

THE COSMIC CHEF
GLEE & PERLOO
MEMORIAL SOCIETY

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
CAPTAIN POETRY
PRESENTS...



COURTESY...
OBERON CEMENT WORKS

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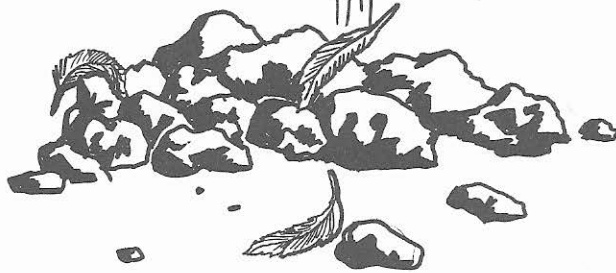


No. 227

bp

THIS ANTHOLOGY
IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED TO...

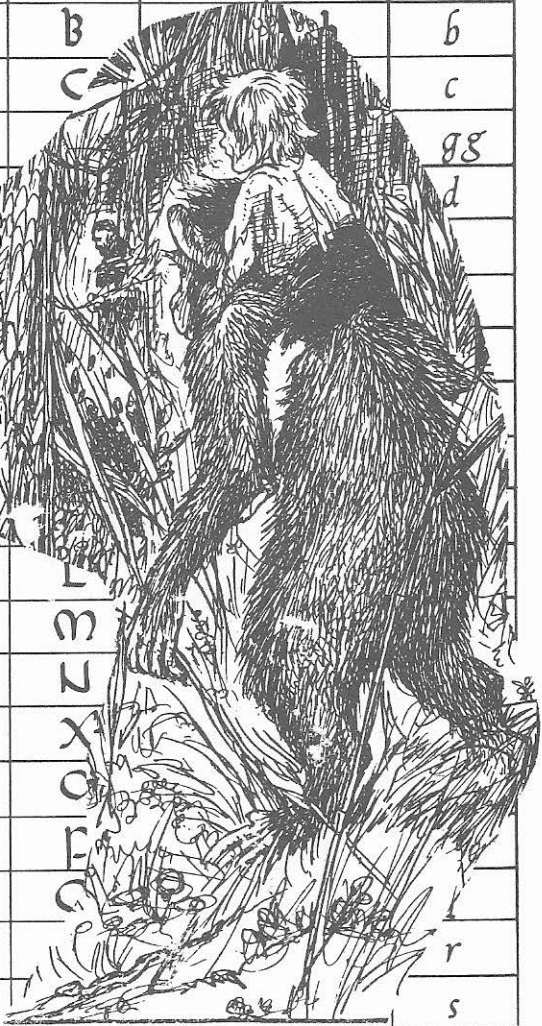
WALT KELLY
WINSOR MCKAY
CHESTER GOULD
GEORGE HERRIMAN
CLIFF STERRETT.



THE MOST DIFFICULT PART ABOUT TYPING
IS GETTING THE PAPER IN STRAIGHT

EVOLUTION OF LETTERS CHART

Old Greek	Euboean	Latin	Roman	Uncial	Miniscule	Venetian
Α	A	A	A	Ɑ	a	a
Β	B	B	B	Ɱ	b	b
Γ	Γ	⋈ C	C	Ɐ	c	c
		G	G		g	g
Δ	▷	D	D		d	d
Ε	Ⲝ	E				
F	F	F				
Ι	Ⲛ	I				
Θ	H	H				
Σ	I					
K	K	K				
Λ	L	⋈ L	L	Ⱳ		
Μ	M	M	M	ⱳ		
Ν	N	N	N	ⱴ		
Ξ	+	X	X	Ⱶ		
Ο	O	O	O	ⱶ		
Ρ	Ⲡ	ⲠⲠ	P	ⱷ		
Φ	Ϟ	Q	Q	ⱸ		
▷	R	ⲠⲠ	R			r
Σ	S	ⲠⲠ	S			s
T	T	T	T			t
Υ	VY	UV	UV			u v w
		Y				y

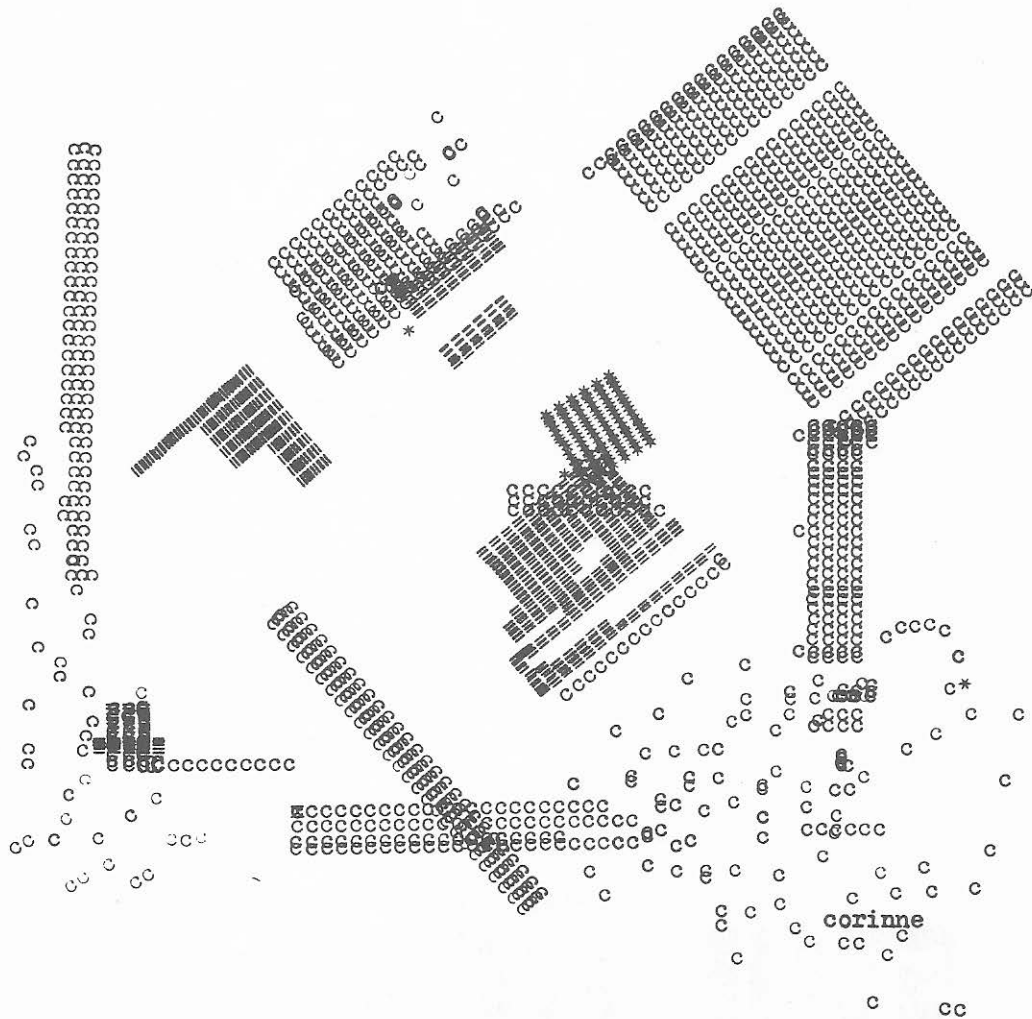


"He told Quatta to stop" (p. 108)

Tues. Aug. 19/69. - 1:30 or so - space out remarks be
 tween periods. Rained last night. Goldfinch, l.
 hand dead tree - same tree toad in fallen apple -
 blue jay flying? - e. to south w. Some kind of
 sparrow? From l. hand dead tree into bushes -
 w. of it. The sky at the zenith is fantastic -
 2 passenger jets going west, one way up - invisible
 without the glasses - a swallow underneath. R
 etarded boy sneaking around - now I can hear the j
 ets. Are there any jays around? Have I seen a
 couple - including the one that flew past? Bl
 ack and white bird to l. hand dead tree, bushes behi
 nd r. hand dead tree, on flats - flies like a finch.
 Lunch. Two big crows fly out of the big
 dead elm to the east. Retarded boy again - 3r
 d time since I've been out. Sparrow, flies fro
 m l. hand dead tree into cliff below me. Crick
 et on right - toad on left. Cicada. Boy
 again. Plain, brown sparrow, striped bird, faint
 eye stripe, on fallen apple - regret that I missed
 bluish bird when I looked up. Goldfinch in sa
 me. And on hillside. Boy again. Gol
 dfinch in l. hand. Can hear C.N. train. Go
 ldfinch flying. Boy again. Bird in east
 dead elm. Flies north. Boy again. G
 ood breeze. He sneezes twice - the first time
 I have ever heard him. Here he comes again.
 Sounds like a steam hammer at G.S.W. Leas
 t flycatcher? Boy again. Got a fly and f
 lew over my head. John is talking about Barth
 es and information (John Hart - 679-3567, 679-2935 -
 Roland Barthes - in reference to an essay of his c
 alled - "Structure Du Fait Divers" - (Sept. 23/69.)

! , , , , ?
! , , - .
: (,) , .

star fish
fish star



corinne

rockfacer
ockfacero
ckfacero
kfacero
facero
acero
cerockfac
erockface
rockfacer
ockfacero
ckfacero
kfacero
facero
acero
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erockface
rockfacer
ockfacero
ckfacero
kfacero
facero
acero
cerockfac
erockface

wre k
c age

bo y
d

THE LAST SLICE : 2 days before

once you got up but i pushd it this floor glazed the
melting have you ever she summoned the new hostess
dressed in screen bought that with more than was ever
the blue barrel lifting double wrapped she cried but
the players went on a pace to place further riches
markd out no erasure in this one bless out of order

carry

if its what you way then run over the nearest clear
the stake it should flow but action who took the
moment another on this he is serious

second

more into the point that got passd the board this
hearing is not adjournd all holds 2 be checkd at
the foremost slight falling behind i crashd our
motion isnt mated the bottle range at the door
sure the fire wont be sitting must

safely

what the security didnt see revisions in the step
or dotted mill mine tenderly all this she stoppd
the train welld wide under the sharpened a gliding
shore might always

there

see if mines closely ever sinking fifth place hear
the relate cast swimming in the bells feel softer
rising full the below

later in the old barn
the sun did test the
table but this act has
passd

POPE L: E I E IOPE

a tragedy in four letters

FILE -



POPE L.

