

MISC. PROJ.

a poetry matrix

number three

July 1997

"poetry's busyness"



"It is not the business of POETRY to be anything."

--Stephen Rodefer

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edited by Mark Prejsnar
Atlanta

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Sheila E. Murphy and
Peter Ganick

from: -ocracy
Section 4

two comedians juxtaposed; the lead, self-conscious, young, in orange pants projecting athleticism maybe, with so many threads of the resentment you'd expect to be graciously buried as such things never are to let the air into or out of any source of laughter. the main act, generously brilliant soft intoning roots that partner mine, acknowledging the woman maybe eighty-seven seated on the stage because all seats were taken in the plushly intimate auditorium. while being taken aback by her in a way tenderest and seeking equally forgiveness and the act of perfectly forgiving.

anyone else waits worsened by possibility; that the creator never captures announced relationships, even when the end is heard to pirouette over caffeine-withdrawal symptoms. how much a dependency is mutual is not contextualized easily, nothing else caves in before wild women from tuscany his son is "shacked up" with. naively even, they are fenced in by immature escapes lost on the highway to ixlatan. melt cheese to the bothering creatures, before nothing there was everything....

morning quicksilvers its way to shared fabric olive drab as in those army blankets, seen in film or in museums, whose rough surfaces allegedly don't interfere with warmth, despite their thinness. dispassion limits accuracy, while real knowing remains shieldless against obsession. how valid would a system be that blocked thoughts to ensure sharable balance. all the florid pills prevent eruption, while dismissing what was chronicled as passion in the days when feelings were a wild card and people tried to calculate a mood in others and themselves.

inner peace strived for never accomplishes the goal set out for a place in someone's other heart.... mindlessness is the ruler of time's disease that she proceeds to enjoin him without the accomplishment of previous mentality....his church-going was the interim minister over the telephone....impossible neighborhoods reveal processes of cold weather how they hear music too long time the mantra....it starts at 2 o'clock next saturday afternoon shaped by the minotaur....

styles reply to styles, and synthesize perhaps, or simply hold still, poised in a perspective labeled "given," if and although rarely. afternoon owned up to its obligations to a morning. all the little boy could say about his brother were big words the little boy'd been taught, concerning temper and a point at which he'd tend to let it go. we pictured the two of them inside a future we would like to have appear a cornucopia, where they would be among friends as equals and behaving thus.

when they read the noise-files with their magnified texts, pleasure went by the riverfront mindset of a generation lost to touch....are you a homebody with life in an orbit bottled to serve tirelessly the frame of minus a dealing's reality....privacy eliminated by engineered tones before feeling toeless sideburns on prosthetic mismanaged overruns to the holiday marathon he finished forty-sixth....

plankton unthought for maybe twenty miles would have addressed the issue of starvation. water, thought, became the first priority as trickles do when clumsily the concept pace untied the concept waking, and a sensitivity attributed to religion drifted toward resolution as things do when left unspoken. all of this had zilch to do with racing or the question of who won, although the guiding impulse for engagement at the time had been this competition that resided chiefly in the mind.

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Mark Prejsnar

Introduction to Lease and Shapiro

David Shapiro is one of the towering figures of twentieth-century U.S. poetry. He is also one of the most neglected, given his achievement. A number of his superb books are in print, but he is underrepresented in the recent less mainstream anthologies which have begun to have such an impact on the poetry scene, and he is otherwise not as read or as discussed as you'd expect. His work assisting other poets into print, as typified by the classic 1970 anthology he edited with Ron Padgett (the subject of a recent essay in these pages) has also been vital. (vide: ***An Anthology of New York Poets***. NY : Dutton, 1970.) Insofar as there is a vital American lyrical tradition, involving Oppen, Eigner, Berrigan and Ceravolo, as well as Armantrout, Mullen, Lauterbach and Corbett, its central sensibility and its vivid central voice, is Shapiro's. That cultures and historical moments may shudder in dissociation, and at the very same time undertake risked song, is his burden.

A kind of music is his large achievement, yet (as so often in the New York milieu) he has been a poet importantly engaged with painters and the visual arts, teaching in that field and publishing important art criticism--a subject glanced at below. (...and a deep involvement probably connected to the sense of image found in his work, a sense which at times converges with the francophone surrealist currents.)

