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m. magoolaghan
three poems

Laceration

A little dark, the wander-music
lusts all-out from there to
nowhere. Hands bursting
with formative energy, encapsulated
words only potentially

seized. See me sneeze at old,
own solipsisms, waving as last
sunset fades from futures
pat. Sense of sickness grown
moldy, Beethoven's schizophrenia or
death-throes stand to ward

warnings. Impale oneself
on a stone? Somesuch
impeccable act
awaits our indulgences.

Caesar (Emily'd)

Penury - obvious
to adjust
weeping Evil -
avails

According to view
once ominous -
Now
enshrined

Meliferous zoo -
keepers'
serene - feeding
duty

At dawn -
crumpets -
Attempt
comeback (trail)

Through curtains' -
deceiving -
weave, yet
to encompass

Economy - vague
workman's - dream
afield - relaying
activations

Rally - to acquire
simplicity's
soft - round -
acquaintance

Alike - as stars -
from desert's -
road - amass
funereal

Ethical Dementia

How to make music out of old uniforms. Keeps impression upon self fact that dismissing "mystery" makes a lass for no art. Snakes were a major theme. Beyond rabbit ears, tunnel vision. By apportioned meant something unspecified, probably wrapped in wax. In the desert in the summer correspondence goes awry.

Adventitiously diamond-backed. Slept on sound sofa, CD "rays" in ears. How to evoke argue without describes. The ball on the ten yard line, announcer's personal rife unmentionable. Clouds dug by shadows. Imagine eyes in back of heads.

Because words do maintain referents, whatever theorist says. We set them up with our cousins. Red meat laces veins with testosterone, the woman player's mother's cancer. Not to catch up or do without, just dilatory. Can you say a word that charged.

& take it up as prior arrangement? Fountain flows over supper inventory. What gets said or cashed in, bounty hunters pounce on escape. Or was this just a figment. She specialized in high capacity containers, seating for all sides. When can I check emissions.

So much on the level it finally tastes weird. Travel-log nostalgia visit, "the mountain is out" & vulcanized. These things happen every day, underground. Feeling wary, wonder what jazz wailer sounds like. There are no values in the abstract.

Lacking propinquity, they might've mentioned mustard. I seal easily, "drop rate" for touches by 50 per cent. When he read he was the star he imagined, could this go beyond third degree. God almighty, who did he think it was.

=====
%%%%%%%%%%
=====

john m. bennett
three poems

TAKES WHINE

bloom redoubt, cancel//trade for bloom redoubt or
stems inside your eye where hairless (itching) or
your clipped too close and hairless itching next the
salad bar like flambeaus ("framers") scored with
ideology or abortion scores. Whacked it off the bud
("your head") slack buds wilting in your pockets
tongs above the kidney beans your tongs "or caul-
iflower" (never sandy but) was hidden in my

Ask IT

wiNEly flaTTER than your CLAMberband agAINst the
wALL heW saID mort IFY d or slapply faNNed aCross
the h all you Snuffled in reTurn o' dripPinG eyE
outSIDE your HAT was N othing you could wRITE was
noTHING you Could WOBBling off your HIGHchair
THat was scREAMS

bLADDER state

your slow gated meals contamination of the
phone remembrance like your trusty stool was
sinking in the newspaper dusty like the rain all
week and sticky on your heels where residing aches
remains oh conscious of your showered plate your
lap)groaning in the stove(downstream on your
formica like my screen of you my wavery shade

Looooooooooooooooooooooooooooo ZeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeDoiiiiikpppppppppppp7Sreeeeuuuuuuuuuu Loooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
ooo ZeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeDoiiiiikpppppppppppp7Sreeeeuuuuuuuuuu Loooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

a brief review:

voice-overs / Susan M. Schulz, John Kinsella.
Honolulu : Tinfish Network, 1997.

Branching aside the silky tunnels
almost squeeze the binary movements
along the Most Favoured National tree;
haphazard in the costuming, the sly
lettering that gives it hearsay
and a place in the sun-like peeling
(a passage by Kinsella)

Not a precursor but a curser be.
Hymn the pixilated self, white
on blue sheen, item overdue
like books shelved for later
commentary, Talmudic scholars
askance beneath Keats's replacement
tree whose too too happy lurkers
lunch to strains of megabit
quartets

(a passage by Schulz)

[illegible]

mark prejsnar
polemic

Poetic Reaganism, or Why I am Not an L Poet, or Why Nobody is an L Poet

*First of all, I've made a public vow to avoid using that "L word" which refers to a certain group of poets who gained a degree of limelight in the seventies and eighties. Just so we have that out of the way.