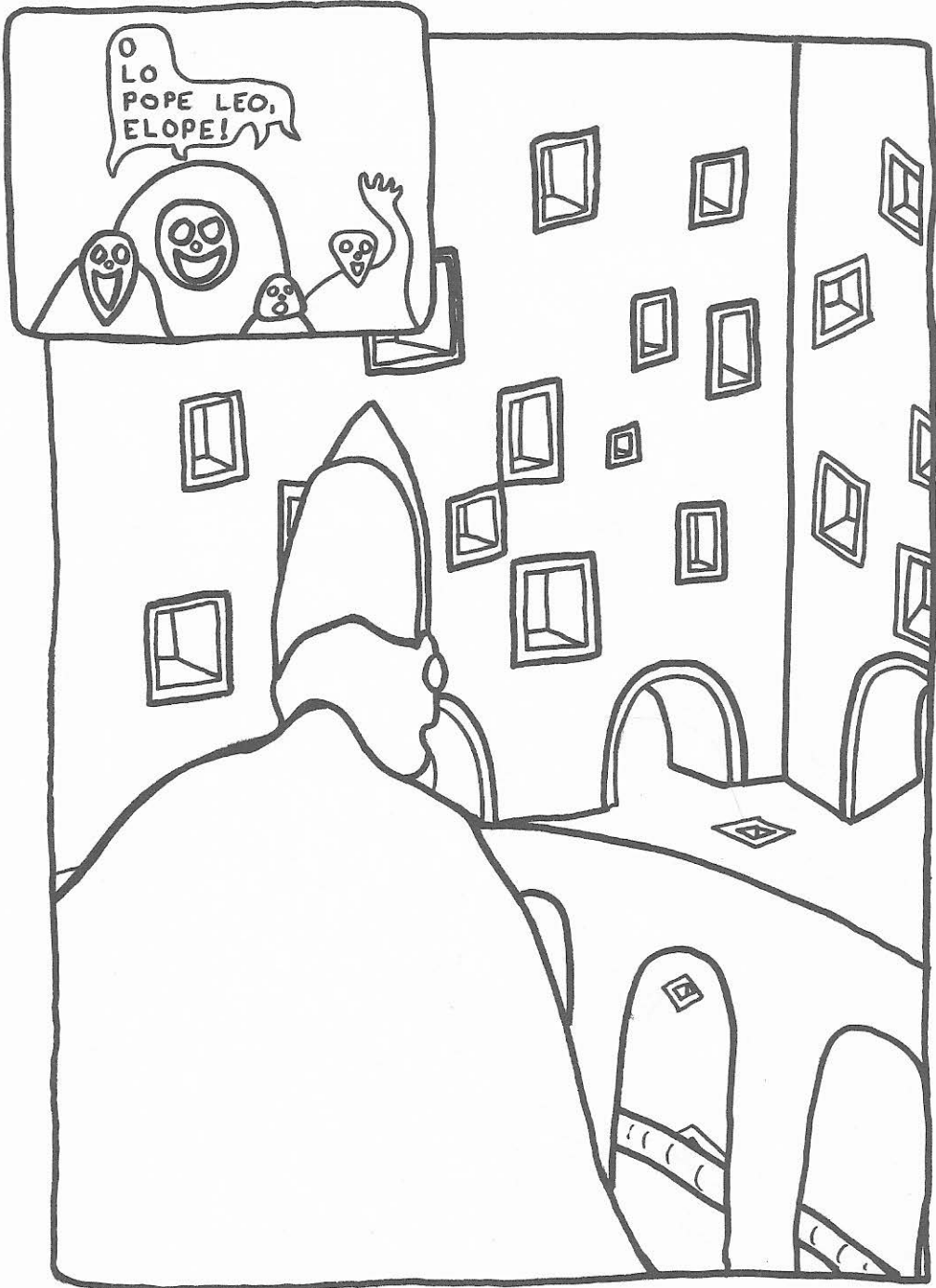


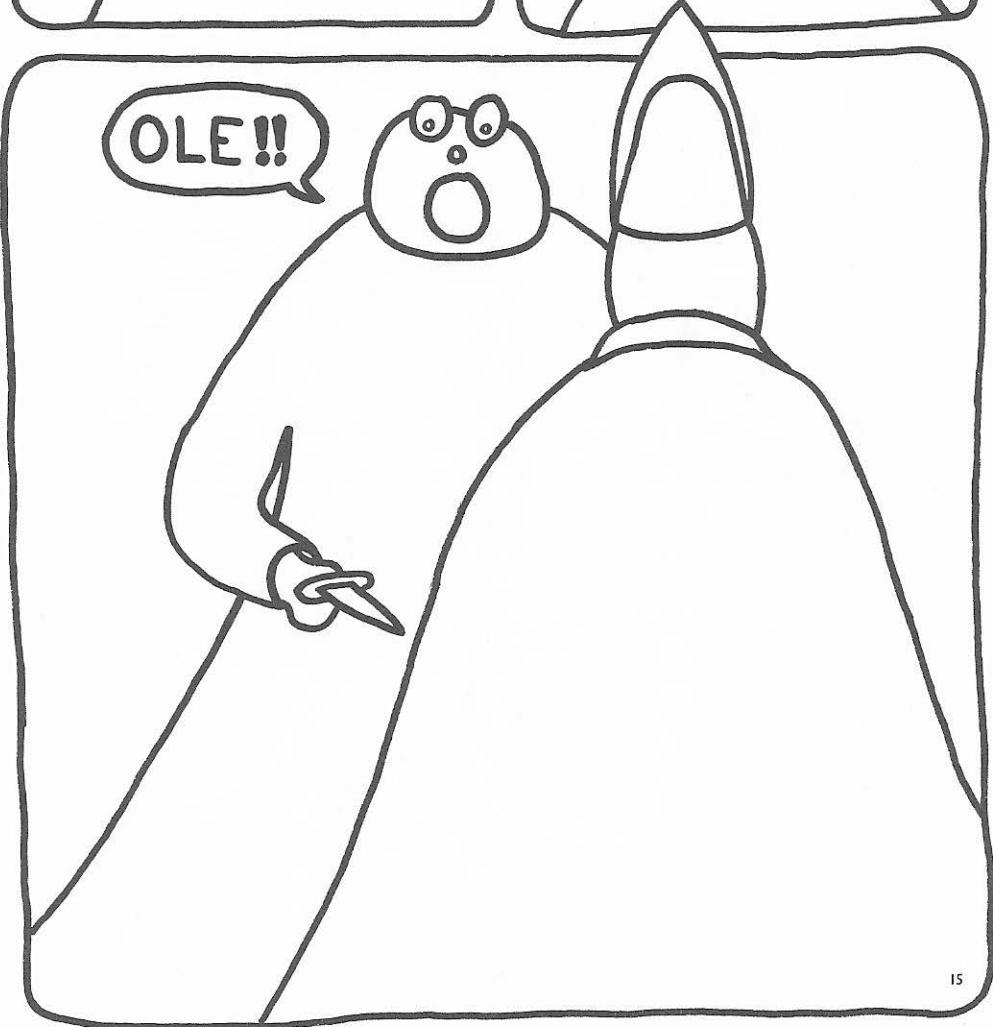
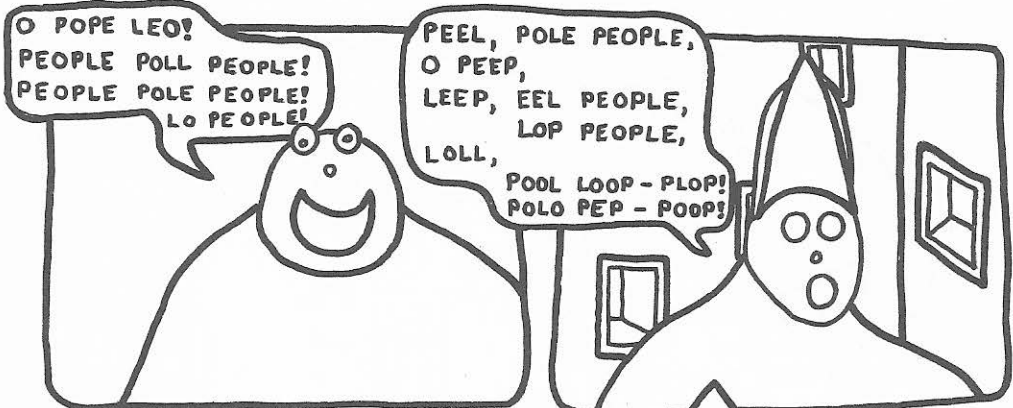
Pope Leo

