

**SMELT MONEY SMELT MONEY
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/a poetics newsletter from the kaw river bottoms/

To begin/ this publication comes to life/ out of the frustration of the present and to offer a place for the future...to offer space... What I hope to do is create a desire to engage with persons in the region [be it geographic...virtual...or intellectual] ...the result being participation by like minded folk.

In the end what it is...and it is nothing new...the attempt...to open the (a) field.

Since this is the first issue/ here are the rules. [1] Take note of the word 'poetics' in the subtitle of this publication...that should create boundries in your mind...but not limit what is considered for submission although text [key]...be it poem/ prose/ criticism/ review/ interview/ letter/ list/ rant/ translation [you define] is primary. [2] My friends come first...this is /of course/ the unspoken rule in all publications...here named. [3] Send whatever you want/ whenever you want. [4] Expect no response. I lose things all the time...now you know. [5] If I receive anything with the words "award winning poet" showing...the missive will be disappeared. [6] All manuscripts will receive intense reading/ as long as they follow the guidelines.

Re the title of this publication...While I spent time trying to come up with a snappy name all I really had to do was turn on the tube and listen. "She said it smelt money." There is a specific geographic reference in the subtitle...to where I live and thereby only limits the name of this thing...not the future...simply a reference to the place...there are enough schools of poetics to go around and believe me / from here/ no attempt being made to start something...

No subscriptions/ no 501(C)3/ no whineing/ no begging/ no whoreing/no body bag.

o o o
o o o o o o o
its a screen [scream]
watch the syntax [scream]
X X X X X X X X

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Steve Tills

I say ya want a evolution

Logrhythmically numerous those

zillions

of stars and all else
merely out there.

It's alright.

The way it is. Still,
this moment, three in the afternoon,
a semester over
again, may or may not be
okay for taking a nap.

You decide, Adam. The missing link
is not between an ape and man,
and they have found it,
in your inability to conceptualize
how many layers of time
formerly and potentially
available or irrevocable
in how much dark matter.

Those zillions of miles
from "here" to several others
don't need to care too much
about this particular galaxy
next week.

Sleeping can be so finite,
I'm afraid, sometimes. You can't turn
the lights out at night
even if you close your eyes
or someone locks you up
in cold storage.

One can't tune out
the rest
when one has worked so hard
to eat one's cake
and take a break
and stay awake.

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The following is a
Silliman published
worth the fiver asked

"...Open-ended as in
punctuation or an obj
of doors and far fr
syntax seeks only she
out of the bush at m
in the yellow glimmer
seeing the long thin
without fur, then, i
before scuttling down
row of houses at the
no, here's our friend

This is a review...buy

The following from
issue of O.blek: Writ
poet Colleen Lookingb

Writing The Written

"Writer's universe st
of language creates
finished surface a
general into the col
in every poem deciph
detour. Assume poet
texts casually meet
and mutiple voices."

These two volumes (P
be required reading
they will never reach

Books/ Magazi
Fax's/ Audio/Visual

Texture, 3760 Ceder R
:that:, POB 85, Peach
Grist-on-line, POB
NYC, 10023
El-e-phant, 6026 Wils
Witz, POB 1059, Penn
Detour Press, 1506 Gr
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The Figures, 5 Castle
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lower limit speech, 1
CA 90025

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Steve LaCoss

My point is this. Knowing full well that you made the purchase and are furthermore fully and unconditionally responsible for the package and its contents, I would usher forth a new credo under which we may all protect ourselves from unfriendly skies and manifestations of the worst kind. We should all choose our own footholds and food-stuffs so as to better be prepared for the day when all hell breaks loose and the shelves of grocery stores stand naked like the shelves of so many private libraries. This same day, every mother everywhere will simultaneously recall with disbelief the pain of childbirth and all us children will ignore the symptoms like a rash we hope will go away. We'll rescue all the countless unnamed objects that have been fueling our fires for so long. Bad things happen to good people all the time and for no reason. Jack-hammered bits of concrete dust fill my nostrils, fill my lungs. Down their in the jungle we sure had a glorious time splashing through the mud. Floating down the Napo river on a prefab raft of rope and logs. Perfect moments few and far between. The dust settles on my thinning hair. I am still and without remorse. I am confident of past integrity and future fires. I am sad and alone and forced to wonder why Clifford Brown couldn't stick around. I've never been to New Orleans but they tell me it's a place where you can shed your skin and get real with the people. Out of sight nights and creepy moments in the corners of dive bars in the middle of the most recent near death experience. In the middle of nowhere we all stood around silently, staring at the burning embers violently innocent of all your accusations, I'm just a man. Please understand, I'm neither wrong nor alone. I'll recruit my just desserts and for you I'll provide all the meat-by-products and preservatives you can consume. What a thing to say. I imagine myself going under the most unnecessary of major surgical procedures and there, inside me they happen to find the reason for why I am me, all wrapped up and theretofore concealed in the toughest of organic matter, my bowels 'choking on the ashes of my enemies'. At night, I sit in my chair and listen to the sounds of her sleep. I think to myself of tomorrow things like daylight and ambivalence the hustle and bustle of productive people. I don't know what I'd do without sweet, slow jazz. Yesterday hurts too much to remember. My knuckles pressed against my cheek bones. I could rip my skin to shreds if it weren't for fear of the certain pain. Twenty-one men with assault rifles getting in touch with their inner children.