Joseph Lease is a younger poet, involved with the important small magazines of our moment, and widely published in them. His work responds to the torsion of the urban grid, in a way analogous to the New York poets of recent decades. His work shares with Shapiro's the problematic of internal experience, pushing back outward against extrinsic pressures (Steven's key image), so that pressures weave into sound. His collection ***Human Rights*** is due out soon from Zoland.

One of the basic pressure-points, at this moment, is the supposed postmodern refutation of the Self; more important still (at least to me) is the knot of challenges that emerged from out of the Language circle (among other places)--which concern whether the slash of musical upsurge, or the wash of uncentered experience, are the most important poetic materials left to us in the wake of last century's modernist fires. The following exchange addresses these and other urgencies. It is an e-mail dialogue, intended by its authors as a rapid and provisional first sketch of certain complicated issues.

A dialogue on poetry

DS:

JL:

DS:

I would like to confess something about confessionalism. I was most converted by *The Wasteland* as a satire for many voices, for all of the unconscious of Europe, but I always understood its personal melancholy. There is no problem

for a maximalist in understanding that the flag for Johns is both private and public, particularly when one understands with Wittgenstein that the private is already a hypothesis. I am particularly moved by your phrase about intersubjectivity because it includes that moment in *Zhivago* when we are directed to understand positively that we collaborate in a system without death. The mania to proclaim the death of the subject or the death of man is positive most in Deleuze when we are issued our nomadic orders for a desiring relay. I doubt that we find this much better proclaimed than in Buber or Bakhtin, both theological masters of the dialogic. It is simply a responsibility of poets to take the sacred carnival of I/Thou in Buber and Bakhtin and translate it into the materials of a song.

JL:

Someone might think I mean something much more "stable, unitary, fixed, comfortable, familiar" (you get the idea) than I mean when I say narrative. And often of course a too easy sense of the narrative implies a too easy sense of the I.

DS:

Yes, I am still impressed by the twisted path that a too easy "schizoanalysis" can take. I accept that in our time Zukofsky, Bunting, Oppen, Reznikoff and Rakosi have constructed a sever critique of the self without abandoning themselves to a vacuum of values or, using Brock's phrase, mere suppression of the I. It is Bersani who said such suppression leads to a contagion of the I.

JL:

To translate the sacred carnival of the I/Thou into the materials of a song--that must involve there being a self-in-process, not the unitary self of confessional poetry, but a source and channel of hearing who hears what is outside and takes it in, sings with it, shapes it. The particulars and the everyday take on the force that is rightfully theirs. A social intelligence embodied in poetic form: an awareness of the limits of the self: lyric structure as dramatic action--all of these intersect with a sense of the I as something made by language and in language.

DS:

I am always less intrigued by poems and critics who are involve in a Procrustean reduction. What are some of the more obvious reductions of our day? For example, those who cry for a representational strategy in which the personal is merely a naive frontality, as in confessional or conservative narrative attempts. One is also intrigued by the reduction in our day to a zaum or non-referential poetry, but it seems logically foredoomed. I have called maximalist an inclusive collagiste strategy of employing what seems to me the full palette. A figurative -abstract synthesis. This is the beginning of the conversation on the I.

JL:

There is a very human story in the image, for example. An image or a speech act or a choice of syntax can be a construct of thought, argument, sensuality, memory--a contingent subject breaking apart and reforming. And part of what I honor in poems is the musical grace with which this urge/wave explodes.

DS:

I was particularly moved when Rakosi's elegy for an old poet veers from an I of collaged, almost confessional frontality to a ghostly moment after death. It is this moment when the poet can manipulate the "I died" that astonished me and brought me to tears.

JL:

Elegy speaks of the possibility of a traditional "we": this seems absolutely key as well. And impossible to imagine this without wanting it to include the numerous contradictions, both inside one I and many--and the contradictions and moments of confluence between them.

DS:

And I would like to applaud your vigilant sense of history. I always took a severe warning from Meyer Shapiro never to forget the social fate of form. It is an insight of a student of Scholem that mystic literature always involves a hero alive and dead at the same moment. could this be the mystical momentum we need to understand the complexity of the lyric: who today give a lyric hero alive and dead at the same time? It is this I love in the flashlight and lightbulb of Jasper Johns. My attempt in *A Man Holding an Acoustic Panel* was to take a tour of the science museums of Europe and to proclaim quietly the resistance to death in the death of Jan Palach. I was attempting to create a sequence that would exhibit social fate within a new wasteland of forms. I am glad that at least part of the poem "went home" (to Prague) in the form of a monument. But even the monument reminds one of the temporality of all these addresses to community.