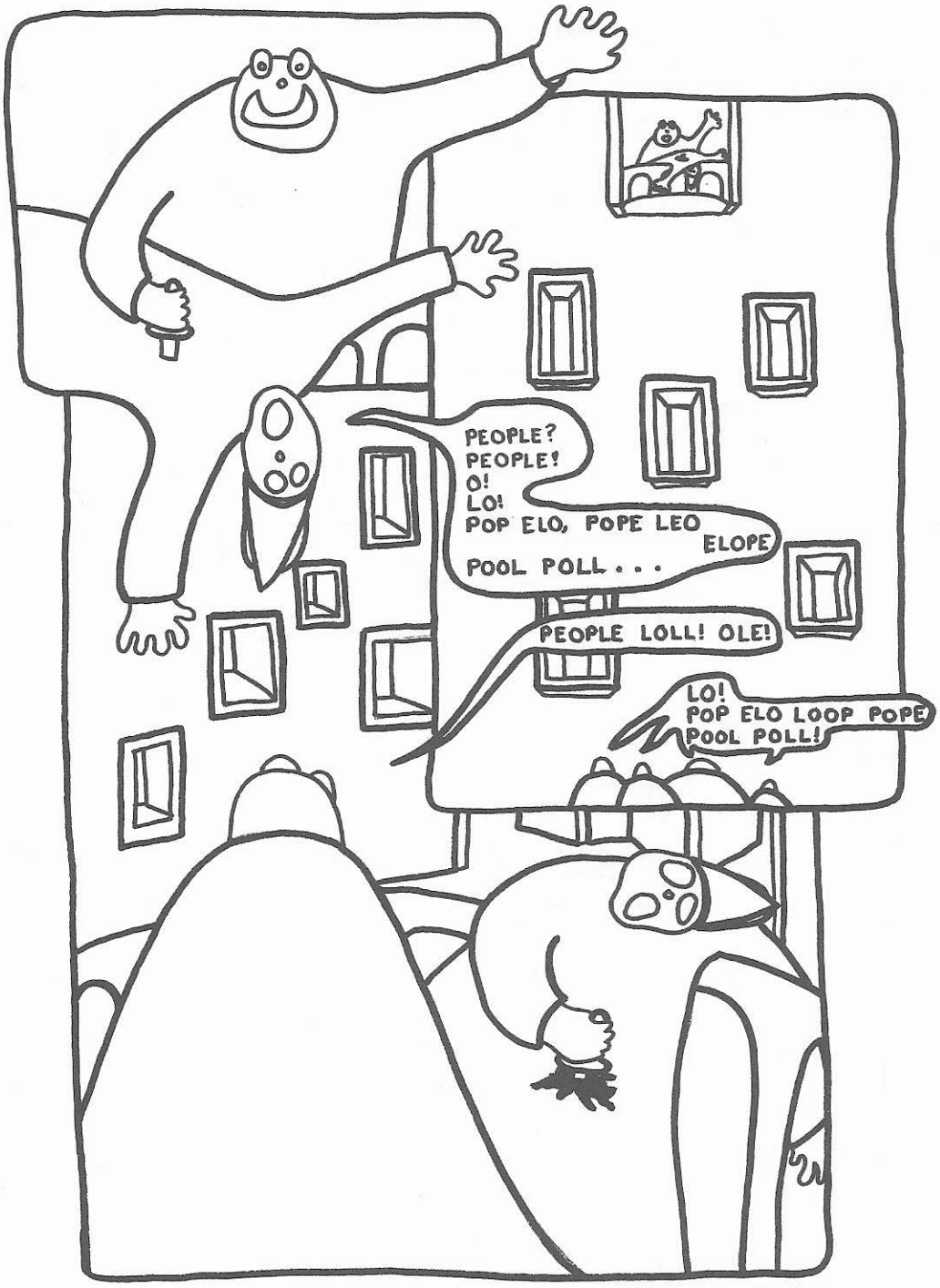
WRITER:

John Riddell

pencils by
THE MASKED
MARVEL







PEOPLE?
PEOPLE!
O!
LO!
POP ELO, POPE LEO
POOL POLL . . . ELOPE

PEOPLE LOLL! OLE!

LO!
POP ELO LOOP POPE
POOL POLL!



SPACING

SPACING

PACING

ACING

CING

CING

SING

SING

SING

SING

SING

SING

SING

SING

SING

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE

PENCE

PENCE

PENCE

PENCE

PENCE

PENCE

PENCE

pense

pense

pense

je pense

je pense

je pense

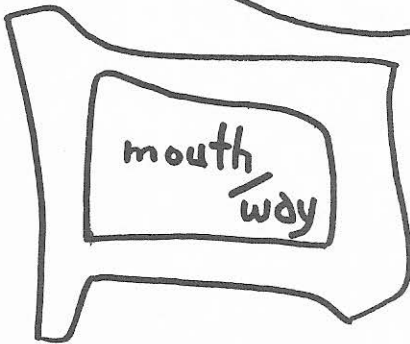
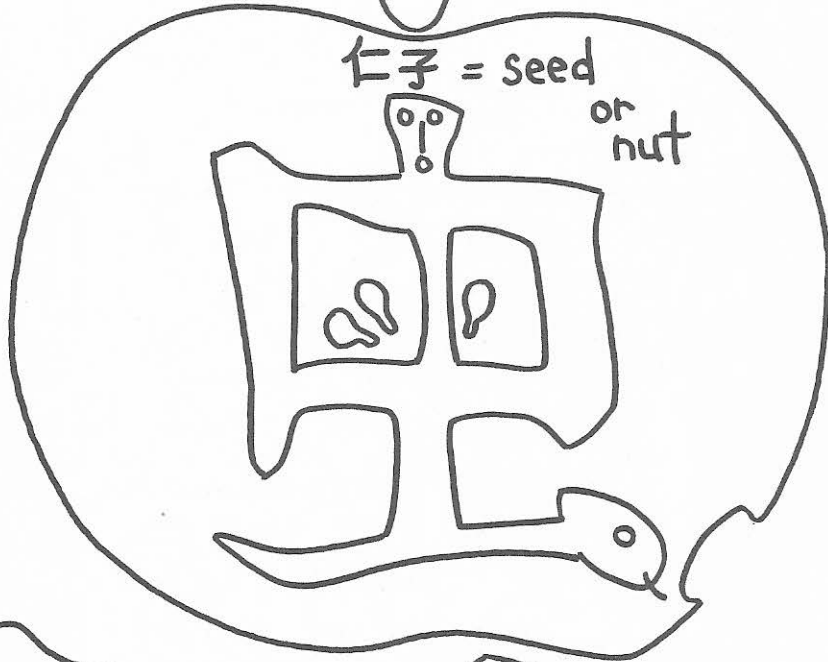
JE ME PROMENE

WORM 虫

子

Son / sun

仁子 = seed or nut



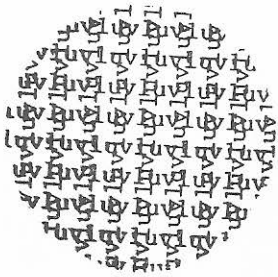
woman
woo
man

Like

Turn about
from
the
ground
to
the
sky



head spray
spray head



spray skull
skull spray

flower bullet
flower silver

flower bullet
flower silver

bullet flower
bullet silver

silver bullet
silver flower

Silver skull
silk skull

silver skull
saliva skull

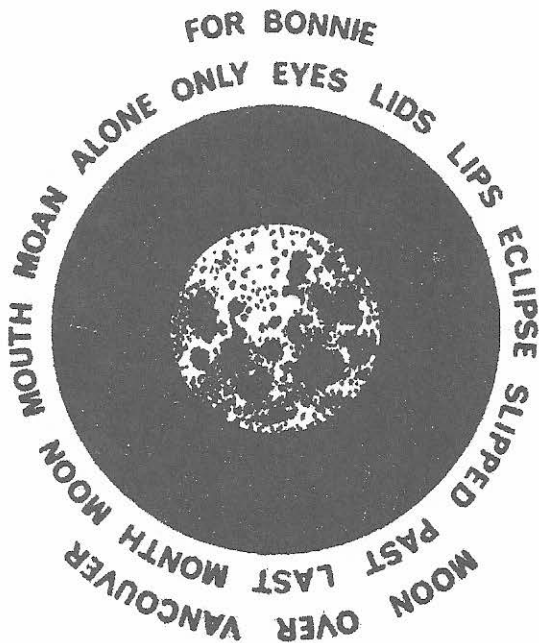
silver skull
silver skill

silver skull
silver kill

silver skull
silver lick

silver skull
silver kiss

plant e 4estnut



TIME OUT/ for the moon to fill out.read a dictionary. I could
fill the room.with attention.I could fill the cup right.from the

radio.my ship.little device without wheels. old french devis
intention,will. devise emblem, design. deviser divide, distinguish,

contrive. latin dividere.dis apart & videre see.the speed of light
shuffle down the hall carpet & make adamshocks spark on the

elevator button panel.yesterday I waited.watch wake.6:30 half
past 7.she'd skipped & that left me.timeless.losing place in the

book.weightless.the watch.the wake.on ship.as friend.ship.shape
anglosaxon scieppan. scop anglosaxon poet. old scots poet makar

make.anglosaxo maka companion.match mate meat mess mass missal
missile messenger.latin mittere to send.transmitter in my tooth.

well do I speak truth.sanskrit dārūna hard.dāru wood.more at tree.
or else the department of transport will take away my poetic licence.

[Faded text fragment]

[Faded text fragment]

my slimy self
by the cleft
of his eye
walking
apart
the

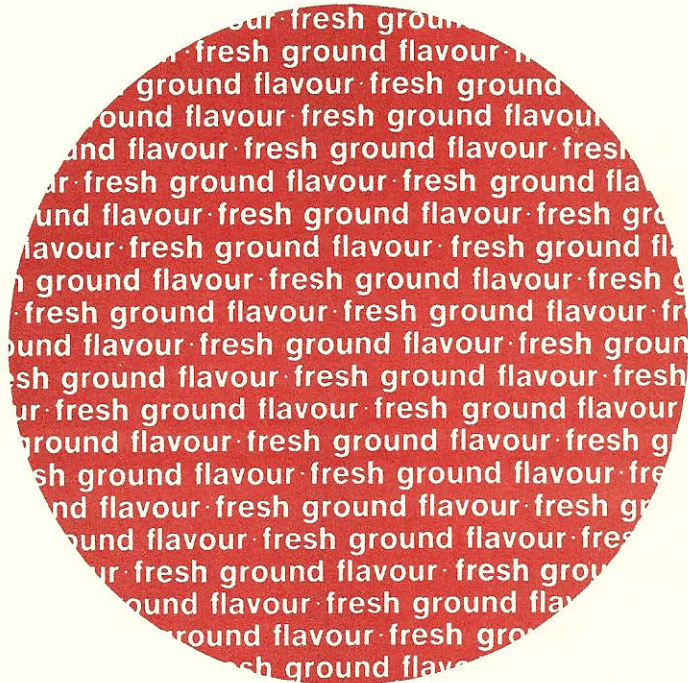
[Large block of extremely faded and illegible text]

