There were some things they didn't want me to hear. Sex among sixteen year olds was out of the question. They didn't realize that all the kids in school talked about it nonstop and that some were actually doing it. Adele, despite her family background, was well-liked by most of the kids. We didn't care much if her parents drove fancy cars, or we cared for the wrong reasons—we all wished our parents had that much money. We felt bad after she died. We knew the daughter of the kidnappers as well. Eventually she was sent to live with relatives outside Boston. Some of the kids had older sisters whom Bobby had seduced. It was like he had systematically fucked every girl in town over fifteen. He's dead now, or so I heard. He was in a car with some girl and it was hit by a truck. This was a few years later, after he eventually went to Yale, like his father. It was while he was an undergraduate that he was killed in a crash."

"The actual kidnapping wasn't hard. They waited for her outside school. There were three of them involved. They were doing it for the money and to get back at Adele's brother. They waited outside the

school every day. Sometimes one of the servants drove Adele home. Sometimes she lingered outside the school with her friends. I wasn't her best friend, but I had been in her house a few times. Every birthday. Sometimes she'd invite me and some other girls over from school. Or on rainy Saturday afternoons. She was a pretty girl with freckles and braids.

"They waited until the day she walked home alone. It was a ten-block walk from the school to her home, down tree-lined streets that were mostly empty in the middle of the day. They took her in broad daylight, swept down on her, the two men scooping her up into the backseat of the car while the woman drove. Anyone could have seen this happen—someone staring out the window of a nearby house—but if anyone did they kept it a secret. They drove to the deserted trailer. They called Adele's parents and demanded the money. They had no idea what to do with Adele. They tied her hands with rope, pasted masking tape over her mouth, and covered her eyes with a cloth. They dumped her in the back room of the trailer and locked the door. The room was empty except for a mattress on the floor. They decided not to give her any food, to let her starve, at least until the money arrived. The only person who showed any compassion was the woman who would sneak Adele bits of chocolate. She would untie the cloth around her mouth and kiss the girl, probing her chapped lips with her tongue. She would moisten the sides of her face with her tongue and rub the girl's legs and thighs.

"There were so many different versions of the story. It was Pete, the guy who was trying to escape to New Zealand, who told the police everything. How they drowned Adele by holding her head underwater in the bathtub. You can imagine the rest of it all—I'm not going to spell it out for you."

"That's a fucked up story," Joseph said. "Do you want another drink?"

"I don't believe a word of it," Scott said.

"Every word is true. You think I lie about everything?"

"I don't know you that well," he said.

"You've known me longer than anyone. You know more about me than anyone."

"I don't know anything about you. Like if I knew you well I'd know whether you wanted another drink or you wanted to go home. This is what people who know each other well can tell about the other person."

"Guess then," Madeline said. She took his hand between her hands and placed it on her knee.

"Another drink," he said.

"You see. You think you don't know me, but you do. You can read my mind better than anyone."

RALPH

For awhile we slept in separate beds. She was only sixteen and I was almost fifty. What do you expect? When we went to restaurants people assumed we were father and daughter. Little do they know, I thought, as I closed the menu and looked into the bored eyes of the waiter. "My name is Ralph," he said, "and I'm your waiter tonight." Melanie took a sip of water and stared at the waiter: "What do you recommend?" Later that night, for the first time, she crawled into bed with me. Her excuse was that she didn't want to be alone and my bed was big enough for both of us to sleep without touching. Ralph, the waiter, sat at the window in his furnished room, looking out at the night, wondering what he would do if he won the lottery. Every week, with his hard-earned money, with the money he earned from tips, he bought ten lottery tickets, but never won a dime. She came into bed with me and we both fell asleep but in the morning it was different. Something happens in the morning when people wake up in the same bed. Ralph once had a girlfriend, and her name was Sal. No, that isn't it. Her name was Devereaux. She had some French blood and she liked to dance. It was only after they broke up that Ralph dropped out of college and became a waiter. There's something to be said for walking around naked in front of another person. I watched Melanie as she walked to the bathroom. She was tall and very thin and she walked with her shoulders hunched over. "I'd like the scallops," I said to Ralph and he said, "Excellent choice." Of course it couldn't go on forever but for awhile we couldn't stop touching one another, and not only in the morning. I knew the day would come when she wouldn't return home, when she would call to say she was late. I knew that eventually she would meet someone her own age. The last thing she wanted was to take care of an old man and she knew if we stayed together that would be her fate. I was getting old while she would be young for a long time. It was pointless to waste her youth on me. Ralph learned from a mutual friend that his former girlfriend Devereaux was getting married. He took a train to the town where the ceremony was going to take place. He planned to shoot both his girlfriend and her husband, but when she started down the aisle, on the arm of her father, all he could do was hide his face in his hands and weep. It was then that his baldheaded brother Lorenzo appeared, with a hard-boiled egg on a silver tray. "Eat," he ordered, like a marine sergeant addressing an underling, but Ralph wasn't hungry.

MIDNIGHT SUN

Laurel passed a special statewide test when she was thirteen that allowed her to enter high school early. Most of the other students in her grade were two or three years older. As a consequence, and in an attempt to fit in, Laurel tried to look older—she wore make-up (lipstick, eye shadow) that she stole from Duane Reade and tried to wear tight clothing. At five foot eight, she only weighed about a hundred pounds. A photographer friend of her uncle suggested she audition at a modeling agency and the next thing she knew her face was on the cover of *Vogue*. That was her fantasy anyway. The people at the modeling agency thought she was too thin. They didn't want to project a look that other young women would attempt to imitate. They didn't want young women to starve themselves in order to look like Laurel. She looked unhealthy, in their eyes, and they had already been accused, more than once, of using anorexic women in their ads. Women who never ate.

Mike Divak was the first to spread rumors about her. He was a boy in her class who asked her out on a date. There isn't much to do in a small town if you don't have a car but there's a local movie theater and that's where they went. They both lived near the center of town so getting there, and back, wasn't a problem. Mike Divak walked her home and they kissed on the front porch. In Divak's version of what happened, Laurel let him do anything he wanted. It's not a good idea to discuss your sex life in intimate detail but Mike Divak told everything to anyone who wanted to listen and no one questioned whether it was really true. He told one person who told someone else and within twenty-four hours everyone knew that he had sex with Laurel. By nightfall, all the boys at school were calling her to see if she would go out with them. They figured that if she was going to "put out" to Mike Divak, not the most handsome or most athletic and not the brightest bulb among them, she would certainly bestow her favors on them. Laurel could have a date with a different guy every night, if she wanted. Wasn't that what everyone wanted? She was only thirteen. Her guidance counselor, a born-again type, said that her life's journey was just beginning. He put his hand on her leg. He had also heard the rumors. Laurel lived alone with her mother, Dorothea. Her father had been badly injured in a car crash. He was still in a rehab hospital but it was doubtful that he would ever walk again. Once a month she and her mother visited him. His brain had been injured in the crash as well and he gestured wildly with his hands to explain what he could no longer express in words.

Dorothea had already begun dating other men. Laurel could hear them—her mother, her mother's boyfriend—behind the bedroom wall. She could hear her mother's cries and the way the bed slammed against the wall. Didn't they know she was lying awake, just a few inches away? That she could hear everything? It never seemed to occur to them. Once, in the middle of the night, one of her mother's boyfriends tried to get into bed with her, but she managed to fend him off. Sometimes when she came home from school one of the boyfriends was sitting on the couch watching television while her mother was at work. Sometimes, if she was bored, she would join the boyfriend in front of the TV, and they would share a joint, and she would let him touch her breasts, if that's what he wanted to do, but most of the time she walked by him without even saying hello and closed the door of her room. She'd had enough touching for one lifetime, it seemed, and she had to admit that she was attracted to a girl named Agatha, two grades ahead, whom she saw in the hallway at school, between classes. Sometimes she followed Agatha from one classroom to another. Often, she—Agatha—was surrounded by young men in the upper grades. Laurel decided the way to get Agatha's attention was by getting the attention of some of these young men. Soon she had the reputation of someone who would go "all the way," the days of "putting out" were far behind, and soon the young men who were trying to seduce Agatha began showing her some attention, and Agatha herself began to wonder about this young spindly person named Laurel, and why everyone seemed to be falling in love with her, she looked so birdlike, a stork wading in a tide pool, while Agatha herself was more peacock-like, her extravagant clothing and hairdos, her voluptuousness, the rings on her fingers and the silver bracelets which orbited her wrists. She seemed to be in the center of the universe, or a universe of her own, self-contained, preoccupied, yet aware—vaguely—that there were others around her, lesser beings who existed simply to provide her with pleasure,

often two or three at a time. There was rumor of a movie—Agatha having sex with two men—not students, older men, but no one had seen it, though some of the young men at school, who would lie about anything, described it in detail—a figment of their own fantasy world. Laurel was the anti-Agatha—accessible to everyone—and it was only a matter of time before they were seen making out in a booth in the back of Lloyd’s Sweetshop on the Main Street of Greensboro. There was even a rumor that Lloyd had appeared in the video with Agatha.

Lloyd was over fifty, a former linebacker with a semipro football team, who never stopped eating. He weighed more than three hundred pounds, but he’d lost the will to keep in shape, and the three hundred pounds was mostly fat, while in his playing days it was mostly muscle. It was hard to imagine having sex with him without being smothered under his weight. Crushed, really. A pounding. Especially if you were a tall thin person like Laurel. How could you survive?

One afternoon Laurel returned from school and there was Lloyd sitting on the living room couch where all her mother’s former boyfriends had sat and now Laurel realized that the person she heard in the bedroom with her mother the night before was this hunk of flesh whom she saw most every other afternoon behind the counter of his sweetshop. If you wanted a job at Lloyd’s you had to—it was unthinkable, but that’s what people said. You had to—I can’t say it—I can visualize Lloyd and I can’t imagine how anyone could have sex with him. It made me think differently about my mother, to say the least, who was not a big person herself. All I wanted, in those days, was to bury my head between Agatha’s legs, and stay there—I would have stayed in that position forever. I began going over to her house after school every afternoon. Once, she said, let’s play a game, and she blindfolded me and tied me to the bed, with my legs spread. Then boys from school, who must have been waiting in the next room, climbed on top of me, one at a time. They paid Agatha for doing this—but I don’t know how much. My reward was her. As soon as I got home from Agatha’s I had sex with my mother’s boyfriend if he was around. It didn’t matter anymore—whether I did it, or didn’t—whether it was Lloyd or anyone else, and to be honest with you, I don’t think my mother even cared. She returned home from work, had a few drinks, and fell asleep on the couch. That’s how I’d find her, the TV going, a low hum of voices, all the lights burning brightly, and no one in sight.

SATELLITE

There were things that you knew about from a distance—from reading books or hearing what other people said. And now it was time to experience these things for yourself. You had overheard people talking about things that you hadn't done and now it was your turn, whether you wanted to or not. It was like you had been living under a stone all your life. Part of you was frightened to try something new, to leave your comfort zone, so to speak—not just part of you, but your whole being. And part of you was frightened of what other people would say when they heard about what you had done.

But who were those people and why did you care?

Your parents, for instance—they barely knew you existed. They seemed to do whatever they wanted at all times and at all costs. One day you woke up and someone who wasn't your father was sitting at the kitchen table while your mother stood at the stove breaking eggs against the edge of a frying pan. She had taught you how to make eggs—one of the few things you knew how to do. The man's name was Luis, that's what your mother said. He was part of a construction crew that was renovating a building in the center of town. It was a mystery where they met—this hard-hat type, and your mother, who placed a plate of eggs and bacon and toast in front of this man named Luis, pressing her breasts against his shoulder in broad daylight. And your father practically lived with his girlfriend Jewel and her two children, who might be his children, in another town. As far as you know you might have two half-sisters. Your parents did what they liked, that's for sure, and they didn't care about you. They didn't consult you. And now it was up to you to live your own life and follow your own footsteps, as they say, and no one else's.

"Do you want some eggs?" your mother might ask.

She was leaning over this man named Luis who was kissing her on the side of the neck. The next thing you know they would be having sex on the kitchen floor.

"I'm not hungry, mom," you might say, and leave the room.

It was like you were invisible, a nonentity, a subspecies, too simple-minded to say what you were really feeling. The teachers would call on you in class and you would shake your head. Sorry, you wanted to say, I was thinking about something else. There was a sadness emanating from you, like the plague, like a pestilence, something in the Bible (which you never read), but it didn't keep people from trying to talk to you, it didn't stop your teachers from asking you questions, and when you didn't answer they would try again, later, and make appointments for conferences which you never attended, one on one in someone's office where you had to make eye contact, and there were some teachers who let you look down their blouses when they leaned over your desk, just the way your mother had leaned over Luis to put the plate of eggs and bacon and toast on the table, pressing her breasts against his shoulder, so the last thing you saw when you left the room was his face buried between her breasts, and it would be like that if you went to see Ms. Gamzon, your English teacher, in her office, because that was her reputation—she had sex with her students, at least that's what some of the students say, and some of them even go to her house for parties on weekends. Only you return home from school to an empty house and climb the stairs to your room. It's only when you're alone that you feel like a person with a center, and you can talk to yourself in a way that you understand. Sometimes you have to be alone and listen to the voice inside you that says: This is me, and no one else. And that's who you are, this voice inside you, this "me" or "you," and it's only when you're alone, in your room after school, that you can lie down on your bed or sit at your desk in silence and talk to yourself in a way that makes sense.

It occurs to you that you can be a person in the outside world as well, a person who interacts with others. The pleasure of being with another person is frightening, but always worth the risk. Can I say this again? The pleasure and the risk are intertwined. There would be no pleasure if there was no risk. If you don't take a chance, nothing will happen. And this is what it's like, this is what most people are like. "I'm having a little party for some of the students on Saturday night," Ms. Gamzon says, "why don't you come over?" You've heard about these parties and what goes on in the upstairs bedrooms or in the pool—and part of you is tempted to go. But what is the pleasure? This is what you don't understand as you sit in your room, trying to engage yourself in conversation, something that's impossible to do with

other people around. Other people require that you pay attention to them, and sometimes this is too much to ask. Most people enjoy interacting with others, and where it might lead. It was hard to reach out and touch someone, put your hand on someone else's skin, but that's what everyone wanted. That's what everyone was thinking about all the time.

Once your father took you to see Jewel and her daughters, Ashlynn and Eve. His other family.

"Why don't you kids go upstairs and play?" his father said, and you followed them upstairs to one of their bedrooms. It was hard for you to think about what happened next. You tried to block it from your mind, but it was impossible. They were whispering in the corner, but you could hear them, "I think he's a virgin," one of them said, though you couldn't tell them apart, though they weren't twins, and one of them, Ashlynn, was a few inches taller than you, and it was she who said: "Just lie down, we'll do everything." You had heard about things like this before—from the kids who went to Ms. Gamzon's house, to the parties around the pool. You imagined that your father and Jewel had already gone to bed, but you couldn't hear anything. Later in life, of course, you had a breakthrough, but not until you went to college, and Mr. Samuels, your French teacher, asked you to come to a party at his house, but it turned out not to be a party at all, just Mr. Samuels and his wife Yvette, and you ended up living with them, they had a room in the attic, and sharing their bed, sleeping with both of them, having sex with both of them, sometimes both of them together, sometimes one at a time, sometimes nonstop, from the time you woke up to the time you went to bed. "I think I'm falling in love with you," Yvette said. Sometimes you thought about the first time you had sex, with the two girls, Eve and Ashlynn, that afternoon in the upstairs bedroom, while your father and Jewel had sex on the living room rug. "That's where they like to do it," Ashlynn said, turning over onto her stomach.

You never thought you would become this person—the person you are today. Her name was Danielle. It was during your senior year in college. She sat in front of you in English. They were reading the Romantic poets. They were reading Shelley's poem, "Stanzas Written in Dejection, near Naples." Dejection, you could understand that word. It was like "depression" but different. It had to do with the way the world saw you. There was a line in that poem: "And I am one whom men love not" that stuck in your mind. It was the way you felt about everything, so that it didn't matter what you did, or didn't do, people would react in the same way. And by now your father, and the woman named Jewel, were dead—killed in an auto accident driving home from Utica, on an icy road in the middle of winter. You had gone to the funeral, of course, and Ashlynn and Eve were there, and after the ceremony you went back to their house and you had sex with both of them, just like you did that afternoon years ago.

But now you were a different person, and there was Danielle sitting in front of you in English, and she was standing up and reciting Shelley's poem from memory, and there were the lines of her hair flowing straight down her back like a waterfall, and as she recited the poem she turned to you, as if she was speaking to you directly, and you could see the outline of her body beneath her clothing, and it was as if she was inviting you inside her body, with every verb, with every vowel, and that you were alone in the classroom together, that the teacher, and the other twenty students, were nowhere in sight. And you knew that you could stand on the edge of this precipice indefinitely without ever falling off, that you could enter her being without touching her, though that would happen as well, but simply by looking into her eyes and breathing the same air, and by watching her lips move, whether she was speaking or not, and it didn't matter what anyone else said or thought about what you were doing, what they whispered behind your back as you walked through the halls, not the teacher in front of the classroom or the other students, and that no one would be surprised if both of you left the classroom hand in hand and disappeared forever like a bird on the horizon in a poem by Keats, getting smaller and smaller, but you could still hear its song. It was what everyone else wanted, what everyone else dreamed about, and all everyone could do was look on with envy in their hearts. It was just a matter of time (months or years later) before you were sitting on a balcony overlooking The Mediterranean one cloudless afternoon in early summer, drinking a Campari and staring at the reflection of the light on the water.

"I don't want to be alone ever again," you said, "not even for five minutes," and she nodded her head as if she really understood.

"I'll never leave you alone," she said, "don't worry."

THE RIGHTFUL HEIR

For the moment, the throne is empty. The rightful heir has decided to stay in bed this morning with one of his girlfriends. Myra rolled over in bed and watched the rightful heir as he slept. She lit a cigarette and blew smoke rings up to the ceiling which was covered with paintings of angels and harps and clouds. She wondered if she was cut out for this life—girlfriend of the heir—and what it would mean once he took his place on the throne. A nonstop round of parties—in which she, as the first girlfriend, was required to strip naked and dance in a circle while the other men in the court whistled and shouted at her. And perhaps she would be required to have sex with the other men in the court, while her husband looked on, if that was his pleasure. In her short life she had known men like him before. Perhaps it is simpler to be a citizen than the heir to anything. Perhaps it is safer to be a decoy than the real thing. The rightful heir has only one life to give to his country, or so they say, but the citizen can live forever in the comfort of his or her bed. As a private citizen, far from the glare of the klieg lights and the TV cameras, you do not have to attend parties, strip naked in time to the beat of the tom toms, or have sex with strangers, both men and women, and in some case very young men and women, at your husband's behest. All you have to do is take the trolley line into the center of town and check into a hotel under a false name. Then you can go about your business with no one watching over your shoulder. You can stare at the rooftops of the city through a telescope which the rightful heir gave you for your fifteenth birthday and see all the couples sunbathing in the nude. You can see their private parts, covered with sweat and lotion, and remember how the rightful heir used to wake you in the middle of the night or at the crack of dawn after a night spent drinking with his lackeys, how he pried open your body with his fingers when you were half-asleep. Now you can stay in bed all day or lie naked on top of the sheets and no one will bother you. Only the maid, a young girl like yourself, will disturb your solitude, same time every day. Her name, you learn, is Natalie, and she was born in a town on the banks of a nearby lake. "Natalie, will you bring me some water," you say, as a pretense to draw her closer to your bed, so that you can smell the lavender cologne on the side of her long neck. It's just a matter of time before she arrives at the door of your room in the middle of night. "I thought you might want some company," she says, kicking off her loafers and lifting her skirt to exhibit her flowery underwear. The days that turned into weeks which you spent with the rightful heir, the weeks that turned into months, seem to vanish into the near distance, as Natalie, who thinks only of your pleasure, massages your pointy shoulders with coconut oil from the island of Kauai, and slips her tongue between your knees without asking. Sometimes you wonder what the rightful heir is doing at the very moment that Natalie falls asleep in your arms, but all you can see is the body of an anonymous woman leaning over him in his king-sized bed while *The Four Seasons* by Vivaldi plays in the background. And for the rest of your life, every time you enter a room, with Natalie on your arm, and *The Four Seasons* is playing, all eyes on you as you descend the staircase in your see-through muumuu, whether it be a restaurant or a private party, you will remember your moment in the sun as the girlfriend of the rightful heir, and recall his bad breath and broken fingernails, his rough beard against your skin, the way he farted in his sleep, the smell of piss everywhere.

PEDAGOGY OF THE OPPRESSED

His name was Hector. Whenever I called his name, "Hector," and asked him to answer a question, he didn't respond. Finally I checked the official list of students and discovered that his name was Hernando, not Hector. But the next day, when I called him by what I assumed was his proper name, "Hernando," he still refused to answer. Most of the semester he sat in the back of the room reading the newspaper or drawing pictures in his notebook. Occasionally, I would say "Hernando, pay attention," but he would always ignore me.

There was a fly buzzing in a corner of the classroom, alighting occasionally on the edge of my desk or on the bare arm of one of the students. It was one of the hottest days in recent memory and everyone was sweating in the airless room as I tried to define the tables of history in terms of class relations and individual achievement. But after awhile I gave up, wrote a sentence on the blackboard, and asked the students to put it into their own words.

"You mean paraphrase?" a voice called out from the back of the room.

It was the first time Hector or Hernando had spoken in weeks.

"That's what I mean," I said.

"That's what I thought you meant," he said.

While the rest of the class dutifully took out writing implements and ripped note paper from spiral bound books, Hector or Hernando continued to read the newspaper. The fly had landed on the desk of the young woman sitting closest to me, but she didn't seem to notice it. (As she lifted her arms, to pin her hair back from her face, it flew away.) The young woman's name was Alicia, but she always reminded me to call her Alice, though I preferred Alicia. As the weather became warmer, she wore less and less clothing to class, and the presence of her half-naked body made it difficult for me to concentrate on what I was supposedly teaching. As the students began writing, I pretended to read; in reality, I was memorizing the angles of Alicia's body as she fidgeted in her seat.

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Then a girl named Roxanne raised her hand and said that she didn't understand the words I had written on the blackboard. She didn't understand, for instance, what was wrong with capitalism, why my questions always implied that I thought there was something wrong with the world in which we all lived. As far as she was concerned, coming to this country from an island in the Caribbean was the greatest thing that had ever happened to her. If I was so keen on living in a classless society then I should get my ass out of this country.

"You should go to Cuba or somewhere," she said.

She slammed her notebooks together into a colorful shoulder bag and left the room.

Hector or Hernando said: "Can I leave too?"

A Japanese guy named Tayama said he was finished, could he leave, and I said are you sure you're finished, you've only been writing for ten minutes. He said he was sure, he agreed with me about capitalism, he believed an armed uprising was inevitable, that all rich people were assholes.

"You mean we can leave after we're finished?" Hernando or Hector shouted.

"I never said that," I said.

"But that guy just left."

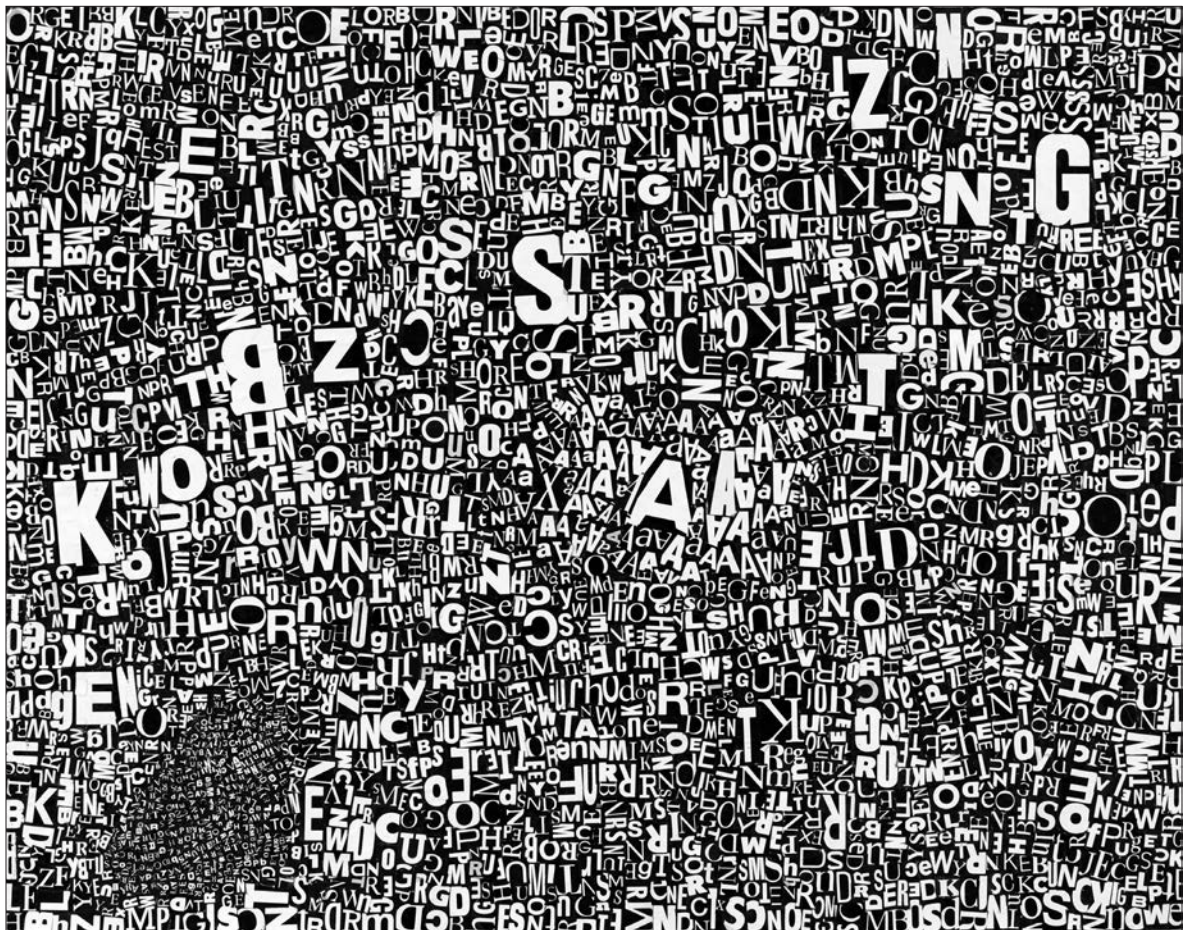
Alicia yawned, crossed her legs, and I noticed that the paper on which I thought she was writing her response was empty. I also noticed for the first time that she had a tattoo on her left breast. She was wearing a low-cut blouse and I could see the stem of a rose as she tilted forward in her seat. I could see the stem but I couldn't see the rose.

Hector or Hernando said: "My name is neither Hector or Hernando. If you call me by my right name, I'll pay attention."

I closed my book and stared at the sky. A helicopter was floating against a back drop of gray clouds. All the light had vanished from the sky, even though it was still early in the day. The heat had sucked out all the light. The helicopter was moving very slowly and the trees outside the window were still.

My job as teacher or guide suddenly seemed without purpose, as if I were just going through the

motions like a warden in a correctional facility, keeping order, deriving sustenance from peripheral observation, extending myself outwards until I became the rose flowering at the tip of Alicia's breast, succumbing as much to the pull of gravity (which drew everything downwards) as to the enclosed space which I occupied with these strangers whose purpose in life was to be loved and to give love in return, but who had taken a detour (much like myself) only to discover (like a wake-up call from the beyond) that dignity has as much substance as the paper-thin wings of the fly against my skin, or the beads on a thread.



LEWIS WARSH

An Anecdotal Bibliography

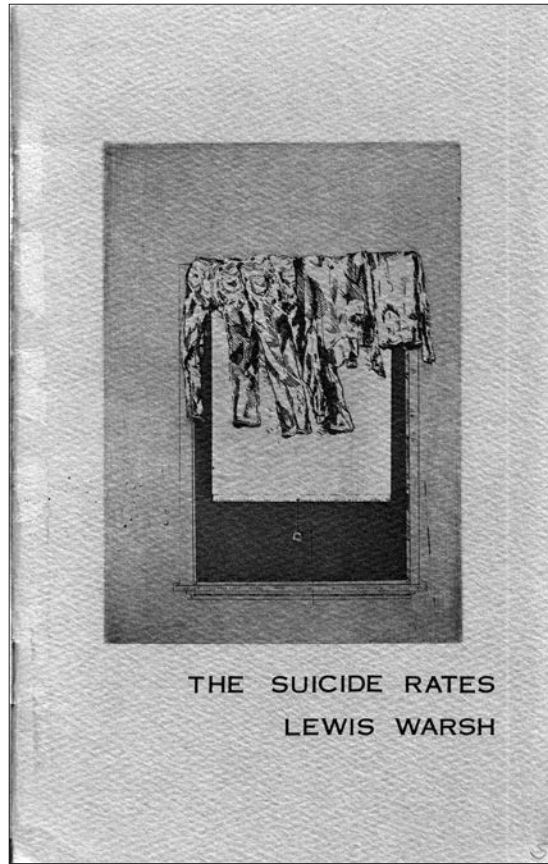
Compiled by

KYLE SCHLESINGER & JED BIRMINGHAM

This annotated bibliography of the writings of Lewis Warsh appears in chronological order with genres identified in parenthesis at the end of each entry: (P) poetry; (N) novel; (T) translation; (A) autobiography; (E) editor (book); (C) collage (published in book form). This checklist includes books, chapbooks, ephemera, and periodicals where the entire issue is devoted to Warsh, but does not include unpublished works, such as manuscripts, collages or the author's unique artist's books. Information in brackets, such as year or place of publication, has been confirmed by the author or publisher, but was not printed in the publication. All text in quotation marks is by Lewis Warsh. This checklist is based on copies in the compiler's collection unless otherwise noted. Ampersands are used to signify collaborations. We present an index of the contents of all periodicals edited or co-edited by Warsh, and a complete checklist of Angel Hair and United Artists books.



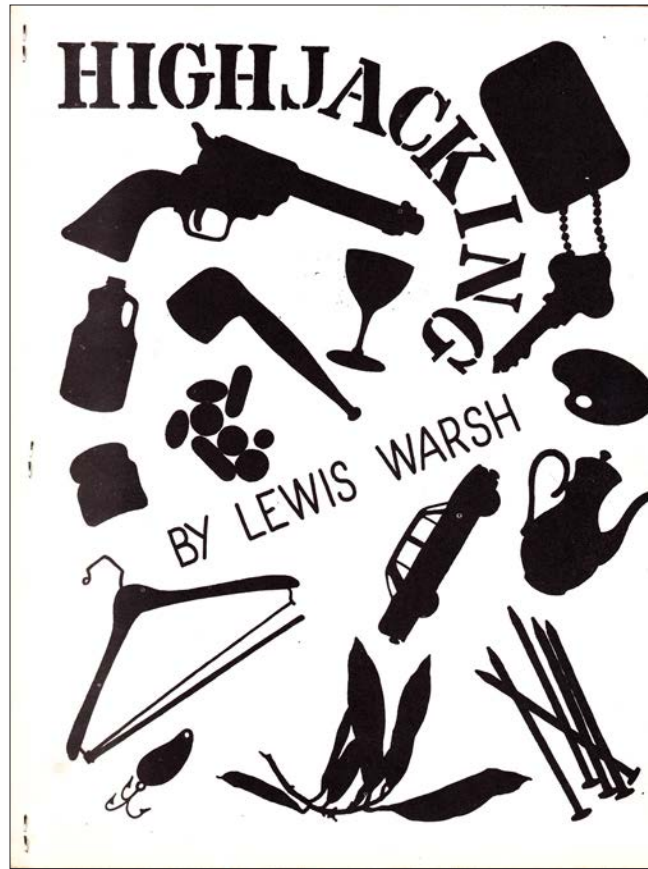
> Lewis Warsh, *The Head and the Heart* (for Robin Tewes), 2011, collage on board, 8x10".



1. **THE SUICIDE RATES.** Eugene, OR: Toad Press, 1967. 5½x8½" 20 pages. (P)

Offset, saddle-stapled chapbook. Cover etching by Martha Rockwell; black ink printed on olive paper. Biographical note states: "Lewis Warsh was born in New York City in 1944. He is co-editor, with Anne Waldman, of the magazine ANGEL HAIR. In 1966 he completed a novel called NO TIME LIMIT and is presently at work on a second novel titled ON AND ON." Publisher's address and price (75¢) appear on rear cover.

"I wrote this poem in fall 1963 when I was taking Kenneth Koch's poetry workshop at The New School. I had just spent the summer in San Francisco where I'd met Jack Spicer, Larry Fagin, Liam O'Gallagher, among many others. I was mostly interested in the poets associated with The San Francisco Renaissance (Spicer, Duncan, Blaser)—these were the poets I was reading—and here I was in Kenneth's class. I was interested in all the things that Kenneth was proposing, but I was also resisting. I had learned something that summer (I was only 18) and now I was learning something else and the two things weren't necessarily compatible. It was up to me to make it all come together and maybe some of the tension in the poem comes from trying to do that. The poem has ten sections. I wrote it all in one night in my parents' apartment, 355 8th Avenue, apartment 17F, between 27th and 28th Streets, in a room with a large window facing east. I could see the top fifty stories of the Empire State Building and the planes passing in the night sky. Years later, Gerard Malanga (who had been in Kenneth's class the night he read the poem aloud) sent it to Bill Thomas in Oregon, who produced it as a book for Toad Press. The cover is by Martha Rockwell, who I had met at Bennington College when I was visiting Anne Waldman, fall 1965."



2. **HIGHJACKING.** [New York, NY]: Boke Press, 1968. 8½x11" 40 pages. (P)

Mimeo, side-stapled tête-bêche with *On the Wing* by Anne Waldman. Black-and-white cover[s] by Joe Brainard. 500 copies, 25 signed by the author[s] and artist. Onionskin endpapers with black cover stock between Warsh and Waldman's poems.

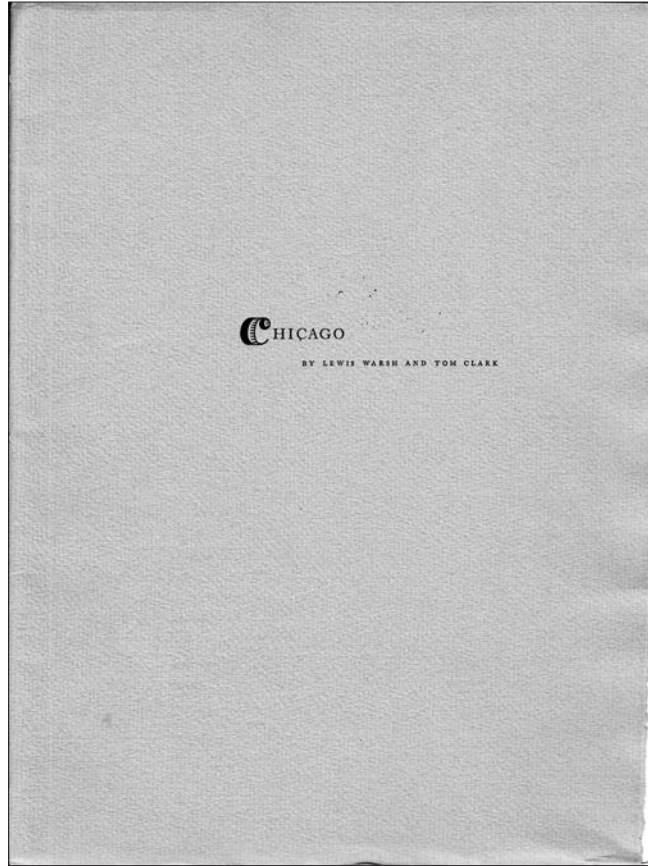
"Boke Press was Joe Brainard's press in the mid-sixties and it was Joe's idea to do a book in this format—*Highjacking* on one side, flip it over, *On the Wing* by Anne Waldman. Some of the poems in this book appeared later in my other books, but some of them never saw the light of day beyond this publication. I think, in those days, I had a blind spot in choosing my poems. I could never tell which were the best, or which went best together. This was something I eventually figured out how to do, but I was twenty-three when Joe asked me for this book. I knew a few things, but there was a lot I didn't know. I thought I knew more than I knew, if that makes sense. I'd written some poems that were good and some poems that were not as good and sometimes I couldn't tell the difference. I like this book, though, because of Joe's covers, and because of the format. Anne and I had just married, and this was his gift."



3. **MOVING THROUGH AIR.** New York, NY: Angel Hair Books, 1968. 9x12" 40 pages. (P)

Offset, saddle-stapled chapbook. Black-and-white cover by Donna Dennis. Printed in a first edition of 500 copies by the Chapel Press, Williamstown, Massachusetts, for Angel Hair. 25 copies numbered and signed by the artist and author, with an additional poem written by the author.

“Most of the Angel Hair books, up to this point, were printed by the Chapel Press in Williamstown. Anne Waldman and I decided to search for a printer in the city and we found one in Soho and hired them to print *Moving Through Air*. But it came out horribly, especially the cover, which was not on the paper we requested. They printed the whole edition, and so we were stuck with these boxes of books. We went back to the Chapel Press and they redid the whole edition. I used to have copies of the so-called suppressed edition but I don’t know what became of them (there were at least 500). This book contained all my best poems so far, including ‘The Suicide Rates,’ and the journal entry ‘Halloween’ from the New York Diary I’d kept in October 1967.”



4. **CHICAGO**. Bolinas, CA: Angel Hair Books, 1969. 7½x10¼" 12 pages. (P)

Letterpress, pamphlet-sewn chapbook. Collaboration with Tom Clark. 200 copies printed by Grabhorn-Hoyem of San Francisco of which ABCD are hors commerce.

"I moved to Bolinas in October 1969 and stayed with Tom and Angelica Clark, and their baby Juliet, in their house on the mesa. I lived with them for about two weeks and Tom and I embarked on a number of collaborations, including a novel which never got off the ground. We wrote *Chicago* all in one night in Tom's small workroom, which is also where I slept. I had just come from New York, with extended stops in Ann Arbor and Iowa City. We were both in synch during the writing—each of us vying for more time at the typewriter. The five poems are dedicated to Eldridge Cleaver, John Giorno, Anselm Hollo, John Ashbery, and Andrei Codrescu. There were very few revisions—for the moment, it was all kind of perfect, and the poem has been reprinted in several anthologies down through the years. The whole suite of poems is dedicated to Edwin Denby. The book was beautifully printed and designed by Andrew Hoyem in San Francisco, who later printed a broadside of a poem by James Schuyler, 'Verge,' and a great edition of Robert Creeley's poem, 'In London,' for Angel Hair Books."

ODE TO NEGATIVITY

Do not show me the way for I will not go there
do not be my guru for I will not listen to you
do not fall in love with me for I will not kiss you
do not think of me when I am away from you
do not aspire to anyone but the innocent Napalmed animals
crawling around on their knees under the trees
in search of a tiny piece of Nepalese hash
dropped there by american soldier murderer
who speaks Brooklynese

Lewis
Lewis Warsh & Tom Clark
4/20/70

89

5. "ODE TO NEGATIVITY." [Detroit, MI]: Alternative Press, 1970. 5¼x4" 1 sheet. (P)

Letterpress postcard. Collaboration with Tom Clark. "An Alternative Press Postcard" (printed on back).

