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The reference here is to my poem, Night Bus, which
I had sent ~~Wm~~ Reed for The Massachusetts Review.
He and Dan Herber, the editor of Sumac ("Dan" in the
3/9 letter) had put in a week of strenuous poetry reading
and teaching in the public schools and had visited with
me. "Berryman" is, of course, John Berryman.
Carl Rakosi

Carl Rakosi

128 Irving St.

San Francisco, CA 94122

8/8/80

Dear Ian:

Enclosed is the mss of HISTORY along with a photograph. You should acknowledge the presence of parts of HISTORY in ERE-VOICE and EX CRANIUM, NIGHT. No, you don't need to include biographical information about me in such a small book except perhaps to say that my work first appeared in THE LITTLE REVIEW and in Ezra Pound's THE EXILE and that in the early 1930's I was associated briefly with the Objectivists.

My bibliography:

TWO POEMS, The Modern Editions Press, 1933

SELECTED POEMS, New Directions Press, 1941

AMULET, New Directions Press, 1967

ERE-VOICE, New Directions Press, 1971

EX CRANIUM, NIGHT, Black Sparrow Press, 1975

MY EXPERIENCES IN PARNASSUS, Black Sparrow Press, 1977

DROLES DE JOURNAL, Toothpaste Press, 1980

I'm sure you'll do your best to turn out an attractive booklet.

Best,

P.S. You might want to include in the information about me that between 1939 and 1966 I stopped writing entirely. Also that the mss of my COLLECTED POEMS AND PROSE is presently with a publisher and I shall know soon about its publication.

Carl Rakosi

128 Irving St.

San Francisco, CA 94122

8/8/80

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Please tell me the date of the lecture you delivered at East Anglia that is on videotape. I have extensive notes for the lecture but no day, month, year of delivery.

HELP,
can you?

1974

April 25, 1974

20 June 82

Could you provide me with a xerox of Michael Heller's Montenegro article on you? My efforts to secure a copy have failed & it should be listed & annotated in the bibliography.
HELP,
can you?

Carl:

Please sign these & send one back to me (the one with the red underlining), pronto. Thank you much.

Enclosed is a card of mine -- please send to Toothpaste Press, telling them of the fact you're releasing materials for my book & asking them if they want to be in touch with me. I appreciate this. I'm supposed to get the copyright holder's permission & simply notify the publisher as I did with Black Sparrow & New Directions; some publishers want to be paid for the release, though in that you own the copyright there probably can be no request from Toothpaste. So it seems more appropriate if you simply alert them, putting them in touch with me if further communication is required.

I spoke with Twayne. We have a 1983 publication date. I have a new editor at Twayne; a very cooperative fellow. (My field editor remains the same; he's the one to worry about.)

The ms. is cut to size & organized appropriately, as I noted. It was nice of you to take existential responsibility, tho, as you note, it's beyond your job description -- I got myself into this & it was up to me to extract myself.

Out at last! Even if there's more work needed, there's no way it can be substantive.

Sarah just walked in with a balloon for me for father's day....I'll sign off & go fly it, then.

I may be in touch by phone re small details next month as I put the finishing touches on such things as the bibliography, etc., etc. Will you be around in July?

Maureen & Sarah send love as do I --

Maureen

--What a pleasing week this is: I finish up the Twayne book & also get a merit pay increase & reappointment to my tenure track position (for the next five years after which I'm considered for tenure; I am eligible for merit increases each year now, based on a percentage of my previous year's salary which will, obviously, be on the increase). Maureen, by the way, is going back to school for her M.S.W. -- she needs it to receive payment from insurance companies in Wisconsin as she does therapy with two clinics & wants to go into private practice as well.

21 June 82

Carl,

Our letters are circulating across the country, bypassing each other like the trade winds.

I just wanted to express my joy at your 6/18/82 joy. I don't think that I've really felt relief until reading your letter -- i.e. I've been so caught up with the process of getting this ms done again that I haven't allowed for any unmitigated joy. Your letter sparked it.

It came at a good point, too, in that I was up half the nite trying to reintegrate footnotes & renumber extant ones. What a bloody jigsaw puzzle. Maureen came in about midnite to ask if she could help & all I could get out of my mouth was that nobody could. I finally got it all set, tho, & slept like a baby.

The letter I fired off yesterday, earlier, that went out this morning is self-explanatory. Just another item of business to take care of.

OK, then, Just wanted to let you know I was elated -- you set the rite connections in motion with your letter, that is.

Tonite I work a little more on Chapter V to shorten it somewhat. For your information, there are now five parts to it -- the addition is (a new) "A", "Epic Sensibility." I'm very pleased that you responded so well to the revised Contents, for I, too, feel that it is quite rite overall.

The typist is at work. I'm photocopying & assembling. When I'm done with some editing of V then the whole business is off my desk (& the dining room table, kitchen table, etc. etc.).

The ms will be in quite ahead of schedule. Now you know there's a 1983 publication date. I'd let the bubbles age until I hear from the field editor. He'll undoubtedly have some revisions in mind. But, I agree, they can't be that much at this point. I've done what they wanted, after all. I managed to keep my vision intact, too; so I'm happy as well.

The book is solid. You'll like it. It makes sense. It's nothing like my dissertation, which allowed me the freedom to express in a form I felt at home with; but the Twayne bookhangs together real well.

I'll never do anything like this again, believe me. My scholarly days are numbered if not over. Scholarly pursuits from now on are limited to essays & my book on music.

Plans for the summer? Maureen & Sarah are going camping this next week -- I can't take off from the office as it's our busy season. I'm planning on a break in the fall, so my summer celebration after the book completion will be in September; we'll probably all go camping. Sarah is turning out to be a real close friend. Doing things with her is great fun! We're

over

thinking that if we're going to add to the family, now's the time. Maureen has some waiver exams to get out of the way prior to graduate school (noted in previous letter). Once those are done, we'll talk seriously about enlarging the family.

Now that the book is over I'm finding my ulcerative condition to be radically improving. There was an obvious connection, internally. There were other things, too, causing it to stay out of remission, but I can feel the physical relief through & through. Hopefully, the disorder will again retreat out of existence in the near future as it always has done; the basic opinion this time around is that it was complicated by a viral infection last fall that really caused it to become entrenched.

Well, I didn't expect to rattle on like this. I'm just home to check for a UPS shipment as I'm expecting a musical instrument from the Gibson factory any day; I had one of my guitars souped-up when I was at the factory in Michigan last week. I plan on really applying myself to my music over the summer. A perfect release.

Again, I'm glad I heard from you. I'll let you know when to open the bottle. When it's approved would be the time for that. I'm hoping that this will occur before Christmas -- if there is any revision, I'm certain to do it immediately & I should hear before Thanksgiving.

Soon!

[Handwritten signature]

*Sarah & Maureen
Say hello & send
hugs.*

*(Enclosed is a card,
if I have it set up, in
case dan time communication
is required on this project.
Just an option I want
open in case....)*

no copy

25 June 74

Lionhead Publishing
Martin J. Rosenblum, Editor
3016 West Michigan Street
Milwaukee Wisconsin 53208

Carl Rakosi:

Altho it was long ago, & you never actually met me, perhaps you'll recall my name from Albatross One -- I was one of the editors. Anyway, that having nothing to do with my present inquiry, on to it: I have been asked to do an article on The Objectivist Press, or on the Objectivists, or on you & George Oppen & Charles Reznikoff, for Margins; I've enclosed a Margins flyer & under separate cover have sent back issues of Margins (& a copy of a journal for which I'm a contributing editor, & some things from Lionhead). I'd like to know from you what you have to say & what you think I should be concerned about in the article.

I've read all your books & 've 'followed' your development (I'm doing a Ph.D. in modern poetry; my dissertation will be on W.C.W. -- to that end, Norman Holmes Pearson has given me permission to read most of Williams' papers..... some background on my work all of which is to say) & love your work. I hope to hear from you; feel free to go into anything you want & to make any suggestions.

Altho I'm no longer a contributing editor for Margins, I'll have complete freedom with my article. ~~affggg~~ I'll look forward to hearing from you, then; and thank you ever so much for any time you can give me.

All Best,

Marty

Martin J. Rosenblum

P.S. I've used poems from Ere-Voice in courses I've taught and the student response is usually one of astonishment -- rather like they didn't know poetry like that could be written & glad that it was being written, after an initial 'are you sure this is poetry' puzzlement.

Martin J Rosenblum, PhD
2521 East Stratford Court
Shorewood Wisconsin 53211

Lionhead Publishing/ROAR Recording

2 June 82

Carl,

The RAKOSI ms will be at the typist's by the middle of next week. It's fully revised. I've met all of the Twayne needs. I've kept my basic vision intact which required that I use an organizational method that should meet the Twayne standard. If it does not, I will revise if my mode can be maintained somewhat. Should the method require a total restructuring, I will seek another publisher. Don't worry: the method I use is quite appropriate & not at all experimental; it just introduces information in a fluid, logical way that is totally relative to the "story" being evolved instead of to conform to an outline in a strict sense. There is no official Twayne outline, you understand, & I've met all of the field editor's demands, so I do not imagine any problem -- but I want you to know that I have completed the book to their specifications using my standard of narration. I can't do any less; certainly no more. The rest will be up to them. They will have it by mid-August, probably before; I should hear from them around Thanksgiving or so.

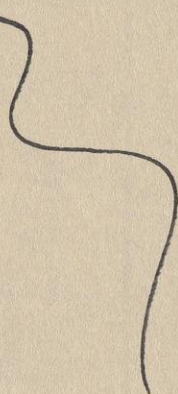
On to other projects. I just wanted you to know that I succeeded in making a major rewrite & that the book is done. I know, even with my reassurances, that you probably had some doubts about the completion of this. It's complete. Now maybe my ulcerative condition can take a vacation while I turn to other writing projects, music projects & finally can turn over in bed at nite without thinking about making the chapters fit well.

Let's hope Twayne takes it as is or requires only moderate reworking.

I've done my best for them.

Hugs,

Mart



6/13/82

Dear Marty:

The completion of your book calls for a beer and hugs. I know how much I would have hated to have had to go through such a basic revision, and so I too, in a nominal way, can relax now with you; and since the book is about me, I feel a twinge ~~of~~ of guilt that I should have been the cause of so much frustration. Illogical, I know, but existential.

Have a good summer, all of you, and visit us sometime, if you can. And keep in touch.

P.S. Thanks for the record. My turntable will go 45 RPM but won't take the large hole in the center of the record. I'll have to find ~~me~~ me one that will.

6.18.82

Dear Marty:

Your table of contents is not to be faulted. That should show them you can do it! (and hoist them with their own conventions). If the book is still not satisfactory, I don't see how it can be for any over-all reasons. I'll have to assume then that it's because of me. Let me know when you hear, so Leah and I will know whether to take out the old bottle of champagne and celebrate or let it stay where it is in the cellar and keep on maturing.

And now that the book is finished and school is over, what joyous plans do you and Maureen have for the summer?

Fondly,

Martin J Rosenblum
2521 East Stratford Court
Shorewood Wisconsin 53211

Dear Ms. or Mr.

I request permission to use the material specified below in a book I am preparing entitled Carl Rakosi and in future editions thereof, to be published by Twayne Publishers, a division of G.K.Hall Corp., Boston.

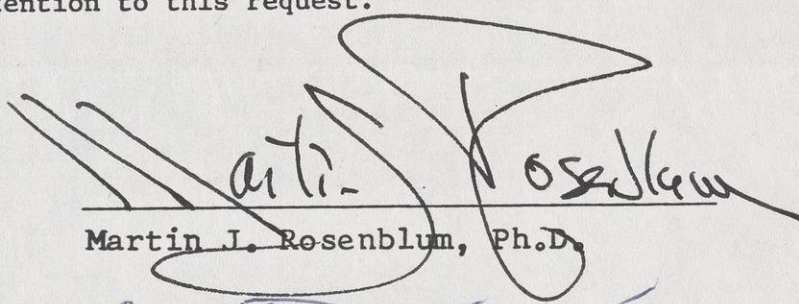
Portions of poems quoted from Droles De Journal, none exceeding minumum **usage** for a scholarly or critical work.

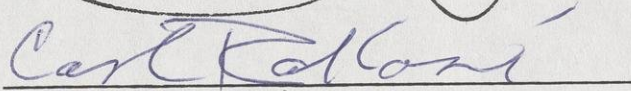
My book will be a volume in Twayne's United States Authors Series, a continuing series of critical/analytical monographs which find their primary market in high school, college, and public libraries, where they are acquired as part of a reference collection. The edition will run between 1000 and 1500 copies, priced at approximately \$11.00. Twayne Publishers offers no trade discounts.

All proper acknowledgments, including author, title, and publisher will be given in our publication. Please indicate the formal acknowledgment you require.

Kindly sign the release form below and return this copy of the letter. The duplicate is for your file.

I shall appreciate your prompt attention to this request.


Martin J. Rosenblum, Ph.D.


(copyright holder)

20 June 1982
(date)

6.30.82

Dear Marty:

My apologies. I thought I had sent you HISTORY. You will recognize (somewhat changed) the Third, Fourth and Seventh Decades sections from ERE-VOICE; the other sections are new. And what is particularly new is that HISTORY in its present form makes manifest claims to being a long poem in the familiar, conventional sense of having an unmistakable beginning and end and an underlying idea in its organization and conceptualization. What more you want to say about it after you have read it, is up to you. I wouldn't ~~xxx~~ dream of saying more myself after your letter. Mum's the word!

P.S. I don't know how Droles de Journal is treated in the book, but if it deserves a section, I'm afraid History deserves at least as much. I can hear you grinding your teeth in frustration at this, but what can I do? Mea culpa.

Can - This is the
Final Contents.

Long enough
to see it.

like to see 60.
Syst + ans

All
W anty

Martin J. Roseblum

(over)

CARL RAKOSI by Martin J Rosenblum

Twayne Publishers

C o n t e n t s

About the Author	
Preface	
Acknowledgements	
Chronology	
Chapter I The Man	
A Poet	
B Person	
C Persona.....	
Chapter II Writing Process	
Chapter III Objectivist Theoretics	
Chapter IV The Books	
A <u>Selected Poems</u> - 1941	
B <u>Amulet</u> - 1967	
C <u>Ere-Voice</u> - 1971	
D <u>Ex Cranium, Night</u> - 1975	
E <u>Droles De Journal</u> - 1981	
Chapter V <u>Americana Poems</u>	
A History	
B Personality	
C Language	
D All American Things	
Chapter VI Projections	
Notes	
Bibliography	
Index	

Martin J Rosenblum
2521 East Stratford Court
Shorewood Wisconsin 53211

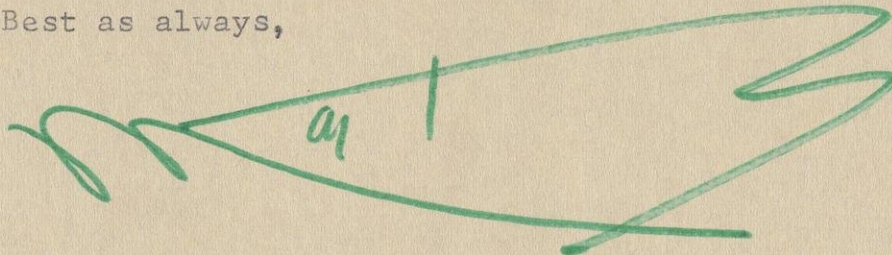
Carl:

A field editor is ~~somebody~~ somebody having absolutely no knowledge in the area the authors write in, but who has a distinct idea as to how Twayne wants its mss completed & possess a general knowledge of the period in which the authors are writing.

My field editor never heard of the Objectivists, as far as I can tell from his remarks; he continually calls the movement Objectivism, in fact.

Thank you for the article* which I'll duplicate soon for return & for signing the document you sent back.

Best as always,

A large, stylized handwritten signature in green ink, appearing to be 'M. J. Rosenblum'.

July 82.

--In-house editors at Twayne, by the way, seem to be business types having ideas about publishing but very little knowledge about literature. Perhaps this is why Twayne is so successful.

* Enclosed, then, is
a copy of the article
as I had a minute
to copy it today.



THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN—MILWAUKEE/P. O. Box 413, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53201

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITY
ENDERIS HALL

6 July 82

Carl:

Please sign the enclosed forms & return the appropriate one.

My typist is at a halt waiting for the unit on HISTORY. It fits before DROLES in the appropriate Chapter, so you can see it in context in your copy of the Contents page.

Without History, my ending was not the way I would have preferred it to be --i.e. I could not find Droles, the recent book, to be strong enough; now with History, out in '81 as was Droles, I can strengthen my conclusions. History is a good book...My conclusions about your work needed it.

My problem is that I have to write the unit on History & adjust the final Chapter today. Tomorrow I have responsibilities that deny access to the book -- these duties go on thru the summer & are related to my job & will use up all energy & time available. Also, the typist must finish typing this week. I know I can manage writing well about History; it's just that I wish I could relax with it. But it will be done today. I won't go into why I prefer History -- you'll read about it in the book! I don't want to take time here.

I finished assembling a book of my own poetry over the weekend. It's called Still Life. I haven't been able to hear a consistent voice of my own since 1979 -- i.e. I have been writing but only publishing when asked for poems by editors of journals, etc. I was asked for book mss., but couldn't comply. It feels oddly quiet now that I've sent the ms off to the publisher. The poems are solid; they don't get caught up in circles my previous poems went into -- they're straightforward & very elemental with a hint of the lyricism of my work done previous to The Werewolf Sequence. Since that book my poetry has been out of control, almost; my unwillingness since '79 to collect it in the context of a book was as the result of my realization that it was weak stuff, my writing, & too, I questioned the whole idea of literature. Also, not having finished the Rakosi study left me feeling as tho I needed to do it if anything!

Hugs,

6 July 1982

Martin J Rosenblum
2521 East Stratford Court
Shorewood Wisconsin 53211

Dear Carl Rakosi

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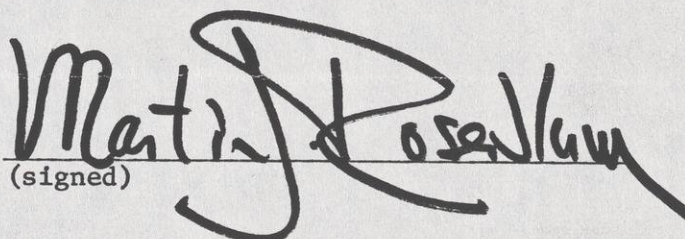
History, Oasis Books, London, 1981.

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All proper acknowledgments, including author, title, and publisher will be given in our publication. Please indicate the formal acknowledgment you require.

Kindly sign the release form below and return this copy of the letter. The duplicate is for your file.

I shall appreciate your prompt attention to this request.


(signed)

(copyright holder)

(date)

Carl:

Where can I get a copy of
HISTORY (Oasis Books, London,
1980)? I just found a reference
to it in my notes while going thru
them for sorting prior to mailing the
materials to the UW-LaCrosse library,
& realized I have not dealt with
it appropriately. The ms. is almost
typed, so a reference to it, unless you
feel it is a substantive work, might
be all I need to make. Please
advise.

Tense,
for antz

- over -

I'm thinking that I sent you the
Contents page & in that HISTORY
was not listed, perhaps you, too,
do not feel it needs to be
treated as you others have
been.

I'd like you to stop writing
now, please, until the Wayne
book is in print. Take up
bowling or golf. Better yet,
watch TV -- ultimately, it's
the most uninspiring thing to
do. Do not receive inspiration
until further notice.

04 Aug 82

2521 E Stratford Ct
Shorewood WI 53211

Carl:

You can move that bottle of spirits closer to the dining room table. About 45 minutes ago I sent the manuscript to Twayne (ahead of schedule). I had a photo copy of it bound for my use & while reading it last nite I realized that it's an adequate study of your work, given the limits placed upon it by Twayne -- really, the limits actually were used to my benefit; I presented them with a trim & efficient critical work, following their requests to rid my approach (used in the ~~dis~~sertation) of its elite nature. In other words, I've produced a study that anybody can read & digest (without leaving out certain complexities I wanted in).

The manuscript follows your work through 1981. I noted the work you have in CONJUNCTIONS (I may not be remembering the title correctly here), 1982, but my cut-off was 1981 for any substantive analysis of your work & the literary environment. So the ms. is quite current in its relationship to your work with a 1983 publication deadline. (I just had to cut off at 1981; I had to have an end-point in order to identify my scenario -- but with 1981 I dealt with all of your books, so I feel it was adequate. Obviously, a thing like this can go on forever ----- but I can't!)

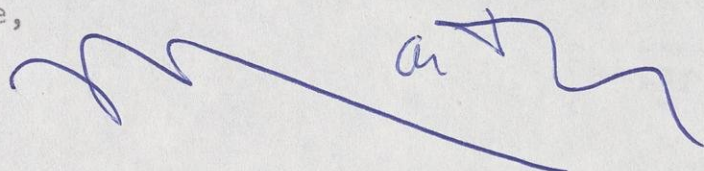
I cannot imagine any major rewriting. We can rest easily now. I'll have some revisions to deal with, obviously, but nothing major.

I think I'm tired now. I feel I'd like to sleep all day but have to now learn how to operate the computer the Department has just received. I'm the one to operate it on an experimental basis to see if it can be applied to our needs. What a day to have to be precise.....

Maureen was having a final session with one of her patients, who was reporting that she felt restored now & that she could return to her writing. She had been a poet until her (now somewhat resolved) poor mental health. She said that she felt she had a great deal to catch up on, now that she was returning to writing poetry, but that she took solace in the fact that a poet she knew of stopped writing for many years & then started to produce again. When she said this poet was Carl Rakosi, Maureen responded by saying that I was finishing a book on this Rakosi. The patient nearly fell off her chair. It seems she had heard you at Naropa &, of course, read your works; now she's waiting for the Twayne book.

Take care. I'm sure we'll be in touch in general, of course, but especially re the OBJ CASEBOOK that Tom & I are targeting for 1983. We have a 1 Jan 83 deadline for mss. I have a letter on hand here wherein you note possible contributors. I'll organize myself & get back to you re it. This weekend I'm packing up the RAKOSI materials to ship to the UW Library at La Crosse & will have cleared my desk, then for the CASEBOOK.

Love,



---The situation that Tom Sharp finds himself in re the Zukofsky family is rather mind-boggling. I cannot comprehend some people's fantasies --Paul Z.'s-- that replace reality for causes that must be internal, psychological or chemical I don't know, but very internal.

8/20/82

Dear Marty:

Sounds good. Ma'azel tov! Even sounds as if the book might have benefited from Twayne's fault-finding.

The Obj. Case-book should be much easier. But what do you mean, you have Jan. 1, 1983 deadline? That's an impossible date if you're just starting out. Do you have an interested publisher that's set that date? And aren't you going to see if the University of California might be interested? The person to write to there is Marilyn Schwartz, U of Cal. Press, 2223 Fulton Street, ~~Bakexx~~ Berkeley, CA 94720. I don't imagine she'd be able to say anything, however, until she knew who the contributors would be.

Tom Sharp, as you probably know, is going to be teaching at the University of San Diego, a Catholic college. A one-year stint, I believe. Whether he finished his dissertation as he is supposed to have done in August, I don't know. I'm eager to see it. The parts he sent me were quite extraordinary.

Busy, busy Maureen; got to be to keep up with you. Hugs to you both.

Carl
P.S. It occurs to me that if Duncan contributes, he might be interested in writing about the Objectivists as a whole, as a phenomenon, a force.

9/8/82

Dear Marty:

Yes, the Mariani biography of Williams is quite a book. There are apparently people who are willing to give their whole life to such a project. I suppose we should be grateful. I'd rather have it than not. I read large hunks of it recently and found him hewing close to reality, revealing as much personal context for the poems as any man could lay his hands on. The reference to me, however, as being the prime mover in the Obj. Press is inaccurate. He meant Zukofsky. Must have been a typo. I was thousands of miles away from N.Y. then and had nothing to do with the Press. He certainly did his homework, however, when he quoted from Williams' letter to me, praising my first book with whoops of unrestrained jubilation. I was surprised and delighted, let me tell you, to find that. He must have found it among the letters I sold to the University of Texas.

I too was bothered by some of the personal things in the biography. I really didn't want to know that much about him. What good is it to know it? Knowing it now, I can't go back and un-know it. Now every time I read a Wms. poem, I suppose I run the risk of having a flash-back to some personal detail in the biography pollute the poem. It's the price we * pay for our damnable curiosity. Pry, pry, pry.

Williams' feelings about Eliot were particularly disturbing to me. On the surface he was waging a seemingly just war against Eliot for an American style. But why did everyone have to work at developing an American style? Nobody was stopping Williams from doing it. Eliot wasn't stopping him. The plain fact was that personally Eliot was just too damned stuffy and affected to develop an American style. And why did he have to do it anyhow? Williams was doing it. And I, for one, am glad Eliot didn't try. Eliot was superbly aware of his own character and gave us Eliot, take it or leave it. Normally, Williams would have understood this as well as anyone, but the unending neglect of Williams' work and the world-wide acclaim given to Eliot's, together with Eliot's pointed exclusion of Williams from his literary circle and remarks ^{in his ch-so polite, oh so WASPish manner,} that showed that he regarded Williams as a very good amateur, all these were so grievous that they became simply unbearable, and Williams had to strike out.

I know what you mean ~~xxxx~~ about the difficulty of getting into a critical ~~xxxx~~ frame. After all, you have to force your mind out of a poetry-writing frame when you do it. But you're not writing poetry all the time, I hope, I pray, I admonish, etc.

Love,

Carl

9/23/82

Dear Marty:

My feelings towards your work are not unfriendly. It's just that I don't want to be in the position of being your critic. Neither critic nor teacher is what I need to be. If I gave in to your wish to tell you when something of yours moved me, as you put it, what would I do when something of yours did not? Pretend that it did? No, I won't do that. In which case, If ~~xx~~ I said anything, I would have to be the critic and tell you why it didn't; or by my silence imply that it didn't. Better to say nothing and just thank you. Let me reassure you, however, that I do think you're in the right ball park and have made some hits.

Best,



THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN—MILWAUKEE/P. O. Box 413, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53201

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITY
ENDERIS HALL

2 Sept 82

Dear Carl:

Thanks for yr 8/20/82 letter.

The 1 Jan 83 deadline is for essays already asked for, primarily. Tom & I agreed on it as a reference point. To-be-asked-for essays will, of course, have to come in much later. But by next summer, we'd like to be well underway with the project.

I will write to Marilyn Schwartz. Thank you very much. I'd prefer U. of C., for sure; & it probably is the best bet.

Yes, Tom's dissertation is quite substantive (from what I have seen of it). His devotion to scholarship is impressive. It reminds me of my sense of it, years ago. My critical acumen now, tho, is not as sharp. I don't have the will necessary for it to be. I have the ability, the talent, but I'd rather mess around with Sarah. We go on nitely "raccoon patrols," e.g. Our alley is wild with the creatures as they come from Downer's Woods to scavenge the garbage containers. I'm writing a series of MR. RACONOWITZ stories for her. I do one each morning & leave it for her before I'm off to work. This is where my analytical energies reside these days.

But this is not to say that I am not up for the OBJ CASEBOOK -- or, certainly, that I slumped on the Twayne book. I can do it. I just have a hell of a time with it. (Since completing the Twayne project & also radically getting into what I'll call very deep relaxation activities, my ulcerative condition has, so far, been pushed out of my body.) The tension I go thru to examine another person's work is quite heavy, is my point.

Have you seen the book on WCW that came out a while ago. I bought it then but only redently read it. What a massive project & rather complete at that. (There's mention of you, twice, once as the front person for the Obj Press --with Oppen behind the scenes-- but in a way that I think is misleading: Carl Rakosi's Objectivist Press, or something like that, is the phrase deployed to describe you. Misleading, no?) WCW was quite a fellow. I've read all I could on him all along but this book really brings out some (personal) things that I find to be disquieting. The anti-semitism, the anff-female stuff bothers me.

Your projected notion of what Duncan could contribute sounds excellent. I'll write to him. But could you ask as well, even in advance of my letter (which I'll get off later in the month). --He read year a while ago but I could not attend. I was seeking total privacy at the time & could not bring myself to enter the social world of readings, even to see him (who I greatly admire). I missed a lot of good writers & musicians over the past year or so. My personal silence needed to be preserved.

Yes, the Twayne book indeed benefited from Twayne's fault-finding. To this point, for sure. I'm told I'll hear from the field editor before Thanksgiving. We'll see what happens next. I'm not concerned, just readying my defense of the book that I now believe it right. My editor at Twayne agreed that I should have "a certain final say." Your papers & mine regarding the book have been received by the La Crosse Library, which thanked me profusely; I wonder how much they'll pay for the stuff. There's a lot there -- letters from Oppen, Reznikoff, Kenner, Pearson, Ginsberg, among the book-related documents, etc.

Well, my first appointment for the day has arrived so I'll end by wishing you a good fall season. My sense of Judaica has been revived over the past year. I feel odd & also relieved about it all but don't know where to go from here. First stop is Appleton, where I haven't been for years, for the Holidays this month, I guess.

Love, Marty



THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN—MILWAUKEE/ P. O. Box 413, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53201

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITY
ENDERIS HALL

13 Sept 82

2521 E Stratford Ct
Shorewood WI 53211

Dear Carl:

Your 9/8/82 letter was very interesting & inspiring. I couldn't agree with you more; ~~that~~ I, too, felt that I didn't have the need to ~~know about~~ nor the interest regarding WCW's off-the-record sort of living. In fact, I find myself --as you indicated you might find yourself-- not as enthused about some of the poems now that I have been told certain things about his attitudes & prejudices. But you said it best: it's the price we pay for our damnable curiosity. ~~kkk~~ That we continually pry open aspects (maybe) better left closed is the root of the trouble. But perhaps information can be revealed in a better context sometimes than it is -- I mean that the Mariani biography could have dealt with things through a different narrative. There was simply reportage, really, with some interjected explanations. Normally ~~h~~ this is preferable. But in this case, some Kenner-like explaining is called-for; Kenner handles delicate issues in The Pound Era with dramatic ~~kkkkk~~ irony & a greater sense of history. I get the feeling that Mariani would be a boring teacher, but a thorough one. Kenner teaches with a great concern for being thorough, but he also introduces us to the nature of the subject matter as it fits into a larger context -- a context that involves the human being being scrutinized in all its complexities but also the ~~kkkk~~ historical context as well as the probable meaning of the individual within the context. There's little guesswork in Kenner's approach, but there is a great deal of humanism & plain love & inspiration relative to the subject matter. Mariani reads like a detailed ~~jj~~ report. Kenner reads with the same attention to detail, but with the narrative flow of a novel to put the details into living inter-action. I end up hating WCW for his anti-semitism but I can let Pound off the hook regarding his; it's Kenner's attention to the way Pound was anti-semitic that causes me to feel --knowing full well that Pound was certainly more anti-semitic than WCW on the surface-- less like being angry & more like feeling curiosity about the whole matter. That's the difference. I am curious about Pound after the ERA & I'm not curious about Williams after the Mariani book. There's nothing left. There's no imagination causing me to respond to the response because there is no response, only facts (which is why it appears that we have been told too much).

The WCW/Eliot thing disturbed me, too, although I must admit that I feel Eliot deserved all of WCW's distaste -- not that Eliot was taking anything away from WCW --you're right that WCW could easily create an American style without having to do so by maligning TS-- but simply because as a teacher I have run up against so many who favor the Eliot instead of the WCW. In other words, I have ~~abstracted~~ abstracted the poets into theories (which isn't the most appropriate thing to do; but my teaching experiences & the difficulties I have had getting WCW, etc on the schedule of classes when Eliot, etc always gets on finally got to me).

Being in a critical frame is, indeed, hard for me -- being in one for a long enough period of time to write anything, that is. No, I certainly don't write poetry all the time. Relative to the time I do everything else, poetry writing takes up little of my time; I write when I'm ready & I write intensely. But I'm always looking at things through the poem. I always have the poetic frame-work set up. Always. I know not to fill it needlessly, but I know that I have to have it set up concretely. You admonish me not to write all the time? I hope this is because you mean that I should be living a full life, not that my poetry, when I do write, is useless. I'm projecting here, obviously. Our methods of composition are very far apart. I have always felt that your feelings toward my poems are not exactly friendly. This is understandable, if it's true. My poems are form-conscious & yours are not, really, & employ a loose poetic structure (effectively); there are other differences, of course, but the fact remains that there are differences.

Not that I'm attempting to get you to like my work (I really always want everybody to be moved by what I write but this is impossible, of course, so I have accepted --quite long ago-- the reality of the situation which is that a few people voice their approval & a few don't & most don't care to do either), but I have two books forthcoming that you will probably find more useful than, say, THE WEREWOLF SEQUENCE (which exemplifies my expansive & my concrete methods). One is STILL LIFE (Morgan Press) & the other is SARAH'S CYCLE (Probably Midwestern Publishers). Both are quite lyrical. They remind me of HOME (did I ever send you that way back when?), but are more economical & the forms are tighter.

Happy Holidays to you, too. We're going to visit my folks this weekend. My father will be eighty very soon. I feel that we have little time left with one another. Our relationship has never been great so I wonder what to expect from now on in. He's very fearful of death (he always has been). He's got a myriad of physical problems now, but none that threatens his life. Anyway, we're all going there for a part of the weekend. I haven't been home for years (but see my Parents in Milw every few months). I am looking forward to walking by the Fox River & seeing all the places I grew up near. I seem to be doing a great deal of --healthy-- remembering these days. Is it because I'm at that point in my life? Is it because I've been ill last year & am now well, breathing a re-evaluative sigh of relief? I don't know. All I know is that I'm listening to my Little Richard records again & am thinking about building a model of a 1940 Ford sedan -- the car that I always wanted to buy from a neighbor so I could soup it up, but that was denied me because my father said it would be unsafe. Don't tell anybody I'm building models here & not writing the American epic poem. Don't tell anybody I'm having a good time, huh?

Happy New Year to you & Leah. We send much love,

Mark

It's
Pardon my typing. I've
been a long day.

11/18/82

Dear Marty:

That I haven't heard from you about the Twayne book can only mean that your agony is being ~~xxxxxxxx~~ protracted and that the news is bad. How bad?

In the meantime at the old corral, C.R.'s collected prose, with a foreword by me (quite unnecessary) and an introduction by someone not yet selected, is going to be published as a book next year by the editor of Paideuma. What d'ya think of that?

Best,

2 Dec 82

Dear Carl:

I have two letters from you in front of me. The 9/23/82 letter re my poetry is greatly appreciated. Your recent letter, too, is very much appreciated -- the sticker on the bottom is in Sarah's collection of stickers. She favors raccoons, a flower is always special.

Your opening paragraph in your recent letter is to the point & accurate. I have been trying to write to you re the Twayne book but have been prevented from doing so by three reasons or causes: one, my work schedule has been hell as it has been first priority registration & the classes available this year are way under the enrollment figures so we all have had to put in overtime to get our students into classes on time; two, my father had what was at first diagnosed as a heart attack, but later was termed a high blood pressure 'attack' (200 over 200) complicated by related physical problems. He is over eighty, so the situation was not to be taken lightly. (I got a speeding ticket on my way to visit him.) But the third reason for my failure is the most likely cause for my failure to write. I got sick when I heard from Twayne that they objected, in the end, to my manuscript & I couldn't do anything but try to ignore the situation while thinking of alternate publishers. In other words, I wanted to work it out so that it would go to another publisher & THEN let you know. Thus far, I'm still researching & am letting you know that I'm trying to place the ms. with another publisher. (I'm still ill about it all, physically with the ulcerative condition; & mentally with anger & some humiliation, altho I feel relieved that I'm away from Twayne as I'm not a Twayne author & the relief of being out of their stable is quite nice.)

