

smeltnoney smeltnoney smeltnoney smeltnoney smeltnoney smeltnoney smeltnoney

from Pat Nolan..Made in The Shade more of which
will appear in future issue of SM...soon.

4/23/91
big rain storm
fooled everyone

our own image on a smooth metallic surface is a portrayal of the ripples
in the mobile electron sea caused by the rays that have reflected from us

4/23/95
forever at the door of the expressible (8)
getting up the nerve to knock

same as same

time is a commodity
it serves us well

4/24/90
I'm pulling myself out of this skin
a sweater once large now to snug
and me once too foolish now just smug
room for rent please inquire within
I'd tear my hair out but there's this
big latin word for it and I'd end up
a weird segment on the evening news
trying too hard but I must be strong
just can't go forcing these situations
that's easily breaking and entering

(8) The assignment of meaning in poetry is a shifting, kaleidoscopic
play, probably below the threshold of consciousness, certainly outside
the pale of discursive thinking. The Imagination that responds to
poetry is personal and associative and logical, tinged with bodily
rhythms, tinged with dreams, but concerned with a wealth of
formulations for its wealth of wordless knowledge, its whole
knowledge of emotional and organic experience, of vital impulse,
balance, conflict, the ways of living and dying and feeling. Because
no assignment of meaning is conventional, none is permanent beyond
the word that passes; yet the brief association was a flash of under-
standing. The lasting effect is, like the first effort of speech on the
development of the mind, to make things conceivable rather than
store up propositions.

In a letter dated April 15, 1997 and immediately lost by your
editor...now found...the Editors of Exquisite Corpse have decided to
kill themselves, kill the magazine, publish an anthology.....whatever.
Well there you go...they have been an excellent role model...which
should be obvious to anyone reading this. I suppose it was the connection
to that academic cornfield in southern Illinois which brought them down.
That's what we will always believe. And we will believe the anthology
when we see it. See ya later, EQ.

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First Intensity #9 Summer 1997
Mortiz, Selby, Ferrini, Wakoski
Continues as one of the few pu
Flaubert at Key West by Barry
considers all the poetry books
stand up - could be W C Williams
is there after all.
Some of the dharna by Jack K
complete thoughts on Buddhaist
makes the other works come c
where it was in 1953-56 - mak
House Organ c/o Ken Warren,
You know this mag, don't you
good essay by Steve Ellis and
Sylvester Gathering Light wo
The Herbert Huncke Reader,
Co, NYC. Chapters (essays) r
A Fix, Cosanyi, Ted Berrigan
USA, Kerouac and The Needl
ass...perhaps....but Huncke
the boring and unbearable rec
not only empty but a terrible

smelt money
/a poetics newsletter from the
c/o Jim mcCarthy
pob 591
Lawrence, ks 66044

oneysmelt
*****:

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smeltm

from Jim McCrary

To much recall and that involves
what else and what for
question what else

will app

4/23/91
big rain
fooled e

why is it so difficult to continue
not talking at
all for nothing

our own
in the n

take

see saw
and then again

4/23/91
forever
getting

well what do you believe

same as

insert want somewhere
and more then than

time is
it serve

policing each third word

4/24/91

thank god for that
distributing the millions
of answers to statements
which simply occur
for me that becomes

I'm pul
a sweat
and me
room fo
I'd tear
big lati
a weird
trying t
just can
that's e

again and again

not just normal
but some kind of of of
stuttering it is
and another thing

(8) The
play, p
the pal
poetry
rhyth
formul
knowle
balanc
no assi
the wo
tandin
develo
store u

this constant questioning

what is that about
if not
of course it is the that

which jumps sky high

again begging to be questioned
"not me, pard"
or some such
youse yer own voice hear
for the second time in a week
nothing future looks quite
so possible

In a le
editor.
kill th
Well t
should
to that
That's
when

again and again

trying to too and than
the last word in

some sequence somehow. (make that !)

smeltmoneysmeltmoneysmeltmoneysmeltmoneysmeltmoneysmeltmoneysmeltmoney

I've been asked to put something up about William and Allen in Lawrence. Sort of. Well, once someone asked me WHAT they did together out here. What they did? Not much. You know one another 40 plus years - you don't HAVE to do squat. So....Allen would stop over, over the years...on the way to or from here and there. Boulder, NYC where ever. William didn't go to NY much. Couple times. Once to see old friend Paul Bowles...(as reported in SM5). Allen certainly enjoyed the rest and William certainly enjoyed seeing him....there you go.

Often, it went like this. Allen comes and settles in to Williams house, scattering firearms, cats and the stuff William collected in his guest bedroom - as always.

The late morning I stopped by to find the two of them sitting over the breakfast table - scattered with the crumbs of tea and toast - Allens camera (always) Allens tape recorder (sometimes). They are both wearing the old fashion cotton print PJ's with big buttons - sort of like clown suits I always thought. The discussion concerns a boy in Tangier - sweetened accusations of who did what behind the others back. Ahh-memories...for sure.

The day they went target shooting and Allen drew targets on large white sheets of cardboard with a felt tip pen. Beautiful Budda's in the Ginsberg style to be pumped full of 9mm holes. They were both good shots and the smell of gunpowder, vodka and cow shit framed the perfect outing for these two gentlemen of letters.

Once, late afternoon, I came in and found Allen in the kitchen bent over a rather large pot of something on the stove. Turned out to be some kind of macro turnip stew....he was obviously enjoying the preparation. William came in to feed the cats "Come here you little bitch, Calico Jane." Notices the pot. "What is that?" Lifts the lid. "My god! That won't do!" If memory serves I was dispatched to the store for a couple lamb chops. Who wouldn't, eh.

They will be missed by your reporter, missed hard and long. No where to go....no one to see. How it all comes down....to spend just a bit of time with two beautiful old men....old men who'd been around the block and came back to sit around an old frame house on a side street in a mid-western town....talk about the old days and the new one's coming. They knew, they both damn well knew what the future held and didn't give much a fuck about THAT, for sure.

So...so long Allen and so long William too.

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