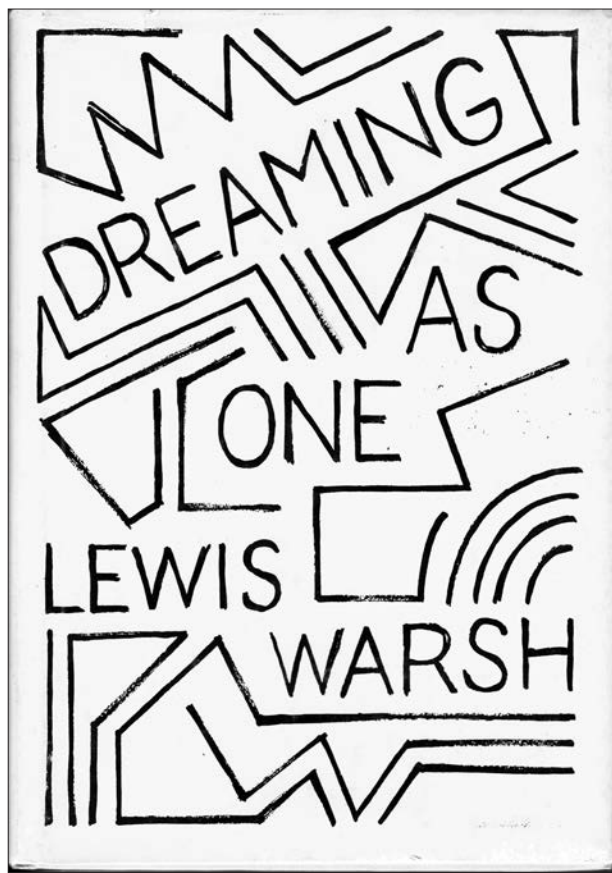
"My guess is that I wrote the first four lines and Tom finished it. Printed by Ken and Ann Mikolowski."



90

6. “WORDS” and “STARING” (ORANGE BEAR READER NUMBER EIGHT). Windsor, ONT: The Orange Bear Reader, [1970]. 10x13" 1 sheet printed one-side only, folded and enclosed in folder. (P)

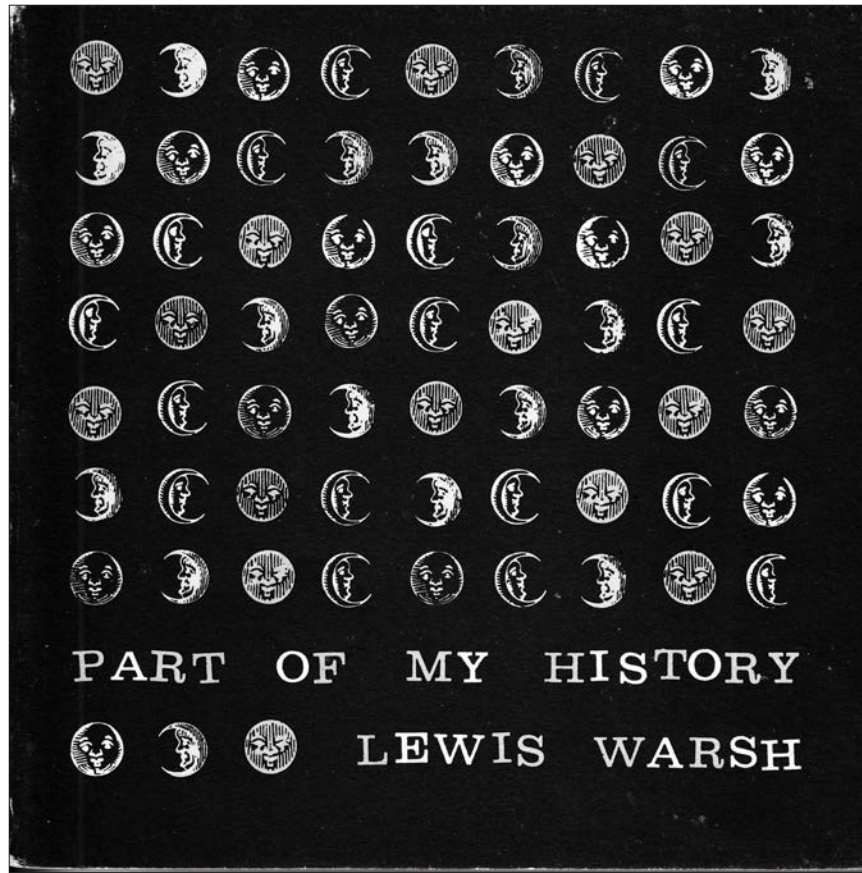
Letterpress folio printed in purple on rose paper enclosed in grey folder with deckles. Issued with oversized printed envelope, chipboard (to prevent damage during shipping) and advertisement for other Orange Bear Readers (includes Paul Goodman, Joyce Carol Oates, Irving Layton, Greg Kuzma, and Alex Glidzen). On back of folder, centered, printed in orange: “THE ORANGE BEAR READER issues monthly 500 copies of a new poem on individually wrapped broadsides. Individual Numbers \$.75, sets of 12, \$6. Hand printed at The Coach House Press, Toronto. Address Correspondence to: Orange Bear Reader, 1055 Felix Street, Windsor 10, Ontario, Canada[.] Editorial Group[:] Juanita Galle, Michael Galle, John Bedford, Steven Osterlund.” Above, rubber-stamped in blue, “New Address 2655 Sierra Drive, Apt. 93 Windsor 21, ONT., CANADA”



7. **DREAMING AS ONE.** New York, NY: Corinth Books, 1971. 5½x7¾" 88 pages. (P)

Offset, Smyth-sewn hardcover. Black and yellow dustjacket by Joe Brainard. Author photo by Jayne Nodland. This first edition of *Dreaming as One* consists of 2,000 copies; 1,500 paper and 500 cloth, of which 50 are numbered and signed by the poet and artist. The poems were set in Garamond type and Tempo Light was used for display. The book was printed by the Profile Press of New York.

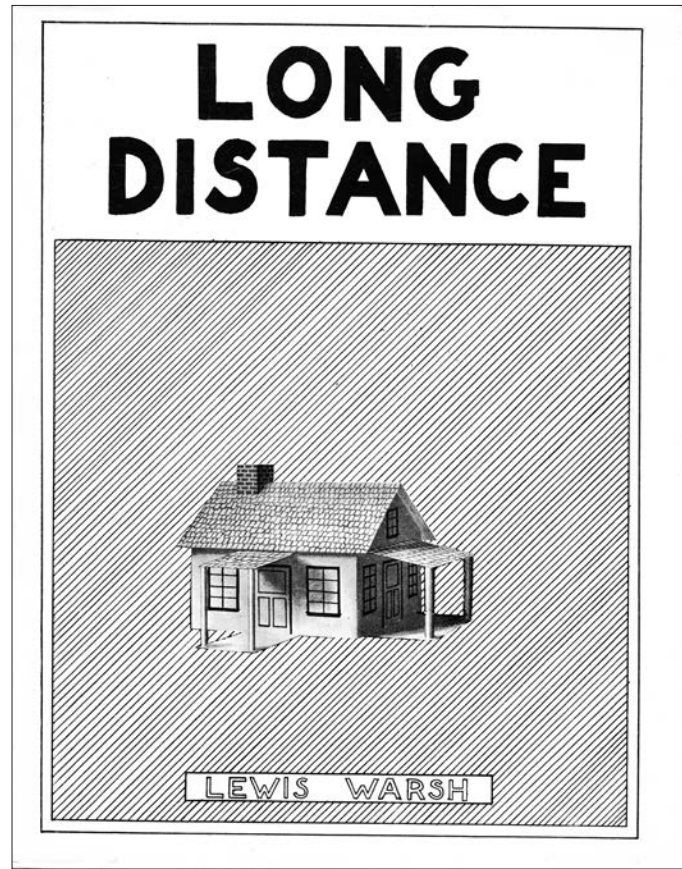
"This was my first full-length collection of poems. Ted Wilentz, publisher of Corinth, asked me for a book while I was living in Bolinas. I returned to New York for three months, October–December 1970, and we worked on it then. I was living on the top floor of Kenward Elmslie's house on Greenwich Avenue, and Ted and his wife Joan, who designed the book, lived a few blocks away on Perry Street. Then I returned to California and continued to work on the book, adding more recent poems like 'What I Learned This Year.' The book contains poems from 1966–'71, and Joe Brainard did a bright yellow cover. The one poem I omitted was 'The Suicide Rates'—it was time to move on. The book is dedicated to Anne Waldman."



8. **PART OF MY HISTORY.** Toronto, ON: Coach House Press, 1972. 6x6" 168 pages. (A)

Printed offset with navy blue ink on light blue paper, perfect-bound paperback. Blue, yellow and white cover by Joe Brainard. Includes photographs. Published in an edition of 1,000 in the winter of 1972.

"This was my first extended autobiographical work and my first experience putting together a book-length work made up of disparate pieces of writing. It begins with work written when I was living at 33 St Mark's Place, including 'New York Diary 1967,' and all the transitional work written when I returned to New York from Europe summer 1969, including the poem 'Release' which I wrote that August when I was staying at George and Katie Schneeman's apartment. And then there's everything I wrote during my trip across country, with stops in Ann Arbor and Iowa City, and finally some of the poems that I wrote in Bolinas, along with excerpts from journals I kept along the way. Also included is a kind of reading diary, 'On Reading,' which consists mostly of quotes from books I was reading in transit and letters I was receiving. The book is dedicated to Ted Berrigan, Alice Notley, Joanne Kyger, Joe Brainard, and Neil Young, and published by Coach House Press in Toronto. David Rosenberg was the Coach House editor who made the book happen and we were in almost daily correspondence for a good deal of this time (1970-'71)."



9. **LONG DISTANCE.** London, England: Ferry Press, 1972. 7¼x9" 64 pages. (P)

Offset, Smyth-sewn paperback. Black-and-white cover and illustrations by George Schneeman. Author photo by Evann Irons. Colophon states, "All of these poems were written in Bolinas, California (October '69–September '70....)" 300 copies including 26 specially bound and signed by the artist and the author, and containing an additional holograph poem.

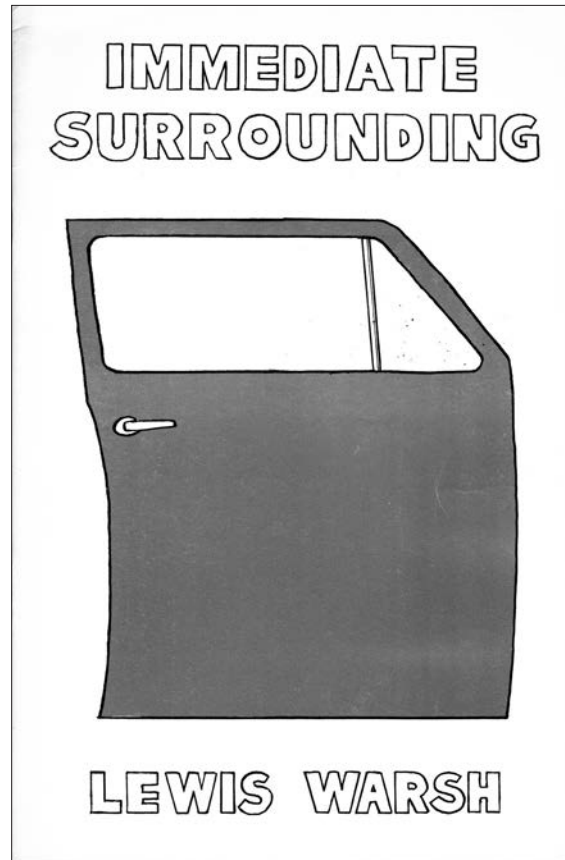
"Andrew Crozier, the publisher of Ferry Press, in England, asked me for a book when I was living in Bolinas. We had been in touch when I was living in New York and we met briefly when I was in England summer 1969. George Schneeman's excellent collages add a great deal to the feel of it all. I was on the phone, 'long distance,' almost constantly when I was in California, so the title made perfect sense. The final poems in the book, 'Long Distance,' 'Ways of Saying Goodbye' and 'Definition of Great' seem to mirror the feeling of closure I felt when I left Bolinas in September 1970, never to return. The book is dedicated to my parents—it was the first time I had ever lived away from New York, and away from them. I made most of my long distance calls from a phone booth outside the community center on Elm Road in the dead of night and afterwards the operator would call me back asking me for more money. I can still hear that phone ringing on the empty road."



10. **NIGHT OF LOVELESS NIGHTS** by Robert Desnos. New York, NY: Ant's Forefoot Books, 1973. 7x10³/₄" 32 pages. (T)

Offset, saddle-stapled chapbook. Black-and-white cover by Warsh, plus six images printed with the text. Published in an edition of 300 copies. "The Ant's Forefoot 9 now available in New York at the 8th Street Bookstore, Gotham Book Mart, Discovery Bookshop, or by mail from The Coach House Press, 401 (rear) Huron Street, Toronto, 181 Canada." This is Ant's Forefoot 10.

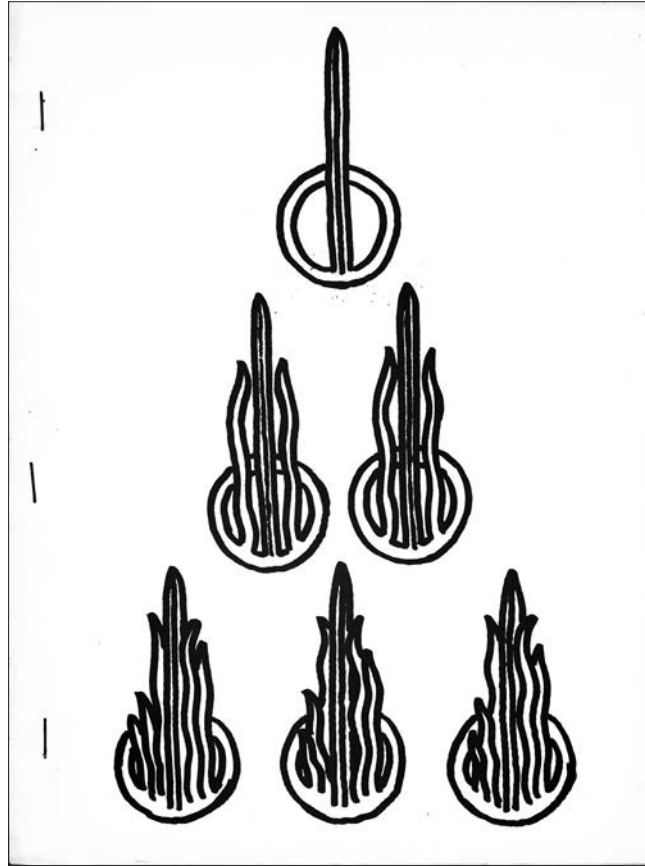
"I was living alone in Stinson Beach, Spring 1971, when I did this translation, and sent it—with photos and collages—as a gift to David Rosenberg, who almost in the same breath decided to publish it as part of his *Ant's Forefoot* translation series. I didn't send it to him with the thought that he would publish it—but there it was, with all my artwork intact, including the photo of Desnos writing in his sleep which I copied from Breton's *Nadja*. I had studied French for years in high school and college, but what did I know? One morning that summer of 1971 I woke up in Stinson Beach and there was David, visiting from Toronto, where he had gone as a draft dodger. Back in New York, a few years later, we reversed roles, and I acted as his editor on the mimeo edition of his translation of David's Psalms, *Blues of the Sky*."



11. **IMMEDIATE SURROUNDING.** South Lancaster, MA: Other Books, 1974. 6x9¼" 20 pages. (P)

Offset, saddle-stapled chapbook. Blue, black and white cover and frontispiece (based on a photo by Rudy Burckhardt) by George Schneeman. Printed by The Fleetwood Letter Service for Other Publications in an edition of 500 copies with a special edition of 26 copies lettered A–Z and signed by the author and artist.

"I wrote this poem at 216 East 10th Street, all in one sitting, not long after Mushka Kochan and I moved to New York from Cambridge, Massachusetts. It seemed to capture the feeling of returning some place, and for a little while everything that had been so familiar seemed new again. I had been moving around a lot for the last three years so the objects that stayed with me during my travels became significant—like the coffee cup at the end of the poem which I'd bought in San Francisco. It was like my personal fetish object—one of many—that kept the past alive. Memory is like an ongoing tangent (or parenthesis) to everything—a parallel life alongside the present, and I had no interest in leaving anything behind. The book was published by Alan Davies, a young poet I had met a few years earlier when I was living in Cambridge, Massachusetts."



12. **TODAY.** New York, NY: Adventures In Poetry, 1974. 8½x11" 36 pages. (P)

Mimeo, side-stapled. Purple and white front (green and white back) cover by Alan Saret. Printed on recto only. Published at The Poetry Project, St Mark's Church in-the-Bowery. 26 lettered copies signed by the poet and artist.

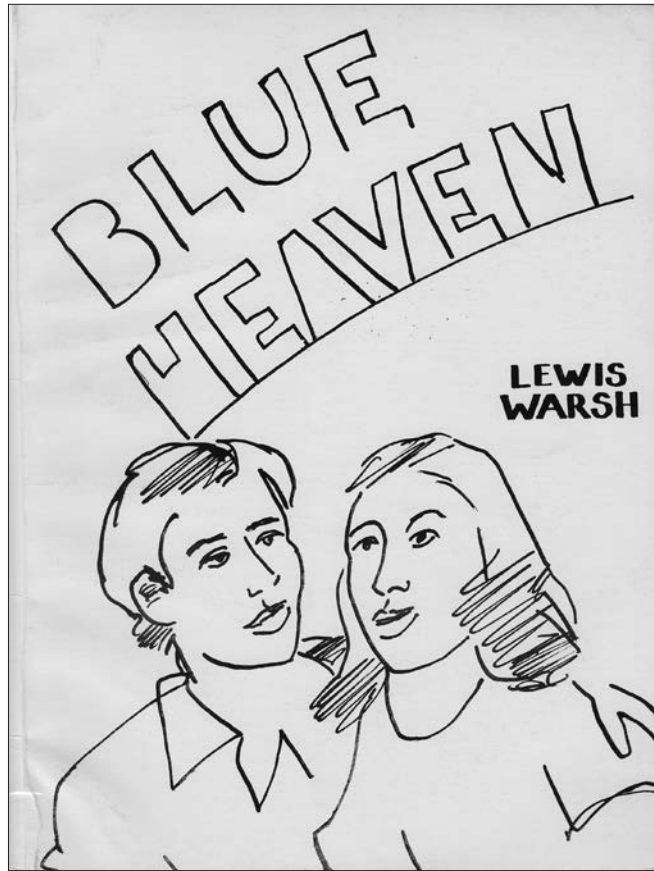
"Larry Fagin published this mimeographed book—mostly poems I'd written in Cambridge and Boston, and some more recent poems from New York. I had begun experimenting with space in my poems in a way that was new for me, while still dealing with direct statements and complete sentences. Alan Saret, the cover artist, was someone I had known very slightly at the Bronx High School of Science. The book is dedicated to Mushka Kochan."



13. **THE MAHARAJAH'S SON.** Lenox, MA and New York, NY: Angel Hair Books, 1977. 7x10" 112 pages. (A)

Offset, perfect-bound paperback. Black-and-white cover by Rosemary Mayer. Printed at the West Coast Print Center for Angel Hair Books in an edition of 1,000 copies.

"I assembled this book of letters in Stinson Beach, 1971-'72. I wanted to write something autobiographical about the years 1960-'65, but couldn't do it. Then I remembered that I'd saved all the letters from the people I knew during that time. They were in the back of a closet in my parents' apartment. My mother sent them to me and I saw the book immediately. I simply organized the letters into years, 1960-'65, and transcribed them. I had an electric typewriter and I'm a fast typist. There was very little editing. I think I omitted some things, but I never rewrote anything. The characters in 1960—Allegra David and Richard Neugebauer—reappear throughout the book. It's a love story, among other things, and the beginning of my life as a poet. The title comes from a line from a letter that Allegra wrote me from London in 1965: 'When I first came here I was going out with an Indian Maharajah's son but despite his millions and his gorgeous Ferrari I couldn't maintain an interest.' Bernadette Mayer and I published this book when we were living in Lenox, Massachusetts. Rosemary Mayer did the cover, incorporating a photo of Allegra (age 15). Alice Notley once wrote a note for the book in which she described it as 'an epistolary novel,' and I like to think of it that way, though every word is true."

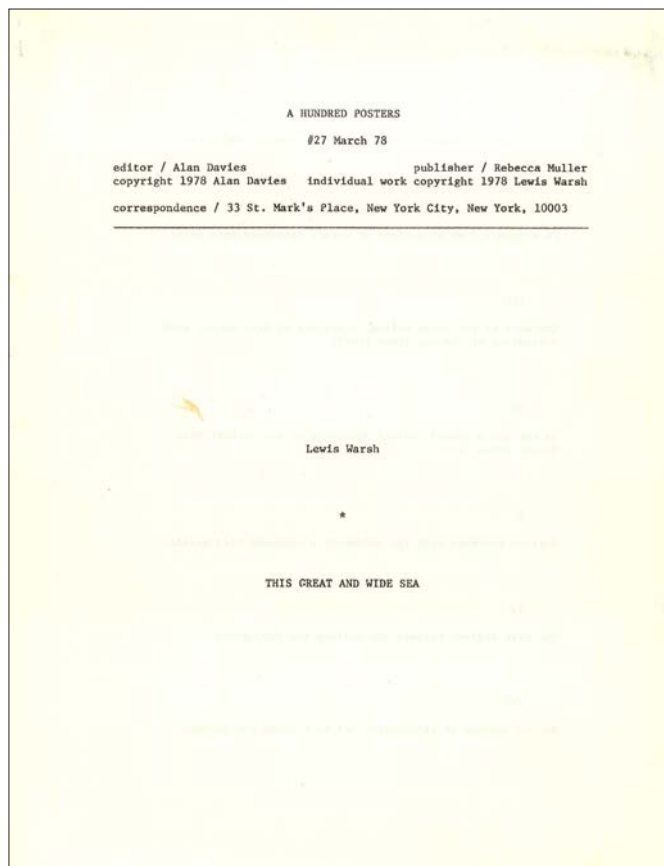


14. **BLUE HEAVEN.** New York, NY: The Kulchur Foundation, 1978. 7½x9¾" 128 pages. (P)

Offset, perfect-bound paperback. Cover by George Schneeman. Prospectus with praise from Ted Berrigan tipped in.

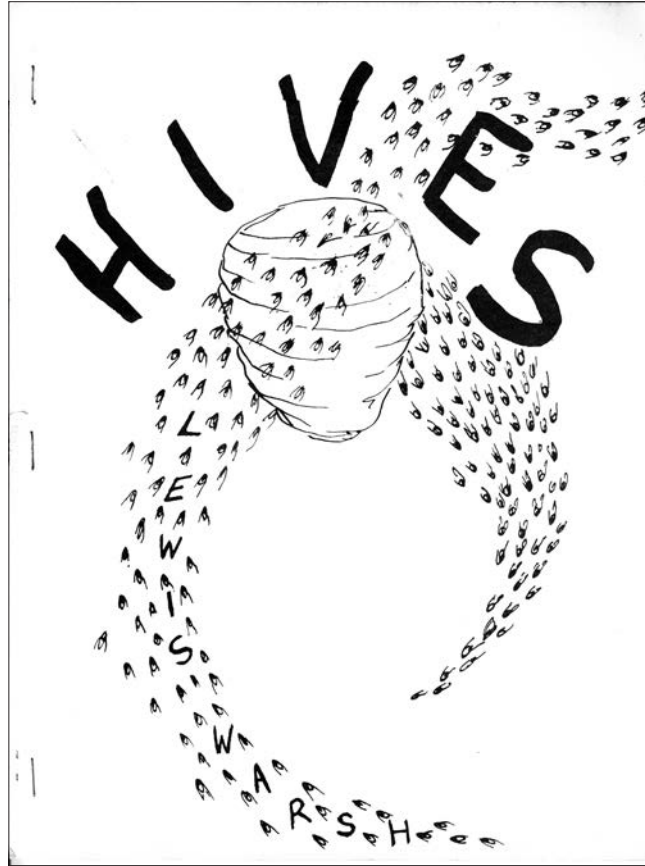
"Lita Hornick asked me for this book, as part of her series for Kulchur Books, while I was living in Lenox. It includes many new poems as well as poems that I'd written in New York and Cambridge, like 'Immediate Surrounding.' George Schneeman did the cover. I don't think that's supposed to be me on the cover, just 'someone.' Bernadette and I came in for the book party at the Gotham Book Mart and afterwards went to dinner with Lita and her husband Morty. The book is dedicated to Bernadette Mayer. The last poem of the book, 'The Secret Job,' is a flashback to my life in San Francisco, 1971, when I worked all day at a 'secret' job and saw almost nobody. I wrote that poem in 1977 when I was living in Lenox, long after the fact. There was a hardcover edition for *Blue Heaven*, I'd say five hundred paperbacks and about two hundred fifty hardbound.

Lewis Warsh's poems are intimate & personal in tone. Somehow at the same time they are large in scale, like much of the best of today's work, & that they are highly ambitious perhaps has much to do with their scale. He makes use of the devices of the lyric, music, language, nuance, insinuation, plenty of surface; but his language is highly informed with intelligence (it is the pronouns for example who insinuate) and his music is white music, the music of the brain cells. Where the heart is just behind the words in their twists and turns through open and closed lines. Unlike his prose, which reveals everything, as it were, in order to state the mystery, his poems reveal nothing but imply everything. And his hands in your pockets, ah, warm. —Ted Berrigan



15. "THIS GREAT AND WIDE SEA". New York, NY: A Hundred Posters, 1978. 8½x11" 12 pages. (P)

Mimeo, corner-stapled. "This Great and Wide Sea" is a single-poem published in a single-author issue of *A Hundred Posters* (#27, March 1978), a highly influential mimeo magazine edited by Alan Davies and published by Rebecca Muller. Image appears courtesy of Alan Davies.



16. **HIVES**. Lenox, MA: United Artists Books, 1979. 8½x11" 44 pages. (P)

Mimeo, side-stapled. Black-and-white cover by Rosemary Mayer. Blue endpaper between cover and title page. Printed recto only. 500 copies.

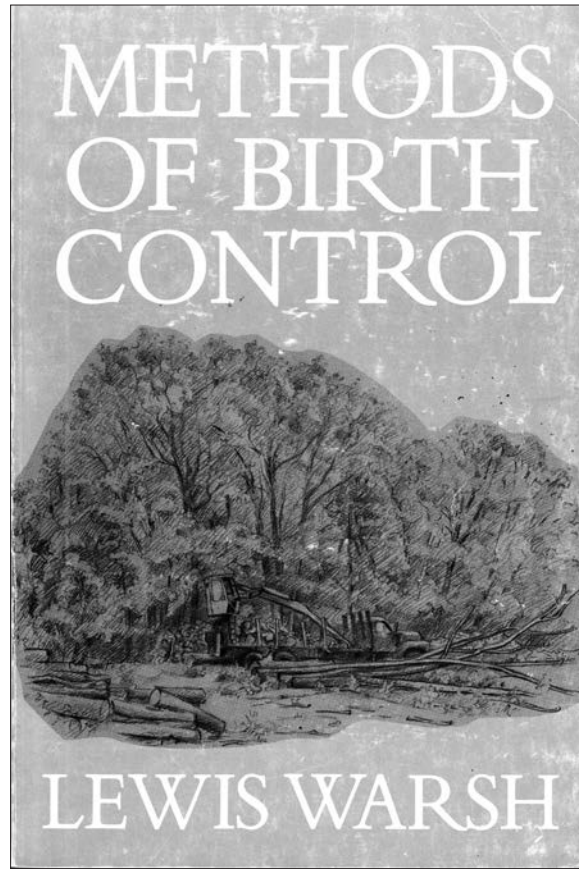
“*Hives* was one of a series of long poems that I wrote in Lenox. Each poem was ‘about’ something else. This poem, for instance, is ‘about’ beekeeping, and the habits of bees. The Lenox Library was just up the street and Bernadette and I went there every day for the three years that we lived in the center of town. We took the children and they learned to walk in the library garden. I would take out four or five books on the same subject and write a kind of eccentric gloss, creating little clusters of language, dividing the poem into sections with roman numerals. I began to have ideas about writing poetry, as opposed to just writing poems, influenced by Bernadette, I’m sure, who was always having a million conceptual ideas, and was always experimenting with new forms. She, in turn, became more of a lyrical/personal poet during this time, so our symbiosis—if that’s the right word—was totally reciprocal, and much of our time in Lenox (when the children were asleep) we worked feverishly on our new projects. The winters were particularly harsh during the years we lived there and some days we never left the house. When we did go, we went to the library and the bookstore just around the corner. Everything we needed was a few steps away. I spent hours of my life in this library looking for new source material. (See Bernadette’s *Midwinter Day* for the best picture of what our life was like during this time.)”



17. "L'AMOUR FOU". [New York, NY: self-published] 1981. 8½x11" 32 pages. (P)

Mimeo, side-stapled. Includes poems by Bernadette Mayer and Lewis Warsh (not a collaboration, nor are individual poems credited). Blue endpaper between cover and title page. Printed recto only. 75 copies published to celebrate the new year. Cover by Bernadette Mayer.

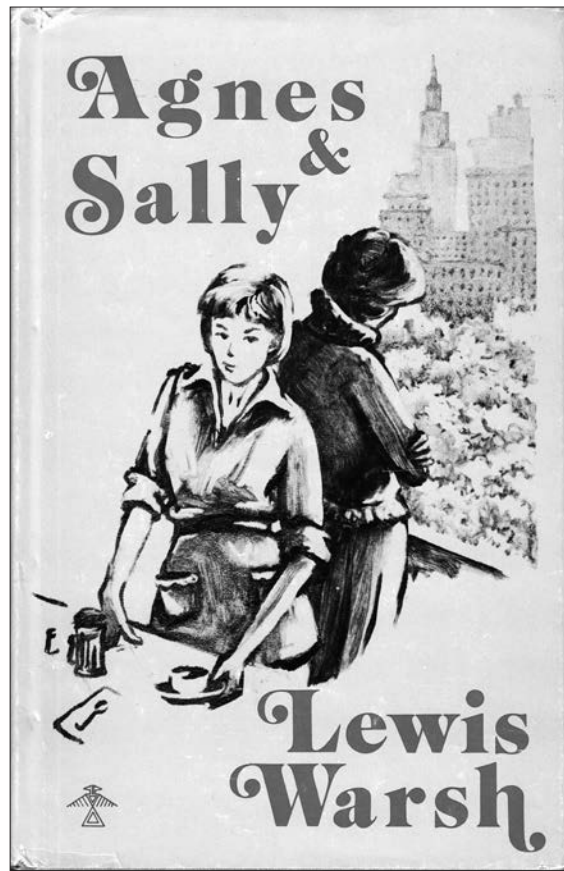
"Bernadette and I put together this book on New Year's Eve 1981 in our apartment at 172 East 4th Street. None of the poems are signed, but it's not hard to tell who wrote what. Bernadette did the cover. I guess that's supposed to be some representation of the way we looked. We printed the book in one night on the mimeograph machine in our living room. We were still both in culture shock from returning to the city with three young children after living in the country for five years and the next day we both read at the New Year's Day benefit reading at The Poetry Project. It was Bernadette's first year as director of The Poetry Project. We both read last, at three in the morning. We took the title of the book from Jacques Rivette's amazing movie from 1969, *L'Amour Fou*."



18. **METHODS OF BIRTH CONTROL.** Washington DC and Philadelphia, PA: Sun & Moon Books, 1983. 5x7½" (P)

Offset, perfect-bound paperback. Gray, white and black cover by Rackstraw Downes. Typeset in Bem at The Writer's Center, Bethesda, Maryland. Art Consultant: Kevin Osborn. Layout: Matthew Logan.

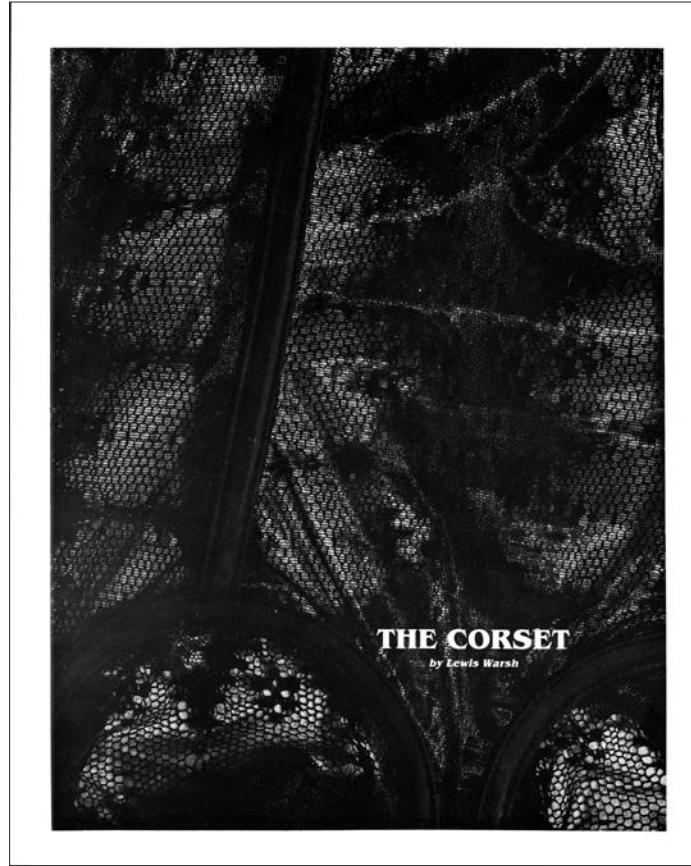
"More poems written in the style of *Hives*—four of them—published by Douglas Messerli's Sun & Moon Books. The poems are 'Eye Opener,' 'The Genetic Ode,' 'High Fidelity,' and 'Methods of Birth Control.' The titles are self-explanatory. I wrote them all in Lenox, using the texts from the Lenox Library. I had a vision of composing an encyclopedia—writing a gloss on every possible subject. I can't remember all of the sources, but I did use Aldous Huxley's *Doors of Perception* for 'Eye Opener,' and various biographies of Margaret Sanger for 'Methods of Birth Control.' At the same time, I knew I couldn't keep using other people's words indefinitely. This book seems close, in nature (and in spirit), to *The Maharajah's Son*, which consisted of other people's letters. And also very much a collage work. I would skim the texts for phrases or lines that would pop out at me and then, after I'd accumulated fifty or more, I would arrange them in a way that made sense. I wasn't interested in 'found' poetry at all; I was really interested in the information and of Pound's idea of the 'gist'—of just presenting the bare essentials. And then I wanted the poems to add up to something that was beyond the content. I wanted the content to disappear. I also wanted humor to happen. I was reading Wallace Stevens during this time, and I liked the way he used roman numerals to divide his long, fragmented poems. So each of these short sections is numbered in this way. The book is dedicated to Peggy DeCoursey."



19. **AGNES & SALLY**. New York, NY: The Fiction Collective, 1984. 5¾x9" 116 pages. (F)

Offset, Smyth-sewn hardcover. Pink, black and blue dustjacket designed by Louise Hamlin. Warsh's first published novel. Blurbs by Robert Creeley, Jonathan Cott, Barbara Guest, and Russell Banks. Author photo by Lorna Smedman.

"I'd written novels when I was much younger—now it was time to try again. I liked living in these small towns. Bernadette and I, when we had a car, would drive around and explore. The kids would fall asleep in the back seat. Or we'd all get out and stop at some anonymous diner. That's the setting of this novel—a diner in some small town in the middle of nowhere. We kept returning to one specific place, but I'm not sure where. I started the book in Lenox, continued with it during the year we lived in Henniker, New Hampshire, and then finally finished it when we moved back to New York. In some of the chapters I used a split page, meaning two stories are going on at once. The upper part of the page is presumably the primary story, while the bottom half of the page is some kind of commentary that wanders off and creates a kind of new story on its own. It was risky, since it seemed like a very conventional type of experiment, but I think I pushed it to an extreme, and in a way that hopefully makes sense. My editors at The Fiction Collective were Rachel Salazar and Mark Leyner. The book is dedicated to Bernadette Mayer. I asked Robert Creeley for a blurb and he sent me six to choose from, something I won't soon forget: 'The unobtrusive powers of this extraordinary writer make a cautionary tale of all too familiar real lives. Meshed in a world of deadpan cliché, this world is forever all dressed up with no place to go. Mr. Warsh should be our next President. He really knows the People.'"



20. **THE CORSET.** Detroit, MI: In Camera Books, 1986. 8x10" 28 pages. (P)

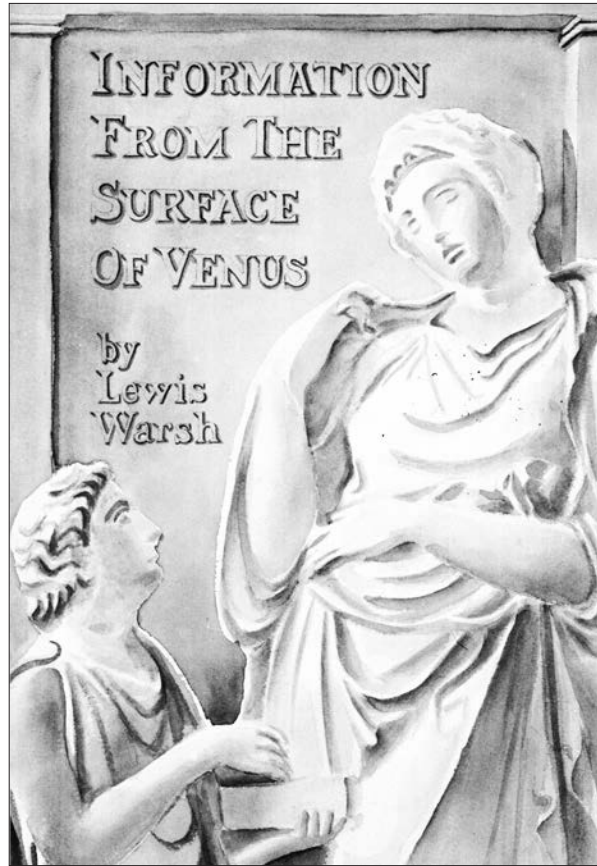
Offset, Smyth-sewn paperback. Black-and-white photograph on cover by George Tysh. Cover designed by Chris Tysh. Designed by Jan Detlefs and produced by Precision Printing, Inc., in Royal Oak, Michigan.

"This is the last of the books in which I used other people's words to compose a text about a single subject. In this case, tight-lacing. It's one of the longest of the poems written in this form. The poem contains two 19th century poems, 'To the Slaves of Fashion,' which works as the introduction to the book, and in the middle, 'The Lay of the Lacer.' 'To the Slaves of Fashion' consists of five four-line stanzas. Here's the opening:

*You must try and lace me tighter, lace me tighter, mother dear;
My waist, you know, is nearly half the size it was last year;
I will not faint again, mother, I care not what they say,
Oh! it's sixteen inches today, mother, it's sixteen inches today.*

*There's many a wee, wee waist they say, but none so wee as mine;
I'm five-foot-five-and-a-half in height, my inches forty-nine,
Last year my waist was—Oh! it's size I'd be afraid to say,
But it's sixteen inches today, mother, it's sixteen inches today.*

I wrote two more poems using this form, 'Double Standard,' which appeared in *United Artists* magazine, and 'Difficult Times,' which appeared in *Everyday Life Magazine*, edited by George and Chris Tysh, who were also the publishers of this book."