Here's what happened. But first relax & realize that I will place the book elsewhere & that I have an excellent manuscript now for the appropriate publisher.

Never responding to my direct inquiries, the field editor simply repeated the Twayne outline to me which, I thought, I followed quite well for the second rewrite; in fact, the field editor indicated that I had in his letter to Twayne. (These fucking letters were never addressed to me. They were always addressed to an editor at Twayne -- I should say to editors at Twayne for they changed very often & I was never in touch with one person for more than a six month period, maybe a year at tops -- who would write to me saying that the field editor said this & you read it, meaning that I was to overhear the conversation between the main office & the field.) But the main office decided to quit. I think that they quit for two reasons: one, they did not want to keep seeing rewrites that did not totally conform to their rules because, two, it was costing them money. Meanwhile, all the money I put up myself to get the ms ready for them has been lost (about seven hundred dollars). I got some of it back (about four hundred) by selling the papers to a library & I'm certain that I will place the book so, ultimately, I'll get my investment returned.

As will you. I was going to contact the Paideuma editor, a correspondent of mine for some years, & maybe you could indicate to him that I will be doing so to sort of pave the way. (This is Terrell, rite? I mean I assume you're in touch with him.) Also, I was thinking of the Univ of Calif; I was thinking of putting together a series of possibilities for a publisher -- the Casebook, Anthology & Crit Biog. Smaller publishers have shown some interest but I'm afraid the money is not there & I don't want to go that route with a book of this nature, altho Black Sparrow seems like a possibility. I have drafted a letter & have arranged an excerpt of the book -- I have put this material into a container which features it along with my credentials & a blurb about you (in case it went to publishers who were not aware of your stature, as Twayne was not).

I do not regret having been involved with Twayne for the single reason that it got the book done. I always felt a bit 'little' doing a book for them, but tried to be very impressed (rightfully so) by their huge catalog. They do present literature & those who write it to a large audience. But the audience, ultimately, is not the one that I can write for; I can teach the "advanced high school student" but I'll be damned if I can write for him/her. All foreign words were continually being deleted from my book; all references that were too "complex" were being deleted. The final insult was when the field editor, misspelling Zukofsky's name, indicated that this fellow should be deleted for the most part because he

not only was difficult to understand but also because his use of "Objectivism" seemed to be a trifle odd. Really, the field editor obviously knew nothing about my subject matter; all he did was rip the shit out of my structure.

But rightfully so.

The structure was not for Twayne. ~~St~~ first it was not sound at all, I fully ~~admit~~ that -- the dissertation was better. But after the first & then second rewriting, the structure was --is-- just fine; but it isn't for Twayne.

I feel OK about all of this. It was a shock as it will be to you. Regrouping now, tho, I feel that a different publisher is in order. When I first signed my contract with Twayne, a lawyer told me that it was foolish to do so -- I had to rites & no recourse if they decided not to publish. I talked with an ex-associate in the English Dept here recently who told me that when he got his Twayne contract, he countered with one that favored the author & they simply took his subject & found another author of their own choosing. This is how the publisher, Twayne, survives -- they invest nothing at first & then, except for ~~retainer~~'s fees for field editors, have nothing to lose. This is good business, for sure.

Another ex-associate, also a potential Twayne author, ~~informed~~ me from the beginning that working with Twayne would turn out unfavorably for me; he had an experience similar to mine, ultimately pulling out of his contract because he was frustrated with the rewriting where there was no direct contact with the individual requesting it.

I called Twayne many times asking about specifics re the ms preparation & never once got an answer that was immediate; the editor, in other words, at the main office was not a literary person -- he or she was a businessperson, usually an ex-booksalesperson or store-type manager. But, again, this is good business. Twayne goes on, appearing to do well.

So I'm out of a relationship that I could not consummate. I want an editor that will deal directly with me by phone or by letter. I know the book is good. I have dealt with all aspects of your career & I'm satisfied with what I have. It will have to be rewritten, obviously, if it is accepted because every publisher has its wants -- this I'm willing to do, but only within a situation that will allow me to be dealing directly with an editor & with a press that is geared toward the sort of literature I'm dealing with in the ms.

I'm sorry, tho; I can't help feeling as tho I've let you down. (To hell with Twayne; I have no feelings either way toward them; they used me & I used them & I have a ms now & they don't so it all feels all right to me.) I'm terribly sorry.

But I'm not disappointed. My immediate & gut reaction to hearing that Twayne would not publish was one of pure, unmitigated relief & joy. I hated them. I then felt a terrible burden, tho, which I still feel, regarding my responsibility toward you; but it is essential to note that this responsibility is not one that I will shirk. I have a responsibility to you but also to history & to the ms itself; it needs to be printed -- it needs to be heard. It will be. I hope your patience will continue. I hope that you realize I did what I could to save the situation. (So much so that my own integrity really took a beating. Dealing with that Company was quite belittling for me. I'm not used to being unable to do what is expected in this area. It was easier writing the disseration & taking all of the prelims & even doing my German exam. I never understood Twayne's language. German is easier for me to understand.)

Forgive, too, this rambling account of the situation but it's the only way I can manage to get it all down for you (especially in that I'm at work at the moment, getting ready for a busy day, or rather, morning; I'm taking this afternoon & tomorrow off to try to quite my insides & to rest in general).

I feel bad, then, about my inability to put you on the Twayne list but I feel relieved that I am not on that list.

The more I wrote & read the more I learned that Twayne is not exactly a heavy-hitter; most of my (ex)respected associates in the literary world had no respect for the company &, in turn, I felt sort of silly writing for the Company. I never let this feeling interfere, you understand, but I am bringing it up now to make myself --& hopefully you-- put this into a different perspective.

It is a healthy situation.

I'll be taking it forward as I have been.

I'll not be letting it go.

Let me hear from you, then, re all of this when you have had it all settle in. Please don't be too disappointed. It will be better if the book is placed with a company that will allow the right structure & will permit photos & will stop telling the author that this or that word cannot be understood by one who is pre-college.

God help me from ever trying to talk in print to anyone who wants a pre-college narrative. Sarah can understand the concepts I was working with better than Kenneth Eble, the field editor, who writes books about how to teach high school. I'm not actually bitter, here, just putting things in order.

Sarah is taking French lessons. Maureen is working for her MSW. Today she is filming a TV program on PMS, which she has become an expert on in the Milw area. (Her MSW research will be on PMS.) Everybody around me is learning something. Even our dog is learning how to open the cupboard to get at some bones in her ripened, old age. I'm learning in a way that is more like Marta, the dog, & less like Sarah & Maureen -- I'm not putting information in order but rather am trying to figure out how to get my basic needs taken care of. I'm enjoying all that I'm doing to a high degree but there's a gap. This gap is filled by physical stress & it needs to be filled with new methods of opening the cupboard.

Do let me know what you're feeling as soon as you can organize your thoughts.

Much love from us all,

Maureen
— No time to proof R. S. Exercise
the errors & general disorder.

12/11/82

Dear Marty:

That was butchery that those nonentities at Twayne committed. I feel for you. Reject the book out of hand after putting it through several lobotomies? Outrageous! Outrageous! How one can get this out of one's system I don't know.

I feel disappointed, of course, but not surprised. I didn't think I was really a Twayne author, but I still hoped. But miracles don't happen at the high school level and we simply failed to live down to it.

Don't be in a hurry to send the book out, however, as it is. As I said, it has been ~~through~~ lobotomized again and again and before it can be acceptable to a good publisher, it seems to me that the fullness and complexity of the thinking that went into the original text would have to be reconstituted, but this time in an orderly plan a la Twayne. If you can do this, there are three magazines I know that would be interested in publishing parts of it: CONJUNCTIONS, IRONWOOD, AND SAGETRIEB, the successor, I believe, to PAIDEUMA. I have ~~a~~ very good relations with all three ~~editors~~ ^{editors}. Even SULFUR might be interested in a quirky and not quite orderly part.

In that way you will have tested the material and know better what the book needs and which publishers to approach. Of course you don't have to go the magazine route. If the book is really good enough (but how could it be if Twayne almost took it?) you could skip that step. Also, some publishers (small), I understand, balk at previous publication in a magazine. I think Michael Heller had that problem. So I don't know.

What's PMS?

Abrazos,

Martin J Rosenblum, PhD
2521 East Stratford Court
Shorewood Wisconsin 53211
Lionhead Publishing/ROAR Recording

17 Dec 82

Carl,

I can't adequately explain to you how relieved & reassured I am by your 12/11/82 letter. Thank you.

I was worried about your possible response to this debacle &, too, I tended to blame myself a little too much for it all. Your approach really helped to wipe out these unsettling feelings & thoughts.

It's a pleasure to be working with you, to put it mildly.

That's a sound idea -- to not be in a hurry to send the book out. You're right -- I need to rebuild all of the complexities back into the book. Your suggestions as to publishing possibilities will be pursued, then, in appropriate time.

Again, thanks a lot for your level-headedness & your sensitivity to the legitimate perils involved with working with a publisher whose primary goal is to suit a specific audience at the expense of the text. I'm quite burned out after it all, &, as you say, how one can get this sort of thing out of one's system I don't know.

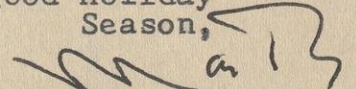
PMS is pre-menstrual syndrome, a complex of symptoms obviously related to the menstrual cycle but in some cases resulting in severe emotional & physical disorders. Maureen is becoming quite an expert on the subject & her MSW thesis will probably be on PMS. With her ~~waivers~~ passed (she is the only social welfare graduate student at UWM in recent history to ~~pass~~ all waivers!) & this semester's coursework completed, she's well on the way toward her degree.

Sarah is studying French, Maureen social work & I must say that I feel no need to keep up with the rest of the family.... 'formal' learning situations will hopefully be out of my experience & I can't say I miss them. My counseling work gets more interesting every day as does the admissions work; I'm lucky to be securely placed & happily working.

I'm going to be going to the Univ of Chicago Hosp in the near future to perhaps try some experimental drug which might help put my ulcerative condition to rest once & for all. I'm scared to take drugs of any kind, let alone an experimental one, but I feel the need to do away with this ~~disorder~~ that way in that I can't seem to totally get rid of it any other way (since being so ill with that viral infection last year). I'm sure the ongoing Twayne adventure didn't help any here, either.

Sarah has the Caspian Tern on her bulletin board along with Big Bird & a polar bear cub. I think Sarah's infatuation with animals of all sorts will lead her into more specific areas of interest later on -- she's really an animal expert, or becoming so.

Again, I appreciate your response. Take care & have a good Holiday Season,

A handwritten signature, possibly 'M. J. Rosenblum', followed by the initials 'a 13'.

3/2/83

Dear Marty:

Terrell at Sagetrieb has wröten me
that he's interested in critical work on my poetry.
Why don't you do a piece for hóm on my AMERICANA?
Nobody knows it as well as you. The requirements,
of course, are the opposite of what they were for
Twayne: everything in its full complexity and
length. The address, in case you don't have it
readily at hand, is: Carroll F. Terrell, SAGETRIEB.
305 EM, University of Maine, Orono, Maine 04469.

How you all doing?

25 March 1983

Dear Carl:

Please forgive me for not answering your welcomed 3/2/83 letter -- the day I got it I addressed an envelope to you & have written to Carroll Terrell recently upon your suggestions..... ..thank you for the connection. Yes, I have corresponded with Carroll & it was a pleasure to renew the correspondence re doing something on the AMERICANA for Sagetrieb. We'll see how he responds, then.

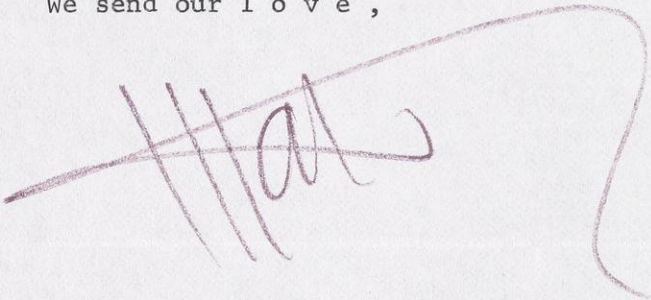
I've been very busy, needless to say at this time of the year when admissions for next fall begins its steady increase in terms of time & paperwork, & have been practicing relaxing when I'm not at work. I figure that with a little practice I can get good at it in the next three years or so. It's really different to come home & simply read to Sarah or talk with Maureen instead of immediately getting into my office at home to complete one project or another.

We've remodeled some space so Maureen & I have adequate areas for our work. As soon as I put my space in order I want to get back to an original version of the RAKOSI book for submission elsewhere, as I mentioned previously I was going to follow through with.

What happened to Tom Sharp, do you know? I have written him a few times to see about getting ahead with our OBJ CASEBOOK but he has not responded.

I hope all is well with you & Leah.

We send our l o v e ,



9 May 1983

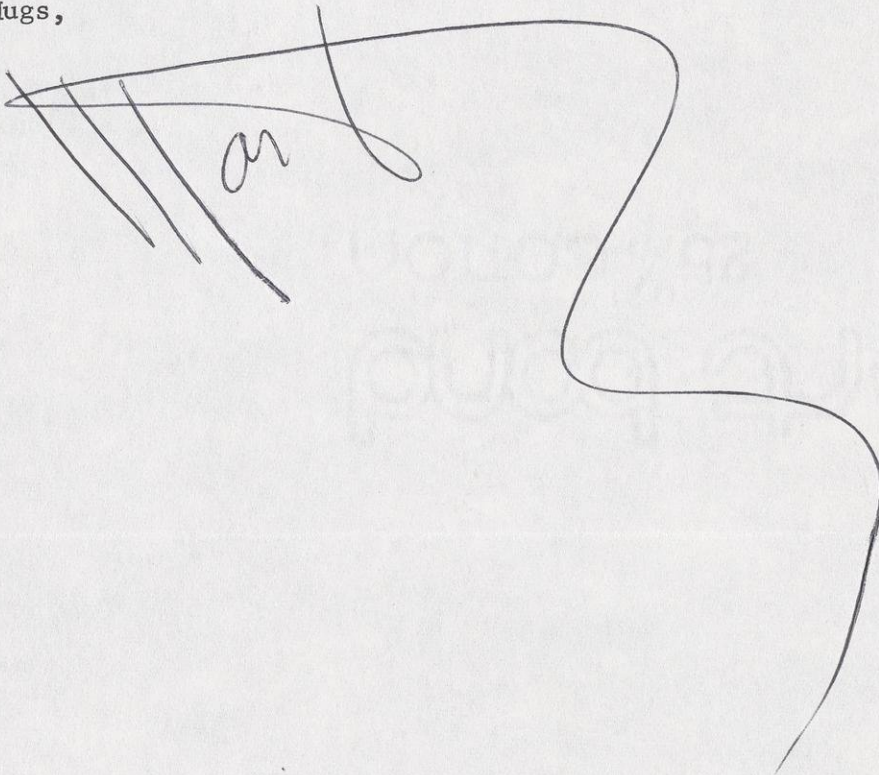
Carl:

Carroll Terrell not only wants portions of the book for SAGETRIEB, he wants the book itself.

His statement is quite clear-cut, but he has not seen the manuscript yet so it is important to keep this in perspective; he said that if the manuscript was not good enough, though, I would work on it with Burt Hatlen.

His letter, then, says more than simply 'send it for us to look at' but while he does say "send it here" I don't want us to think at this stage that he'll definitely publish it; but holy shit it sure sounds that way.

Hugs,

A handwritten signature, possibly 'an', followed by a large, sweeping, S-shaped flourish that extends downwards and to the right.

Cad -- Congratulations
on your book w/ Paideuma!
My previously written epistle
neglects to express my
joy over the project. I'm
elated; I'll deal with
it in the new, revised Pokosi
Crit Bioj for sure.

On Ward & congratulations
again. Your prose
is important to you
& this must really be a
Special treat. Can't wait to see it.
WATB

5/19/83

Dear Marty:

This time you won't get a run-around. In my dealings with Terry, he has always been a straight shooter who knows what he wants and acts quickly. With a book of my prose in the works with him, my guess is that he believes now is the time for a scholarly examination of my poetry. He wants your book, therefore, to succeed, and will give you all the freedom you ~~wx~~ want. Since he is not catering to readers less intelligent or informed than he is, all you need to concern yourself with is solid substance. In other words, write as if you were writing for Hugh Kenner. Also, from the previous pieces on Zukofsky and Oppen I have a hunch that he would welcome what you know about me from personal contact and letters, feeling that now is the time for that too (before it's too late?).

This is not to say that I'm counting your chickens yet but all I can see as possibly going wrong now is if you hurry and turn in something that expresses less than your full powers. So take your time and don't be swayed by his (possible) wish to have the book quickly.

Avanti! and keep me posted.

5/25/83

Dear Marty:

Tom Sharp had only a one year appointment to the University of San Diego, so I don't know where he is now. But even if I did, I would hesitate to send you the address for fear that you'd be tempted to start working on the Obj. Casebook also. This is one time when it seems to me there must not be more than one ball in the air.

Terry's suggestion of a couple of readers to react to your book when it is finished, is good. Do you have any in mind? I can't think of anyone better than Burton Hatlen, whose help Terry offered to you initially. His work in Paideuma and Sagetrieb has been outstanding.

When you come into the biographical section of the book, I'll have some things, I hope, to throw into the hopper.

All the best for a good summer,

24 May 83

2521 E Stratford Ct
Shorewood WI 53211

Dear Carl:

Thanks much for your encouraging 5/19/83 letter.

You're very rite -- all that could go wrong now is that I might send in a hurried manuscript; but this 'wrong' will not occur, you can bet on it!! In the same mail delivery as your letter was another letter from Terry. He explicitly states that I should take my time & that the only deadline I have is the one I set for myself.

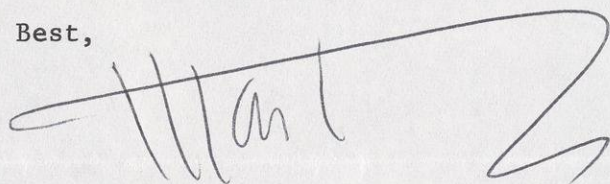
Terry also states that he has no intention of "monkeying around" with my manuscript so I'm my own editor. He suggests finding a couple of readers I trust to help me provide Maine with the best manuscript & that the only restriction I have is that once the book is being typeset I "cannot change even a comma." You can count my chickens, obviously; tho, I, too, am afraid to rejoice following the Twayne debacle, the new Rakosi book from Maine is indeed a certainty.

If I haven't had the appropriate time to devote to the rewriting by this fall, I'm planning on taking enough time off of work then to either finish up or get a good start. Right now I'm just letting all this sink in and am considering how to reconstruct & rewrite in my free moments. I plan on building back the complexity of the dissertation & including the schematics of the Twayne manuscript; and I agree, the information available from personal contact & letters with you is now a viable entry possibility.

This whole affair has worked out so damn well that I can hardly believe it all. Obviously, the most appropriate publisher is now on hand for the book; your comment that I should write as tho it was for Hugh Kenner is certainly the bottom line & something I need to keep in mind.

Here we go.

Best,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Matt", followed by a large, stylized flourish or checkmark.

Do you have any contact with Tom Sharp? Do you have a current address? I have written him a couple of times regarding the Casebook project but have not heard anything.



THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN—MILWAUKEE

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITY

P.O. BOX 413

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN 53201

Rosenblum



Mr Carl Rakosi
128 Irving Street
San Francisco
California
94122

3 June 83

Carl

Don't worry --- I have no intention of having more than one ball in the air when it comes to the amount of time set away to complete the Orono manuscript. This is exceedingly important, obviously; I'm not going to have anything mess up my vision while writing. I only wanted to contact Sharp to let him know that while I'm working on the book I would not do anything on the Obj Casebook at all -- that I want to find out where he's at with it, then, so we can plan accordingly.

I don't have a lot of time to burn -- it seems that each year there's less & less time to get what I want done. I can't afford to become involved across the board the way I used to. I've limited myself ~~enormously~~ within the last couple of years.

I'm reading that fairly recent biography of John Berryman -- it's interesting to me as I have always had a high degree of curiosity about him.

Indeed, when it's ^{bibliographical} ~~biographical~~ time again I'll have to start over so will definitely be in touch with you; the insipid ~~biography~~ ^{biography} I did for Twayne was horribly inadequate (but rite in line with their outline) & all of my original notes for this area are a mess.

I really can't believe that this has worked out so well. It's amazing, isn't it? I haven't fully taken it all in. I'm planning on getting a running start on the book this summer as soon as I get out from under some University-related obligations that have been going into the evening hours for me. The only thing I'm worried about is sustaining the defined vision one needs to complete a book such as this; I had it when I did the dissertation but doing the Twayne book certainly shattered what energy there was. Now, I'm returning to exercise schedules I had through the seventies which kept me feeling more fit that I do now &, therefore, increased my overall mental abilities.

I will get in touch with Hatlen. I have had some correspondence with him &, as you do, respect his work. I have another reader here in Milwaukee who is very qualified to do the sort of job I will require.

As I get working on the book I'm certain to call you regarding some odd detail or another.

You, too, have a good summer -----

What do you have
up your sleeve when you
say Allen's move in the hopper
re the biographical section.



THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN—MILWAUKEE

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITY
P.O. BOX 413 M J Rosenblum
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN 53201



Mr Carl Rakosi

128 Irving Street

San Francisco

California 94122

22 AUGUST 83

2521 E Stratford Ct
Shorewood WI 53211

Dear Carl:

I'll ask Edwin Hill, the Librarian at the Center for Contemporary Poetry at The University of Wisconsin-LaCrosse, if he is interested in the material you've noted; I'll get back to you when I hear from him. Give us all some time on this because Ed is going to be swamped as usual at this time of the year; I'll get my letter off to him by the end of the month (as I'm rather inundated myself at work these days & arrive home quite worn out to attend to anything beyond family stuff).

But I'm slowly building up steam on the Rakosi/Univ of Maine at Orono book; I've had correspondence with Terry on the subject, too, so all the gears are well-oiled. By Fall I expect to have my work organized in front of me so I can really stoke the boiler..... By then, too, my work load will have diminished as the semester will be underway.

I still can't quite believe the excellent publishing situation we've secured for the book. It's marvelous, absolutely perfect. Fuck Twayne.

Maureen is entering her fullest semester as she works on her MS -- she has received all A's thus far & has waived out of all possible courses thru examination (which is really the record here; nobody has ever waived out of all appropriate courses & then gone on to get a 4.0 as far as I can tell in Social Work School). She is cutting back on her patient load in order to immerse herself in the upcoming semester. After this semester, then, she will really be close to the degree; then she can go back to doing the work she has been doing but this time with better accreditation &, probably, different opportunities within the clinic &, of course, with the option of a private practice in Wisconsin.

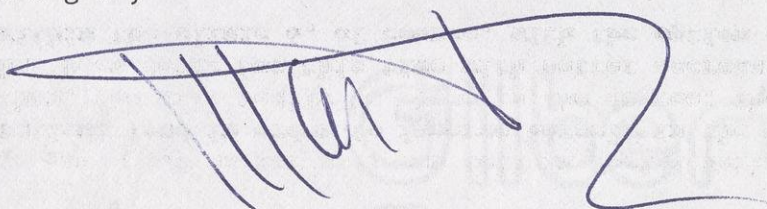
Sarah Terez is really growing. She's learning how to ride a two-wheeler now & this summer has come very close to swimming adequately. Her basic interest all along has been in dancing & singing, so she is continuing to take dance classes (& to arrange her own performances at home, based on plays & movies & books that she is aware of). We're thinking of adding to the family following Maureen's degree completion. But we'll see about this when the time comes.

My health has been restored. I went on a rigorous work-out schedule (including a return to weightlifting, which I did when I was much younger). The daily running & working out, along with the resolution of certain psychological disturbances (which certainly played a major role in the poor health situation), has finally paid off; I celebrated my 37th birthday on the 19th by a day of running, swimming & boating & feeling terrific. This recovery has been a long haul for me; I usually never experience such physical disorder for such long periods. I feel as if I'm awakening from a bad dream, but an educational one, for sure.

We celebrate our 13th Anniversary this September 6th. We are thinking of taking a honeymoon (which we never did take thirteen years ago).

I've applied for a WI Arts Board grant; I've never really applied for any such things before. It's a fellowship for the year. If I get it, I'll have the funds to complete some projects I've wanted to get to for some time. I have a number of book mss out now, which should result in books during 1984, but I have always wanted to get to my record & to complete a long poem dealing with the American Civil War. (I've been writing articles for Wisconsin Muzzle-loaders Magazine on mountain men & the Civil War as these topics relate to local history. Soon, I'll be riding with a cavalry unit here that re-enacts Civil War battles; I'll be writing the affair up as an article. I must be the first Yiddishpony soldier from Wisconsin.)

H u g s ,





THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN—MILWAUKEE

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P.O. BOX 413 M J R
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN 53201

PRESORTED
FIRST CLASS



Carl Rakosi
128 Irving Street
San Francisco
CA 94122



8/16/83

Dear Marty:

Here are a couple of items that you'll be able to use when you get to the biographical portion of your book. The ANSWERS were written hurriedly because Crozier was facing a three-week deadline. The other, as you will see, was written to help out a young woman who was writing a biography of Margery Latimer.

You have a librarian friend, I believe, at the University of Wisconsin at Lacrosse(?) who bought your Rosenberg-Rakosi correspondence. Would he be interested in tapes of ^{my} readings and lectures at various universities?

How are things going?

8/26/83

Dear Marty:

Nice to hear about your doings and how well Maureen and Sarah are coming along, but do you realize that you said not one word about the auto-biographical material I sent you? You did get it, didn't you? Anyhow, I'm going to revv up my motors too, come September, in sympathy with yours and put my faith in the Lord that He will not let you work on your record and your Civil War epic while you're working on my book.

As ever, love,

29 Aug 83

Dear Carl:

Thanks for the bumblebee sticker; I need a reminder that the bastards have aesthetic & natural value in that one of them stung me yesterday.

The record & the Civil War poem will not get in the way of our book. I'm in the process of seeing a book thru publication (Brite Shade) & I have another with a publisher (Still Life) & expect it to be out around Xmas; this is enough of my own work. I want to finish the Rakosi book this fall. I have no other plans for work of my own.

The only thing that will cause some problems is that Maureen is in school full-time; this increases my familial obligations, necessarily. But I can work thru this sort of stuff in various ways (hiring babysitters when appropriate, taking some time off from work if I have to, etc).

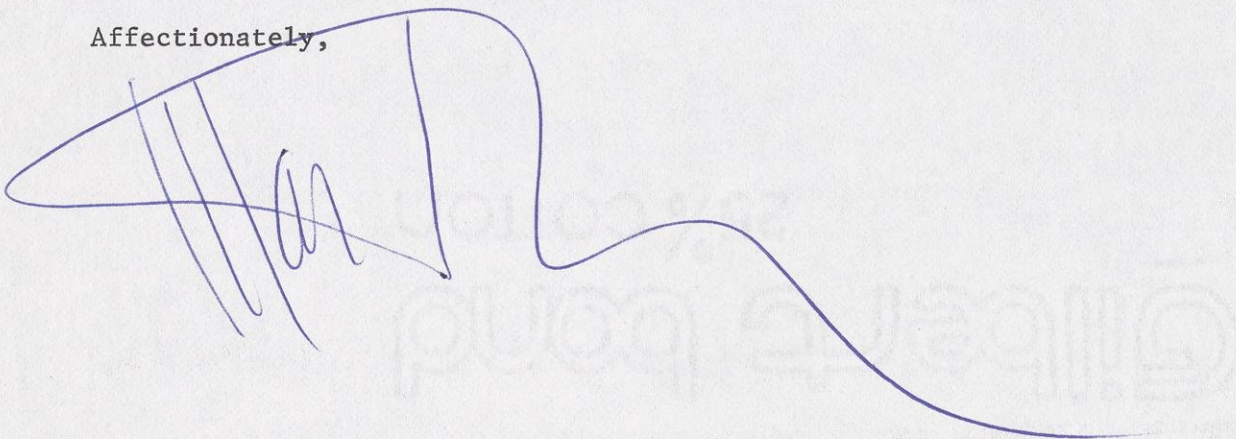
My point & my reason for writing this letter is to assure you that I, too, want this book. This fall is the scheduled time to write. I want to finish by Xmas. I may not, but I plan on having my reasons being that the book developed new avenues to explore that will take additional writing time.

I did not comment on the stuff you sent because I read the part about how Twayne slopped all over me rite before I wrote my letter to you & I must have repressed the whole package of material you sent!

You should, however, rev up your motors this Sept even tho I'm confident of writing well; I need all of the internal & external energy I can get. When a project goes on this long it becomes more difficult to begin again. But this time, we know the context is rite. I know I'm capable of writing a good book.

When all this is over & the book is in the stores we'll have to figure out some way to remove the hardships we've undergone. Some sort of celebration will be in order.

Affectionately,



25 October 1983

Dear Carl:

We thank you for sending us SPIRITUS, I. I thank you for updating my research with it. The volume is ~~n~~icely done (but too bad you had to correct that typo). I'm continually astounded at the rewriting you do; most poets don't put as much energy into the detail of new poems. I have read the book superficially once & have reread, in depth, a few of the pieces; I'll of course digest the whole work for the Orono book. My initial reaction is that the book holds together real well & that your work's consistency thrives.....

The Orono book expands & reorganizes. I'll not have it done by Xmas as I had hoped. But the reasons for not completing it by my own deadline (& nomore of these deadlines; I'm simply working hard & will be done when it feels finished) are not the same as before. Now, I'm enjoying my task.

In fact, I'm loving it.

Our Department is moving from one building to another, so I just wanted to indicate to you that your book arrived (today) & now I'll pack up my typewriter along with everything else. What a mess, here.....

Very Best to you both
for all of us,

A handwritten signature in blue ink, consisting of several overlapping loops and a long, sweeping flourish that extends downwards and to the right.



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Mr Carl Rakosi
128 Irving Street
San Francisco CA 94122



- ☐ FOR YOUR APPROVAL
- ☐ FOR YOUR ACTION
- ☐ FOR YOUR INFORMATION
- ☐ INVESTIGATE AND REPORT BACK
- ☐ PREPARE REPLY
- ☐ NOTE AND FILE
- ☐ NOTE AND RETURN
- ☐ SEE ME CONCERNING

21 Feb 84 Carl
DATE _____ TO _____

Since your book arrived I've begun a number of letters to you but I've been unable to complete them.....The enclosed was just published so let me send you a copy & a hearty congratulations on the book you sent to me. Your prose really deserves that setting. I was never fond of the EX,NITE editing as I felt it shortsheeted both prose & poetry, but with the result being that the prose appeared secondary & not complete by ~~itself~~ itself. Now, the Collected Prose volume really puts your prose in the right context & therefore the ~~appropriate~~ appropriate response is elicited -- the writing is strong, very strong, & really hits me hard.

I know your book is more polished than the WCW ~~Embodiment~~ Embodiment Of Knowledge text, but comparisons are reasonable. Both, e.g., are the poet's stretching out in prose what ideas get cramped in the poems; but this is a simple comparison -- there are others more interesting.

I appreciate the fact you are updating me on your books. Please continue to do so as I struggle with the Orono book.

-----How are you both? All here is busy but fine. Maureen completes her M.S.W. in the spring, Sarah is really drawing some great pictures, I'm playing the banjo & working quite hard as our Department grows & tries to hold its own in the budget. (But my position is extremely secure, I might add; I should get tenure in another two years.)

More later.....

FROM _____

15 March 1984

Dear Marty:

Thank you so much for BRITE SHADE.

Once I read your note regarding Steve Nelson-Ramey accompanying you on the piano, I could hear Not At All as you apparently intended it to be heard, with possibilities beyond the words themselves. Interesting

The latest from Orono is that The National Poetry Foundation is going to publish my COLLECTED POETRY next winter. That means it will be out before your book, which I am eager to see in its freshly developed version. In the meantime, NPF not being commercial, I'm afraid if I want the publication of my COLLECTED PROSE to be noted beyond the readership of Paideuma, I'm going to have to work at it myself. Hence I would appreciate any ideas as to whether and how it might get itself reviewed in The Milwaukee Journal.

I see by the papers (and from my daughter in Minneapolis) that you've been having one hell of a winter. I don't know whether to commiserate with you or clap you on the back and cry, "Stout fellow!" Which one do you prefer?

Affectionately,
Karl



THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN—MILWAUKEE/ P. O. Box 413, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53201
DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITY
MITCHELL HALL

963-5135

3 April 84

Dear Carl:

Thanks much for your 15 March 84 letter.

I'll send you the tapebook of my piece in Brite Shade when it becomes available, then; we've performed it a number of times & it always comes out quite well, actually.

I'm elated that your Collected Poetry will be published!!!!!!

I'm wondering when it will be out & if, then, I should be including it (of course I should if it is, but I mean will it be out for me to include...): I'll write to CT but maybe you could let me know anything you're aware of as well.

I took your comment to hear^t regarding the general unavailability of your Collected Prose -- as you had suspected, the local store here (Woodland Pattern) that carries such books never even heard of it (tho they have a complete line of CT's books). I alerted them to your book & even provided them with a copy for the shelf (as I had one prior to the one you sent).....they will be ordering more for the store.

The Milw Journal might be a possibility for a review. Robert Wells is the book editor. It would be more impressive if you wrote to him than if I contacted him -- he's rather hard to impress &, basically, seems to be airheaded regarding locals giving him info. When my book on your work comes out, I was planning on trying to get the Journal to do a feature on your work using 'local writes about former area local' as a hook, by the way; but, certainly, a copy of your book now to Wells might be useful (but I have to be negative about a review ultimately appearing given the stuff that has been reviewed in the past). When my book does come out on your work, I think a general local-promo thing would be very appropriate. You should be better known as 'one of those who has lived here & now has made it out there' & the possibilities, then, of your work being uplifted here (& therefore, in turn, there) would definitely increase. I could do a good job of putting together something here at that time. So, count on that: for now a book to Wells with a letter from you might be worth it if only as a preparation-like move. (Milw Journ, 333 W. State St.)

I prefer to be clapped on the back with a "stout fellow" ---- I've enjoyed surviving the winter in more ways than one. It seems to be over now, all of it. The sun is out & the bulbs are coming up where Maureen has planted; the trees we planted, too, seem to be doing well.

It's going to be a busy spring. The book is top priority. It will involve a great amount of time, both wedged in & taken for the purpose. I'm limiting myself to it. For relaxation it will be some camping & music-making ---- I've begun to play folk/bluegrass banjo & as a family we've really been trying to make time for us all to play & sing. Having played guitar for so many years might appear to make it easier to play banjo, but the thing is so different than a guitar that, in fact, I've got to overcome a lot of guitar-habits that won't work on a 5-string banjo. (I've got a real fine old Gibson longneck that I picked up in a trade; I've rebuilt it somewhat & improved it with new parts. It's a honey.)

Love to Leah & you from us all,

Martin Rosenbloom

8 May 1984

Dear Marty:

Thought you'd be interested in seeing Andrew Crozier's essay on me for The Dictionary of Literary Biography and Andrei Codrescu's piece in The Baltimore Sun. You were right about Robt. Wells at The Milwaukee Journal: he didn't bother to answer my letter regarding a possible review for my PROSE.

I'll be giving a reading next May at the Art Institute in Chicago. Could you inquire around to see whether there's interest on the campus to have me there for a reading, or you name it, ~~at~~ around that time, so that I could benefit from the proximity?

Best,



THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN—MILWAUKEE/ P. O. Box 413, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53201

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITY
MITCHELL HALL

963-5135

15 May 1984

Dear Carl:

Thank you for the material. I have added it to my Rakosi mound, growing in front of the table on which the Maine book is being written, reworked & assembled.

You ask how it's coming.