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Judy Roitman

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under which we may all protect
y skies and manifestations of
should all choose our own
s so as to better be prepared
breaks loose and the shelves
naked like the shelves of so
This same day, every mother
eously recall with disbelief
d all us children will ignore
we hope will go away. We'll
s unnamed objects that have
or so long. Bad things happen
ime and for no reason. Jack-
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through the mud. Floating
prefab raft of rope and logs.
far between. The dust settles
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l your accusations, I'm just a
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serts and for you I'll provide
s and preservatives you can
o say. I imagine myself going
cessary of major surgical
nside me they happen to find
am me, all wrapped up and
in the toughest of organic
noking on the ashes of my
sit in my chair and listen to
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aylight and ambivalence the
oductive people. I don't know
t, slow jazz. Yesterday hurts
My knuckles pressed against my,
rip my skin to shreds if it
certain pain. Twenty-one men
ing in touch with their inner

Tongue left
outside

mouth.

Undeserved

(who sees this?)
trajectory.

Ridgid.

Her hard
(now stopped) breathing.

His
generosity -

the man
with no hands.

The man with webbed
feet.

To open
like that.

To enter.

This thing
of

moment
of

(what moment?)

death.

Also:

wanting.

Like a
lightbeam

(world)
not heart

(no) penetration

contact
(not

touch).

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The following is a short outtake from *JONES* by Ron Silliman published by Generator Press. Certainly worth the fiver asked:

"...Open-ended as in free-falling, in search of punctuation or an object, the way a child might be out of doors and far from home long after dark, even syntax seeks only shelter. Something startled forward out of the bush at my feet, a cat I thought at first in the yellow glimmer of the street lamp, then a rat, seeing the long thin tail, if not hairless at least without fur, then, it pausing to stare back up at me before scuttling down the cement steps behind the last row of houses at the edge of the woods, I realized, no, here's our friend the rabid possum."

This is a review...buy the book.

The following from the Spring/fall '93 two volume issue of *O.blek: Writing from the New Coast*. Bay area poet Colleen Lookingbill contributes the following:

Writing The Written

"Writer's universe still to write with blood reservoir of language creates a need for it. Way applied as finished surface a variety from analogical use of general into the cold split second flaw allows light in every poem deciphered as so much contemporaneous detour. Assume poetic genres given utterance within texts casually meet in necessity multiple locations and mutiple voices."

These two volumes (*Presentation and Technique*) should be required reading in writing programs...but alas they will never reach that audience. Sad, eh.

Books/ Magazines/ Newsletters/ Texts/ Disks/ Fax's/ Audio/Visual Tapes received or acquired.

- Texture, 3760 Ceder Ridge Drive, Norman, OK 73072
- :that:, POB 85, Peacham, VT 05862
- Grist-on-line, POB 20805, Columbus Circle Station, NYC, 10023
- El-e-phant, 6026 Wilshire Blvd, LA, CA 90036
- Witz, POB 1059, Penngrove, CA 94591
- Detour Press, 1506 Grand Ave., #3, St. Paul, MN 55105
- Big Allis, %Jessica Grim, 136 Morgan St, Oberlin, OH 44074
- Border(line), 121 W. 48th #1708, Kansas City, MO 64112
- The Figures, 5 Castle Hill, Great Barrington, MA 01230
- Score, 125B Bay View Dr, Mill Valley, CA 94941
- lower limit speech, 1743 Butler Ave #2, L.A., CA 90025

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The following from AVEC magazine, number 7, just out.
Guest edited by Norma Cole. Laura Moriaty has the
poem below. This is a review. Buy the magazine.

3 Days

Where wide views of the sky are available

Warm air invades a region

The clouds can be found in the texture of the paper

A thousand miles and three days away

On which they are drawn

Storms for the rest of the continent born

Here if you could only see them.

Following opening stanzas from Tom Raworth's new book
EMPTILY published by The Figures. This is a review.
Buy the book.

big snakes and small
might ask exactly what
a curve being any
point of view too there was something strange
see strange

winds
to conflicting effects

on the whole once knowledge is public

smelt money

/a poetics newsletter from the kaw river bottoms/
% Jim McCrary
P. O. Box 591
Lawrence, Ks 66044