JL:

Two of your remarkable constructs--architectural poetry and figurative-abstract synthesis--point to a kind of visionary storytelling. Sometimes I want my poems to be as direct as a ballad like "Sir Patrick Spens." I hope and believe that "Essay on Addiction" and "Thief" work this way: and they are also playful and--with a high degree of music and abstraction--offer a language of resistance. I want to key into the reader's sense of difficulty--difficulty in the sense that Hardy means it--an awareness of the limits of the self--and of otherness.

DS:

Storytelling, that's it. Carter Ratcliff particularly inspired me when he reminded one that Benjamin is reduced usually to a left-wing prophet of the breakdown of aura. But what Ratcliffe seizes in Benjamin is the poet of the art of telling. Benjamin is both the man who stays home and the wanderer, and he exhibits the

subtlest scrutiny of narrative. For our generation Goddard's anti-Aristotelian matrix remains; a narrative with a beginning, middle and end but not in that order. But it is an order. I am particularly please by Goddard's recent self-portrait, which is mostly a tender farewell to everything except poetry. I think that the storytelling that influences us most is particularly accomplished by the collision of axes of the aesthetic. That is, the worst would be to think that we could solve poetry by metric, suburban seamlessness, or a casual conservative turn to Aristotelian mimesis. We have lived through a storm of anti-mimesis, but we are unwilling to think that a return to images spells an easy end to our self-conscious, self-reflexive, self-telescoping collisions.

JL:

Again and again I return to the ways that the shape of the poem enacts figurative-abstract synthesis. These shapes are also expressive lyric structures become dramatic action. The poem's formal choices embody its emotion, its body knowledge, its spirituality: and they must trace and form the lyric self-in-process.

DS:

We must keep in front of ourselves at all times the twin exacerbated examples of Whitman and Dickinson: twin, asymmetrical, and contrastively excessive. I think of Lawrence's critique of what is mechanical in the exuberant "I" of Whitman. It is one of the most sensitive passages in Lawrence, that the pantheistic empathy of Whitman has leaped beyond all bounds. On the other hand, Borges appeals to our sense that Whitman has developed not so much a mechanical I as a new relationship to the you. "Comerado, I give you my hand." With Dickinson I feel that this pantheistic god has made a kind of zimzum--that is, the opaque withdrawal of Dickinson permits her increasingly to allow a world in: a world of dissonance and evil, a black hole from which almost nothing is exempt, and yet it is the surprising I that jumps forth, as predicted by maximal theory.

JL:

Let's elaborate on this--so the surprising I jumps forth in precisely the motion with which the world of dissonance enter the poem.

DS:

I would urge us to see Dickinson as your father [Benjamin Lease] does, with all the realia of the civil war, but also as primarily a theological poet of "the American tradition of darkness":--to use my own phrase. I see her project as one of ab serialism....all poems are one but actually constituting a critique of unity--a serialism that seizes not so much the divine in the atom or fact, as the absence of the divine everywhere.

JL:

Yes: that's where her prose fragment on the dead as lures, as keepers of secrets, haunts my after-the-Shoah elegy, "My Sister Life" . . . a poem which learns a lot from my father's book on Dickinson.

DS:

Her reversed, or materialistic, pantheism results in our most humble collages being our most severe monument to an ultra-resolute revolutionary and feminist eloquentia. It is a divine path of negativity. And perhaps it is the closest to the schemes that Kafka invented in his legalistic aggadas or anti-stories. Dickinson was telling the most exorbitant shattered story about story-telling. I see her as a poet like Rimbaud of the commune, but without the commune: she was building up a novelistic image of the isolations of the modern city.

JL:

And she answers Whitman in this: the absence everywhere of visionary democracy, of real community, is what defines our actual democracies and communities--that is the lyric structure of our myth of origin founded in the present, in the shattered everyday, in the absence of community.

DS:

Dickinson was indeed a poet of the "civil" war(s). She is not just a poet of hunger and desire, but a poet like Rimbaud of modernity criticizing modernity. She is a builder of systems, a multiplicitous poet who is one of our most superb thinkers-through of doubt.

