

Poetics Statements for The New Poetics Colloquium August 21-25, 1985 Vancouver, British Columbia

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Typeset by Terry Ludwar.

Cover design by Matthew Crossin.

Production by Colin Browne, Athena George, Betty-Ann Lampman, Fred Wah, and Gary Whitehead.

The New Poetics Colloquium is presented by The Kootenay School of Writing, 105-1045 West Broadway, Vancouver, B.C., V6H 1E2, (604) 732-1013.

The New Poetics Colloquium has been made possible through the generous financial assistance of the Canada Council Explorations Program, the Canada Council Writing and Publication Section, The Leon and Thea Koerner Foundation, and the Government of British Columbia through the British Columbia Cultural Fund and Lottery Revenues.

Daphne Marlatt

the telling voice & the author (feminine)

writing a novel had always seemed a huge project to me — monumental. & in some sense it is. the one that got started in 1978 is still ongoing, though it's certainly not monumental in size. actually the trouble started there, with the monument — to what? something once (as in upon a time). if the novel is something new it is only so in light of history which, after all, story derives from. but history as the authorized version of what happened is not the same as anyone's once upon. the latter has a quality oddly accidental (why not twice?), unauthorized (anyone's once), transient even (this once that is perched upon a time).

history, on (in?) the other hand, is that which is permanent — written down, engraved even. repeats itself, is always being proven right, & thus is irrefutable. history is being made before our very eyes: our eyes have much to do with making it. as do men. in fact men make it, while women & children witness it. for history has been largely about men, their highly visible acts, their (f)acts. historin, the information men as lawmakers, law enforcers, lawful carriers of (beginning with the family name) still dominate. that which is clearly visible (weid: to see) separates the seer from the seen, those in the know from those out of it. history has nothing to do with that other knowing, the intimate & tangential sense of touch where skin meets skin, equally.

perhaps it's not history i'm engaged in then but narrative, from gno-, to know. not back to the stock, the already-known, those definite types, but the getting to know, through all the murk of acquaintance, friendship, kith & kin, getting to know the relations one is in. the midst of. narrare: tell, relate. you, me, her, him, them. tangential selves. changing through contact, exchanging boundaries of skin (the we that is more than you + me). "getting to know you." "did you know her?" intimately. accognoscere, acquaint, to make familiar. putting on skins.

telling a story then — because one word leads to another & then is the next step. telling seems to make the difference. a telling difference. it isn't far removed from speech (tale, speech, language), has to do with what you can put your finger on (count, recount), & there are all the relations (talian: tell, relate, talk). the telling voice is the voice that talks, the one that's putting it all

together — the story of I(sis), who gathered up the scattered pieces of O, & with a word, a spell, put them together again. making up her blood Other, telling her you (him too), telling (on) you, she is telling herself. & who is that? how much does i owe you? kith & kin. you the i is in (mon semblable, ma similar), i singular (the first of many persons) dying to utter (outer) itself.

such an attachment to outcome. in the grip of the story we're in the syntactical grip of the birth canal, heading towards what will be known. still attached to the beginning but drawn towards the end, the story is what we live. attached: fastened with a stake. the monstrous need i has, this stake in it: dying to live it all again, re-membering. the monster's in the mind that does not want the actual & bodily pain of reliving, relieving i of it, recalling lost pieces, the ones that went off unamused as bits of him, them, sticks & stones. but the i that names can't hurt is integrative, wants to find out who "she" is.

under the wing of Memory (muse-mother), re-membering, she broods on selves & alter-selves. anything can happen. including the fact that fiction is. a touching, from the inside out. inventing, she remembers. pretending, she recalls. calling up ghosts, jumps out of her skin & into theirs. for her the past is never ancient history sealed off with an impenetrable membrane, & the future keeps firing nerve-shocks of recognition in her. the problem is that she is not separate. whatever she says keeps (ad)dressing you as me. this is not an authorized version as in "i'm telling you." not that the author has no authority but her authority doesn't lie in the split between me & you or her. or even i & her. unauthorized, wildly outgrowing (it)self, her authorizing augments actualities, creates illicit (ex)changes. seeks a telling you such that telling becomes the activity of relation, that which joins me & you in intimate exchange. the author now is the place where we occur.