21. **INFORMATION FROM THE SURFACE OF VENUS.** New York, NY: United Artists, 1987. 5½x8" 112 pages. (P)

Offset, Smyth-sewn paperback. Black-and-white cover by Louise Hamlin. Typeset by Maureen Newmeyer. Poems 1976–'82.

"I published this book myself. I wanted to get these poems out of the way, into a book. Some of the poems were written in Lenox, a few in Henniker, New Hampshire, where I lived for a year, but most of them were written in New York. The poems are very dense, but some of my favorite poems are in this book, including the end poem, 'Korean Love Song,' which I wrote in the voice of a Korean woman in a nearby grocery, trying to imagine what her life might be like, and a poem called '4/13/79' which I remember magically appearing in a few hours out of my typewriter. I was constantly trying to work things out, and this book is like a workbook or a kind of transition, between points A and K, or between the sides of things that you could never touch, or get close to. I don't know if I ever came out the other end of what this book was about. My life was utterly up in the air, but this book is less melancholic than some of my other books. I was teaching, I was taking care of my kids, I was falling in and out of love, I was making new friends and watching some old friendships dissolve. But I also felt unmoored, unsure of what was ever going to happen next. I was living in a tiny apartment on Clinton Street in Manhattan; eventually, around the time this book came out, I moved to a much larger place in Park Slope, a first floor apartment with a garden, no less, and a covered porch, so you could actually sit out there and read and watch the rain. For a while I felt settled there. Children and teaching were high priorities. The book is dedicated to Marie, Sophia and Max."

PROJECT PAPERS

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LEWIS WARSH

NEW YORK DIARY 1967

October 31

The alarm rings: it's 2 PM. I get up, dress & go downstairs to buy the *Post*. It's Halloween. Call the typewriter repair shop & learn that it will cost \$25 to have my typewriter repaired. Read a few chapters from *A Confederate General From Big Sur*. Anne¹ returns. I go out, take some packages to the post office on 14th Street. Then I go to the library around the corner. I get a new library card but there are no books I want to take out. Take more packages to the P.O. on 4th Avenue. Return home: it's almost dark out. Anne comes home. Peter² comes by. We talk about Peter Viereck who is going to read at St. Mark's. Anne cooks dinner. Peter leaves. I re-write part of an old poem on Anne's typewriter. At about 9 o'clock I go to the church to the reading which started at 8:30. Meet Shelly³ at the door to the church. She's going to a big Halloween party at the Village Theater. Reading has not yet started. There aren't many people there: Anne & Ted⁴ & Larry⁵ & Peter. After the first set I leave. It's Halloween. Kids are running through the street asking people for money. In front of Gem Spa I meet Katie⁶ & Debbie⁷ & their kids. There are 3 cops on the corner. We all go upstairs. I give the kids all the Halloween candy which Anne brought home during the day. Also, I give Katie *Big Lew*, the robot Larry bought on Avenue C. Just as they're leaving Larry arrives. Also, Shelly. Larry just found an apt. on 86th Street. Sandy⁸ calls. She's coming over with David⁹ & Kate¹⁰. Katie, Debbie & the kids leave. Sandy arrives. Shelly leaves to return to the Halloween party at the Village Theater. Jim¹¹ calls. Anne & Ted arrive, home from the reading. David falls asleep in my arms on the couch. Shelly returns. The party is obviously dragging. Jim arrives. He needs to use Anne's typewriter to type poems. Wren¹² comes. Ted, Sandy & the kids leave. Anne cooks me a hamburger. Shelly leaves. Wren leaves. Jim is still typing. Ron¹³ & Pat¹⁴ arrive. Larry has disappeared somewhere. Ron & Pat leave. Jim & I go downstairs to Gem Spa to get ice cream. Jim buys a copy of the new *Downbeat*. Anne makes us ice cream sodas. Lee¹⁵ & a friend of his named Jeff arrive. Jim begins falling asleep. I explain reasons why he can't sleep over on couch. He calls his girlfriend & secures a place to stay. Lee & Jeff leave. Jeff says he will call tomorrow to show us his poems. We discuss everything & everybody with Jim. Ted arrives. He has a copy of *The Sonnets* which neither Anne nor Jim has seen. Jim leaves. I read the newspaper. Ted speed-reads *Freewheelin' Frank*. Anne reads *The Sonnets*. Then Ted leaves.

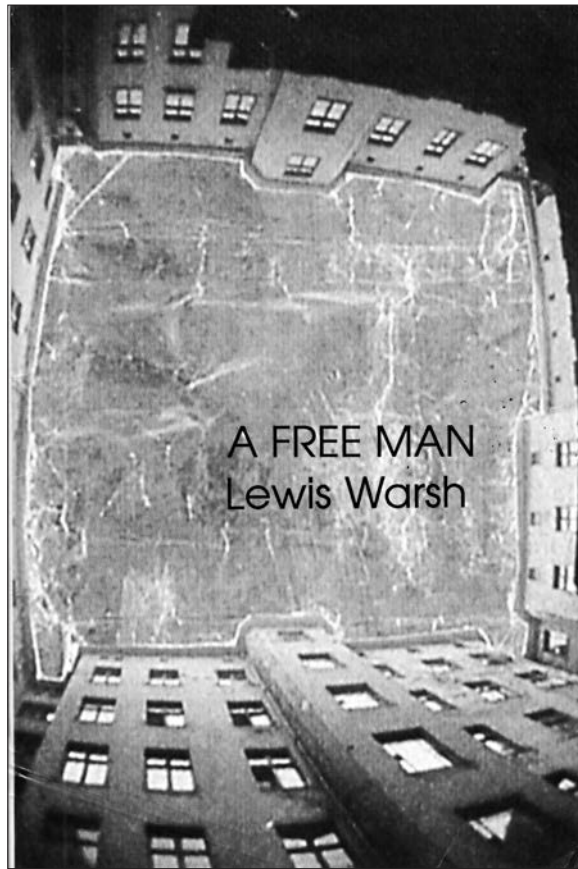
[First published in Warsh's *Part of My History* (The Coach House Press, Toronto, 1972). "New York Diary—1967" captures some of the ambience of the Lower East Side during the early years of The Poetry Project and the network of friendships existing among the younger writers active in the Project at that time. Warsh was living with Anne Waldman at 33 St. Mark's Pl., a few blocks from St. Mark's Church in the Bowery (referred to in the diary as "St. Mark's" or "the church"), home of The Poetry Project. Their apartment was the scene of countless after-readings parties. Waldman was then the Director of the Project.]

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22. **NEW YORK DIARY.** New York, NY: Poetry Project, 1988. 8½x11" 4 pages. (A)

Photocopy, staple in upper left corner. Volume 1 number 19. This single-author issue of *Project Papers* was edited by Ed Friedman and distributed for free at The Poetry Project on the occasion of the author's reading.

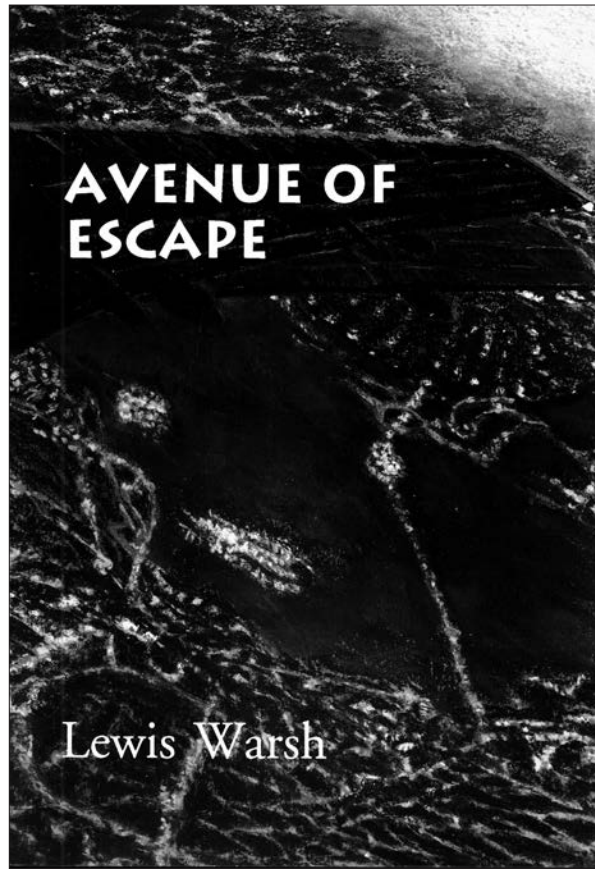
"I kept this journal for five days in Oct–Nov 1967 when I was living at 33 St Mark's Place. My typewriter was broken. I did a hand-written journal for five days. Then the typewriter returned and I stopped. But there was this journal which seemed to reflect everything about my life at the time, everything that was happening moment to moment, everyone who was visiting. There was a great feeling of camaraderie in the air and I'm glad that this work, which I wrote simply by accident, has been reprinted so frequently down through the years."



23. **A FREE MAN.** Los Angeles, CA: Sun & Moon, 1991. 5x7½" 360 pages. (F)

Offset, perfect-bound paperback. [Full-color cover art by Hans Schabus.]

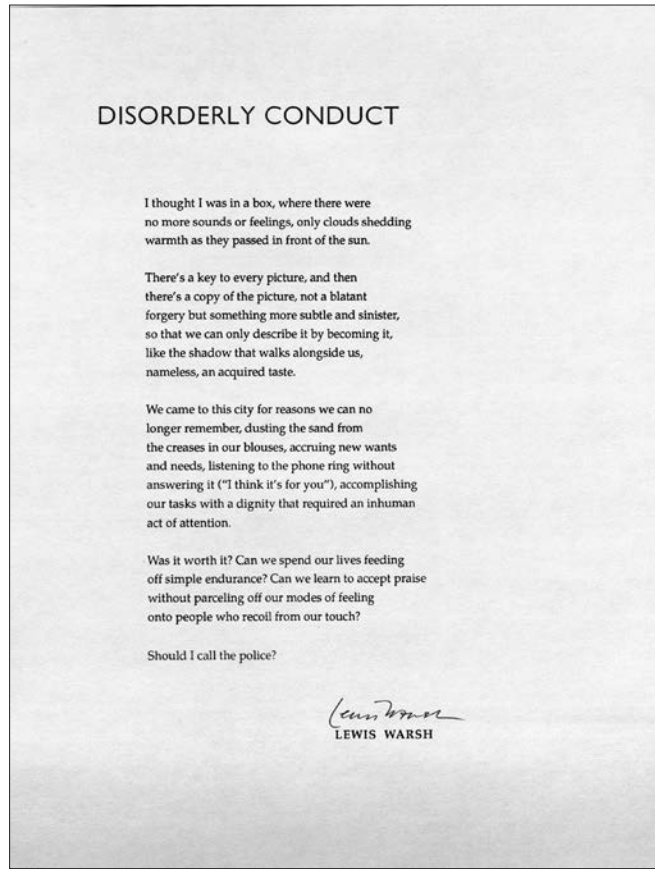
"I wrote this book between 1981 and 1984 while I was living at 172 East 4th Street with Bernadette and all the children. Marie had started kindergarten and Sophia was in nursery school and Max was still at home. I'd put him in a backpack and we'd walk down Essex Street to Seward Park, where some of the novel takes place. I was casing it out. I spent as much time as possible writing. Bernadette was the director of The Poetry Project at St Mark's Church. There were things happening every minute. We put the kids to sleep and I would work on this novel for a few hours. We took turns taking the kids to school, or sometimes we all went. I didn't do much else except go to readings and work on this book. I read books about cops so I could understand my characters. On page one a character named Bette gets killed and Bernadette always said I was trying to get rid of her. That I was really killing her off before the book even began. This book is about cops and their wives but there are a million peripheral characters and the book is really about them. My unconscious was hard at work here, no doubt. There's a blanket feeling in this book which mirrors my life in 1980. It was a challenge to keep on top of it with everything else happening. I didn't dedicate it to anyone, which says something about where I was at in the late eighties."



24. **AVENUE OF ESCAPE.** New York, NY: Long News Books, 1995. 5½x8" 104 pages. (P)

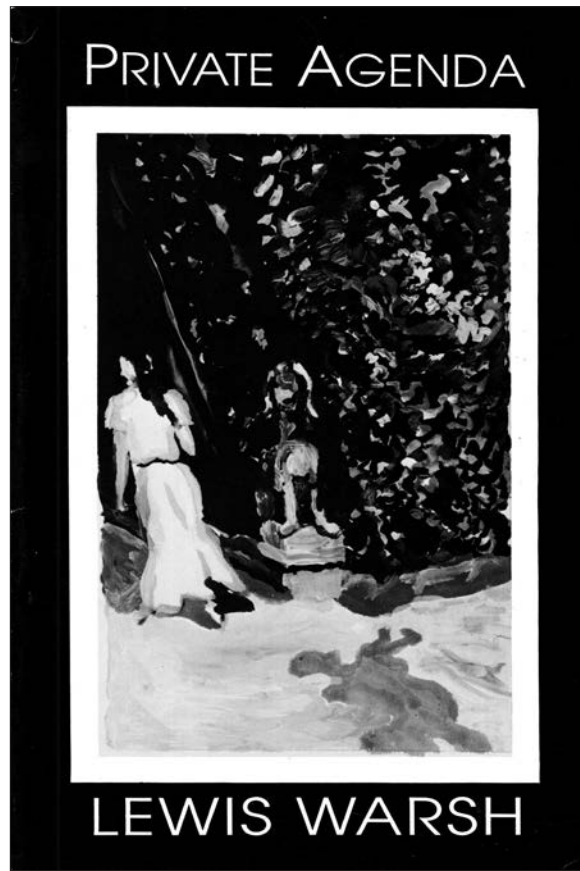
Offset, perfect-bound paperback. Black-and-white cover by Yvonne Jacquette.

“A collection of poems from the early-nineties. I had begun working on the long fragmented poems, like the title poem, which were later collected in *The Origin of the World*. Also, I began writing multi-part poems, like ‘Different Trains,’ something that I’m still doing, linking disparate sections (often written at different times, sometimes years apart) into a whole, or something that resembles a whole. The poem that interests me most, ‘Maybe You Can Define Love In Terms of What It Isn’t’ ends with a long letter from my old friend Allegra David written in 1984 and which acts as a follow-up to the letters by her which I included in *The Maharajah’s Son*. Inclusiveness and juxtaposition and open-endedness are the guiding ideas, I think. I was trying not to leave anything out. The book also includes a long poem, ‘By the Fire,’ a kind of memoir of life in Bolinas 25 years before. The book was published by Barbara Henning’s Long News Books with blurbs by Robin Blaser, Chris Tysh and Andrei Codrescu. The book is dedicated to Wang Ping.”



25. "DISORDERLY CONDUCT." Great Barrington, MA: The Figures, 1995. 8½x11" 1 sheet. (P)

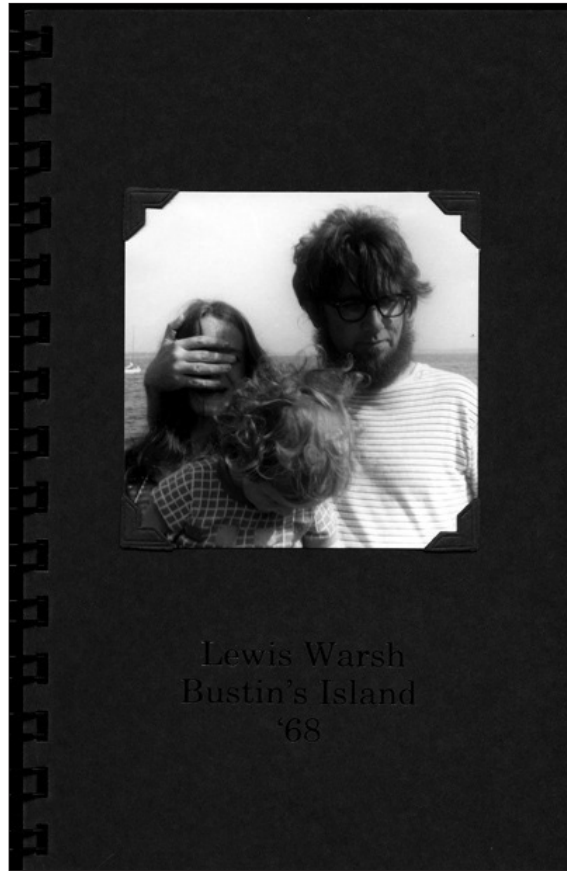
Laserjet, single yellow sheet printed one side only enclosed in plastic sleeve, signed. This poem appears as part of *Writing for Bernadette*, a collection of poems edited by William Corbett and Michael Gizzi. 26 copies enclosed in a purple box, lettered and signed by each contributor, including John Ashbery, Paul Auster, Russell Banks, Bill Berkson, Frank Bidart, Clark Coolidge, William Corbett, Robert Creeley, Kenward Elmslie, Allen Ginsberg, Michael Gizzi, Barbara Guest, Lyn Hejinian, Susan Howe, Fanny Howe, Ann Lauterbach, Ron Padgett, Michael Palmer, Tom Raworth, James Schuyler, Charles Simic, Anne Waldman, Rosmarie Waldrop, Lewis Warsh, and Geoffrey Young. "Pluto in Motion" cover by Joe Brainard. Courtesy of The Poetry Collection of the University Libraries, University at Buffalo, The State University of New York.



26. **PRIVATE AGENDA.** Atlanta, GA: Hornswoggle Press, 1996. 6x9" 48 pages. (P)

Offset, Smyth-sewn paperback. Black-and-white cover and drawings by Pamela Lawton. 500 paperback copies with 26 lettered and signed by the author and artist.

“A long poem, nineteen sections, interspersed with drawings by Pamela Lawton. I’d met Pamela in the early nineties when she was living with Elio Schneeman. I like the semi-abstract, semi-realistic texture of the drawings, with mysterious figures appearing at the end of bridges, and the motifs of water (softness) mixed with images of wrought-iron gates and staircases, with their intricate designs (hardness). Part six is a short take on the life of Montgomery Clift, and his relationship with Elizabeth Taylor, which I was going to explore years later in the novel, *A Place in the Sun*. So whatever I was thinking about then got its start here. References to incarceration and arrest (‘We agree to give Miranda warnings to people arrested for drunk driving’) begin to appear more frequently, a continuation of the noirish-thread that started with *A Free Man*, the private life coming up against the public, in this case the police. There’s a lot of tension in the book, between the sections themselves, and then how they relate to Pamela’s drawings. The book was published by Hornswoggle Press in Atlanta, brainchild of Eric Malone and Eric Phelps Marschalk.”



27. **BUSTIN'S ISLAND '68.** New York, NY: Granary Books, 1996. 6¼x8½" 72 pages. (A)

Letterpress, spiral-bound. *Bustin's Island '68* was originally composed and produced by Warsh as a private manuscript book, a single copy, in 1992. The Granary Books edition is based on the original, which is now housed in the Berg Collection of the New York Public Library. Printed letterpress by Joe Elliot at Soho Letterpress, signed by the author, with 21 black-and-white photographs hand-mounted by Jill Jevne. 20 hors commerce, 50 for sale.

“*Bustin's Island*, in Casco Bay, off the coast of Southern Maine. Summer of '68 Ted and Sandy Berrigan, Anne Waldman and I, rented houses there. The Berrigans were there with their kids, David and Kate. The connection was Lee Crabtree, his childhood summer home. His family had a house there and he was there too. We all ate dinner together every night at one of our houses. Anne and I were there for a month and then we spent the rest of the summer in California, visiting Joanne Kyger and Jack Boyce in San Francisco and then Tom and Angelica Clark in Bolinas. It was my first visit to Bolinas. Some time in the early nineties I wrote a short memoir of that time. I pasted the text into a sketchbook and then added the accompanying photos, including one of my parents, taken out of context, and a few from the summer of '69 when I went to Europe and Ted Berrigan and I took a trip to Liverpool, England. I showed the book to Steve Clay—it was his first visit to my apartment at 701 President Street in Park Slope—and he immediately initiated the idea of doing it as a book. It was not something I was thinking about when I put it together. He made seventy copies of all the photos. Each copy of the book contains original prints.”

BROTHERS
LEVERNOCH

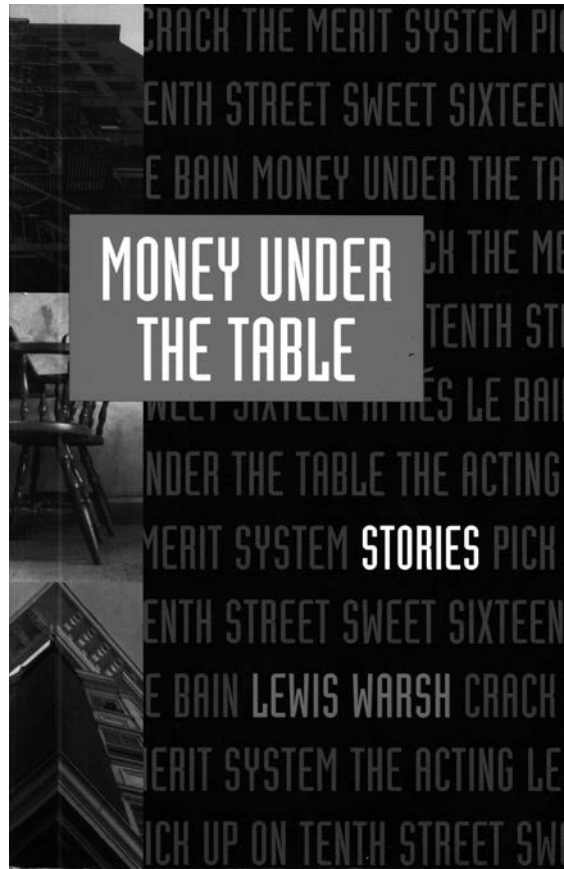


The oil man arrives at midnight
To fix the furnace. The red dress
You wore last New Years hangs from a hook
In the room upstairs. My dreams
Are cut in half by the baby's waking states.
Joseph is the first dream interpreter, seeing
Himself as a stalk of wheat towering above
His brothers, then interpreting (in prison) the dreams
Of the baker and butler, the dream
Of the pharaoh concerning the famine in Egypt,
He was the first businessman and Benjamin
Was Jacob's youngest son.
A succession of ceremonies, wedding
Nights on which the husband breaks his wife's
Neck against the headboard.
The baby's sucking prowess can't be compared to yours,
Though both are pleasurable to me. "Truth
Flows from the mouths of babes" and sucklings,
While the baby slept I sat by the window reading Simonon.
"The nudity of their inner organs . . ."
People who are discontented shock me.

Poem © 1997 by Lewis Warsh. Intaglio by Louise Hamlin.
The text was handset and printed at Coffee House Press.

28. "THE BROTHERS LEVERNOCH." Minneapolis, MN: Coffee House Press, 1997. 15½x11¼" 1 sheet. (P)

Letterpress broadside with image by Louise Hamlin. Broadside portfolio *Bringing Up Baby* featuring poems by: Anne Waldman; Anne Porter; Vicki Hudspeth; Paul Violi; Michael Scholnick; Bernadette Mayer; Bob Holman; Kimiko Hahn; Cynthia Huntington; Gary Lenhart; Robert Hershon; Ron Padgett; Charles North; Jordan Smith; Lewis Warsh. Courtesy of The Poetry Collection of the University Libraries, University at Buffalo, The State University of New York. All of the poems in this book are accompanied by images by Louise Hamlin.



29. **MONEY UNDER THE TABLE.** San Francisco, CA: Trip Street Press, 1997. 5½x8½" 126 pages. (F)

Offset, perfect-bound paperback. Cover photographs by Howard Gelman, designed by Clare Rhineland. Author photo by Marie Warsh. Blurb by Harry Mathews.

"I started writing stories in the early-nineties. It wasn't something I had done before. I didn't particularly like reading stories. I had a long attention span in those days. Stories were too short. The nineties, looking back, is not my favorite decade, and all these stories have an edge—I figured out a way to tap into my darker side, though that part of me had also been very present when I was writing *A Free Man*. I was trying to exorcise some demons in these works. The first story I wrote was "The Merit System" —I just wrote it out by hand in a few hours one morning. I wasn't quite sure where that 'voice' was coming from but I felt like I'd discovered something new that I could do. It seemed possible to plug into that voice at any moment and write something down. Start anywhere and see what happens. There are a lot of troubled characters in these stories—there's a lot of confusion. The book was published by Karl Roeseler, a person I didn't know at the time. He was living in San Francisco, so we did everything long distance. I had given a copy of the manuscript to Gary Sullivan and he passed it on to Karl. The book is dedicated to George and Chris Tysh."

Lewis Warsh's stories are devastatingly good. Fragments of plain unlikely lives are enacted in expertly simple, sinuous prose. Characters evolve in a bewitching and scary realm somewhere between event and insight, at the unnerving center of what we take to be reality. These people are all too convincing—we wouldn't want to be them, but we probably are. —Harry Mathews



30. **GOODBYE TO ALL THAT.** [no place, no place: no publisher, no year]. Approx 4x5" 1 sheet. (P)

Letterpress printed one side only in maroon ink on stiff, textured paper with deckles on three sides by Buck Downs, who writes: “‘Goodbye to All That’ was printed at Pyramid Atlantic, 1998 I believe. I was teaching two artists there how to use the C&P and set type and also reading LW’s book *Blue Heaven* (Kulchur, 1978), & corresponding with him a little, & so got permission to use that poem as one in a small folio we did. Something like 100 copies, plus the inevitable APs etc. Printers would be Buck Downs, Nicole Selmer and John Taylor. I still have that copy of *Blue Heaven*, with two proof copies tucked in.”

LORIMER STREET

Will everybody ("this train is out
Of service") please get off? There's
another train right behind this one.

You can see it from a distance, an
outline of what it really is, an allusion
to something I don't even know

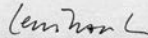
about, or want to admit. Some nights
I'd give anything for a casual embrace.
Meet someone on a subway or street

corner & live together forever. It doesn't
hurt to laugh but sometimes my side
hurts when I walk too fast.

I can see you in the distance, eyes
cast downward as if lost in thought.
Denying something, I sometimes

Think, is the same as admitting
it. I admit you into my thoughts
without even trying. You enter, as if you were

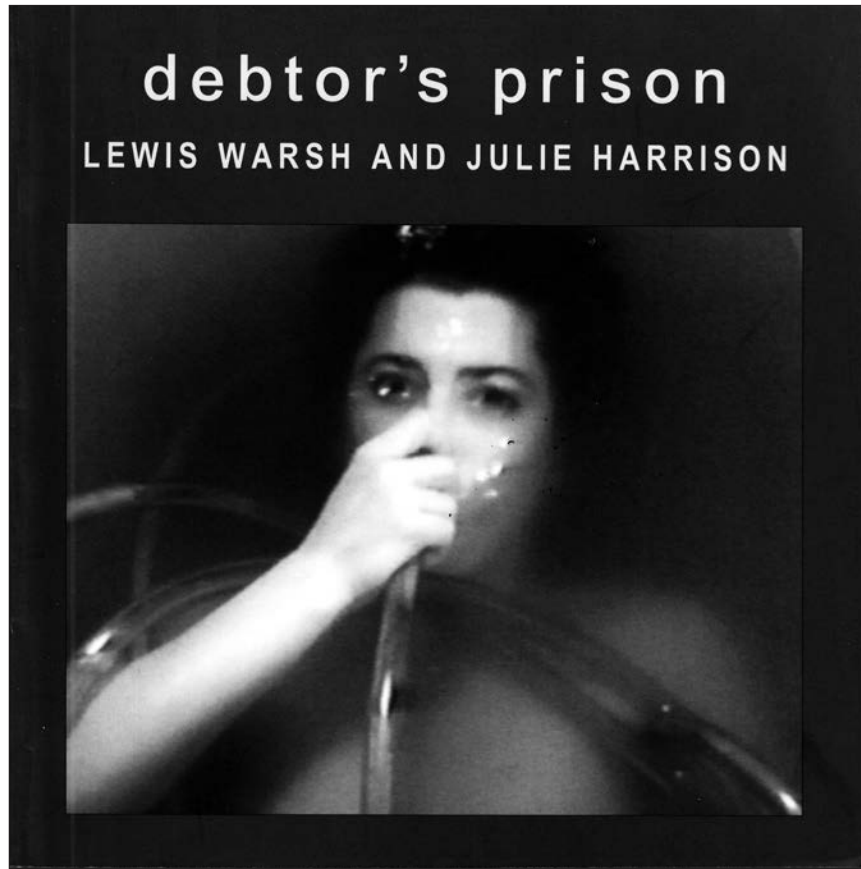
part of the air I breathe.


Lewis Warsh

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31. "LORIMER STREET." Boston, MA: Pressed Wafer, 2000. 8½x11" 1 sheet. (P)

Laserjet, pale orange sheet printed on one side only, signed. This poem appears in a portfolio entitled *Pressed Wafer BroadSides for John Wieners*. "This collection of broadsides endows the first annual Pressed Wafer Lifetime Achievement Award, which was presented to John Wieners on April 8, 2000 in Boston." Edited by William Corbett, Michael Gizzi and Joseph Torra. This broadside collection is in an edition of twenty-six lettered A-Z. Housed in pale yellow envelope; deep yellow paper over boards; pale green cloth shelfback; clear sticker affixed to front cover printed in black. Contributors include: John Ashbery; Paul Auster; Amiri Baraka; Edward Barrett; Jim Behrle; Bill Berkson; Daniel Bouchard; Clark Coolidge; William Corbett; Robert Creeley; Tim Davis; Edward Dorn; Robert Duncan; Jim Dunn; Kenward Elmslie; Elaine Equi; Larry Fagin; Michael Franco; Michael Friedman; Merrill Gilfillan; Peter Gizzi; Michael Gizzi; John Godfrey; Barbara Guest; Thom Gunn; Jim Harrison; Lee Harwood; Stratis Haviaras; Fanny Howe; Susan Howe; August Kleinzahler; Joanne Kyger; Gerrit Lansing; Frank Lima; Bernadette Mayer; Gail Mazur; Nathaniel Mackey; Askold Melnyczuk; Charles North; Ron Padgett; Michael Palmer; Andrew Schelling; Charles Simic; James Tate; Joseph Torra; Paul Violi; Lewis Warsh; Anne Waldman; Dara Wier; Elizabeth Willis; John Yau; Geoffrey Young. Poems later printed in book "The blind see only this world," published by Press Wafer and Granary Books, 2000. Courtesy of The Poetry Collection of the University Libraries, University at Buffalo, The State University of New York.



33. **DEBTOR'S PRISON.** New York, NY: Granary Books, 2001. 6¾x6¾" (P)

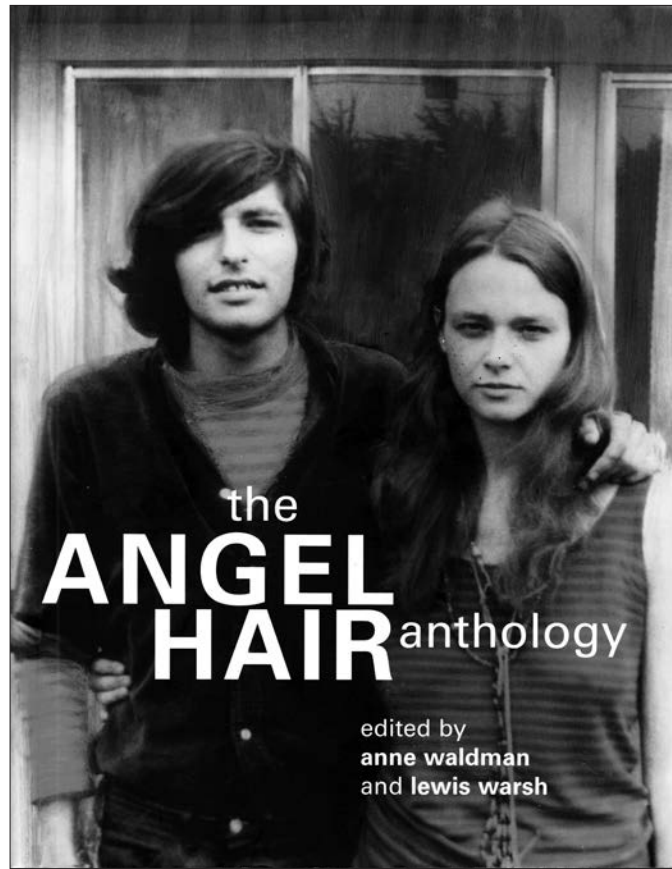
Offset, Smyth-sewn paperback. Collaboration with Julie Harrison featuring black-and-white video stills.

"Steve Clay initiated this project. I visited Julie Harrison's work place, she spread out all the stills from her videos on the floor, and we worked at arranging them in a sequence that made sense. And then I wrote the short text that accompanied each one. The stills are on the right, the text is on the left. The relationship between photograph and text is very mysterious but it's also very consistent. The whole is really the sum of its parts, as they say, and in this case it's true. Everything begins to blend together in this book and every time I read it I see something different in it all. The text looks like this:

We tend to be attracted to people who look like
people we used to love

statement of intent / human ceiling

The first line, or statement, is similar to the 'lines' from the poems in *The Origin of the World*. But then there's the commentary in italics. I always like the idea of two things happening at the same time, like the split page in *Agnes & Sally*. I like the idea of commentary—it was what attracted me to Spicer's work, 'Homage to Creeley,' especially, where he uses the split page. Michel Foucault makes all these interesting distinctions between commentary, criticism and exegesis in *The Order of Things*, how one evolves into the other over the centuries. Commentary, to my mind, is the most open-ended, and allows you to spin-off, which is what I do here, using each of Julie's stills as a place to begin. The book is dedicated to Steve Clay."

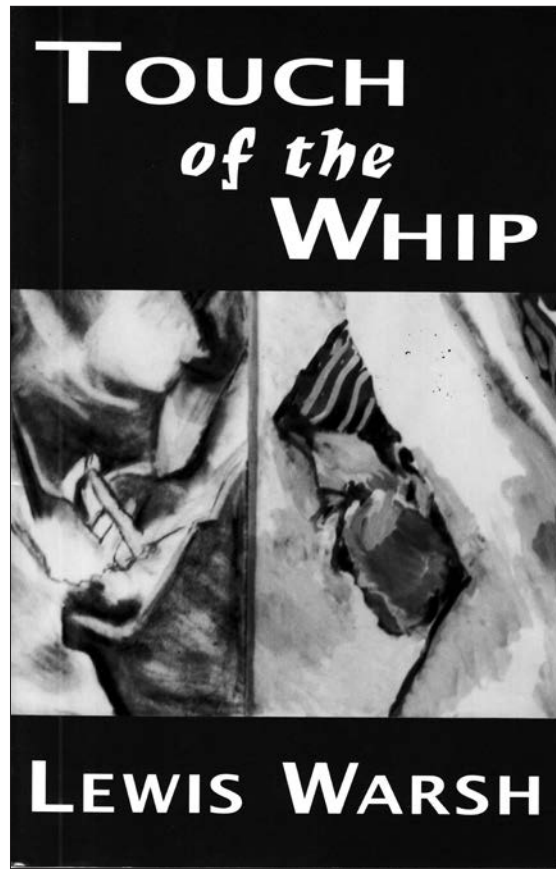


34. **THE ANGEL HAIR ANTHOLOGY.** New York, NY: Granary Books, 2001. 7x9" 664 pages. (E)

Offset, Smyth-sewn paperback. Edited with Anne Waldman. Full-color cover photograph by Tom Clark. 1,300 paperback and 300 hardback copies.

"In the late-nineties, Steve Clay and I were visiting Annabel Levitt in upstate New York. We took a long drive and began to talk about this project. It took a few years—Anne Waldman and I worked closely with Steve and his assistant, Amber Phillips, to get it done. When I was teaching at SUNY Albany, I enlisted the work of a student, Mary Burke, and she had a part in organizing everything, especially in the early stages. It kept evolving. The book retrieves the best of the six issues of *Angel Hair Magazine*, plus excerpts from all the books. There's the great memoir section at the end with the photographs, and the introductions, in parallel columns, by me and Anne. Then there's the cover photograph, taken by Tom Clark, summer of 1968, in front of his house in Bolinas, California. That photo gives away a lot, but asks for something back at the same time, the 'Who am I?' question, or 'Who were we?' The book is dedicated to our mothers, Frances LeFevre Waldman and Ray Warsh."

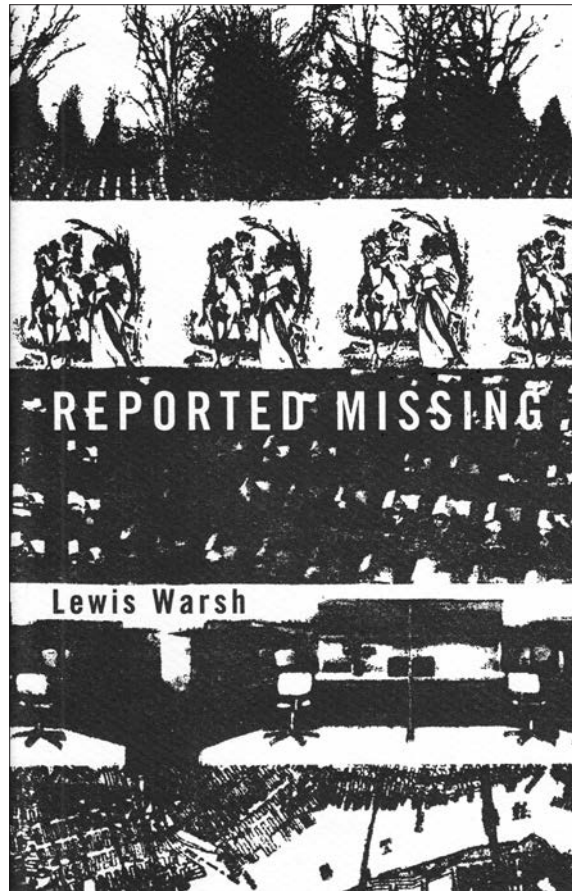
Angel Hair reaches us now from a moment in American history that is still a part of our cultural & spiritual present. Under the care of Anne Waldman & Lewis Warsh—young poets in what was, circa 1965, the hot center of 'new' 'American' 'poetry'—their economically printed & exuberantly disseminated magazine was a key vehicle for the innovative & groundbreaking work of an entire generation of poets & artists. This large & generous anthology is not only an archival masterpiece—the best of a time that's now gone though scarce forgotten—but an incitement to keep their work alive for a still newer generation. Hurrahs & kudos to all appearing here & to Granary Books for bravely bringing them forward. —Jerome Rothenberg



35. **TOUCH OF THE WHIP.** Philadelphia, PA: Singing Horse Press, 2001. 5½x8½" 112 pages. (F)

Offset, perfect-bound paperback. Full-color cover art by Pamela Lawton. Author photo by Katt Lissard. Blurbs by Gloria Frym and Gary Lenhart.