JL:

There's no summing-up possible this evening--but we have opened some of the dimensions of the lyric self-in-process as our poems and our traditions embody them. Let's make that part one....

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John Lowther
three poems

Supply verse demand

things advertise simple complications
for extra fee, mime ball-in-hand with
needs: isn't this the way it seems,
forgetting green felt. trade in smiles
lowers standards. a string breaks but
faltering continues to strum. blue laws
institute accidents in public rue. *this*
is there, where should have been a rhyme.
at least some unnecessary diction, syntactic
flourish to sweep the stage for a couplet.
closure is leaked & attention hangs on
until the next commercial. poem folds.

O ventriloquist delicious

with local flourish you
like a jet industry set
in tones

 of scintillation
& flights of arrows
 from jawbones, you
wish raw lumps
 (old thunder too

broken mirrorbone
greasy lips a yardbird, yet . . .

smoking chimney's harmony
's slim as everyalley smells
of lue

 a heart-shaped soot-ring
to chim-chiminey to/o
everydawn's occupation
 has its
Waterloo

An Alleged Cork Opera with Brass Tacks

said to distort
allocation of resource
illumination, in this case
lottery tickets
defining the hardware
& constituting
real life risks
 rather pink..

 (translucent)
disappearing in pools
of cool implication
attributes of a K.C.
steakhouse buttered
to a complex credibility
as our most extreme
form of fetish

the most common response
not merely ignorant
lauded the attempt
at blurring boundaries
on page thirteen
somewhere below
the bullfight news
so as to grow
supplements in a culture
of clotted criticism
that has lagged

moreover
they think it madness
a recipe for the minimum
essential vantage on
the most terribly moving
inexhaustibly fascinating
moment this minute
calculating the tip
feeling the pulse of
blood in a rare steak
knowing America's appetite
for society news is
a swiftly-paced comic novel
cross merchandised
with efforts to understand
our findings and publish
to widespread marginal
acclaim

Book Review
Mark Prejsnar

Experiments for Contemporaries
Keep Watching the Sky / Joseph Torra.
(Cambridge : Zoland Books, 1996)

The word "experimental" is overused in poetry these days. I prefer to think in terms of the Stein quote: the work that I like is **contemporary**, not experimental per se. (Comparable contemporary work in drama, performance-art, jazz, painting, dance, what have you, is **not** called experimental, even by fairly stick-in-the-mud critics...) Most of the work published by the university presses, in **APR**, etc., is simply not the work of contemporaries of Susan Howe, or of Clark Coolidge, or even of Frank O'Hara. (They may know the work of O'Hara, and Williams, and misunderstand what they know, but that's another matter.) Mostly, it is not the work of poets who have managed to advance to being contemporaries of Laura Riding!

However, experimental is sometimes a very good word, for discussing a particular poet. I've recently been reading the work of Norman H. Pritchard (see ***The Matrix : poems 1960-1970*** and ***eecchhooeess***). He's a poet whose restless intensity of focus suggests an experimental approach--with respect to specific formal frames, and more generally with respect to what poetry is, and is for. ***Keep Watching the Sky***, Joseph Torra's collection of his early chapbooks, is restless in much this way. The first section, the domino sessions, uses simple speech in a quick-rapping series of columns, oddly symmetrical block-stanzas that convey uneasy, fragged scenarios--off-center events, concentration camp arrivals, shifting attentions jostling outside data:

into a glass pane winged doom they'll
knock on your window sure as lanterns lit
no marked trails lead to our own element
steady treading passes over great aimless
bursts long exile to any one posturing
sound stone houses glow in sun make
them impractical people tired of talk

The second section is called Paintings, and is a series of prose poems. Quite without direct imitation, they remind me of a vernacular Rimbaud, and belong to his rapid careening tradition more than to the Baudelaire-Jacob line, with its

more witty and contemplative approach to the brief prose form. Few poets capture so well this odd mixture of urban paratactic sensory friction and quick mental acrobatic calculation. The music becomes less dour, more chromatically lovely, though it sure as hell is brooding:

A dance troupe describes physical configuration. A pistol shot alludes to sophisticated form. Green around the edges and unable to contain the in-funneling onslaught of traffic. Skyscrapers'-glow.