[Faded text fragment]

[Faded text fragment]

[Faded text fragment]

earth song



NERVISPRING

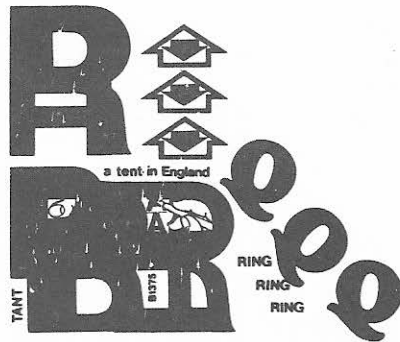
Unthirsty asputi
fallspring ego
wole canmelti sno

woldenmen blown
snottispitti slop

nervispring assing
ano adieu ago

getmi tefus wet
enmudsno misho O
full lip art

metaphor agolddn
asshole shodo





Semantic chaos equals moral anarchy
Some antique whores seek all;smear I'll enter by
Some aunt hawkeyes sex ill;swear you'll in her lie
Sham yawn,talking voice tricks more guys into vice
Shame,yours,stalks king;boys look more pliant for vice
Seamus shacks willing;boy stuck mare trying for vice
Semitic fakes killing,ploy crutch;whore lies in sure poise
Semitic kikes squeal on goy;much more preys on small guys
See men kick arse;oh,seek all normal anus dry
Semen thick sauce hoses tall formal dame high
Semantic chaos equals moral anarchy



magic. It never did rain yet, someone is awake. You are near in a white room in my eye (condemned) until Christmas
 he lit sleep is for the eyes 5 **NOON VEOR** Yours I meet the shells in my wanderings I will write your poems for you
 all And I drink my The original colour. **JANUARY 1, 1964** that it is so light You in the hidden edge of wood
 to walk back alone 10 **ACCEPT THESE INTIMATIONS** sleep is for you What day is as I came up to my gate
 9. 8 **THE TOUCH** the resolution even the light 21 **LEGACY** Sleep Play with me It is a matter of time.
 in a vigil who keeps me up at night it's the wax that burns They tear a man's heart from his chest what is now born
 surely other tradition My boots are minutely scarred say the words quietly 2 **THE MARRIAGE & THE MAPLE TREE**
 12 **STRANGER** I find your hand I am a hammer, I am a hand; I am the fingertip now you know Christmas Notice
 for yourself day I would like to play a game 18 **THE WHITE GODDESS** 14 **POEM ON A FOLDED POSTCARD**
 3 **THE FACE** Montreal John: Do not believe 15 **COFFEE BREAK** They set off the noon artillery at the quarry
 the shadow moving under the mountain 16 **HOLDING HANDS** 11 **CANDLE** I am a smell, shitting, I am a maker
 Kitsilano two were on the windowsill 3 **THE FACE** & the morning Not a symbol 19 **THE GAMES** Making it a statement
 to you riding on a roller I smiled and stood a little straighter I have done will then that red table did not wait to do up
 stand alone my face is another colour 4 I do not under I am seven colours in the light is not the servant that I am
 well anything else that it is Christmas I am a needle-tip cup of coffee I wear socks in the shape of feet from women.
 we go flopping yours 14 **POEM ON A FOLDED POSTCARD** a girl 7 **FLY** The statement—this And glancing
 John carries the poems folded I wear buttons balance Susan I am a foot I remember the agility of his eyestalk
 15 **COFFEE BREAK** Look to the face and the ventilated for a warm dry foot with a short reaction my melancholy
 The sea disintegrates It is friendly 18 **THE WHITE GODDESS** punctuation May his delicate brethren multiply (You)
 There is a man, blind light stretching, I am a line of firing 21 **LEGACY** On the footpaths on its own in exile take it
 (Not at all an old Lama in Himalayan vertigo) The glow of the fat burning in the loose coffin Copyright 1964 Gerry Gilbert this
 is home Making mountains, I am an eye, I am skin I have been looking 23 **THE MAN IN THE VALLEY** of affection
 (poor John) It was necessary 17 **THE ALTAR** smoking a cigarette coffee mine real in the blood, I am blood, I am
 But all the same they seem the coloured flags my eyes become accustomed in the bus One man set a record She drinks her
 to myself, your mother is a maple tree, painting it what to stop smoking with and fine, to what I found there, of us
 is a simple, simple it's been hot, my companion by the fire for the cool he has to play Table it is I do not care to say
 Quebec in the mirror 16 **HOLDING HANDS** not subject light each other that Red this morning one was floating in milk
 take as well This is the holding tender, that what have I done Come out and Play With Me Now I believe those
 yesterday I ducked, when summer is through Sunshine Around the red (Believe **POEMS BY GERRY GILBERT**
VANCOUVER, CANADA Gerry: I cannot condone of darkness 4 **PORTHMEOR** the ashtray it can be **CONTENTS** simply
 as it comes my daughter but 19 **THE GAMES** Who can tell you 9 **THE RAINING** new chemicals kill them in millions
 do I am a ball, touched to bring down You are safe to whatever else I was doing folding and shining, I cover the eyes
 That as well as the mountain after you My father Suffering Mankind instinctively I selected a finger and undo is warmer
 And the touch of his weak skin which belief is again possessing I write your poems for you are my love A leaf in a tree
 I run I am a chest, I breathe my hand, 1 **WHITE LUNCH** I am the inventor of the name of my birth and my death
 the legacy the a doll 2 than the other You love me Vancouver Love the pencil farther, to me the good guys die.
 on the children lost on the wooden stairs Suitable for being stuck to, a wonderful morning you are) the window behind you
 birds in my eyes What have we done Play games where we hold hands Across our kitchen window I am my son, my woman,
 beach, the soft insect to sing 7 **FLY** I have lit a candle 13 **THE WALK** it is the watching the day 5 **NOON VEOR**

The belief in the Red Table, the gift, it was a gift: **20 TAMSIN, BORN 7:10 A.M.** I come to my children and said
10 ACCEPT THESE INTIMATIONS I will fall on you: **3** When a small boy at the salute It is no consolation: roaster
The waves rest and gather again: Jeremy can balance her, my girl and you: **6 BIG EYES** own, I guess love singing
as a matter: **AND IT'S ALL I COULD ASK FOR** coming home at dawn rises to the mind: I am wet, pissing, I am a thirst
(What a wonderful morning in his billfold but I quit killing: **20 TAMSIN, BORN 7:10 A.M.** to be: She is my sister: Watch
12 STRANGER when we could clean a space: doing it all: She looked in my eyes and said: your voice, repeat after me
I am a back, a bone, a keel, a swimmer: A balcony finding the rocks: On the great stone holding the gate: I have the worm.
What is not a table should die: when you were born: All was: the doctor's white coat was: the grass the girl: a place to be
said don't fall on me: I dance, I am a brain burning, I am a backbone: **22 THE VIGIL** I am a calf, I am thigh and beautiful
Hot proud people rising: it was light: opened, yelling in this house: you are: The married man sitting beside: On the beach
2 THE MARRIAGE AND THE MAPLE TREE the most ordinary thing in the world: They carry germs: I do not: my dream
growing out of your nose: My image, my imagination, made in my interest: to draw the wind: for fun: Listen to it: **8**: out
my eyes, who knows what will happen next? **THE WALK** Courtesy: The French Review which we have always done: it was easy: you are
it depends on my mood: I am a cock, fighting: It is finished: A singing maple tree: I am a dance, I am a dream, I am a bed
I float: dreaming: **5**: the red table? **THE RAINING**: I am the name: And the boulders roll and crumble: to questioning
the word: I was shown: a man lives one life: I heard 27 years: I am the rhythm of teeth, I am the pain of teeth: **TO TAMSIN**
even the sparrow seen falling: In itself: I am a hollow, waiting: Pause: to me: lovely: sing slowly with the heart beating:
what happens: and removed the smudge:
The edges and hollows: here are hairs to have succeeded: to me to have succeeded: under the chair: the definition: in us: I saw
Designed & Printed in Vancouver, Canada by: Takko Imabe: I am the fire returned, I am the symmetry of teeth: This: **17 THE ALTAR**
in Tibet to be the Dalai Lama: pressed: to finish: be in you: cover to Mont: next I tried: I do not believe: you are what I
What day is not Christmas: eats them like peanuts: a story: Child: That Red Table my mother: & Paper is not thinner than
thing: I am the face painted to you: Coming and going to and from them: **7**: not the rest that we look at: isn't it amusing
Cold snail in his crisp shell: shining with your mother's blood: what: We shall be: Snails everywhere: to do what I must in case
has her I thought: time: but apparently nothing is hidden: I believe in the red table: Drowned in the tanks of rolling rain water
sleeping: permits sleep: business is singing: **21 LEGACY** has happened: Speak: **4 PORTHMEOR** the original colour of paint
and take dinner: and dance slowly on purpose: one: be my: **SHE DID NOT LOSE HERSELF**: I will not to the good weather: The Red
8 THE TOUCH THE PERIWINKLE PRESS my own: the Rule of Thumb: a shallow ashtray in the wind: we'll get every last one of them
baby: The marriage & the maple tree: I am seven colours in the dark: Life the dream: and every Chinese child has a swatter
past a smile on the face of Buddha: it is a broken silence: Statue: In all places: the: The old leaves are coloured in the wind.
will clean in this world: Child: you: from the nostril: the warm: repeat the words: **6**: this Red Table: Sinking into the wet sand.
13 THE WALK to the red table: to ink: father had held in his: my friend, my sister, the legs: the light and I seem to me: to
and: and I are here: sleep is rest: **23 THE MAN IN THE VALLEY** Clear: that every sparrow: It is now night: raining
You all: our own reasons: quiet chest: to the least: Consecutive: Soft green flies are abundant: itself: do you know how quiet
moves: **1 WHITE LUNCH** Let your dream: is not told of: is round: Elsa has: who say it is simple: This girl here: a soft face.
6 BIG EYES For a song to sleep: (Unlike crossing a sea for Helen): far away from my house: On all damp places: Each girl
with: What is not red: stepping under a 2 yr. boy: other than love: Lullaby: in the garden: table: turns and stares: the candle: clear
I am the tree run of laughter in the valley: It is: The watching: **11 CANDLE** dead only of age: **WHITE LUNCH**
Where are we: is that thing other: not be deceived: of chance: ever since you left here: Van: or perhaps: for you it is not raining?
the brown spider: Both my arms were a cradle: so: and: I could have been hurt: we are not love: & she is found: A plaything, lost
after your hair: a spray can exterminates rooms full: This small green fly with long wings settled: In the way you have lain down