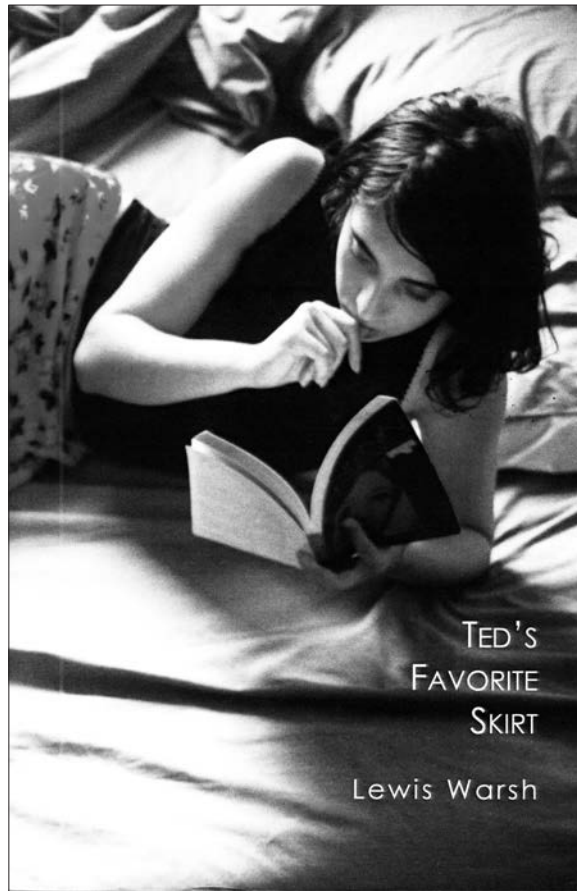
“Gil Ott, in Philadelphia, asked me for a book, and we worked on it, mostly over the phone. He gave me excellent feedback and the structure of the book owes a lot to his suggestions. Instead of a book of poems or a book of stories he wanted something else. We didn’t meet each other until after the book was done and I came to Philadelphia to read with Rosmarie Waldrop and Chris McCreary at Painted Bride. There was Gil, unmistakable, waiting for me in Union Station. I think the book was initially all stories, a sequel to *Money Under the Table*, which he had reviewed for *Rain Taxi*. But then—this was Gil’s idea—it became a mix of poetry and fiction. It contains two poems, ‘We Wrote a Letter to Jesus’ and ‘The Gun in His Hand,’ that were written in the fragmented style of the poems in *The Origin of the World*. It also contains the story ‘G & A,’ which is a short investigation into the lives of Georgia O’Keefe and Alfred Stieglitz. I liked doing the research involved and then using what I could, much like the method I used to write *Methods of Birth Control*. But different, in a million ways. My favorite work in the book is the title poem, ‘Touch of the Whip,’ a mixture of prose and poems, in different sections, which ends with the story of an Exxon executive who was kidnapped and buried alive. It has no ostensible connection with the rest of the poem, but it underlines everything, and the whole rest of the book as well. The book is dedicated to Katt Lissard.”



36. **REPORTED MISSING.** New York, NY: United Artists, 2002. 5¼x8¼" 24 pages. (P)

Letterpress, saddle-stapled chapbook with vellum endpapers. Cover by Emilie Clark. Typeset in Mrs Eaves by Alberta Testanero and printed by Soho Letterpress. 200 copies with ten numbered and signed by the author and artist.

“One of the long poems—divided into numbered sections—that I began working on in the mid-nineties. This must be from the late nineties. I decided I wanted to do some chapbooks for United Artists. I started off with this one, and *Red Book in Three Parts* by Bernadette Mayer. And that was it. The poem contains nineteen sections. Some of the poems I published on their own: ‘Suggestion’ (#16), ‘For X’ (#17) and ‘Anonymous Donor’ (#18). There are references to the train trip I took from Paris to Kiel with Wang Ping in 1993 and the visit to Florence I made in 1997 to see my daughter Marie and in #9 to Menlo Park. In summer of 1997 I had a residency at the Djerassi Foundation, and I used to drive to Menlo Park to get away from it all. An odd idea, since the whole point of going to the residency was to get away from everything else. But after I was there for a while, I wanted to escape from there as well. No doubt, the person ‘reported missing’ in the title was myself.”

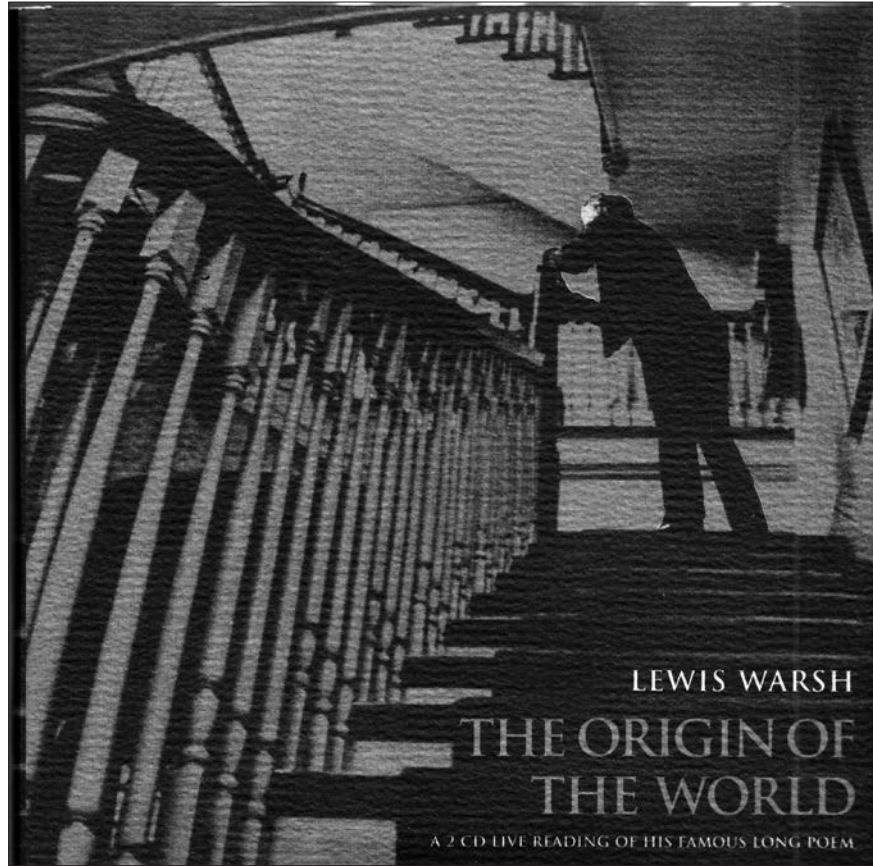


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37. **TED'S FAVORITE SKIRT.** New York: NY, Spuyten Duyvil, 2002. 5¼x8¼" 216 pages. (F)

Offset, perfect-bound paperback. Full-color cover photograph by Max Warsh. Author photo by Katt Lissard. Blurbs by Laird Hunt and Chuck Wachtel.

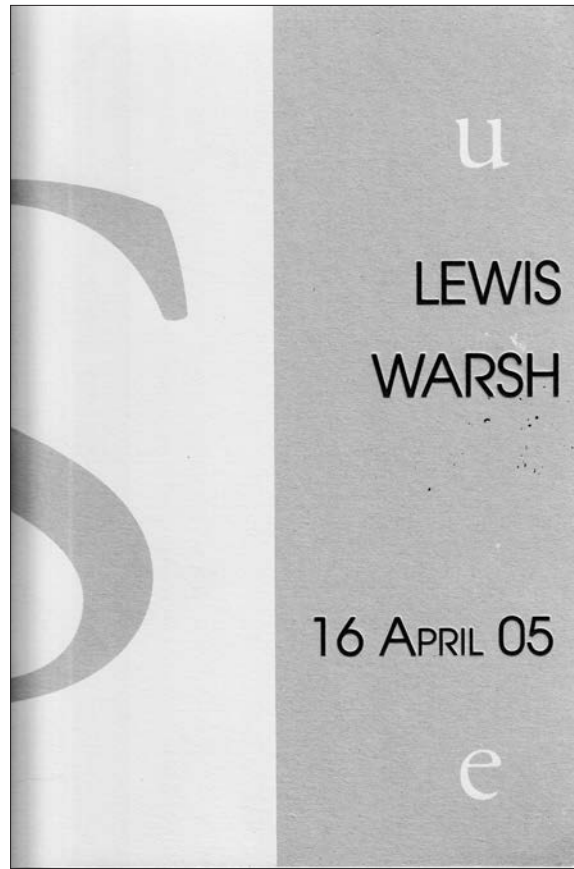
"I wrote this novel in the mid-eighties, not long after I finished *A Free Man*, but it didn't see the light of day until many years later. I'm not sure why. I was still getting over the time I'd spent living in small towns in the late-seventies. The small town environment seemed simple on the surface, but there were layers of frustration and discontent and restlessness that I wanted to explore. I was also interested in working out questions of adolescent sexuality, the volatility of pent-up emotions where there's almost nothing to do and nowhere to go. And the cast of characters in small town life remains the same over a whole lifetime. The book was published by Tod Thilleman's Spuyten Duyvil Press and it's dedicated to Barbara Henning and Bill Kushner. The cover is a photo by Max Warsh of his wife Alyssa Gorelick. The book she's reading is *The Diary of Anaïs Nin*."



38. **THE ORIGIN OF THE WORLD.** Brooklyn, NY: Deerhead Records and Ugly Duckling Presse, 2004. 5x5" 2 CD set. Design by Jeremy Mickel. (P)

A two-CD live recording of *The Origin of the World* (2001). Paper, printed in blue and black on laid cardstock. Music by Sam Hillmer and Christopher Tignor. Recorded at the Parkside Lounge in New York City on March 26th, 2002 as part of The Long Poem Project, a co-production of Deerhead Records and Ugly Duckling Presse. Includes single-sheet insert containing biographical note.

“On March 26, 2002 I read the entire text of *The Origin of the World* at the Parkside Lounge (on East Houston Street in NYC), accompanied by Sam Hillmer and Christopher Tignor on saxophone and violin. It was part of a long-poem series produced by Elizabeth Reddin, who also produced the double CD for Deerhead Records in conjunction with Ugly Duckling Presse. Jacqueline Waters was the opening reader. The music comes in and fades out and sounds great. It goes on for hours and just keeps getting better. We rehearsed for about a minute, but it didn’t matter. Thanks to Elizabeth, Jacqueline, Daniel Nohejl, Anna Moschovakis, and Matvei Yankelevich for making it happen.”

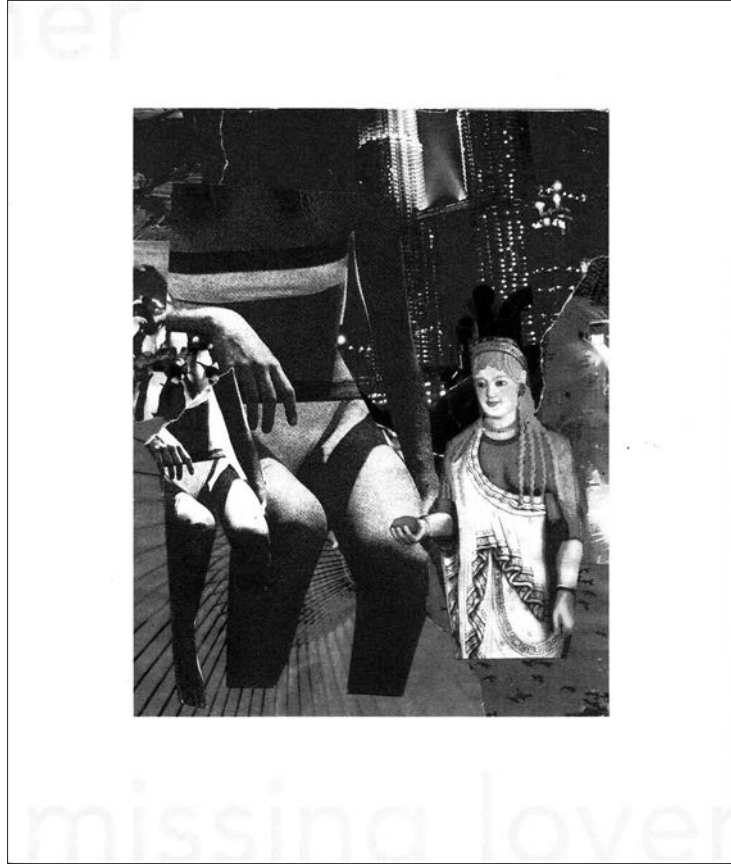


39. **LAST CIGARETTE.** New York, NY: A Rest Press, 2005. 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ x7 $\frac{1}{4}$ " 20 pages. (P)

Laserjet text with yellow, black and beige silkscreen and letterpress covers, pamphlet sewn tête-bêche chapbook with an excerpt from *Vertigo* by Martha Ronk. Published in conjunction with the Segue Reading Series at the Bowery Poetry Club curated by Matvei Yankelevich and Anna Moschovakis. Cover designed and printed by Patrick Masterson on French Co. paper. Typesetting by Ryan Murphy in Adobe Garamond.

“This poem has eleven parts, plus a coda. Nine of the sections are short prose paragraphs. I wanted everything as various as possible. Sometimes one sentence follows another, as if telling a story. Sometimes the sentences have no obvious connection. But the tone is the same throughout—ominous, detached, confessional, anticipatory, resigned.”

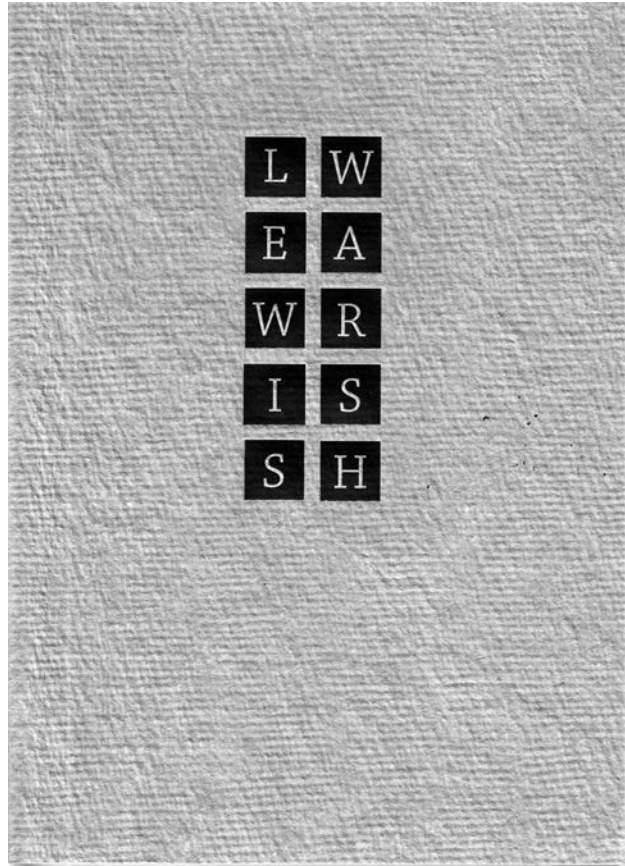
This is just the beginning of someone else's story. If we make a mistake the first time, we can try again. If we lose our balance we might fall to the bottom. Being in denial is just another form of stupidity. The doctor who was on duty wrote me a prescription for painkillers. I offer my guests a plate of bowtie cookies. It occurs to me that my audience consists of no one but you.



40. **THE MISSING LOVER.** New York, NY: Spuyten Duyvil, 2006. 6x7" 56 pages. (C)

Text by Summer Brenner, full-color front and back covers and collage images by Lewis Warsh. Offset, Smyth-sewn paperback. Limited edition of 75 numbered and signed copies, of which this is 61.

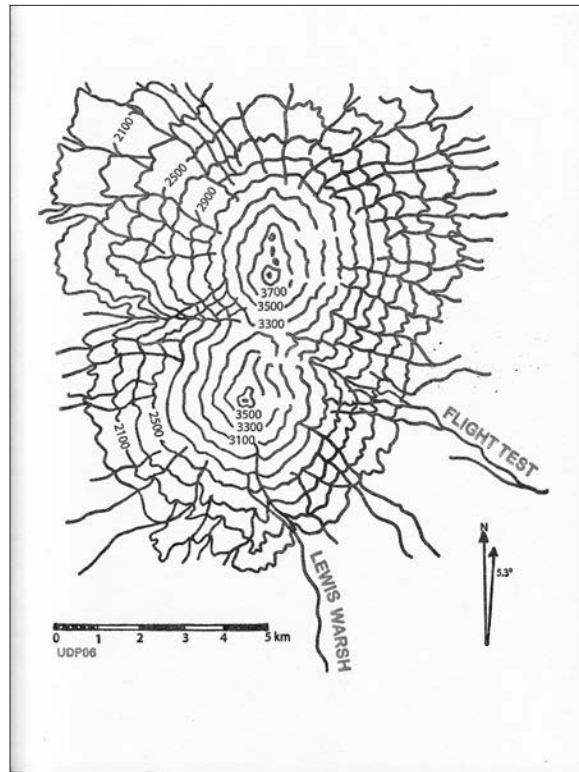
“Summer Brenner asked me to contribute collages to her novella, *The Missing Lover*. There are twelve collages, plus front and back covers, all from a series called ‘Girls On the Dock.’ I found a photograph in a magazine of four teenage girls sitting on the edge of a dock in bathing suits. I xeroxed it in different sizes. There are also boys in the water nearby as well. They’re leaning on the dock watching the girls. Each of the collages contains an element of this photograph, sometimes just the faces of the girls. Sometimes I include just a trace of the photo—you have to search for it amid the other elements—but in most cases it’s right in front of you. I did the collages in 2001–02, while I was living in Greenpoint, Brooklyn, and before I began using letters in my collages. The book was produced in a beautiful edition by Tod Thilleman.”



41. **THE FLEA MARKET IN KIEL.** Tuscaloosa, AL: A Rest Books, 2006. 5¼x7" 24 pages. (P)

Letterpress, pamphlet-sewn hardcover. Designed and printed by Patrick Masterson in an edition of 350 copies, of which 50 have been bound in boards by hand, numbered and signed by the author. The typeface is Chaparral Pro; the papers are Khadi, French, Hahnehühle Bugra, and Mohawk Superfine. Blue endpapers. Wrapped in protective handmade paper box.

“Kiel, a small city in Northern Germany, on the North Sea. You can look out over the North Sea and there’s Denmark in the distance. I was there with Wang Ping, summer of 1993, to visit her sister. On Sunday morning we toured a huge flea market. That’s it. The flicker of a memory—I can see it all now. The title has little to do with the rest of the poem, which is divided into 17 parts, but it’s a kind of marker, or reference point, that gives the poem (at least) some personal meaning. And there was something that resembled a flea market about the way the different sections of the poems interacted with one another, or didn’t. There was something random about the connections between these poems. Some of them don’t work on their own but blend in as part of the whole. I wrote it in Manhattan (c. 2003).”



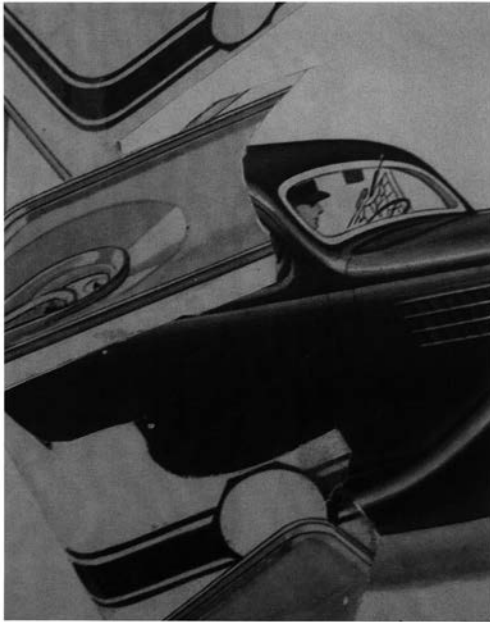
42. **FLIGHT TEST.** New York, NY: Ugly Duckling Presse, 2006. 5¾x7¾" 28 pages. (P)

Offset, pamphlet-sewn chapbook. Letterpress wraps printed in brown and violet. This book was designed, printed and bound in an edition of 300 at the Ugly Duckling Presse workshop in Red Hook, Brooklyn. The text is set in Baskerville, the titles in Copperplate Gothic Bold. The plates for the letterpress cover were furnished by Boxcar Press in Syracuse, NY. The first fifty copies of this book have been numbered and signed by the author.

"Another long poem, fifteen sections. My memories were catching up with me so that at any moment in the writing process some flicker of memory could intrude. Or "enter"—it seems they were mostly (always) welcome. Memories tend to make sense because they're signs of something that really happened. They can happen (in your mind) at any moment. 'Tootsie Roll wrappers and Bazooka gum' is an obvious flash from childhood. I used to take long walks when I lived in Greenpoint—over to Williamsburg and Lorimer and Grand and Graham. 'I stand at the crossroads, Our Lady/of the Snows.' It was a church I saw on my way. The war in Iraq was happening—'It's just a matter of time before the bombs start exploding on crowded streets.' And people I knew were dying:

*It could be the last stop
if you don't watch your step.*

That's how it ends."



DISASTER RELIEF

Disaster relief is always late
in coming, & when it arrives
no one knows what to do
first.

Building a tent in your backyard
while they re-build the house
might be one way of claiming
your place when it no longer
exists,

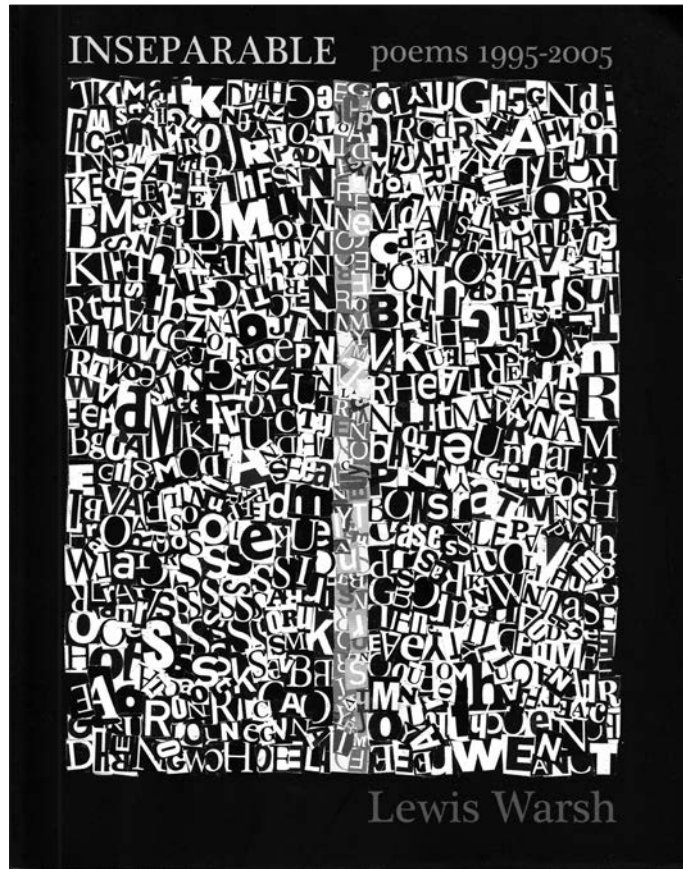
saving face
when you've sold your heart
to the first person
who says "yes."

Lewis Warsh
- Lewis Warsh

These limited-edition broadsides are made in conjunction with Farfalla Press/McMillan & Parrish and The Bowery Poetry Club for the Bowery Broadside Series (2007-2008) to commemorate 24 poets in and around the New York area who are bringing new forms to the forefront.
All original artwork is by George Schneeman.

43. **DISASTER RELIEF.** New York, NY: Farfalla Press/McMillan & Parrish, 2006. 17x11" 1 sheet. (P)

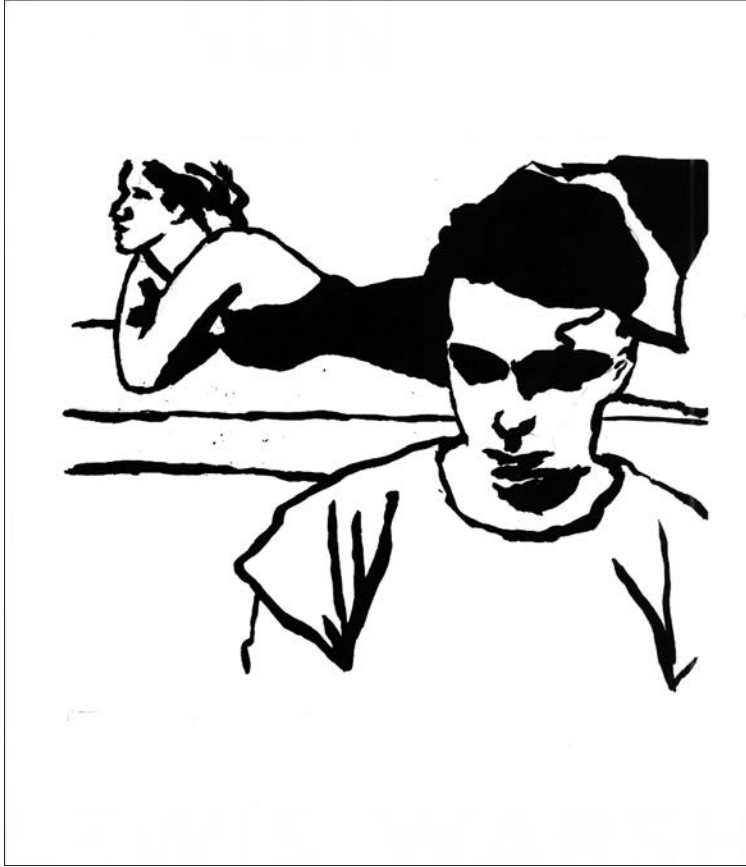
Offset broadside produced to commemorate twenty-four poets' readings at the Bowery Poetry Club (2007-'08). The image is by George Schneeman. Curated by Gary Parrish.



44. **INSEPARABLE: POEMS 1995-2005.** New York, NY: Granary Books, 2008. 6¾x8½" 216 pages. (P)

Offset, Smyth-sewn paperback. Full-color cover collage by Lewis Warsh. Author photo by Marie Warsh. Blurbs by Fanny Howe, Cole Swensen and Matvei Yankelevich.

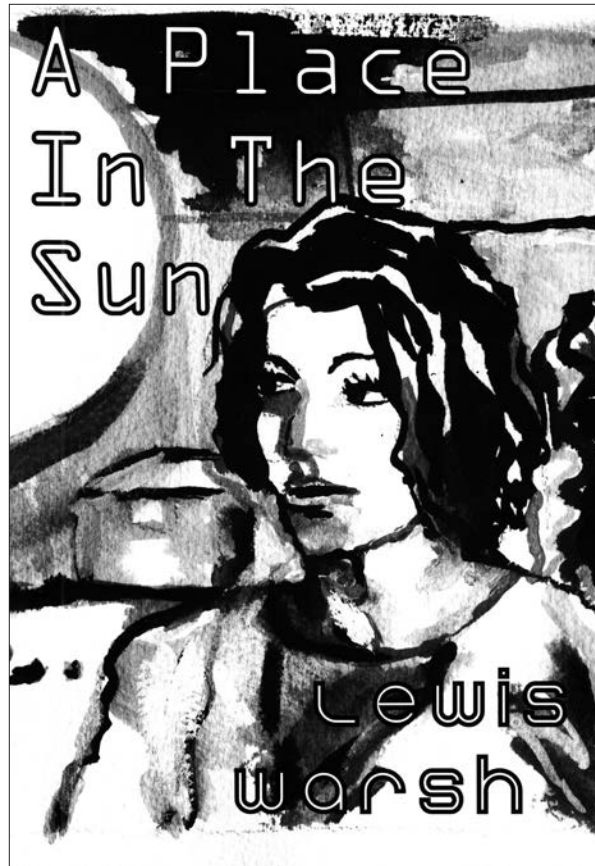
"A collection of all the long poems that previously appeared in limited edition chapbooks, plus some new long poems, 'Reversible Destiny,' 'Sorcerer,' and 'Every Time You Close Your Eyes.' There were also some new poems written in the fragmented form of the poems in *The Origin of the World*—'New Way' and 'Consecutive Sentences.' Plus a few short poems. I used one of my first letter collages for the cover, black letters on a white background, with a narrow column down the center of white letters on a colored background. The book was produced by Steve Clay, designed by Brandon Kennedy, and is dedicated to Katt Lissard."



45. **A PLACE IN THE SUN.** New York, NY: Spuyten Duyvil, 2009. 6x7" 62 pages. (F)

Offset, perfect-bound paperback. Black-and-white cover art by Pamela Lawton with 9 additional images dispersed throughout the text on a gloss stock different from text stock (printed recto only). Of 75 copies, this is number 27, signed in pencil by the author and artist.

"I began investigating the lives of Monty Clift and Elizabeth Taylor in the mid-nineties. I'd seen the movie *A Place in the Sun* when I was very young and I wanted to know why it left such a strong impression. Taylor was in love with Clift and would call him up the night before she was getting married, begging him to 'save' her from making a mistake. This happened more than once. Clift had to keep his private life to himself—he couldn't be out as a gay man in Hollywood c. 1950. It was only when James Dean came around, a few years later, that things became slightly more open. I wrote this series of prose works intersecting the lives of Clift and Taylor with the life of Theodore Dreiser. *A Place in the Sun* (the movie) was based on Dreiser's *An American Tragedy* which was based on a real life event that happened in upstate New York. Pamela Lawton did nine drawings for this edition, as well as the front and back covers, and the book was produced by Tod Thilleman."



45. **A PLACE IN THE SUN.** New York, NY: Spuyten Duyvil, 2010. 5½x8" 234 pages. (F)

Offset, perfect-bound paperback with flaps. Cover art by Pamela Lawton. Author photo by Max Warsh. Blurbs by Rennee Gladman, Michael Lally, Michael Rumaker, and Donald Breckenridge.

"I wrote this novel in the late-nineties. It feels like the definitive work about something. The inside of my brain, if nothing else. The book links to *A Free Man*—there's a cop, Harry Cray, at the center of the story, just as there was a cop (Frank) in the center of the earlier book. But then there are other sections: the long chapter about Monty and Liz and the making of the movie *A Place in the Sun*, and then a short tangent about Bertolt Brecht and how his lovers wrote most of his great plays. There are side trips here, lots of disparate elements and lots of intertwining threads. Monty isn't the only person in the book who's confused about his sexual identity. I was interested in the Russian culture of Brighton Beach as well. I loved going there and walking around and sitting in one of the Russian cafés on the boardwalk facing the ocean. I had numerous Russian students in my classes at Long Island University. My great grandparents, on my father's side, came from Lithuania. My name is/was Warshafsky. My father changed it before I was born. So this book contains a lot of little pieces of things that matter to me. I liked putting this book together and all the repetitions between the first and last parts. I liked rewriting the opening section at the end. Tod Thilleman was the publisher and Pamela Lawton did the cover. The book is dedicated to Monty and Liz."



46. **DONATELLO.** New York, NY: Third Floor Apartment Press, 2011. 5¼x5¼" 28 pages. (P)

Laserjet, handsewn paperback with illustrated endpapers. Covers handpainted and stamped by the publisher. Designed and printed by Sarah Anne Wallen in an edition of 26 copies lettered A–Z and signed by the author. This is copy “K of 26” signed by the author in pencil below colophon.

“Another long poem written in numbered sections. I still feel this over-used form has some possibilities—that you can structure diverse elements in a new way while using this form. Maybe the use of the numbers isn’t that important. I want everything to be side by side and this is the closest way of making that happen, though, in fact, the sections are following one another. I want the narrative to happen, like walking through a cloud. The endpapers are fragments of sculptural works by Donatello, mostly faces, that I had been planning to use for a single artist’s book. Sarah Anne Wallen used bits and pieces for each copy.”

Angel Hair 2

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MIMEO MIMEO 7

> *Angel Hair #2* (Fall, 1966) edited by Lewis Warsh and Anne Waldman.

I) ANGEL HAIR MAGAZINE

Angel Hair 6



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MIMEO MIMEO 7

> *Angel Hair* #6 (Spring, 1969) edited by Lewis Warsh and Anne Waldman.
Cover by George Schneeman.

I) ANGEL HAIR MAGAZINE

1. **ANGEL HAIR**. No 1. New York City: Spring 1966. 9x13" 24 pages.

Gray Fabriano covers with purple text printed letterpress. Edited by Anne Waldman and Lewis Warsh, Box 257 Peter Stuyvesant Station, NYC 10009. "Angel Hair is printed by The Chapel Press/Williamstown, Massachusetts."

Pierre Reverdy	"Fires Smouldering Under Winter" (translated by Georges Guy and Kenneth Koch)
Jonathan Cott	Three Poems ("My head can't fit the moths"; "There are words that slip out of you"; "Natural Functions")
Lewis Ellingham	"Tompkins Sq. Branches With Snowy Arms"
Lee Harwood	Three Poems ("Landscape With 3 People"; "That Evening Pierre Insisted That I Had Two Roast Pigeons At Dinner"; "London-New York")
Denise Levertov	"Eros"
Lewis Warsh	Three Poems ("Up There In Snow"; "The Gaze"; "Poles")
Janet Thormann	"First Moon/Second Moon/Third Moon/Fourth Moon"
Jack Anderson	"Man With a Pipe"
Anne Waldman	"Endorsing Ventures"
Charles Stein	"Provisional Measures"
Gerard Malanga	"The Apprentice"

2. **ANGEL HAIR**. No 2. New York City: Fall 1966. 9x13" 44 pages.

Yellow Fabriano covers with white text printed letterpress. Edited by Anne Waldman and Lewis Warsh, Box 257 Peter Stuyvesant Station, NYC 10009. "Angel Hair is printed by The Chapel Press/Williamstown, Massachusetts." Announcing books by Lee Harwood, Gerard Malanga and Charles Stein.

Anne Waldman	"The De Carlo Lots"
Michael Benedikt	Two Poems ("Various Motions"; "Millwheel")
Lewis Warsh	Three Poems ("The Shades"; "The Shades 2"; "Moving Through Air")
Charles Stein	Five Poems ("It's true that"; "Plain worlds revise"; "The window is covered with gauze curtains recalling"; "Drink this"; "Framed by his propensities")
Peter Schjeldahl	"Common Knowledge"
John Perreault	Two Poems ("The Nude Republic"; "The Whiteness")
Bernadette Mayer	"Inventing Stasis"
Leandro Katz	"Spread"
Jack Anderson	Two Poems ("American Flag"; "Winter Telegraph")
Cesar Moro	Three Poems ("Balcony"; "The Hat on Trafalgar Square"; "Letter to Andre Coyne") (translated by Frances LeFevre)
Lee Harwood	Two Poems ("Green Light"; "No—all the temple bells")
Robert David Cohen	Untitled Poem ("She knows what she does and does she do it beautifully. Ah, I tell you")
Jonathan Cott	Three Poems ("Come On, Let's Go"; "Loneliness Itself Will Be Breaking Your Two Souls Along the Valley"; "Forsaking the Course")
Bruce Marcus	"Where Trainor Can Be Found"
Ted Berrigan	from "Clear the Range"
Michael Brownstein	Two Poems ("A Final Storm"; "The Immersions By Daylight")

3. **ANGEL HAIR**. No 3. New York City: Summer 1967. 9x13" 48 pages.
 Green Fabriano covers with white text printed letterpress. Edited by Anne Waldman and Lewis Warsh, Box 257 Peter Stuyvesant Station, NYC 10009. "Angel Hair is printed by The Chapel Press/Williamstown, Massachusetts." Announcing books by Lee Harwood, Gerard Malanga, Charles Stein, Sotere Torregian, and Jim Brodey.

Lewis Warsh	Three Poems ("Inside Long Treks"; "A Huge Left Over"; "Frayed City")
Ebbe Borregaard	"Sketches for 13 Sonnets"
John Wieners	"Invitation au Voyage II"
Ted Berrigan	"Bean Spasms"
Anne Waldman	Four Poems ("Letter S"; "Thinking of Them"; "Scene The End"; "Culture Drift")
Michael Brownstein	Two Poems ("Against the Grain"; "Pounds and Ounces")
Aram Saroyan	Two Poems ("Blod"; "lobstee")
Gerard Malanga	Two Poems ("It Is Only In Wealth That A Man Has Every Right To His Leisure"; "Her Father")
Jim Brodey	Two Poems ("Poem: I eat oranges"; "Another Fourth Poem")
John Ashbery	"The Hod Carrier"
Gay Harriman	"Christian Hermits lived in abandoned Egyptian tombs, they"
Lewis MacAdams	Two Poems ("Poem: I am in the coffee ring"; "Pockets of Haze")
Clark Coolidge	Two Poems ("collapse bar ink monk, cylinder cylinder"; "lark bender hair air")
Jonathan Cott	Two Poems ("Bachelor Apparatus"; "A Wedding Ride in a Swiss Town")
Dick Gallup	Three Poems ("Pretty Beads"; "Out-Dated Poem"; "Light Toast & Coffee")
Robert Duncan	"At the Poetry Conference: Berkeley After the New York Style"
Vito Hannibal Acconci	"The Placable Caps"
Charles Stein	"Gotama Saturday Morning"
Tom Clark	Two Poems ("After Abelard"; "Doors")
Ron Padgett	"16 November 1964"
Rene Ricard	Four Poems ("Oh"; "Visions of Arthur"; "Party Crash"; "II Chronology & Context (some songs & some places)")

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4. **ANGEL HAIR**. No 4. New York City: Winter 1967–1968. 9x13" 64 pages.
 Red Fabriano covers with red text printed letterpress. Edited by Anne Waldman and Lewis Warsh, Box 257 Peter Stuyvesant Station, NYC 10009. "Angel Hair is printed by The Chapel Press/Williamstown, Massachusetts." Announcements for books by Lee Harwood, Ted Berrigan, Lewis Warsh, Tom Clark, Ron Padgett, and others.