Amid dim blues children can be heard crying. Beneath some carpet considering power they reason reason. Heat gropes toward night. A jet plane circles awaiting clearance.

Automobiles pound steadily. Last bits of bright tone chew up. A unifying explanation dies a martyr in the streets. Over the corpse a woman's cries stack fantasy up like smoke.

Torra's first two books were remarkably ambitious, with a strong sense for how different shifting forms extend the very possibility of poetry as an activity...And with an especially striking sense for the long serial poem, as a way to surround certain intersections of word-sound and existential tension. (-- "Surround," that is to say, in the way a fielder is said to "surround" the ball, moving in sync with its trajectory to encompass all the possible side-angles at which it might bounce.) It might not be surprising that he continued to move in this same direction--What is a little shocking is how much further he extended the range of his long-poem strategy, and how quickly. A unifying explanation may have died a martyr in the streets, but Torra's sense of poetic form is driven by a totalizing and unifying urgency. The last section of the book steps rather starkly into history and the overall shape of culture: it is called Spine Titles, and each section corresponds to one volume of the poet's Encyclopaedia Britannica. Using this hegemonic icon as a prompt, he manages to touch a stunningly wide range of internal and external disquietudes, wounds, epistemological and political chasms. Quoting from this section is hopeless, not because there's an absence of gorgeous sound, but because the frame shifts so rapidly--couplets, fragmented verse, abrupt short-lined gnomic free verse, a wide array of prose styles, lists, letters, prayers, a film script. While it echoes the Britannica's casual world-beat arrogance (an arrogance that can beat the world, or thinks it can), it's also suggesting that in a global village no small software patch-up will get hold of things of importance: you need in the programmer's sense a global solution. Religion, imperialism, the depths of the psyche (or their skittish pomo equivalent), New Jersey's relationship to Williams Carlos Williams, love. It's all there, adumbrated remarkably in fine-etched writing. Shadowy realities.

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JournalWATCH--

new & recent little magazines of value.

Rhizome
(all mail to:
2001 Kirby Drive, suite 901
Houston, TX 77019)
editors, Evan Calbi and Standard Schaefer
single copies: \$10.00

Rhizome is a centrally important new magazine. It features first-rate graphics as a frame to poetry by the likes of Charles Bernstein, Douglas Messerli, Ray DiPalma, Spenser Selby, Leslie Scalapino, Juliana Spahr and Mac Wellman. The first issue is beautifully produced. The graphics by Selby, DiPalma, Paul Vangelisti and Cam Slocum are both a compliment to the writing and an extension of it. Some of the "artists" are also some of the poets. This is an important new trend, found in a lot of the best little magazines. (For another lovely example, see Jacques Debrot's two text/graphic poems/whatevers in issue 10 of **Antenym**.) Interesting manipulations of line, image and text are evolving, to punch up the visual quotient in U.S. poetry, where it has lagged behind Europe, Latin America and other cultures. (Grenier's important and provocative return to handwriting-as-realized-text is one visual direction: it seems to re-emphasize the unique personal/physical definition of the poet as an active presence, whose body creates a unique poem like a painter with a brush--a new and different take on O'Haran "personism." What poets like Selby are doing is the opposite: the reproducible tool kits of montage and the graphic arts are used to assemble a pomo presence, one specifically not involved with the afterglow of Benjamin's aura: plastic art as text.) I'm on record as questioning U.S. "concrete" and visual poetries, which too often in the past were notional, using typographic elements to gesture toward the idea of pictorial force, without trying hard enough to create forceful pictures....a kind of lazy dabbling. The awareness of graphic attack which **Rhizome** shows is different, and heralds possible new image/poem alchemistries that will render my criticisms passé.

Readers of Misc. Proj. will want to see **Rhizome** for themselves. It is as important a new magazine as we have seen. I'll just mention some personal favorites from issue one: Martha Ronk's work from a sequence called "Run-In," an amazing set from almost-my-favorite contemporary poet, the jagged and violent Michael Gizzi--work in long lines with end-rhymes, sure to befuddle fans (like myself) of his great volume **Continental Harmony** and the earlier collections it grew out of; and a typically weird Mac Wellman poem, "Elegy on Fishhead Curry:"

X serves me, places
time in a tray
before me like hope
like disaster

it tastes pretty much the way it looks

(fish-head curry):

.....

life-like: like life.