July 1985

Bob Perelman

Speeches to a City no larger than the Reach of a Single Voice

One says: My method involves causing my impervious bucket, in a very real way, to enter a particular wave in a particular place, so that the aperture admits exactly enough water to fill the interior, bucket as sentence, with the handle, handle as readership chained to the benches of the galleys by my earlier terminological conquests of the formerly merely wet ocean, now charted, drawn, and quartered, so that my trireme is as if self-propelled and is, in a very real way, unsinkable.

The other says: I have no method.

I merely undress in powerful moonlight, delighting the wretched few, and plunge in and drown each time.

I say: I turn to Dallas, to baseball, to Prince, sushi, fractals note the intrusive plane of explanation, tied up finally in some diplomatic pouch of noncombatant pro-life pro-choice pre-ontology movie-like stasis — I mean a person, in quotes, on earth, quotes, sited in the aporia of toilet paper in Nicaragua, of jobs in Youngstown, if you don't already own the shopping center go shopping, which is why in the later afternoon on weekdays, after the heat of the searing sexual repression and age war of midday has abated, and the talk shows have grown delightfully cool and empty with discussions of kitchens and embarrassing moments, which allows the viewer to go out and turn visual theory into practice, in short, to rule the world, until the news at six enacts the State ... And now I see that some enchanter has spoken my words.

Michael Palmer

Thirteen Ways

It is not made of words

All statements on poetics contain their own negation
Within this negation lies the reference to the poem
Outside it lie postulates about the poem
The interiority of the poem refers to the world
Surfaces are real, that is enfolded
Horizons are statements
I do not know when I write
Morning says, The poem is principal to realtiy
Water says, Cross it out
She said, You are the negative
A poem is not "a machine made of words"
It is not a machine

(from the Baudelaire series)

She says, You are the negative -Behind you an horizon in red and the horizon a question a mark in final red your eyes are sealed against

She says, You do not know when

She says, You are counter You are degrees only and now in summer a mouthful of blood and sutured nylon thread

You are professor of watery tablets from moment to memory a swollen debt

She says, You cannot not hear this Far less than a second will have passed

(Kootenay sonnet)

Barbara Einzig

As I think of much of my writing as statement of my poetics (particularly "Life Moves Outside"), I would direct the reader there, and here take "poesis" more literally, to trace the working outline of what I am now making, a book called *One and All*. This design is of course a tentative one, being absorbed and transformed in the writing (Jabes: "You are the one who writes and the one who is written").

One and All, an epic-in-miniature that I began several years ago, continues a concern of my previous writing: the discerning of personal identity - the telling of one's life-story to oneself and others — in the details of day-to-day events. However, my present aim is to extend this question of self-identity and the "other" into the arenas of culture and history. One and All is comprised of four parts, each of which contains narratives from three specific time-periods: late-fifteenth, early-sixteenth century; the second world war; and the present. Part One gives straightforward, "true" accounts of famous historical personages known to schoolchildren as the "discoverers of our world," the heroes of science and commerce. These accounts are progressively undermined in Part Two by their being cut up and intercut as paragraphs, exposing fragments of what are now recognizable biographies to the context of other eras and lives. An attempt is made to provide a sense of "unwritten history" by giving voice to the wives and women of these men, in their own words where archives exist and in researched fiction where they do not. Part Three introduces other factual stories from the three time-periods, stories which by their nature offer a "counter" to the narratives of Part One. As more and more data is included, the biographical line loses its hold and the text appears as combinations of phenomena. Part Four is a long poem in verse form that intensifies the intercutting to the level of the sentence, while repeating lines and paragraphs of Part One as a kind of musical refrain or burden.