*Why have I stopped using the L-word? Primarily it was because of anti-L poets. These are the poets who have become increasingly hectic and noisy with their claims that 1. they are avant-garde, or non-academic, or non-mainstream poets, but that 2. the influence of the "L group" is pernicious, and instead they (these non-L poets, hereafter referred to as M poets because they come after the L poets and are therefore **better**) write in a way that puts them more in touch with authentic speech, a way that keeps them from being "willfully obscure," that is somehow more thoughtful and grounded, presumably because it is not following a fashion or a group of leaders. Because it is more like conventional "verse," in a word. Thanks to these poets, and other critics who take the same position, the L word has become once again a weapon, and very definitely not in the hands of L poets.

* I say "once again," because of course we have heard something like these claims before, from the academic poets of the workshop groupings. Now we are hearing them from a group with a strikingly different demographic, who wish to be seen as "avant-garde," or something, but yearn for a concept of style that doesn't interrogate the overall shape of poetic meaning and poetic music.

*Many statements have started appearing in such publications as *Talisman*, *Chicago Review*, and on the internet, explaining that L poets, and others whose work is not weighted down with conventional syntax, practice something called "knee-jerk experimentalism."

(*Note the use of "weighted down with conventional syntax." Pretty nifty, huh? It doesn't take that much rhetorical jujitsu to put someone else in the wrong because you disagree with their formal approach. My calling people "M poets" is a similar strategy.)

*That all approaches to writing, that do not examine their means and momentum, will suffer, I take as a given. None of the M poets is in fact immune from this hard truth. But rather like

pompous establishment intellectuals marshaling the phrase "political correctness" to attack progressives and minorities, many M poets feel that a few slogans (such as "knee-jerk experimentalism," or the L word itself) will do to dismiss writers whose approach to form they find threatening.

*M poets themselves make long-term formal choices and stick to them, explore them. So if I wanted to I could refer to them off-handedly as engaging in "knee-jerk middle-of-the-roadism." (or, as I have recently called it on an internet listserv, "commonsensepo"). But I'm too nice a guy to do that.

*There are actually problems with the old L generation, though the things which are cause for concern are not picked up on by the M group. In recent months we have repeatedly had pronouncements (by Barrett Watten in his brilliant ILS lecture, **The Bride of the Assembly Line**, and in several instances by Ron Silliman, in **Philly Talks #3** and on the internet) which chastise younger poets for not carrying on the torch in the right way; in particular, there are accusations of being too abstract in politics, not developing fully enough what a ground-breaking poetics would be like that realized a left oppositional politics. My problem with this is that it is not the task of all poetry to fully realize the weight of oppositional activism. It may be that some of you-all should get out here and help us build the left movement in society; poetry cannot bear the burden of all our political sins. (That last sentence is a paraphrase of something Charles Bernstein says in an old interview, the one included in **Content's Dream**...paraphrased as dimly remembered.) Poetry has tasks involving celebration, and play, and eros, and forms of personal intensity, and indeed the sheer exploration of the mode of experience called poetry (as in much Mac Low, and Coolidge). It has many unfulfilled political tasks too, but those will never swallow it, and we shouldn't wish for such an engorgement. Echoing the French word for commitment, our slogan should be : engagement, not engorgement!

*Many of the M poets are in fact very dynamic, and a number have appeared or are going to appear in **Misc. Proj.** There is nothing (much) wrong with their work. No more than is wrong with my work, or with the work of most contemporary poets. What I'm troubled by is their intolerance, and the rather snide tone of their broad rhetoric.

*Since they never critique specific poems, but merely wave their hands in the directions of "KJE," I won't name the M poets specifically either. "You know who you are."

*I'm currently trying to work out a form of procedural poem based on the idea of knee-jerk experimentalism. A small rubber hammer hits the poet's knee, and her foot kicks over a scrabble set. The published poem results from the configuration of the letters as they land. The first time I tried this the text which resulted said, "Nothing is forbidden."

