

Tottel's #6

October, 1971

Edited by Ron Silliman

DENS

should is does was is
it was
shant can come
is in as was it
then none
a barn

polite limbs
knot as loans none
is what as this such was
hasn't
and isn't none at that
as more

as middle as last be
is as
went some wholly did
not as none as is fact
facts off
a sound a dine

so in term tho knee
patter set and been
a tawn a lap
suiter circle
taples S
be left
so's
by so thus is though

*

(untitled)

white
with
which
and a

THE DOTS

an often
or a single
much more
completes

*

kind of nite

*

sections
enges
approaches

*

a fact which
oval outer edges

*

pears
runs
from moves

oranges
greens
works

*

through
and also
these

that only
one

making faces, moues, muse

& maple syrup, the old
gent in East Calais

whittling the world, no,
make a face

talk to it
make a face

in the living tree
cut it free

wear it
while you sell your books

& barter your collection
of curious shells

for lessons in the art
of converfuckingsation

from those past masters
pontificating sun

& the all-night chattering moon

RAE ARMANTROUT:

PARADISE
is golden.

Sun
on wicker chair.

It is as one knew.

The notes
ascend.

Ascend

BRUCE ANDREWS:

the blouse open for what good?

paltry rise on
scorched grassland

slim meal.

we have hayed the copper.

toad flag,
bone thongs,
seed bag. o yes.

DAVID MELNICK:

5 POEMS

Venice crest
as if swalled
on the outside.

We walled the town,

The tall woman saw / nothing

*

I have a typewriter true

*

(My God! Shadows!)

but that's only in the past

(everybody's groaning now)

closer! closer!

*

thru
the window

the heads
of
book
heads,

Moe

passant

*

'Contra' Moses: 1) angered, 2) stammering: I.David.

GO

house to

giving laws,
mis-

named

ma- ma-
, go dly

PAUL MARIAH:

CURRENT

Viet Nam is not a State of Mind
Where grasshoppers chew &
Spit the nailed-palm .

Mad ox is not Governor
Of Atlantis, though sinking
Fast, fast .

Prison is only one holding Company.
Is there an Ark able to sail
Thru the darkness coming ?

a black stone on one finger says
see the star
see the
see the star

2/

because I addressed this poem to you
I feel pressed
I feel the muscles across my groin reaching
like two hands for each other
I feel I must part
at least some of the mysterious air between us
see the star the poem says
over & over see the star
in a flat monotonous voice
see the star
in the sky
not
the star in the sapphire
see that also
see the star in the sky
get up
go to the door
open it
step into the
night look up
see the star
O God
you've trapped me
the mist hangs so heavy
I go outside
& look
& close my eyes
is this some insidious dead man's joke?
there are no stars
O God
I can see I
can't pierce the fucking veil of clouds
the lights burn inside my head
when I close my eyes are not
are stars are

not in the sky not
the body of Nuit
her body in the bed is
not the body of Nuit
it sparkles
& says I am Her mistress on earth
I am the star the poem means you to see
I am the way thru this labyrinth
all mysteries dissolve in my flesh

RICHARD TAGETT:

AWA
REW
AYA
WAR
EWA
YAW
ARE
WAY

SEYMOUR FAUST:

WITH RESERVATIONS

1.
old books
words polished for a hundred years
and put away a thousand
stories polished for a thousand years
odyssey, logia of Jesus, and of kung
how you have been true to us, and false

2.
in this century
how you have been false
how the airplanes have made liars of you
the nuclear piles in the pressure hulls

electromagnetic waves
how you are undercut by the spectroheliograph
the cardiogram
optics
guidance systems and gunnery
how advertising puts you down
and the unions and the powerful
the whole radio audience knows better than him
whom you mislead

3.

how your paradoxes pall
your parables and fables
your modular stories
how your symbols fail
techniques of dialog
stream-of-consciousness
points of view
figurae

4.

better anything than you
better to strain your eyes on protoplasm
as it flows indistinctly in bright or darkened field
under the lenses of the turret
in the utter silence of concentration
at your cosmic distance

or

close at hand
to trace the rockflows of the maria
the traces of devastation that radiate
from the circular maria
or film the solar prominences in hydrogen light

5.

better the doctors lifetime
the lifetime of the assyriologist
the searcher of beach terraces of the north
at Denbigh or Krusenstern
or Onion Portage
disinterring flints and cores

already seeing man as something over
or one at work
 on the improbable future
the designer of high speed high altitude aircraft
the meteorologist
 tracer of clouds
or at opposite poles
th e observer at Byrd Station

CHARLES STEIN:

CALVARY

Sound now white
items strung here. Along
Christ's path. Pleased to treat
you to white Grace Glare.
Bolts down socketing.