As of this moment I have been working primarily on two of the narratives. The first belongs to the World War II time-period, and focuses on the Jewish experience in Budapest in 1944, drawing on the published diaries of two young women, Eva Heyman and Hannah Senesh. The second is the story of Columbus, and a brief description of the latter narrative illustrates the process outlined above. In Part One, the Columbus narrative begins in March 1492 as he outfits his ships for "the New World", and proceeds to describe the four

voyages. In Part Two, the story shifts to Beatrice Enriquez, Columbus' mistress and the mother of his son Ferdinand. The text follows her about the streets of Cordova and stays with her after Columbus has left her and entered the Third Order of Saint Francis. Excerpts from an invented Life of Christopher Columbus as Told by His Daughter are also given. Part Three of One and All continues the story from another viewpoint, as the Spanish Edict of Expulsion is signed on March 31, 1492. With this delcaration all Jews in the country begin a different sort of journey, one which is explored through the figure of Dona Gracia of the House of Nasi, a Marrano banker, diplomat, and cultural patron of great influence. In the latter section of Part Three recognizable portions of the Part One Columbus narrative are "blown up" — the focus is on natural history: birds sleeping on the sea, seaweed floating on the water (the same weed that in Part One served as navigational clue), cotton growing "naturally in the fields like roses." Part Four imagines the viewpoint of the "discovered," the indigenous peoples whom Columbus encountered.

Ron Silliman

Meanings are not fixed. They arise or recede, and are even contested by readers. How then a possible poetics? It equally emerges, evolves and is always contextual. The positions one rejects today as limiting were themselves once monumental accomplishments. In my own work I have generally followed a method of problem solving, not in search of answers, but rather to open up the question itself: the wound of language.

Models impose themselves upon our understanding. None moreso perhaps than that literature is composed by authors, individuals of a specific historic type. This conception of writing, which seems mostly to offer a rationale for alphabetizing one's bookshelf, suppresses a recognition of the interdependencies active within any given text. That this perception would require a sharing of power accounts for the fury with which any counter-suggestion tends to be met.

Yet the poet is a convenient focus (I am here), and any critique of individualism must necessarily attempt an explanation of its historic dominance, as well as its various uses. That we may be the first generation to have grown up with the work of Saussure or Jakobson readily at hand means only that we have a different take on the nature of the materials before us. The cleavage between form and content, so crucial and problematic to our elders, is now seen to have been a false distinction. But we have yet to elaborate the essential differences which shape the web of interdependencies in which we ourselves are implicated.

On the far side of all this is an experience of process. For me it entails notebooks, pens, choices as to specific time of day or of the week, and of location — all of which are finally not separable from any structural or social concerns I might have. The actual fact of the single word with its roar of vowels and crush of consonants, drawn even more than it is written, is not to be escaped.

I am of course aware of habits acquired and decisions made. I want each work, with very few exceptions, to be open to the broadest range of inputs possible. Accordingly I have tended to shy away from modes that organize materials thematically, or else I have approached them rather indirectly (e.g., write one sentence each day for a year describing the sky). Yet I am very much involved with the issues of representation, particularly with those aspects of

daily life (gum wrappers in the gutter) that tend to be ignored. It is the invisible which tells us most clearly who we are.

I know that I distrust lyricism, and am wary of irony. Both strike me as critical stances, but ones that enable a poet to evade taking any alternative positions affirmatively. I much prefer mistakes, just as I do a poetry which is capable of stumbling in public and letting out farts. What is more deadly than a poem which seeks to be told that it's beautiful? Yet nothing irritates me more with my peers than how many tin ears seem to keep banging at the piano. Oh, and how few responsible readers there really are.

I do long for a theory of the device, perhaps, but those are weaker moments. As are those in which I dream of a writing freed of history and all its petty genres. I see no alternative but to point out these entanglements wherever they may exist, even as I may sometimes become enmeshed in them. The bureaucratization of writing into literature, and the marginalization of literacy, should be contested.

I am a fundamentally clumsy person, so I have made of this a method.