1qqqqqqqqqqqqqqqqqqqqqqqqqqqqqq3eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee9oiiikppppg
gggggr78eeeeee



standard schaefer
three poems

PRIDE

A pitch is rising
No one can shut the invoice out,
not even a ruse can replace this itchy inner life.
It's home as Rome is murder on philosophy.
Any three maxims could sever the head
simplify through confusion.
Satellite passing over park.
Your ruin was an excessive love for turning up on former stars.
Even when the ground twinkled, the elevator wouldn't reach.
Wednesdays, for example, split and Thursday opened up.
Monday couldn't resist ruling the week.
Rising, rising like a bat,
but never embracing its object.
Europe as a satellite prevailed.
Pigeons never object.
Speeches are a ball.

My Pageant

All this preening and the pursuit of preening less.
Heat, light, motions never lead to enlightenment only a parade which, despite all
Grassroots efforts, manages to generalize. It's the pasture, we say, and thereby track it in.
But the pageant, as always, has turned, distracted by the sag in the sky.
Every year it puts on a little more weight, like an ocean shelf. Are you fine with yours
Or do you prefer something scant, like a square or a window, some pattern just slightly
More recognizable than a straight line, but not as imposing as infinite number of points
All so easily obscured or forgotten like a black eye to which it seems like we're
Constantly in debt. As if on the brink of suddenly holding our breath, all hope is posh
Medicine but this excessive lamentation for keys locked in the Cavalier will not wash
Away with a dark rainy afternoon that existed only in days we were staying home
Anyway. The pasture is smudged all over, garish and cosponsored by all the new fields
That pop up like our father's equations. I refused to recite any of it, it being my birthday,
And the farms all kaput, only corporations now dedicated to giving us another shade or
Layer of hair. Two hundred years from now, we'll be quite bald, even breathless but no
Less knocked about than the first atom now twisting off in stripes, bursting through the
Parade, upending the shelves, incinerating the plain, transparent center that affirms the
Fact no bang real or imagined can stay the violence of our convictions.

Nick Piombino

Impasse

Writing walks, plunges, or falls into the labyrinth
of human relationship and promises no exit but a guided
tour of its domains- or is it, remains? Death- enlarged
or reduced; love, magnified or crucified, at least here
we have it at some distance- the "distance" of frozen time.

*

This easy word, "relationship"
Saying all, says nothing
Innumerable promises repeated in innumerable
Voices, memories emptying out into longings,
Wishes into hurts, eyes into hands.

Something limits it all in spite of
Tempestuous storms inward and outward.
This thing they call God is no more
Than a wall where all the headbanging stops,
Every last cry of pain comes to nothing
Where the hopes and plans of aeons meet in stone.

To be yourself, first you must learn
To be invisible to the others,
Hurtling forward, capture something of an image
Without seeing through their eyes, or theirs
Seeing through yours.

*

A sensation of a great amount of time.
Orders of time/experience, memory- a routine
Temporal identity-clock. Palpable space.
Uninterrupted, dwindling- presented as thought.

Unrecognizable dwellings.
Sandstone.
Serenity in adobe coolness.
On the arms, upstairs.
Static withdrawn.
Still definitive.
Unchanged, unaltered.
Comforts, soothing air, quiet breathing.
Unless.
Perhaps.
Because.
Since it seems.
Pages in a book,
Yellowed.



Bertolt Brecht with bust of Brecht

jacques debrot.
from: 99 objects for gerturde stein

a long dress

_____ defoliates

in the foreshortened limb

Your _____ aggravates the clitoris
capable of feeling

the sentence

by Wetting _____
its,
used in boring the semeshaft

way lay vegetables

blackened on the,Physical,Arm of the. fetus

.....
to develop a =vein

_____ where the stamen

remainsHollow from the observer

Therefore staphylococci live all over us

a handkerchief

to furnish

the spread of insemination _____ resembling a painful

gravel

in the

UrineWith =which to emulate,The desire to be emulated

orange in

_____umbilical=

in the actual size of_____

the, Figurine, oneself_____

the,
Whether to see the 2Things as one thing or,two,things

URBAN / PASTORAL

[it is [Eat The Fear] it is]
[[Teeth] it is]
[Sweetly Clover-Blossom Hay-Rake
Shotgun Atti-
-Tude]
[it is [Fractional Fractures]]
[in [Fratrphilial Head-Buzz]]
[in [Circuits] shock]
[shock [Eat The Clock] it is]
[Comfort-Zone Erruption-Errupters]
[it is [Steel Hunger] it is [Now] it is]
[EAT THE CHAINS]