Kenward Elmslie	Three Poems ("Work Room"; "Feathered Dancers"; "Duo-Tang")
Anne Waldman	Three Poems ("Wheels"; "Going In"; "Home City")
Tom Clark	Two Poems ("The Top of the World"; "City Lights")
Sotere Torregian	Two Poems ("After Mayakovsky"; "Attitudes")
Dick Gallup	Three Poems ("Guard Duty"; "The Struggle for the Border"; "Truck Farm")
Jonathan Cott	"Enjoyment Body"
Clark Coolidge	"Fashion Berry"
Lewis Warsh	Three Poems ("Poem" for Peter Silver; "Moon Children"; "Poem 10/17/67")
Joanne Kyger	"Unexpectedly, from the outside"

Ron Padgett	Three Poems (“Wonderful Things”; “A Back”; “The Statue of a Libertine”)
John Stanton	Chapter Five <i>from</i> “Thought”
Philip Whalen	Six Poems (“Waiting for Claude”; “Demachi”; “Sanju Sangendo”; “Coming Forth by Day”; “Poem”; “We Sing in Our Sleep. We Converse with the Dead in Our Dreams”)
Peter Schjeldahl	“Release”
Larry Fagin	Two Poems (“Big Mess”; “Love”)
Kenneth Koch	“Airplane Betty in Holland”
Kathleen Torregian	“Poem (In the marshes of the North)”
Ted Greenwald	“Elegance and Umbrellas”
Allan Kaplan	“Hey”
Ted Berrigan	Great Stories of the Chair (“Great Stories of the Chair”; “Mother Cabrini”; “Tulsa Rose Gardens”; “The Sunset Hotel”; “Richard Gallup at 30”; “Who I Am and What I Think”; “Don’t Forget Anger”; “What’s the Racket”; “The Conscience of a Conservative”; “July”; “Some Trips to Go On”; “A Letter from Dick Gallup”)
Lee Harwood	“The Seaside (for Peter Ruppell)”
John Perreault	“Hunger”
Tom Veitch	“Ordinary People on Sunday”

5. **ANGEL HAIR.** No 5. New York City: Spring 1968. 9x13" 64 pages. Blue Fabriano covers with white text printed letterpress. Edited by Anne Waldman and Lewis Warsh, Box 257 Peter Stuyvesant Station, NYC 10009. “Angel Hair is printed by The Chapel Press/Williamstown, Massachusetts.” Announcements for books by Lee Harwood, Anne Waldman, Lewis Warsh, Tom Clark, and others.

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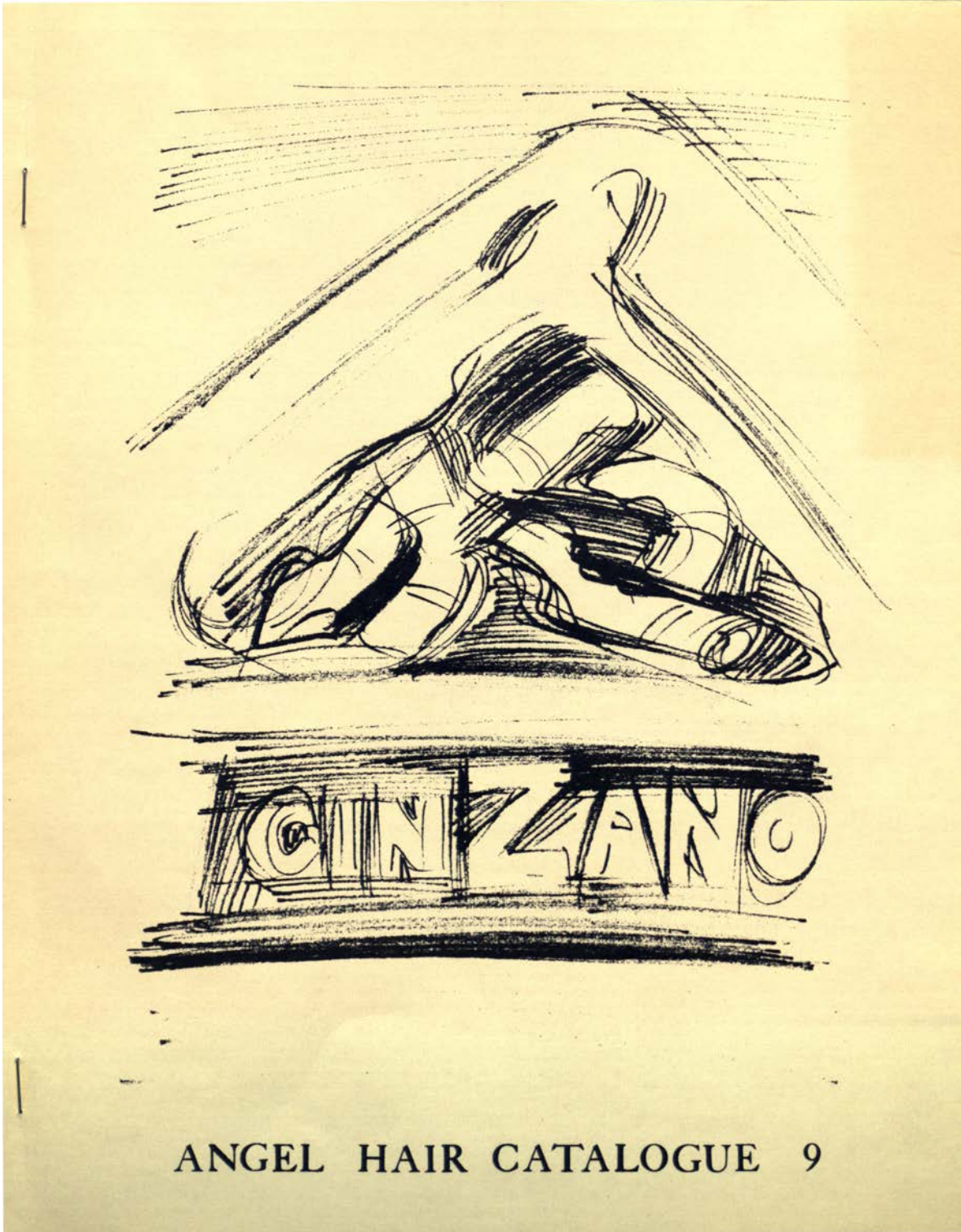
Edwin Denby	“Out of Bronx subway June forest”
Ron Padgett	“Strawberries in Mexico”
Barbara Guest	Three Poems (“Homage”; “Fit Fur Gaing Farth”; “Eating Chocolate Ice Cream: Reading Mayakovsky”)
Lorenzo Thomas	“Great Love Duets”
Frank Lima	Two Poems (“Lime”; “Harbour”)
Michael Brownstein	Six Poems (“Regard”; “Make You”; “Doctor”; “To Boot”; “To Another Boot”; “Some Definitions”)
Catherine Murray	“In Normandy There Is A Cluster of Old Castles”
Ted Berrigan	Three Poems (“Resolution”; “Things to Do In New York City”; “By The Waters Of Manhattan”)
Ted Berrigan & Ron Padgett	“Waterloo Sunset”
James Schuyler	“Yorkville”
Joe Ceravolo	Five Poems (“Spring in This World of Poor Mutts”; “Drunk On The Brain”; “Data”; “Sleeping Outside My Mind”; “Clouds”)
Bill Berkson	“Byzantine”
Lewis Warsh	Two Poems (“Red Light”; “Style Line”)
Clark Coolidge	Three Poems (“miss ship”; “ments of a...”; “though in should flags”)
Anne Waldman	Three Poems (“The Revolution”; “Gun Power”; “Kind Days”)
Tom Clark	“The Lake”
Aram Saroyan	Two Poems (“ex-track coach dies”; “a leaf left by the cat I guess”)
Joe Brainard	“Aug. 29, 1967”
John Ashbery	“Three Madrigals”
Mary Ferrari	Two Poems (“The Ristorante San Marco”; “Eternity!”)

John Giorno "Capsule"
 Tony Towle Two Poems ("Poem: The lead drains from your heart on the left side"; "Night")
 Jim Brodey Two Poems ("Variations From A Hungry Man"; "Stone Free")

6. **ANGEL HAIR.** No 6. New York City: Spring 1969. 9.25x12.25" 64 pages.
 Cover by George Schneeman. Edited by Anne Waldman and Lewis Warsh, Box 257 Peter Stuyvesant Station, NYC 10009. "Angel Hair is printed by The Chapel Press/Williamstown, Massachusetts."
 Announcements for books by Larry Fagin, Johnny Stanton, Clark Coolidge, John Giorno, and others.

Clark Coolidge Poem ("these passages were taken")
 Frank O'Hara Eleven Poems ("Poetry"; "Elegy (Salt water, and faces dying)"; "Elegy (Ecstatic and in anguish over lost days)"; "Lines to a Depressed Friend"; "A Short History of Bill Berkson"; "On Rachmaninoff's Birthday #158"; "A Raspberry Sweater"; "An Abortion"; "To John Ashbery"; "Female Torso"; "Sonnet: The Blueness of the hour")
 Michael Brownstein Four Poems ("Appearances"; "Pocket Manual"; "Loud Poem"; "Around the Mouth")
 Bill Bathhurst "To Marthe"
 Tom Veitch "The Foundation of Our Empire" *from* "The Luis Armed Story"
 John Giorno *from* "The Kama Sutra of John Giorno"
 Tom Clark Three Poems ("Under the Dome"; "Good Morning"; "Magic Arrival No. 7")
 Kenward Elmslie "Easter for Joe"
 Lewis Warsh "Lost in New York"
 Steve Carey "Fames Away"
 Ted Berrigan Three Poems ("For You"; "Things To Do In Anne's Room"; "Poem For Philip Whalen")
 Bill Berkson "Sheer Strips"; "Booster"
 Gerard Malanga *from* "The Secret Diaries/Summer In The City"
 Ebbe Borregaard "Pox On The Foxes"
 Anne Waldman Four Poems ("Sexy Things"; "Things That Make You Pick Up Speed"; "Years Ago"; "Tape")
 John Thorpe "Man in a Semi-Detached House"
 Kenneth Koch "Irresistible"
 David Franks "The Fountain"
 Joanne Kyger "Descartes and the Splendor of A Real Drama of Everyday Life"
 Jim Carroll Two Poems ("Seltzer"; "The Burning of Bustins Island")
 Ron Padgett "Two Vermont Sketches"
 James Schuyler & Ron Padgett "Within the Dome"
 James Koller "Sitting Alone One Cold June Night Before An Empty Whisky Bottle A Coffee Pot & An Oil Stove With A Window Through Which I Watched The Flames"
 Larry Fagin Three Poems ("Little Hand"; "One Day In November"; "Occasional Poem")

138

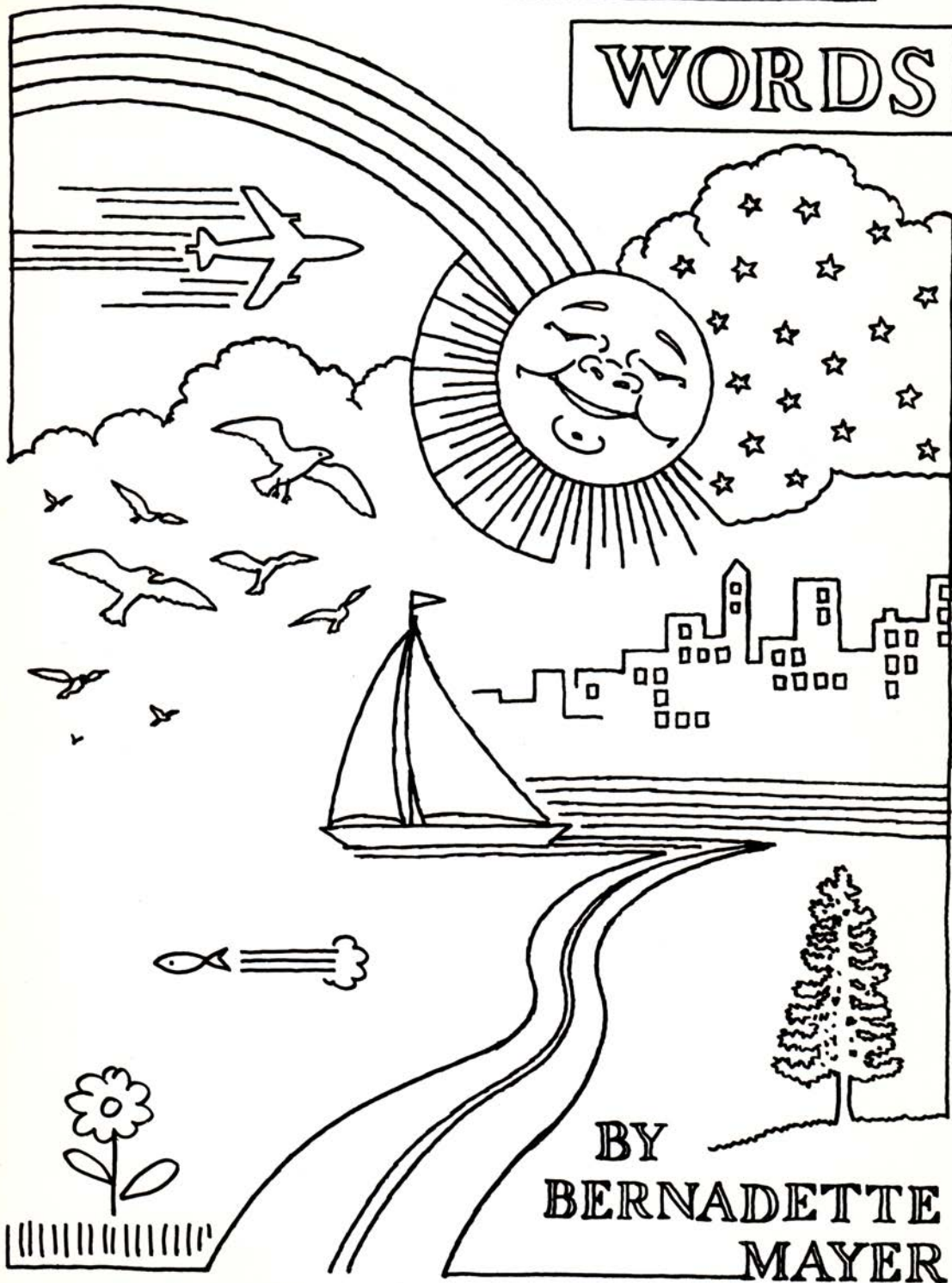


MIMEO MIMEO 7

> In addition to magazines and books, Angel Hair issued 10 attractive catalogues containing poetry and, in some cases, illustrated covers, such as this one by Joe Brainard.

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF

WORDS



140

MIMEO MIMEO 7

> *The Golden Book of Words* (1978) by Bernadette Mayer.
Cover by Joe Brainard.

II) ANGEL HAIR BOOKS

1966

The Man with Blue Eyes

Lee Harwood

Cover by Joe Brainard

1967

3 Poems for Benedetta Barzini

Gerard Malanga

Photographs by Stephen Shore

The Virgo Poem: Ouspensky Addresses a Congress of Virgos

Charles Stein

Frontispiece drawing by Josie Rosenfeld

Identikit

Jim Brodey

Cover photograph by Bob Cato

The Golden Palomino Bites the Clock

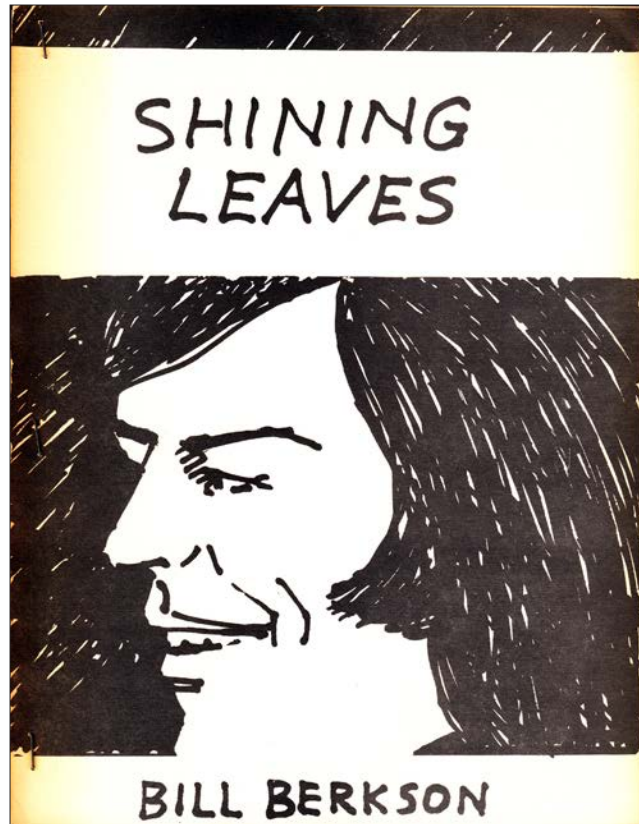
Sotere Torregian

Cover by George Schneeman

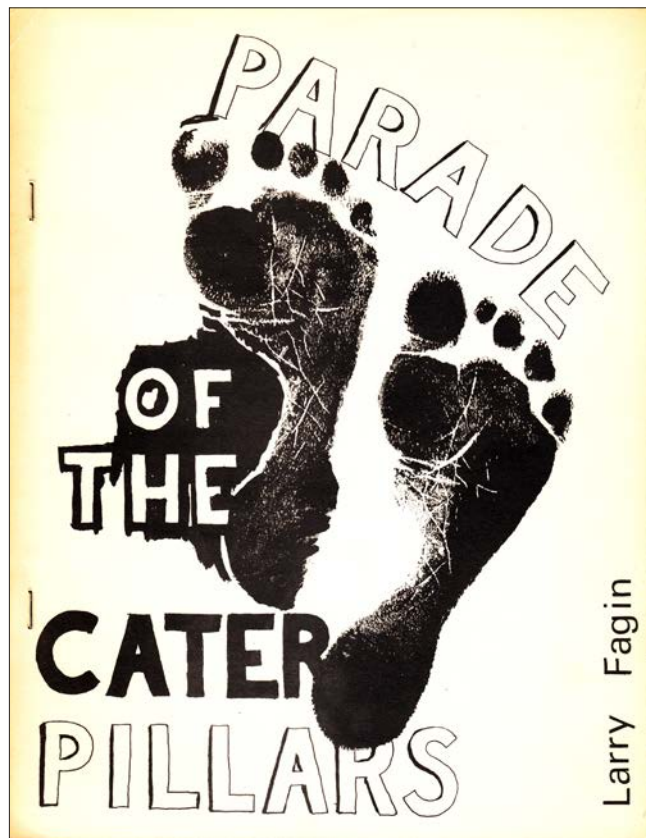
Many Happy Returns

Ted Berrigan

Printed at Grabhorn-Hoyem



142



1968

Moving Through Air

Lewis Warsh

Cover by Donna Dennis

Giant Night

Anne Waldman

Silkscreen cover by George Schneeman

Sonnet

Tom Clark

Broadside

Bun

Tom Clark & Ron Padgett

Cover by Jim Dine

Parade of the Caterpillars

Larry Fagin

Cover by George Schneeman

Ing

Clark Coolidge

Cover by Philip Guston

1969

O My Life!

Anne Waldman

Cover by George Schneeman

Asylum Poems

John Wieners

Cover by George Schneeman

Shining Leaves

Bill Berkson

Cover by Alex Katz

Slip of the Tongue

Johnny Stanton

Cover and inside drawings by George Schneeman

Chicago

Lewis Warsh and Tom Clark

Printed at Grabhorn-Hoyem

1970

Oranges

Frank O'Hara

Cover by George Schneeman

Neil Young

Tom Clark

Cover designed by Tom Clark

Joanne

Joanne Kyger

Cover photo of author by Bill Berkson

Elective Affinities

Jonathan Cott

3 American Tantrums

Michael Brownstein

Cover by Donna Dennis & Michael Brownstein

Truck

Merrill Gilfillan

Cover by Joe Brainard

Secret Clouds

Harris Schiff

Cover by Joe Brainard

I Remember

Joe Brainard

4 Ups and 1 Down

Jim Carroll

Cover by Donna Dennis

In London

Robert Creeley

Printed by Grabhorn-Hoyem

Up Thru the Years

Anne Waldman

Cover by Joe Brainard

1971

Birds

John Giorno

Cover by George Schneeman

Girl Machine

Kenward Elmslie

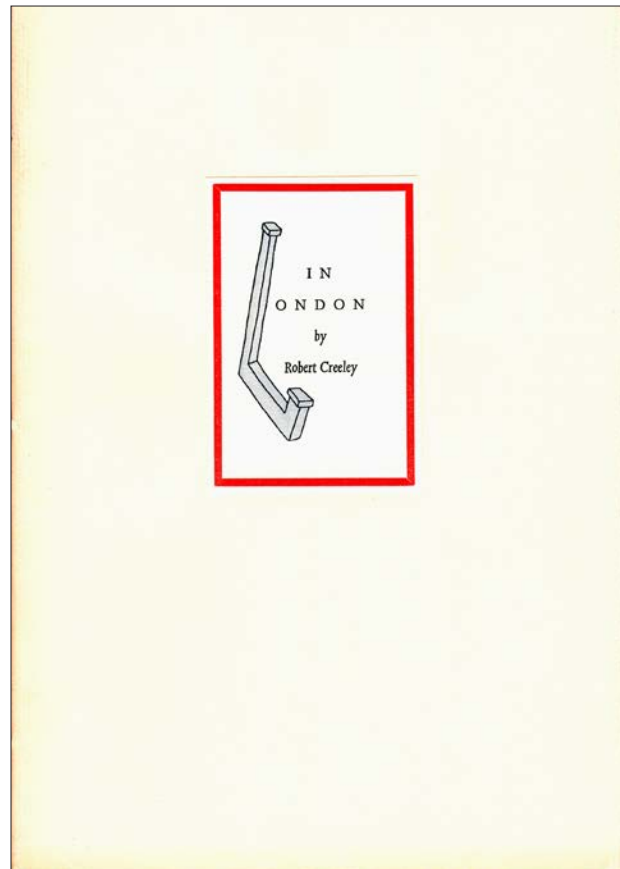
Moving

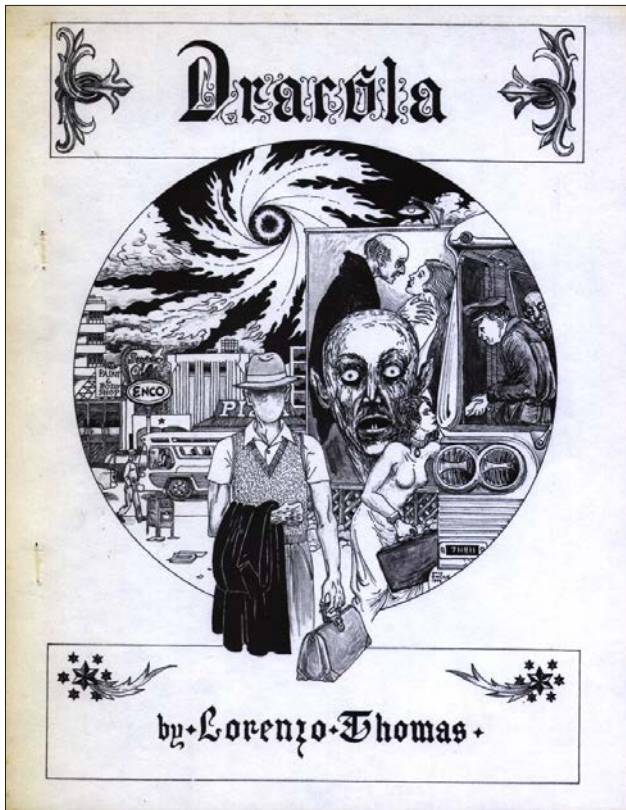
Bernadette Mayer

Frontispiece drawing by Rosemary Mayer

Cover by Ed Bowes

143





Landscape
 Larry Fagin and George Schneeman
 Images by George Schneeman

1973
Dracula
 Lorenzo Thomas
 Cover by Britton Wilkie

Recent Visitors
 Bill Berkson
 Cover and drawings by George Schneeman

Incidentals in the Day World
 Alice Notley
 Cover by Philip Guston

Dreams
 Peter Schjeldahl
 Cover by James Rosenquist

Some Psalms
 David Rosenberg
 Cover by Hannah Wilkie

144

Two Women
 Charlie Vermont
 Cover photo by Harry Gross

Limits of Space and Time
 Britton Wilkie

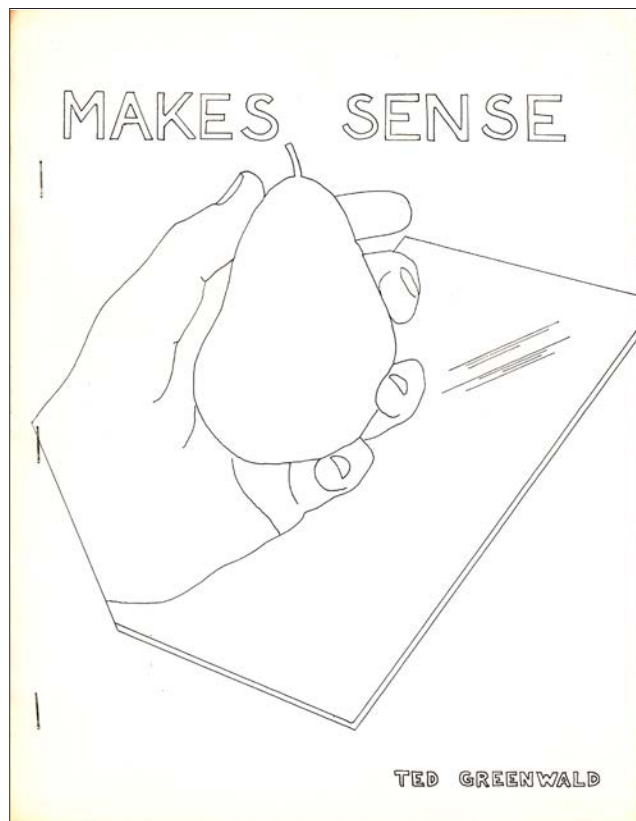
Icy Rose (To The Delicately (Winter) Coming On)
 Anne Waldman
 Printed at Cranium Press

Verge
 James Schuyler
 Printed by Grabhorn-Hoyem

1972
Fit Music: California Songs, 1970
 Lorenzo Thomas
 Cover and drawings by Cecilio Thomas

Twelve Poems
 Larry Fagin
 Cover by George Schneeman

I Remember More
 Joe Brainard





Eat This!
Tom Veitch
Cover by Greg Irons

1975
Sheltered Life
Charlotte Carter
Cover by Raphael Soyer

The Basketball Article
Bernadette Mayer & Anne Waldman

1976
Columbus Square Journal
William Corbett
Cover by Philip Guston

Cleaning Up New York
Bob Rosenthal
Cover by Rochelle Kraut

1977
Nothing for You
Ted Berrigan
Cover and frontispiece by George Schneeman

Eruditio ex Memoria
Bernadette Mayer
Cover by Bernadette Mayer

145

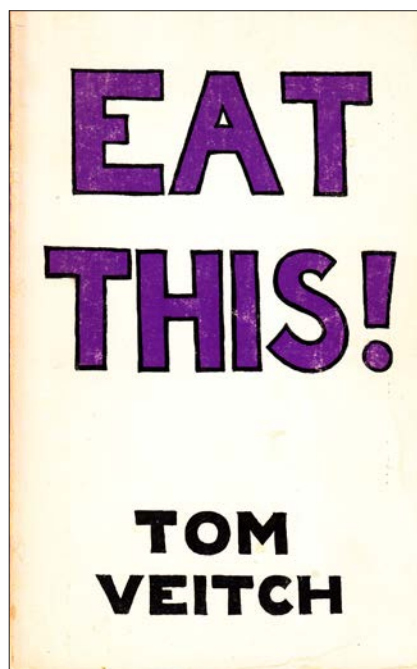
More I Remember More
Joe Brainard
Cover photograph of author by Bill Katz

1974
Makes Sense
Ted Greenwald
Cover by George Schneeman

Hotels
John Wieners
Cover by Gordon Baldwin

Snoring in New York
Edwin Denby
Cover by Rudy Burckhardt
Published by Angel Hair and Adventures in Poetry

*Blues of the Sky: Interpreted from the Ancient Hebrew
Book of Psalms*
David Rosenberg
Cover by George Schneeman



The Golden Book of Words
Bernadette Mayer
Cover by Joe Brainard



OWN FACE

Clark Coolidge

146

The Maharajah's Son
Lewis Warsh
Cover by Rosemary Mayer

1978
I Should Run for Cover but I'm Right Here
Harris Schiff
Cover by Rudy Burckhardt

Cuba
Tapa Kearney
Published by Songbird Editions & Angel Hair Books

Some Magic at the Dump
Reed Bye
Cover by Jerome Hiler
Published by Songbird Editions & Angel Hair Books

Clairvoyant Journal – 1974 March-June Retreat
Hannah Weiner
Cover photograph by Tom Ahearn

Own Face
Clark Coolidge
Cover by Susan Coolidge
Photograph by Russell Trail Neville

Clairvoyant Journal



Hannah Weiner

III) THE WORLD



1. **THE WORLD: A New York City Literary Magazine.** No 3. New York City: May, 1967. 8½x14" 29 pages (printed rectos only). Mimeograph with black-and-white cover, side-stapled.

Editors: Joel Oppenheimer, Anne Waldman & Lewis Warsh

Cover: George Schneeman

Jim Brodey	"Red Eyes"; "Peking Blues"
Jim Brodey & Vito Hannibal Acconci	"Mohl Prayers"
Tom Clark	"Samuel Greenberg in Mexico"; "Sunken Politics"; "Momentum"; "Si! The Pizza is Broken!"; "True Greatness"
Peter Schjeldahl & Tom Clark	"Easter"
Peter Schjeldahl	"Homage to the Square"
Julian Karpen	"to prolong"
Sam Abrams	"the lighthouse"
Donald Gardner	"from Names"
Jonathan Cott	"Certain Places"
Ted Greenwald	"Y"
Lewis Warsh	"French Window"; "Poem"; "DMT"
Rene Ricard & Larry Melman	"Pink Teacups"
Joel Sloman	"Clay Pipe"; "Blueprint"
Charles Stein	"The Muse"; "Goloshes in the snow..."
Michael Silverton	"Magic Lanterns"; "Landscape Populated by Scholars"; "The Putas"
Jack Anderson	"A Set of Instructions"
Michael Brownstein	"The Umbrella and the Sword"
Ruth Krauss	"Song (from Re-examination of Freedom — a show)"
Thomas Weatherly, Jr.	"salty gal"
Scott Cohen	"Act"
Joel Oppenheimer	"Fighting It Out On This Line If It Takes All Summer"
Alex Silberman	"poem for ellen"
Bill Little & Alex Silberman	"poem"
Anne Waldman	"For You"; "Diaries"
Ted Berrigan	"Early Sonnet"
Lewis Warsh, Anne Waldman, Rene Ricard, & Ted Berrigan	"Lover's Concerto"
Ted Berrigan	"Poem"
Ted Berrigan & Dick Gallup	"80th Congress"
Ted Berrigan	"A Modest Proposal"
Dick Gallup & Ted Berrigan	"From the President's Chair"

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2. **THE WORLD: A New York City Literary Magazine.** No 4. New York City: June, 1967. 8½x14" 35 pages (printed rectos only). Mimeograph with black-and-white cover, side-stapled.

Editors: Anne Waldman & Lewis Warsh

Cover: Donna Dennis

Joanne Kyger	"It's remarkable. Fantastic. I couldn't tell..."
Steve Carey	"Con Safos Rifa"; "Japan"; "Half Dash"
Lewis MacAdams & Ted Berrigan	"Lady Fox"
Ted Berrigan & Lewis MacAdams	"Love Poem"
Lewis MacAdams	"The Mandarins"; "The Purge"; "The Ache"; "The Animals"

David Henderson	"Keep On Pushing (Harlem Riots, Summer, 1964)"
Anne Waldman	"Home"; "Out"; "The Birthday Party"; "Success"
Charles Goldman	"Friday Evening"; "Could One Please"; "The Forth Love's Cooth"
Diane Wakoski	"The Goblet"; "Journeys By Water"; "Inside the Nest"
Hunce Voelcker	"The Slime / The Old White House / The Yellow Rose : : Link III"
SZABO	"Love is mandatory..."
Jack Anderson	"Quotient"
Catherine Murray	"Artist"; "The Six O'Clock Report"; "The Concert"
Tom Clark	"Sonnet"; "Sonnet"; "Sonnet"
Bill Little	"With Snide Remarks"; "The Bank Robbery"
Michael Silverton	"Shafts"; "Revisionist Poem"
Max Jacob tr. Tom Clark	"Literary Ways"
Ted Berrigan	"Homecoming"; "Flower Children"; "Clear the Range"
Sam Abrams	"Indifferent as to the sources"; "rc cola"; "for jw/ba"
Joe Brainard	"Pat"; "January 26th, 1967"
Tom Clark	
& Michael Brownstein	"Haiku"
Tony Weinberger	"For T.G.: at 14 months"; "untitled: for t.g. at 15 months"
M.G. Stephens	"The Highway"
Scott Cohen	"The Stronghold"
Ron Padgett	"Except at Night"; "Une Semaine de Bonte"; "Dollar"
Rene Ricard	"Greed brings us both to N.Y."
Jim Brodey	"Unlimited Lubrocatation"; "La Joue"
Michael Brownstein	"Poem"
Scott Vickers	"A Cat of Nine—"
Jerrold Greenberg	" <i>shameless toy your face</i> "; "moonbath"
Ruth Krauss	"Trio"
Ted Berrigan	"Life With the Woods"; "Gus"
Ted Berrigan, Michael Brownstein	
& Dick Gallup	"A Story"
Lewis Warsh	"Late City Edition"
Joanne Kyger, Jon Cott, Jim Brodey, Anne Waldman,	
& Lewis Warsh	"Morphology Dust"

3. **THE WORLD: A New York City Literary Magazine.** No 12. New York City: June, 1968. 8½x14" 116 pages (printed rectos only). Mimeograph with black-and-white cover, side-stapled.

Editors: Anne Waldman & Lewis Warsh. Contributing editor: Ted Berrigan.

Cover art: George Schneeman

John Wieners	"First Poem After Silence Since Thanksgiving"
Tom Weatherly, Jr.	"sermonette to jan"; "to a woman"
Michael Brownstein	"A Perfect Stone for Throwing"
Jim Carroll	"Birthday Poem"
Carter Ratcliff	"Things to Do in Ted Berrigan's Workshop"; "Heliodorus Driven From the Temple"
Carter Ratcliff & Iris Rifkin	"A Thousand Thousand Million of Fine Bells"
John Giorno	"Her thighs..."
David Henderson	"Mad Mambo From The Bronx (A Brief)"; "Your Love is Like the Ground War in Asia"
M.G. Stephens	"Dynamite"
James Schuyler	"Industrial Archaeology"; "Poem"; "A New Yorker"; "Crocus Night";

George Tysh	"March Here"
Andrei Codrescu	"The Reunited Isles"; "The Baker Queen"
Sotere Torregian	"Saora du soir"
Jim Brodey	"After Ungaretti"
Ron Padgett	"Long Hair"; "Poem"
Ron Padgett & Dick Gallup	"Autumn's Day"; "Portrait of Alex"
Dick Gallup	"Femme Au Chapeau"
Bob Biletnikoff	"Anubis"
Anne Waldman	"Bob Biletnikoff"
Charles North	"Boring Things"
Allen Ginsberg	"The Market"; "Early Poem"; "Poem"
John Ashbery & Lee Harwood	"A Methedrine Vision In Hollywood"
John Godfrey	"train poem"
David Franks	" <i>from</i> Our Honeymoon"
Larry Fagin	"Rain"
John Ashbery & James Schuyler	"Rhymes of a Jerk"; "The Joke"
Harris Schiff	"Out at Lenore Petit's"; "The Rash"
David Shapiro	"The Hunt"
Bernadette Mayer	"Absolute Evidence"
Sam Abrams	"Half a Chair"
Toby Olson	"dr king's favorite spiritual"
Gerard Malanga	"Blood Poems"
Scott Cohen	"In Memory of the Poet Frank O'Hara 1926-1966"
John Thorpe	"5 Ways of Loading a Gun"
Joel Oppenheimer	"Poem"
Tom Clark	"In the Beginning"; "The Clash"
Richard Brautigan	" <i>from</i> The Riot at the Garrick Theatre"
Peter Schjeldahl	"Love Poem"
Peter Schjeldahl & Ron Padgett	"Citizen"
Peter Schjeldahl	"Drops"
Brett de Bary	"Life Studies"
Frank O'Hara & Bill Berkson	"Basho"; "The Cincinatti Kid"
Ruth Krauss	"N. F. T. I."
Jonathan Kundra	"When your boyfriend writes you a letter..."
Tony Towle	"Grandma Moses"
Edwin Denby	"Untitled"
Tom Veitch	Four Plays: "One"; "Two"; "Three"; "Five"
Kenward Elmslie	"Fifteen Years Past"; "Cats Climb Trees"
Piero Heliczer	" <i>from</i> Scenarios"
John Giorno	"Trois Poèmes d'Amour"
Iris Rifkin, Carter Ratcliff & Charles Haseloff	"Moving..."
Andrew Crozier	"The Other Archipelago"
Lewis Warsh	"Love Poem"; "Out of the Deep"
	"Song"; "Sonnet"

4. **THE WORLD.** No 13. New York City: November, 1968. 8½x14" 110 pages (printed rectos only). Mimeograph with black-and-white cover, side-stapled.
Editors: Anne Waldman & Lewis Warsh
Cover art: Donna Dennis

Bill Berkson	"Oblique"; "The Bicycle Thief"; "A Turn at the Wheel"; "Mythomania"; "A False Road"; "Strep Poem"; "Near the Bust"
Ed Dorn	"After Ours"; "After That"
Steve Carey	"Got Live If You Want It!"
George Kimball	"In My Life"
Tom Clark	"Cock"; "Anne's Movie"; "Wish"; "Poem"
Ron Padgett & Tom Clark	"Beyond Fargo"
Michael Brownstein	"Evolution"
Max Jacob (trans. Michael Brownstein)	"The Tree Rodents"; "Poem in a Style Not My Own"; "Z False News! New Graves!"; "Poem"
Barry Steinberg	"Drifting Trucks"; "Poems"
Joel Sloman	"First Little Green"
Carter Ratcliff	"Houston Street"
Ken Lawless	"Arena Grill"
Lewis Warsh	"April 13-18: 1968"; "Alone in Rome"; "Asleep in Bolinas"
James Koller	"Once Upon a Time"
Iris Rifkin	"Ode to Summer"
Frederick Castle	"Late Show"
Charles North	"In Trust"; "Atlantic Real Estate"
Jim Carroll	"Vacation"
Frank O'Hara	"On R's Birthday #161"; "Poem"; "Colloque Sentimentale"; "After Wyatt"
Sotere Torregian	"Poem for Max Jacob"
Charles Goldman	"In the Ancient Temple"
Michael Brownstein	"A Hit"
Jonathan Kundra	"In Advance of the Honky Tonk Angel"
Ron Padgett	"Spherical Trig"; "Modern Times"; "Unhappy"; "Buckets"; "Joe Brainard's Painting 'Bingo'"
Robert Harris	"The Young Prince Writes"
Michael Brownstein	"They"
Kenward Elmslie	"Going Highbrow"; "October 29th"
Joanne Kyger	"May 29"
Bill Bathurst	"Marilyn 1968"
Gerard Malanga	"from The Notebooks"
Peter Schjeldahl	"Ground Floor, July"
Jack Anderson	"Modern Breathing"
Peter Straub	"New Life Among the Dogs"
Raymond DiPalma	"The Cuckold"
Tom Veitch	"Sentimental Poem Written in 1961, Influenced a Lot by Ted Berrigan"
Ted Ugh	"A Use for Breath"
Mary Ferrari	"Sisumu: A Dream"
Miriam Solan	"Things To Do in the Kitchen"
Harris Schiff	"Walking Poem"
Michael Silverton	"The Vaseline Economy"
Anne Waldman	"Non Stop"
Joe Brainard	"Little Known Facts About People"
Tom Clark	"Moments of Madness"
Scott Cohen	"Lives of the Painters"
Dick Gallup	"Like the Stars"
Hannah Weiner	"Peter"

Lynne Banker	"look, honey, i don't make the rules around here..."
Fred Buck	"Poem"
Charles Haseloff	"Iconoclast"
Ted Berrigan	"Black Power"; "Autumn"
Larry Fagin	"Dream"; "Fable"; "Chair"; "On Your Birthday"; "For John Giorno"; "Dream"
Clark Coolidge	"Three Thousand Hours of Cinema by Jean-Luc Godard"; "Which Which"
Ed Charles	"Home Cooking"

5. **THE WORLD** No 15 Parts 1&2. New York City: March, 1969. 8½x14" 182 pages (printed rectos only). Mimeograph with black-and-white cover, side-stapled.