July 8, 1985

Susan Howe

For me there was no silence before armies.

I was born in Boston Massachusetts on June 10th, 1937, to an Irish mother and an American father. My mother had come to Boston on a short visit two years earlier. My father had never been to Europe. She is a wit and he was a scholar. They met at a dinner party when her ear-ring dropped into his soup.

By 1937 the Nazi dictatorship was well established in Germany. All ing political parties had been liquidated and Concentration camps had already been set up to hold political prisoners. The Berlin-Rome axis was a year old. So was the Spanish Civil War. On April 25th Franco's Lufftwaffe pilots bombed the village of Guernica. That November Hitler and the leaders of his armed forces made secret plans to invade Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, and Russia.

In the summer of 1938 my mother and I were staying with my grand-mother, uncle, aunt, great aunts, cousins, and friends, and I had just learned to walk, when Czechoslovakia was dismembered by Hitler, Ribbentrop, Mussolini, Chamberlin, and Daladier, during the Conference and Agreement at Munich. That October we sailed home on a ship crowded with refugees fleeing various countries in Europe.

When I was two the German army invaded Poland and World War II began in the West.

The fledgling Republic of Ireland distrusted England with very good reason, and remained neutral during the struggle. But there was the Battle of the Atlantic to be won, so we couldn't cross the sea again until after 1945. That half of the family was temporarily cut off.

In Buffalo, New York, where we lived at first, we seemed to be safe. We were there when my sister was born and the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor.

Now there were armies in the west called East.

American fathers marched off into the hot Chronicle of global struggle but mothers were left. Our law-professor father, a man of pure principles, quickly included violence in his principles, put on a soldier suit and disappeared with the others into the thick of the threat to the east called West.

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Buffalo 12.7.41

(Late afternoon light.)
(Going to meet him in snow.)

HE

(Comes through the hall door.)

The research of scholars, lawyers, investigators, judges Demands!

SHE

(With her arm around his neck whispers.)

Herod had all the little children murdered!

It is dark The floor is ice

they stand on the edge of a hole singing —

In Rama Rachel weeping for her children

refuses to be comforted

because they are not.

Malice dominates the history of Power and Progress. History is the record of winners. Documents were written by the Masters. But fright is formed by what we see not by what they say.

From 1939 until 1946 in news photographs, day after day I saw signs of culture exploding into murder. Shots of children being herded into trucks by hideous helmeted conquerors — shots of children who were orphaned and lost — shots of the emaciated bodies of Jews dumped into mass graves on top of more emaciated bodies — nameless numberless men women and children, uprooted in a world almost demented. God had abandoned them to history's sovereign Necessity.

If to see is to have at a distance, I had so many dead Innocents distance was abolished. Substance broke loose from the domain of time and obedient intention. I became part of the ruin. In the blank skies over Europe I was Strife represented.

Things overlap in space and are hidden. Those black and white picture shots — moving or fixed — were a subversive generation. "The hawk, with his long claws/ Pulled down the stones./ The dove, with her rough bill/ Brought me them home."

Buffalo roam in herds up the broad streets connected by boulevards

and fences

their eyes are ancient and a thousand years too old

hear murder throng their muting

Old as time in the center of a room doubt is spun

and measured

Throned wrath
I know your worth

a chain of parks encircles the city

Pain is nailed to the landscape in time. Bombs are seeds of Science and the sun.

2,000 years ago the dictator Creon said to Antigone who was the daughter of Oedipus and Jocasta: "Go to the dead and love them."

Life opens into conceptless perspectives. Language surrounds Chaos.

During World War II my father's letters were a sign he was safe. A miniature photographic negative of his handwritten message was reproduced by the army and a micro-film copy forwarded to us. In the top left-hand corner someone always stamped PASSED BY EXAMINER.

This is my historical consciousness. I have no choice in it. In my poetry, time and again, questions of assigning the cause of history dictate the sound of what is thought.

