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/a poetics newsletter from the kaw river bottoms/

/no subscriptions/no 501(c)3/no email/no fax/no whoring/no whineing/no begging/no bodybag/no chapbooks/no contests/no response if i lose it/if i see the words 'prize winning' on any correspondence to this office ...guess what?/ no issue if i get bored/we will continue on an unknown schedule and when the next issue appears is anyone's guess/just because this is free does not mean it's available/WORD TO L.L./STOP IT/

Of course this issue in memory of Allen Ginsberg. & William S. Burroughs

from William S. Burroughs

Punch a hole in the Big Lie. Punch a hole for me. Punch a hole for "magic" casements opening on the foam of perilous seas in fairy lands forlorn.

Allen made holes in the Big Lie with his poetry and with his presence of self-evident spirtual truth. Last words: "2 to 5 months the doctors said." Then Allen said, "I think much less." Then he said to me "I thought I would be terrified, but I am <a href="exhilarated!" His last words to me.">exhilarated!" His last words to me.</a> I recall talking on the phone with him <a href="before">before</a> deadly diagnosis and it was there in his voice - remote, weak. I knew then it was there in his weak, remote voice. Howl to Mexico City, Peking, Glasnout, yes and those who are pleased by his death. Get some millstones ready for bad rubbish.

So it is here or there in the wall? Animals in the Wall? Giraffe and a Kangaroo in the wall. Like some said about the death of Tim Leary "Good riddance to bad rubbish." Anybody said that is talking about his own demise the sooner the quicker.

Allen punched a hole in the Big Lie. A howl that was heard from Mexico to Peking from Rome to Russia. His avenue was truth, openness - Glasnout. Leary made another. I talked to Tim and Allen shortly before death. Leary the night of death. He said: "Why not?" Allen the day before: "Truth is dissent, where all power resides in the Big Lie."

July 1997 Lawrence, Ks

## smeltmoneysmeltmoneysmeltmoneysmeltmoneysmeltmoney

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 comodity 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 repsonds 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 undertanding. 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 imediately 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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The Herbert Huncke Reader, Co, NYC. Chapters (essays) in A Fix, Cosanyl, Ted Berrigan ass...perhaps....but Huncke the boring and undearable reconstrance only empty but a terrible

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First Intensity #9 Summer 1997 Moritz, Selby, Ferrini, Wakosk Continues as one of the few pu

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First Intensity #9 Summer 1997 - POB 665, Lawrence, Ks 66044. McNaughton, Moritz, Selby, Ferrini, Wakoski, Stevens etc. Cover art by S. Clay Wilson. Continues as one of the few publicatgions worth looking for.

Flaubert at Key West by Barry Gifford - Frist Intensity Books. When one considers <u>all</u> the poetry books published these days, this volume does stand up - could be W C Williams in the 90's - funny too. What else is there after all.

Some of the dharma by Jack Kerouac\_Viking, wait for the paperback. JK's complete thoughts on Buddist stuff....clear, moving, educational and makes the other works come clear here. Takes one back with Ti Jean to where it was in 1953-56 - makes a lot of sense today.

House Organ c/o Ken Warren, 1250 Belle Ave, Lakewood, OH 44107. You know this mag, don't you? Of course. Another swell issue with good essay by Steve Ellis and one by Warren. Long poem by William Sylvester Gathering Light worth the price of a stamp.

The Herbert Huncke Reader\_ed by Ben Schafet, William Mrrow & Co, NYC. Chapters (essays) include: Suicide, Cuba, Dancing in Prison, A Fix, Cosanyl, Ted Berrigan, An Oral History of Benzedrine Use in the USA, Kerouac and The Needle. Under wieght, underrated, pain in the ass...perhaps....but Huncke is the best at recalling life in NYC and all the boring and unbearable recent writings by east coast pousers seem not only empty but a terrible waste of paper. I love Herbert Huncke.

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c/o jim mccrary
pob 591
lawrence, ks 66044

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from Jim McCrary

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

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

endings just drift out

see saw and then again

well what do you believe

insert want somewhere and more then than

policing each third word

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

again and again

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

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

again and again

trying to too and than the last word in

some sequence somehow. (make that!)

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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. Ahhmemories...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 preperation. 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 comming. 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.