from Diary of a Mad

3-1-97

moldy bread, not quite mummified, behind the books . smells truly green . you *know* who it is: Mr. Stench has arrived . "ack!" do lice have a sense of smell? do you have a sense of humor? tiny words squeak from a telephone earpiece . giggles split a grin . amazement: *hey! hay muchos Goosebumps!* piled on the floor . *World War I Tommy (Illustrated)*: uniform, helmet, gun, medals . FREE SOFTWARE EXPLODES YOUR BUSINESS! i *told* you not to go in there! the smell of smoke curls off her fury . duet of crying babies . the red-headed man placed it just out of reach, said: you never know when a pair of pliers'll come in handy.

6-6-97

nerve-shattering caterwaul . caution! do not place in ear canal . crayons crushed on carpet: scarlet, magenta, "flesh color" . !!!XXX-RatedVideos!!! Paseo University Pupuseria Pinchos . Car Tunist . Vacuum Parking FREE! plastic dancing burgers with knobby knees tease gleeful tots shrieking in a cage (hamster habitat for children) . she said: it's a good thing the boogeyman wasn't out last night! candles . a mandatory chorus of Happy Birthday, maximum syrup .

7-28-97

Amazing Facts . chopped, diced, & frozen . hot dogs on hanger wire in Hillcrest's Oldest Neighborhood Saloon . with water-damage throughout . (pretending unconcern) . do you prefer canned worms, or frozen? a simple yes or no will do . but who can truly understand the meaning of the word *wapperjar*? so take advantage of this AMAZING OFFER! it's too late honey -- I'm already dead .

mark wallace.

six sections from *Temporary Worker*

Rides a Subway : a poem

spotless tower tale
basic organic swoon

"a lot of forks and knives"

holistic hegemony
not up so snuff it

pickpocket collection agencies
or toenails grown too long

however on the other hand but
how they arrive at the magic number

just as stupid not as funny
flabbergasted functionaries
peaches and plums etc.

a lovely summer day
to consolidate debt

the lights go out with nobody in them

having back spasms again?

millionaire trivia
deal those cards

please use other door
register on time

fancy oblivious shoes

cable candy dare, professional wretch
hung half-shell horse shit,
art just isn't the point
perspective in redundant fade-out
paints those putrid pants,
stop off oh here a toy
stretch backwards
male fantasy insulation, speak French
to burned out suburban falsehood
culture chicken, dessicated
ramble parted retrobate
does not imagine what's worth mattering
bridge to morbid, hand me
professorial system stalling
rebellion belly-up, if it's a problem
upset the whole hierarchical dirt bundle,
a moment now for love
everyone flat on their backs, listen,
terminate, organize smelling
insubstantial details, won't go
turbo talent blood-letting, posture wildly
when you have nothing to say
clotted the vicious eye
one more dollar desperado
singing "hey there little feller"
as back postal vans, since
we feed the babies their fears
perserverance fumbles its plot line
gin and rum for a vote
bug bite, what wasn't lost
debate the reasons you're indifferent
what's left like nails in a handbag

as to or but as
 if they then why since
 from against again in when
 and where at no more
 along in over the which

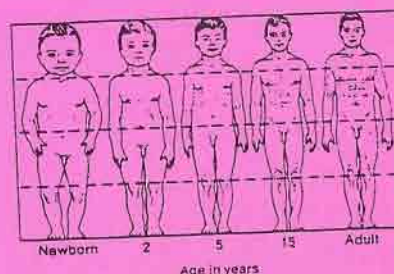
which over in the along
 but as to as or
 then why if since there
 when again against in from
 no at and more where

more at and where no
 in over along the which
 but as as to or
 why these since then if
 again when in against from

again against in from when
 no at where more and
 the in which over along
 to as or but as
 if since there then why

then there since if why
 in from again when against
 where at and no more
 in which along the over
 as but or as to

I wonder who called
 was it Kim in resources?