Summary of fleeting summary Pseudonym cast across empty

Peak proud heart

Majestic caparisoned cloud cumuli East sweeps hewn flank

Scion on a ledge of Constitution Wedged sequences of system Causeway of faint famed city Human ferocity

Dim mirror Naught formula

archaic hallucinatory laughter

Kneel to intellect in our work Chaos cast cold intellect back

Poetry brings similitude and representation to configurations waiting from forever to be spoken. North Americans have tended to confuse human fate with their own salvation. In this I am North American. "We are coming Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more," sang the Union troops at Gettysburg.

I write to break out into perfect primeval Consent. I wish I could tenderly lift from the dark side of history, voices that are anonymous, slighted — inarticulate.

Michel Gay

Working, Writing

Notes

reality.

an umbrella. nothing to do with the landscape. nothing to do, in fact. no work. no progress. no "in". and knowing. what's work. and writing. put it in writing. put it down. writing. for example : a sewing machine. and what else. and what will it mean. and what is meaning. what is the mind. and what (who?) comes between mind and meaning. this is not a poem

this is not a poem

is reality a question or, for the moment, for now, an answer. words: as, both, reality — as a whole —, the whole reality, and part(s) of it — a hole in reality, a real hole. really, what is writing. what comes through it. and what not. as in — or out of — reality. "you must be out of your mind!" reality, coming back to it, walking and writing through it, the thought of it, too, and the thought of the mind thinking about it — "just think about it" —, leaning towards whatever it's becoming, through your mind — "yours or mine, does it really matter?" —, and what does it all mean and what is and what can meaning. literature.

this is not a poem

"I" for literature.

going back and forth between word and world.

modern is movement.

this one, this movement at this moment.

this other.

this third one.

and so on.

multiple meaning ("we all know that!"), but also multiplying means.

prose and poetry and whatever combinations of those a writer may be able to develop — as (in) a film, a photography.

a text.

fiction, for example.

given the relations between that text and others, between that one and what is going on today in the world of economy, of science, culture and whatever, between all this and that, its degree of modernity can be established.

high or low.

significant or ridiculous.

an umbrella.

almost blown apart by the winds of modern minds.

men and women writing, painting, thinking, working, laughing. an umbrella now used as a shovel to take in / bring in more and more of whatever lies or runs around cities and continents

mental or not.

a machine — "so what", said marcel duchamp taking a last

glimpse at what art "should" have been.

an umbrella as a shovel "in advance", of course, "of a broken arm". and a sewing machine to put it all somewhat back together (as

though it had ever been "together").

isidore ducasse.

marcel duchamp.

one hundred years separate the beginning of the publication of les chants de maldoror (1868) from the death (1968) of the

author of étant donnés : 1° la chute d'eau 2° le gas d'éclairage.

on my desk: an ashtray, a package of cigarettes, a text, a typewriter, a lamp and maybe and why not another text which

may seem to have but little to do with modern fiction.

modernity implies that all is text & pretext.

and all this is (is?) reality.

"a rose is a rose is ...", remember?

no autopsies, thank you.

even if i wanted to, i couldn't tell exactly how i've written

the few pages i've published.

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17

i'm not interested so much in knowing how the mind works as in seeing — reading? — how it can be made to work. in what ways.

literature is a science.

a text is a scientific work in progress.

words are missing.

moving.

words are moving.

movement and meaning and reality and mind.

and "things" like that.

difficult to put, for example, under an umbrella.

nothing & everything to do with the landscape.

nothing & everything to do, in fact.

work in progress in knowing in writing.

what's work.

and writing.

and meaning and mind.