With great difficulty -- but it's coming. At first, I was afraid of the project; it had gone on too long & I'd gotten too far away from scholarship & thinking in print about poetry, especially yours. (When I'd think at all, it would be about mine or how mine relates to that which I'd define as immediately useful to me.) My interest in your work is based in an historical approach at this juncture as I've taken from it what I need as a writer of poetry myself, it appeared to me; it appeared that, of course, I could write a book from this perspective &, in fact, the distance would be helpful.

I am still feeling too far away from scholarship in general but have been revitalized regarding your work in particular & in writing about Objectivist manners in general; my removal from scholarly pursuits still gives me worrisome moments but I've got the fire back.

It came back back because I began to tutor a woman who wants to be a poet. I'm trading her this tutoring for her services as a psychotherapist. (She's Maureen's teacher, not at the University but in Maureen's TA Training Program; I started to consult with her regarding some personal issues & when my insurance ran out, not having funds to go on, she noted that she'd always wanted to be a poet -- it worked out well because she is, in fact, potentially excellent. About thirteen years ago, she submitted a poem to me while I was the editor of a Milwaukee underground newspaper; I chose it back then for publication! Quite a hermetic circle!!) Anyway, as I create a poetry writing course for her & structure the Maine book I find myself re-entering your work & writing about it & wanting to say something powerful about your Objectivist placement that has the same depth that my dissertation achieved.

So in answer to your question, the book is going. How well it's going is still an unknown, but I never do anything that is not quality &, by god, I'm determined to do this Maine book. I want to have it in the mail by the end of the summer. Wish me luck.... Give me encouragement!..... Send anything you think I'll need.....!!!! Let me know if you'll be available this summer for telephone questioning. ----Do you know of a complete bibliography of your work? I really don't feel like wading thru all that again. It would be easier for me if there was some graduate student or scholar somewhere already doing the work. (Where the hell is Sharp? He's disappeared totally.) Of course, I'll have to do it if I can't reproduce another's work & I have a great deal of it done already. I'll save it for the last detail & then will frantically scramble.

This is it!

You have a reading here. It will either be at Woodland Pattern (where I've begun to make arrangements, so send me the exact date you will be available) or, god forbid, at the University -- I don't want to do it at the U. because the pay for you would be ~~kkkk~~ hard for me to set up & the publicity would be shit. Let's suppose that neither WP or the U works out: you'll still have a reading. Lionhead will sponser it someway with funds that I might be able to gather up thru a non-profit organization of which I'm vice-president.

KWR

over

So sand me the date that would be best for you. If you can, give me a couple to work with.

Sarah is really growing up.

I have really revamped my acoustic guitar-playing. I'll send you the tapebook I've almost finished. I'm playing in the tradition of American fingerstyle, as I've always played, but now I've ~~opened up~~^{broken back} opened up new tonalities & different ~~acoustic~~^{acoustic} right-hand techniques.

Hugs,

28 May 1984

Dear Marty:

This is the most open you have been about your writing block and I appreciate it. I imagine some of this comes from your sessions with your therapist. As an old hand at this, I can add that protestations of resolution, exhortations to oneself, cries of self-reassurance do nothing but throw up a cloud of ~~xxx~~ illusion and concealment. You've been down this road before. The remedy is far simpler but not thereby easier. Let's start with the one thing you can be sure of, that you know you have: that's time. You can take one hour out of the day to work on the book, two hours, three, four, five; that's up to you. You control that, nobody else. What are the forces working against time for the book? 1. an ambivalent motivation from the start, and I suspect a weak one; 2. the urge to write your own poetry; 3. playing the guitar, working on words to a guitar, experimenting with a banjo, et al; 4. your academic ~~w~~ job; 5. your family; 6. your by-now intense anxiety...perhaps panic(I sensed that in your cry, where the hell is Sharp when I need him?); 7 slapdash work habits, OK for poetry but not for a book of prose. From your letters it was apperent that you were always doing at least four things at one time. To which this book if it could talk would say, Nyet! ~~Wayay~~ No way! Any sizable book, particularly one to which there is strong inner resistance, ambivalence and anxiety, will not be written "when you feel like it" but only when you give more-or-less exclusive time to it. So I can't give you encouragement, just a dose of reality. Frankly, I don't know whether you can shut out 2, 3 and temporarily 5 while you're working on the book but I do know that you won't have any peace of mind unless you do, and that if ^{you} do it, the work will move and that will reduce your anxiety, and ideas will come to you from the material if you stay with it continuously enough and that will strengthen your motivation. So get on with it!

About the date for a reading, I can't be definite yet because I'm trying to work in other readings in the Midwest and in New York. The one fixed point is the reading in Chicago on the third Friday of May. Thanks for working on Milwaukee. Why not have Lionhead co-sponsor me with the University? Wouldn't that be better?

I don't remember, did I send you a copy of my Answers to Questions from Andrew Crozier (for the Dictionary of Literary Biography)?

I'll be away visiting in Minneapolis until June 20th.



THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN—MILWAUKEE/ P. O. Box 413, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53201

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITY
MITCHELL HALL

963-5135

12 June 84

Carl:

Re yr 28 May 84 letter ---- I never thought of it as a writer's block. Odd, that I shld be so blinded. So I'm grateful for the definition from you; it enables me to cope differently.

However, yr reasons for its existence are incorrect. They're educated guesses & not therefore impossible. But the reason(s) is(are) less on the surface.

That I do a number of things at once is a symptom, not a cause; I usually do many things at once & always have gotten qualitative results. I do agree, tho, that when one writes a book of this magnitude one cannot balance as much; I've taken care to reduce the balancing act & it will be reduced even further.

However, again, if I consider this situation to be one that entails the writer's block identity (which I now do), again, the reasons you list are not correct, not valid.

I cannot go into the stuff that is probably setting this block up. * I've been involved with therapy lately & am thinking this subject (block) is appropriate in that context.

I get up around five o'clock & run ten miles, work out w/free weights, shower, eat & work on the book before I go to the University. My health is excellent -- i.e. I've literally runout & therapydout the ulcerative condition. Keeping it away, now, involves completion of our book(as well as maintaining other things); i.e. I need to finish certain tasks I have been unable to get done -- the book is the central one.

I want it as much as you do, believe me. We deserve it, at this point!, both of us.....

You sent the Crozier materials, yes. You will have a reading here, then, around the beginning of May, 1985. I'll let you know who will be doing it soon but consider it arranged -- let me know times as soon as you can.

Affectionately,

*You should have more information on this but I am unable to provide it, Carl, for many reasons, the least of which is that I don't want it in a letter.....

Rosenblum

28 June 1984

Dear Marty:

Thanks for arranging a reading for me at Woodland Pattern. The date will be either May 18th or 19th.

A caution: writer's block is a term I used only because it was handy. It may or may not apply to you. It is accurate only if the block~~s~~ emanates from conflicts and anxieties about writing. In your case, since you have ulcers, it would be surprising (but not impossible) if there were not other anxieties and conflicts as well which express themselves in various ways, including a writing block. All of which you probably know. In any case, I never presumed to know, and can not know, the "causes" but I do know that whatever they are, simply lightening an overload can be helpful. So forward and onward! I'm with you.

13 Aug 84

Carl,

Earlier today I sent a carbon of the letter that went to Terry at U of M re the book, stating the deadline & the process by which I'll meet it. I assume you have that copy by now (this is going out in a later pickup) or with this; anyway, I didn't take time then to respond to your 28 June 84 letter re writer's block.

I have writer's blockhead, that's for certain; the best way to break thru is to get out of familiar surroundings where distraction abounds (or distractions abound). While this behaviorist deal from the bottom of the deck may not be getting at the disease, it will certainly cope with the symptom -- & this is all that's required to cap off the revision (which has gone well; but now I need time for an over-vision of it all, away from visual distortions coming from my environment which reflects my in/sight).

The obvious hitch will not take place -- i.e. that I get caught up in new situations instead of old ones to distract me. I hate vacations! I'll be quite workaholic about the whole affair. What a trick it will be on my blockheadedness!

I'll be certain to indicate that the 18th or 19th of May, 1985, will be the date at Woodland Pattern -- I'll get back to you by way of a confirmation about the date, for sure.

Got to get back to work, here.

Take care, then --

M a r t y

Rosenblum



THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN—MILWAUKEE/ P. O. Box 413, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53201

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITY
MITCHELL HALL

963-5135

13 August 1984

Carroll Terrell
305 EM
University of Maine at Orono
Orono Maine 04469

Dear Terry:

My RAKOSI book for you is progressing; in order to wrap it up in good order I've taken ten days off from work -- the only time I could get off was at the end of October, early November.

I'll be leaving for a secluded place & returning, so travel time will be a couple of days, but I should be able to get a requisite number of working days in without any problem. (I'm going to a friend's house off the coast of Florida; my family is coming, too, but will be vacationing it, leaving me to my task.)

My plan is to return with a completed, revised manuscript which will then go to a typist; maybe there'll be some tidying up upon my return, as I obviously cannot haul all my resources with me when I fly, so let's say that the end of November will mark the point at which the manuscript will be on its way to you.

Is this schedule all right for you?

The only way for me to give quality time to the completion of this project is to get away from my job & my 'home' routines -- the soonest this could be done is the time I've noted above. Please let me know if this schedule fits yours, then; if it doesn't, maybe I can adjust mine but at this point I'm **fairly** locked-in with it.

I'm looking forward to hearing from you!

All Best,

Martin J Rosenblum

CC: Carl Rakosi

PS--Thank you for all of the Paideuma issues you sent upon request; I've reviewed them & will forward copies when reviews (hopefully!) appear.....

Rosenbleum

19 Aug. 1984

Dear Marty:

Thanks, ~~Marty~~ for keeping me informed.

Let's hope this "trick" on your "blockheadedness" works. What worked for me at Yaddo was something quite different: it was not the change in surroundings....in fact, it used to take me a couple of days to find just the right working locus where I could blot out the new setting....but the freedom from interruptions and responsibilities (which is what you might mean by "familiar surroundings") and above all by the absence of my family. They're the ones I had to leave behind to have a "new" mind. And in fact Yaddo operates on this basis too: no visits from spouse ~~or~~ or friends are allowed! Thus, when you say you're taking your family along (perhaps even your Florida hosts may be in the house there with you) my eyebrows go up and I wonder. But prove me wrong. I want you to.

I assume, by the way, that in your efforts to finish the job, you've done the obvious, use the hours of darkness, either at 5 am, when you say you get up anyway, or after the others have gone to sleep. That's the only thing that worked for me when I was doing social work.

Terry has started to work on my book (he's just finished proof-reading Silliman's anthology of language poets, which the NPF will bring out next year), COLLECTED POEMS, but has had to send the mss back to me for correct arrangement, as some confusion has arisen about that. ~~XX~~ That will mean a delay of a couple of months. Damn!

Have a good summer, and love to the family.



THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN—MILWAUKEE/ P. O. Box 413, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53201

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITY
MITCHELL HALL

963-5135

28 AUG 84

Dear Carl:

First, the reading: I called Ann & Karl today to find out the particulars regarding the reading here & was thrilled to learn that they had finalized it all w/you ---- when you thanked me for arranging the event, I really had no idea that it was final. I had called Ann & Karl repeatedly to ensure that you did get the reading but they never got back to me with the final plans; I assured you that you had a reading here because if they didn't for some reason set one up I had another option open to me. So now I know the reading I set up is set up!

I don't care for Ann & Karl's attitude, however, regarding an issue you need to know about; I can live with the fact that they were impolite in not getting back to me but when I noted to them that I'd either pick you up, house you or simply end up spending some time with you (god forbid I should introduce you that nite!) it was as tho they were impressarios bringing Michael Jackson to Milwaukee. "We'll try to make sure Carl is available for you."

Fuck this shit, man.

My basic attitude toward all things literary is that if it can be worked into one's real life then it's tolerable; most literary events pass me by here -- I'd rather take Sarah for a bike ride or play the banjo in my backyard, looking at the lawn growing. Ann & Karl mean well & I've known them for years (& in fact, helped get them some founding grants many formative years ago) & I have no desire to be anything but anonymous in this affair (i.e. I have no intention of telling them what I feel about their attitude as it would only put me in their vocabulary & then I would lose my sense of privacy), but you should know that you are coming to dinner at our house!!!! It's your problem as to when!!!! If you can get away from whatever else is planned, which I would assume is possible, then you simply tell us when you'd like to come over -- we're really anxious to see you. (The last time you saw Sarah she was in a crib....)

One more thing: take me to the reading as your valet. (I'm not paying to get in. That much pride I refuse to lose -- when my pocketbook has to open it's more painful than when my sense of self-righteousness has to!)

Woodland Pattern is notorious for this sort of thing so don't feel that you're walking into any sort of battleground; they'll treat you very well & they'll be gracious hosts, but I've seen this kind of Colonel Parkerism go down in the past & I really cannot participate in any way that compromises my desire for anonymity. (It did, in fact, get into the situation that brought you here before: Mark Krupnick at UWM finally got sick of it & 'bought out' Woodland Patterns rights to you & Duncan, calling Gartung an "impressario" as you may recall from the letter he sent to you & of which I received a carbon.)

Sorry to perhaps put an edge on your visit. There really isn't one, tho; you'll come over for a quiet time so you, Maureen, me, Sarah & Marta the dog can see one another & then you can do whatever else is on the tour. ~~Rkk~~ I want to make it very clear that I'm not even going to bring anything up with Woodland Pattern about any of this; I'll just plan on seeing you & getting into the reading appropriately (for setting it all up).

They're absolutely elated that you're coming, of course: please know that this is the basic reality of the scene. They mean well & they really devote their lives to bringing important writers & performers to the city.

I got a letter from Terry telling me that all is well in terms of getting him the manuscript following my stay away from here to finalize it. "Don't worry, you'll get there, we'll get there -- etc." Terry said this & other encouraging things such as the fact that you're now a senior editor of Sagetrieb.....good news!

continued

Too bad that COLLECTED POEMS will have to be delayed. I know that this is depressing for you.

Your eyebrows go up, eh? You wonder about the validity of taking my family along..... I will prove you wrong. I have severe problems when they're not around; taking them along, then, assures me of emotional stability & yet I won't have to be involved with the daily running of the family affairs at home.

I have difficulties being away from Maureen & Sarah, & from surroundings that are familiar: if I take them along the problem of being in unfamiliar surroundings, a necessity in this case, will be mollified.

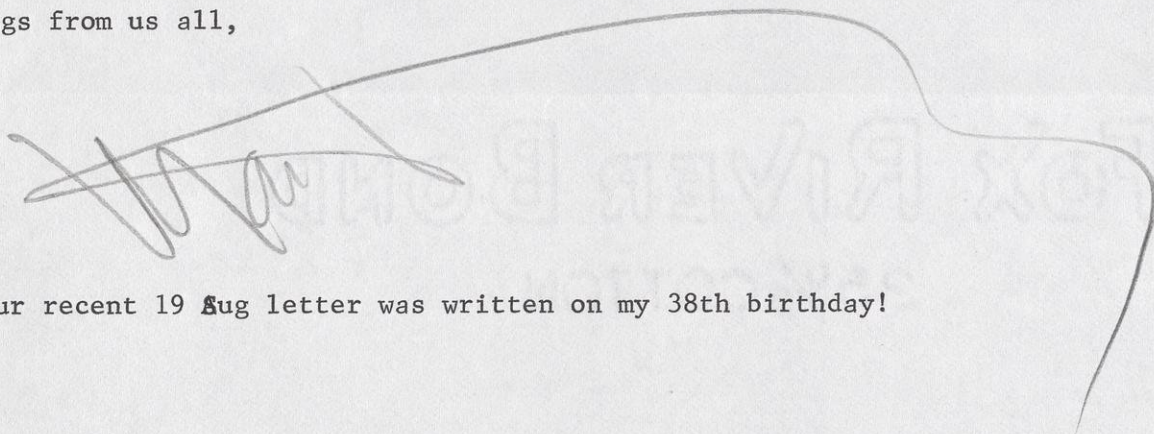
Yes, I have done the obvious -- using darkness; but I go to sleep BEFORE anyone else, usually, so my attempts to work in the evenings go nowhere. I must be asleep between 8:30 - 9:30. When I get up at five I immediately weight train & then run around ten miles (with weight gloves). In order to get to work by eight, it's really impossible to try to write; I teach karate on some lunch hours & sometimes rite after work. In order to get anything done on the book at all, I have had to use weekends. My weeks are totally filled (& now I'll be teaching blues guitar at the Milwaukee Conservatory of Music & a music-writing course at the UW-Extension during the week, too). My job is very demanding. I need extra money to get by so I take on an overload of things I enjoy doing to make extra bucks.

But this is the year of the completion of the Rakosi book. I want to do it NOW. I'm primed & will be hard at work off the coast of Florida in seclusion -- I may take time out to watch the first female vice-president get elected.

ON WITH IT.

When you come up in May I imagine there will be some scraps for us to piece together re the book's makeup & content. By then Terry should have the ms but I know changes can be made -- he said that once it goes for typesetting no changes are possible but before then anything goes. I doubt if he'd have it ready by then.....if he does, then we'll have to get into phone calls because I'm sure I'll have questions regarding issues I'm leaving for now to continue the narrative in sequential exposition.

Hugs from us all,



Your recent 19 Aug letter was written on my 38th birthday!

26 Sept. 1984

Dear Marty:

I feel bad that you should have been humiliated by the Gartungs. You certainly didn't deserve that; you were the contact man. But never fear, I'll see to it that we have time together.

You'll be interested in seeing how I arranged my COLLECTED POEMS. The Foreword and The Table of Contents make it clear how. It comes to a different entity and holistic meaning.

AMERICAN NYMPHS is going to be reprinted in the New Directions Annual and appears in my COLLECTED POEMS as a part of DROLES DE JOURNAL.

Stay well and avanti!

3 October 1984

Dear Carl:

Thanks for your 26 Sept 84 note -- you have a healthy attitude regarding the Gartungs & I appreciate it very much. We'll of course be in touch preceeding your arrival; we'll plan accordingly.

Thanks for American Nymphs. I enjoyed it. Also, I appreciate your Table of Contents -- it will help me.

Last night as I was leaving my office, I ran into a person who was on my dissertation committee (Melvin Friedman -- an editor & critic; I would imagine you'dve come across his name at one point or another) who energetically reported that my Rakosi dissertation was better than most of the books he's reading these days. He also said that it was a highlight as far as dissertations go; in fact, he said it was the best he's seen around here. This came as a pleasant encouragement especially at this time. (He also said that he had an experience with Twayne similar to mine --he was writing on Beckett.) He's looking forward to the U of Maine Rakosi book & will review it, I'll bet!

As you can see by the reverse information, underlined, I'm getting set. I recently had to undergo very extensive testing at the U of Chicago as there appeared to be a problem in my gut that might have required attention; the tests produced nothing to worry over &, in fact, the findings show that the extent of my ulcerative disorder is not in any way a systemic threat (I do not have ulcerative colitis, that is; I have a milder, now totally documented thru objective testing, ulcerative process). I am on some experimental medicine that might clean up the remaining reduced problem & may, too, get rid of some scar tissue (that isn't a problem even if it remains). So I go into the final writing here with a great sense of overall relief; there was some concern about ultimately running into bowel cancer that is now totally removed & I feel greatly relieved of a burden in general. (You understand that I run ten miles a day --or rather will get back to it once an ankle problem is resolved-- & teach karate evenings ---- i.e. I have 'felt' just fine these days, but there was this dark cloud over my potentially brite outlook as a result of years of off & on bouts with the disorder.)

So much for the health of book & body.

When I get back from my writing vacation (& to answer a question from another letter of yours, there will be nobody at the place outside of my wife & daughter who will be gone on sightseeing trips most days) I will contact you. I really hope I can get this project resolved now. I may even stay behind a few days to get a head start while my family goes on ahead; if we can afford to split the flight tickets this way then it will be possible to arrange.

I'm quite apprehensive, even tho I know I can do it; it's been too long with the project. I've gotten rather stuck.

Unsticking,

M a r t y

THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MILWAUKEE
DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITY

26 September 1984

Dear Advisee:

Now that you are settled into the I/84-85 Semester, I would like to ask you to come in to see me with your corrected Student Schedule; those of you who have already made your initial contact with me this semester, please do return with the Schedule as well.

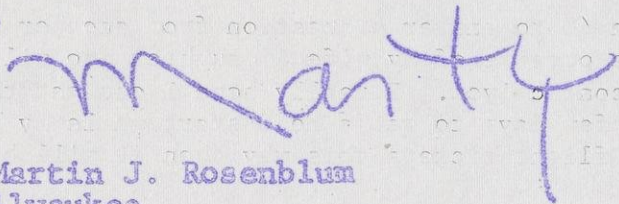
When we meet, I want to set up our advising arrangement for the semester and, of course, I want to learn about the nature of your schoolwork which by this time has progressed enough for us to examine with your best interests in mind.

First Priority Registration for Semester II/84-85 will take place after the first week in November; please note that I will be out of my office from 29 October through 7 November, as I have a book to complete for a university press, and therefore if you want to discuss your future coursework with me well in advance of registering with me during first priority you will need to consult prior to the end of October. I will, of course, have plenty of time to talk with you during the registration period and right before, but if you want to plan far ahead do come see me soon.

I will expect to see you within the next ten days with your revised Student Schedule -- it's the most recent blue form you received from UWM with your class list on it along with the fee statement. Call for an appointment or, if you don't mind a little wait and/or finding me at a meeting, just drop in: but remember that it is your obligation to make contact within ten days.

I hope your work this semester is satisfying and high quality!

Best,



Dr. Martin J. Rosenblum
UW-Milwaukee
Department of Educational Opportunity
963-7306

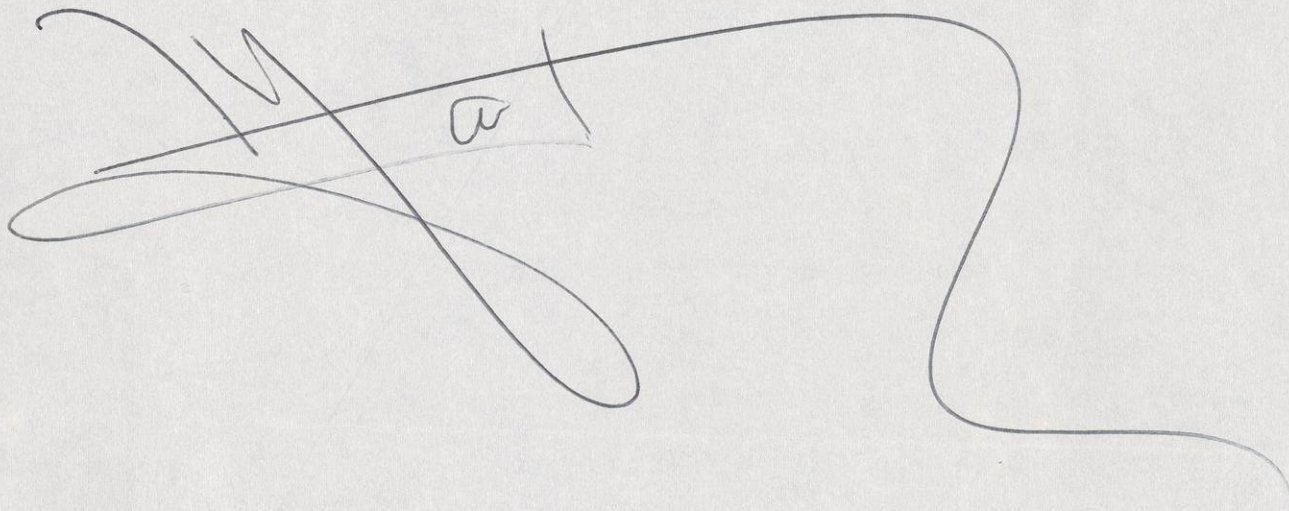
14 OCT 84

Carl,

I feel that you should know the Orono book is in order. I've finished it rite up to dealing with the period of your work that basically begins around 1981-82.

I can now utilize the time off coming up to write on the recent work, make final points & perfect that which is already typed --- 300 pages, almost! The god damn thing looks good, man; it really hangs together.

& so do we



20 Oct. 1984

Now you're talking, Marty. The worst must be over and I'm glad and you're glad and we're all glad. Atta boy! And Gott sei dank.

You will s let me check it, when you're through, for accuracy, won't you?

26 OCT 84

Carl:

I will have you check it for accuracy. But How?

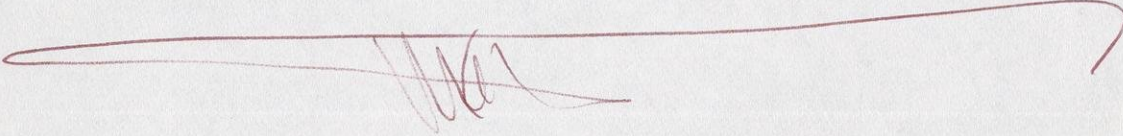
I cannot afford to put one more penny into this project & photocopying it all & sending it would just be the final financial burden --- if you knew how much money I've invested thus far with typing, copying, etc., you'd really be surprised.

When you come, can you imagine looking thru it? Will there be enough time? Would Terry want to wait that long for it?

Let's get to these questions between us.

I'll be gone as of 31 OCT & will be back on the job after 7 NOV. I'm working at it now, of course, & when Maureen & Sarah leave day after tomorrow I'm planning on more work-time before I join them.

Get back to me w/your ideas re how you could oversee it for possible errors.



--I've got over five hundred typed pages thus far. There ~~hkekakagahakk~~ is marginalia galore, but the text is easily read & probably won't be retyped again. I'll be adding more pages after next week's writing & then will reduce the whole ms. I've borrowed money from my mother-in-law to get it all typed to this point & can't afford to retype the whole, final, reduced ms.....I'm sure it can be easily read for proofing & typesetting. It's quite clean & neatly spiral-bound.

Remember, as long as I'm chiming about money-matters, I'm your valet for the reading here; I'll carry your clothes bag in w/you so I won't be paying admission. As I said, your attitude re the ~~whole~~ whole matter was reassuring; my position is still one of no game-playing by virtue of wanting something but not asking for it, but just basically not wanting anything at all out of it anymore except no further (emotional or financial) expense.

6 Nov. 1984

Dear Marty:

I'm having trouble trying to figure out what the problem is. I assume, as you're typing your mss that you're making an original and one copy as you go along. If someone ^{else} is typing it, the same would be true. In that case, simply send me the copy and I'll work from that, return it, and you can go on from there. If nobody is making a copy as it's being typed, you wd. have to have one anyhow so that you have a version from which to correct proof and a spare in case the mss is lost in the mail...or anywhere else. If for some reason, despite the logic of this, you have only an original and no copy and would like me to help you pay for the cost of making a copy and postage, let me know and I'll do what I can.

Hope Florida was good to you.

Carl

13 NOV 84

Dear Carl:

Florida was indeed good to me.

SPIRITUS, I is the only text left for me to process; I have to deal with the Collected Prose but it does not present the same hard work that the poetry book does (because of the structure of the book).

When I've completed that analysis, then I just have clerical work to do.

The ms. is already in typed form & I have a spiralbound copy (in photocopy) with some marginalia that is turning out to be the Original for the book, for Orono. I don't know how many final pages there will be -- over five hundred, for certain.

I felt very secure about the dissertation. When I heard from you that you liked it, I felt relieved, sure, but I felt OK about it already; this text is another story. It has been thru so many incarnations & it has really been hard writing the thing (because I'm rusty -- let's face it, I no longer do that sort of work to such a high-quality & lengthy degree). I know I've put together a competent book, but is it the one I wanted to write? I hope so. I need to sit with it all for a little while, I guess; &, of course, I need to put the final parts in order.

I can't spend another dime on it, which is why I'm fussing over how to have you look thru it; I'll obviously have to make one copy to hold while the other is sent off to Terry, but beyond that, my pocketbook is empty. (When it was typed, I did not pay for a carbon copy as the price would've been prohibitive; the ribbon copy has been corrected so many times that it is not readable -- the spiral bound copy referred to above has been carefully rendered from the ribbon copy & then it, too, has been corrected & added to but in a neat & readable manner. When it is copied, there will be only these two copies. I will wait to make that final photocopy, of course, until after you have had the chance to make revisions.)

Your offer of contributing to the cost of duplication & postage seems unfair to you. I'm not comfortable with it. I also don't feel good about contacting Terry re any sort of "advance" -- we haven't ever mentioned money, really, & I don't want to be the first to do so. (Money is not my motivation for doing this & I expect to regain some of my financial loss on it anyway, down the line.)

Let me just continue finishing the text. When it's all totally in place we can rethink the whole notion of your proofreading plans & the costs involved; I guess a contribution from you -- in that you brought it up -- would be OK. After all, I'm not exactly breaking even with a salary that is under twenty thousand; as I've noted, I think, I make extra money by giving guitar lessons & karate lessons -- I simply turn my check over each month to the bills & use my lesson-money for living expenses & sundries.

So, it's gracious of you to offer a contribution to the enterprise! You are a gentleman. Let's see how it goes, then. When I get thru this insecure feeling & have the final copy I'll ~~kkkkk~~ write (or call on a weekend for a quick discussion if I'm feeling inspired!).

Take care.....

M a r t y

3 Dec 84

2521 East Stratford Court
Shorewood WI 53211

Carroll F Terrell
University of Maine at Orono

Dear Terry:

I have a spiral-bound, 295 page manuscript on my desk. I'm going thru it for errors & have to write one more chapter on Rakosi's newest book of poems & I need to blend in my comments on his Collected Prose. Once I've done this, I'll photocopy & have Rakosi look it over for errors (of an historical/scholarly nature); I have arranged for a poetry reading here for him, so if we don't get it done before he comes, in the spring, we'll do it then.

I will be in Maine this summer, it appears. If I haven't sent you the manuscript by then, which I certainly hope to do, I'll simply bring it ---- actually, it would be much before summer that I'd be coming. I tend to think of summer by the academic calendar.....I'd be there in May sometime.

The 'vacation' I took to get further on the book worked out well. Since I've been back, my wife has experienced some physical problems that came up suddenly &, altho she is all right now, we think, this, of course, slowed me down at a peak time of writing. But it's all falling into place & I'll be back in touch with more progress-reporting as soon as it's appropriate.

I just wanted you to know that the book exists.

Sincerely,

Marty Rosenblum

CC: RAKOSI

9 Dec. 1984

Dear Marty:

Thanks for keeping me informed. I hope, of course, that you'll be able to keep up the momentum, which, once lost, affects not only one's timing, but, I need not tell you, one's creative resources as well.

The date for my Chicago reading has been changed on me, so I've had to ask Woodland Pattern to change the date there too, from May 19th to May 11th. I haven't heard from Gartung yet as to whether this is satisfactory.



THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN—MILWAUKEE

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITY

P.O. BOX 413

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN 53201

MARTIN J ROSENBLUM

PRESERVED
FIRST CLASS



CARL RAKOSI

128 IRVING STREET

SAN FRANCISCO CA 94122

28 D E C 84

Carl:

Thanks for 9 Dec note.

May 11th it is, then; we'll be in touch before then to plan our get-together.

My plan is to drive the ms. out to Maine in May after you've been here. So the momentum continues, but, as you hint, with a slacking-off; but I have so very little real work to do on it that I can slack off somewhat. I will be working on it full-steam again during the holiday coming up from work for the first of the new year.

We all send our love,

M a r t y

Happy Holidays - Looking forward to
seeing you in May!



Love, Mamee, Marty &
Sarah

23 Jan. 1985

Dear Marty:

Thank you for your year's end greetings and for the photograph. I can't rely on my memory of the physical you and Maureen but I'll take a far-out chance anyway and say that Sarah, overall, reminds me of you and that the smile reminds me of Maureen. I am struck by how mature she looks: a great deal going on in that face. As for your noble hound, she (he?) has, alas, aged. No longer to conceal that the muzzle is all white!

Burton Hatlen was here to interview me for SAGETRIEB, but between you and me, I'm not satisfied with my responses. Nothing much interesting came out of me.

Terrell is interested in having some photographs in your book, so when you're far enough along, I'll send him a few.

It's quite a while since I wrote Woodland Pattern to let them know that I had to change the date for myx reading from May 18th to May 11th and to ask whether this was going to be all right. I haven't heard (same as last time). Would you mind checking it out for me?

All the best for all of you in the New Year,

30 JAN 85

Dear Carl,

Good to get yr 23 Jan 85 letter.

Maureen called Woodland Pattern, leaving a message regarding your situation w/a person who works there; Gartung then called back & got me & I gave him your telephone number.

He probably has called by now.

If Terrell is interested in photos of you, then remember that I have some great ones that Maureen took that you can possibly use; it's your book, so don't feel that I'm pushing these. But I do like them better than most I've seen of you.

I'm sorry that the SAGETRIEB interview didn't make you feel good. One's own feelings are usually correct regarding these things, but readers look at them differently; that is, what suits a reader often is not what the interviewee would want anyway. If you could see that I get a copy of the interview, I'd appreciate it; I'll write to Terrell about it in due time, but I want to ensure having a copy for my files.

My files, my files!!!!!! They're bursting. They flow into the book & I'm getting work done but so slowly now. Thank god I have the sprial bound maunsucrypt to look at to reassure me that it's basically done & I'm just ending it correctly & fleshing it out rightfully.

Indeed, yes, Marta the dog has aged; she no longer can keep up on our runs so I usually go alone. She will be having company soon -- we plan on a puppy in the not-to-distant future; she likes puppies & we want to always have a dog around. Marta is the best, so a puppy (also part wolf) will learn Marta's way of dealing with the world.

Sarah is a joy but she is blessed with a creative brain -- the latter factor makes life trying for us all at times. She's just turned six & her favorite topics are asteroids, what killed off all the prehistoric beats, what lies above the sky; sure, she enjoys playing with dolls & especially stuffed animals, but she gets into some very advanced conversations. She chooses her friends very selectively, having no more than one 'real' one at a time; she has great fears at night & great expectations during the day. Maureen is an excellent parent; I try very hard.

We're all looking forward to seeing you.

Affectionately,

M A R T Y

4 Feb. 1985

Dear Marty:

Gartung did call to confirm the new date, Sat., May 11. However, I have since gotten an invitation for a reading in N.Y. for Sun., May 12 which I can't turn down (it's to read some poems by Poe at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, which this year is honoring Poe and Melville). Since my reading in Chicago is on Friday, May 10, with the possibility of an interview with Studs Terkel on the air the following morning, it means that I'll have only a few hours in Milwaukee. Gartung wd. like me to stay with him the night of May 11, and I forget now whether you sd. you had room for me and wanted me to stay with you, but if you do, I cd. tell him that I needed to be with you in order to discuss the book. Let me know.

Yes, we'll use Maureen's photographs.

Fondly,

25 FEB 85

C A R L :

The nomination went out in this morning's mail, along with this note to you.....
No sense in sending you a carbon of it, really; but just to say, then, that it's done.....

Well,

We finally have the May 11th arrangements in place. OK!!!

I hope the Studs Terkel gig goes thru -- your style & his would make for an interesting interview.

L O V E,

MJR

Martin J. Rosenblum

GOOB TALKING TO YOU !



THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN—MILWAUKEE/ P. O. Box 413, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53201

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITY
MITCHELL HALL

963-5135

9 april 85

carl:

i have been seriously ill for 3-4 weeks, just now trying to rise from the dead;
no work done on book, then.....my first waking thoughts are to let you
know that when you come you'll see the book of course but probably not completed.

univ of chicago hosp believes a virus was the cause --- my entire insides upheaved
& i lost well over ten lbs & a lot of blood. i was diagnosed as being totally free
of my ulcerative condition rite before this happened, so they believe that some
germ hit the healed but weakened area -- harder than i've ever been hit. medications
were as bad as the illness.

trying to put all this in the past ~~thet~~ tense, but it's still around; have managed to
work at home as well as come in when i can, so haven't lost any ground here to speak
of.....

sorry.

looking forward to seeing you,

marty

24 Apr 85

carl

turns out i had a form of food poisoning -- ie a microbe or bacteria that i got from contaminated food (not spoiled food).

antibiotic therapy, megavitamin therapy & iron therapy (i lost three pints of blood) are having slow but progressive results.

i try to work on the book.

i don't believe this mess.

see you soon.

mjr

July 30th, 1985

Dear Carl,

Your letter about the poems I sent you did, as I wrote you a few weeks back, knock the breath out of me for a while. But I guess I had enough to keep breathing! Your comments have helped me think about my work, what I'm doing and what I want to try to do. And, I've already revised and strengthened one of the poems you pointed out needed more work --- and I'm especially grateful to you for that.

It is hot here now. This afternoon, for the first time, I noticed how hot all the things in the house get. The pink surface (with round pink child-like flowers and green leaves) of our plastic table in the kitchen, it surprised me by being a hot surface. Then I felt the heat of the doorknob. Etc.

I'm very glad you liked Zambaras's book. He got your letter this morning, and it meant a lot to him. Yes, you're right when you say his work is "high-voltage" and "evocative."

And I agree with you about my work, that I need to take more risks.

We'll be leaving the village sometime around the end of August, and will travel in Europe for a while. . . not sure when we'll get back to Arizona, but probably by the first or second week of December.

I'm looking forward to a visit with you and Leah. I'm fairly sure a visit will be possible before our wedding, which will be on May 3rd, in Tucson. Of course, you'll receive the formal invitation later. . . but I thought you might enjoy knowing we are taking the legal steps in the near future. . .

Leslie sends her greetings.

Love,
John

28 AUG 85

Carl,

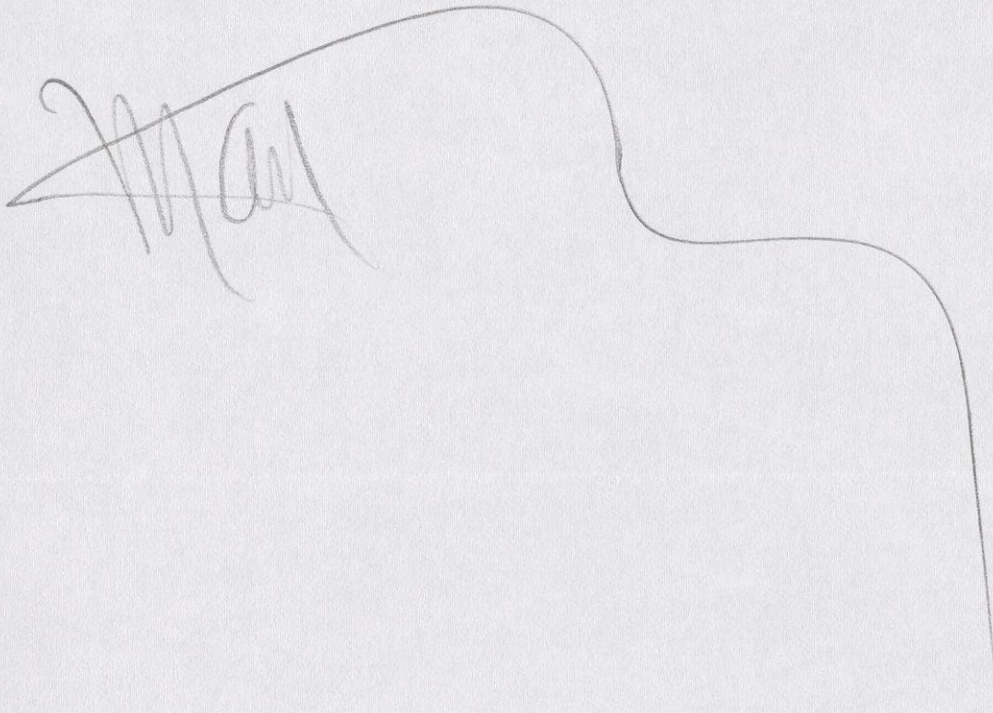
It has taken until now for me to get my health back into a range that is almost normal.

(I don't remember if I have written to you since we saw one another in that dismal hospital setting.)

I have written to Terry once & am following it up today, letting him know I'm back to the manuscript ----- so wanted to let you know.

Hope all's well w/you there.

Maureen & Sarah join me in sending Love to you Both,

A handwritten signature, possibly "Maureen", is written in dark ink. A long, thin, sweeping line extends from the signature, curving upwards and then downwards, ending near the bottom right of the page.

9 SEPT 85

Dear Carl,

Thank you for the note.

I recently did learn something new about my condition, which is that the protein levels in my blood are slowly rising to normal levels -- but my red blood cell count is still very low. This means my iron stores are fairly empty. I can't take iron supplements, but am trying to make-do with nutritional methods. I'm certain all this will work out well as I'm feeling quite normal during the day -- nights are still uneven, but less so. In general, I'm getting better.

But I'm fearful about getting the infection again, as I've had it twice in six years. I'm doing what I can to avoid it, but I really can do very little, it seems, except to take care in terms of washing my hands alot (from people contact) & being careful about what I eat (or rather where I eat).

Another possible casualty this year is our faithful dog, Marta -- she goes into surger this morning; she may not live.

Maureen & I celebrate our fifteenth wedding anniversary on the sixth, deciding that this year will never be repeated (in terms of things going sour on us) ---- new & better times ahead!!!

I'm up for tenure this year. I'm quite certain it will go through, but keep your fingers crossed.....

Also this year, the RAKOSI book will be finally in place. I've written to Terry about my illness & the resultant schedule mess-up. I'm back to it. Again, at the end of October I'm taking time off & will wind it up (once again, at Sanibel Island where we'll be for a while to get totally away).

Maureen was of course looking forward to possibly seeing you, but understandably you were rushed; I'm glad you took the time to see me, even if it was rather awkward to do so for us all.

So ----- I hope to get back to my exercise schedule soon which always makes my writing smoother..... My aim is to make this year much better than the last & I'm ~~dan~~ well going to be successful at it.

I'll be in touch before I send off the ms (with various fine-point questions.....)

HUGS,

Marty

Martin J. Rosenblum



THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN—MILWAUKEE

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITY

P.O. BOX 413

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN 53201

MARTIN J ROSENBLUM

PRESORTED
FIRST CLASS



CARL RAKOSI

128 IRVING STREET

SAN FRANCISCO

CALIFORNIA

94122

PS-----If you have a minute, do drop me a note, telling me what you're up to. I assume that you're continuing to write. Anything new on the horizon for you that I should get nervous about in terms of saying something legitimate about??????

-12 F E B 86-

C A R L :

Yes & No.

Things are OK & not OK.

But it's good to hear from you, that's for sure.

I'm still not back to my normal healthy self.... Since you saw me in that unfortunate situation last spring, I've not been able to come back the way I need to. It's not that I'm ill; but I'm not well, either. I was real good in the fall during & following a family vacation, but then slowly slipped again ---- Maureen is convinced that while there were certainly biological problems last spring, now I'm much more eligible for psychogenic disturbances as a result. She's right.

But I'm struggling with it & will get through.

I'm in the midst of my tenure push, so there's a lot to be done. I'm working a lot, too, overall; I try to find time off, but it's hard.

I do have a bright spot in my life: Julia, our new German Shepherd. She won a ribbon at a dog show last weekend!!!!!! I'm training her, using the Koehler method, & expect to enter obedience trials with her. Sarah & Maureen are in love with her, as am I, obviously. One can't replace one's 'other' dog (in this case, Martha), but (in this case) Julia sure is a real sweetheart &, to me, more of a companion than any dog I've ever had.

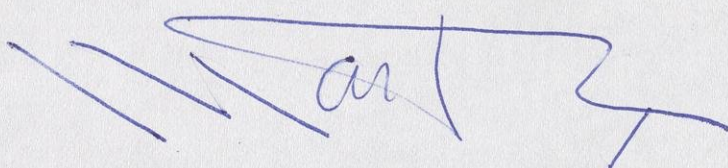
I work with her before dawn & then early evening. I take my own poetry & the Rakosi book to work, doing things with these mss. throughout the day. On weekends, too, I'm slowly becoming a writer again. The Rakosi book is a real therapeutic project. It's bringing me back to writing (from which I wandered when Sarah was born in 1979). Orono is planning on it for the fall, as am I.

As I've said, the book is typed & spiral-bound; but it needs cleaning up & that damn final chapter is proving to be a real item ---- it's a statement about writing & those things, specifically for me at this time, can get very difficult.

But, as with my health, it will improve, heal & I'll go on having put it all in proper order.

I hope all is well with you. I still get angry that my visit with you was such a limited affair. Hopefully, we'll have another opportunity because I care a great deal about you & enjoy our interactions in person.....

H U G S,

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to be "HUGS" with a stylized flourish extending to the right.

Rosenblum

10 April 1986

Dear Marty:

I haven't forgotten to answer
your last. It's just that Leah came down with
cancer a hundred years ago, although it's
only six weeks, and I am buried in those
hundred years.

15 Apr 86

CARL:

It was good talking w/you both last nite. As I said when we concluded our talk, we're thinking the rite thoughts & sending them that way; perhaps, contrary to what I said, this is prayer at its original, effective base. I don't know anything else that would qualify, in fact, especially when loved ones are the subjects..... Perhaps, then, I do more praying than I imagined.

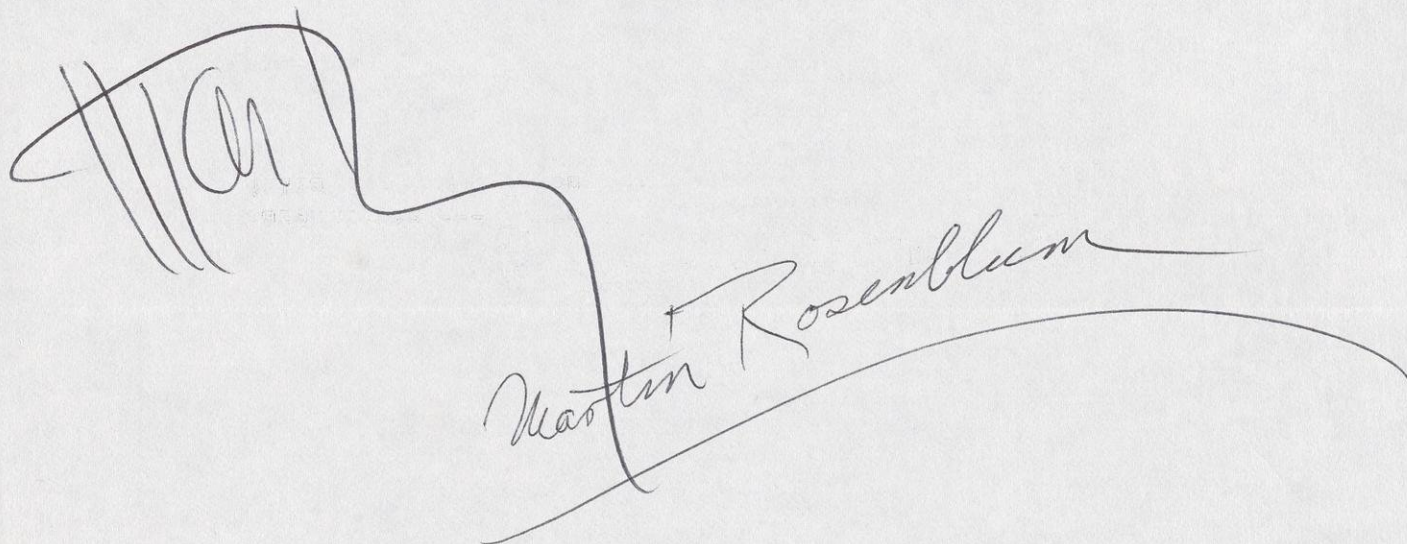
Here's a picture of daughter & dog together after a good romp in the backyard.....

The decision on my tenure is taking place on 14 May 1986. Following this, I will be taking some time off to myself for writing: our book first & then, if I haven't got it done by then, my book, STILL LIFE. I'm coming out of retirement! I ~~had~~^{have} a reading here in the fall at Woodland Pattern & one at Oberlin College at the end of the summer.

Now that I'm through with many things, getting tenure, growing differently -- I'm back to some unresolved matters pertaining to writing.....my own & that which is important to me.

Again, it was good talking with you.....Maureen & I continue to send our love & we're both very relieved that there is enough room for optimism.

Love,

A large, stylized handwritten signature in cursive script. The signature appears to read "Martin Rosenblum". The first part of the signature is very fluid and loops around, while the last name "Rosenblum" is written in a more standard cursive. A long horizontal flourish extends from the end of the signature.



THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN—MILWAUKEE/ P. O. Box 413, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53201

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITY
MITCHELL HALL

-----28 J U L Y 86-----

963-5135

C A R L :

Very good to hear from you.....but what about Leah? I'm assuming that, because you did not bring it up, the cure is taking; but, then, I think that you didn't bring it up because there's a recovery problem. Let us know. I've been wanting to write, but have also been feeling that you might not want an intrusion, calling for a conclusion in order to reply. But do let us know. We're concerned.

Enclosed you'll find a copy of the material you sent. I've read thru some of the narrative & have found it to be absolutely delightful..... There is a great deal of it that I'll digest for my own research, for sure.

Gale also asked me for a summation of my life for their Contemporary Authors, but, ~~hahhahhah~~ obviously, mine was a couple of pages for them.

~~KKKK~~

It's considerate & caring for you to express fear within your question regarding my health..... I'm going in for a follow-up on 2 August, so, ~~KKKKKKKK~~ rite now, all I can offer is my own sense of where things are at. (And, hopefully, following my complete follow-up in Chicago on the Second, I'll not have anything worse to report.) For the first time since I was so ill last spring, I'm starting to come around; it's much too soon to be effusive about my sudden progress, but it's definitely taking place, slowly. Up until the past couple of days, actually, things have not been real wonderful; but as of this weekend especially, I feel more vigor & a better overall awareness of my body. I've started moderate work-outs & have been sleeping much better.....

I am positively getting back to more literary activities. The Objectivist Casebook is being assembled, again, as I run down the final details of the RAKOSI book. My own poetry books, too, should be out this summer & I've got some readings coming up.

I will be in touch soon. (By the way, if you should ever hear from Tom Sharp again --I've totally lost him-- you could tell him that I'm assuming control of the Obj Casebook in that he's gone bye-bye; I had all of the data & submissions thus far anyway.)

I hope I hear from you again in the near future.....thanks for sending the material & writing.

Love,

21 Aug. 1986

Dear Marty:

Cd. you or one of your colleagues help with Terrell's urgent plea for subscribers to SAGETRIEB? Madison subscribes but Milwaukee does not. I'm asking Terrell to send you a sample copy to show the library.

Had prostate surgery a couple of weeks ago. To my great relief, it left my sphincters intact and ddd not change my voice from bass to castrato. In fact, I feel better than ever. More would bore you.

As ever,

EDWARDS
CONTINENCE
COTTON SKIN
USA
WORKS
COTTON FIBRE

28 AUG 86

C A R L !

You guys are having one hell of a time these days.....I'm relieved that you're feeling better following the surgery (i.e. that the operation paid off).

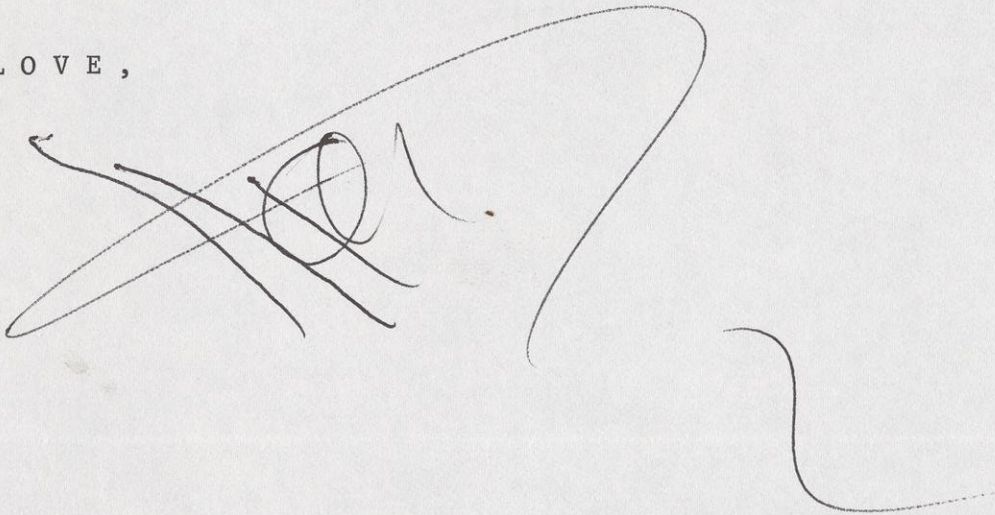
Do let me know if Leah is still holder her own.....

I have taken some steps here re Terell's plea & will get back to him about it.

This is our busiest time, so I'm back to my duties here without delay. Before I go back to my students, tho, let me tell you that I did get hold of Sharp thru your help; it sure sounds like he is doing real well for himself out there w/a good job & marriage on the horizon. He is still interested in co-editing the OBJ book, but upon thinking it over I'm wondering if such long-distance work is sane. I have an English graduate skk student here who is interested in doing all of the menial things related to it & if I do the rest, w/Sharp contributing a Forward, etc., maybe this is better.

Of course the RAKOSI book is first & shall we say in good shape (for the 100th time & hopefully the final go-thru).

L O V E ,



27 Sept. 1986

Dear Marty:

The question of whether you should
have Tom Sharp collaborate with you or ^{have him} just write
the foreword ~~xxxxxxxx~~ to an Obj. case-book
depends on what kind of a book you have in mind.
If it's going to be largely an anthology to
exemplify certain concepts, then I agree that you
could do this yourself and save a lot of time,
although you would have a wider range if he colla-
borated. On the other hand, if you have in mind
a collection of critical commentaries along with
a collection of the poetry, then perhaps two
minds would be better than one. Which is it?

Leaving now for my reading trip East.

Love
Carl

1300 A Frederick St., San Francisco 94101. Also David
18 Oct. 1986 book.

CHARLES REZNIKOFF, MAY AND POET. The trouble with Reznikoff is that his

Dear Marty: I need explanation or interpretation, in fact, suffers if it's

However hard your illness was on you, it has had an extraordi-
narily good effect on your work....in the two books, for which thanks. A
really extraordinary good effect. I'm delighted.

Several names, ideas and suggestions, some of which I may already have
given you, to add to the Obj. Casebook.

1. L.S. Dembo should be in it. He was, after all, the first one who ~~xxxx~~
thought enough of ~~of~~ the Obj.'s to interview them and introduce them to
academia. I'm sure he'll want to write about the interviews and probably
reflect on us as he thinks about our completed work in today's world.

2. Tom Sharp should not do the introduction. He should write about what
he knows best, which is better than anyone else; ~~xxxx~~ ~~xx~~ the early work and
relationship of the Objectivists to each other and to Pound.

3. My first choice for an introduction is Hugh Kenner, but he should not
be approached until he knows who and what you have lined up in the book. Of
course, he would be fine for something on Zukofsky, too, if he were interested.
My second choice to introduce the book is Altieri.

4. Cid Corman needs to be in there with a piece on A. At this point he
knows more than anybody else about it. His address is Fukuoji-cho 80, Utano-
Ukyo-ku, Kyoto 616, Japan.

5. A good person to write on Zukofsky's short poems is Charles Bernstein.
Also Marjorie Perloff and Guy Davenport.

6. An elegant and impressive spokesman for Oppen is an English writer
I never heard of, Jeremy Hooker. He has a piece on him in IRONWOOD 26 (from
which you'll get other ideas of your own). The magazine will have his address.
Others who have a special interest in Oppen are John Taggart and Robt. Creeley
(Creeley's new address is 12 Mayfair Lane, Buffalo, N.Y. 14201).

7. Rachel Blau Du Plessis (211 Rutgers Ave., Swarthmore, PA 19081) has
collected and ~~xxxx~~ is editing Oppen's Letters, which will turn out to be
quite well worth writing about. She's the one, of course, to do it.

8. On Reznikoff: I suggest you use a lovely piece Paul Auster wrote on
him called, The Decisive Moment, in his book of essays, THE ART OF HUNGER
Menard Press, England). Two others I can think of at the moment who have a
special, loving interest in his work and wd. have worthwhile things to say
are Jack Marshall (1056 Treat Avenue, San Francisco) and August ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~
~~Kxxxxxxxx~~

Kleinzahler (325 A Frederick St., San ~~Rxxxxxxx~~ Francisco). Also David Ignatow. You'll get other ideas from the National Poetry Foundation book, CHARLES REZNIKOFF, MAN AND POET. The trouble with Reznikoff is that his work doesn't need explication or interpretation; in fact, suffers if it's attempted.

10. About my own work, I don't think anything should be written ~~xxxxxxx~~ until after a full reading of THE COLLECTED POEMS. Since this isn't out yet, we shd. wait until it's in the hands of whoever is going to do the writing. The reason for that is that I've complete^{ly} re-organized the poems into ^a new ~~xxxxxxx~~ entity and put parts of long poems from separate books together for the first time to complete the long poems. As a result, a holistic s^agnificance and inter-connectedness are now apparent which could not be seen before. Having said that, my preference to do a piece on my long poem, THE POET (with all three parts) is Paul Auster. It would be right down his alley.

Similarly, the AMERICANA would be down Louis Simpson's alley. Of course, if he's not interested, you're the expert on that.

Burton Hatlen is working on an over-view piece on me for CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE. That, or something like it, wd. be good for the Casebook.

Andrew Coozier is the specialist on my early work and ~~x~~ wd. be particularly good on that. In addition, he is working up ~~xxxxxxx~~ a review of my COLLECTED for what may be a special number on me for the English PEN Review. So there'll be plenty to draw on from him. His address: Bridges Farmhouse, Laughton, Lewes, East Sussex, England.

Ditto, Michael Heller, who's working up a review of my two Collected books for the N.Y. Times (or elsewhere if they won't run a review) ~~x~~ and Geoffrey O'Brien (200 East 15th St., Apt. 7-0, New York, N.Y. 10003) who will do the same for The Village Voice.

Add George Evans to my stable. He did a splendid review of my COLLECTED PROSE ~~W~~ in The Threepenny Review. His address is 224 Day Street, San Francisco 94131.

There are three others I strongly recommend, Michael Davidson (U of California at San Diego, English Department), Michael Palmer, 265 Jersey St., San Francisco 94114) And Robt. Duncan, 3267- 20th Street, San Francisco 94110), who would be great on where he thinks the Objectivists fit in in our literary history and what he thinks were their achievements. Davidson and Palmer wd. be less interested in me than in the others or in an over-view.

Love,
Carl

26 OCT 86

Carl,

Thanks so much for the extensive letter re the CASEBOOK.
I've copied it to my graduate assistant, & he & I will
follow through.

I had already thought about Kenner as the person writing the
introduction; I'll be writing to him soon.....

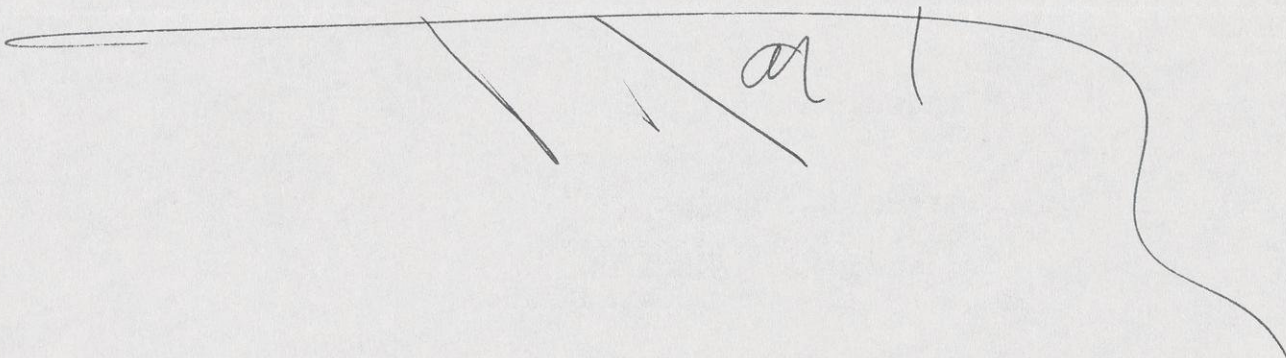
All of your points of reference are valuable....

Thanks so much, ~~kakak~~ too, for the good words regarding
my recent work. I'm hard at it. I appreciate your supportive
remarks.

I still haven't gotten a copy of your Collected Poems....Terry
said one would be mailed weeks ago. Help!

Sorry this is so short. I'm the grand wizard at Sarah's
Halloween Party.....wanted to get this response off to
you before the week sweeps me away.....

Hope Leah is doing well. Let us know, please.

A handwritten signature, possibly 'A', followed by a long, sweeping horizontal line that curves downwards at the right end.

ADVENTURE!

9 NOVEMBER 1986 - SUNDAY

2:00 p.m.

2521 EAST STRATFORD COURT, SHOREWOOD

JACK GRASSEL and MARTIN J. ROSENBLUM

- performing MUSIC LINGO -

=====

This house concert of MUSIC LINGO will be a ROAR Recording session for the album and video. Please do not arrive later than 1:59 p.m. because we can not let you in if you do.

Light refreshments will be served following the sixty minute performance..

**** MUSIC LINGO will retail for eight dollars, but at this event you may order it for six. (The album consists of a cassette replete with notated text.)

(The video will be available separately later on once it is used as a foremat for another Grassel/Rosenblum implosion.)

midwest winter

trees against/sky

earth, snow

dusted

hollow

rusted cars

as tho hungry deer in fields

M J ROSENBLUM

S E R V I C E
=====

For An Assembly
To Induce
Acausal Rituals

An invocation
from
The Journals
by
Paul Blackburn:

"The tide runs high, the
evening star explodes .
What is the sign
we mean to live by, we
mean, to live by . (?)"

MARTIN J ROSENBLUM

at sundown

there is the street

lites from it
refract black
snow & gutters
have squashed cans in them:

there is the street
at sundown
the lites(
hollow shadows
the walls reflect)

passing headlites over it &
passing above it burning my

chants used
to
as
vehicles thru
their own beams
illuminate
their following
/the sabbath

while outside
tossing the cans
on the pavement i
was not with my friends

/candles lit

then dissolved
by their own fire

but observed as were
my vows that visible

that at their inception
& into what they became :

forms to indicate=they had been

#8 of assigned
edition 19.

Wentz

For Carl Rakosi
with love



THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN—MILWAUKEE/ P. O. Box 413, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53201

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITY
MITCHELL HALL

963-5135

-11/11/86-

Dear Carl :

Your COLLECTED POEMS arrived yesterday. I called it quits last nite to read the book, which I got thru after hours of meditative work.

I'm quite overwhelmed.

You know that I always had the highest regard for your work. I believe that my AMERICANA dissertation places that piece (those pieces) into an area of extreme importance relative to anything that could be called American Literature at its finest. However, beyond the AMERICANA, my regard for your work, still exceptionally high, went more into the realm of historical significance (as opposed to poetry that was at once significant as well as consistently crucial to the heart & spirit). Please do not get me wrong, here: I've raved about specific poems to you & meant it & some of your books are more important to me than books could be ----- but not consistently, is my point. Not overall. Not every word filled with a power that pulls the spirit into the heart.

I was either wrong or I needed to read all of your poetry in one place. I was either wrong or I needed to simply read all of your poetry in one place as it is now edited to read. I was probably (just plain wrong) just unable to get the overall sensation that I now get from the COLLECTED POEMS. Every word is filled with that power that can only make the spirit live in the heart, that comes from the heart to the spirit: you are one of the greatest poets.

You are one of the greatest poets.

I feel like crying. You said that I must wait to round out my book until I've read your COLLECTED..... That was the understatement of the century.

Right now, Carl, I'm so overwhelmed that I don't know what to do. Yes I do. Michael Heller asked me to be a contributor to his upcoming RAKOSI: MAN & POET book. I'm looking at that contribution as a means to re-open my own RAKOSI book in a way that was there right from the dissertation into the Twayne manuscript, that was brought back for Orono after Twayne rubbed it away, but that, now, really carries with it a perspective that is gained from total reverence for your poetic achievement.

You are one of the greatest poets. As I assemble AN OBJECTIVIST CASEBOOK, which is being assembled real neatly, on schedule & with great energy, I'm also looking at the re-opening of my RAKOSI book. I have to rethink. Terry has said that he feels my RAKOSI book is unlike the MAN & POET text because mine would be definitive in another way.

I've got to find that other way, now, following your COLLECTED POEMS. I'm at my peak in terms of my own writing so I have an enormous amount of written & to-be-written notions; my pen is sharp, that is, across the paper critically as well. I'm taking some time off at the beginning of December, to get to some of my new poetry, & will utilize the time, as well, to re-enter our book.



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rosenblum/rakosi - p.2

I've gone thru so damn much since I first drafted the book, & have lived with your work for so long, then, that entering your COLLECTED works was familiar yet unfamiliar in a way that is, obviously, inspiring (to say the least) - - - I feel as tho I've never had your entire canon in proper perspective until last nite...

In a mysterious way, it is absolutely crucial to the RAKOSI book that I did not get it done by now. It would have been less than perfect by far, sure, but it would not have had the intensity that I have now ~~that~~ ^{when} your COLLECTED is on my desk, in my heart.

Again, again, you know that I always loved your poetry; hell, I never would have contacted you years ago for that extensive interview in Margins (to which Heller makes reference in a recent letter to me)..... I taught your work, I was influenced by it ---- yet the influence was on a personal level & on an historical level. I was hit in my life & as a scholar. Your poems provided me with living impulses & critical reactions. As a poet, I was always touched by your poems but my hands were not. Now, your language moves my hands across the keys of a typewriter.

I had to experience your work in its present context. Whenever I would read your books, I would live the words, be analytical of them, but unable to have them : now, they're mine .

Were it not for my contract bullshit in the late seventies early eighties, the RAKOSI book would be (unfortunately, now!) done; were it not for my physical problems, twice in the eighties, the book (unfortunately) would be done ----- when you visited me in the hospital, I was really going thru hell & part of my recovery would, I discovered, be getting back to Poems. You know of my many diversions (which sure look like interests). I realized, tho, that while I was wasting away in the University of Chicago Hospital toilets I had but one, real good opportunity for recovery & it was to preserve something I knew I had myself & in relation to others who also knew. Now that my new books are out, writers such as Enslin, critics such as Heller, all read it with interest; your comment in a recent letter, too, indicates interest. I'm hitting a stride that I knew I missed when I quit doing any kind of public presentation in 1979, once & for all, to pursue family & interests. All along, our book was an unhealed spot; reading your COLLECTED POEMS last night provided the first balm because, now, I understand it all. There's something here that Hesse would refer to as a Hermetic Circle. But there's no reason to get metaphysical about it --- simply, I have learned enough to go on appropriately after having come around.

That New York Times Book Review of your ExN has always stuck in my craw; it praised the wrong elements. I was, naturally, glad to see it because your work deserves attention at that level & a positive review is a positive review. But, now particularly, I can get to praise of the right elements.

Along with a return to all that is Poetry, I have gotten back into what can only be called philosophical &/or religious metaphysics on a level that satisfies my own --dare I say-- soul; i.e. I have resolved some issues in this general area. I'm not going to go into any detail, for this is a long topic unfit for this letter, but I am at peace, suffice it to say. (Suffice it to say?! What the hell else is there to say??) I have a renewed sense of family, too. So, reading your book was like reading one of Hesse's novels wherein one finds one's organizational principle discussed in terms that are at once numinous & practical. I read your



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MITCHELL HALL

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rosenblum/rakosi - p.3

collection, really, as if it were a narrative. Of course, it is; but I mean I read it like I would have read a narrative that had plot & characters. Of course, it did; but I mean I read it like one book, not a book made from others.

The unity that comes thru your COLLECTED is awesome. I don't mean to pit you against any other writer about whom you care, & I care, so don't take this comment in that manner : but your book rivals Oppen's. George Oppen has always been the ultimate Objectivist poet for his language patterns & his style, his continuance of idea into thing; your work is all of this to me, too. Your work has the voicing that great works have; all of the poems are yours, they speak the same, yet, obviously, each poem is vastly different than another. Yet all poems are aware of one another in the way that all great poems are from the same, great writer; what makes a poet great is the ability to maintain the same voice or style thru all possible variations of language-patterning. Of course, New poetry is made; yet there is always a constant voice.

Your voice is completely available to me now. I hear it. I honestly believe that you are one of the greatest poets. I aim to prove that belief, Carl. I make no apologies for being unable to access your true ~~place~~ placement before, but forgive me anyway; my reverence for your work has always been intact. Now, however, smarter than I was, I revere it beyond the love I have for it, & the intellectual/philosophical kinship with it, & experience it as part of the literary tradition that exists in the imagination of the human race. I aim to prove all that, Carl.

Love,

FOX RIVER BOND
36% COTTON

Rosenblum

25 Nov. 1986

Dear Marty:

Your reading my COLLECTED POEMS was a paean of love that left me breathless and in a glow. All I can say is, I'm lucky. If, as you say, you can prove what you feel and perceive, it will be more than I expected in this world. So bless you.

May I suggest two more people who would have something perceptive to contribute to the CASE-BOOK? One is Eric Mottram (Kings College London, English Department, Strand, London WC2R 2LS) and the other is Lawrence Fixel (1496 Willard St., San Francisco), who has one of the best minds around.

Love,

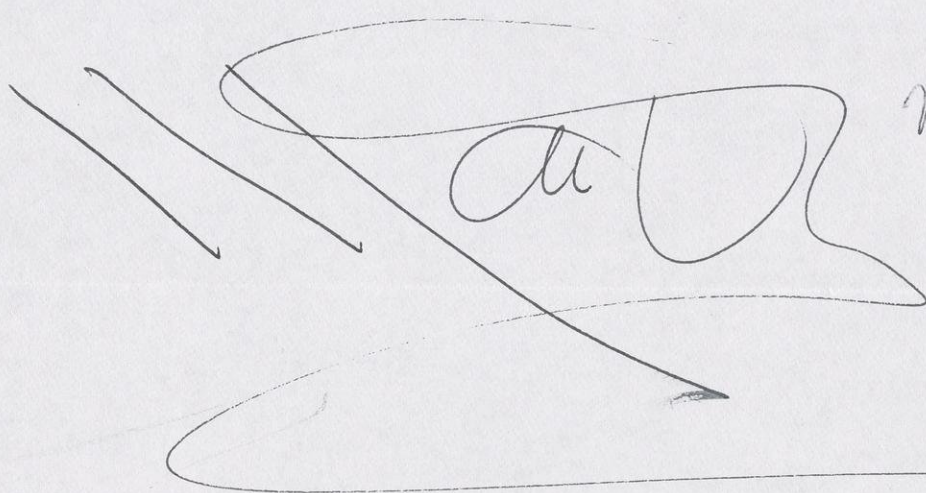
15 DEC 86

Carl,

Recently, I write you a letter about your COLLECTED POEMS that indicates a major uplift of my perceptions of your work; today, I get a call from New York from Brad Morrow asking me to review your book, also bringing along your COLLECTED PROSE, for Conjunctions.

Suddenly my perceptions have the push into words (deadline: first week of January) that will push the RAKOSI book into final being too.....

Love,



Martin Roseblum

I'm not supposed to mention this now, but Maureen is pregnant..... We have to wait until the tests come thru indicating good health in the womb (because of Maureen's age) before I tell anybody..... But, now, I want you to know I'm going to be a father again -- we're (with caution) very pleased.