Editors: Anne Waldman & Lewis Warsh

Cover art: Rick Veitch

Michael Brownstein	"Stone D"; "Nostalgic Portrait"; "Pushpaleela"
Thomas M. Disch	"The City of Penetrating Light"
Joseph LeSueur	"Four Apartments: A Memoir of Frank O'Hara"
Johnny Stanton	"Goin' to Work, Lewis"
Lorenzo Thomas	"Two One-Act Plays"
Kenward Elmslie	"On Adversity"
Rönnog Seaberg	"6.14.65"
Bernadette Mayer	"January 20, 1969"
Leslie Gottesman	"The Ambiguities"
James Koller	"from Shannon, Who Was Before"
Peter Kantor & Jim Brodey	"from Palpitations"
Bill Berkson	"Perfect Work"
Larry Fagin	"Short Story #1"
Harris Schiff	"Stoned pensive..."
Bill Berkson	"Reminder"
James Silver	"Eight Months on a Chinese Junk"
Anne Waldman	"A Fable"; "The Riot Story"; "After-Dinner Entertaining"
Charles North	"The Fixture"
Clark Coolidge	"The (Part 1)"
Jim Carroll	"The Scumbag Machine"
Johnny Stanton	"from Helping the Guy with the Prostitutes"
Carol Lopate	"Philip and Carol Join the Peace Corps"
Don Weingarten	"The Brothers"; "Marriage"
Lewis Warsh	"On Reading"
Bill Zavatsky	"Novel"
Vito Hannibal Acconci	"The two sentences..."
Rudy Burckhardt	"The Strange Case of the Disappearance of Professor Arbuthnot"
Steve Carey	"from The California Papers"
Jack Anderson	"The News"
Ted Berrigan	"Che Guevara's Cigars"
Liam O'Gallagher	"Nonose Valley"
Gerard Malanga	"from The Secret Diaries, circa May 1968"
Ted Berrigan	"Chicago Report"
Joanne Kyger	"from A Novel"
Ron Padgett & Dick Gallup	"The Illustrated Tour of Hollywood"
Anne Waldman	"Accidents"

John Giorno
Peter Schjeldahl

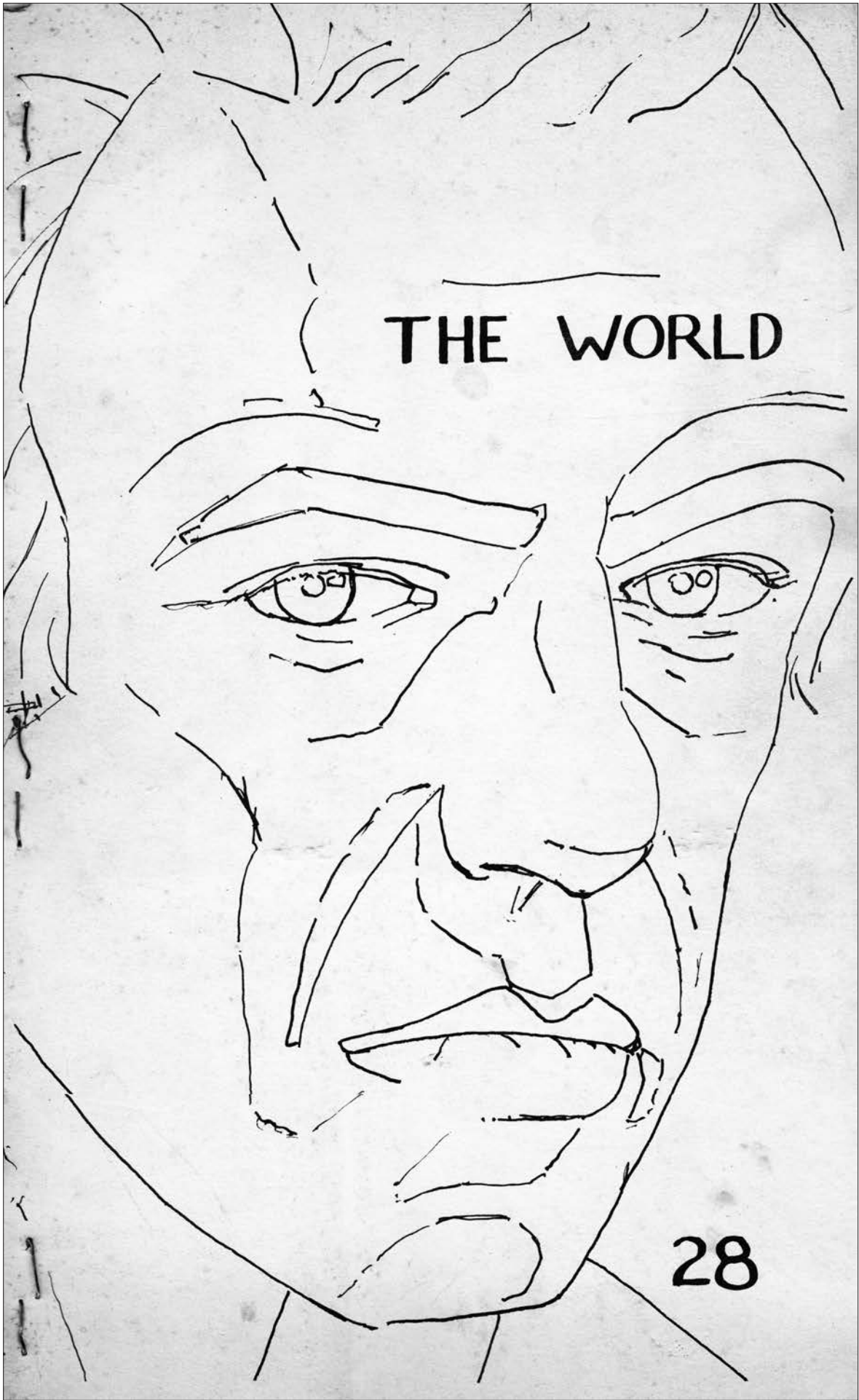
"from *The Broken Children*"
"Jeanne: Fragments of a Play"

6. **THE WORLD.** No 16. New York City: June, 1969. 8½x14" 134 pages (printed rectos only). Mimeograph, side-stapled.

Editors: Anne Waldman & Lewis Warsh. Contributing editor: Ted Berrigan

Cover: Mike Goldberg. Cover of "Iowa Report" by George Schneeman.

Tony Towle	"Voice, 1968"; "Notes on Velasquez"; "April 24th"
Aram Saroyan	"A-12. a poem of a life. By Louis Zukofsky."
Michael Brownstein	"Turned Around"; "Zip Code"
Donald Hall	"Pictures of Philippa"; "Make Up"
Tom Veitch	"The Continuing Adventures of Tom Donut"
David Henderson	"Weather Report (It Is Sunny In Times Square Says Radio W.I.N.S)"; "Across City Island You Can See Rockefeller's Home For a Dime You Can See Almost In the Window"; "The White Room"
Ron Padgett	"Lo"
Frances LeFevre	"A Narrow Escape"
Carter Ratcliff	"The Bandstand Is Empty (A Collaboration)"; "Life"
John Godfrey	"Poem"; "Blue Collar"; "Libation"; "Rolling April"
Peter Schjeldahl	"To a Degree"
Joe Brainard	"Sex"
Harris Schiff	"Hoping"
David Lehman	"Sestina"
Kenward Elmslie	"April 3 – April 24"
Maureen Owen	"RITAR, holy vacuum to the southwest..."
Jim Carroll	"The Blue Pill"; "Little Princes"
Tom Clark	"Untitled"
Clark Coolidge	"the hen one comes to..."
Michael Brownstein	"Back In New York Again"
Anne Waldman	"Song"; "Morning Mail"; "Regular Sonnet"
Larry Fagin	"Things"; "Toupee"; "Last Poem"
Lewis MacAdams	"Range War" (from <i>I Am, 'The Children,' Signing Off</i>)
Ron Padgett	"How Blue"
Bill Berkson	"Mister Motion"
Mary Carey	"41 Park Row"; "6 Things"
Charles North	"Out Here (song)"; "Questions"; "Here and There"
Tom Clark	"The kaleidoscope..."
Gerard Malanga	"Poem on the Run"; "Self Portrait"; "Hotel Albert Room 542" (from <i>The Notebooks</i>)
Jean Boudin	"If We More Peace With Me"
Ron Padgett	"Motion Picture"
Steve Carey	"Poem"; "Onward and Upward"; "Morel in the Middle"
Andrei Codrescu	"from Sarrasin, the Speechless"
Jamie MacInnis	"M o v i e s"
Clayton Eshleman	"Datura"
Scott Cohen	"Show Piece"
Phillip Lopate	"The Purple Necklace"
Ted Greenwald	"Ghost"
Kenneth Dana Lyon	"In the Air"
Steve Holden	"Where You Are"
Jamie MacInnis	"My grandfather had red hair..."



Lewis Warsh	"Inside You"; "Thin Air"; "Dancing in the Dark"
James Sallis	"What to do tomorrow"
Carole Raddock	"Snowbound in Somers"
Bill Berkson	"The Universal Antidote"; "Levantine"; "Les Etiquettes Blanches"; "Oscar"
Jim Brodey	"Poem"
Bill Zavatsky	"If It Rains in This Poem"
Peter Frank	"Rind"
Carol Lopate	"A Chain of Events to Make You Hopeful"
Tom Clark	"For Anne Waldman"
Ted Berrigan (compiled by)	"The Iowa Report"
John Keats, Frank O'Hara, & Merrill Gilfillan	"Sleeping on the Nightingale Wing"
George Mattingly	"Campus Grill Fantasy"; "Flab"
David Drum	"Typhoid Mary, A Quick Poem"
Mike Lally	"when the back of my swan..."
Darrell Gray	"The Smoke Screen"; "The Gold Coast"; "The Words"; "Christopher Columbus"
Robert Harris	"From a Work in process"; "The New Peloria"
Mark Harding	"For the Room 204 Dead"; "Rembrandt's personal flash"; "Ice Cream"; "Anti"
Gunner Harding (trans. by Anselm Hollo)	"Just an Old Movie"
Ted Berrigan	"Air Conditioning"; "Report"; "It's Important"; "30"; "Quick Poem"; "Yellow Love"; "Poem"; "Anne Waldman's Dog"; "Monolith"

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7. **THE WORLD.** No 28 New York City: May, 1973. 8½x14" 96 pages. Mimeograph, side-stapled.

Guest Editor: Lewis Warsh

Cover: Alex Katz

Other art: "Red Tuscan Wine" by George Schneeman; "Ted Berrigan" by Joe Brainard; "Spoleto 1965" by Werner Neumeister

Harris Schiff	"Babylon Traveler 1973"
Bill Berkson	"from <i>California Letters (1969-1970)</i> "
Clark Coolidge	"Room For Three Guys"
Jennifer Bartlett	"from <i>Autobiography</i> "
William Corbett	"from <i>A Boy and His Dad</i> "
Diane di Prima	"Night Life in Casper"; "Waikki Room, Minneapolis"; "Motel Song"
Joe Brainard	"Journals"
Bobbie Louise Hawkins	"3 Stories"
Barrett Watten	"March 20" and "April 5"
Aram Saroyan	"The Bolinas Book"
Lee Harwood	"from <i>Notebooks/Journals</i> "
Mushka Kochan	"Passing Through"
Tom Raworth	"from <i>Letters from Yaddo</i> "
Ron Padgett & Dick Gallup	"from <i>The Sad Sadness</i> "
Michael Brownstein	"Santa Maria Notes"
Kenward Elmslie	"Easter for Anne"
Bernadette Mayer	"Listen"; "Anyway"
David Rosenberg	"Frank Lima"; "from <i>In the Vase</i> "
Joe Brainard	"Sicily"

John Wieners	"from <i>The Journal of John Wieners</i> "
Anne Waldman	"Extracts/Poems, Letters, Notes from <i>A Journal</i> "
Jennifer Bartlett	"from <i>Autobiography</i> "
Lewis Warsh	"from <i>Letters (1960-65)</i> "

8. **THE WORLD.** No 42. New York City: January, 1992. 8½x11" 60 pages. Photocopy, side-stapled.
Editor: Lewis Warsh & contributing editors: Sheila Alson, Wayne Berninger, Peggy DeCoursey, John Greb, Evan Haffner, Marcella Harb, Mitch Highfill, Daniel Krakauer, Frank Nims, Ed Roberson, & Tom Savage
Cover art: Pamela Lawton

Sharon Shively	"Slippery from Air"
Gary Lenhart	"The Call"; "Hands"; "Crows"; "Intelligent Love"
Chris Tysh	"from <i>Car Men, a play in d</i> "
Sheila Alson	"The Large Vat"; "Making Love Last"
John Ashbery	"The Wind Talking"
Wang Ping	"Of Flesh and Spirit"
Ma Deshing (trans. Wang Ping)	"Wind carries lovers off..."
Yan Li (trans. Harold Tanner)	"Textual Criticism"
Susan Cataldo	"Despair"; "An Etymology of the Word 'Orgasm', For Women"; "Part Two: Things Continue to Fall On Her From The Trees"
Evan Haffner	"Beetle Tracks"
Elio Schneeman	"Furious Wings"; "Sunday Afternoon"; "Slow Down"
Cheryl Clarke	"Hurricane Season"; "Make-Up"; "Headache"; "Heartache"; "On Your 41st Birthday"
Daniel Krakauer	"Movie Poem"; "The Waist of Time"; "Nuits de Chine"
Elaine Equi	"Gone Home"; "Souvenir"
Ed Friedman	"Six Floating Sonnets"
Allen Ginsberg	"American Haikus"
Ron Padgett	"Pensée Juste"; "Life Savers"; "Advice to Young Writers"
Barbara Henning	"The Cashier Has My Name"; "Ask Me a Question About"
Tom Savage	"Grand Tour Remnants With Real Birdsong"; "Barber's Violin Concerto"
Anselm Hollo	"Schiller's Rotting Apples"; "Familia"; "Swing High Swing Woe"; "From Kallimakhos"
Eileen Myles	"Sunshine"; "Freedom to Write Sestinas"
Norman MacAfee	"This is War"
Alan Davies	"from <i>Life</i> "
Tim Duglos	"Octavian"
Marcella Harb	"Con Brio"; "New Mexico"; "San Casciano"
Malkia Cyril	"The Power of Movement"

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9. **THE WORLD.** No 43. New York City: January, 1992. 8½x11" 64 pages. Photocopy, side-stapled.
Editor: Lewis Warsh & contributing editors: Sheila Alson, Wayne Berninger, Peggy DeCoursey, John Greb, Evan Haffner, Marcella Harb, Mitch Highfill, Daniel Krakauer, Frank Nims, Ed Roberson, & Tom Savage
Cover art: Eric Holzman

John Yau	"Papoa Inoa"; "Volcano Park"
Jack Collom	"8-ball Instructions Sonnet"; "The Origin of Civilization"; "8-28-76"

Douglas Oliver	"Our Generation"; "Again in Dorset"
Wanda Phipps	" <i>from</i> Rose Window"
Vincent Katz	"Leipzig"; "Kallimachos"
Bob Holman	"The Ideal City"; "Pay Per View"; "The Essence Not the Mode"
George Tysh	"Lingerie Balloons"; "Deconstructing Sodomy"
Bill Kushner	"Demons"; "Ma"
Sharon Mesmer	"Madame Bowery"
Laynie Browne	"Swings and Roof"
Sparrow	"My Presidential Teeth"; "Walking the Dog"; "Euripides"; "When I Am President"
Gerard Rizza	" <i>from</i> Ensemble Holds"
Alice Notley	" <i>from</i> The Desert of New York"
Vyt Bakaitis	"Capital"; "Five Anecdotes"
Bob Rosenthal	"Done Down Wilson"; "Blue Bias"; "Vivurnum"
Kimberly Lyons	"Object Relations"; "Germantown"
Bernadette Mayer	"The Death of Matisse"
Wayne Berninger	"Arguments About Eating"
Murat Nemet-Nejat	" <i>from</i> Turkish Voices"
Susan Barnes	"Radio"; "Nights Around"
Ed Roberson	"The Motorcycle Crossing"
Xue Di	"Play"
Mitch Highfill	"Petrarch's 126th"
Lee Ann Brown	"Moveable Landscapes"
Christy Sheffield Sanford	"Flashback #2 (The Tête à tête)"; "The Send Off"; "Florida Map-Meat"
Paul Violi	" <i>from</i> Provender Books"
Gillian McCain	"And Jesus Said That Whore Will Be The First To Enter The Kingdom of Heaven"

10. **THE WORLD.** No 44. New York City: March, 1992. 8½x11" 74 pages. Photocopy, side-stapled.

Editor: Lewis Warsh & contributing editors: Sheila Alson, Wayne Berninger, Peggy DeCoursey, John Greb, Evan Haffner, Marcella Harb, Mitch Highfill, Daniel Krakauer, Frank Nims, Ed Roberson, & Tom Savage

Cover art: Pamela Lawton

Lorenzo Thomas	"Sentiment"; "Good Housekeeping"
Lynn Crawford	"Rest Stop"; "Conviction"
Elinor Nauen	"Your Lucky Day"
Tony Towle	"Holiday Depression"
Ed Roberson	"Four Riddles From 'The Aerialist Narratives'"; "When It Gets on the Line"
Tyrone Williams	"Whitesmith in B Major"; "Romanticism"; "Legends-Errants"
Diane Ward	" <i>from</i> Imaginary Movie"
John Greb	"Extinct"
Amiri Baraka	"Why It's Quiet In Some Churches"; "X"; "Funk Lore"
Marcella Harb	"read 'Red Flag'"; "The great restless"; "I knew a fish intimately" What Cedric Said"
Ed Sanders	"Cassandra"
Clark Coolidge	"For Jack Smith"; "By De Kooning"
Gavin Moses	"Boomerang"; "Atlantic Abulations"; "A Polaroid Existence"; "Poison"
Sheila Alson	"Corn's Death"
Kofi Natambu	"An Open Letter to Miles [& the Rest of Us]"; "Fuck"

Anne Waldman "In Love"; "Under the Mirror of Glue"
 Cliff Fyman "My Job to Throw Out Dead Mouse"
 Evan Haffner "Shadow and Dog"
 Edwin Torres "'O'O"; "'is...Erotilove, I...Evolitore?"; "'A page from the Flictionary of Deafeningition"

11. **THE WORLD.** No. 45. New York City: June, 1992. 8½x11" 88 pages. Photocopy, side-stapled.
Editor: Lewis Warsh & contributing editors: Sheila Alson, Wayne Berninger, Peggy DeCoursey, John Greb, Evan Haffner, Marcella Harb, Mitch Highfill, Daniel Krakauer, Frank Nims, Ed Roberson, & Tom Savage
Cover art: Rosemary Mayer

Kenneth Koch "Goings On"; "GENF"; "St-Jean Perse and The Sculptor"; "In China"
 Patricia Spears Jones "Falling Magic"; "Blumen"
 Mitch Highfill "Gemini"; "Idyll"; "les jours s'en vont je demeure"; "Description Abandoned"
 Chuck Wachtel "Sin Embargo"
 Ann Lauterbach "Neither Here Nor"; "Talisman"
 Steve Carey "Colorado"; "The Dancer"; "The Truth"; "Haiku"; "Mr. Chan"; "Poem"
 Tom Savage "The Raptor"; "Bordertown"; "Male and Female Bonding"; "Pretty Pictures"
 Wayne Berninger "Ride of Your Life"
 Elizabeth Fox "Evidence"
 Bill Berkson "In Gray Sweats"
 Kenward Elmslie "Forty Sonnet"; "Ko Ode"
 Robert Hershon "In Queens"; "D Train F Line Shazam"; "F Train: November Morning"; "Strategy"
 Gary Sullivan "Among the Living"
 Jerome Rothenberg "The Lorca Variations (X) 'Sublunar Visions'"; "The Lorca Variations (XXVIII) 'Jewish Cemetery' (I)"
 Hannah Weiner "wound 3rd day trial"
 Dale Houston "Grass by Itself"
 Simon Pettet "His Resolve"; "Bartleby"; "Poem"; "Exeunt"
 Michael Palmer "Introduction"; "Ten Oneiric Fragments"
 Joel Lewis "Iron Path"
 Anique Taylor "Floating in Enormous Red Overalls"
 Hal Sirowitz "Missing Finger"; "An Army of Blue"; "Damaged Body"; "Lost Thumb"
 Donna Brook "Second Marriage"
 Aaron Fischer "Teaching Anguish as a Second Language"
 Kris Martin "River"; "Chaos in the Garden"
 Michael Scholnick "Glancing at My Life"; "In March"; "Poem"; "Public Speaking"; "Looking Back"; "A Daughter"
 Kamau Brathwaite "Duke Playing Piano at 70 for Anne Walmsley at 60"
 Tom Clark "Ancestors"; "1968"; "Day Detail—Low Light of Afternoon"; "Himself Let Him Unknown Contain"
 Maureen Owen "Maybe the stars were crossed the night winded or generalized uncertainties"; "The inevitability of Gradualism"; "desert"; "Western Grebe Pied-Billed Grebe"
 Helen Decker "X"; "XVII"
 Frank Nims "Pulp Magazine"
 Daniel Krakauer "e a r l y"; "c o l o r"; "p o e m"; "d e p r o f u n d i s"; "And"
 William Corbett "Marbles"; "Family"

Lewis Warsh	"Work in Progress"
John Godfrey	"Last Watch"; "Close"
Jeff Wright	"Whirled Without End"; "Maroon"; "C Sharp"; "To an End"; "The \$.80 Bed"; "Midstream"
James Graham	"Chapter 37"
Tim Kahl	"The Fossil Manual"
Ed Smith	"U.S. Route 1"
Lyn Hejinian	"What's in a Poem?"

12. **THE WORLD.** No 46. New York City: February, 1993. 6x9" 108 pages. Offset, perfect-bound.
Editor: Lewis Warsh & contributing editors: Peter Bushyeager, Donna Cartelli, Tania Elizov, Merry Fortune, Marcella Harb, Dennis Moritz, Ed Roberson, Tom Savage, Christian Viveros, & Phyllis Wat
Cover art: "Astronaut" by Lori Landes

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Alice Notley	"Previous Life"; "Breathtaking black star..."; "Egalitarian Song"
Leslie Scalapino	"from DEFOE"
Julia Blumenreich	"did happen"; "Front Seat Giant"
Ed Roberson	"Movie History Sonnet Ode"; "Block Light"; "I Do This I Do That Form I"; "Whatever"
Yu Jian trans. by Wang Ping and Ron Padgett	"In Praise of Work"; "I Overheard Them Talking About the Source of the Pearl River"; "Fence"; "An Incident: Power Outage"; "Thank You, Father"; "The Sound of Falling"
David Trinidad	"At the Glass Onion, 1971"; "Pacoima, California, 1956"; "Broken Toy",
John Ashbery	"On First Listening To Schreker's Der Schatzgraber"; "Just for Starters"
Donna Cartelli	"Honeymooning"; "Poem"; "Love Letter"; "If Kafka Were Alive He'd Be Doing Comics' <i>Art Spiegelman</i> "
Hattie Gossett	"What is Safe?"
Harris Schiff	"New Year"; "Posted"
Elio Schneeman	"July"
Diane Di Prima	"from LOBA"
Marjorie Welish	"The Annotated "Here""
Leonard Schwartz	"Economic Recovery"
Vita Marie Jimenez	"The Yearbook"; "Poem"
David Rattray	"Santos-Dumont"; "Making Out on the Beach at Amagansett After A Graduation Party, June 1952"; "Lines Written on the Back of a Map"; "Boehme's 'Threefold Life'"
Tom Savage	"Philosophical Paleontological Lesson"; "The Scoundrel Publisher"; "Schizophrenia is not a Split Personality"; "Country Music"
Miriam Solan	"Rope"
Elizabeth Cohen	"Hard Sell"
Eric Malone	"from EVENING DISPATCH"
Jerome Rothenberg	"Rocamadour 'Black Virgin'; "The Lorca Variations (XXXIX) 'Jewish Cemetery' (II)"; "The Lorca Variations (XVI) 'Water Jars'"
Lita Hornick	"Why I Love Gay Men"
Pierre Martory	"Red and Black Lake"; "Nothing to Say"
Peter Bushyeager	"The Home and the Repertoire"; "Visible City"
Douglas Messerli	"His Story"
Charles Bernstein	"Poem"
Martine Bellen	"Calavera (Skeleton Poems)"
Anselm Hollo	"Grouchy"; "Have a Nice Day"; "1934"

Jackson Mac Low	"Ink"
Liz Waldner	"Homing Devices"
Tyrone Williams	"Sleeping Sickness"; "Toys Were Us"; "Where in the World I Am"

13. **THE WORLD.** No 47. New York City: May, 1993. 6x9" 122 pages. Offset, perfect-bound.
Editor: Lewis Warsh & contributing editors: Peter Bushyeager, Donna Cartelli, Tania Elizov, Merry Fortune, Marcella Harb, Dennis Moritz, Ed Roberson, Tom Savage, Christian Viveros, & Phyllis Wat
Cover art: "Window Washer" by Lori Landes

Amiri Baraka	"Incriminating Negrographs"
Gary Sullivan	"What Part Don't You Get?"
Gillian McCain	"Lines"; "Trees"; "Longing"; "Touch"
Barbara Henning	"To Mark Case, Number, Gender"; "F Stop"; "Fifteen Second to Show You How Much"; "For Hundred Years"; "The Grasshoppers Flee Stripping All Vegetation"; "To Oversee as an Indeclinable—"; "Wretched Arguments"
Sherman Alexie	"Genetics"; "Dear Adrian"
Cheryl Clarke	"The Interview"; "Passing"; "Living as a Lesbian at 45"
Phyllis Wat	"Cold Sky Variations"; "Bowles in Morocco"
Michael Friedman	"Movie"; "World"; "Thing"; "Matter"; "Air"
Sandra Braman	"Southern Geranium"; "Clear Oxygen"
Aaron Shurin	"Nocturne"; "Riders"
Peter Gizzi	"Song: Two Boots is a Room"
Joel Lewis	"Shine on Brightly"; "Incidents on the Loud Planet"; "90 Minute Cigarette"
Gloria Frym	"from LETTERS HOME"
Wang Ping	"Female Marriage"; "No Sense of Direction"
Dennis Moritz	"Quick, Fast, and in a Hurry"
Merry Fortune	"The Move"; "Inviolable"; "Withdrawal"
Laura Chester	"from The Story of the Lake"
Ed Friedman	"What They are Wearing!"; "The Very Best Day Possible"; "Adherence to Principles"
Yukihede Maeshima Hartman	"Parting"; "After the Performance"; "Love Poem"
Jo Ann Wasserman	"Park Closed at Dusk."; "Untitled"; "Switzerland"
Jon Mazur	"Invocation"; "Round Trip and Back"
Charles Borkhuis	"Second Sight"; "After Dark"
Wanda Phipps	"Poem"; "Seventh Hour"; "Variations on the Blues for JoJo #11"; "Funky Sonnet #3"
Douglas Oliver	"Ida and Beauty"; "That Country for Their Own"; "Light Goes Out"; "On Boccaccio's <i>Filocolo</i> "
Eileen Myles	"You"; "No Poems"
Christian Viveros	"The Bombs"
Laurie Carlos	"Borinque"

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14. **THE WORLD.** No. 48. New York City: May, 1993. 6X9" 128 pages. Offset, perfect-bound.
Editor: Lewis Warsh & contributing editors: Peter Bushyeager, Donna Cartelli, Jordan Davis, Tania Elizov, Merry Fortune, Marcella Harb, Dennis Moritz, Ed Robertson, Tom Savage, & Phyllis Wat
Cover photograph: Rudy Burckhardt

Daniel Krakauer	"Contemplating the Colors of Autumn in Your Room"; "My Medical Record"; "Mona Lisa"; "What Is This Thing Called Liverwurst"
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THE WORLD



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> *The World* #50 (1995) edited by Lewis Warsh.
Cover by Rackstraw Downes

Barbara Einzig	“Small Bone Or Ivory Masks With No Field Of Vision Have Been Found With Burials”
C.D. Wright	“In A Piercing And Sucking Species”; “Various Positions”; “Gift of the Book”; “Beauty Spot”; “What Keeps”
Alan Davies	“ <i>from</i> Poems for Yasuyo”
Elaine Equi	“Mulberry Street”; “Resting on the Invisible”; “To The Unconscious”
Wayne Berninger	“Tell Me Your Name Then”; “Stepping on the Sky”
Lydia Davis	“Going South”; “My Son”; “My Sister and the Queen of England”
Kimberly Lyons	“Vampyr”; “The Teacup Club”
Bill Harris	“ <i>from</i> Yardbird Suite: Side One”
Gary Lenhart	“Shards”; “Distracted”
Anne Waldman	“Riddle A Geographic Ambition”
Bill Kushner	“Everywhere”; “Nick”; “1966 (1)”; “Willie”
Lita Hornick	“All Things Are Interrelated”; “Love”; “Dream Time & Waking”
Lewis Warsh	“Touch of the Whip”
Naomi Shihab Nye	“Wind and the Sleeping Breath of Men”
Bob Holman	“Talking With A Comet On The Last Day of The Year”; “Head of Kovacs”; “Several Sonnets Later”; “Snore Baloney”
Jordan Davis	“being entertained equals a wall of books”; “Nerves’ Revels”; “Loud Singing”; “Photocopying Music”
Curt Anderson	“Cover”; “Rust”
Maureen Owen	“her hat blew off...”
Marcella Harb	“Pattered After Metaphysical Longing”
Lee Ann Brown	“For Aylene”
Valerie Fox	“Venerable Women in Diners”; “Asleep”; “Time Being Forever and Now at the Same Time”
Tania Elizov	“A Bowl of Persimmons”; “Poem from the Sanskirt”
Mary du Passage	“Technicolor”
Christian X. Hunter	“Lucky Dream Remembering Oil”
Charles North	“Stars Over Hollowville”
Alicia Askenasi	“ <i>from</i> Still Talking (back)”
Ron Padgett	“Poem”; “What to Do”
Bernadette Mayer	“The Little (<i>from</i> Mind of Hour)”
George Tysh	“Leeches”; “His and Hers”; “Burning Dick”
Connie Deanovich	“Shipwreck Is Antique Frenzy”
Michael Gizzi	“Evidence”
Eléni Sikélianòs	“We are what the movies...”; “Katie”
Anthony Schlagel	“Mad”; “lips”
David Cameron	“Poem Beginning With The Order Of Hot Stars”
Edwin Torres	“A Syllable Toupee”; “A Wuthereence of E”
Hannah Weiner	“Le Lance”
Steven Malmude	“12 th Street Rag”

14. **THE WORLD.** No. 49. New York City: April, 1994. 6x9" 127 pages. Offset, perfect-bound.

Editor: Lewis Warsh & contributing editors: Wayne Berninger, Peter Bushyeager, Donna Cartelli, Sarah Covington, Jordan Davis, Tania Elizov, Merry Fortune, Robert V. Hale, Marcella Harb, Kathleen Large, Dennis Moritz, Tom Savage, & Carol Szamtowicz

Cover art: Shen Chen

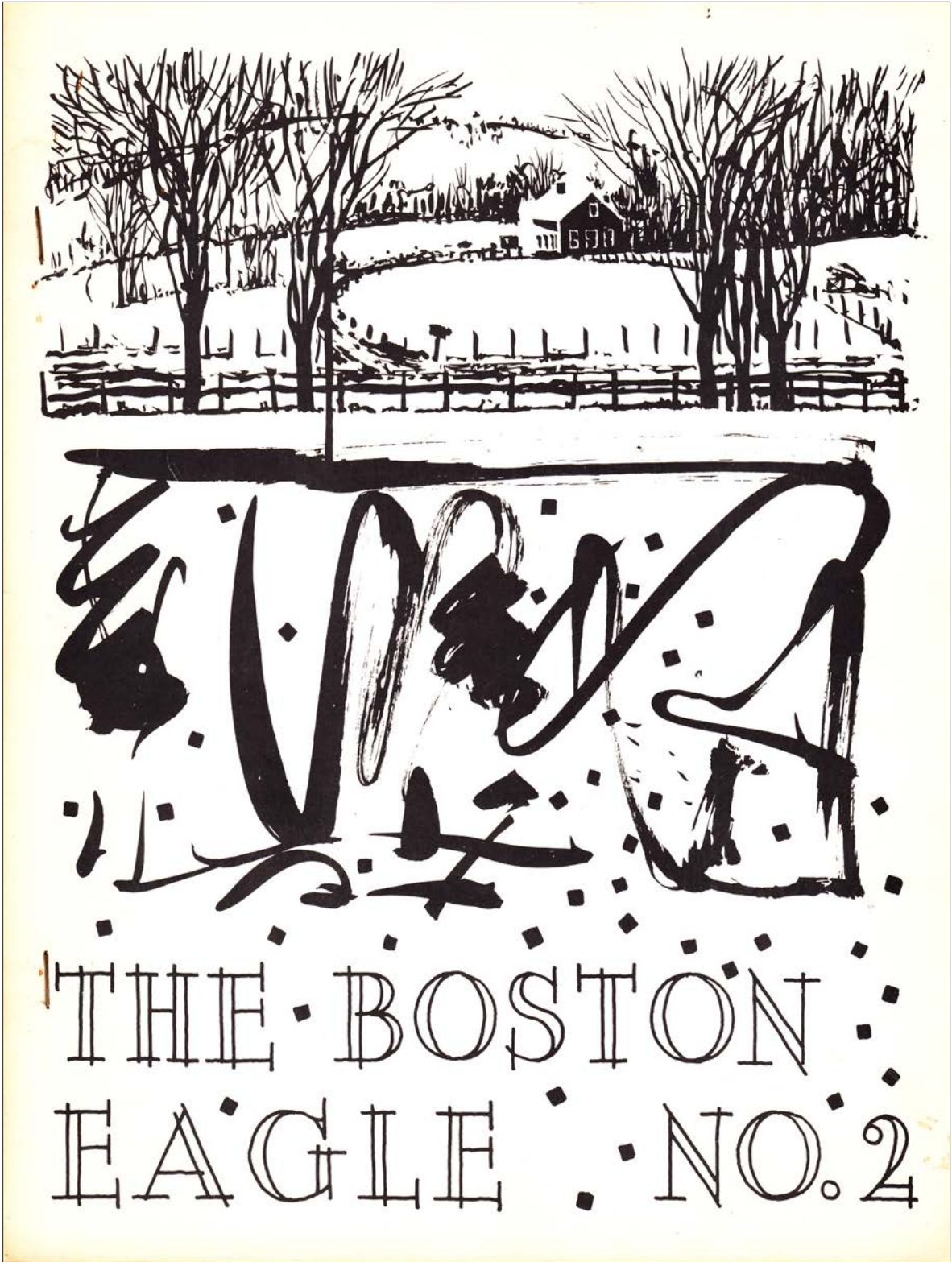
John Godfrey	“Thunderbirth”; “Side Lying”; “Stains of the Star”; “Rhesus Pieces”
Diane Ward	“ <i>from</i> Our Occupants”

Kathy Price	"in the bayou i remember"
Sarah Covington	"Palace of Happiness"; "Enormity"; "Dumped, Karl Carcher Vows to Retake His Fast Food Empire"; "Good Ship Green Turtle"
Barbara Guest	"Is Not Your Property"
Jim Brodey	"Nonsense And Happiness"; "Angel In The Street"; "Sphinx Light"; "Poem ("Who We Are")"
Tom Raworth	"The Mosquito and The Moon"
Kathleen Large	"October"
Amy Gerstler	"The Superior Man"; "Graveyard Shift"
Robert V. Hale	"I muttered something crescent-shaped"; "Poem"
Larry Fagin	"Smelling the magazine..."
Ed Friedman	"Our Amphibious Allies"; "Bumper Crops"; "Molotov Cocktails"; "Gunga Din"; "Lava Flows"; "Flying Rubbernecks"; "Portable Impellers"; "Right Stuff"
Merry Fortune	"March 12, 1992"; "Black Daughter in My Tea-cup"; "Psalm – Qualified as Not Us"; "Fast Turns and Faded Distanurbances"
Sheila E. Murphy	"Procedure"
Nina Zivancevic	"If"; "Room 410"
Barabara Barg	"Interrogation of a Skull"; "Red Abating"
Tom Savage	"Poem With An End But No Beginning"; "Ordinary, Everyday Madness, Now"; "Angel Heart"
Alice Notley	"Folksongs"; "Story"; "A Yellow Light Is A Chink In a Castle Wall..."
Richard Hell	"Kiss"
Gillian McCain	"Hotel"; "Pool"; "Light"; "Scenery"
Robert Hershon	"Half in Earnest"
Elizabeth Castagna	"Had It Been"; "a person"
Richard Foreman	"ROSE DOUBLE"
Larry Zirlin	"No Words"; "In Dreams, The Dead"
Carol Szamatowicz	"Alexandra Awakes"; "There Are Green Flames"; "Cats and Birds"; "Kisses"
Donna Cartelli	"Mammogram"
Nathaniel Mackey	"Song of the Andoumboulou: 19"
Jen Hofer	"Things To Do In A New City In Summer"
Jeremy Reed	"Diagram B"; "The Blues"
Clark Coolidge	" <i>from</i> Shifts in the Gamut"
Daniel and David Shapiro	"The World In God"
Laurie Price	"In turning that part around"; "Milagro"
Ted Greenwald	"Occasions of your last"; "Turning in"; "Read instructions"; "You remember where you are"; "You're missing out"; "I'd like to introduce you"

17. **THE WORLD.** No 50. New York City: 1995. 6x9" 152 pages. Offset, perfect-bound
 Editor: Lewis Warsh & contributing editors: Wayne Berninger, Peter Bushyeager, Donna Cartelli, Sarah Covington, Jordan Davis, Tania Elizov, Merry Fortune, Robert V. Hale, Marcella Harb, Kathleen Large, Dennis Moritz, Tom Savage, Carol Szamtowicz
 Cover art: Rackstraw Downes

Juliana Spahr	" <i>from</i> Asking"
Jackson Mac Low	"Enduring and Way Off"
Peter Bushyeager	"Monday May 3"; "Abbey"; "Short Life"; "On the New Year"; " <i>from</i> Everything Happens: A Poem on TV"; "Friday July 30"; "Headline"

Bernadette Mayer	"Hike #72: 'Without the Bibliography'"
Dale Herd	<i>"from Dreamland Court"</i>
Vyt Bakaitis	"Preamble"; "Filmic Box Inscription (Joseph Cornell)"; "After Hours"; "Freiburg Hours"; "Say It's Not"
Paul Violi	"One Summer Afternoon in The Back Bay"
Roberta Allen	"On The Night Train"; "In the Madman's House"
Elinor Nauen	"Journals"
Barbara Henning	"Love Makes Thinking Dark"
Fielding Dawson	"The Third Grade Boy"
Dennis Moritz	"Opening Narrative"
Vincent Katz	"My favorite summer..."; "the 40th"
Sean Killian	"No Extant Score"
Jessica Grim	"Untitled"
Barbara Einzig	"Sustained Release"
Phyllis Wat	"Diving for Info"; "Snow, Feet, Descending"; "Maneuvers"
Forrest Gander	"landscape and character"; "hand held shot with mirror"
Elio Schneeman	"Lady Stick"; "Primavera"; "Winter"; "Sonnet"
Wang Ping	"What Are You Still Angry About?"
Terrence Winch	"Shadow Grammar"
Wayne Berninger	"Like Rainfall"
Donna Cartelli	"Summertime New York City Subway Scene"
Morton Marcus	"A Game of Chess"
Tony Towle	"Introduction & Continuum"
Bill Kushner	"Lines"; "Chicago"; "Snow"; "Tubs"; "Willie"
Leonard Schwartz	"Crowd"
Rachel Blau DuPlessis	<i>"from 'Draft 21: Cardinals'"</i>
Lita Hornick	"Evil"; "Home"
Greg Masters	"The Poem"
Josie Siew-Phaik Foo	"The Moment My Country Rises"; "Central Park"
Chris Tysh	"Tankard"; "Columbine"; "Coach"; "Bandbox"; "Charger"
Edmund Berrigan	"True Walking"; "Instep"
Anselm Hollo	"Villonelles"
John Farris	"Contact"; "Woman"
Stephen Ratcliffe	"Confinement"; "Assumption"; "Reverse"; "Measure"; "Figure"; "M"
Harris Schiff	"the day the wather..."; "Missing the Point"
Dick Gallup	"Backing into the Future"
Wanda Coleman	"Return to Skull Island"
Jack Collom	"The Discovery of Mourning Dove Meadow"
Jordan Davis	"Étude"; "A Genre Painting"
Lewis Warsh	"Downward Mobility"



IV) THE BOSTON EAGLE

1. **THE BOSTON EAGLE**. No 1. Boston, MA. April, 1973. 8½x11" 98 pages (printed rectos only). Mimeograph with offset black-and-white covers, side-stapled. "Thanks to Charles Shively for use of his mimeo machine."