this is not a poem

My current work, my writing, is unlike most of the work that I've done over the past 10 years. I recently wrote a response to the question of the status of narrative in my work for Poetics Journal edited by Lyn Hejinian and Barrett Watten. My response wasn't complete. It wasn't dishonest and yet I never really dealt with the instances in my work where narration takes the front seat; the reason is that that is not my primary concern. History is not my primary concern, nor is beauty, profundity, or spirituality. I began writing poetry while in art school in Washington, D.C. I've always painted or done other visual sorts of work. But my writing is not and has never been visual in the way that concrete writing is visual or in the way that P. Inman's or Robert Grenier's work is visual. I haven't tried to advance any line of thought or point of view through images in my writing, though vivid imagery and the sensuality of things has always excited me. I haven't tried to be witty or humorous in my work though the discovery through juxtaposition and contrast of awkward and funny positions of speech has delighted me. I haven't worked in a William Burroughs-type of cut-up, collage way although this sort of approach yields very interesting work, I think, and I've used aspects of this always (selecting words written on tiny slips of paper from a jar [hat] as an extreme example); also I generally select my vocabulary in various manners before I start writing a piece and eliminate the process of finding the right word at the right moment, an end I doubt is ever really achieved. I don't stick to any procedure religiously and welcome the veering away from intentions that inevitably occurs. I don't usually produce any finished object at one sitting, and rewrite often. I can't write short stories, I've tried. I get sidetracked and explore everything except what is most needed to carry on. The building of a short story and the process of painting have common properties that would be interesting to explore (the whole plotted then refined, as opposed to generating without an end) though these properties are potential aspects of all writing that's approached in that way. I haven't written any political poetry except that that aspect is absolutely unavoidable in any person's writing and thinking. I write as a woman because I am a woman with all the experiences and social/ psychological implications that that involves. In many ways what I write isn't poetry as I knew it while growing up and yet I see my work as part of a poetic tradition if only for the fact that I'm alive right now and writing right now

which all poets and writers at any time would have to admit is the truth. My writing was never heavily influenced by a particular school of writing from the past. My writing has fallen mostly on the side of the prose format because I have felt more facility in this less rigidly defined mode of writing and because, especially initially, I was interested in the writing of Gertrude Stein, Lynne Dreyer, and Bernadette Mayer, among others who worked in this way. Lately, I've started using short lines with definite endings because I find myself and my life so hectic that I've begun to think and grab the chance to think in shorter and more abbreviated time/space. I'm not satisfied with this though and would ideally have the leisure to work slowly, exploring completely. I've become more and more interested in the possibility of writing for more than one voice, for several voices not as a performance but as an allowance of the multiplicity of points-of-view and as an exploration of time's control of the written word and speech.

13 June 1985

that occurs in time is a document of that time. Rev. Brown brings this point home when he relates the discomfort of some of his congregation that formulations of a half- or quarter-, much less full-decade ago are no longer current to today's situation. The present is always insatiable because it never exists. On the other hand, the past is always outmoded and the future elides. Light travels slowly for the impatient humanoid. Half the world thinks the night will never end while another half sweats under the yoke of unrelenting brightness. It's time to take our hats off and settle in. The kettle's on the stovetop, the centuries are stacked, like books, upon the shelf. Bunt, the buzz.

CHARLES BERNSTEIN co-edited L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E (1978-1982) with Bruce Andrews and is co-editor of The L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E Book and the L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E issue of Open Letter (Fifth Series, No. 1/Winter 1982). His books are Controlling Interests, Shade, Senses of Responsibility, The Occurence of Tune, Poetic Justice, Disfrutes, Islets/Irritations, Resistance, and a recent collection of essays, Content's Dream: Essays 1975-1984. He lives in New York City and was last year the subject of a an issue of The Difficulties.

GEORGE BOWERING is a poet, novelist, short fiction writer, critic, anthologist, and teacher. His most recent book is Kerrisdale Elegies and he has recently completed two long works—a novel, Caprice, and a narrative based on fragments of Heraclitus. His books include Burning Water, A Short Sad Book, Allophanes, Touch, Genève, Curious, Autobiology, Another Mouth, A Place to Die and Gangs of Kosmos. He lives in Vancouver and teaches at Simon Fraser University, and has twice won the Governor General's award, once for poetry and once for fiction.