I would say that from now on, a working knowledge of our poetry will require keeping up with **Rhizome**.

~~~~~  
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Mark Prejsnar

Absentee Ballad

peevish maxim
that keeps you in stairs

mauve quality,
on lyceum acid

here's where
everything goes odd normalcy

barricades or bums
define your century

all the totals
air lightens up thru greys
dawn
with its proposals, such as

walk this gangplank hear ink splat

never told no one
bout dying

ambiance ambiance
nobody home

world class slap
and a procedural collapse

months of sundays oh
saturday nite unspecial

axiom---
that a kid cries

a landscape dies

defrock who I am in
mist of all store savings
all thru weekend
hands writhe in pain you
can have one too

overwrite
datachip shiver

freebooter
set to say your speechlessness

jumpy conclusions
right
where the traffic swerves

musicality hand-wringing

define your century
chronounitary delusion

disquietude
moan guitar seemings
accurate lust

procedural collapse and screeching
as the cars chase
major icon
speed-n-greed type

pit viper
nestles into monday

job info grinds to a halt

low tears
hard to taste
in performer's eyes

the whirlwind
already in the circuits

a nice hand holds tight the check
holds the rifle

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Books Received and Recommended

- Rae Armantrout. Made to seem. LA: Sun & Moon, 1995.
- Ingeborg Bachmann. Songs in flight : the collected poems. trans. Peter Filkins. NY : Marsilio, 1994.
- Hugo Ball, et al. Blago bung, blago bung, bosso fataka! : first texts of German Dada. London : Atlas Press, 1995. trans. Malcolm Green.
- Amiri Baraka. Transbluesency : the selected poems of Amiri Baraka/LeRoi Jones (1961-1995). NY : Marsilio, 1995.
- Amiri Baraka. Eulogies. NY : Marsilio, 1996.
- Amiri Baraka. Funk lore : new poems, 1984-1995. LA : Littoral Books, 1996.
- Alain Bosquet. No more me and other poems. trans. Roger Little. Dublin : Dedalus, 1995.
- Carolyn Burke. Becoming modern : the life of Mina Loy. NY : Ferrar Straus Giroux, 1996.
- Paul Celan. Breathturn. LA : Sun & Moon, 1995.
- Rosita Copioli. The blazing lights of the sun. trans. Renata Treitel. LA : Sun & Moon, 1996.
- Arthur Cravan, et al. 4 Dada suicides. London : Atlas Press, 1995.
- Violet Kazue de Cristoforo, ed. and trans. May sky : there is always tomorrow : an anthology of Japanese American concentration camp kaiko haiku. LA : Sun & Moon, 1997.
- Bill Knott. The quicken tree. Brockport : BOA Editions, 1995.
- Mina Loy. The lost lunar Baedeker. NY : Ferrar Straus Giroux, 1996.
- Paul Eluard. Unbroken poetry II. trans. Gilbert Bowen. Newcastle upon Tyne : Bloodaxe Books, 1996.
- Edward Halsey Foster. Understanding the Black Mountain poets. Columbia : University of South Carolina Press, 1995.
- Laura Riding Jackson. Rational meaning : a new foundation for the definition of words, and supplementary essays. Charlottesville : University Press of Virginia, 1997.
- Richard Kostelanetz. An ABC of contemporary reading. San Diego : San Diego State U.P., 1995.
- Michael Lally. Cant be wrong : poems 1985-1992. Minneapolis : Coffee House Press, 1996.
- Aldon Lynn Nielsen. Black chant : languages of African-American postmodernism. Cambridge : Cambridge U.P., 1997.
- Val  re Novarina. The theater of the ears. LA : Sun & Moon, 1996.

Ed Roberson. Voices cast out to talk us in. Iowa City : University of Iowa Press, 1995.

Martha Ronk. State of mind. LA : Sun & Moon, 1995.

Charles Rutheiser. Imagineering Atlanta : the politics of place in the city of dreams. London : Verso, 1996.

Aaron Shurin. Unbound : a book of AIDS. LA : Sun & Moon, 1997.

Eliot Weinberger. Written reaction : poetics, politics, polemics (1979-1995). NY : Marsilio, 1996.

John Wieners. The journal of John Wieners is to be called 707 Scott Street for Billie Holiday, 1959. LA : Sun & Moon, 1996.