Martin J Rosenblum, PH D

12.28.86

2521 East Stratford Court, Shorewood, Wisconsin 53211 USA

Carl,

I had a first week of January arrival due date & a four typed page limit, so here is the finished product within these restrictions: I hope that you like it.

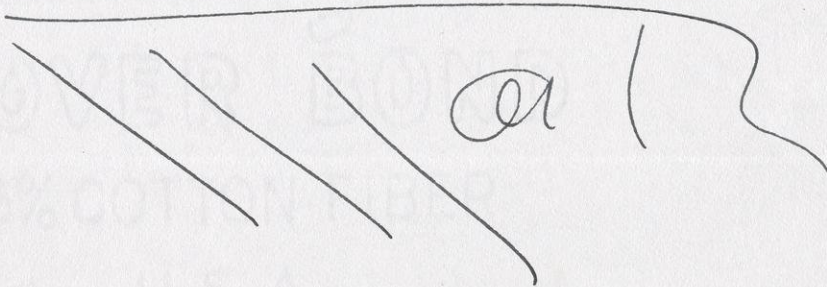
I haven't heard from you since I dropped you that quick note about a week or so ago, & am concerned that, maybe, Leah is not doing so well; I have gone to the phone to find out a few times lately, but then don't want to bother you both.

Let us know how she's doing.

From my letter on the subject, & from the enclosed CONJUNCTIONS piece (slated for the next issue, I imagine), you can see that I'm going thru a complete re-definition of your work. If I had published my Rakosi book without it, I would now be on the verge of death. There is some kind of pattern to all important things.

The editing of the Casebook is very exciting. It will be a strong & very important book.

We love you both,

A handwritten signature, possibly 'M. J. Rosenblum', is written in dark ink. To the left of the signature are several diagonal lines, and to the right is a large, loopy scribble.

1.7.87

Carl,

It was real good talking with you on Sunday night. I'm glad I called, not only to learn of your satisfaction, for the most part, with my review but just to find you & Leah doing well (except for colds, gotten from grandchildren!).

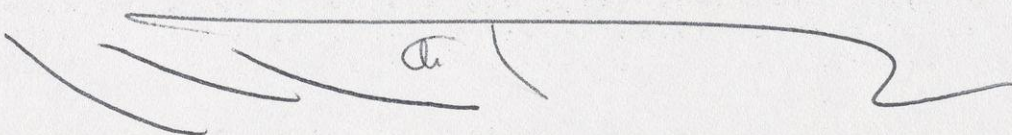
The problem you did have with my review --i.e. its lack of words regarding your place in the literary establishment-- has been fixed to the extent that I rewrote the final paragraph, adding a well-placed, simple statement that solves this problem. The review will appear in the April issue of THE WISCONSIN REVIEW, not in CONJUNCTIONS. In an interesting way, appearing in TWR will benefit you more as the circulation is wide & it will introduce your work to many more potential readers who might not know your work very well or at all. TWR will place the review as a feature. I'll be sure to send you copies.

Morrow will be running an extensive interview with you in #11, but no review at all. He had some problems with my review. I talked with him on the phone tonight after hearing from him. But my sense was that he simply changed his mind in a larger sense, not wishing to run a review at all; he indicated that if he & I were closer, meaning if I was easier to work with by virtue of being in closer proximity, then my review could be shaped to fit his editorial desire --- but he really wound up saying that he simply wasn't going to run one at all from anybody. His reasons for not running any review had to do with his sense that, with the extensive interview planned, a review as well would be too much. He underlined how important your work was, that both he & I know this, but that he's an editor & has to present a balanced issue. Calling you one of the "good guys," he said that he couldn't always concentrate on the good guys all the time, tho he'd prefer to.

Please don't think I'm trying to represent Brad's perspective, here, without realizing I can't do justice to a letter from him & a long phone conversation; in fact, I hope I've gotten the essence of his attitudes right. I tried to do so. I really like the man. He spoke highly of my poetry, my vision. I understand his position.

I'm actually happier that TWR is doing the review. The editor of it is totally thrilled with it &, as I said, will feature it: so all's well that ends even weller.

Hugs,



Carl,

Forgot to slip this in the letter I sent out with the article the other day; thought you might find it interesting.

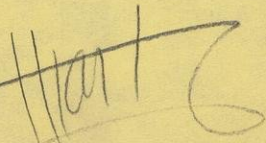
You'll note a typo in the final paragraph of the essay I sent: I reversed Carroll Terrell's name! Ever since he insisted on me calling him Terry, I've gotten dyslexia & transfer the sound of his last name to first. Anyway, you got an uncorrected copy of the essay with that glaring error.

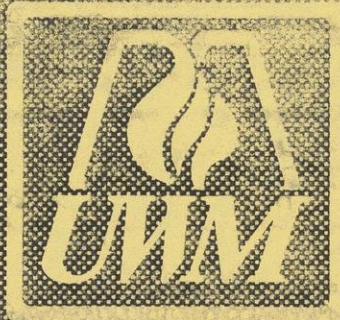
I'll be in touch real soon..... I have questions about the CASEBOOK to address & I have some other questions that will help when answered with my RAKOSI text.

I hope all's well....Let us know.

Happy New Year, then.....

Love,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Hart", is written over the word "Love,". The signature is stylized with a large, sweeping loop that extends from the end of the word "Hart" and underlines the word "Love,".



REPORT

Faculty/Staff Newsletter of The University of Wisconsin—Milwaukee

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7

Rosenblum lives for his poetry

By Barbara Salsini

Martin Rosenblum '71, '80 is many things. But he is never bored. He's been a long-distance runner, collector of old musical instruments, martial arts teacher, professional musician, editor, English teacher, publisher, songwriter, family man, performer, historian of vintage firearms, counselor, recording artist, backyard gardener, and poet.

All of these avid interests connect in his consuming one, which is poetry. Rosenblum is recognized as one of the leading writers of neo-objectivist poetry. In the mid-1970s, a Yale University report called him one of the three most promising young poets in the country.

Several new or forthcoming books and a record album show how he has fulfilled that promise. They join about 15 previous books he wrote or edited, alone or with others. He also has published in anthologies and journals, and writes articles on historic firearms, martial arts, and other interests.

"In all these little sidetracks, I always come back to poetic composition as a theme," he said.

Rosenblum is an admissions-advising specialist in the Department of Learning Skills and Educational Opportunity, in which students who lack some qualifications for college admission acquire the necessary skills. The slight, bearded Rosenblum is animated as he talks about these students. It's easy to see that he's a caring counselor.

He has a Ph.D. in modern poetry and a master's degree in creative writing from UWM, and formerly taught English here. He prefers his present work, which is rewarding yet gives him time for his poetry.

This is a fruitful time for Rosenblum: two poetry collections in October, a record album coming out in December, three books next year. The two collections are *Geographics* and *Burning Oak*, both published by Lionhead Publishing. The first was co-authored with Steven Lewis, a former lecturer at UWM; the second with local poet Judith Marks.

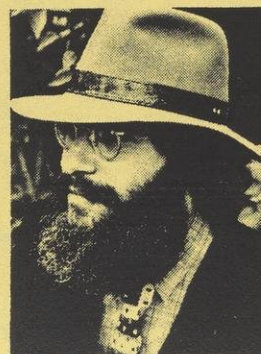
"Music Lingo," the record album and poetic notation from ROAR Recording, features poetry by Rosenblum and guitar playing by Jack Grassel. Rosenblum is editor, publisher, and producer of Lionhead Publishing and ROAR Recording.

Carl Rakosi, a book about the important objectivist poet that Rosenblum wrote as his doctoral dissertation, will be published by the University of Maine at Orono next year, as will a book on objectivist poetry that he edited. Forthcoming from the local Morgan Press is *Still/Life*, with poems written between 1979 and 1986. For much of that time, Rosenblum was publicly inactive.

It was the time when he was changing careers and his daughter, Sarah, was born. He continued to write, but chose a more private stance. "I decided public performances were less significant than just simply living," he said.

Performing

About two years ago, during a serious illness and the soul-searching that accompanied it, he decided he would again publish and perform. This fall he has appeared several times at The Coffee House on 19th Street and Woodland Pattern Bookstore, with either Grassel or Steve Nelson-Raney, a pianist-percussionist. The Woodland Pattern event was videotaped by the Center for Contemporary Poetry at UW-La Crosse for



Martin Rosenblum

its permanent collection.

Performances include poetry-reading and controlled improvisation, of both music and poetry, with Rosenblum also playing guitar. In the 1960s, he performed as a blues guitarist. He plays other folk instruments, as well as those vintage ones he collects, and composes for American finger-style guitar.

As early as fifth grade in Appleton, he was writing stories and rock 'n roll songs. "Writing is a biological necessity for me," he said.

But he started out at UW-Madison as a history major and later switched to English, in which he earned a bachelor's degree. While working on his Ph.D. in English at Madison, he became more interested in writing poetry. He switched to UWM and its creative writing program, where he was one of the first to get a master's degree.

Objectivist poetry

Objectivist poetry, which has not yet completely entered the academic mainstream, is a form of free verse. Objectivist poets "write about objects, not about our feelings. But in writing about them, we inlay the objects with our personal ideology," he explained. The reader encounters the objects directly, in much the way that the poet does, and the emotional response is more direct as well.

Rosenblum sometimes writes about his Shorewood neighborhood or about objects in his home. The poems have a visual element, with words and spacing arranged on a page.

Traditional poetry by such writers as T.S. Eliot or Wallace Stevens contain more external references, while "objectivist poetry doesn't get out of the poem very much." He enjoys other kinds of poetry, but believes objectivist poetry "is more heavily innovative. It advances the craft. I believe a lot of the work I do communicates the sense of human glory," he said.

2.5.87

Dear Carl,

Good to get your 20 Jan 87 letter - things here have been complex, but good, so am only now getting back to your concern about inserting more information on your work overall (not place in the establishment, agreed) into my review for the WISCONSIN REVIEW. It was done when I sent the review off to the WR. That is, I had the same feeling as you did & took care of it just the way you suggested.....

You asked about the WR. It's an extremely unlikely publication for Wisconsin. It's very advanced in its editorial policies, preferring the sort of poetry that you & I would agree is the most suitable. It's always been this way, most of the time, even tho the editorships change with graduate students changing at The University of Wisconsin-Oshkosh.

UW-Oshkosh is, for some reason, a distinct center for poetry in Wisconsin that defies the usual provincial Wisconsin poetic mind. The WR took my very first open field composition poem of great length, "The Logs," way back in 1970-71. They took Sequences from The Werewolf Sequence, featuring them; they published reviews of mine, around 1972, that cut to shreds the anthologies of boring Wisconsin poets that were being produced & touted by The Center For Contemporary Poetry. All along, many poets from all over the world who write in styles unlike Wisconsin descriptive-meditative poetry have been published. Around 1979, I was hired to be the judge of the annual writing contest at UW-Oshkosh, & was brought in to present the awards, based on my selections, & to give a poetry reading; that was the only time I've ever been on that campus -- I was moved by the intense literary scene. There are real revolutionary writers & editors & students of writing there. I cannot account for this, but it's been this way up thru the 60's to the present. Now, the WR is doing an anthology of Wisconsin poets (& the selection of my work is quite generous); as soon as this is completed, then the issue with my review of your book(s) will be done -- around April.

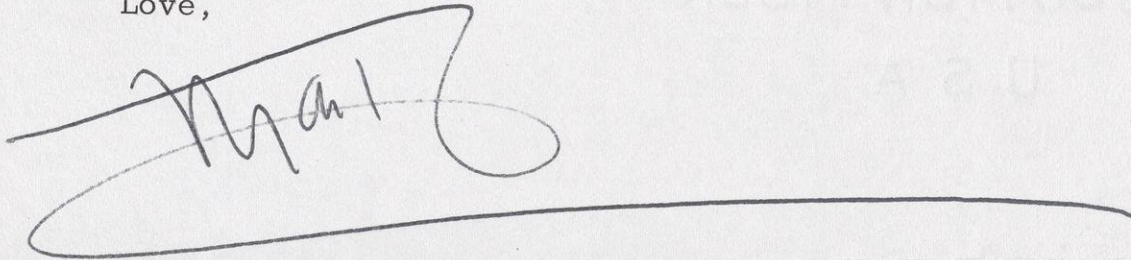
I'll be sending along some of my new publications. (Stone Fog, Conjunction & a folio of music/poetry collaboration, Hocket Stutter.) I've made some important stylistic shifts that please me greatly.

I got a letter yesterday from Cid Corman, in which the death of Robert Duncan is reported. Can you provide me with more information, please? Meeting Robert was one of the more important events. I'd just like to

--over--

have some concrete information to make dealing with this more
real. I know more about Liberace's death. I don't like the
imbalance.

Love,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Michael", is written above a long, horizontal, slightly wavy line that spans most of the width of the page.

2.21.87

Dear Carl,

Thanks much for your cryptic postcard regarding Robert Duncan. I'm not certain I know what you mean, but I'm equally not certain I knew what I meant when I wrote about the situation.

Enclosed please find my CONJUNCTION and STONE FOG. I have never burdened our relationship with requests for some feedback regarding my poetry (except for a general question once, maybe twice)..... But if you could get to a few sentences regarding my work, here, it would be meaningful because I've definitely got some stylistic changes in place that I've pursued for some time ---- &, for certain, value your response highly.

All of the work in these books has been either completed in the past few months or (in the case of a couple of poems in SF) has been reworking of poems left open in '79 (when I lost my way).

I'm moving on to STILL/LIFE next, which will further the situation I've gotten to in these two books.

I've got many readings/performances set for the spring -- good places to 'air' my stuff before it goes into STILL/LIFE in final form..... I've got new material & am re-opening old for that book.

My mother-in-law called this morning to say that read was on a 'EL' in Chicago & read a poem of yours on an advertising slot at the top of the train -- it was a poem having to do with a "rat," she said, & I recognize that, I'm sure.

My mother has cancer, so we're dealing with this; the prognosis is hopeful, but there's surgery & radiation-therapy ahead (& she just had some other major surgery, which is how the cancer was found). My Dad, too, just had to have emergency surgery..... The happiness, tho, is that our child --due next August-- is a girl! Tonight, over dinner, Maureen, Sarah & I will come upon the final name we all want: it's a fine day to Name the one who will join us before too long.....

This has been quite an old year/new year conversion, with many things happening that are either taxing or progressive, but all lead me into literary processes.....You'll find a poem in SF that is built upon a quote from you. I hope that the poem does justice to your incisive remark.

I hope I'm doing justice to your work as I immerse myself in my Rakosi book; I did so well with it in the dissertation; now, with what knowledge & even sensibility --not wild, not tame-- I have, I sure want to do it all again but with greater proximity to the Truth of your process.....

Love,



3.30.87

Dear Carl,

Just to let you know I got your package. I cannot xerox as freely in my Department (due to budget restrictions), so I'll have to get to copying when it's easier on the weekend -- which I will do, sending back your original as requested. I had the New York Times Book Review article (from John K. Shannon) & the Poetry Flash item, too, which I got from a poet called Antler (who has a City Lights book & another called Last Words from a subsidiary of Random House, who is in S.F. often). I am very, very glad that you keep my files brimming as you methodically do from time to time. It makes my archiving so much more effective & enjoyable.

I was exceedingly pleased to read "John Kingsley Shannon" among the poets you read & are pleased with; apparently, he sent you some of his books when I put him in touch with you a few years ago. I treasure the books he has done. He no longer writes poetry, it seems; but I have sent him a copy of p. 40 of the interview along with a letter that will hopefully inspire him to get back to it. (Have you ever read John's prose? It is utterly original.) (Years ago, John, who plays practical & impractical jokes thru the mail, wrote poets for submissions to an anthology that was to honor me as I, according to his form letter, had passed away; this hoax earned him many enemies, but I thought it was funny in that the whole thing came from me professing --under a pen name that I use sometimes, Cicero DeWestbrook-- that MJR had, indeed, passed on because John was only publishing deceased writers with his press to avoid certain reserved rights problems. I had a book on Country Blues that was from the perspective of a musicologist, but also that of a poet. Anyway, the whole thing got out of hand & he really got himself into a mess; I, too, was getting calls from all over hell for many weeks -- checking on my widow's condition.)

Carl, your words regarding Stone Fog & Conjunction are meaningful to me; starting with the new books I've done in '86, late, your comments have been warming up: now, with the above two books, you are giving me heat enough to go on, as I am, with my large collection, Still/Life. (That John urged me to get on with as early as 79-80 when I was backing away.) I am revising poems in significant ways for it, cutting tracks that carry the train, to use your metaphor, long beyond its destination. I've always considered my published poems sacred. No more. With the (yes!) internal switch into SF & C, I can go back into poems, reopening them, bringing up that which started them but then got railroaded into mixed signals.

--over--

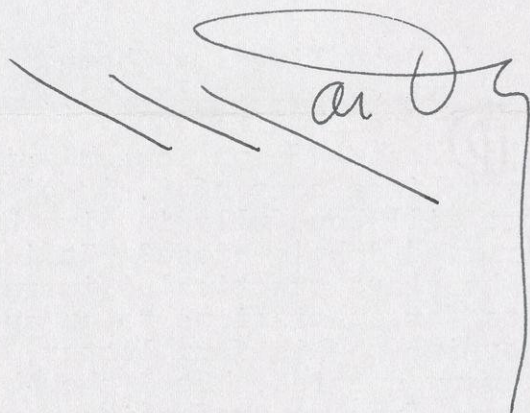
In that past couple of months, I've gotten very encouraging remarks from Enslin & Corman; from Metcalf, Taggart & Schwerner, I've gotten solid support & enthusiasm. All this is primarily as a result of SF & C. As I must have said when I sent them to you, I really hit my stride in them.

I did a reading (see enclosed) last Friday to a filled room & read as good as I possibly can (the event was videotaped, so I'll get to watching this at one point, further verifying my sense of the event's success); these two books have greatly influenced my reading (of them, sure, but of all my works to the extent that I can easily access their intrinsic mysteries & communicate this in oral forms)..... So, getting your response really puts me in good order.

I thank you for your kind paragraph, Carl; there's no easy way for me to let you know how much it means to me at this time. I am working very hard, now, after years of either working on sidetracks or with too much freight!!!

I need the encouragement your letter brought. I need it on an unconscious level & out in the open, & your commentary goes both places.

Love,

A handwritten signature, likely "Carl", is written in dark ink. The signature is stylized with a large, looping initial 'C' and a trailing flourish. Below the signature, there are several horizontal lines, possibly indicating a signature line or a separator.

4.24.87

Dear Carl,

Finally, here is the upcoming CONJUNCTIONS interview back now that I've copied it; as I said in a previous note, I had to wait until I had access to the machine as budget cuts inhibit free use.

I'm interested in your listing of John Kingsley Shannon as one of the 'modern' poets you read. I understand the connection you must have with his work. I'm glad I introduced you two. (I've told John about your list.)

Walter Tisdale at Landlocked Press has accepted an inquiry & will do a broadside of my work. He brings 'new poets' into the Press this way. I am very pleased, in that this is the first manuscript inquiry I sent off since the early 70s (all books coming thereafter either by request or some kind of mutual agreement) & in that, indeed, his Press is the finest. I have wanted a fine-arts-type publication for some time (which is what my very first book from the Univ. of WI-Madison Art Department was but with soggy verse), so am doubly pleased.

Cid Corman has asked that I represent him here to sell his letters, which I will agree to do in that Niedecker is the rage in Wisconsin (I went to a play about her not too long ago) & his connection with her is getting more well-known (making WI an appropriate place to house his papers according to libraries). Cid & I have gotten into a very extensive correspondence. I revere him but he has a certain kind of excessive energy. I have come to love him for this energy, too, tho.

Sometimes projects work out by their own accord ---- "It is the virtue of indirection." So says Metcalf in Where Do You Put the Horse?, & so it is: the RAKOSI book expands from within. If I had gone through with Twayne, even with early Orono, without my present full return to things literary, the books would have been so much less. You will be pleased with it, as I am; no more false ends with it ---- I'm driving for the real end to it.

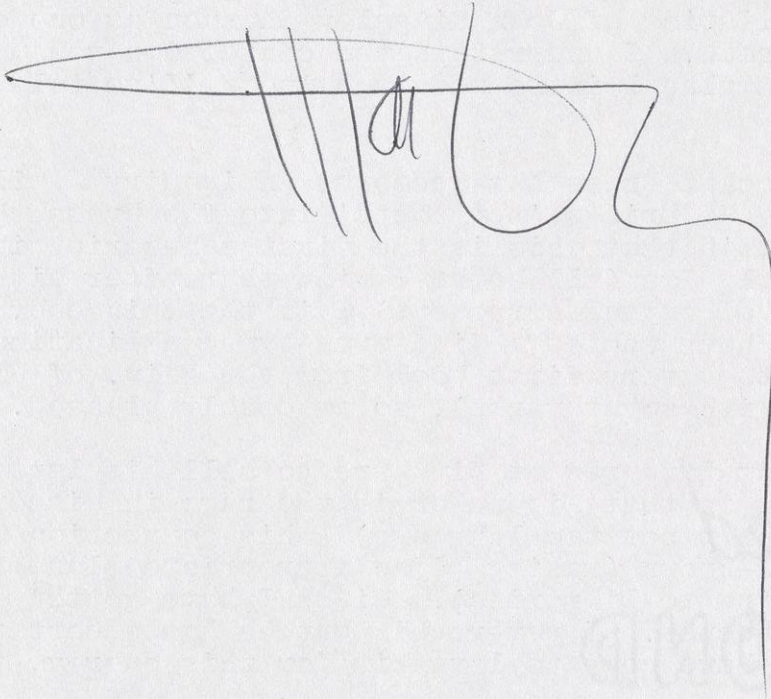
I'm doing something on the AMERICANA for Heller, then something else on your work, & am coming off doing readings/performances that all went well to get to my big Still/Life book. When the time comes for it, I would like the opportunity to send a little portion of it to you for some commentary; I've never imposed myself on our relationship in this manner before, as you know, but this time it's important that I ask if I can do this. Still/Life will do it or not do it, & I'm in no way looking for an exegetic response: a simple 'yes' or 'no' will suffice as I understand what it means from you.

Maureen's pregnancy is blossoming. Sarah just wrote what she calls her first real poem, which I enclose. We're remodeling & adding, here, so all is in a moderate state of confusion from time to time....the nesting influence! --Am going to hear Metcalf tonight, heard Jonathan Williams last night.....greatly anticipate this evening's event as I

--over--

recently --more than before-- have gotten into Paul's work.
(He might be doing an essay on Reznikoff for the Casebook.)
(The Casebook gets betterer & betterer ---- more on it later,
but I'm at it all the time writing & collecting out there for
it.) Williams was OK, yes, & I marveled at his sense of LINGO;
yet I want something we'll call spiritual from language, too,
not just the words. But, in the end, it's the words that carry:
Williams has a fine sense of them, just as a musician can have
perfect pitch. (But then there are scores to play that are more
vital than others.) Williams was here with Meyer who literally
just read LN's letters, so I left during that as I have the damn
book at home.

Much Love,



I enclose Taggart's piece on Enslin for its brilliance. I keep sending
these out from my library, then replacing; I'm very taken but it for its
personal & historical melding.Got a letter from Enslin who had a
very meaningful & moving visit with you & Leah, apparently.....
~~HE REFERS TO ME AS YOUR BIOGRAPHER.~~ He refers to me as your biographer. Others have, too; even
you have. Finally, I am. The honor & responsibility are awesome, but,
NOW, I can do it -- I have the holding power I had during the AMERICANA
dissertation along with a new kind of dedication, insight & surge. You
can rely upon me, ~~at last~~ at last, in the end....

Deepening changes went down during that illness in which you paid a
visit at the University of Chicago Hospital.

5.1.87

Dear Carl: Your welcomed letter, which was waiting for me when I got home from UWM today, either gets at some things I was already thinking about or brings up things that I have some immediate thoughts regarding, so I'd like to reply before all this gets lost.

I spoke with Terry on the phone last Fall, asking him exactly what you ask in the open: if the RAKOSI MAN & POET text is forthcoming, why the critical biography as well? I asked him point-blank. He at first said, in surprise, yeah, why; then he quickly said but the two are very different & he'd like to do both & that was the end of the matter. But, I did not feel resolved about it myself, obviously, as your letter brings all this up to the surface again. Let me consider the whole matter; keep me posted as to the progress of your archives going to UW-Madison. If they do go there, you should tell someone at that institution that I'm at UWM working on your critical biography & I can take it from that point on. I think your idea is an interesting one, of utilizing the University of Wisconsin Press. Let's take it step by step, with the sale of your archives being the opener for a possible change of publishers. While I really have the utmost respect for Terry & his NPF, & feel, really, the book would do me more good there, I actually believe it would do you more good here. The more diverse the publishers are who release books on you the better; there's no sense in using just one, for it in some way diminishes your potential value.

I am glad that you indicate I should wait regarding Cid's letters until the matter of yours is settled; it would be useless to give UW-Madison too much to think about in too many directions, as I was going to contact them but now shall wait until I hear from you regarding success or not with yours. (Carl, please keep this to yourself: Cid is my friend, yes, but there is a sense of him feeling others are against him & if he learned of my decision to wait a bit, here, he might misinterpret the situation as being one that did not take him into consideration properly. I want to be careful in this matter. Believe me, I know what I'm positing; I have come to love the man dearly, & in doing so recognize this potential mix-up from his perspective.) I do hope the sale goes thru for you, for your sake & for mine & for history's. It would be a fine place for your materials, I would be quite close to them &, already, UW-LaCrosse has & will have all of the Rosenblum/Rakosi documents. (In fact, have you informed UW-Madison that UW-LaCrosse collects you from my angle already? I think that this would be an added boost -- not watering down anything at all, but establishing a pattern.) If all of your documents were in the same area, it sure would make matters better for future scholars. I'm absolutely elated about all this. Do keep me updated consistently &, certainly, let them know about me & let me know exactly with whom you are doing business. (Actually, I might even be able to help by offering an evaluation to them; let me know if you want this to take place.)

You make an interesting point regarding Taggart when you compliment the piece he wrote, calling it "remarkably clear," then asking if he has "changed." This indicates to me that you have found his criticism, perhaps his poetry, unclear. In my correspondence with John, I have found him to be very clear; sometimes, tho, his writing gets thick. I say this, yet, of course, I am deeply moved by his poetry & very influenced by its philosophical content. The language itself has not actually effected me, but the marvelous rendering of hard-to-get-to notions, set well into language, has greatly moved me & provides me with insight & energies.

Well-put re Jonathan Williams & I'm glad you agree; as I read thru Truck 21, in honor of him, I can certainly underline, with you, "he's made the best of what he does have."

Recently, I sent the letters I got from George Oppen off to the editor of his SELECTED LETTERS. I'm wondering if anyone has approached you a-

---continued---

bout such a volume. No, I'm not undertaking even the suggestion of it until my RAKOSI book is on the shelves; just wondering, &, of course, one time down the road I sure would have an interest, especially if the materials were in Madison.

Ted, too, reported exactly what you have: that meeting was excellent & that when music was discussed there was not enough time for that which was taking place.

(Felix Pollak writes that he knows you. In what capacity? The reason I ask is that I did a review of his work in an anthology in the early 70s & I unfortunately used a satiric method --unfortunately, because it was misunderstood &, in the end, not written well enough to avoid misunderstanding--to reveal what I thought to be his work's weaknesses. I stirred up quite a hornet's nest. The review was published in MARGINS & WISCONSIN REVIEW because the editors believed in my views ---- that certain Wisconsin poets were being anthologized over & over, not for their intrinsic literary worth, but for their persistence, that the money spent by institutions doing this particular series of anthologies would be better spent on writers who were more revolutionary. I was thinking of Objectivist writers such as yourself, with ties to Wisconsin. Well, I don't want to take up time, here, with it all: but I recently got in touch with Mr. Pollak to find out that, after all these years, he is madder than imaginable, still. I think he is unstable to some extent, or must be as his letter is quite neurotic about the subject; yet I respect his age & do feel bad about having been this kid who upset a Wisconsin literary elder, so I'm taking steps to assuage.... until my personal integrity is bent, at least, which thus far it has not been. Anyway, he makes claim to be well-known to you so I'm wondering in what capacity. ----The interesting thing, here, is that he was the very first to buy my very first poetry book when he was the curator at the UW-Madison library of the small press things; I've never had any animosity toward him, which he claims was the entire basis for my review so long ago.)

I have issued a reprint of the MARGINS 1975 Interview I did with you, by the way: I had requests for copies, so have printed-up a nice reprint that I'm giving to interested parties. It will be a good document to have in circulation, again, now that your CONJUNCTIONS interview is underway. Poets & Scholars can Compare them, as they are both extensive & very conversational, loose & very human.....

Well, you've set my mind to good thinking about the whole publishing idea, here, concerned with the RAKOSI book & now you must update me consistently regarding the sale of your archives as it influences my thoughts greatly on the overall subject. You're right: I don't need any more feed-back as of now; if specific questions arise, I'll get to you with them. I'm best, now, on my own as I was when I finally hit my stride with the dissertation on you ----- & you know that came out well. Once I've gotten the pace, I'm well on my own; again & again, I thank my subconscious for not allowing me to finish it up, botching it for Twayne (god, that would've been a terrible book; it's lucky I have integrity even when I don't know it -- i.e. that I felt a block, thinking it to be something else when it was my good sense in the way) or even rushing right into it to the end for Orono. I would never live right again if I had published a book without the perspectives gotten from your COLLECTEDs & from my present re-entry, full-tilt, into literary affairs. (The review of your COLLECTEDs in the WISCONSIN REVIEW will run in the Fall issue, as the Spring issue has been combined with the Winter as the WISCONSIN POETS ANTHOLOGY; but do not worry, the review will run as the same editor, in whom I have great trust, will be there to make certain it gets in & featured.)

Your 28 April '87 letter was stimulating. I'm glad you wrote it. My relationship with you, with your work, sustains me in many ways; I get more deeply involved & a better understanding, absolutely, of all that Poetry Is by virtue of the connection with your work, now, since 1969 & with you since the time of the interview.

I am very fortunate. You mean The World to me.

Love - 

5.12.87

2521 East Stratford Court, Shorewood, Wisconsin 53211 USA

Dear Carl ----- The minute after I posted my last letter to you, I realized I should've asked who is in charge of the potential purchase of your archives such that I could stick my nose into the deal. So, I'm glad you provided me with the name & complete address for my enclosed letter. But I'm going to call Ms Schofer as well; it's too late for that today, so first thing tomorrow I'll be on our Dain Line to her..... I want your archives here. They belong here. Also, indeed, I sure could make good use of them across the board. Don't worry about me interfering too much on your behalf; I'm a gracious ganoff in such matters, getting the right stuff said without overstatement. The more I think about all this & its potentials, the more excited I get. Again, keep me posted.....

Within the past few letters back & forth, I have patched things up nicely with Mr. Pollak. I will be writing a feature article on Wisconsin poetry for the Winter 1988 issue of WISCONSIN REVIEW, & a major portion of it will be a re-evaluation of his work (based on a re-entry of the offending review I did of his work in the early 70's & a review of his new Spoon River Selected Poems which he'll have sent to me). Yes, his situation is, I think, a "painful" one; this is one of the reasons I contacted him, in fact. I had heard of his blindness or near-blindness, & had a sense of his inability to be the poet he wanted to be, & I felt awkward about writing that review so many years ago because I also had heard that he took it so personally. You know, he is an elder Wisconsin poet & my satiric approach (written by a kid-critic, sure, but still written) was inappropriate, given the idea of the anthology in which his work appeared (which I cut for being too conservative when, really, it was designated as being such). Well, after enduring Felix's very intense anger & irrational letter or two, keeping my approach uncontaminated from any sort of pride &/or competitiveness, the matter has been successfully resolved between us at last. I heard from the librarian at The Center For Contemporary Poetry (where my works are collected, including that which relates to my Rakosi/Objectivist research) that he finally had to disengage his library from any relations with Felix; apparently, Pollak was absolutely impossible to deal with as his demands were unrealistic regarding his works also being collected. So, Pollak's collection was discontinued because of his inability to be emotionally fair & materially rational. But, as you say, his situation is a painful one & I am determined to at least clear something up for him that I know has been festering all these years. I'm doing it without any harm to my personal integrity. (I can take being called all sorts of names in the mail for a while at least!!!!)

I finally wrote to August Kleinzahler. I read his review in SULPHUR in which he talks about being in Madison when you were there, but he was apparently at the Plaza pinball machines & not in your presence; well, I, too, frequented the Plaza (for its burgers) & while I edited one of your "Americana" into the anthology of Madison poetry we were doing with Albatross Press I, too, missed you as poet-in-residence. With that realization, then, I got off a letter in my present increased energy output regarding the Casebook correspondence. (I saw some of AK's poetry in a slick magazine called NEW AMERICAN POETRY; his was the most interesting of the bunch --the rest being old American poetry-- but not what I expected. I liked it, but I anticipated different material from him.)

If Ms. Schofer has had your archives this means you sent them. I cannot imagine sending such a shipment for analysis -- there must be quite a bit & shipping for examination only must be very frustrating....& costly, if you have to bear it. Such an ordeal. Let's hope it's over with, here.

Speaking of ordeals, tho seemingly very pleasant to my dear wife, Maureen's pregnancy is going very well.....

~ OVER ~

Much Love,

Let me know any Big coming up regarding your letters.

Do you make can sons for you files? I hope so. Gathering them all
would otherwise be very exhausting.

7 no

6.10.87

Dear Carl,

Congratulations.....I heard in return from Yvonne Schofer that the deal went thru for your archives. Good! I'm elated. She reports that I can have access to them in two to three weeks.

Let's discuss your letters, now; I'd like to interest UW-M in them. What say?

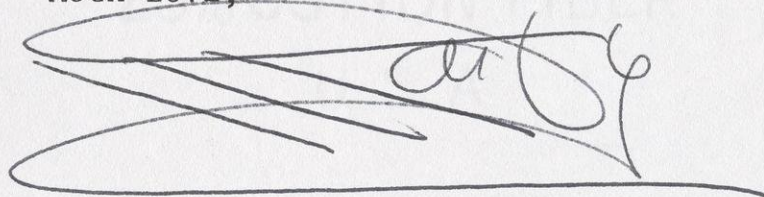
This note is all-too-brief, but I am in charge of the Department for a while & don't have time for much beyond that & my own poetry this month (the latter for a Landlocked Press publication & my STILL/LIFE book). The Casebook-----it progresses very nicely, now with Karl Young as my contributing editor. The RAKOSI manuscript-----it is as usual being worked on regularly.

Enclosed is something that is less than a score but more than notation. An experiment. It appears on an album I'm completing & have another that is complete, MUSIC LINGO ----- perhaps you might be interested in them & I'll UPS them later on to you.

I do hope all is well with you & Leah. Another reason for this brief note is that I'm pooped from tests at U. of Chicago & then again in July the final tests which will even be more pooping; all this to determine some things that hopefully will come out all right. I feel they will.

Again, I do hope you are well & that Leah is holding her own.

Maureen (who is in her 8th month now) joins me in sending
MUCH LOVE,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'Martin J. Rosenblum', is written over a large, loopy, horizontal scribble that spans the width of the signature area.

6.15.87

Dear Carl,

Good talking w/you this morning & with Leah.

What I did is get a cordless telephone because I, too, abort phone calls to hit the john.....then, I wonder if the state-of-the-art telephone I have really pays for itself because being alone in the bathroom with only an issue of CONJUNCTIONS or GUNS & AMMO --whichever strikes my attention first-- is, in the end (no pun intended), sufficient & most pleasurable.