Editors: William Corbett, Lee Harwood & Lewis Warsh

Cover photographs: Judith Walker

Lee Harwood	"The Destruction of South Station, Boston"; "Boston Notebook, December 1972"; "Triangulation of Points A,B,C"; "Massachusetts or On Visiting Walden Pond, 1st January 1973"; "Portraits : 1-4"; "15 Postcards from the 'FREEDOM TRAIL', Boston"
William Corbett	"John Kane's Railway Cars"; "Landscape"; "Blue Holes..."; "On a white saucer..."; "Hancock Views"; "Spring Disorder"; "America 1952"; "April 8"; "Neuter"; "The Boston Red Socks"
John Wieners	"New Form"; "The Face of a Poor Woman"; "The Face of an Angry Man"; "After Dinner on Pickney Street"; "Withered on the Stem"; "Plymouth: A Test on Corpses"; "Unwaking"
Lewis Warsh	"from A Poet's Life"; "Strangers"; "Bed"; "Height Advantage"

2. **THE BOSTON EAGLE**. No 2. Boston, MA. February, 1974. 8½x11" 104 pages (printed rectos only). Mimeograph with offset black-and-white covers, side-stapled.

Editors: William Corbett, Lee Harwood & Lewis Warsh

Cover art: Joe Brainard

168	John Wieners	"The Lanterns Along The Wall"
	Fanny Howe	"Sonnet"; "On The Way Home"; "Dust Settles"; "It's Like This"
	Lewis Warsh	"The Diamond Needle"; "Some men on..."
	Lee Harwood	"Nautical Notes"; "1 Postcard from the Minute Man National Historical Park, Concord, Mass."; "6 Postcards of 'SHIPWRECKS' at Cape Cod, Massachusetts."
	Michael Palmer	from "The Book Against Understanding"
	William Corbett	Interview
	Jonathan Cott	"You Are Beautiful Right Now"
	Paul Evans	"Coloured Transfers"; "(Poem)"; "To Be Shouted From The Roof"
	Gerard Malanga	from "The Secret Diaries"
	Pat Nolan	"The Small Talk"; "To The Tune of 'Stormy Monday'"
	Larry Fagin	"Fragments of an Abandoned Poem"; "Don't Know Why"; "Here's a letter..."; "Ding. They're beautiful—"; "ORANGE DRINK"; "We're not supposed..."; "Shaving in Paris"; "Two"; "Restoration"; "Little Second Avenue Poem"; "Instamatic"
	William Corbett	"Superstition"
	Bill Berkson	"Mother's Mother"

3. **THE BOSTON EAGLE**. No. 3. Boston, MA. November, 1974. 8½x11" 118 pages (printed rectos only). Mimeograph with offset black-and-white covers, side-stapled. "This issue produced at The Poetry Project, St Mark's Church, New York City."

Editors: William Corbett, Lee Harwood & Lewis Warsh

Cover art: Ray Kass

Bernadette Mayer	"When's it gonna rain"
Lewis Warsh	"9/16/74"; "Goodbye To All That"; "On Reading (3)"

William Corbett

James Tate
Clark Coolidge

“Drunkenness 1”; “Drunkenness 2”; “Drunkenness 3”; “Drunkenness 4”; “Drunkenness 5”; “Drunkenness 6”; “Drunkenness 7 Weird Shit”; “Drunkenness 8”; “Drunkenness 9”
“Bring Them Back Alive”
“from In Virginia”



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> The editors of *The Boston Eagle* at Walden Pond, 1973. John Wieners, Lee Harwood, Lewis Warsh, & William Corbett. Photograph by Judith Walker. This image appears on the back of the first issue and was later issued as a postcard by Pressed Wafer.

UNITED ARTISTS ONE

*

Bernadette Mayer

Easy Puddings

Clark Coolidge

From Weathers

Lewis Warsh

Two Poems

Paul Metcalf

The Potomac Co.

Bernadette Mayer
& Lewis Warsh

From Piece of Cake

*

November 1977

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> *United Artists #1*, (November, 1977) edited by Bernadette Mayer & Lewis Warsh.

V) UNITED ARTISTS

1. **UNITED ARTISTS 1.** Lenox, MA: November, 1977. 8½x11" 42 pages.
 Mimeograph, side-stapled with white endpaper between cover and table of contents. Edited by Bernadette Mayer and Lewis Warsh at Box 718, Lenox, Mass. 01240. Includes list of books distributed by United Artists, including titles by Bill Berkson, Ted Berrigan, Charlotte Carter, Clark Coolidge, William Corbett, and others (prices range from \$1.50 to \$3.50).

Bernadette Mayer	"Easy Puddings"
Clark Coolidge	from "Weathers"
Lewis Warsh	Two Poems ("Quarter to Four"; "Footnote")
Paul Metcalf	"The Potomac Co."
Bernadette Mayer & Lewis Warsh	from "Piece of Cake"

2. **UNITED ARTISTS 2.** Lenox, MA: February, 1978. 8½x11" 66 pages.
 Mimeograph, side-stapled with white endpaper between cover and table of contents. Edited by Bernadette Mayer and Lewis Warsh at Box 718, Lenox, Mass. 01240. Includes list of United Artists books by: Bill Berkson, Ted Berrigan, Clark Coolidge, Bernadette Mayer, Harris Schiff, Tom Veitch and others. Copies of United Artists ONE are available for \$2.00 each. Subscription rate: \$8 for 5 issues.

Alice Notley	Nine Poems ("Stanzas in May"; "Hymns to Diana"; "Helena"; "For Robert Lowell"; "You"; "In the Palace Gardens of Midtown"; "The Goddess Who Created This Passing World"; "My little boy's sick tonight"; "Big November weather, lots")
172 Bill Berkson & Barrett Watten Lewis Warsh	"I Can Hear It Now" Nine Poems ("Burning Dot"; "To The Household Goddess"; "Auroras of early middle age"; "The Astonished Heart"; "Swiftly Flowing Lava"; "Argentum"; "Variations"; "Afternoon in October"; "White Out") from "Weathers"
Clark Coolidge Ted Berrigan	Eleven Poems ("Work Postures"; "Excursion & Visitation"; "Amity Crisis or, How to Keep Your Shirt On"; "Song"; "At Loma Linda"; from "The Execution Position"; "Old Moon"; "Visits from a Small Enigma"; "In a Loud Restaurant"; "In Anselm Hollo's Poems"; "Trouble at Tree")
Bernadette Mayer	"Agoraphobia"

3. **UNITED ARTISTS 3.** Lenox, MA: June, 1978. 8½x11" 64 pages.
 Mimeograph, side-stapled with white endpaper between cover and table of contents. Edited by Bernadette Mayer and Lewis Warsh at Box 718, Lenox, Mass. 01240. Includes list of United Artists books by: Bill Berkson, Ted Berrigan, Clark Coolidge, William Corbett, Bob Rosenthal, and others. "Copies of UNITED ARTISTS ONE and TWO are available for \$2.00 each. Subscription rate: \$8 for 5 issues."

Ron Padgett Bernadette Mayer	"A Night at the Races" Six Poems ("River Ice"; "Why Aren't We Drinking Rheingolds Tonight"; "Best of February"; "Eve of Easter"; "Simplicities Are Glittering"; "1978") from "Weathers"
Clark Coolidge Harris Schiff	Seven Poems ("I don't need to be lonely"; "close your window"; "Everyday's a holiday on the Bowery"; "writing by candlelight"; "ginseng"; "Counterman"; "The Democratic Party")

Lewis Warsh	“Stolen Words”
Kenward Elmslie	Eight Poems (“Avenue of the Frozen Rainbows”; “Morning Entry”; “Scimitar for Brenda Lewis”; “Scimitar for Eileen”; “Green Scoop”; “Squatter In The Foreground”; “Easter for Joe (’77)”)
Paul Metcalf	“Big Charles: A Gesture Towards Reconstitution”

4. **UNITED ARTISTS 4.** Lenox, MA: September, 1978. 8½x11" 68 pages. Mimeograph, side-stapled with white endpaper between cover and table of contents. Edited by Bernadette Mayer and Lewis Warsh at Box 718, Lenox, Mass. 01240. Includes list of United Artists books by: Bill Berkson, Ted Berrigan, Clark Coolidge, William Corbett, Bob Rosenthal, and others. “Copies of UNITED ARTISTS ONE, TWO and THREE are available for \$2.00 each. Subscription rate: \$8 for 5 issues.”

Charlotte Carter	“Currently Writing”
Lewis Warsh	“The Genetic Ode”
Bernadette Mayer	Five Works (“March 15”; “I Won’t Not Go; Is This My Pen?”; “The Arcadian Shop”; “Introduction”)
Bill Berkson	Eight Works (“A portrait of my wife”; “walking over”; “cutting brush with a machete left”; “Selected Dreams”; “Stamina”; “Try Again”; “Dream”; “Start Over”) <i>from</i> “Weathers”
Clark Coolidge	
Ted Berrigan & Tom Clark	“An Interview”
Ted Berrigan	“Under the Southern Cross”

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5. **UNITED ARTISTS 5.** Lenox, MA: December, 1978. 8½x11" 68 pages. Mimeograph, side-stapled with white endpaper between cover and table of contents. Edited by Bernadette Mayer and Lewis Warsh at Box 718, Lenox, Mass. 01240. Includes list of United Artists books by: Bill Berkson, Ted Berrigan, Clark Coolidge, Bernadette Mayer, Hannah Weiner and others. “Copies of United Artists ONE & THREE are available for \$2.00 each. Subscription rate: \$8 for 5 issues.”

Bob Rosenthal	“A Place To Go Where the Wind Blows”
Steve Carey	Six Poems (“Dream Rant: Scott of the Antarctic”; “On the Mound”; “The Shelia Monogatori”; “A Birthday Poem for Alice Notley: Making Out With Kathy”; “The Wealth of Nations”; “Going”)
Alice Notley	“For My Sister: Meeting in Air”
Lewis Warsh	Nine Poems (“Vatican Hill”; “We Should Have Stayed At Home”; “Breakfast in the Bookdocks”; “Wishful Thinking”; “The Religion of Healthy Mindedness”; “Human Lighting”; “Light Translates the Lake”)
Jack Collom	Four Poems (“Oraibi”; “le spectre de la rose”; “Backyard Poems”; “my love is like a hard, hard ship”)
Bernadette Mayer	Six Poems (“The Cynthia of This Minute”; “I Adorn You With Blue”; “You Have A Right To Utility Service During Serious Illness Interrupted Us”; “No More Reading”; “The Worst Journey in the World”; “Kerouac World”)
Ted Berrigan	Thirteen Poems (“Postcards from the Sky”; “When I Was Alive”; “Dreamland”; “Cranston Near the City Line”; “no strange countries”; “DNA”; “Life Talked About, Business & Ideas”; “Iron Mike”; “A Spanish Tragedy”; “An Ex-Athlete, Not Dying”; “Around the Fire”;

Clark Coolidge *from* "Sketches of Amsterdam"; "44th Birthday Evening, at Harris's")
from "Weathers"

6. **UNITED ARTISTS 6.** Lenox, MA: March, 1979. 8½x11" 94 pages.

Mimeograph, side-stapled with blue endpaper between cover and table of contents. Edited by Bernadette Mayer and Lewis Warsh at Box 718, Lenox, Mass. 01240. Includes list of United Artists books by: Ted Berrigan, Clark Coolidge, Bernadette Mayer, Bob Rosenthal, Hannah Weiner, and others. "Copies of United Artists ONE & FIVE are available for \$2.00 each. Subscription rate: \$8 for 5 issues."

Edwin Denby	"Ah, distinctly I remember"
Bernadette Mayer	<i>from</i> "Midwinter Day"
William Corbett	"Dreams"
Ezra Pound	"Letter to Mrs. B. Abbott"
Susan Keith Noel	Four Works ("San Francisco"; "Violent Surroundings"; "Memory Canzone"; "Music for a Birthday Party")
Clark Coolidge	<i>from</i> "Weathers"
Paul Metcalf	Poe
Simon Schuchat	Nine Poems ("Big Garden Above The Sea"; "The Camera Eye"; "I've got a saint beside me"; "he doesn't look very happy"; "A Hungry Ghost"; "Pa Shan Gorge"; "Not Yellow"; "Hating separation, birds will startle heart"; "Yangtze")
Lewis Warsh	"Eye Opener"

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7. **UNITED ARTISTS 7.** Lenox, MA: June, 1979. 8½x11" 90 pages.

Mimeograph, side-stapled with blue endpaper between cover and table of contents. Edited by Bernadette Mayer and Lewis Warsh at Box 718, Lenox, Mass. 01240. Includes list of United Artists books by: Bill Berkson, Ted Berrigan, Clark Coolidge, Bernadette Mayer, Hannah Weiner, and others. "Copies of United Artists ONE & SIX are available for \$2.00 each. Subscription rate: \$8 for 5 issues."

Rudy Burckhardt	"Lotsaroots"
Charles North	"A Note On Labor Day"
Lorenzo Thomas	Two Poems ("Hollandaise Salsa"; "Screen Test")
Edwin Denby	Two Poems ("Coming and going, during enduring"; "Tom's Luck")
Lewis Warsh	Five Poems ("Song"; "Where The Telephone Poles Begin"; "Lenox China"; "Information from the Surface of Venus"; "Winter Numbers")
Bernadette Mayer	"Josephine In Time"
Charlie Vermont	Four Poems ("His son developed an arrhythmia"; "Watching Over the Rich in Witchita"; "I was cutting firewood in August"; "four days after the blizzard")
Ted Berrigan	"On The Road Again, An Old Man" by Basho
Bernadette Mayer	<i>from</i> "Midwinter Day"
Bill Berkson	Seven Poems ("Source"; "On Ice"; "Basis"; "To Marie Cosindas"; "Two Days"; "Algebra"; "Lynn is putting enchiladas in the oven")

8. **UNITED ARTISTS 8.** Henniker, NH: October, 1979. 8½x11" 76 pages.

Mimeograph, side-stapled with blue endpaper between cover and table of contents. Edited by Bernadette Mayer and Lewis Warsh, Flanders Road, Henniker, New Hampshire 03242. Includes list of United Artists books by: Ted Berrigan, Clark Coolidge, Bernadette Mayer, Alice Notley, Hannah Weiner, and others. "Copies of United Artists ONE-SEVEN are available for \$2.50 each. Subscription rate: \$8 for 5 issues."

Clark Coolidge	"Melencolia"
Fanny Howe	"Common/Wealth"
Alice Notley	"September's Book"
Jim Brodey	Five Poems ("Six Pack"; "Rose"; "Alice"; "Myles Beyond"; "Poem"; "Ron")
Bernadette Mayer	<i>from</i> "Midwinter Day"
Jack Collom	Four Poems ("Winter, the New York Deli"; "lying in bed at 3 a.m."; "poem with sierra"; "why am I so happy?")
Bill Berkson	<i>from</i> "Start Over"
Steve Carey	<i>from</i> "A P"

9. **UNITED ARTISTS 9.** Henniker, NH: January, 1980. 8½x11" 104 pages.

Mimeograph, side-stapled with white endpaper between cover and table of contents. Edited by Bernadette Mayer and Lewis Warsh, Flanders Road, Henniker, New Hampshire 03242. Includes list of United Artists books by: Ted Berrigan, Clark Coolidge, Bernadette Mayer, Alice Notley, Hannah Weiner, and others. "Copies of United Artists ONE-EIGHT are available for \$2.50 each. Subscription rate: \$8 for 5 issues."

Bill Kushner	Six Poems ("Dear Madness,,"; "Fall"; "Dorothy, I Think"; "Nov/5/79"; "Chico, Groucho, Harpo"; "Sonnet: Nice to know I am in a poem")
Ted Berrigan	Eight Poems ("Avec La Mecanique Sous Les Palmes"; "Little \ American Poetry Festival" for Bill and Joanne; "Flying Icelandic"; "The 30 Most Common Names in the Manhattan Telephone Directory NYC/1979"; "The Shock of Recognition"; "Look Fred, You're A Doctor, My Problem Is Something Like This.:"; "Compleynt to the Muse"; "From a Rocky Ledge" for Dick Gallup)
Lewis Warsh	Nine Hymns ("Enigmas of feeling get lost"; "The cars that pass going in the opposite direction"; "Words left unspoken on a summer morning"; "Looking at me from above"; "What are the words? I wish I knew"; "The silence is a riddle"; "One's physical infirmities are acerbic, detachment's"; "A baby nightgown"; "Undressing and looking at my skin which is colorless")
Bernadette Mayer	Two Letters ("Grace Drives a Twenty-Two Foot Truck"; "Pregnancy Mask")
Clark Coolidge	Ten Poems ("Thought To Be Said, Impossible and Pronounced"; "The Kind Barrens"; "One of the Quitter's Obliquities"; "Where Once and Far We Roamed"; "Forty"; "The Whole Ever Separate Will Never Be Erased"; "Fourth Poem"; "The Crank"; "Day"; "The Diminished Tear")
Eileen Myles	Four Poems ("Beautiful Baby"; "Spiritual Exercise"; "HR 2998"; "Cruel Trees")
Lewis Warsh	"Take One"
Alice Notley	"I'm Having A Crisis Of Faith"
Andrei Codrescu	Six Poems ("The Operations of Desire"; "Narcissus Fattened"; "Every Tie"; "Slot-o-Topia"; "Teddy for Prez"; "Ethnic Jammies")
Bob Rosenthal	Fifth Avenue Overhead
Harris Schiff	Five Poems ("Sinaloan Milky Way"; "distant"; "it's the first day of the last autumn of the seventies"; "Glowing in the Dark"; "Morning After")

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10. **UNITED ARTISTS 10.** Henniker, NH: April, 1980. 8½x11" 86 pages.

Mimeograph, side-stapled with blue endpaper between cover and table of contents. Edited by Bernadette

Mayer and Lewis Warsh, Flanders Road, Henniker, New Hampshire 03242. Includes list of United Artists books by: Ted Berrigan, Clark Coolidge, Bernadette Mayer, Alice Notley, Hannah Weiner and others. "Copies of United Artists ONE-NINE are available for \$2.50 each. Subscription rate: \$8 for 5 issues."

Bernadette Mayer	Five Poems ("1980"; "A Hundred Eggs"; "Generic Elbows"; "I've Been Being Very Sloppy IUD"; "Moving")
Allen Ginsberg	"Notebook Cherry Valley 1970"
Barbara Guest	"Biography"
Russell Banks	<i>from</i> "The Relation of My Imprisonment"
Bill Berkson	Six Poems ("Fourth Street, San Rafael"; "Burckhardt's Ninth"; "Tint Guard"; "For Marvin and Elizabeth and Joe"; "You Sure Do Some Nice Things"; "Don't Knock It")
Clark Coolidge	Two Poems ("The Constructions in the Mountains"; "Lifelikeness")
Carl Solomon	"A Generation Ago"
Fanny Howe	"Hot Glass"
Lewis Warsh	"Bronx-Manhattan Transfer"
Bob Rosenthal	"Nursing Bra II"

11. **UNITED ARTISTS II.** New York, NY: September, 1980. 8½x11" 96 pages. Mimeograph, side-stapled with blue endpaper between cover and table of contents. Edited by Bernadette Mayer and Lewis Warsh at 172 East 4th Street, New York, NY 10009. Includes list of United Artists books by: Ted Berrigan, Harris Schiff, Charlie Vermont, Hannah Weiner, and others. "Copies of United Artists 1-10 are available for \$2.50 each."

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Lewis Warsh	"Methods of Birth Control"
Alice Notley	Four Plays ("Springtime in the Rockies"; "The Bouquet of Dark Red Mums"; "Elephant & Ocean"; "The Wall of Paintings")
Ted Berrigan & Allen Ginsberg	Two Collaborations ("First Spontaneous Collaboration Into The Air, Circa 23 May 1980"; "Second Spontaneous Collaboration Into The Air, Circa 23 May 1980 (Sonnet)")
Fanny Howe	"Backwords and Forewords"
Greg Masters	<i>from</i> "I'll Let You Know Tomorrow"
Jack Collom	Four Poems ("whites"; "smoking into sleep"; "episode by rail"; "Six-Sided Stone (<i>from</i> "The Task)")
Bernadette Mayer	Two Letters ("Designing Disruptive Concealment"; "Jobless Petty Criminal in 20's")
Bill Kushner	Nine Poems ("To Ugly People"; "The Story of My Life"; "In This Story"; "Spring"; "Some Jazz"; "I Smoke"; "Fists"; "Saint's Song"; "May 25, 1980")
Russell Banks	<i>from</i> "The Relations of My Imprisonment"
Ted Berrigan	Nine Poems ("Thin Breast Doom"; "An Unscheeman"; "In The Car That Passed In The Night"; "Unconditional Release at 38" for Dick Gallup; "A Little Note From Frank (via Allen); "Three Lost Years"; "Interstices"; "Everybody Seemed So Laid Back In The Park"; "Evelyn Waugh's Prayer")
Edwin Denby	"Douglas Dunn"

12. **UNITED ARTISTS 12.** New York, NY: January, 1981. 8½x11" 124 pages. Mimeograph, side-stapled with blue endpaper between cover and table of contents. Edited by Bernadette

Mayer and Lewis Warsh at 172 East 4th Street, New York, NY 10009. Includes list of United Artists books by: Steve Carey, William Corbett; Hannah Weiner, Bob Rosenthal, and others. "Copies of United Artists ONE–ELEVEN are available for \$2.50 each."

Tom Veitch	"Clear Lake Journal"
Bernadette Mayer	Ten Poems ("In Defense of Her Politics"; "The New Malfunctioning Buses"; "Families of Sonnets"; "Deformations of the Word on the Sidewalk at the Door of the Fort of Shame"; "I Think People's Penises"; "The Bottle Breaking"; "Grace Said She Was Watching the Miss America Pageant"; "Mostly Fair"; "Situation Vacant"; "Situation Vacant II")
Ted Berrigan	Six Poems ("Round About Oscar"; "Three Little Words"; "Modern Love" (collaboration with Steve Carey); "Body of a Female"; "My Five Favorite Records"; "Part of My History")
Carl Rakosi	Three Works ("In the absolute"; "Many still patient"; "Observations")
Russell Banks	<i>from</i> "The Relations of My Imprisonment"
John Godfrey	Ten Poems ("Dr. Nieman: Dr. Nieman"; "Purple Like Lent"; "Shuffle"; "Family Jewels"; "Cultish Days"; "A Thousand Eyes"; "Unholy Week"; "A Face in the Crowd"; "Sudsy Lies"; "Poem to a Man Named Tom")
Alice Notley	"Tell Me Again"
Elio Schneeman	Five Poems ("Fog"; "Corner Street"; "Fodder"; "Magic Muse"; "The Union of Mechanics and Language")
Lewis Warsh	Eight Poems ("Don't Worry"; "Like Snow That Wouldn't Melt"; "Lines from a Play"; "Poem (What to say)"; "Jupiter Symphony"; "Closed for the Winter"; "Work in Progress"; "In Public Places")
Allen Ginsberg	"Journal 1978"
Clark Coolidge	"Thin Places"

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13. **UNITED ARTISTS 13.** New York, NY: April, 1981. 8½x11" 104 pages.

Mimeograph, side-stapled with blue endpaper between cover and table of contents. Edited by Bernadette Mayer and Lewis Warsh at 172 East 4th Street, New York, NY 10009. Includes list of United Artists books by: Steve Carey, William Corbett; Hannah Weiner, Bob Rosenthal, and others. "Copies of United Artists ONE–TWELVE are available for \$3.00 each."

Gregory Corso	"Return"
Eileen Myles	"Journal 1960"
Ron Padgett	"Oo La La"
Charlotte Carter	"Morocco Journal 1980"
Ted Berrigan	"Selections From A Journal"
Lewis Warsh	"On Reading"
Alice Notley	"Waltzing Matilda"
Russell Banks	<i>from</i> "The Relation of My Imprisonment"
Bernadette Mayer	"Whales At Coney Island"

14. **UNITED ARTISTS 14.** New York, NY: October, 1981. 8½x11" 104 pages.

Mimeograph, side-stapled with white endpaper between cover and table of contents. Edited by Bernadette Mayer and Lewis Warsh at 172 East 4th Street, New York, NY 10009. Includes list of United Artists books by: Steve Carey, William Corbett; Hannah Weiner, Bob Rosenthal, and others. "Copies of United Artists ONE–THIRTEEN are available for \$3.00 each. Subscription Rate: \$10.00 for 5 issues."

James Schuyler	"Overcast, Hot"
Robert Creeley	Five Poems ("You"; "Box"; "Oh Love"; "Wind Lifts"; "The Movie Run Backward")
Jack Collom	"Journal, Spring, 1970"
Bernadette Mayer	"Old Notebook"
John Koethe	"The Narrow Way"
Hannah Weiner	"Unspoken Words—The Fast"
Michael McClure	"Hymn To Kwannon"
Ted Berrigan	"Winged Pessary"
Lewis Warsh	Four Poems ("First Love"; "The Idea of an Armistice"; "Past All Dishonor"; "The Little Match Girl")
Andrei Codrescu	"The Juniata Diaries"
Russell Banks	<i>from</i> "The Relation of My Imprisonment"
Tom Savage	<i>from</i> "Jury Journal"
Michael McClure	"Fleas 99–103"
Eileen Myles	Two Poems ("They Say It's Your Birthday"; "Too Sue")
Bill Berkson	Three Poems ("Red Devil"; "Stopping Is Nothing"; "If I Pray To Anyone It Is You")

15. **UNITED ARTISTS 15.** New York, NY: January, 1982. 8½x11" 140 pages. Mimeograph, side-stapled with blue endpaper between cover and table of contents. Edited by Bernadette Mayer and Lewis Warsh at 172 East 4th Street, New York, NY 10009. Includes list of United Artists books by: Steve Carey, William Corbett; Hannah Weiner, Bob Rosenthal, and others. "Copies of United Artists ONE–FOURTEEN are available for \$4.00 each. Subscription Rate: \$10.00 for 5 issues."

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Michael Scholnick	Nine Poems ("Bon Voyage"; "Sinking Ship Poems, Old-Grass Poems"; "Greg's Music"; "Earth Day, April 4 th , 1980"; "Guilford Weekend"; "Nourishment in Siegen"; "Ode To My Conscience"; "Stripped"; "Ode To Remedies")
Bill Berkson	<i>from</i> "Start Over"
Alice Notley	"Nothing Sacred"
Eileen Myles	"All About Eve"
Edwin Denby	Five Poems ("The newspaper lies slid, tracked up"; "It takes all kinds, the hackie's saw"; "In the hotelroom of a madman"; "At first sight, not Pollock, Kline scared"; "At Rudy and Yvonne's the pictures make")
George Schneeman	Drawings for Dante's <i>Inferno</i>
Lewis Warsh	Ten Poems ("Don't I Know You?"; "Six Good Legs"; "There is no circumstance only pomp"; "Friend & Enemy"; "Precious Mettle"; "Final Report"; "Self-Portrait in Three Colors"; "Friends of the Lake"; "A Page Out of My Own Book"; "Love's Will")
Fanny Howe	"The Real Thing"
Bernadette Mayer	Eight Poems ("To muse"; "Country Curtains"; "Key Food"; ("Just one more thing"); "Billpledge"; "Mother's Both Ways"; "Paragon"; "George, Max, Marie, Lewis, Eileen, Sophia")
Russell Banks	<i>from</i> "The Relation of My Imprisonment"
Ted Berrigan	Five Poems ("That Poem George Found"; "A Quiet Dream"; "The By-Laws"; "Coffee And"; "Last Train")
Harris Schiff	Ten Poems ("Poor Sweetie-Pie"; ("rising"); "Ground Hog's Day"; "No Sea to the Next City"; "Crossing Deep Water"; "Yesterday our backbones"; "Banana Republic"; "En La Terra De Sandino"; ("there's another new moon"); "Patria Libre O Morir")

Ed Friedman
Clark Coolidge

from "Space Stations"
Nine Poems ("A Weight"; "Long Blue Droning Plane Afternoons
Are The Pacific Before A Child I Had Seen It The Years Of The War
And After Thinking of P.W."; "Termination Song"; "Dear Who"; "I
Drove Through This Old World This Afternoon"; "2."; "Fucking At
Night"; "Collected"; "The Man In The Light Of The Con Ed Tower";
"When")

Jim Brodey

Three Poems ("Poem: Fog in the morning"; "Ed Koch"; "Poem: To
make a new beginning")

16. **UNITED ARTISTS 16.** New York, NY: October, 1982. 8½x11" 78 pages.
Offset cover illustration by Louise Hamlin. Internal contents mimeograph, side-stapled with blue end-
paper between cover and table of contents. Edited by Bernadette Mayer and Lewis Warsh at 172 East 4th
Street, New York, NY 10009. Includes list of United Artists books by: William Corbett, Jim Brodey, Jack
Collom, Harris Schiff, Charlie Vermont, and others. "Copies of United Artists ONE-FIFTEEN are avail-
able for \$4.00 each. Subscription Rate: \$10.00 for 5 issues."

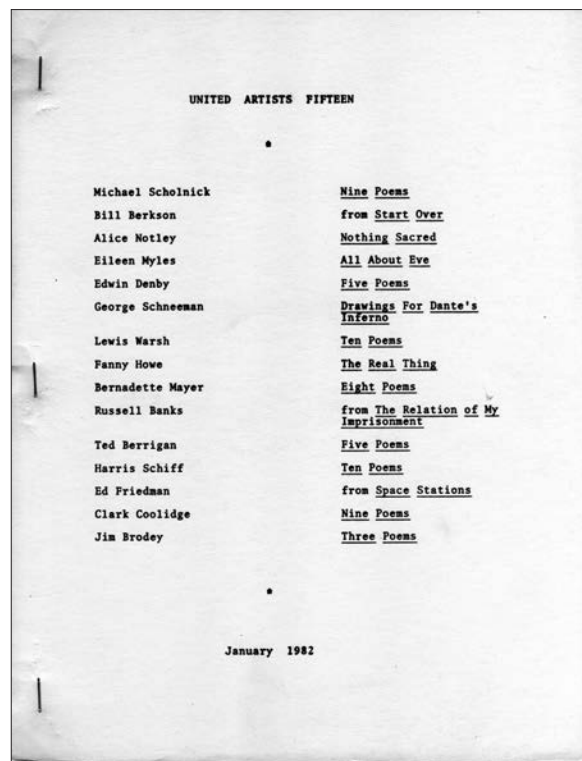
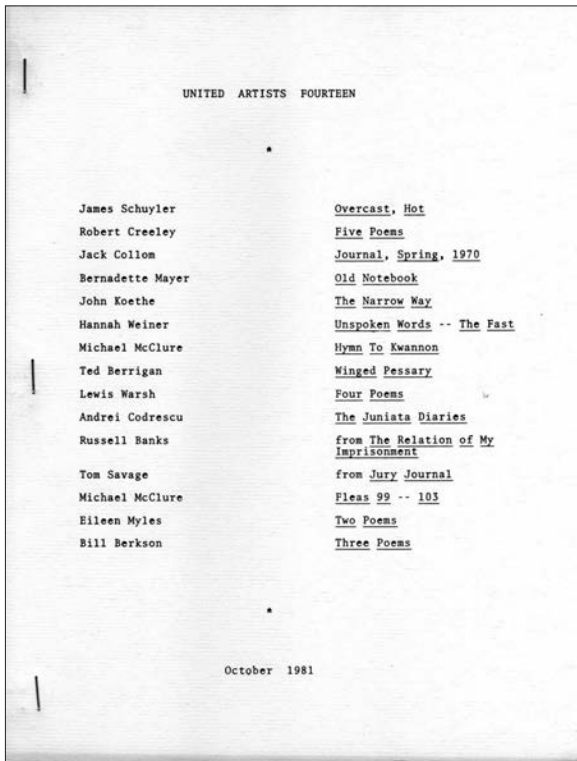
Bernadette Mayer
Diane Ward
Gary Lenhart

from "Utopia: A Cave of Glass"
"Bust"
Nine Poems ("Naturally"; "Lighter Than Air"; "Hand Out"; "Dialogue
of Self and Soul"; "Save the Whales!"; "Out of It"; "Around the World";
"The Old Girl"; "A Nut Like You")

Alice Notley
Ted Greenwald
Lewis Warsh

"There a hotel in La Jolla"
"The Outlying District"
Eight Poems ("Blue Valentine"; Greed"; "Chain Reaction"; "A Kind
Word for Anyone"; "Access to a Jar Lid"; "Not Wanted"; "For
Bernadette's *Utopia*"; "Down at the Lake")

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> *United Artists* #14 (October, 1981) and #15 (January, 1982) edited by Bernadette Mayer & Lewis Warsh.

Clark Coolidge	"Flight from Hartford to Los Angeles 29/79"
Diane Ward	"Melodrama"
Reed Bye	Two Poems ("Pound's Gentility"; "Poem: Like a tin drum with different figures painted round")
Tom Savage	"To a Teller of Tales"
Alice Notley	"How Do You Get In Closer"
Bernadette Mayer	"On The Road To What We Are Tempted To Call Heaven"
Diane Ward	"Independent Screws"
Anne Waldman	Two Poems ("Turkish Truckstop"; "Our Past")
Lewis Warsh	"Down At The Lake"

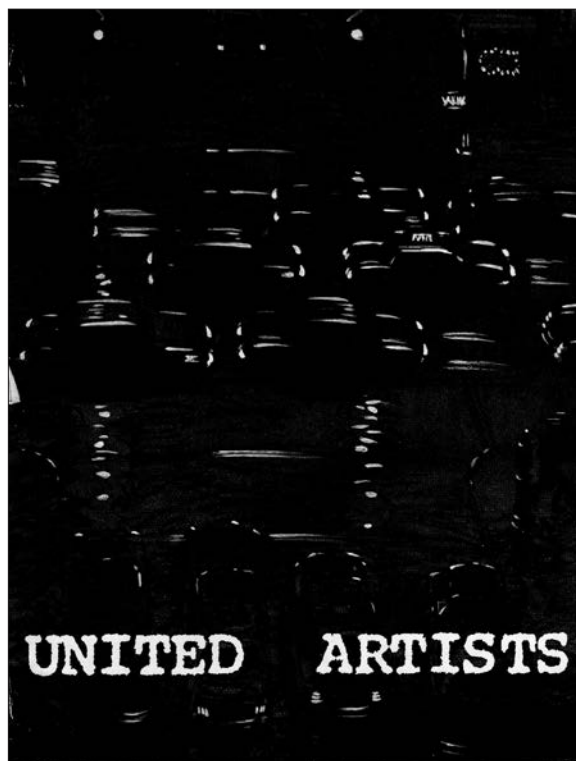
17. **UNITED ARTISTS 17.** New York, NY: March, 1983. 8½x11" 118 pages.
 Offset cover illustration by Yvonne Jacquette. Internal contents mimeograph, side-stapled with yellow endpaper between cover and table of contents. Edited by Bernadette Mayer and Lewis Warsh at 172 East 4th Street, New York, NY 10009. Includes list of United Artists books by: William Corbett, Jim Brodey, Jack Collom, Gary Lenhart, and others. "Copies of United Artists ONE-SIXTEEN are available for \$4.00 each. Subscription Rate: \$10.00 for 5 issues."

180	Rudy Burckhardt	"Japan Journals"
	Joe Brainard	"Self-Portrait: 1982"
	Jack Collom	"Going To The Old Pinakothek"
	Diane Ward	"And Then They Go Off Together"
	Gary Lenhart	Four Poems ("Appointment"; "Angel"; "Credit"; "Pet'Un")
	Bernadette Mayer	Eight Poems ("On Periods"; " <u>Incident Reports Sonnets</u> "; "The Incorporation of Sophia's Cereal"; "the dense pressure is rising in a"; "epigram: for our love"; [handwritten symbol] "derangement, on beauty, course of the sound"; "I'd Like To Go To Bed With Paul Goodman"; "The Men From Modernistic")
	Lee Harwood	Four Poems ("A Child's View of Railways"; "As evening draws in"; "Sussex Downs"; "Monster Masks")
	Jack Collom	"Heavy On The Zilch"
	Jonathan Cott	Twelve Poems ("Flowers"; "Missa Ma Maistresse"; "Sun Thought"; "To The Stars"; "Nests"; "Children Far Away"; "Dawn"; "The Garden"; "Breeze"; "First Soundtrack"; "First Car"; "Rainy Day Woman")
	Edwin Denby & Anne Waldman	Interview
	Lewis Warsh	"Double Standard"
	Bill Berkson	Fourteen Poems ("After 99 Comes 100"; "Ode: Midnight moonlight mobbed Dante's bridge"; "The Position"; "Entraining to Southampton"; "First Turns"; "Charloff"; "Schuyler Awe"; "Annus Mirabilis"; ("The power is off"); "Broom Genealogy"; "Missing"; "Missing (2)"; "Instinct"; "15 ^{1/2} /32"; "The Hoole Book") <i>from</i> "My Death, My Life" by Pier Paolo Pasolini
	Kathy Acker	"Bus To New York City"
	Jack Collom	Two Poems ("Old age, lookit, it's stupid, a big fart"; "Old age, lookit, it's stupid, a big fart")
	Edwin Denby	
	Anne Waldman	"My 16"

18. **UNITED ARTISTS 18.** New York, NY: December, 1983. 8½x11" 102 pages.