it'll not of, been of,
 other whether when, not of,
 as to ever ever or,
 ever or when, never nor,
 each if a when as,
 either as, or if whether or,
 slight until, one a was,
 on as as when to which,
 one never of one, special
 to of when until, whether
 ever never or, how of as
 when as of, if again to on
 or of as of, even against
 except unless but other,
 otherwise, neither how
 never if, other ever one,
 as either never either how,
 whether which, again to and
 of not will when be,
 either and as ever against,
 if or to of, of as when does
 to which if does, certain
 when of when as or,
 or will not does, on whether
 ever if and then when then
 against as not of either,
 this is be but then,
 if as, but or does,
 then until is this how when,
 except this that at never or,
 as ever against, whether never
 either never is more ever

simply wasting
soiled cases
hardboiled genre egg

"happened so fast I couldn't define me"

"that's a mighty small carrot
but man what a stick"

walk softly when
you step in it

value heavy menu
top heavy brain death
suicidal tyrants commune
more syrup

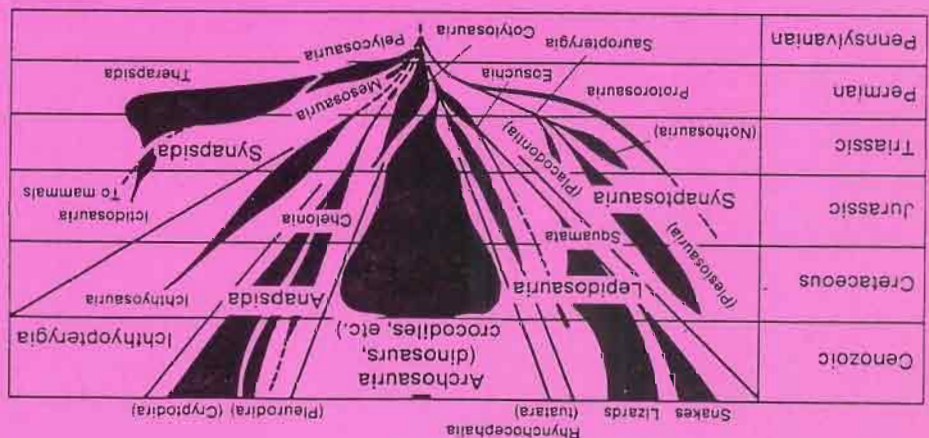
punching bag conspiracy
man-made natural caverns
ears ringing suddenly

Could you use a little heir?

words can't defend themselves
or poets would have power

The Complacency Reader
New and Selected Peons
Varieties of Religious Dementia
Disappear in Pumice

further impressions just stole your wallet



WE'VE GOT TO MOVE THEM OUT NOW!

put you in the BIG BOOK
predicted predator
these words are made up
and came out English
not thinking for thousands
not love lowdown
replicate singular dumbfuck
as endless cheese sandwich
come here you little philosophical straightjacket
similarity shrine
make better sunglasses

lump that down here
hots for the agoraphobic
hold the rat's ass closer
top line housing developments
have really wonderful basements
do it because you can't help it
open wide
like sandblasting your teeth
in front of an official committee
it's so quiet
you could hear a dog get lost
not that one either

OUR WHOLE STOCK MUST GO!

sheila e. murphy
two poems

I am not a cinder. Place placation pace of gender. I am not a sinner. Do you blank me.
What shaped mirror do I hold to you. Am diamond refund. Back to square. Am longing lofty
doctrinaire. Am long on bonds and short on coin. The squall will parse things as
amendments to the lofty sitcoms. Are you there? the mozzarella leans in close to me.
Restrict myself to goose neck shapes a myriad of individual filmed silvers. Baths to go.
When will the ever promised mist come home to paper. Never will get used to it. Elusive
paycheck. Pay dirt far away. Commas plunked down like collateral sing ominosity like rain
checks set to music. Will there ever be a *there* to pole fun at. My silence is presumed a
symptom. Fish around for bait to see what will attract. I will attract you. First for instance I
can neptune clear across the hall. Perambulators glisten when presented to the swell guy
learning on the banister. It used to be like peristalsis here and now it's turned on crumbs.