I cannot get the time off to attend the Naropa session. June is our busiest month & while I might have been able to arrange it, I need to stockpile my time-off; I'm having extensive tests at the U. of Chicago Hospital, where you visited me, later on in July & if findings are not pleasant then, well, I'll need plenty of time ~~to~~ to be off. Also, there's the money problem regarding the trip to Colorado which is in itself a deadend. So, I'll have to leave off further planning. I'm disheartened about this. Extremely so.

I'm glad --in anticipation of your card ~~as~~ & as a result of our phone conversation-- that we have the matter of your letters straight. You evidently misunderstood my inquiry & Madison apparently did not fill me in adequately; so when UW-M expressed an interest, this morning, as a result of my meeting with Richard Jones in Acquisitions I naturally called you on the matter. But do keep it in mind that Mr Jones would be interested should you not find adequate response at UW-Madison.....

Well, I should get back to work, here.

It was good hearing your voice this morning!!!!!!! I'd like to find a way to see you again.....sometime in the not too-distant-~~future~~future.

It will be good to have the archives so close, in Madison, so that I can expand &, as you put it, liven up the biography.

I'm glad you agreed with my ideas about the biography & Casebook publication places.

Love,



16 August 1987

Dear Carl & Leah:

Well, you are the first to be receiving the enclosed birth information.....we just got it back from the printer's yesterday & I was going to write today so I thought I'd send one to you as you're on our list in the other room.....

Maureen delivered Molly was no complications & no medical intervention. I cut the cord at 6:03, then Molly nursed right away & has been with little or no difficulties since.

She's a sweet baby, sleeping nicely so that we all can & enjoying life very much; she's just the polar opposite from Sarah, who came in with complications & is leading a very complicated --but highly enriched-- life. I think that they will be ideal sisters. Sarah is loving Molly, as we all are.


The only casualty in all this was our dear German Shepherd, Julia; I had to find another home for her as she became much more aggressive in her protective role ----- she would not let any person other than Maureen, Sarah & I near Molly. She lost the ability to distinguish between harmless children & potential intruders. Following two attacks, I decided to give up my dear, loving companion & she is now happily living with a big family & another German Shepherd. I took some money for her, but the financial loss involved is tremendous; I just wanted to find the best, most easily transferred-to home.

Anyway, I'm just writing, as I said I was going to do, to stay in touch & to tell you that I'm working on the essay for Heller (& another for another publication) on CR & of course my own text. I'm still very much in the literary mode, here, digging further in & working.....

We're putting on an addition to the house for Maureen's office (& it will serve as a family room), so things are humming around here. My 41st birthday is next week & I've never felt better. (I went through a series of internal exams & it was determined that my condition is quite manageable if I do what I'm doing, which is self-healing & diet-control.)

I see that I'm writing this on the day of the Convergence. It is amazing the great lengths human beings will go to pretend to understand themselves by virtue of events that only externalize the psyche further.

Love,



Martin J Rosenblum, PH D

2521 East Stratford Court, Shorewood, Wisconsin 53211 USA

28 August 1987

Dear Carl,

Thank you so much for your Amos story. Maureen said she remembered that we talked about this another time when we were all together, but I did not & hearing it now really helps in some way --- the bonds that we make with canines are very primitive & therefore impossible to wholly break.

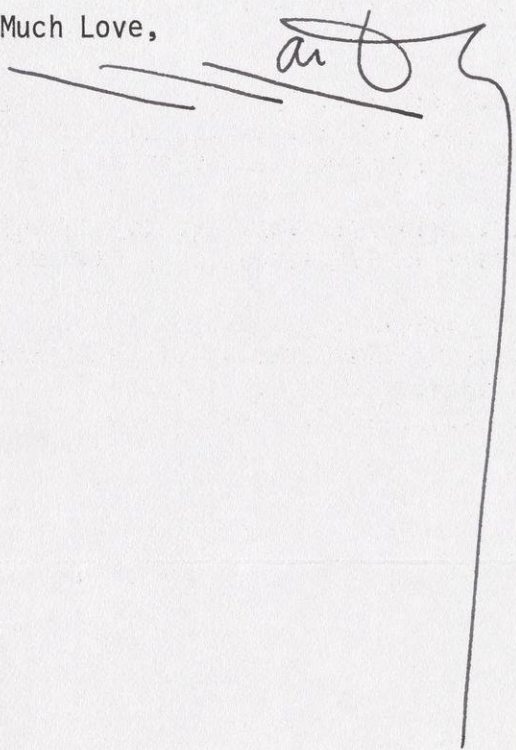
Somehow, it's reassuring to know that you know what I feel on this subject.....
Thanks for the time you took to express it.

Molly is doing real well, still, as is Maureen ---- Maureen joins me in thanking you & Leah for the congratulations, for thinking of us in this time of serene pleasure. It is as if a magic wand has been waved over the house, for we all are under a spell of contentment.

I am sticking to my renewed literary sensibilities. I'm getting work done.

This is quite a time overall: my 41st birthday just passed, upcoming is our 17th anniversary.....

Much Love,

A handwritten signature, possibly "an", is written above a long, thin, vertical line that extends downwards from the signature area.

Martin J. Rosenblum, PH.D.

2521 East Stratford Court, Shorewood, Wisconsin 53211 USA (414) 332-7474

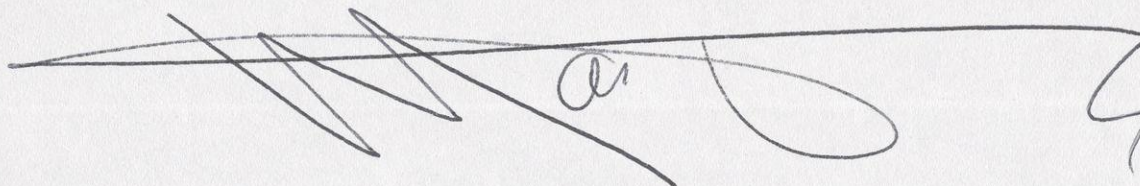
31 December 1987

Dear Carl,

Enclosed is our holiday card for you & Leah & of course we send it with Hugs --- also, enclosed, is the review that I did a year ago at this time, in fact, dumped by Conjunctions & nicely picked up as you can see by Wisconsin Review.

I was hired by Bowling Green University for two days in April & two in October, 1988; in spring I teach graduate writing courses for a day & then give a reading & in the fall I privately tutor writing students in the graduate program & do a lecture/reading. I did a lecture/reading at a UW campus a few months ago & following it over one hundred bucks worth of my books were sold --- yikes! I have two albums out --articles regarding one enclosed-- which are actually selling-out.....

Well, I hope all is very well there with you two & we all here sure send STOUT CHEER & MUCH LOVE for the New Year!!!!



I sold to UWM for Cid Corman & Ted Enslin a portion of their correspondence; the final stages are upon us now, but UWM will come through if Cid & Ted like the deal I put together. UWM is asking me to do more of this with the Library & I'm finding it to be quite interesting as it allows me to be a scholar & hustler all at once!

Martin J. Rosenblum, PH.D.

2521 East Stratford Court, Shorewood, Wisconsin 53211 USA (414) 332-7474

29 Jan 88

Dear Carl,

That review has brought in many favorable comments regarding your work & my approach ----- from poets, scholars & readers of poetry. I'm pleased. Thought you'd like to know the impact of it.

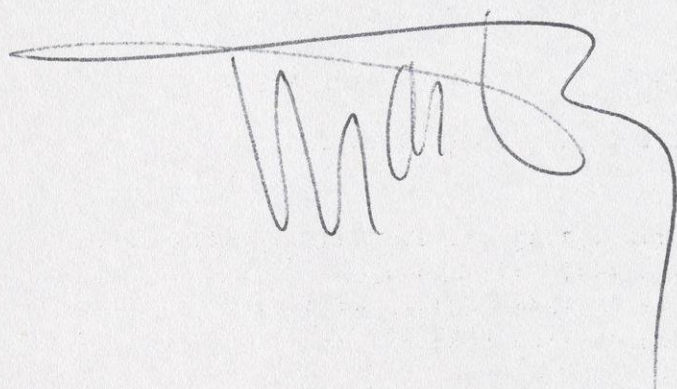
Life is filled to the brim with Molly Dvora ---- her attention, yes, is amazing. She takes it all in with a certain pride & in a very relaxed way. She is totally different than Sarah Terez, who is not at all relaxed as she takes more in than she can handle most times. Molly has defined limits already.

A wonderful twosome we have been blessed with, here.

Maureen is the ideal Mother, too, with great patience & understanding.

I hope all's well with you both.

We All Send Love,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'Martin J. Rosenblum', with a long, sweeping horizontal line extending to the left and a vertical line extending downwards to the right.

I have a Harley-Davidson motorcycle, presently in the dining room. It goes nicely with the teak Danish Modern.

Martin J. Rosenblum, PH.D.

2521 East Stratford Court, Shorewood, Wisconsin 53211 USA

(414) 332-7474

3/19/88

Dear Carl,

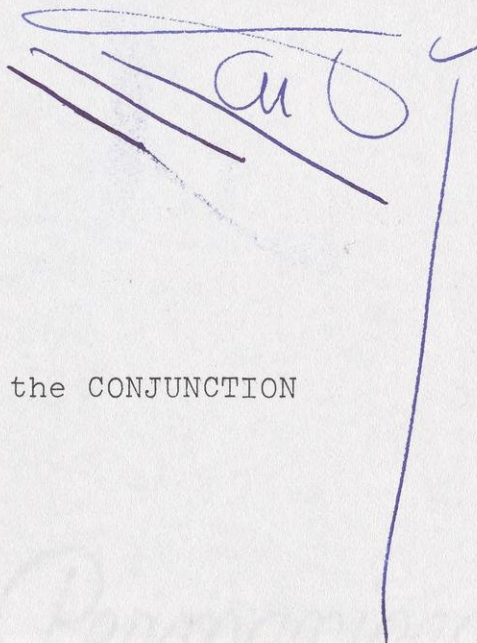
Woodland Pattern is possibly doing a memorial of some kind for Robert Duncan. Can you supply any kind of paragraph or two regarding his final times, to be read, by me, aloud during this? Also, do you know the month & date of his birth in 1919?

Sorry to be a bother, but this is rather important & I don't know of a better source for it.....

I hope you & Leah are well....

All here is fine.....

Love,

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to read "M. J. Rosenblum", with a long vertical line extending downwards from the end of the signature.

Thought I would enclose the CONJUNCTION review.....

Permanently
Plover Bond
25% COTTON FIBER
U.S.A.

Martin J. Rosenblum, PH.D.

2521 East Stratford Court, Shorewood, Wisconsin 53211 USA

(414) 332-7474

3.21.88

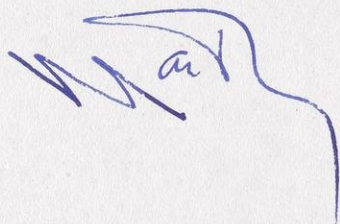
Dear Carl,

Yes, that's what I'll do. Thank you for the idea.

I'm depressed to learn that Leah has to undergo more chemotherapy & send our well-wishes. We love you both.

I go to Bowling Green State University next month for a couple of days to tutor graduate poetry students & to give a reading; I'm trying to finish new work for this. I am also on another leg of our RAKOSTI book. I know we wanted this done so long ago, but it is to be a much more useful & better book due to the extended work I do with it -- especially since the publication of your COLLECTEDs, which turned me around(& onto greater concepts regarding your work). Please know that I think of your desire to have this book in print very often (every week since its formal incarnation!) & that I have the same desire -- it will be done. It has grown so much that it no longer comes close to original manuscripts. You recall how much you liked the dissertation -- well, the book has that same kind of complexity now.

Hugs,



Permanized
PLOVER BOND
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U.S.A.

Martin J. Rosenblum, PH.D.

2521 East Stratford Court, Shorewood, Wisconsin 53211 USA (414) 332-7474

7.13.88

Dear Carl,

I dreamed last night that we corresponded, so today I thought I'd do just that....

I hope all is well with you & with Leah. Let us know, please.

The enclosed was led-into by a front page photo & story; in that The Milwaukee Journal is the State's largest paper, you can imagine the results from the front page business here.

I've been approached by a publisher to do a chapbook with Cid Corman & John Pearlman, so that is in the works; Howard McCord is doing an Introduction for my upcoming large book, STILL/LIFE.

I recently did a very successful reading at Bowling Green State University & also was hired there to tutor graduate writing students.

Molly Dvora will be a year old next month! Sarah Terez is nearing the age when young woman traits suddenly appear as she plays with her dolls.

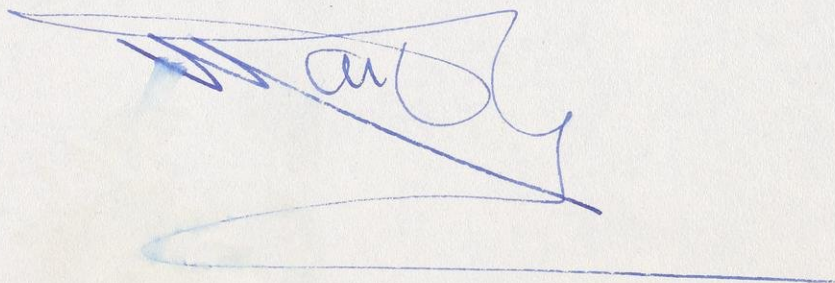
Maureen is quite well & successful as a psychotherapist.

We have a Bernese Mountain Dog. A lovely mastadon.

My UWM work is getting more complex, leaving little room during the days for much else. In that I get up before dawn, that is when I usually write -- following my workout. I am editing AN OBJECTIVIST CASEBOOK &, yes, write the RAKOSI manuscript, still; it is becoming a life's work for me. It is about you, sure, but entails so much more than that for it effects an entire literary philosophy.

Now maybe I can shed the dream that put a web on the day -- now that it's time to sleep again.....

Much Love To You Both FromUs All...,



Rosenblum

XTRA

Movies p. 9
TV p. 12

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL

Tuesday, June 7, 1988



Hooked on HARLEYS

You'll find some
unlikely people
on those
Milwaukee machines

By JOEL McNALLY
of The Journal staff

THE BEARDED POET describes it as the perfect urban steed. He rides it metaphorically into an American past populated with Texas Rangers and mountain men.

The hard-driving TV executive drops the tough-guy facade and rides his around and around the television station parking lot, like a kid on his first two-wheeler.

The South Side priest says it humanizes him as he cruises to his pastoral duties.

These people are bikers. More specifically, they are Harley riders. They do not weigh 300 pounds or chain anyone to trees. But if there can be a gang of individualists, they're part of it. Their common bond is a devotion to the only motorcycle produced in America — Milwaukee's Harley-Davidson.

Martin Rosenblum, the poet, speaks in a passionate rush about the aesthetic, spiritual and emotional experience of riding a Harley.

Andy Potos, general manager of WITI-TV, stumbled into Harley ownership almost by accident and finds himself being drawn into the Harley world against all jibes.

Please see **Harley**, Page 10X

Channel 6 general manager Andy Potos
rides a Harley

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EUGENE KANE

IN THIS CASE,
MENTOR AT
YOUR OWN RISK

I WOULD like to take this opportunity to offer my services as a mentor to somebody. Anybody. It doesn't matter; if you need mentoring, I'm available.

I don't want to act like I know a lot about being a mentor because, the truth is, I don't. As a matter of fact, it is only recently that I have come to understand what the mentor-protégé relationship is all about. That's too bad, because I could have used a mentor growing up. Having a mentor is most important when you are just starting out in your career. By the time you reach my age, you are past the point of choosing a mentor and need to start thinking of becoming a mentor yourself. That's not easy; I hear they have a tough union.

A mentor is an important first step for young people. A mentor can be a teacher, a confidant, a ramrod and a lobbyist on your behalf. A mentor can help steer you through the land mines of your chosen career. A mentor can be a sounding board, a launching pad, a safe port at sea, a bridge over troubled waters. (This is starting to sound like a mentor is an inanimate object, but trust me, they are usually people.)

Maybe some of you younger readers don't understand what a mentor is. Perhaps a better frame of reference is this: The mentor role in "The Return of The Jedi" was played by Yoda, the little guy with the big ears who taught Luke Skywalker how to lift spaceships with his mind. In "The Karate Kid," the mentor was the old guy who taught the young boy how to separate his classmates from their teeth. Understand?

Growing up, I didn't have a lot of luck with mentor types. I had one mentor who made a habit out of borrowing money from me. Mentors are not supposed to cost you money.

Another guy who served as my mentor for a while tried to teach me a new skill. Our sessions were



Eugene Kane

interrupted when he had to do a stint in the federal penitentiary. That's OK. I never got the hang of those plastic explosives anyway.

Another mentor showed a lot of promise. He had lots of wisdom and did his best to teach me patience. But he had this annoying habit of calling me "Grass-hopper," so I stopped hanging around him.

In all honesty, having a mentor wouldn't have done me much good, because I was a stubborn young man. I thought I was right 100% of the time. Nobody could tell me anything. I was full of it, and when you're like that, it's hard to appreciate mentors. Consequently, I missed out on a lot of good advice because I didn't want to listen. I missed out on the opportunity to learn from someone else's mistakes. I didn't understand that an older person's experience brings a lot of knowledge. Being a little less hardheaded could have saved me a lot of grief, not to mention bail money.

So I am at the point in my life when I feel that it is time to offer myself as a mentor to some deserving young person. I feel that I have more than a few important qualities for the job. First of all, I don't get up real early, so you would not have to worry about showing up until about noon. I don't care much about appearances, so you could wear a sweatshirt and jeans for our sessions. I don't really use up a lot of energy, so there would not be any rigorous training activity. I am not real deep, so you will never have to think hard to figure out what I am saying most of the time. There will be no obscure riddles or parables; I will call it as I see it.

Basically, what I'm offering as a mentor is this: lots of hours watching TV, raiding the refrigerator, late-night carousing, catching a few winks, and generally just having a good time. I guarantee that anyone who accepts my offer will be able to learn how to get the most out of the soft side of life. I will indoctrinate you to the Kane philosophy, which can be briefly summed up as "What? Me worry?"

Being a mentor is a crucial responsibility that I won't take lightly. If anyone out there truly wants to be my student, all you have to do is start mentally preparing yourself now. Keep your mind free of distractions and your TV-remote-control hand free in order to zap those commercials. Also, make sure that you have a real comfortable pillow.

Hey, having me for a mentor might not be the most exciting thing in the world, but let's face it, everybody can't be Yoda.

Kane is on The Journal's entertainment staff.

MISTER BOFFO



ON THE INSIDE

Clementine's Calendar	p. 16	Dr. Ruth	p. 17	Tom Shales	p. 14
Car Care	p. 7	High-Tech Trends	p. 8	Wheels	p. 6
Commercial Break	p. 14	Paperbacks	p. 13		
		Single File	p. 17		
		Soundings	p. 13		

ON THE COVER:
Channel 6 general manager Andy Potos is a recent Harley convert. Photo by Carl D. Hoyt.
Page design by Jeff Zmania.

THE WIND, THE ROAD, AND A MACHINE

Harley, from Page 1X

Father Paul Rogers, associate pastor of St. Roman's parish, calls owning a Harley "the dream of a Milwaukee home boy."

That was Rosenblum's dream, too, when he was growing up in Appleton. He subscribed to the official publication of Harley-Davidson in elementary school. But his father was adamant that he would never own a motorcycle. "The basic idea was: 'What's a nice Jewish boy like you doing on a Harley?'"

It was not until last winter that Rosenblum, at 41, finally achieved his dream of owning a Harley, a limited edition 85th anniversary model.

That was after he had established himself among an international art community known as objectivist poets. They are poets who write about objects around them rather than feelings. Experiencing the objects produces the feelings. Their form of free verse also has a visual element to it on the page.

Writing poetry is still the center of his life, but Rosenblum no longer tries to teach it or discuss it with colleagues here who never really knew what he was doing anyway. Rosenblum decided he could serve Milwaukee better as an admissions-advising specialist at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, helping students who lack college skills to acquire them.

Perhaps most important, the Harley came after Rosenblum survived a near-fatal infection.

"Moving into my '40s, I realized that it was time to do the things I wanted to do. One of them was to own a perfect specimen of a Harley."

With his flowing beard and hair, Rosenblum said he was fortunate.

"I can look like a poet and a Harley owner at the same time. It's a subject of amusement on both sides that I'm this intellectual poet-philosopher who wears leathers. But on the Harley side, I'm probably more understood than on the university side. They know why I love Harley."

At another point, he described riding as a break from the politics of publishing poetry. "You don't have to deal with being misunderstood on an intellectual level, which is worse than being misunderstood on the street when you go by on a Harley."

Rosenblum is a student of American history with a fascination for the frontier, antique Colt .45s and western adventurers such as Texas Rangers, mountain men, and Civil War dissident Cole Younger.

"Owning a Harley doesn't make you Rambo IV who just walked out of Afghanistan on the way to Syria, no doubt. But I do think it has something to do with an archetypal sense of the frontier. It is a wonderful feeling of being on the range."

Even though he loathes Japanese motorcycles — "whiny rice grinders" — Rosenblum also compares riding a Harley to Eastern meditation and the discipline he has pursued for years in martial arts.

"Each time I get on, I quiet myself. I have no other purpose. I'm not running an errand. I don't use this to go to work. When I'm on my motorcycle, I'm really riding it. It's like the Japanese tea ceremony. When you pour the tea, you are really pouring it and you don't spill a drop. I sat Zazen for years and this is my understanding of what meditation is. I probably pray more in a 24-hour period than most holy men do. I just do it on a Harley."

Rosenblum believes he understands the popularity of Harley-Davidson among young urban professionals.

"Even those young professionals making all that money doing whatever it is they are doing realize that part of their psyche is not being met. It's the individualist, I bet."

Andy Potos doesn't intellectualize about what how he ended up on a Harley. It was a mistake. As chairman of the Milwaukee Symphony Ball in January, he was trying to jack up the price on a Harley-Davidson motorcycle donated by the company for a benefit auction.

He had told a Harley executive that he thought he could get \$6,000 for the \$4,000 bike. Potos had bid it up to \$5,500 when the bidding suddenly stopped. "Lo and behold, I had a Harley."

Potos is known to the general public for his somber Channel 6 editorials. He is known within local television circles as an extremely demanding task master.

But that all falls away when Potos dons his black crash helmet twice a week for the riding lessons that have earned him the title of "The Terror of the TV6 Parking Lot." Staff meetings are a little more relaxed

TWO MEDITATIONS UPON AN XLH 1100 SPORTSTER

By MARTIN J. ROSENBLUM

1.
The view from
Behind these
Buckhorns down
Hiway Q with
The peanut tank
In sun & this V-Twin
A pounding metaphor:

Distant birds single
File along meadows &
The downshift into
Second gear brings
Flight nearer road
Speed when my

Harley-Davidson cracks
The envelope of visionary carburation.

2.
Standing on the footpegs in Wisconsin:
Nearer dusk then easing
Back into saddle
Posture away from plains

With a twitch in the right
Wrist sending a message out
From shorty duals that arriving
Has occurred just by starting
This Sunday morning when a

Pleasant vibration was sent through
Chrome headers to assure a dominant

Pioneer strength even from
An urban Milwaukee range.

© 1988 Martin J. Rosenblum

when underlings can wonder aloud whether he's been wearing his helmet lately.

"All the years, I thought people who rode motorcycles were crazy," Potos said. "Now all these staid conservative people around me think I'm nuts. My secretary thinks I'm nuts. My wife doesn't even want to talk about it. The only person who thinks it's great is my second daughter, who's 27 years old."

Potos recently married Kathy Koenen, former station

program director, now attending law school. "I tell her that when I get this down, I'm going to take up flying lessons."

What began as a lark is becoming more important. "The wind blows in your face. It's kind of a relaxing moment. It's a way of getting away from the pressures and the hassles of the everyday wars."

Father Paul Rogers bought his first motorcycle in the late '70s when he was working in California as a prison chaplain. It was during the gas crisis and the bike got a lot better mileage than his 1965 Oldsmobile V-8 Starfire.

After returning to Milwaukee 10 years ago, he went through several bikes before moving up to a Harley in the spring of 1986. That summer he rode cross-country to Seattle.

"Riding cross-country on a motorcycle is really nice. It's very peaceful. You get a different sense of the road and more of a sense of the people when you are on a bike."

Like many riders, Rogers is impressed with the camaraderie among Harley owners. "A lot of people play roles. I met some guys that you probably wouldn't want to meet in a dark alley, but when you sit and talk with them at a wayside or a gas station, you find out the guy's an accountant."

Do any of his parishioners consider it unseemly to have a priest on a Harley?

"I think all priests are characters in some way. It's uncommon, but I wouldn't say unusual. If anything, they start seeing you as less one-dimensional. 'Well, he has a Harley. He must tinker with it.' There are a number of families in the parish who have bikes and they can relate."

Some of the older parishioners may worry that riding is risky, he said.

"It is risky. But I think just being a believer is risky. Some of my hobbies, like scuba diving, are on the edge a little bit. It's probably an extension of my person. But, obviously being a believer and follower of Jesus involves taking some risks, too."



Poet Martin Rosenblum owns what he calls 'a perfect specimen of

Rogers finds particularly difficult. I shot off d
Rogers rides there any pries inappropriate? "N
Rosenblum, P of other people. social leveler —
"There's this He's got Harley t
'Die on a bike.' C
mother. But, he 'Ahhhh. I like th
had green.' He's bike. I say, 'Man
big paw around you ride?'"

RIDE FUN

HARLEY In 19 the company over in 1968 procession Milwaukee b
Last sum was listed o William (Wi grandson of motorcycle p
To celebr Harley-Davi motorcycle r
Dystrophy riders from Milwaukee. Harley-Davi Summerfest Featured
Waylon Jen and Bachma the Booze B Phil Delta Ba

gers finds riding a Harley therapeutic. "I had a particularly difficult counseling session today, so after I shot off down the expressway a little bit." Rogers rides the Harley to funerals and vigils. Are any priestly duties where a Harley would be appropriate? "No," he said. "It's just transportation." Rosenblum, Potos and Rogers ride Harleys. So do a lot of other people. Rosenblum describes being at that great leveler — the parts counter at the House of Harley. There's this guy who weighs about 12,000 pounds. Not Harley tattooed all over his body. 'Live to Ride.' On a bike. Out on the street, he may be stomping his foot. But, he's holding this reflector in his hands. "I like this. This is really neat. I didn't know you were." He's outside kind of lovingly putting it on his seat. "Man, you got a real nice bike." He puts this wheel around me and says: 'Hey, little buddy, what do you do?'"

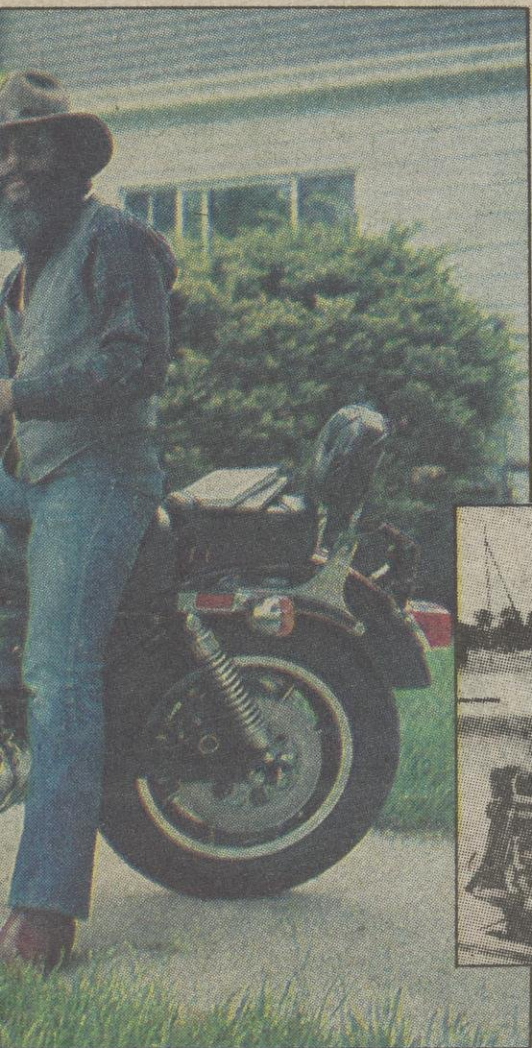
RIDE TO RAISE FUNDS FOR MD

HARLEY-DAVIDSON is into symbolic rides. In 1981, when Harley executives bought the company back from AMF, which had taken it over in 1969, the Harley team led a motorcycle procession from York, Pa., back to Harley's Milwaukee birthplace.

Last summer, when Harley-Davidson's stock was listed on the New York Stock Exchange, William (Willie G.) Davidson, vice-president and grandson of one of the company founders, led a motorcycle procession down Wall Street.

To celebrate its 85th anniversary this year, Harley-Davidson is sponsoring a nationwide motorcycle ride to raise money for the Muscular Dystrophy Association. This weekend, Harley riders from 10 different sites will begin a ride to Milwaukee. The ride ends on June 18 with Harley-Davidson's Homecoming Festival, at the Summerfest grounds from 1 p.m. to midnight.

Featured will be the Charlie Daniels Band, Layton Jennings, Leon Russell, Edgar Winter and Bachman-Turner Overdrive. Local acts are the Booze Brothers, LeRoy Airmaster and the Phil Delta Band. Tickets are \$10.

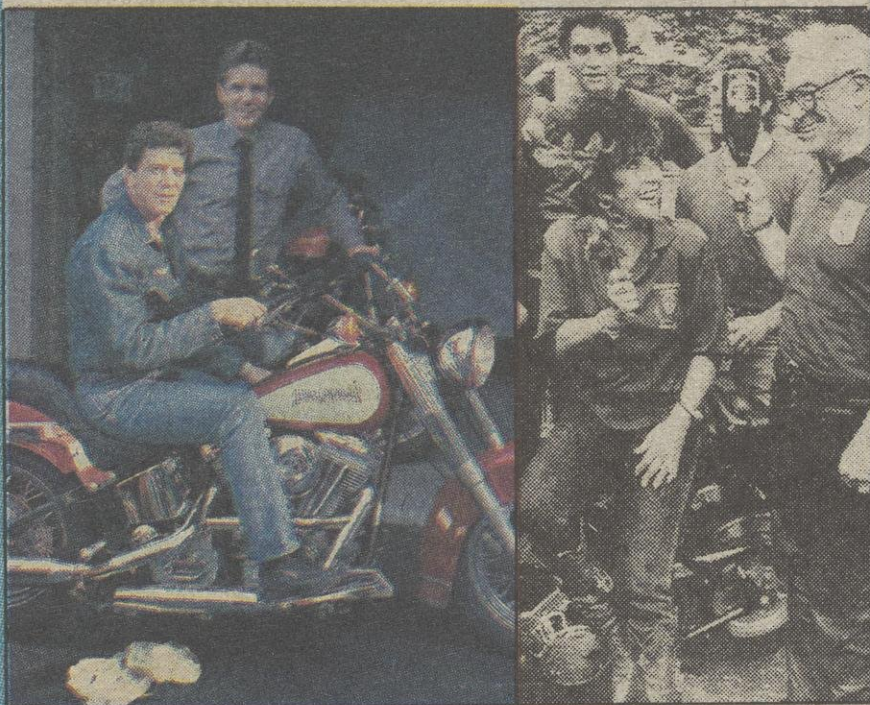


specimen of a Harley'

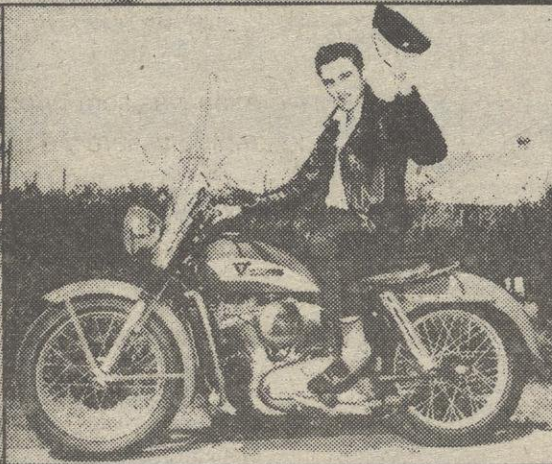
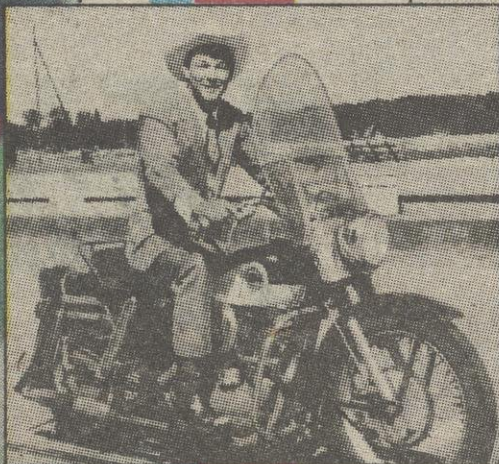
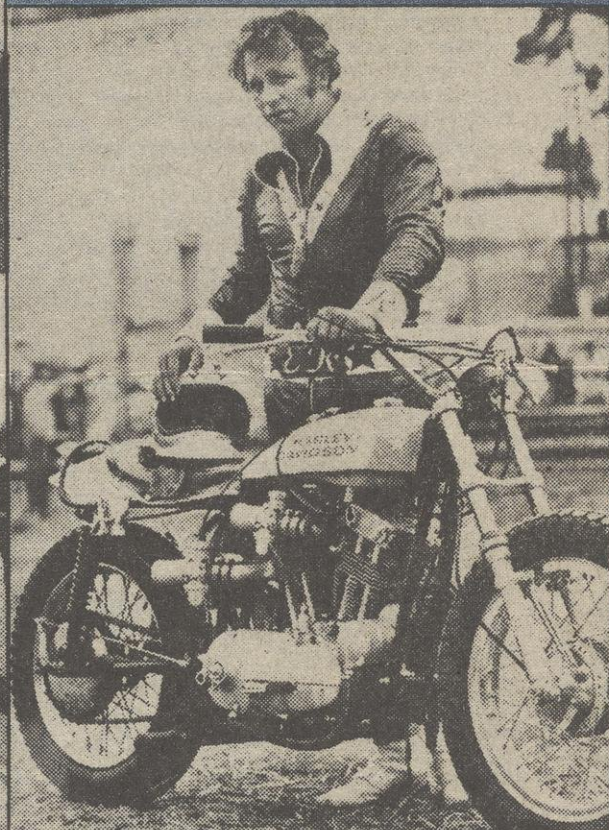
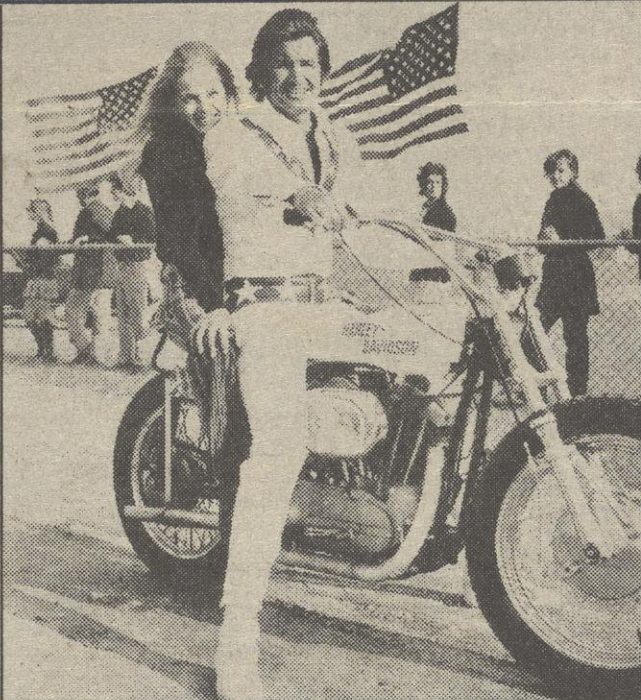
BIG WHEELS ON BIG WHEELS

HARLEY is hot. Who doesn't know that publisher Malcolm Forbes and Liz Taylor are Harley honeys? Bruce Springsteen, the rock poet of the streets, has a Harley. So do John Cougar Mellencamp, Lou Reed, Stevie Ray Vaughn, Billy Idol, David Crosby, Billy Joel, and members of U2, Motley Crue, the Fabulous Thunderbirds, INXS, Poison, Starship, Alabama and the late great and soon-to-be-resurrected Doobie Brothers.