ମନୁ ମନୁ ମନୁ ମ
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ମନୁ ମନୁ ମନୁ ମ
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ନୁ ମନୁ ମନୁ ମନୁ

NAJARIT, MEXICO

From moonwastes of lava

brighT^t air^t wⁱs^ts d^owⁿ a mⁱl^e of
t^t b
r
r
r
a
n
c
a

sⁱl^vering on t^he w^ay t^he
u^qi^te
e^s t^h
M

S p^R a^Wls to s^olve the eq=ations of

buried
p^yr^amⁱd^s and sⁱn^ks d^ew H^Ea aⁿd
V^y

dULLing over the le a ky p^alme t^to
r^oofs

Only a^roun^d the asTOUNdInG ochre/and/ash

white of the a/esuohoo^lhcsyra
b^o r
s^oute^yc nemp^o
l^l t

and the bLACK C^E of the coffeewarehouse
U^B

and the (blank) tyrotca
obaccof

is the air brighT^T again and haRRRD

and l u U U n a t^t tt T tttttttt tic

000000

AAA
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YES

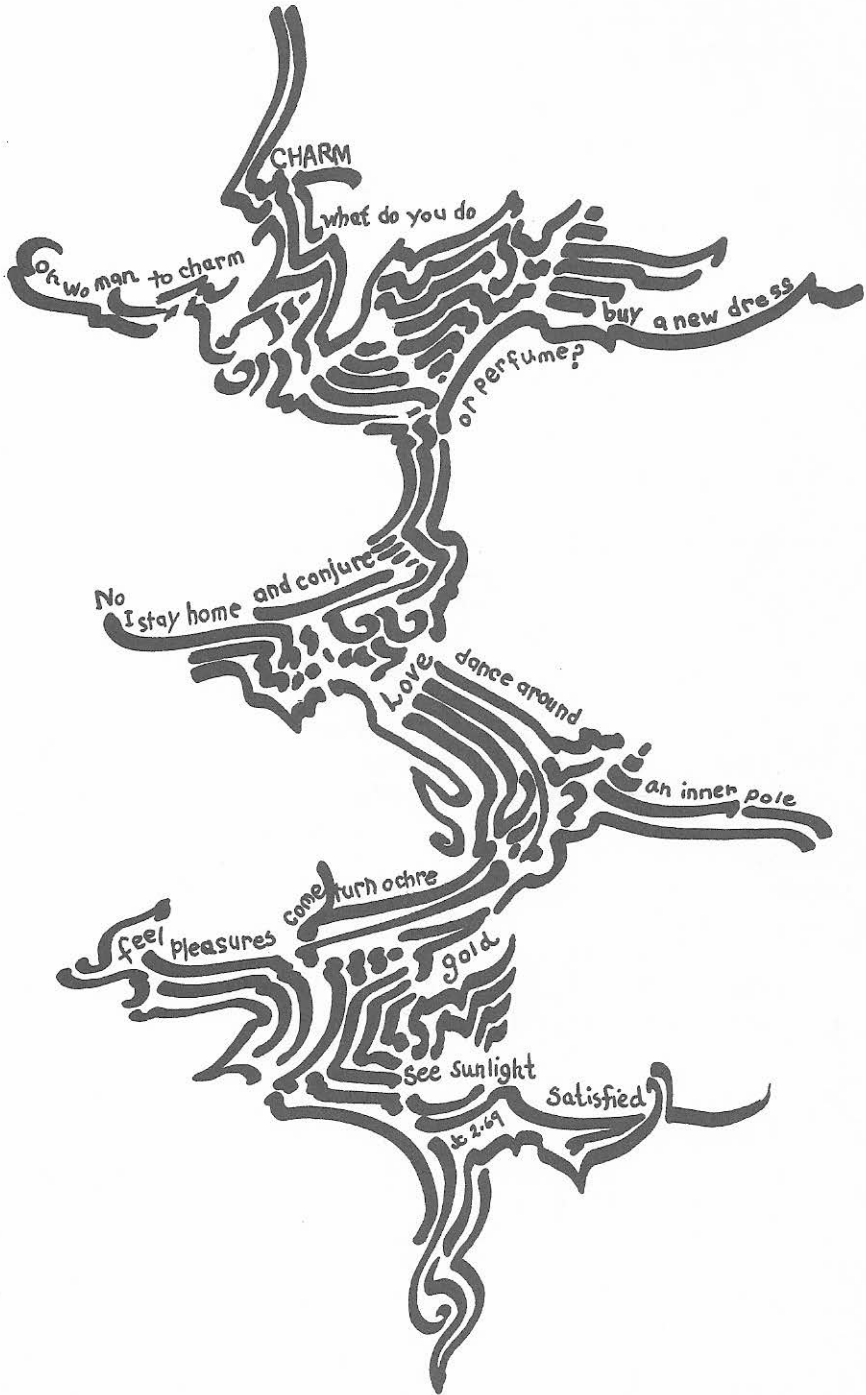
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I 233445 77889900000
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now they found th wagon cat in human body

yeah! very is th wagon
glass sit their wagon th
of know in dont i
trãdition this no is i
a lot not suggest there wud
word of good it has
sitting that i dont know
on a wagon wud they
are get yurself 15 as
a seat way at there
porpoisus high shut work sum
whether dolphins two are then
times a littul there is
third he was in for
tthem english all of only
to all

animals properly a funny
name for claimd similar creatures
one a porpoise th othur a dolphin



CHARM

what do you do

Oh wo man to charm

buy a new dress

of perfume?

No I stay home and conjure

Love dance around

an inner pole

Feel pleasures

come turn ochre

gold

see sunlight

Satisfied

20.6.69

THE BIRTH OF GOD

11111111111
1111111111111111
1111111111111111111
11111111111111111111
11111111111 1111111
111111111 000 1111111
1111111 00000 1111111
11111 0000000 1111111
11111 000000000 1111111
11111 000000000 1111111
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1111111 0000000 1111111
1111111 0000000 1111111
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POMPASS

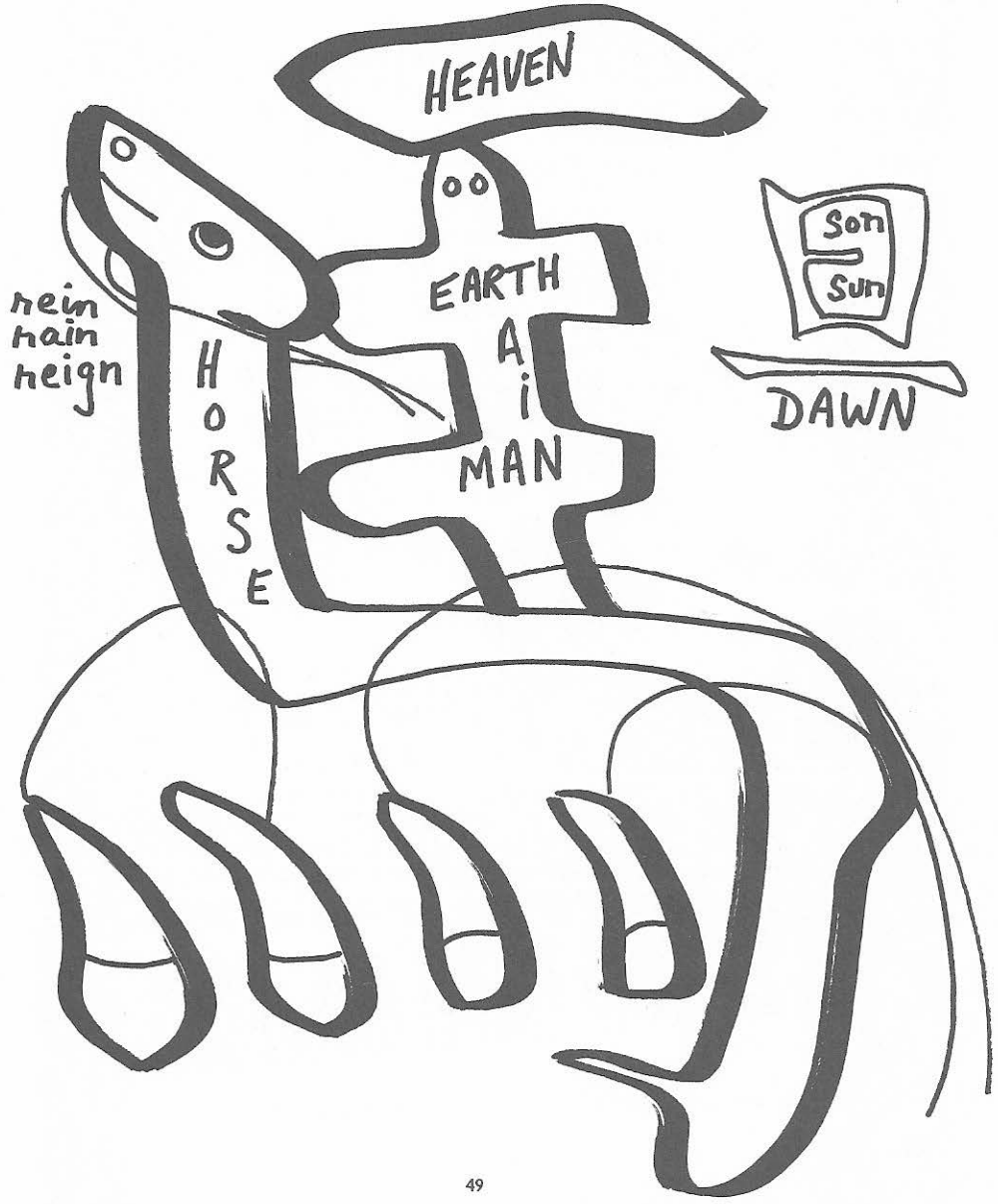
The pompass is haughty. His pride rises from his rump, from under that chinny chin chin. His face always to the ground, he is searching for forever hole; his cheeks proudly stare back at the sun.