The cured dead man
heavily bandaged
his skinny body enlarged by magnets
stiff-arms dead life-rays
back at our Savior's eyes. A message
to Yeats
on Lazarus.

We all
love the dead. Wanted
to stay dead.
Our bones
only sparsely
beaming bright particles
move toward that shadow
Calvary.

This dreary
sky
eyes your eye, Yeats.

Your Christ mask blackened gentle arms
shot off.

ROBERT DAVID COHEN: MAN WITH A SUITCASE

I'm looking at a star-chart, I feel objective
Here is a man, the decoy
situation very different inside a body
What are hurricanes?

Can hurricanes drive you crazy for the rest of your life?

In a recent article* Gordon Burnside makes an important distinction
between labor and work.

*"Notes on the New Working Class," in New Left Notes, August 5th, 1968

ROCHELLE NAMEROFF:

2 POEMS

THE LIGHTHOUSE

"Reveries are rivers and flow
where the cold light gleams reflecting the window upon the
surface of the table" --Robert Duncan

the river
mirrors the violent
river skin

such
fulsome patterns we contemplate
beneath dreams & their
smoothings
ever a feast & a swim
pulled over
our heads like faces

the broken bottle people
choking, floating
their words under evening ice
breaks to recital
in the audience
compressed of mouths

full voice encased

toneless
& articulate
 to every
 thing
tonguing the
watery
reeds

which beckon
like beaded curtains to the
cool room inside
which is a
beaded curtain

jet bright &
still
 pulls you
under &
 up to the surface
 breath
 brought to mind
by rivulets of itself

"between walls
"in which shine
people
I come close to
comforting

ICON

a balloon
cut off its ties before
it burst
holding on

to all the
energy behind words
parchment
a tired stamping place
shriveled, driven

if not to words where
would I go

a second hand muse
meant something else
to me transformed by
hand to hard
figurine

RONALD SILLIMAN:

4 POEMS

ganizer

*

Stendahl
continuity
times

committed the logy

*

They
woke
feet

*

Elect

rich hair

THOMAS MEYER:

FRAGMENT FROM GRAPH 42
of a Technographic Typography

Typ. 42: 2

We are able to come this way & say:
He was here but is gone

or

He is here & you are he.

I sit now
in a garden

attended by angels
who have messages on their wings &
songs in their toes

bells that ring
image after image
like water color washes
from some rose like only the mind can imagine.

(Matisse knew yellow & blue
glass & green with the light
as it pours through
made a madonna rose.

Covered windows & walls
Nice spread out before
in a mock-up of
the chapel.)

It strikes the face & moves on:
...day by day
phantoms.

It wasn't a garden then so much
but ghosts
but who
can keep these hierarchies straight

besides
they repeat.

An ever upward pattern
exalts the depth width & breath
secret places only hearts can share

like echoes.

The place changes
it's locus alters
in returns

flashbacks, sweat
catches the sun on a back at work,
a weak mind's hands
toil & glean
tools green vines from

brown earth in something so simple as agriculture.

Take it to

the agora tear up the stones
 & stain the earth there with
 the mindless energy that furious run

(seasons undone/
andante)

a furrow or wound in
 a line

like my blood let

shoots up & arches out

spills in what lodges itself in my eye as

an old masters work

the quality of light.

It calls: We are & are

bodies of motes that catch in
the shaft
& travel through day-dreams by day.

At night

assume another shape
other invisibilities.

Mutable changes in silence
the deaf work clay

underground until

their ears can't stand
but fall.

Something so like a song comes from their hands:
hoards of gold

idols represent angels in
an economy where

each change of the coin

repeats & links the vanished form
to some
thing out
there.

Is it air I hear whisper & promise.
No mouth would dare speak such words
or comment on

such conditions
where my soul is.