Funny guys on Harleys include Jay Leno, Dan Aykroyd, Joe Piscopo and the unintentionally hilarious Sonny Bono. Cher has custody of a separate Harley. Arnold Schwarzenegger, Sylvester Stallone and Hulk Hogan ride Harleys, or possibly lift them. Real actors like Mickey Rourke and James Caan ride Harleys, too. Reggie Jackson, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and Al McGuire are Harley sports.



All kinds of celebrities have straddled a Harley at one time or another. Top: Lou Reed, Elizabeth Taylor and Malcolm Forbes, and Forbes alone. Right: George Hamilton and Evel Knevel. Bottom: Roy Rogers, Elvis Presley and Tanya Tucker.



TELEVISION

Critiques by Faye Zuckerman

IF YOU WATCH the 1985 TV update of the inventive 1949 comedy "A Letter to Three Wives" at 8 p.m. on NBC, the letter that probably will come to mind is 'Z' — as in catching a few.

Here's the plot: Just as three homemakers (Stephanie Zimbalist, Michele Lee and Loni Anderson) are about to take off on a daylong river trip, a messenger hands them a note from the town floozy. The letter says that the floozy has run off with one of their husbands. The three women then search their souls via flashbacks while trying to guess which one of them has been dumped.

The original film earned Joseph L. Mankiewicz Oscars for his sharp direction and biting script. Ann Sothern was excellent as one of the wives. Tonight, in a small role as the mother of one of the women, Sothern gives the only performance worth watching.

What's missing in this one (in addition to humor) are the thoughtful observations about marriage and family life.

■ **Houston Knights**, 7 p.m. CBS: Tonight's new episode examines an emotional disorder known as delayed stress syndrome that has affected many Vietnam War veterans.

While investigating a series of murders, the detectives (Michael Pare and Michael Beck) stumble onto a therapy group of veterans suffering from the disorder. Interesting group dynamics and loyalties emerge among the veterans as police let it be known that one of them is suspected of murdering Vietnamese in Houston's Little Saigon district.

■ **Moonlighting**, 8 p.m. ABC: The network has been repeating last season's four-part finale in which Maddie (Cybill Shepherd) becomes romantically involved with an astronaut named Sam (Mark Harmon). Tonight in Part 4, David (Bruce Willis) tells Sam exactly what he thinks of him and that he would like Sam to end his relationship with Maddie.

■ **Pro Basketball**, 8 p.m. CBS: NBA Finals, Game One: Detroit Pistons at Los Angeles Lakers.

■ **thirtysomething**, 9 p.m. ABC: A powerful example of how this series intelligently tackles issues facing people in their 30s. Tonight's repeat episode details the stormy visits of Elliot (Timothy Busfield) and Nancy (Patricia Wettig) to a marriage counselor. You'll squirm along with these two characters as they present emotionally opposing points of view about their relationship. As you'll see, they are both right but too frustrated and confused to comprehend each other's standpoint.

PAY TV

■ **King Kong Lives**, 7 p.m. Movie Channel: That big ape is back. This time, he has a tall, hairy wife who is more amenable to his ways than Fay Wray was in the original 1933 film.

You would think marriage would calm the savage beast, but it hasn't. He's still destroying everything that stands in his way. In keeping with tradition, this 1986 movie ends with a special-effects-filled confrontation between ape and authorities.

■ **Harry and the Hendersons**, 5 p.m. HBO and 7 p.m. Showtime: A lovable Bigfoot-like creature befriends the Hendersons, a typical American family. After they learn a hunter wants to kill the beast, the Hendersons do their darnedest to save its life. How they sneak the big ape back to its wooded home makes for an entertaining family film. John Lithgow and Melinda Dillon star in the 1987 release.

© New York Times service

	6:30	7	7:30	8	8:30	9	9:30	10	10:30
MILWAUKEE TV									
NBC (4)	Wheel/Fortune	Matlock		Movie: A Letter to Three Wives			News		Primary Report
CBS (6)	Entertainment	Houston Knights		Pro Basketball: NBA Finals, Game One (Live)					News
IND. (8)	6 ♦ Movie: Secret Agent			Movie: The Villain Still Pursued Her				Movie ♦ 12	
PBS (10)	6 ♦ NewsHour	NOVA: How to Create Junk Food	Frontline: Who Pays for AIDS?	Acid Rainbows	Water of Ayole	World/Survival	Smith/Company		
ABC (12)	A Current Affair	Who's Boss?	Perfect Stranger	Moonlighting	thirtysomething	News	Hill St. ♦ 11:30		
IND. (18)	Diff'rent Strokes	Movie: The Long Hot Summer (Part 1)			Baseball: Milwaukee Brewers at Seattle Mariners (Live) ♦ 12				
IND. (24)	6 ♦ Star Trek	Perry Mason		Movie: Dune (Long version) (Part 1)		Bob Newhart	Bob Newhart		
IND. (30)	CNN News	John Ankerberg	TBA	Dave Breese	Young at Heart	First Baptist Church of Dallas	Psychiatry	CNN News	
PBS (36)	Wok Thru China	World at War: Morning		MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour	Bus. Report	American Inter's	Hatha Yoga	EastEnders	
IND. (55)	6 ♦ ... Beatriz	Selva Maria		Cine			Informacion	Preciosa	
CABLE									
A & E	World/Survival	Age of Kennedy: Early Years		Movie: Heartland			Good Time Cafe	Comedy Break	
BET	Video LP	Black Entertain.	Charlie & Comp.	Video Soul			Soft Notes		
CBN	6 ♦ R. Steele	Crazy Like a Fox		The 700 Club		Straight Talk	Celebrity Chefs	Remington Steele	
CSPN	5:30 ♦ Call-In	Event of the Day						Election '88: California Primary	
DISC	6 ♦ Cowboy Art	Orphans of Wild Nature	The Adventurers		Animal World	Noah's Ark		For the Love of a Soldier	
ESPN	4 ♦ Baseball	College Baseball: NCAA World Series, Game 10 (Live)						SportsCenter	
LIFE	6 ♦ MacGruder	Cagney & Lacey		Movie: The Father Knows Best Reunion		Eye/Hollywood	Cagney & Lacey		
NASH	VideoCountry	Nashville Now		New Country	Crook & Chase	VideoCountry	Be a Star	American Mag.	
NICK	Double Dare	Room for Daddy	Mr. Ed	My Three Sons	Donna Reed	Laugh-In	Car 54	The Monkees	Ann Sothern
TEMP	June C. Miller	Thunder/Water	Honey Hole	Fishin' Texas	Outdoor Trail	Outdoors	Club Fishing	Bass Fishing	Golf Doctor
USA	6 ♦ Airwolf	Riptide		Movie: Portnoy's Complaint				Airwolf	
WBBM	Entertainment	Houston Knights		Pro Basketball: NBA Finals, Game One (Live)				News	
WFLD	3's Company	Taxi		Baseball: Minnesota Twins at Chicago White Sox (Live)				News	
WGN	Baseball: Chicago Cubs at Pittsburgh Pirates (Live)						News	Twilight Zone	Magnum
WHA	6 ♦ NewsHour	Wonderful World of Disney	NOVA: How to Create Junk Food	Frontline: Who Pays for AIDS?			Frugal Gourmet	Austin ♦ 11:30	
WLS	Wheel/Fortune	Who's Boss?	Perfect Stranger	Moonlighting	thirtysomething		News	Nightline	
WMAQ	Hlyw'd Squares	Matlock		Movie: A Letter to Three Wives			News	Primary Report	
WOR	Barney Miller	Evening Mag.	Entertainment	Morton Downey Jr.		News		The Street	Baretta ♦ 11:30
WPXI	Baseball: Boston Red Sox at New York Yankees (Live)				Odd Couple	Odd Couple	USA Tonight	Honeymooners	
WTBS	Andy Griffith	Movie: Villa Rides					Baseball: Atlanta at San Francisco (Live) ♦ 12		
WTTW	6 ♦ NewsHour	Chicago Tonight	This Old House	NOVA: Swimming in a Sewer?	Frontline: Who Pays for AIDS?		We the People		
PAY TV									
AMC	6 ♦ Movie: Riffraff		Movie: Ten Gentlemen From West Point				Movie: Riffraff		
BRV	Off the Air	Movie: Carry Me Back		Puccini				Movie ♦ 12	
DISN	Mouseterpiece	2 1/2 Dads		Movie: Father Was a Fullback		Olympic Greats	Ozzie & Harriet	Movie ♦ 12	
HBO	5 ♦ Movie	Movie: Captive Hearts			Women of the Night II		Movie: Let's Get Harry ♦ 12		
MAX	Comedy Exper.	Movie: Dead of Winter			Movie: The Morning After				
PLAY	Off the Air	Electric Blue		Great US Strip-Off		Interviews	Movie: Erotic Adventures of Pinocchio		
SHOW	Thomas Hearn	Movie: Harry and the Hendersons			Movie: The Hanoi Hilton				
TMC	5:30 ♦ Movie	Movie: King Kong Lives			Movie: 10 to Midnight				

TUESDAY — 5 P.M. TO SIGN OFF

5:00 (4) (6) News 12 MASH 18 Facts of Life 24 Silver Spoons 30 Toddlers' Friends	10 Family Ties 24 Star Trek 30 NASA 36 Art Is Fun 55 Mi Amada Beatriz	24 Perry Mason 30 John Ankerberg 36 World at War 55 Selva Maria	36 MacNeil / Lehrer NewsHour 55 Cine	36 Hatha Yoga 55 Informacion	24 All in the Family 55 Evello Taillacq	2:00 (4) (12) News 2 Movie "Second Chorus" 24 What's Happening!!
5:30 (4) NBC News □ 6 CBS News □ 10 3-2-1 Contact □ 12 ABC News □ 18 Leave It to Beaver 24 Happy Days 30 For All the Saints 36 Wildlife Woodcarvers 55 Noticiero Telemundo	6:30 (4) Wheel of Fortune □ 6 Entertainment Tonight 12 A Current Affair 18 Diff'rent Strokes 30 CNN News 36 A Wok Thru China	7:30 (12) Perfect Strangers □ 55 To Be Announced	8:30 (30) Young at Heart	10:30 (4) Primary Report 6 News 10 Smith & Company 12 Hill Street Blues 24 Bob Newhart 30 CNN News 36 EastEnders 55 Preciosa	12:00 (4) Late Night 6 WKRP in Cincinnati 8 Movie "Rage at Dawn" (1955) 19 Morton Downey Jr. 24 Movie "Blood Song" (1981)	2:20 (6) News 2:30 (4) CNN News 12 Record Guide '88 55 Informacion
6:00 (4) (6) (12) News 8 Movie "Secret Agent" 10 MacNeil / Lehrer NewsHour	7:00 (4) Matlock □ 6 Houston Knights □ 10 NOVA □ 12 Who's the Boss? □ 18 Movie "The Long Hot Summer" (1985-tv) Don Johnson.	8:00 (4) Movie "A Letter to Three Wives" (1985-tv) Loni Anderson, Stephanie Zimbalist. 6 Pro Basketball NBA Finals, Game One. 8 Movie 10 Frontline □ 12 Moonlighting □ 24 Movie "Dune (Long version)" (1984) Kyle MacLachlan, Sting. 30 Dave Breese	9:30 (10) Water of Ayole 36 American Interests	11:00 (4) Magnum 6 Cheers 10 Upstairs, Downstairs 24 Mary Tyler Moore 36 Woodcarving With Rick Butz	12:30 (6) Movie "Blondie of the Follies" (1932-b / w) Marion Davies. 12 Wil Shriner 55 Cine	2:50 (6) Nightwatch 3:00 (6) Nightwatch 12 Match Maker 18 Movie "Bright Leaf" (1950-b / w)
			10:00 (4) (12) News 8 Movie "Trail to San Antonio" 10 World of Survival 24 Bob Newhart 30 Psychiatry & You	11:30 (6) Jeffersons 12 Nightline □	1:00 (4) High Rollers 18 Movie "Springfield Rifle"	3:30 (12) More Real People 4:00 (6) Movie "Rage at Dawn" (1955) 12 SCTV
					1:30 (4) \$100,000 Pyramid 12 Dating Game	4:30 (12) Morning Ag Report

WEDNESDAY — SIGN ON TO 5 P.M.

6:05 (4) Before Hours 6:15 (10) A.M. Weather 12 News 36 Body Pulse	7:30 (10) Bugs Bunny & Friends 24 Ghostbusters 36 Immortals 55 Richard Roberts	12 Hour Magazine 18 Mr. Ed 24 Zoobilee Zoo 36 Movie "Frenchman's Creek"	10 An Ocean Apart □ 12 Home 24 Dick Van Dyke 55 Stock Market Observer	10 Mr. Rogers 12 Hollywood Squares 18 Columbo 24 Movie "Pendulum" (1969) 36 Innovation 55 Stock Market Observer	36 Movie "Sleeping Car to Trieste" 55 News	24 Smurfs 55 700 Club
6:30 (4) News at Sunrise 10 Nightly Business Report 12 News This Morning □ 18 Beverly Hills Teens 24 Silverhawks	8:00 (6) Sally Jessy Raphael 8 Movie "Rage at Dawn" (1955) 10 Captain Kangaroo □ 18 Scooby-Doo 24 My Little Pony 36 Art Is Fun	9:15 (55) Business Newsmakers	11:00 (6) Donahue 12 All My Children 18 Love Boat 24 Perry Mason 36 Heritage 55 News	1:00 (4) Another World 6 As the World Turns 10 Reading Rainbow □ 12 One Life to Live 36 World at War 55 News	2:30 (10) Victory Garden □ 18 JEM 24 Thundercats 55 Stock Market Observer	4:00 (4) Win, Lose or Draw 6 Superior Court 8 Movie "I Cover the Waterfront" 10 Mr. Rogers 12 Geraldo 18 Real Ghostbusters 24 Duck Tales 30 CNN News 36 Body Pulse
6:45 (12) News 36 Hatha Yoga	8:30 (10) Mr. Rogers 18 Flintstones 24 Teddy Ruxpin 36 A Wok Thru China 55 Market Report / News	10:00 (4) Wheel of Fortune 6 Price Is Right 8 Channel America 12 Who's the Boss? 18 Dukes of Hazzard 24 Andy Griffith 55 News	11:30 (4) Scrabble 10 Sesame Street □ 36 Tee Talk 55 Stock Market Observer	1:30 (10) Body Pulse 55 Stock Market Observer	3:00 (4) Oprah Winfrey □ 6 Love Connection 10 Make Yourself at Home 12 People's Court 18 Bugs Bunny & Friends 24 Heathcliff 36 Howard C. Estep 55 News	4:30 (4) Jeopardy! □ 6 Judge 10 Sesame Street □ 18 Double Dare 24 Punky Brewster 30 Marty's Moonride 36 Homework Hotline 55 Dia a Dia
7:00 (4) Today 10 Sesame Street □ 12 Good Morning America □ 18 Woody Woodpecker 24 Dennis the Menace 55 Faith 20	8:50 (55) Ask an Expert		12:00 (4) Days of Our Lives 6 (12) (55) News 18 Gimme a Break 24 Angie 36 NatureScene	2:00 (4) Santa Barbara 6 Guiding Light 8 Milwaukee Showcase 10 Gourmet Cooking 12 General Hospital 18 Bionic Six	3:20 (55) Market Wrap-Up 3:30 (6) Divorce Court 8 Mini-Bible College 10 Size Small 12 Newlywed Game 18 Jetsons	
7:15 (30) A.M. Weather	9:00 (4) Sale of the Century 6 Young and the Restless 10 Body Pulse	10:30 (4) Trapper John, M.D. 8 Milwaukee Showcase	12:30 (6) Bold and the Beautiful			

THE MAN

WHO MADE

By ROBERT HILBURN
Los Angeles Times

IT WAS a moment of deep irony. More than two dozen recording acts performed at Atlantic Records' gala 40th anniversary concert last month at Madison Square Garden, and nearly half could stake a reasonable claim to the title "superstar."

No one on stage, however, commanded more respect among industry insiders than the immaculately groomed man in his mid-60s who headed toward the microphone just before midnight to accept an award.

Imagine the insiders' surprise when they heard some jeers from the audience.

The capacity crowd had been waiting more than 10 hours — through such best-selling Atlantic acts as the Bee Gees, Iron Butterfly and Phil Collins — for the evening's biggest lure: Led Zeppelin.

There had been occasional shouts of "Zeppelin, Zeppelin" between numbers of the l-o-n-g show, but no heckling until this man walked on stage, a man whose expensive sport jacket and somewhat aristocratic manner suggested the worlds of high finance or international diplomacy more than rock 'n' roll.

The irony of the scattered jeers was not just that the man on stage had co-founded the record company that released Led Zeppelin's albums in America, but — as a songwriter and record executive — helped champion in the '50s and early '60s the "outcast" black music that inspired Zeppelin and countless other British and American musicians.

If the audience really knew the history of rock 'n' roll, it would have given this man — Ahmet Ertegun — a standing ovation.

Except for Berry Gordy at Motown, few record executives are known by the average fan. But that is the way it should be, Ertegun has always believed.

Ertegun, shy by nature, has maintained for 40 years as head of Atlantic Records that it is the artist who deserves the attention, not the record company or the executives.

With that in mind, he has done few interviews, most notably a classic, two-part New Yorker profile a decade ago that contrasted his street-level music instincts with his jet-set lifestyle. Ertegun even initially resisted the idea of a flashy Atlantic anniversary concert. One reason he finally proceeded with the show was that, through various television projects and corporate sponsorships, it could net about \$10 million for charity.

Ertegun, born in Istanbul in 1923, was raised in an educated, highly cosmopolitan atmosphere. His father was a diplomat, serving in Paris and London before being named Turkish ambassador to the United States.

The young Ertegun and his older brother, Nesuhi, fell in love with American black music, notably jazz and blues, while in Europe. They were thrilled when the family moved to Washington, D.C., where they built a collection of 15,000 records and sponsored jazz concerts.

Ertegun, who studied philosophy at St. John's College in Maryland and Georgetown University in Washington, moved to New York in the late '40s and, with a \$10,000 loan, opened Atlantic Records with partner Herb Abramson, who later left the label. Though also specializing in jazz, the



ATLANTIC A LEGEND

company's key contribution to contemporary music was a semi-polished, sing-along brand of rhythm and blues.

Records by such Atlantic artists as Ray Charles, Joe Turner, Clyde McPhatter & the Drifters, Ruth Brown, LaVern Baker, and the Coasters helped Atlantic, along with Chess Records in Chicago and Sun Records in Memphis, become a leader in popularizing and defining rock 'n' roll in the '50s.

Of the three great labels, however, only Atlantic continued as a force in the record industry past the early '60s. With help from partner Jerry Wexler and other key aides, Ertegun branched into such other cornerstone areas as soul music (Aretha Franklin, Otis Redding, Wilson Pickett), British blues-rock (Cream, Led Zeppelin) and West Coast rock (Buffalo Springfield; Crosby, Stills & Nash).

The momentum continued in the '70s as Atlantic, either through direct signings or through marketing deals with other labels, became the home of such acts as the Allman Brothers Band, Bette Midler, Manhattan Transfer, Roberta Flack, Roxy Music, and the Rolling Stones. U2 heads the list of Atlantic-affiliated artists in the '80s.

As Atlantic expanded (and eventually was sold to the company that is now known as Warner Communications), its roster lost much of its early vision. Still, Atlantic has played such a distinguished role in shaping pop music over the last 40 years that Ertegun was voted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, one of the few non-performers to be so honored.

This question-and-answer session is drawn from Ertegun's informal meeting with seven European music writers and a subsequent private interview with the Los Angeles Times. The order of the questions

has been changed in a few places to better reflect the flow of Ertegun's story.

Q: When you started Atlantic, wasn't it hard for a small, independent company to get its records played on the radio — especially black records?

A: Very much so. . . . We made a record that was a rhythm and blues hit, for example, "Sh-Boom" by the Chords (in 1954). . . . But when the Crew Cuts covered the song on Mercury Records, they had immediate access to white radio because they were a white group. And this was repeated many times.

Q: You usually speak of yourself as a New York record company. Were most of your early artists based [there]?

A: Yes, because I didn't have enough money when we started the label to travel. Most of the artists we signed in the beginning were either based in New York . . . or in easy access to New York.

Q: Were there lots of musicians and singers to choose from?

A: Strangely, no. We wanted to make funky soul music, but . . . all the funky soul music came out of Mississippi or Louisiana or Texas and they migrated for the most part to Chicago and to Los Angeles. In Los Angeles, you had some really soulful bands around people like Charles Brown, Amos Milburn, T-Bone Walker and so forth. Chess Records found all those great blues players in Chicago, but we didn't have any blues clubs in New York.

In New York, we had urban, very sophisticated musicians who came out of the big bands and singers who were straight pop singers, imitating Billy Eckstine or singing standards and so forth. Take the Clovers, for instance. They were a good-sounding group

from Washington, D.C., but they were singing standard pop ballads.

What we did was take the best singers we could find and musicians that we found and try to force them to play soul music, which they really didn't like in those days. Most of the [New York musicians] didn't like the blues.

That's why I started to write songs that were structured with blues changes or gospel changes in ways that forced the singer to sing in a soulful way. As a result of that, we came out with a sound which was halfway toward funk.

Q: Did that seem like a compromise to you?

A: Well, we wanted to make music like those people did [at Chess Records], but we didn't have the right people. Eventually, however, we got the right people. . . . Clyde McPhatter, Ray Charles. He was funky, soulful, inventive, a great songwriter.

Q: How did you attract a white audience in those days?

A: Although the country was still segregated, the radio dial was not segregated. So the kid could turn one notch over from listening to Perry Como and listen to [Chess Records'] Chuck Berry, and when they heard Chuck Berry, they said they liked that better, so they stayed with the black station. One of the kids listening to those black stations was Elvis Presley.

Q: How did you expand beyond Atlantic's early jazz and R&B emphasis into rock?

A: It was a matter of just following the music. The new [rock musicians] were so good and it was so tied into what was happening with young people.

Q: How did you find the bands — Cream, for instance.

A: I gave a party in London for Wilson Pickett and there was a jam session after the guest band played. I was talking to Wilson with my back to the stage and I heard this blues guitarist, who sounded like B.B. King. So I said to Wilson, "Your guitar player can really play the blues." He looked at me and said, "My guitar player is over at the bar."

I turn around and I see this guy playing this great solo and I ask, "Well, who is that?" It was Eric Clapton. I knew about him from the Yardbirds, and I said, "That's what we want." So Robert Stigwood, who was our new English distributor, signed Cream. We also knew about Jimmy Page from the Yardbirds, so Led Zeppelin was also a logical group to sign.

Q: What about some of the American bands, Buffalo Springfield?

A: They were managed by the same people who managed Sonny and Cher, whom we also had. Buffalo Springfield was a marvelous band, but they never happened commercially and I could never understand why because the people who were into them just loved them. When they told me that it was all over, I tell you I cried. I loved that band. If they had just stayed together another year, they would have come through. They were just ahead of their time.

Q: Do you have a favorite Atlantic record?

A: Oh, there are so many, so many. I like "Miss You" by the Rolling Stones, "Mack the Knife" by Bobby Darin, "What'd I Say" by Ray Charles, "Respect" by Aretha Franklin. . . .

Q: All the artists mentioned so far eventually left for other labels. That must have been tough emotionally, especially in the early days when you couldn't really bid against some of the established labels.

A: It was very tough. I lost in one year Ray Charles, Bobby Darin and Clyde McPhatter. I thought it was the end of the company, but life goes on.

"WHAT WE DID WAS TAKE THE BEST SINGERS WE COULD FIND AND TRY TO FORCE THEM TO PLAY SOUL MUSIC." — AHMET ERTEGUN

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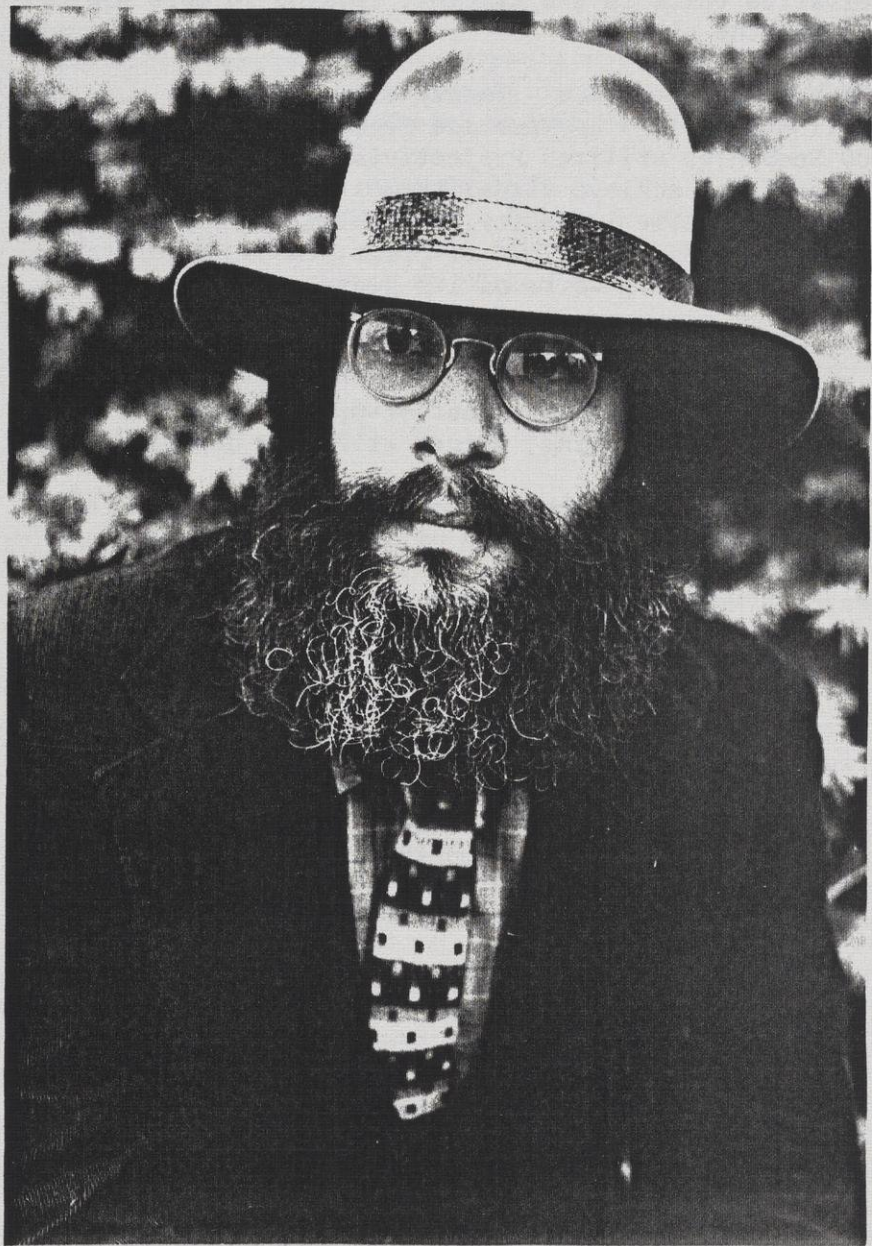
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Martin J. Rosenblum



Martin J. Rosenblum - Selected Works

Home - Five Dollars

Published in 1971 by Membrane Press, this is the first major free verse book by Rosenblum, following more conservative texts in the sixties, leading to more radical ones in the eighties.

The Werewolf Sequence - Twenty-five Dollars

Published in 1974 by Membrane Press, this epic poem in 100 Sequences utilizes Projectivist form and Objectivist style to achieve visual themes and image details of maximum dramatic intensity. Rosenblum's first long poem text, now approaching out-of-print status, is one of the revolutionary works of its genre.

as i magic

Divisions/One

These books are nearly in out-of-print status, so query in advance of ordering; prices will vary depending upon availability.

The first was published by Morgan Press as a limited edition in 1976; the second by Great Raven Press in limited and trade editions in 1978 (and parts can be heard in Music Lingo): both books are TALKTEXTS which employ a style of poetic composition designated for its oral performance.

Scattered On: Omens & Curses - Twenty Dollars

Originally published in 1976 by Pentagon Press, this organic context of poetry written or revised during the early seventies is now in a final, limited edition; to commemorate the remaining copies as the book goes out of circulation, hardbound texts with a poem in holograph, numbered and signed, are made available.

A Quartet Of Collaborative Books:

Brite Shade (Cody Books/Lionhead) - Four Dollars

"Real Short Real Stories" by Steve Nelson-Raney

"Not At All" by Rosenblum

Burning Oak (Morgan Press/Lionhead) - Five Dollars

A collection by Judith Marks

An interfaced sequence by Rosenblum

Geographics (Morgan Press/Lionhead) - Six Dollars

"Coast" by Steven Lewis

"Seasoned Inland" by Rosenblum

Distributed by - Lionhead Publishing

Stone Fog (Membrane Press/Lionhead) - Six Dollars

"Ten Poems" by Laura Winter

"Ten Poems" by Rosenblum

Conjunction - Nine Dollars

A letterpress chapbook designed and printed by Pentagon Press, this is an extended poem in open field composition limited to 100 copies, numbered and signed.

Harley-Davidson Poems - Five Dollars

To commemorate Harley-Davidson's Eighty-Fifth Anniversary, this limited edition collection of twelve poems was designed at Lionhead and printed at Morgan Press, and trademark approval was granted.

Six Concentrations - Four Dollars

A poetic series published with Cid Corman's Extract and John Perlman's Poems in a tel-let press chapbook, limited to 50 copies.

Hocket Stutter - Six Dollars

A folio designed and printed by Morgan Press containing a music score by Steve Nelson-Raney and a poem by Rosenblum.

Music Lingo - Eight Dollars

A performance cassette album, recorded in concert, with guitar by Jack Grassel and poem by Rosenblum, on the FrozenROAR label.

Backlit Frontier - Eight Dollars

A cassette album of designated oral poetry by Jesse Glass, Jr. and Rosenblum (who is accompanied by musician Steve Nelson-Raney on some poems), from ROAR Recording.

Brewing: 20 Milwaukee Poets - Five Dollars/soft, Ten/hard
Published by The Giligia Press, edited and with an Introduction by Rosenblum, this book helped place poetry in the Midwest on the literary map in 1972.

IN PROGRESS: Still/Life, an extensive collection of new, revised and reopened poetry from 1967-present, with a critical introduction by Howard McCord; Divisions/Two, a continuation of the epic density poem; An Objectivist Casebook; A Critical Biography Of Carl Rakosi.

--A complete bibliography is available
upon request--

These publications can be ordered through
Lionhead Publishing/ROAR Recording
2521 East Stratford Court
Shorewood
Wisconsin
53211

Please include payment with order and add
one dollar for shipping.

ABOUT MARTIN J. ROSENBLUM'S WRITING:

*There's intelligence and energy. Not confessional but with
thinking/feeling.*

Cid Corman

*I hear your voice and it is authentic. I'm interested in
where you will go next.*

Theodore Enslin

*With complex dynamics and appropriate humor, the poems
generate a fascinating abstract out of the quotidian, and
there are unexpected leaps of mystical awareness: all flows
to become an architecture much different than but with a
unique understanding of its parts.*

Howard McCord

*There's much clarity and control and careful assessment of
material and screening of what is not essential, and you
can stop the train when it's reached its final destination:
Very Good.*

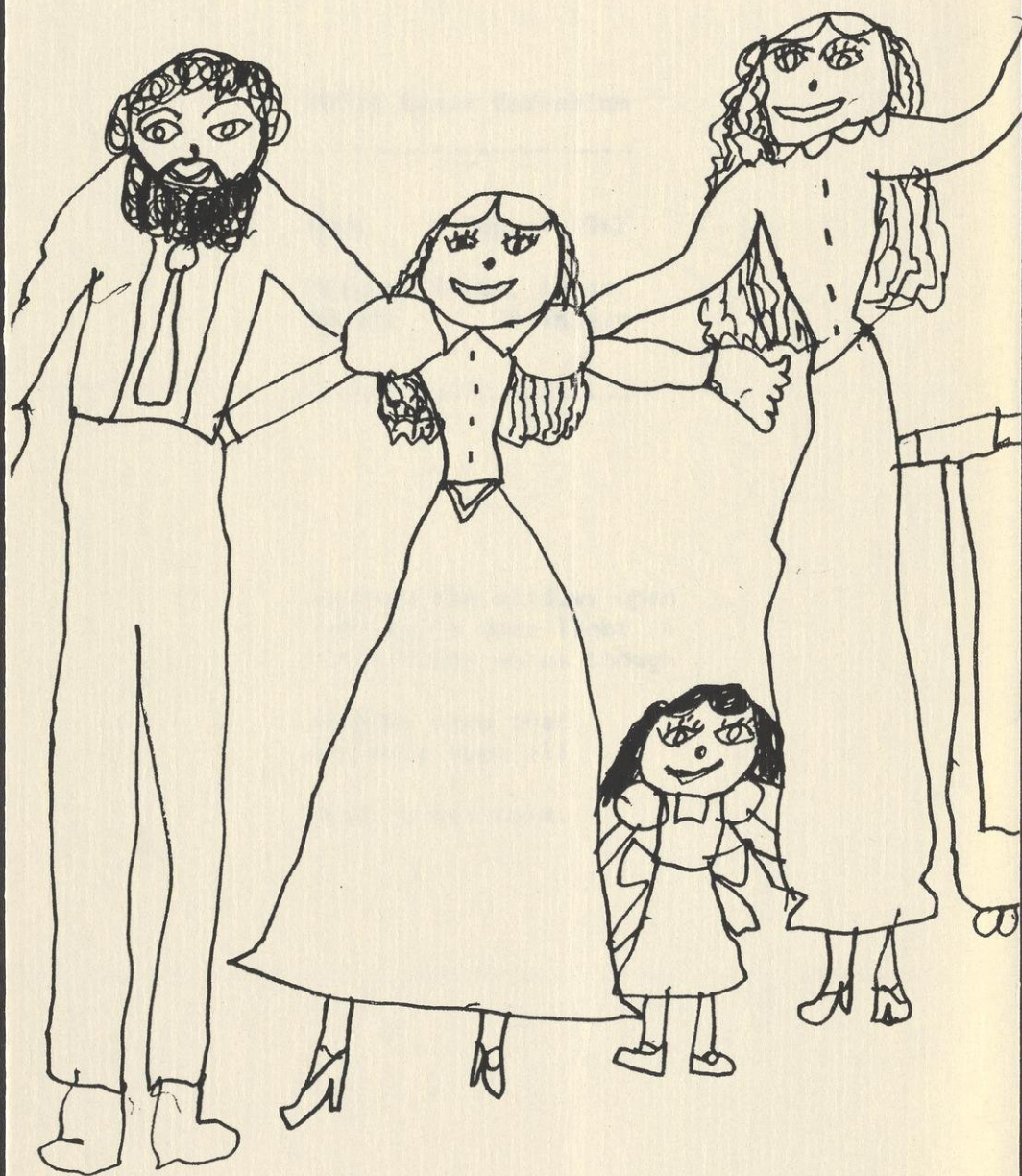
Carl Rakosi

*I enjoy the sense of constant return, of renewal as each
thing comes back around creating central statements in
objects that evolve, and thus the poems gain focus.*

Carl Thayer

--Martin J. Rosenblum is available for
poetry readings, performances (music
and poetry) and lectures (Projectiv-
ist poetics and Objectivist history)--

The Birth Announcement



Sarah Rosenblum

Molly Duara Rosenblum

Born 4 August 1987

Weight 5 lbs. 13 oz.