Offset cover illustration by Rosemary Mayer. Internal contents mimeograph, side-stapled with yellow endpaper between cover and table of contents. Edited by Bernadette Mayer and Lewis Warsh at 172 East 4th Street, New York, NY 10009. Includes list of United Artists books by: William Corbett, Jim Brodey, Jack Collom, Gary Lenhart, and others. "Copies of United Artists ONE-SEVENTEEN are available for \$4.00 each."

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|---|
| John Godfrey | Eight Works ("Look You"; "Ma'am"; "A Regular Customer"; "Many Times"; "Klaxon"; "Patria"; "Calligraph"; "This Train") |
| Donna Dennis | "Excerpts From Journals" |
| Ron Padgett | "Trashing" |
| Lewis Warsh | Seven Poems ("Korean Love Song"; "Thwarted Suitor"; "Self-Portrait"; "Have You Found Your Niche?"; "Blue Turban"; "Any Husband To Any Wife"; "Light From Above") |
| James Schuyler &
Helena Hughes | <i>from "In Country Wexford"</i> |
| Bernadette Mayer | Eleven Poems ("Untitled: having no journal"; "Miniature Man"; "Sophia"; "Hit Song"; "Free Food"; "To Mr. Elkin"; "In America"; "Winner of the Bad Poem Contest"; "Idyll" for George & Tillie Berlant; "Thing To Do" for Susan Coolidge; "Sestina: As love as what by chance as brotherly") |
| Maureen Owen | Two Works ("Prairie Song"; "Rosholt S.D. population 85") |
| Ann Rower | "Thanks for the Memory" |
| Helena Hughes | Two Poems ("Forecast"; "July") |
| Charles North | Eight Works ("Sunrise With A Sea Monster"; "Late Prelude"; "The Year Of The Olive Oil"; "Untitled: If magazines are efforts of the future"; "The Postcard Element In Winter"; "Tinker To Evers To Randomness"; "Prometheus At Fenway"; "Poem: Who prop, thou ask'st, in these bad days, my mind") |



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> *United Artists* #16 (October, 1982) with cover by Louise Hamlin and *United Artists* #17 (March, 1983) with cover by Yvonne Jacquette. Both edited by Bernadette Mayer & Lewis Warsh.

Anne Waldman

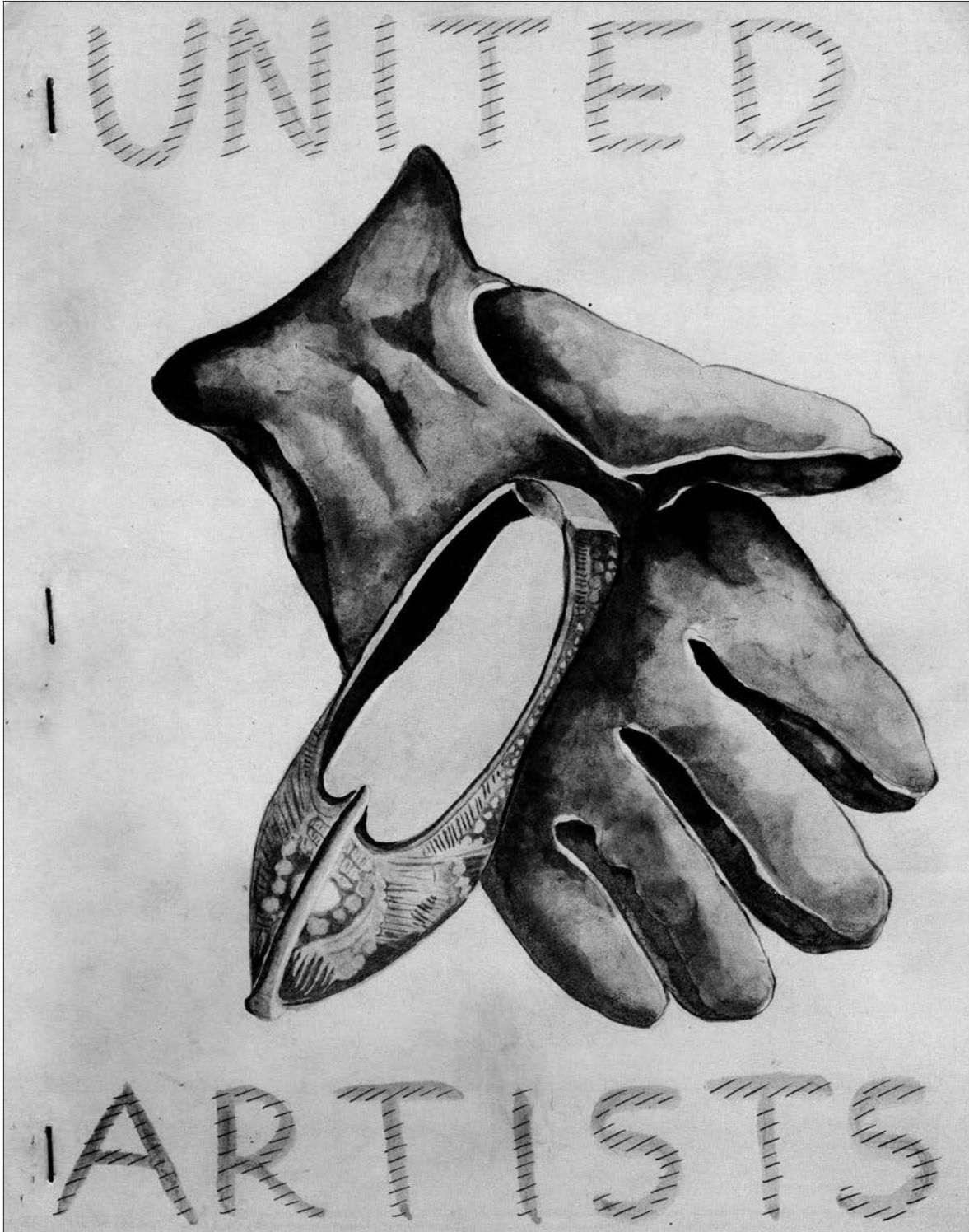
Five Poems (“Last Dinner”; “‘Mozartiana’ via Edwin”; “Too Bad Trains”; “Dream”; “Air’s Other Side”)

Clark Coolidge

“Two Or Three Things”

James Schuyler

Three Poems (“To Awaken”; “Tom’s Dream”; “Tomorrow” for Helena Hughes)



VI) UNITED ARTISTS BOOKS

1979

Songs for the Unborn Second Baby

Alice Notley

Cover by George Schneeman

In the Heart of the Empire

Harris Schiff

Cover by George Schneeman

1980

Judyism

Jim Brodey

Cover by Martha Diamond

Selected Poems

Charlie Vermont

Cover by Alice Notley

1981

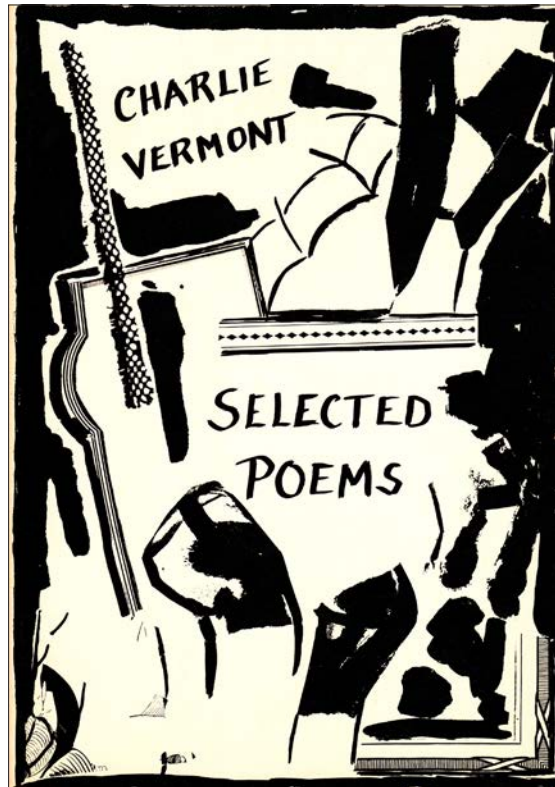
The California Papers

Steve Carey

Cover by Peter Kanter

The Fox

Jack Collom



1983

One at a Time

Gary Lenhart

Cover art by Louise Hamlin

1986

Head

Bill Kushner

Fool Consciousness

Liam O'Gallagher

1987

Information From the Surface of Venus

Lewis Warsh

Cover by Louise Hamlin

1988

Blue Mosque

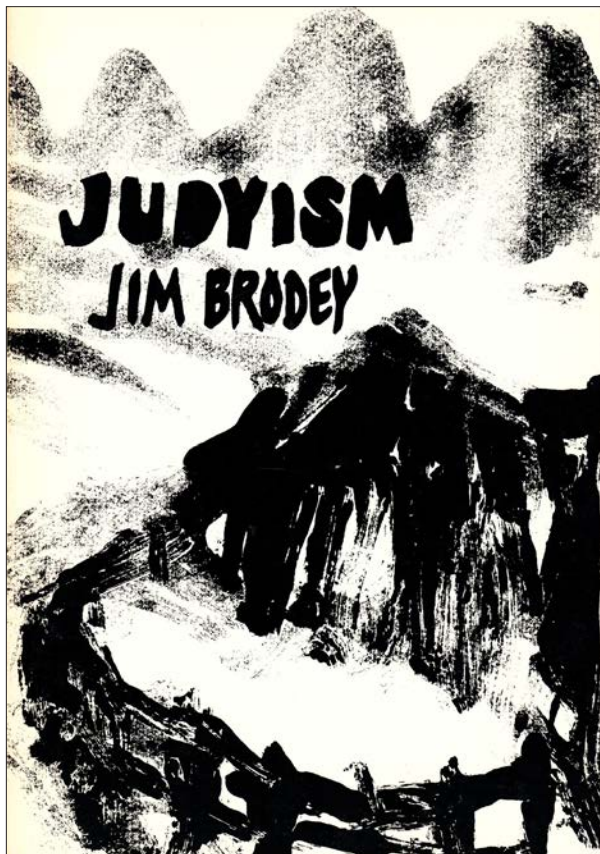
Anne Waldman

Cover by Louise Hamlin

Smoking in the Twilight Bar

Barbara Henning

Cover by Hariette Hartigan



1990

Love Uncut: Poems, 1986

Bill Kushner

Cover by Louise Hamlin

1991

Personal Effects

Charlotte Carter

Cover by Angela Fremont

Along the Rails

Elio Schneeman

Cover by Pamela Lawton

1992

The Fast

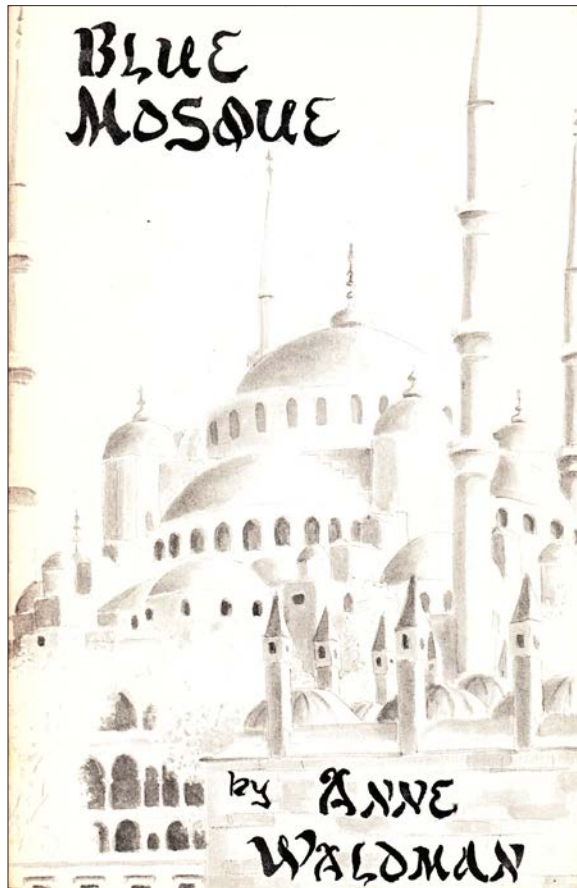
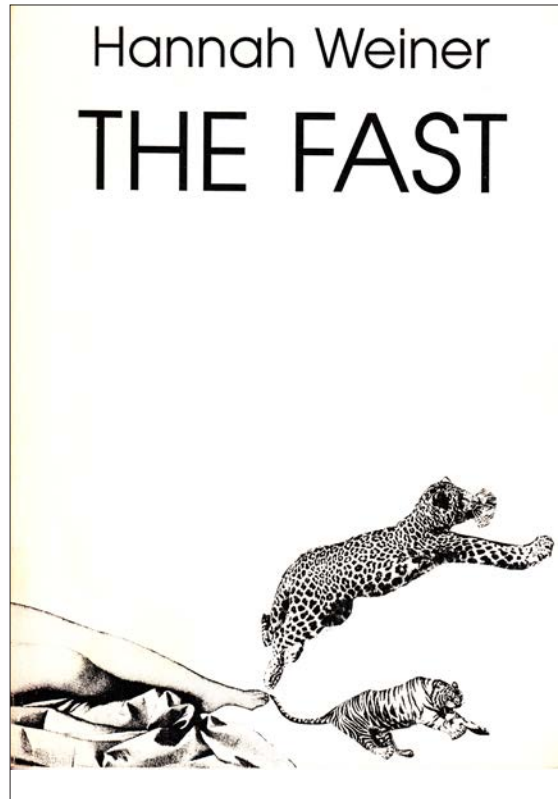
Hannah Weiner

Cover by Anne Tardos

Echolalia

George Tysh

Cover by George Tysh



1993

Political Conditions/Physical States

Tom Savage

Cover art by George Schneeman

1994

Poems for the Whole Family

Daniel Krakauer

Cover by Dave Barkin

1995

Love Makes Thinking Dark

Barbara Henning

Cover art by Hariette Hartigan

Something To Hold On To

Dennis Moritz

Cover by Pamela Lawton

Liquid Affairs

Mitch Highfill

Cover by Mimi Fronczak

1998

Continuity Girl

Chris Tysh

Cover by Janet Hamrick

Another Smashed Pinecone
Bernadette Mayer
Cover by Sophia Warsh

2000
That April
Bill Kushner
Cover by Donna Cartelli

2002
Reported Missing
Lewis Warsh
Cover by Emilie Clark

Red Book In Three Parts
Bernadette Mayer
Cover by Ed Bowes

2004
Across the Big Map
Ruth Altmann
Cover by Carol Altmann Pinsky

2005
Join the Planets
Reed Bye
Cover by Donna Dennis

2006
Solution Simulacra
Gloria Frym
Cover by Amy Trachtenberg

2007
My Autobiography
Barbara Henning
Cover by Miranda Maher

*The Influence of Paintings Hung
in Bedrooms*
Phyllis Wat
Cover by Noam Scheindlin

2008
Absolutely Eden
Bobbie Louise Hawkins
Cover by Jane Dalrymple-Hollo

2010
The Imperfect
George Tysh
Cover by Janet Hamrick

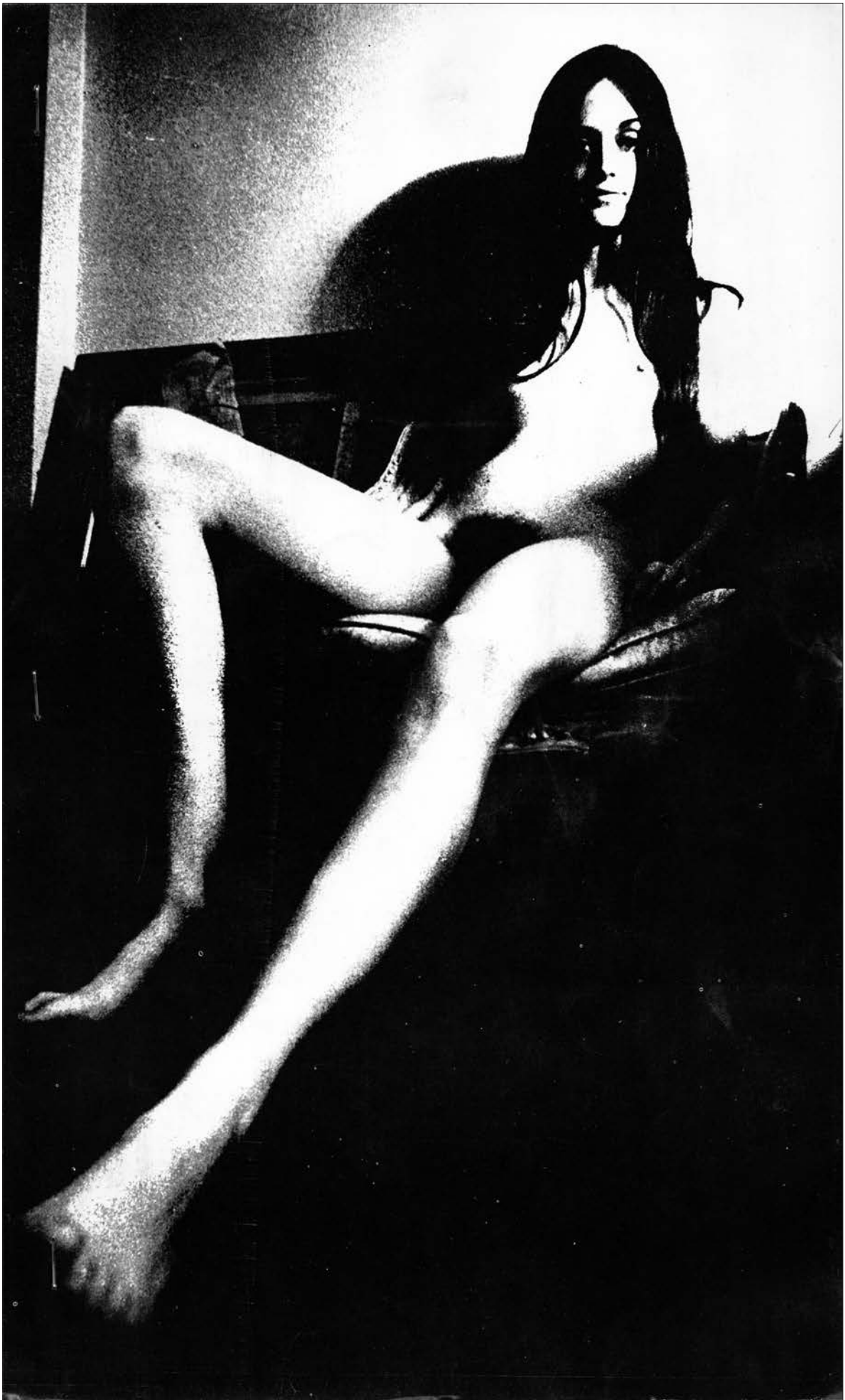
Night Scales
Chris Tysh
Cover by Christian Boltanski

2011
Clearview/LIE
Ted Greenwald
Cover by Hal Saulson

2012
Alpha Donut
Matvei Yankelevich
Cover by Nora Griffin



VII) SUGAR MOUNTAIN



1. **SUGAR MOUNTAIN (one-shot)** Bolinas, CA. August, 1970. 11x17" 67 pages (printed rectos only).
 Mimeograph with offset black-and-white covers, side-stapled.

Editors: Tom Clark & Lewis Warsh

Cover photograph: Jayne Nodland

Tom Clark	"Smack"
Harris Schiff	"Pastoral"; "This Side of the Mountain"
Scott Cohen	"Off/On"; "Pleasure"; "Flying Saucer"; "M Hashish"
Lewis MacAdams	"Employee"; "Song of Death"; "Astros Scope Poon"
Ted Berrigan	"Things To Do In Bolinas"
John Thorpe	"I Just Lost My Tension Again"; "Dream"; "A Poetry Reading"; "Wee Willie Winkie"; "The Cerements"; "April 27"; "Allez"; "May 27"
Clark Coolidge	"Rock Notes"
Tom Clark & Lewis Warsh	"Successful Love"
Joanne Kyger	"December 17"
Ron Padgett	"The eyelid slides..."; "They went out..."; "Dead Reckoning"; "The Sunny Side of the Moon"; "To you I dedicate..."
Charlie Vermont	"Letter to My Macrobiotic Friends"
Anne Waldman	"From There to Here"
Bill Berkson	"Cold Gates"; "Hey Joe"; "Confessions of a Bingo Baby"; "Strawberry Jam"; "The Japanese Sandman"; "For Devereaux"; "Tiny TV"; "Bulging"; "Continuation"; "Rose Bowl"; "On the Cuff"; "Alice"; "In Search of the Miraculous #259";
Alice Notley	"It's Interesting"; "January Ninth"; "Friday Midnight Exactly"; "I Hope I'm Not Here Next Year"; "No More Rage"; "Another Song"; "Problem"; "Away From You Becoming Me"; "France"; "Max"
Lewis Warsh	"Get the News"; "Crossing Out The"; "Quieter Than Thou"; "Stash"; "Each"; "Can poets live together?"

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MIMEO MIMEO 7

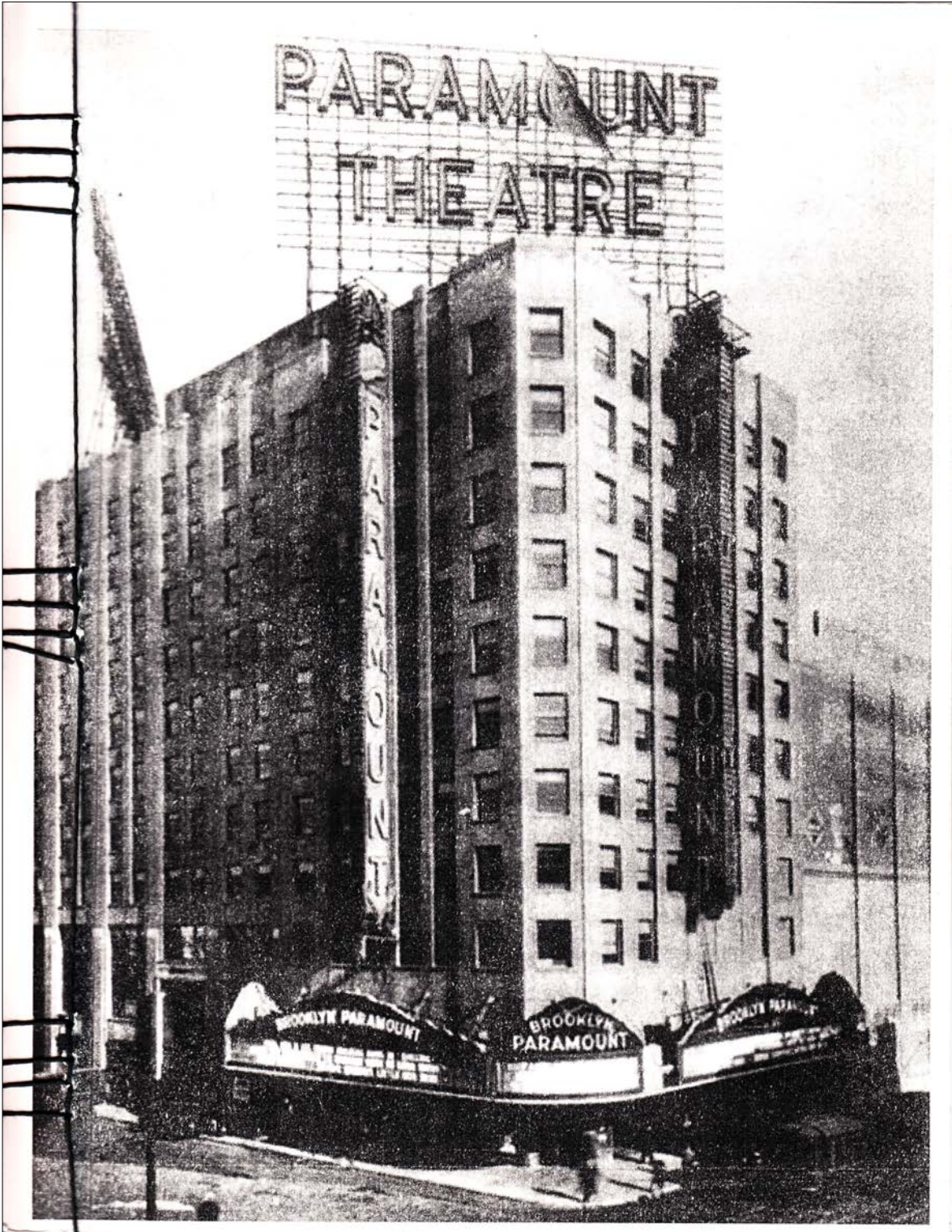
> *Joanne* (Angel Hair, 1970) by Joanne Kyger. Author photo by Bill Berkson
 >> *Sugar Mountain* (August, 1970) edited by Tom Clark and Lewis Warsh.
 Cover photograph by Jayne Nodland.

VIII) 8:30

1. 8:30 (one-shot) New York, NY. Summer, 1975. 8.5x11" 41 pages (printed rectos only).
 Mimeograph with offset black-and-white covers, side-stapled at The Poetry Project, New York City.
 Editor: Lewis Warsh
 Cover photograph: group photo, no credit

Guy Gauthier	"9 to 5 Poem"; "Kuhn. Leob & Co."; "Art is not..."
Richard Edson	"At the Five Spot Between Sets of Lookout Farm (2/9/75)"
Maggie Staiger	"Christmas Poem 1972"; "Seduced and Abandoned"; "Song"
William Kushner	"Flowers"; "Kisses"; "You"
Yuki Hartman	"An Upward Drive"; "Detour"
Patricia Jones	"Trees"; "Poem"; "I am ready to go..."
Jim Drummond	"The Red River"; "A Cookbook for the Embroider"
Diane Raintree	"May Wine"; "In the Soft Places"; "Reading a page..."
Ralph Hurst	"Box of Tomatoes"; "Relate just like..."
Michael Polizzi	"The Marrieds"; "On Perfectness"
Rebel Owen	"Again..."; "Julius"; "Explaining happiness to Peter"
Robin Messing	"The Magic Aura"; "A Personal Memoir"; "Taking Breakfast"
Lewis Warsh	"I temper words..."; "Armed Escort"; "Three Beds in Manhattan"





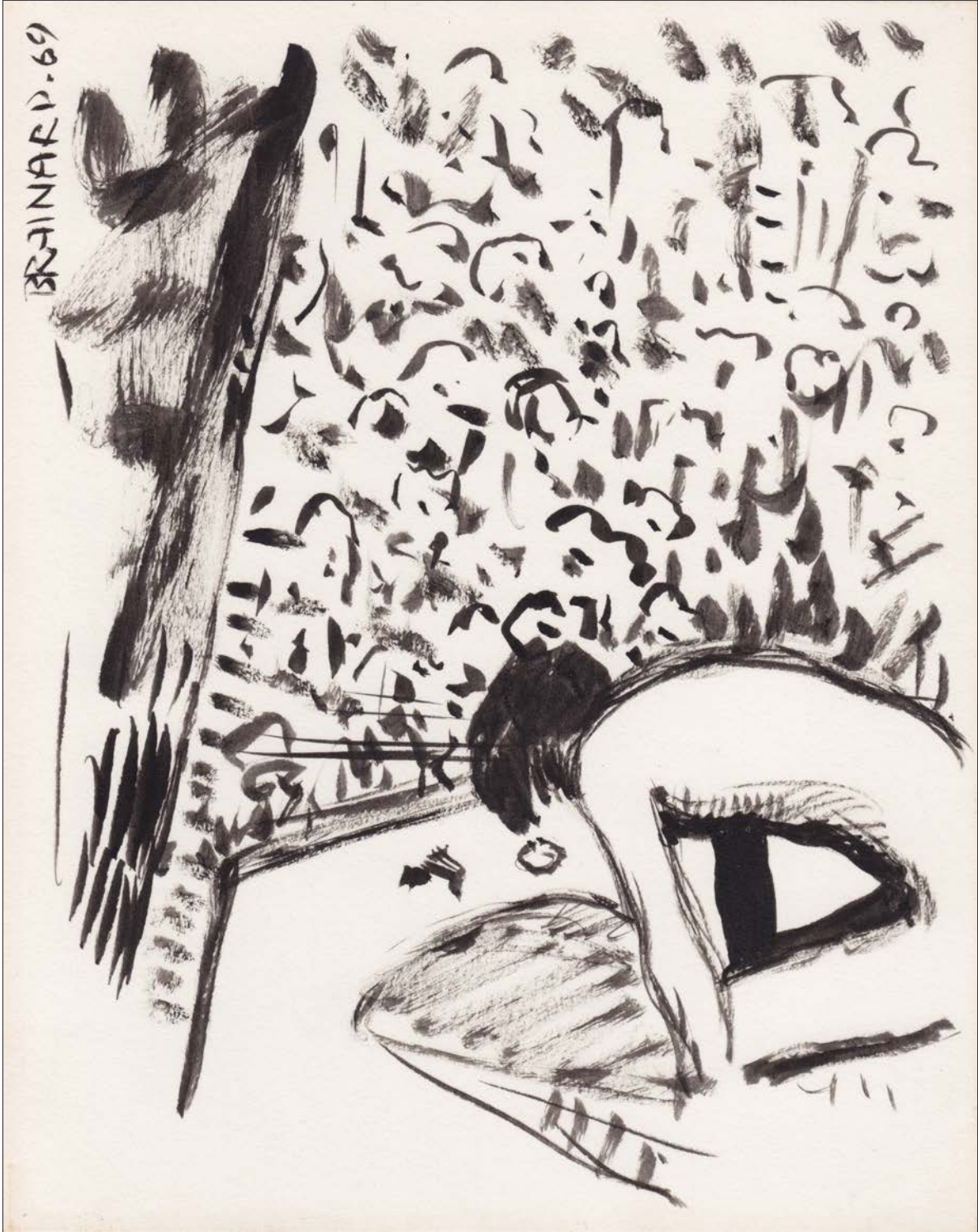
IX) BROOKLYN PARAMOUNT

1. **BROOKLYN PARAMOUNT.** No 1 New York, NY. March, 2011. 8.5x11" 134 pages. Photocopied with black-and-white cardstock cover, Japanese stab-stitch binding.

Editor: Lewis Warsh

Cover: Nell Del Guidice

Uche Nduka	"The Taxi Didn't Come"; "Into The Brown"; "Overnight"
Sarah Wallen	"To Stimulate Infinity"
Willie Perdomo	"Another Kind of Open"; "Gulay Isik"
Elsbeth MacDonald	"Homage to Clarice Lispector"
Joe Infante	"Boys and Girls in America"; "Color Photos in <i>The New York Times</i> "
Beatrice Rodriguez	"Urban Legend"
Gary Parrish	"Poem In The Voice Of My Father"
Alicia Berbenick	"Interior Design"; "The Old Mother"
John Casquarelli	"Near The Woodland Pines"; "Interlocking Machines"; "Because it Came to Me in a Postcard"
Patia Braithwaite	"The Etymology of Raindrops"
Barbara Henning	"from Twelve Green Rooms"
Rachel Jackson	"I'm Just Saying"
Christine Gans	"Why do we leave..."
Tamara Lebron	"Circumstances Change"; "Mahogany Monster"; "Leah"
Amyre Loomis	"Mind's Eye Thoughts Lead Each Other"
Jhon Sanchez	"NYC On the Off-Chance"
Nell Del Guidice	"I'll pick up something else at the store"
Lisa Rogal	"Probably, you don't realize"; "Companion"; "Houdini lived in my bathroom"
Wendi Williams	"Fuck the Po Po Ho"
John High	"from A Parallel World to Unknowing"; "Florence"
Kyle de Ocera	"Brother said so on the first date"; "After Siesta"; "Definition"
Micah Savaglio	"Pirate Jenny"
Anne Waldman	"Cuts to the Quick"
Christine Francavilla	"Sum of All Years"
Jessica Hagedorn	"Art For Art's Sake"
Yoav Ben Yosef	"Idan in the kitchen"
Jamey Jones	"July 26, 2009"; "Because"
Aimee Herman	"capable for grasping"; "to soften"
Alex Mindt	"Terminal Degree"
Liliana Almendarez	"my problem not yours"; "Increments"
Mary Walker	"the red tricycle rode..."; "Mary Jane's Moccasins"
Tejan Green Waszak	"The Girl"
Lewis Warsh	"New Travelogue"
Jon L. Peacock	"Jarring the Kittens"
Yani Gonzalez	"Title this Bitch"
Tina Barry	"Harppon"
Desiree Rucker	"Summer 2001"
Stephanie Gray	"People thought, Wow, that's kind of out there—"; "'Hello,' she replied in a tone that meant, 'What planet are you on?'; "it would go on forever unsolved,"; "Nostalgia for the infinite, nostalgia of the infinite"
Eric Alter	"The Symbiosis of it All"; "Sand"
Tony Iantoscoa	"every time"; "four train poems"; "indian burial grounds"; "time zones"
Zahra Patterson	"from Rich Soul Born on a Poor Block"
Charles Thorne	"Untitled Fragment"
Jon Jenkins	"A Time"



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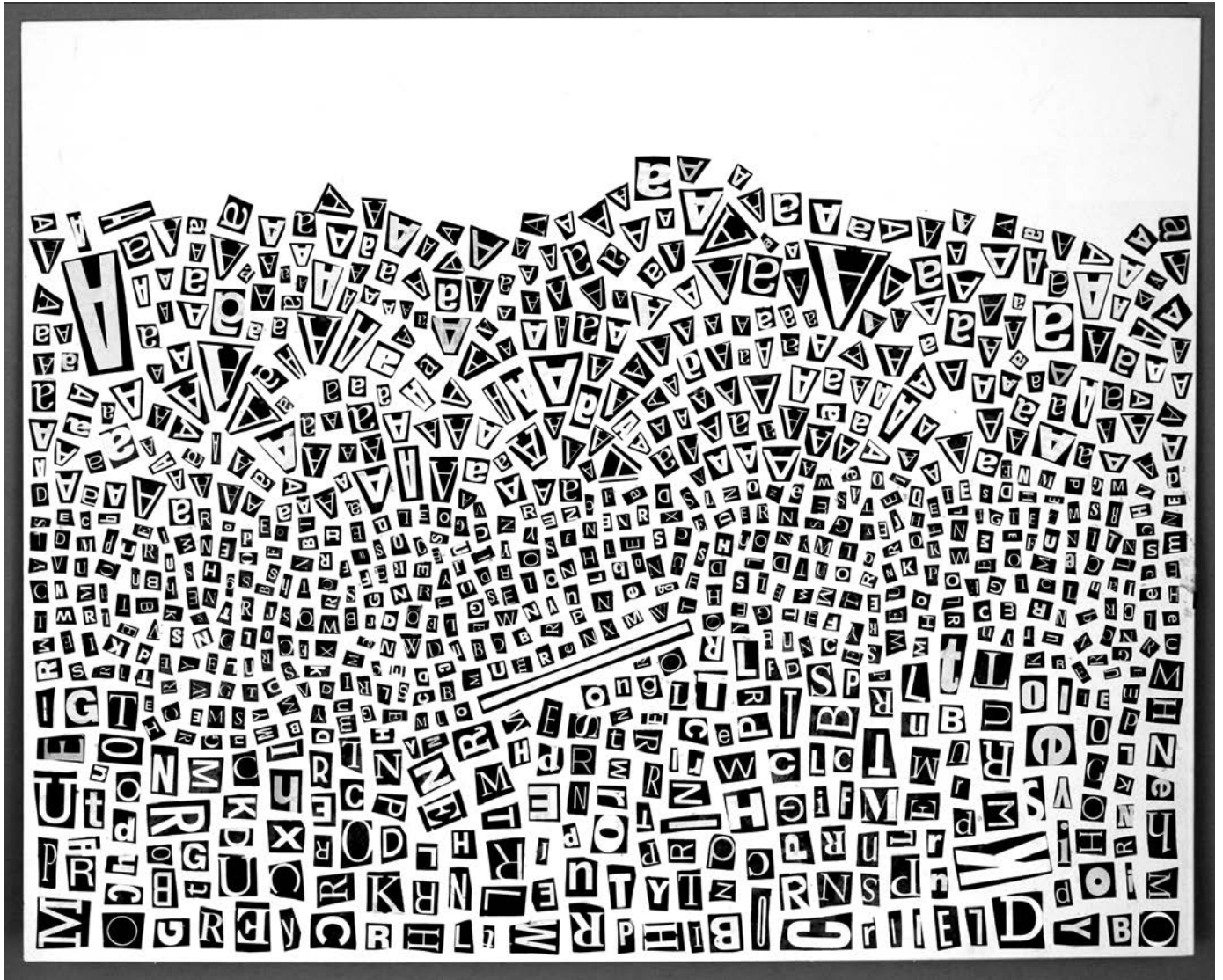
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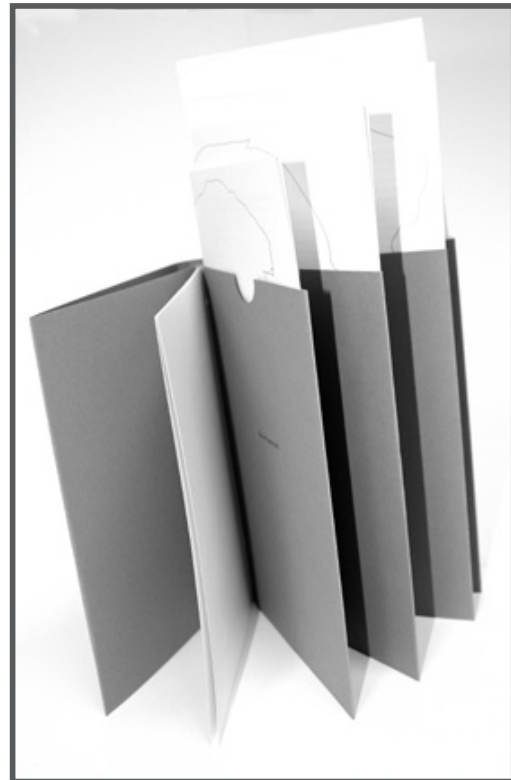
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Four Monologues, by Aram Saroyan. Letterpress, edition of 300.

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by Johanna Drucker

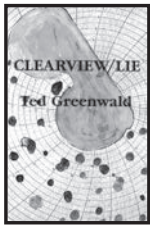
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CONTRIBUTE

Essays, interviews, artifacts, ephemera, manifestos, correspondence, etc., are welcome at any time. Direct all correspondence to Jed Birmingham at jbirmingham@hotmail.com or Kyle Schlesinger at kyleschlesinger@gmail.com.

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