My heart beat joins

STONE

Who was it
got the story wrong
and why did you ask
if you do not hear me
are you speaking?

NOTHING

I do
remember you
say so
my body is
we own

POEM

O simple reader desire
each woman
who exhibits I have
now found out
this certain life.

You do nothing for it.

He comes to her talking
what we present.

FACE

You see that
it is

true there is only
the form
and I am a doll.

PRESENT

I am and now no
remember
in your face
our instance you then
take my look away.

CHARLES OLSON

The new is not transformed.

When I had not known
I heard, this
again today -

I try and write.

DAVID MELNICK:

HASTY FIELDS

hasty fields
eight soldiers
perturbations

field pieces
Andrew Cordier
simpleton

sensual music
not a California
occupied

a good deal
of her time in recent weeks as she found fewer excuses
and excused more and more of her little faults through
daily habits of mental circumambulation; I found fewer
of her

Ay que hombre

allowing much of a
pill grown
antedates inc.

should be a lot of fund
depending on the will

& imagination of the
host and hostesses

where your money is

tackle some
one of the two

you / are very wise
ease the feeling
anxiously from door to door

number of teeth on view

she was a
girl
I can a

sure you
Saturday the b
eauty

(sorts) wonder

Winter
Buckingham Palace
merchant family

slow & painful
gout
tortured him

we so warm
-ly approve
refused to enter

only too plainly
left his mantle
broken

borrowed (it
neighborly
considerate

broke
through
his brawning arms

garage
door
opium
system

IVEN LOURIE:

2 POEMS

I take me on a walk through alleys
the passage-between-buildings
succinct
awakening the kittens (they sleep together tired from play
a shoe or a boot anomaly
to rise from the doorway
without a door 3 steps up to the street
a man in a trenchcoat rising from the doorway
one block
think barbed wire chicken wire
a pen for the ducks but
the weasel got them the weasel
the weasel
pop goes the weasel

Solid floors your body in bed a walk

the sunlight
the ceaseless

detour from motion
the floors are solid
a boot or a shoe some variety or choice
a protection
calls for the future
generation in season the sunshine
a saying is ceaselessly lost--middle earth
the connection--a tree for my suspension
a pattern: the growth and development
kittens like sprouts the moon to be eaten
the darkness the body in bed
to be happy:fear is suspension the future tree
the moon in the trenchcoat
the constant

construction the constant return to the moon
to be eaten concerning the twilight
and loss of distinction
flux: season
the travel is lonely the distance
a shoe or a boot is absurd take the sailors
the water
the neighbors

concerned
with the man in the trenchcoat

Remembrance of things in the future
I take a walk
though I love you your body in bed
and the kittens at home

We are wakened in season a rumor
beyond our control in the twilight

the sunshine : remembrance

the future : suspension

the goddess : our distance
mirror of things

THE RADIO TELLS IT LIKE IT IS

There is a first Welsh Negro hunt official
hunts the limber foxes
hunts with the Duke
has a title "of queen's horse"

There is an ad for the race
"your black women were there"
in the Bible
there was an Ethiopian Queen
and she was well received
and she was well esteemed
there in the Bible

"In the South Side gang feuds
another boy shot"
boy shot down on the South Side

Then the top song "the hunter
gets captured by the game"

DENNIS SCHITZ:

THE TOWELS

post-coital
paralysis. pen-wipers

swatches, rugs define
the edges just beyond us
an animal starts
from the wood a nail breaks
its seal a hand

writes 2X10 carry
over joist fitting
bevel
joints are the hardest

to cover: press edges

glands secrete a visible
flowage denotes

a full sac. pinch, sponge
or merely wipe

MARGARET RANDALL:

FEW

Like losing a child or being completely empty.
For a space of time leaking
or spilling at one end.
Like losing a full child
being lost and losing A child
being empty

 Impossible
Being a renewal, feeling

Full and losing at the same time.

Being not what it seems Not what it is
Not what fullness comes of losing
nor what child comes of being What renewal
comes from admitting

Defeat.

A full child.
A lost renewal.
An empty explanation.
The hands of a hand.

What words do to it.
What confuses.
What springs open in the hands (of a hand) and grows
Into the skin Through air

Around my feet. Tripping.