NICOLE BROSSARD lives in Montréal where she was one of the founders of the magazines La Barre du Jour and La Nouvelle Barre du Jour. Her books translated into English include A Book, Turn of a Pang, Daydream Mechanics, and These Our Mothers, and her film, codirected with Luce Guilbeault, appeared from the NFB in 1976 as Some American Feminists. She edited the Coach House Press anthology les stratégies du réel/the story so far 6 and has twice won the Governor General's award for poetry.

JEFF DERKSEN lives in Vancouver and is a graduate of the Kootenay School of Writing at DTUC, Nelson, B.C. His first book is Memory

Is the Only Thing Holding Me Back. He works for and teaches at the Kootenay School of Writing.

BARBARA EINZIG recently returned to Piermont, New York, from two years in Venezuela. Her books include <u>Disappearing Work, a recounting, Color, and Robinson Crusoe:</u>

A New Fiction. She has been an associate editor of <u>New Wilderness Letter</u> and was in Vancouver last April to give a talk for the Kootenay School of Writing. New work appears in Writing 12.

MICHEL GAY is an editor and founder of La Nouvelle

Barre du Jour and author of Oxygène/Récit,

L'Implicite/ le Filigrane, Métal Mental,

Plaque Tournante, Eclaboussures, and une
fois pour toutes. He works for the Union
des écrivains québecois and his Marges
du gré appears in English in les stratégies du réel/the story so far 6 as
Bluff edge of Sursurge. He lives in
Saint-Bruno, Québec.

GERRY GILBERT has lived in Vancouver all his life
and has for years kept poetry alive in
his magazine B.C. Monthly. His books include Phone Book, Grounds, From Next
Spring, eh, The 1979 Spring Open Tour of
the Canadas, Money, Skies, Annual Report,
And, A Call, and Class of Fifty-Four.
A special section is devoted to him
in the current issue of Line, No. 4.

CARLA HARRYMAN is a poet and playwright and lives in Oakland, California. She is editor of QU magazine and her books include Property The Middle, and Under the Bridge.

LYN HEJINIAN is founder and editor of Tuumba Press and, with Barrett Watten, is co-editor of Poetics Journal. Her books include The Guard, A Mask of Motion, My Life, Writing Is an Aid to Memory, and Redo. She lives in Berkeley, California.

SUSAN HOWE lives in Guilford, Connecticut, and is the author of <u>Defenestration of Prague</u>, <u>Pythagorean Silence</u>, <u>Secret History of the Dividing Line</u>, <u>The Western Borders</u>, <u>Cabbage Gardens</u> and <u>Hinge Picture</u>. Appearing soon from Atlantic Books is her book about Emily Dickinson.

DAPHNE MARLATT has lived in Vancouver for most of her life and has been an editor for The Capilano Review, Periodics, and Island. Her books include Frames, Rings, Zocalo, Vancouver Poems, Steveston, Our Lives, What Matters, How Hug a Stone, and Touch to My Tongue. She is one of the founders of Women and Words and an editor of Tessera. The first part of her new novel appears in Writing 12.

STEVE MCCAFFERY is a poet, video artist, translator, theorist and, with bp Nichol, a
founder of the Toronto Research Group.
He is also a founding member of The Four
Horsemen and his books include Carnival
(Panels 1 & 2), Ow's Waif, Dr. Saddhu's
Muffins, In England Now That Spring (with
(bp Nichol), Intimate Distortions,
Knowledge Never Knew and Panopticon.
He lives in Toronto.

MICHAEL PALMER lives in San Francisco and is a poet, editor and translator. His books include Without Music, The Circular Gates, Notes for Echo Lake, First Figure, and he has edited a collection of essays, statements, responses and interviews entitled Code of Signals: Recent Writings in Poetics. His translation of Alain Tanner's and John Berger's For Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000 is a faithful companion to that marvellous film.

BOB PERELMAN is editor of Hills magazine and the author of a.k.a., Braille, Primer, and To the Reader. He has organized and edited two collections of talks, the first entitled Talks (Hills 6/7) and, most recently, Writing/Talks (1985). He lives in Berkeley, California.

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