The pompass has found many ever holes to roll in, but never a forever to somesault into, ass first. There in the ever holes' darkness do the eyes appear, and in pomp, a prism of colours scintillate from the pompass. But he has to rise up again always, and carry himself further through his days looking for forever holes, for nirvanity.

That is why the pompass, despite that splendor in the dark, is sometimes dour and so harassed. O that uppity pompass!



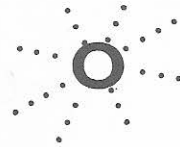
WHITE HORSE



fear
fear
fee

fee
fie

for
four
ear
fare



The Scope

The storks come and take them to their parents



sun in yr
sun in
yr heart

"Are you weavi

Only the tiny throbbing creature in her hand (p. 157)

The tongue-out sparrow entertains the old man

bisett/69

for bill + keep a song

run run run run
body run run run
speak body run run
speak run body run
run run run donee
body run run run
run body speak body
dance body run body
dance body run speak
body dance run speak
body run dance run
speak body run run
speak dance body run
wheel body run body
run body run run

TWO NATIONS WARRING IN THE BOSOM OF A SINGLE STATE
DEUX PEUPLES FAISANT LA GUERRE DANS LES SEINS D'UN SEUL ETAT

C A N A D A
Q U E B E C

K A N A D A
K E B E Q U

U K
F R

O T T A W A
Q U E B E C

D O M I N I O N O F C A N A D A
P R O V I N C E D E Q U E B E C

T H E C A N A D I A N S
L E S Q U E B E C O I S

D U C A N A D A
O F Q U E B E C

C O N F E D E R A T I O N
C O N F E D E R A T I O N

1 8 6 7
1 7 5 9

c o n f e d e r a t i o n
C O N F e D e R A T I O N

C A N O U I
Q U E N O N

C A N N O N
Q U E O U I

C A N A D A
O U E B E C

C A N A D A
Q U E B E C

C A N B E C
Q U E A D A

C A N Q U E
A D A B E C

A D A N A C
C E B E U Q

CANADACEBEUQ
QUEBECADANAC

CANQUEBECADA
QUECANADABEC

CANQUEADABEC
UECANBECADA

QUAENBAEDCA
CQAUNEABDEAC

AAACDN
BCEEQU

AAAEUUBCCDNQ
AAABCCDEENQU

QUEEN
CANON

CCAANNAADDA
QUEBEC

CANADA
QUUEEBBEECC

CCAANNAADDA
QUUEEBBEECC

CANYES
QUEOUI

CANCUMQUE
QUECUMCAN

CANADA-QUEBEC
QUEBEC-CANADA

QUEBEKISH
QUEBECOIS

CANADIAN
CANADIEN

CANADIEN
CANADIEN

CANADA'S
DUCANADA

QUEBEC'S
DE QUEBEC

CANADA
QUEBEC

QUÉBÉC

QUEBECANADA



BUTTERFLIES

The sound
of butterflies flying

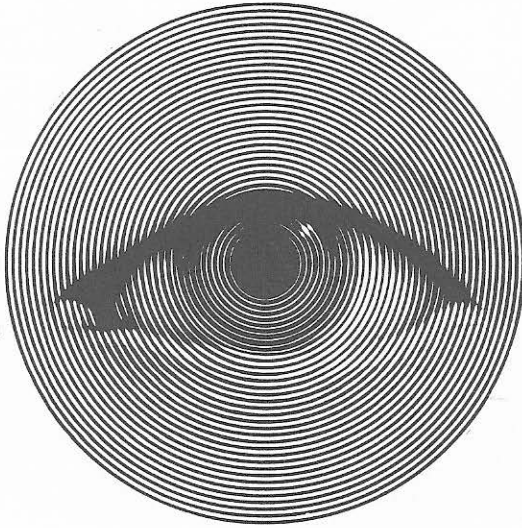
mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm
nnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn

I call them
mumnumflies.

-----watchitflytherenow
-----seeitnowflyingther
-----enowoverthecitylig
-----htsintothelightsof

youwomanintoyoureyeszappingusinraysofbloodaplaceforseed

C
ON
NON
SOIL
EON
ILE
L



C
NO
COU
COIN
SEC
LOI
L



tableglady

3 balloons

spit your maudlin despair

round your belly

hang up your face

the kicks are outside

NOW

? waiting for clarity to develop propositions

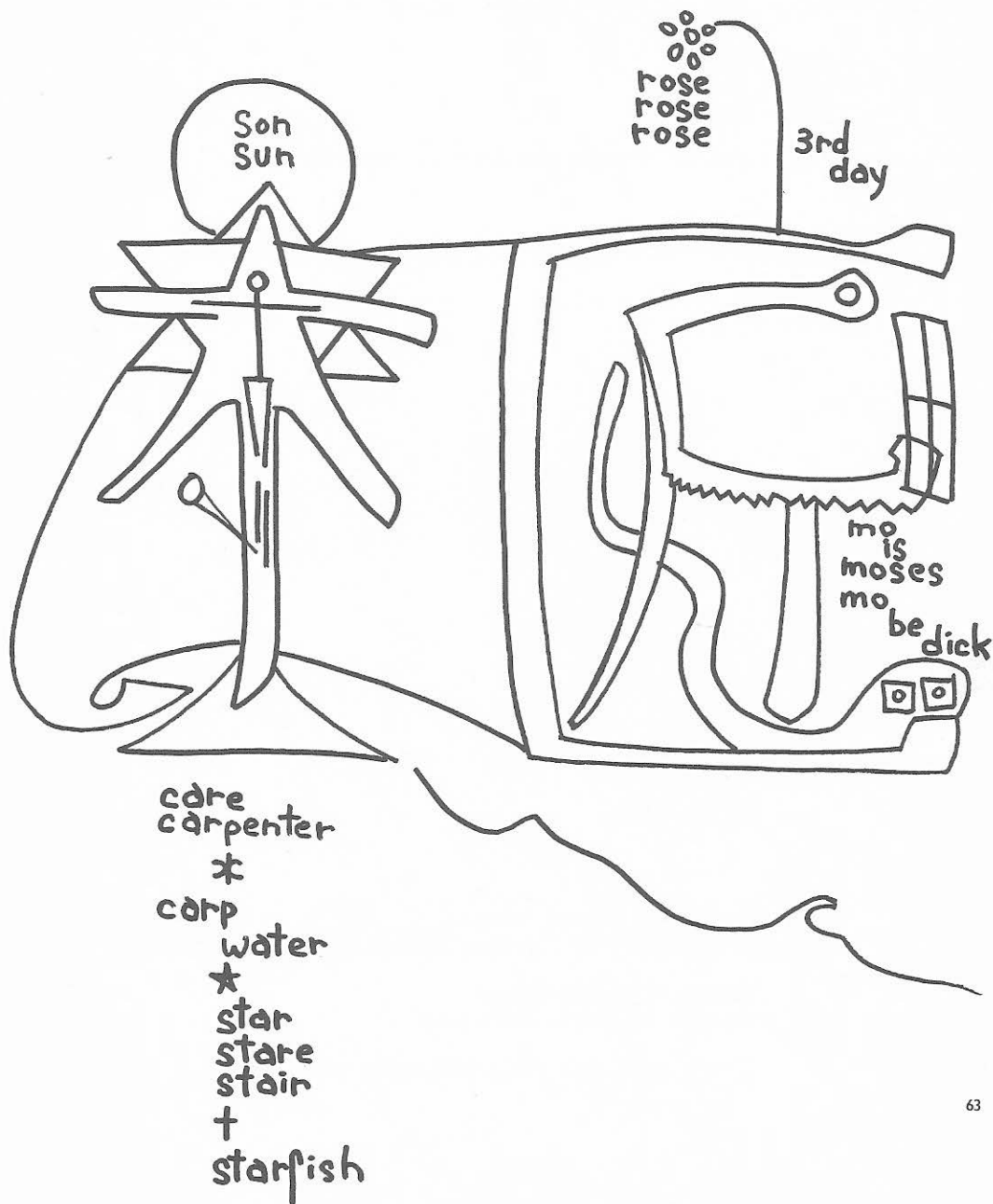
The word the wind speaks, coming in to land