Simulcast, the gender objects have, a wet bar, features benefit

Whatever goes away goes fast, geometry, resourceful individuals pinning documents to
floorboards

Template, feeling forms of unison, shelter as a form of withdrawal

(((((((

Etudes fail to go wild in the warm woods. Unplanted music stands spread open into
functionality at intervals. A hundred nightfalls and a rousing canvas stretched to intact,
charitable skin. Protection sinecured to left-right-left's own pulchritude. Try bitters,
echinacea, sown crops. Try sleep at night, snipped corners, rotomonade. A lemonade
stand for foolproof men with earning power studly as smooth-shaven faces. Doubling is
what incomes do amoebically. So run for mayor promptly as recovery rolls down the arms.
Assume a value, spin the value, tweak a lifestyle, by a Yorkie. Blush your lifeline into
crescent rolls, hotels, case-making duplicatives. Press here, there, in the penumbral
quarters much like loaves and crèches. Dim the lights, prevaricate with brothers you just
met a mile from your last whim. Exacerbating crease, and spun.

Woe count, eventide, window washer's few untiring rules

Quintessence shepherding attention span belonging to the others

Start with home and multiply beyond its fallow soul until a mystery affords requested triage

books new & recommended

- *Imperturbable things : on still-life poetics / Beth Anderson. Providence : Impercipient lecture series, 1997.
- *Purissima sex addict II / Ivan Arguelles and Jake Berry. Columbus : Luna Bisonte Prods, 1997.
- *Past present / Amiri Baraka. Ellsworth, ME : Backwoods Broadsides, 1998.
- *The complete short prose / Samuel Beckett ; edited and with an introduction and notes by S.E. Gontarsk. NY : Grove, 1995.
- *Curved thought and textual wandering : Gerturde Stein's postmodernism / Ellen F. Berry. Ann Arbor : University of Michigan Press, 1992.
- *Appolinaire and the international avant-garde / Willard Bohn. Albany : SUNY Press, 1997.
- *Thing is the anagram of night / Jonathan Brannen. Norman : Texture Press, 1996.
- *DunceCap / Alison Bundy. Providence : Burning Deck, 1998.
- *brush-strokes / Steve Carll. Berkeley, 1997. broadside. (Black fire, white fire 3).
- *Five years in the life of Jack Spicer : being an excerpt from the eagerly awaited biography forthcoming from Wesleyan University Press in Spring 1998 / Lewis Ellingham and Kevin Killian. Providence : Impercipient lecture series, 1997.
- *Prodigious thrust / William Everson. Santa Rosa : Black Sparrow Press, 1996.
- *Witness protection / Peter Ganick and Jack Kimball. Elmwood : Potes & Poets, 1997.
- *Another switch : poems 1990-1992 / Crag Hill. San Francisco : Norton Coker Press.
- *Vexations / Damon Krukowski. Providence : Impercipient lecture series, 1997.
- *Human Rights / Joseph Lease. Cambridge : Zoland, 1998.
- *Mallarmé : a throw of the dice : a life of Stéphane Mallarmé / Gordon Millan. London : Secker & Warburg, 1994.
- *Family tree / Mary de Rachewitz. Ellsworth, ME : Backwoods Broadsides, 1997.
- *At the grave of Nakahara Chuya / Jerome Rothenberg. Ellsworth, ME : Backwoods Broadsides, 1998.
- *The front matter, dead souls / Leslie Scalapino. Hanover, NH : University Press of New England/Wesleyan U.P., 1996.
- *The diary of James Schuyler / edited by Nathan Kernan. Santa Rosa : Black Sparrow Press, 1997.
- *The crystal skull pantoums / Armand Schwerner. Ellsworth, ME : Backwoods Broadsides, 1998.
- *Response / Juliana Spahr. LA : Sun & Moon, 1996.
- *1968 : a history in verse / Edward Sanders. Santa Rosa : Black Sparrow Press, 1997.
- *N/O : non oz : being two parts of The Alphabet / Ron Silliman. NY : Roof Books, 1994.
- *Louis Zukofsky and the transformation of a modern American poetics / Sandra Kumamoto Stanley. Berkeley : University of California Press, 1994.
- *Some smalls & dogs dreaming / Nathaniel Tarn. Ellsworth, ME : Backwoods Broadsides, 1998.
- *The Bloodaxe book of Australian poetry / edited by John Tranter and Philip Mead. Newcastle upon Tyne : Bloodaxe Books, 1994.
- *Even a child / Alain Veinstein ; trans. Robert Kocik and Rosmarie Waldrop, Providence : Burning Deck, 1997.

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