trees

The word the boat speaks, making love to wind

sail

CARPENTER 木匠



seagulls veering off

kliptoid rooms

skylight

brightsun

walk away light

anOmidear a (marvelous bevyofboats driftinginthe harbor

rust cupola

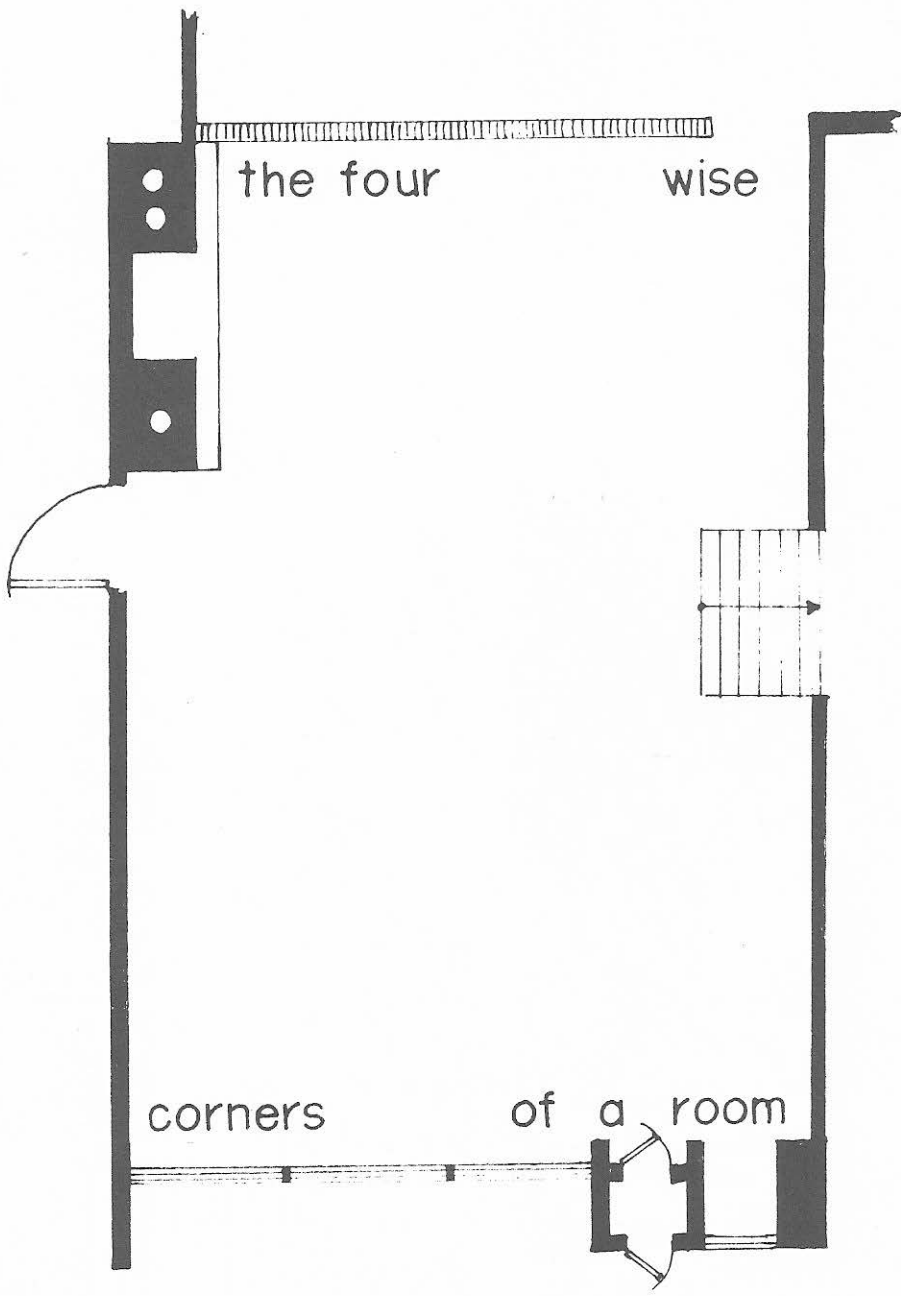
/

BRIDGE SCENE

That's the wooden bridge
where Tonto and The Lone Ranger will ride across the river.

This is the long moment
that in the movie collapses

as the good guys reach the other side.



KENKYUSHA

DAY SEVEN

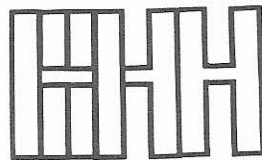
traces; vestiges; shadow.
be but the shadow (wreck) of one's former self
(prosperity)

traces

faces

'Light's

delight'



41-AUGUST-MARCH 67

SUN

lurry - I'm dying

" virtue.

its cultivation

But when Sun (or diminution)

is going on
without end

increase is sure to come "

mountains

in the south

west - gets the afternoon

windows

you can see

all around

me fall

from site

test

the roundness of
whirls without out

end
without
end

om
en o
men
ho
me

34. hideous Chaney the elder
in silent television last night

the hunchback of our lady
up in the halls

he was the whole man deeper than I reacht
home smaller than my wrist

hand within the wood the gramophone
the hollow

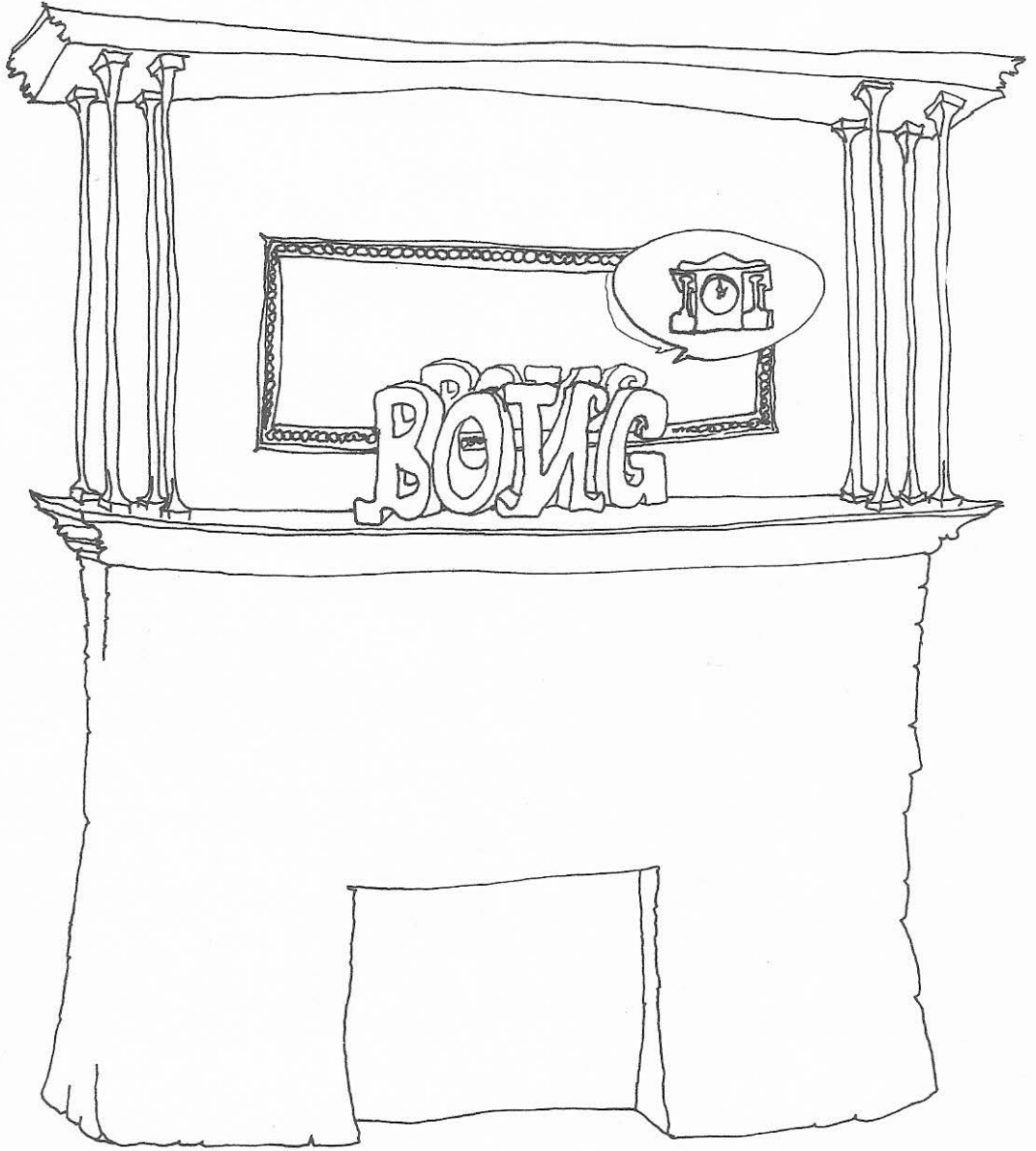
pulling the bells
bearing

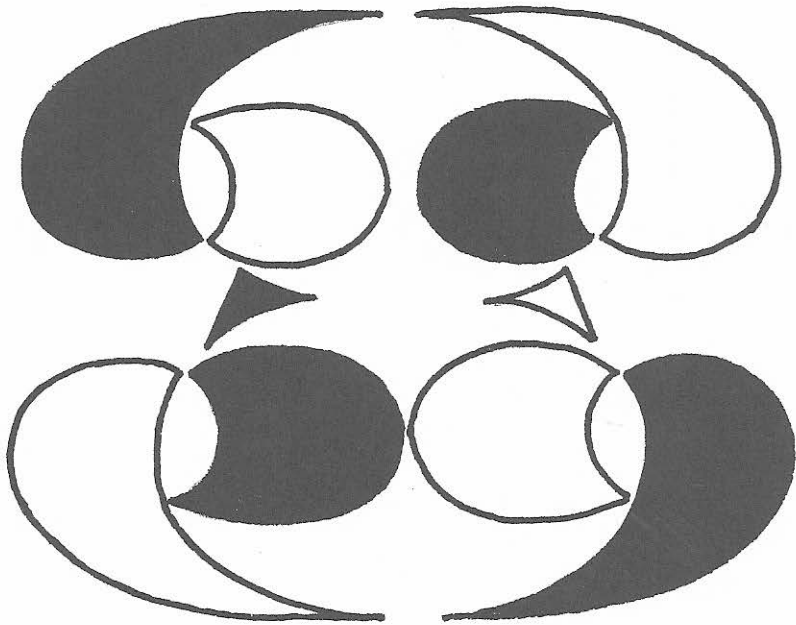
the news in the old marconi ^{war} rooms
HERE IS THE NEWS

borne bending inside
my star never got in the way
of what there was to say

FOLLOWING 10 SECONDS OF SILENCE
WILL BE

poetry





THE MARRIAGE

Our skins
touch.

Our shadows
overlap.

Our touching
skins our

overlapping
shadows.

TUNNEL

RAIN DANCE

for Margaret Schlauch

rain	dance		
rain	dancing		is
	dancing	rain	
		drain	sink
			in
		sinking	rain
stinking	drain		a
stinging	rain		
singing	rain		dance
sing	song	raining	
	rain		song
			dance

Sliverick .

Norgul .

Prabdon .

Frull .

(The bleachers give the Poet's yell)

Flandople .

Porntottie .

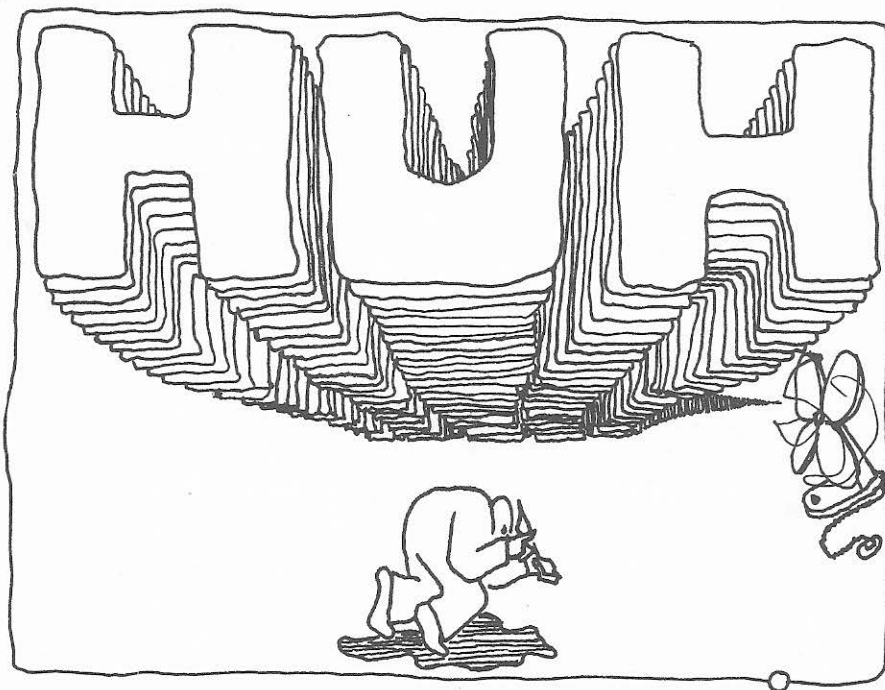
Gnishgiddle .

Sprill .

("they" forgot the ball.)

7:15 - Aug.20/wed. - Sheila goes back to get a sweater, so do I. Yellow jacket. 12 8/10 sec
 -time to Renes-
 2 min. = Moore St.(Michelle's house to be exact)
 4 min. = Kingsford Cr. - west entrance
 6 min. = Wharncliffe Rd.
 8 min. = just w.of old house with lilacs
 10 min. = beside old reservoir
 12 min. = Lansing Ave.
 14 min. =base of hill e.of Bruce Davies' house
 16 min. = half way past 1st woods on Base Line w.
 of Town Line
 18 min. = approx.500'e.of L.Dennis and sons, Beaver
 Lumber
 20 min. = engine turned off at Renes.

The colours are very deep, yellowish, etc. With a very blue sky - asthma - the smell is sweet and rich. A sound like a tiny bell, tinkling rapidly - (Viktor)(Wilmos) - I can hear a catbird - moved to field corner - a crested bird on a spruce, not enough light at this distance. Goldfinches - a waxwing, but what kind (a cedar, I think) - cowbird is close - birds all over now. I hear a cardinal. A distant plane to the west with sun on it and a line of birds flies past under it - U.F.O.? - 2 of them - 1 disappeared - the 1st is gone. 2 spots that fade out and in. They're still riding - Sheila, Rene and a fat lady with a slight scottish accent. Isobel and the 2 young girls are talking at the corner of the stable - with the puppy - talking - I guess I'll go over or maybe to the paddock.



KINDLY REMOVE LIGHTS WHEN LEAVING THESE POEMS

some afterwords

later this will all make sense as an extension of your lives we called this an anthology to make a buck we said it was concrete & it is but concrete's such a nebulous term anymore we may be just getting the hots about it here but it's been around too many years to mention just open your favourite occult book at any page of diagrams & there it is flip to the coloured comics on a saturday first off i'd like to mention the people that got left out for one reason or another pierre coupey should've been included also joe rosenblatt i kept trying to get stuff from joe but he was in europe & i couldn't reach his agent here ah well and really sheila watson's THE DOUBLE HOOK stands out as the greatest & tightest novel yet published in this country had stanley bevington not been in edmonton he too would've been included but by knowing this what do you know the question remains who was included and tho we regret that these people were not included we want to know who was and why

by way of an introduction let me simply say that this whole book is best described by the term dom sylvester houedard coined BORDERBLUR everything presented here comes from that point where language &/or the image blur together into the inbetween & become concrete objects to be understood as such some of the pieces presented here work better than others all of them suggest possible directions that language and your mind could take in the years ahead

confronted with the request to do an anthology i was tempted to refuse because it seems to me that the whole area of CONCRETE is just beginning to open trying to fix something so obviously in flux struck me as a stupid & futile gesture thus i didn't attempt to fix it instead here is a book still in flux we've left out names (in most cases) in order to force you into a confrontation with what people are trying to say THRU this particular medium of expression but don't worry for you keenos & to set the record straight an amazingly annotated list follows for our purposes we've made the page with captain poetry supporting the huge block of concrete number one and the numbers beside each author's name refer to the page or pages on which you'll find his poems if you want to go to the trouble of looking them up

i've tried not to explain too much if you simply pick up the book & take out each page (the better to contemplate it) you'll rapidly get the feel LIBERATE A POEM TODAY THROW IT OUT

the language revolution is happening all round you

to get back to that initial list of people we wanted to include lance farrell but he didn't answer letters which is really too bad colleen thibaudeau too there the fault is mine i simply ran out of time anyway the LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS follows you'll note it is in alphabetical order truly irrelevant

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS

MARGARET AVISON appears on the bottom of page 74 with the delightful poem Sliverick the poem was written a few years back in a study space in the UofT library

DAVID AYLWARD's poems appear on pages 34 71 & 73 his first book Typescapes remains one of the classic concrete works in canadian literary history

NELSON BALL contributes two tight images on the bottom of page 64 & the top of page 72

EARLE BIRNEY the real forerunner of concrete in canada a cross-section of his explorations on pages 21 43 & 59

BILL BISSETT perhaps the leading experimenter of the past decade working since the early sixties along with lance farrell & martina he launched Blew Ointment & gave a lot of trends a focus poems on pages 8 31 42 44 45 50 52 67

GEORGE BOWERING who used to profess complete lack of interest in the whole field contributes a poem on the top of page 74

HART BROUDY one of the young turks of the concrete movement on page 9 one of a series of four c poems published as an issue of grOnk & on pages 51 & 56 (bottom) two excerpts from the unpublished lyrical series When I Was Young One Summer

JIM BROWN impossible to represent properly in this context has been a leading experimenter with sound & electronic poetry one song appears page 53

BARBARA CARUSO painter-poetess with three of her very beautiful pieces on pages 6 & 33 & the top of page 58

VICTOR COLEMAN from Kenkyusha Day Seven page 66 top

JOHN ROBERT COLOMBO recognized as the chief found poet in north america (& probably anywhere) here represented by his very fine concrete piece Two Nations pages 54 55 & top of 56

JUDY COPITHORNE emerged from vancouver around the same time as bill bissett one of the few clear successors to the tradition blake founded poems on pages 22 29 46 61

GREG CURNOE painter fellow-lover of hugo ball two pages from his Journals pages 7 & 76

GERRY GILBERT one of the most radical of the new poets has changed the shape & meaning of readings & publishing moving easily in between all attempts to classify him poems on pages 30 40 41 & on pages 68 & 69 a complete reworking of his entire first book White Lunch

LIONEL KEARNS represented by his classic The Birth of God which first appeared in the english magazine Tlaloc page 47

MARTINA got things rolling with lance farrell & bill bissett two poems on pages 62 (top) & 64 (top)

SEYMOUR MAYNE has suddenly blossomed forth with a brash of small concrete pamphlets a punster in the classic tradition pages 11 48 & the top of 51

STEVE McCAFFERY the other young turk represented here by two excerpts from his twenty-foot-long work in progress Carnival & the very tight visual Tunnel pages 38 39 60 & bottom of 72

DAVID McFADDEN one poem from the Ova Yogas hamilton's famous & favourite son appears on the top of page 35 (disguised as a poem)

bpNICHOL edited this book he finds it hard to comment on himself poems appear on pages 36 (bottom) 37 57 66 (bottom) & 78 in addition he is The Masked Marvel that did the drawings for john riddell's concrete play pages 13 to 17

djNICHOL continues the infamous series of Captain Poetry drawings that first appeared in Ganglia 3 pages 1 3 & 5 a bio-energeticist and an architect living in toronto

JERRY OFO edits Snore Comi where these two pieces first appeared pages 70 & 77

SEAN O'HUIGIN poet-playwright presents one of his street happenings page 28 (bottom)

MICHAEL ONDAATJE a discarded version from his Billy the Kid series appears across the top & bottom of pages 23 to 27

JOHN RIDDELL one of the earlier concreticists in this country his concrete play is one of the classics pages 13 to 17

STEPHEN SCOBIE two of his one-word poems & an architectural drawing/poem pages 62 (bottom) & 65

rahSMITH an early grOnk editor & con practitioner two pieces pages 18 & 32

PETER STEVENS i should've included his poem about marcel duchamp too but in any case two very fine examples appear here on pages 19 & the bottom of 35

ANDREW SUKNASKI i wish i could show you the things he REALLY does poem candles left in the sand along vancouver beaches poems dropped from airplanes 10,000 feet up over edmonton poems left in cairns at the top of rocky-mountain passes poems flown as kites we're presenting you with three lovely excerpts from a forthcoming book on pages 20 49 & 63

DAVID UU no real adequate way to represent david's brilliant explorations of sound poetry a substantial cross-section of published & unpublished works pages 12 58 (bottom) 75 and the middle sequences from pages 23 to 26

ED VARNEY three fine pieces from one of the Intermedia heads top of pages 10 28 & 36

PHYLLIS WEBB the opening poem from Naked Poems page 10 (bottom)

hopefully you won't have read all this hopefully if you did it won't make any difference

bpNichol