Height 19 inches

we have the windows open
letting in more light &
she watches us as though

shadows seen that
are made upon all

that is her calm.

Maureen, Sarah Terez & Martin
Rosenblum
2521 East Stratford Court
Shorewood Wisconsin 53211

Martin J Rosenblum, PH D

2521 East Stratford Court, Shorewood, Wisconsin 53211 USA

5.12.87

Ms. Yvonne Schofer
Bibliographer
Humanities-English
University of Wisconsin
Memorial Library - 728 State Street
Madison Wisconsin 53706

Dear Ms. Yvonne Schofer:

I have heard from Mr. Carl Rakosi that you are the individual who is presently handling the possible sale of his archives to the University of Wisconsin, Memorial Library.

I am writing to you as Mr. Rakosi's biographer, underlining the need to have his archives housed in Madison; Carl Rakosi, as you must know, is one of the important poets of this century and he has had close ties with the State of Wisconsin. It is very fitting that his work be catalogued here.

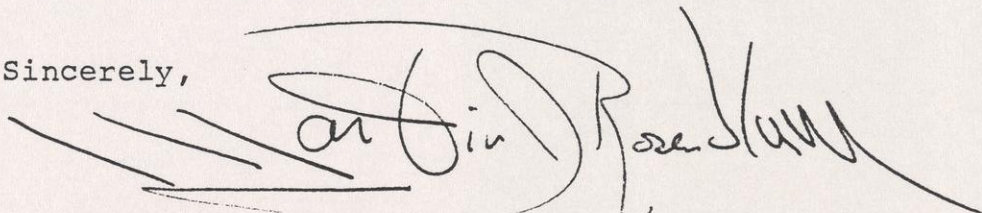
In fact, The Center For Contemporary Poetry (at Murphy Library, University of Wisconsin at La Crosse; Mr. Edwin Hill, Curator) collects my papers and when materials related to Rakosi (that relate to the research I have been doing on him since the early Seventies) show up there is much importance given there to them. I am presently in the final stages of a critical biography on Rakosi, and am editing An Objectivist Casebook, and all documents relating to these texts will be housed at UW-La Crosse so having the Carl Rakosi archives in the State as well would create an essential research center here that will get a lot of use over the upcoming years.

If there is any way I can be of further supportive or analytical assistance to you, please let me know. I think it is fair to say that I am one of the central Rakosi scholars around at present; I know my doctoral thesis on Carl was the first, and you can order it through the UW Library System as it is housed at UW-Milwaukee (where I taught in the English Department from 1970 - 1980, and where I now have my indefinite appointment in an academic staff position). (I am enclosing my vita for your possible use.)

Should Carl Rakosi's archives be retained by your facility, I would certainly want to have access to them as I complete my biography for The University of Maine and would, naturally, cite my sources which would bring other scholars to Memorial Library as well.

Thank you for this opportunity to express my support for the purchase of Carl Rakosi's archives. I would be pleased to discuss the matter with you at greater length, by phone or in Madison at your convenience.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Martin J. Rosenblum", with a long, sweeping horizontal line underneath.

MARTIN J. ROSENBLUM

2521 East Stratford Court
Shorewood, Wisconsin 53211
414-332-7474

Personal Statistics

Birthdate: 19 August 1946; married in 1970 (wife, Maureen, is psychotherapist); one daughter (Sarah Terez).

Interests: collector of vintage musical instruments and firearms; long-distance runner; martial arts instructor (Kenpo Karate and Kung-fu).

Education

B.S., The University of Wisconsin, 1969 (English, History); graduated with distinction.

M.A., The University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, 1971 (Literature, Creative Writing).

Ph.D., The University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, 1980 (prelims in 19th and 20th Century American Literature, 20th Century British and Irish Literature; dissertation: "Carl Rakosi's Americana Poems: Objectivist Word Machines from an American Assembly Line").

The master's thesis and doctoral dissertation are published books: Home, Membrane Press; Carl Rakosi, University of Maine.

Professional Experience

- 1980-present: Admissions Specialist/Academic Advisor, The University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, Department of Learning Skills and Educational Opportunity.
- 1978-1980: Lecturer in creative writing, literature and composition, The University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, Department of English.
- 1979: Counselor, Bread and Roses Women's Health Center, Family Mental Health Program, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
- 1974-1978: Teaching Assistant in creative writing, literature and composition, The University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, Department of English.
- 1977: Administrator/Instructor, Rondel Summer Street Studio, a non-profit arts high school program accredited by the Milwaukee Public Schools.
- 1972-1973: Administrator/Instructor, Marquette University Continuing Education Department writing and literature sections, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
- 1971-1973: Lecturer in creative writing, literature, The University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, Department of English.
- 1970-1971: Research Project Assistant, The University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, Department of English.

Related Professional Experience

- 1986-present: Participant, The University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee Speakers Bureau, Department of Campus and Community Relations.
- 1985-1986: Committee Member, Academic Program and Curriculum Committee; ex-officio appointment by The University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee Chancellor.
- 1984-present: Coordinator, Post Secondary Re-Entry Education Program; Wisconsin Correctional System and The University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee educational network.
- 1983/1985-1988: Committee Member, The University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee Academic Staff Codification Committee; founding member appointment and three-year elected member.
- 1983-present: Advisory Board Member, Post Secondary Re-Entry Education Program, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
- 1983-1984: Instructor, Metropolitan Arts Program, The University of Wisconsin Extension and The University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, Department of Fine Arts; songwriting and American fingerstyle blues guitar.
- 1980-present: Vice-President, Management Support Associates of Milwaukee, Inc.; private, tax-exempt service providing arts education and management for the community but specifically helping minority and/or disadvantaged artists.
- 1980: Vice-President and founding Board Member, Legal Aid for Artists; not-for-profit corporation providing lawyers for Wisconsin artists on a free-of-charge basis.
- 1980: Founding Board Member, Word City: Chicago Print Center; a not-for-profit corporation providing printing services to small presses and writing seminars to young writers in Illinois.
- 1980: Executive Director, Lawyers for the Creative Arts; a Chicago not-for-profit corporation providing lawyers for Illinois artists on a free-of-charge basis.
- 1974-1978: Committee Member, Teaching Assistant Administration, The University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, Department of English appointment.
- 1973-1986: Editor/Publisher/Producer, Lionhead Publishing and ROAR Recording, Milwaukee; a non-profitmaking organization designed to introduce new and/or experimental writers, international in scope but with emphasis on Wisconsin.
- 1973-1975: Contributing Editor, Stations, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; an experimental literary journal.
- 1972-1974: Contributing Editor/Columnist, Margins: A Review of Small Press Magazines and Books, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
- 1971-1972: Poetry Editor/Book Review Columnist, Bugle-American, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; a newspaper established as an alternative resource for the community.
- 1970-1973: Poetry Reading Circuit, The University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, Department of English Creative Writing Program.

Related Professional Experience
(continued)

- 1969-1970: Director/Instructor of Writing Workshops, Literary Society, The University of Wisconsin, Madison.
- 1969-1973: Editor/Publisher, Albatross Press, Madison and Milwaukee, Wisconsin; a non-profitmaking group organized to provide an outlet for unknown writers.

Honors

- 1979: Judge-in-Residence of Annual Creative Writing Contest, The University of Wisconsin-Oshkosh.
- 1978: "Selections From Martin J. Rosenblum's book, The Werewolf Sequence: New Poetry Of The American Midwest;" a presentation at Johannes Gutenberg-Universitat, Seminar fur Englische Philologie Amerikanistische Abteilung, Mainz, West Germany.
- 1977: Honorary Guest Lecturer and Poet, School of American Studies, University of East Anglia, Norwich, England.
- 1977: Recipient of two Knapp Fellowships from The University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee for travel and living expenses while doing research.
- 1976-present: Selected by Yale University as one of America's important poets and all published works permanently collected at Sterling Memorial Library, Yale.
- 1972: Honorary Guest Speaker on Irish history, Institute of World Affairs, The University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee.
- 1971: Academy of American Poets Award for the poem, "The Logs."
- 1970-present: Selected by The Center for Contemporary Poetry, The University of Wisconsin-LaCrosse, as one of Wisconsin's leading writers and a permanent catalogue of all manuscripts, publications and related materials established and regularly updated at Murphy Library, Special Collections.

Honorary Listings

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|---|
| Contemporary Authors | Personalities of America |
| Directory of American Scholars | Personalities of the West and Midwest |
| Directory of American Poets | The International Authors and Writers Who's Who |
| International Who's Who | Two Thousand Notable Americans |
| International Who's Who in Poetry | Who's Who of North American Poets |
| Men of Achievement | Who's Who of United States Writers, Editors and Poets |
| Outstanding Young Men of America | Who's Who in the Midwest |

[Also attached was a Bibliography & UWM News Services release - I felt I should establish myself as ISO off in support of you.]

Martin J. Rosenblum, PH.D.

2521 East Stratford Court, Shorewood, Wisconsin 53211 USA (414) 332-7474

10.26.88

Dear Carl,

I thought you'd like to see the nifty HARLEY-DAVIDSON POEMS document -- the 3 December book release gig ought to be something else. Harley-Davidson, Inc. is behind the whole thing, having granted trademark, so beyond the release event it all should kick over further once they feature the project in their international magazine.

Also enclosed you'll find a new book list. Years ago I asked if it would be OK to use a quote of yours from a ~~letter~~ letter to me (regarding, I think, CONJUNCTION), & you said it would ---- I finally got around to that, needing an updated list now with the HD business (& the Woodland Pattern performance).

Molly is almost talking & can walk when she feels like doing so. Sarah is doing real well with the idea of having a sister by now. Maureen, too, is doing well enough holding all together & getting back to her professional activities. Me? Hell, if I had some more money & ~~lots~~ lots more time I'd be just fine. (Recent domestic expenses have broken the bank. The HD project takes so much time to coordinate that family & job, which have to be more important, deserve more attention.)

My father, 87 now, is near death, it would seem, with congestive heart disease. I wanted to get to see him in Appleton some more by now so hope that next month I'll be able to.

I'm working on your ~~AMERICAN~~ AMERICANA for Heller's book.

Schwerner is coming next month & while I've had correspondence, & he sent word ahead to me looking forward to a visit, I have not really met him. This will be enjoyable for me.

Within the past month, I've had two writing students, from the seventies, search me out to do class projects on my works; odd that two --completely unrelated-- would suddenly surface, both reporting that my teaching methods 'altered their lives & ~~writing~~ writing' (whatever this might mean). It seems that when one works in a given area, if one is, in the Jungian myopic view of the world, in touch with all that is contained in a hermetic circle then one gets input during times of extreme output. Or something like that anyway.

Much Love
To You & Leah
From All ----

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to be 'M. Rosenblum', with a long horizontal line extending to the right.

Martin J. Rosenblum, PH.D.

2521 East Stratford Court, Shorewood, Wisconsin 53211 USA (414) 332-7474

9 January 1989

Dear Carl,

Yes, of course, I understand that you cannot write more & don't want a call, yes; when my illness was in the house the air thickened & any outside contact seemed to just increase the density -- & you naturally are dealing with much more than we did.

We send you love & courage, & if you or Leah need anything that we might be able to provide please let us know.....I say this latter business knowing there's really nothing we have to offer but feeling that there must be, there must be.

You are my dear friend & I would do something to help you if I could.

Leah is a very special person. Maureen & I talk about her often as a result of meeting with her not that often -- but she made such a meaningful impression.

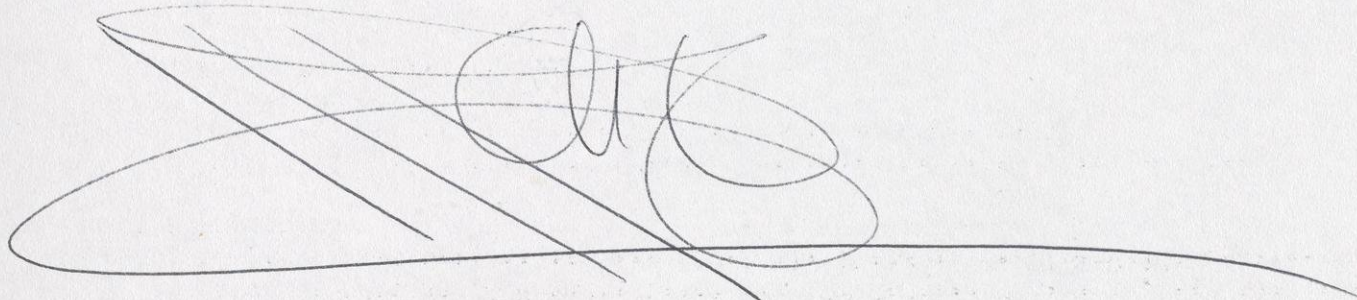
Thank you for the reaction to Physical History &, yes, it is representative of the work I now do -- quite representative, actually, & I'm pleased you find it to be from a clear head & interesting as well because this is exactly what the present work comes from & then hopefully is. I'm very moved that you are by my present style, which is being utilized to the fullest in the expanded, second Harley book which now has a title: THE HOLY RANGER: MORE HARLEY-DAVIDSON POEMS.

OK then. Forgive me if I write later on. It is that I care a great deal about the two of you & just want to perhaps think that letting you know this is some kind of assistance.

Ted Enslin & I, on the phone recently, were talking about how helpless we feel --- but I'm sure you know all this kind of thing only too well.

I'm here if you want any contact.....

Much Love,



26 March 1987

Dear Marty:

I suspect you may find things in the enclosed that will be useful to you in your book. Please have the interview copied and send back the original, as I don't have any to spare. I think it'll be coming out in Conjunctions.

About your two books: you've not just changed style, you've changed internally, it seems to me. By that I mean there's much greater clarity and control and careful assessment of material and screening out of what is not essential and you can stop the train when it's reached its destination. So, very good.

28 April 1987

Dear Marty:

My opinion is that you're going along all right now and don't need any more feed-back from me. Think about it. If you still want me to do it, I'll do it, but in that case you'll have to tell me what specific questions about the work you want me to relate to.

You're right on the mark about Jonathan Williams. He does lack spirituality but with the kind of wit he had, that might even be a literary virtue. In any case, he's made the best of what he does have.

It occurs to me that since Terry is going to be doing a RAKOSI-MAN AND POET book, it might be better if some other publisher did your book. At the moment, the University of Wisconsin/Madison library is trying to get outside funds to buy my archives. This might be a good time to interest the University of Wisconsin press in your book, don't you think? Another possibility if that doesn't work out, is Southern Illinois University Press, which did Mike Heller's book on the Objectivists. You might even shoot for the moon and try the University of California press. They publish Zukofsky, after all, and would have published my COLLECTED POEMS, ~~xx~~ I think, years ago if they had not discovered that my earlier books were still available. It's not that I have anything against the NPF doing it, but with the Man and Poet book, it will be three books by or about me that they will have published, so it would be better, if possible, to have some one else carry the ball too. Just a thought.

Were you thinking of trying to sell Cid's letters to the University of Wisconsin/Milwaukee library? If you were thinking of the Madison library, I'd appreciate it if you held off until they made a decision, one way or the other, about my archives. It will be confusing otherwise and unpleasantly competitive.

Taggart's piece on Enslin is remarkably clear. Has he changed?

Ted and I had a pretty good time together until the last ten-fifteen minutes of his visit when we got on the ~~xx~~ subject of music. That's when things really perked up and became interesting, so we parted with some regret that there was not more time.

Keep in touch,

9 May 1987

Dear Marty:

It occurred to me that it might move things along just a bit if you were to write the University of Wisconsin curator something to the effect that you understand the library is considering my archives and that you have a special interest in them because you are working on a book on me, et al. If you agree, write to Yvonne Schofer, Bibliographer, Humanities-English, University of Wisconsin, Memorial Library, 728 State Street, Madison WI 53706. They've had my archives about two months now. They should know pretty soon whether they can raise the money for it.

Oh yes, I do know Felix Pollak. I saw him and his rather impressive wife fairly often during the 1969-1970 academic year when I was writer-in-residence there. I have known of his near blindness and it has been painful to me because I know what a great lover of books he is and how much he lives for them. Sad that on top of this, he has always had to bear the frustration of never quite making it with his poetry. Painful.

No, no one has approached me about my letters but I suppose eventually....

Love,

21 Aug. 1987

Dear Marty:

A triple mazel tov on the birth of Molly, one for each of you.

I know very well what you had to go through in giving up Julia. I had to go through the same thing years ago with my dog, a beautiful ~~black~~ half-collie, half-shepherd, with a honey-colored coat. Nothing I could do could break him ~~of~~ of the habit of ~~charging~~ charging after little kids on bikes and snapping at their ankles. The truth is, it was all my own damned fault because I like a dog to be frisky, not just obedient, and he was just doing what he knew I liked, being frisky. I too found a loving new mistress for him on a farm, but when it came time to tell her about his little habits, etc. and to part from him, my voice broke and I couldn't go on. I had to run upstairs to my bedroom to hide my grief. I hadn't bought Amos from anyone, however. He just appeared one summer day on my neighbours lawn. Leah & I happened to be sitting outside and when I saw him, I exclaimed, "What a beautiful dog!" He heard me and knew exactly what I had said because he trotted right over as if to have me look him over, and looked up at me with his brown eyes, and I was hooked forever. I'm still hooked.

Fondly,

Jan. 3, 1989

Dear Marty:

Your adventures with the Harley-Davidson poems and the Harley-Davidson people are strange and wondrous. I sit here reading about these goings-on with my jaws open. And if your Physical History is representative, you're writing now from an altogether clear head, and interesting too. I'm particularly sorry, therefore, that I can't be your correspondent at such a time because I have become a basket case, trying to cope with the endless responsibilities and terrors of caring for Leah, who has ~~xxxxxx~~ been battling cancer, radiation therapy and chemotherapy for three years now and slowly and unmistakably losing. How far away the literary life seems from here! You will understand I can not write more. And please don't call. It has become too burdensome to talk about it.

Affectionately,

16 March 1988

Dear Marty:

Leah is back on chemotherapy and I am much too far behind in what I have to do to be able to take on anything else, however small. But if Woodland Pattern would like something from me nevertheless, why don't you read my piece on Duncan in my COLLECTED PROSE?

Love,

303
ATOMS
EMINENCE
ONION SKIN
EAST
EAST
EAST

1 Aug. 1988

Dear Marty:

Glad to see you looking so
doughty and defiant on your Harley-Davidson.
Not that I expect you to look like George Bush
either but sitting astride that power Cyclop
you look as if what you mean is, Don't mess
around with me!

Anyhow the enclosed goes into the Rakosi
hopper.

Affectionately,

HARLEY-DAVIDSON[®]

POEMS

by

Martin J. Rosenblum

Lionhead Publishing
2521 East Stratford Court
Shorewood Station
Milwaukee Wisconsin 53211

To Commemorate HARLEY-DAVIDSON POEMS, Published In The 85th Year Of Harley-Davidson, Marty Rosenblum And Jerry Renner's House Of Harley-Davidson Invite You To Come To A Book Release Party On Saturday, December 3rd, 1988, From 11:00 a.m. Until 2:00 p.m., At The House Of Harley-Davidson, 6221 West Layton Avenue, Greenfield, Wisconsin.
Free Milwaukee Brew And Complimentary Food Served.
1989 Harleys Will Be On Display.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON POEMS Is Available From Bookstores, Milwaukee Area Harley Dealers And Through The Mail Directly From The Publisher At No Additional Cost. Each Copy Is \$5.00. Discounts Are Offered To Motorcycle Clubs When Ten Or More Copies Are Purchased.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON POEMS is a limited first edition and follows numerous books of poetry and literary philosophy that Martin J. Rosenblum has written. Martial artist, shootist, musician, the author earned an American Literature doctorate and is tenured in administration at The University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee after years of teaching literary arts; writing and Harley riding, his essential professions, combine in HARLEY-DAVIDSON POEMS when:

that sense of steel-tipped
boot up on the shifter gets
into sentences through the gears

"Harley-Davidson" is a registered trademark of Harley-Davidson, Inc.
 Photograph of the author astride his 1987 XLH 1100 Anniversary Sportster is
 Copyright by John Mallow Photography.



Woodland Pattern Book Center

Fall 1988 Calendar of Events

Sunday, October 16, 2:00 pm

Susan Howe

Poetry Reading

Admission \$4.00

Monday, October 17, 4:00 pm

Susan Howe

Lecture: Emily Dickinson - 'The Logic of Sumptuary Values'

Marquette University

David Strz Hall, Executive Class Room

no admission charge

Sunday, October 23, 8:00 pm

Tom Cora / Hans Reichel

Concert

Admission \$4.00

Reservations strongly suggested

November 4 through December 31

Exhibition

Associated Presswork:

Books, Broad sides & Ephemora

Book Artists from Madison

Sunday, November 6, 2:00 pm

Robert Dana

Poetry Reading

Admission: \$4.00

Saturday, November 12, 8:00 pm

Armand Schwerner

Poetry Reading

Admission \$4.00

Friday, November 19, 8:00 pm

Gong Liu, Jiang He, Gu Cheng, Li Gang

Poetry Reading

Admission \$4.00

Friday, December 2, 8:00 pm

Wisconsin Poets Calendar Reading

Admission \$4.00

Friday, December 9, 8:00 pm

Martin J. Rosenblum / Jack Grassel

Concert

Admission \$4.00

Sunday, December 11, 12 to 5 pm

Open House

Friday, December 16, 8:00 pm

John Kruth

Poetry Reading

Admission \$4.00

Woodland Pattern Book Center is located at 720 East Locust Street in Milwaukee, Wisconsin (414) 263-5001

THE HOLY RANGER MEDITATIONS, which originate in HARLEY-DAVIDSON POEMS, will be an integral part of works performed by Martin J. Rosenblum and Jack Grassel in concert as these regulators rid the asphalt of imported cycles and the stage of unimportant art

Woodland Pattern is made possible by generous private donations, and in part, with funds from the National Endowment for the Arts, Milwaukee County, the Milwaukee Artists Foundation, and UPAF. The visit to Milwaukee of the four Chinese Poets is in cooperation with the Committee for International Poetry. It is made possible by a grants from the Witter Bynner Foundation and the Wisconsin Arts Board. Visitors to the Book Center will notice a new entry light purchased with proceeds from the Locust St. Day book ssale, a donation from J. Poehlman and with assistance from the Brass Light Gallery, a Milwaukee manufacturer of beautiful lighting fixtures. Anderson Graphics is Woodland Pattern's official, patient and beneficent printer. Thanks to All!!



THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MILWAUKEE/P.O. Box 413, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53201

DEPARTMENT OF LEARNING SKILLS AND
EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITY
MITCHELL HALL

8.4.88

Dear Carl,

Indeed, into the Rakosi Hopper it all went ---- said Hopper is
an antique file cabinet, the kind that opens from the top &
sits on a stand that has rollers. Made from walnut & oak. Proper amulet.

Really good hearing from you

Love -----

Today is Molly Dvora's First Birthday! Sarah Terez has a big party
planned for her.....

Martin J. Rosenblum, PH.D.

2521 East Stratford Court, Shorewood, Wisconsin 53211 USA (414) 332-7474

12/23/88

Dear Carl,

Two primary events have prevented me from staying in touch as I'd like to: one, the death of my father; two, the success of my HARLEY-DAVIDSON POEMS.

Last month I woke Maureen up before dawn to tell her I was dreaming that the day would bring my father's death. I forgot about this dream even when he called that Sunday morning. But later in the afternoon (I had the dream at 3 a.m. & got the call at 3 p.m.) I got the call he had died from our neighbor in Appleton, & I remembered the dream. In that I had this dream, I got in touch with an unconscious process involving his passing & wrote a eulogy which I delivered at his funeral -- making the event an understandable one, if that's the word to use, for myself.

I sent you a poster for the book release party for HDP -- nearly 300 people showed up & around 200 books were sold. The first edition will sell-out. A Milwaukee investor has put up enough financial support to do a second edition of 5000 paperback, 1000 hardcover & a 100 gift edition run. The books have been licensed by Harley-Davidson, Inc., & they are pushing them on an international scale. The local media has turned me into sort of a folk personality -- let me enclose just a portion of the evidence for this interesting item. (Local television came to the party, then to the Woodland Pattern performance.) The biker tribes love my work, & lovingly herald me as their medicine man; it is such a refreshing & renewing experience to write for this kind of just plain honest audience. Local dealers sell the book, & so do a few choice bookstores (but I do not give them any on consignment; they must buy them or I do not do business with them); the dealers pay cash & do so happily as the book is selling like mad for Xmas. The investor will put up enough cash for me to travel to promote the book in the spring & summer, the second edition, so I will go to the large biker gatherings. (One of the largest orders for books came from your direction, a Vietnam Vet Motorcycle Club, so I might get out that way to promote the book, actually.)

I am working on the second edition (& the Company is being very cooperative in all this, allowing me to be photographed on a new Harley for the cover, etc.; the grandson & granddaughter of John S. Harley & the Davidsons have given me access to their archives & memories, so my book will have very unique poetry in it & will reproduce some unseen photographs of the early Harley days) now, writing a piece on you for Michael Heller, & absolutely, expanding my Rakosi study, still, which is turning out to be my life's work. I know that the failure of the book to appear has greatly affected us both over the years, but, Carl, it has become such a tome of extreme importance that, ultimately, we will both be pleased that it did not appear in its potentially incomplete earlier versions. As I edit the Objectivist Casebook, too, I realize how my understanding of your place in all this still is undergoing expansion & deepening.

I got a phone call from Ted Enslin last week, & he & I correspond weekly, as do Cid Corman & Howard McCord & I; these keep me sustained, these dear friends & valued associates, in my poetry as around here there is nothing but faggot gibberish passed-off as poetry -- that is, I have no environment in which to write at all except by mail & phone. This is just fine, really, as I in many ways prefer the silence I have in the environment ---- & the recent media hoopla surrounding my book has created quite a

major affect on the literary scene here, allowing me a certain kind of freedom to be exactly who I am. I am being treated with a kind of respect now & have experienced, also, great competitive jealousy from the literary group -- which I have never been part of at all, so now have the pleasure of achieving a huge success from the outside of it. The only person here I keep in touch with is Karl Young, & he is outside, too. (John Shannon has deteriorated into a very diseased individual; I have known him for 18 years, & have seen evidence of his sickness, but lately it has become very unmanageable & I have had to tell him that he can no longer have any contact with me or my family. His pranks have taken on the force of psychosis.) My kind of writing just ain't ever been the neo-Frank O'Hara/John Ashbery stuff that is so highly regarded here, or the fake Ginsberg, & to break into a whole new kind of audience with tremendous buying power & extreme media results has literally changed my life in the true sense of the meaning: as this moves into the national/international realm, as it will when the issues of the Harley magazine that promote the books come out & are distributed to every dealer to give away & to every Harley owner, I expect things to change even more for me.

My father always said that my poetry should not become anything too important because it wouldn't make money. The first edition made more money than ever imagined -- it could reach fifteen hundred dollars in less than two months -- & now I can't tell him. He died just as the book began to circulate & become successful.

But the inability to tell him puts me on my own in a way that is quite complex & essential. There are large changes taking place in my approach to the world, & I find myself needing less & less from it -- & gaining more & more from just being at peace with my own manner of dealing with it.

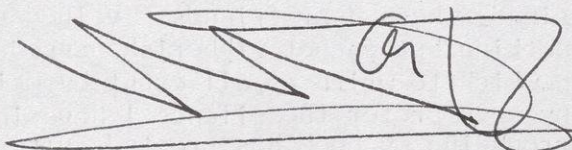
Forgive the extreme outline nature of this letter, but I'm trying to catch you up on all that has been going on here; as I said, I have lost touch with you as of late, & this bothers me. I was going to call you last night, but decided instead just to write.

I wonder how Leah is, how you are.

Here, all is well. You should by now have our Holiday card. Molly & Sarah, as you can see, are lovely angels. Maureen has just moved to a new clinic & her psychotherapy practice is really strong. I play in a country western duo (we did the Harley Xmas party last week) & my UWM position gets more complex each semester -- but I enjoy the work I do at UWM, & have the music as a way to relax from it all.

Maureen was with me at the Harley Xmas party & witnessed the wonderful responses I am getting from readers of my HARLEY-DAVIDSON POEMS. Dozens came up to me to say that they now have a poet ~~KKKKK~~ from within their ranks who writes about the lifestyle with a literary sensibility -- not the gutter language that demeans them -- that gets at the exact nature of being in the biker culture. She remarked that it is really a blessing to have this kind of response for my poetry. I am so pleased that I can step outside the faggot fine arts world now & still write exactly as I please. I know I will always be a poet within the academy, but this sojourn from it is exactly what a poet should have to be grateful for & it comes at a time when, otherwise, I would be deeply involved in just an internal journey -- looking to where my father has gone. I can conduct this search, now, with a balance of external activity.

MUCH LOVE,



HARLEY-DAVIDSON

POEMS

Martin J. Rosenblum

by

Lionhead Publishing
2521 East Stratford Court
Shorewood Station
Milwaukee Wisconsin 53211
-Five Dollars Postpaid-



Martin J. Rosenblum is
available for poetry &
music performances --
414-332-7474

MILWAUKEE
the city

by Jeffrey Perso

Straddled across his rumbling, gleaming Harley-Davidson, long hair and bushy beard blowing in the wind, tough black leathers tightly zippered against the night, Martin Rosenblum at first look appears to be the kind of person many anxious motorists would rather have roar on into the rainy gloom of an ill-lighted country road than stop and offer aid.

So it may come as a shock, and in this fictitious scene a welcome one to the uninformed traveler, that Rosenblum, gravel crunching beneath hard heels as he ambles over to take a look at that busted radiator, is no crime-bent Hell's Angel or Outlaw.

What Rosenblum is, however, cannot be easily defined. Labels do not stick to a man who writes academic poetry and rides a Harley-Davidson, a country-western musician who claims to have been influenced by rockers Gene Vincent and Eddie Cochran. A man who defines his political leanings as either "reactionary or anarchist." A voting member of the National Rifle Association who is married to a member of the environmental protection group Greenpeace.

Yet Rosenblum clearly savors the oppositional forces which have shaped his persona.

"I am," Rosenblum declares, "an incongruous person."

Not that any of the incongruities of image, in the long run, really matter. As *Milwaukee Journal* columnist Joel McNally writes in the introduction to Rosenblum's latest publication, *Harley-Davidson Poems*,

"A student of American history, Rosenblum collects what he considers the essence of American products in areas he has practical expertise—Colt pistols, Gibson guitars and, now, a Harley-Davidson. He identifies Harley with the rugged individualists of the past. He sees no reason why bikers should be considered criminally inclined."

"It's a subject of curiosity on both sides," Rosenblum told McNally, "that I'm this intellectual poet-philosopher who wears leathers...The image of a Harley owner as some kind of degenerate is false just as the image of an artist as a degenerate is false."

Married, father, admissions-advising specialist in the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee's Department of Learning Skills and Educational Opportunities, Rosenblum has authored nearly 20 volumes of learned poetry and literary musings.

Published in a limited edition of 400 copies, *Harley-Davidson Poems*, a sequence of 12 interlocking narratives, is being distributed mainly by mail-order and, in a unique twist, through Harley dealerships.

"I don't believe poetry sells adequately in bookstores anyway," Rosenblum says, "so I didn't want to tie it up in bookstores."

As the title suggests, *Harley-Davidson Poems* celebrate life on a Harley. Now bikers are not known, rightly or wrongly, for their consumption of literature. So Rosenblum's marketing strategy is an effective way to reach the audience he desires. And with sales at a brisk pace, it's a successful ploy as well.

"I don't want to call them non-literary," Rosenblum says of his biker readers, "but Harley riders are more likely to go into a store for motorcycle parts than into a bookstore for a book."

A decade ago Yale University called Rosenblum one of the most promising young poets in America. Identified with the Neo-Objectivist school of poetry, a school of poetic thought which rejects confessional French Symbolist poetry and the autobiographical verse of Americans like Walt Whitman and Frank O'Hara, Rosenblum seeks to empty his literary work of all metaphor and personal subject matter. In their place, Neo-Objectivist theory argues, are objects which through manipulation much like musical phrasing forces the reader to encounter the poem directly. "Mid-Summer On A Harley-Davidson" is from Rosenblum's new volume.

Wisconsin cornfields strangled without water
& gravel shoulders coughing dust in the wake
of that eighteen-wheeler ahead
so the downshift & then faster
onto this County Trunk
as blackbirds' chatter
stick in the windless
hum of tires going to
the broken yellow
lines as a center
for the holy
morning ride

The practice of poetic composition is a labor of love for Rosenblum. Even if he sells every copy of *Harley-Davidson Poems* (Harley-Davidson graciously allowed its registered name to be used in the title), he stands to make little money on a book which was over a year in the creating.

Eventually the motorcycle poems, which arose out of his interest in Harley riding ("riding a Harley," he says, "is to participate in a cultural phenomenon") will appear in Rosenblum's collected works, which is tentatively set to be published in 1989.

You can get your bets down now that it won't be titled *Silk Scarves*.



HARLEY-DAVIDSON

POEMS



Martin J. Rosenblum

There is a second book of Harley Poetry
forthcoming in spring of 1989, in which
The Holy Ranger further speaks a vision
of EvoPoetics

For Mailing
Information
Contact

LION Publishing
ROAR Recording

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Milwaukee Wisconsin 53211

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Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53211
414-332-7474

Martin Jack Rosenblum
M.A., Ph.D.

The Holy Ranger
-EvoPoetics-

LION Publishing

ROAR Recording



11/7/88

RIDING HIS HARLEY IS A POETIC EXPERIENCE

Martin Rosenblum doesn't see any discrepancy between being a poet and an ardent Harley-Davidson biker.

In fact, he says, the two passions have a lot in common.

"Every time you go out on your Harley, you have to be 100 percent alert. To me as a poet, that 100 percent awareness is what is extant when you're writing poetry."

Rosenblum, who has a Ph.D. in modern poetry and a master's in creative writing from UWM, is an admissions-advising specialist in the Department of Learning Skills and Educational Opportunity. He finds that some colleagues are perplexed by this strange combination of scholar, poet, and Harley zealot.

"It would be more appropriate if I collected antique vases," Rosenblum quips. "There's still the leftover image of the poet as an aesthete."

"I think that to be a poet one has to be removed from certain aesthetic sensibilities. Much poetry today is nothing more than what has been done in Europe for 100 years. There's nothing wrong with that, but our literature has got to be involved with American culture. As William Carlos Williams said, 'It has to be about things rather than ideas.' And when I'm talking about Harleys, I'm talking about a lot more than Harleys."

His new book, "Harley-Davidson Poems," was inspired by his meanderings on his Harley. The book was published this fall by Lionhead Publishing, a small company that Rosenblum helped establish in the 1960s. Harley-Davidson, Inc., has been supportive of the book project and permitted him to use the Harley name, and an autograph party will be held in December at the House of Harley-Davidson in Greenfield. The book is available at Harley dealers, by mail and at the UWM Bookstore, and poems from it will be published in the winter issue of *Enthusiast*, the official Harley-Davidson, Inc., magazine..

(MORE)

ROSENBLUM...add one

Rosenblum had dreamed of owning a Harley-Davidson motorcycle since grade school in Appleton. But it wasn't until last January that he bought his first bike, a limited-edition XLH 1100 Sportster that he calls "Ranger."

"I had it delivered to my living room, and it sat all winter so I could enjoy it. I launched it in March."

A few months later, he was pictured astride Ranger in The Milwaukee Journal for an article on Harley owners by Journal columnist Joel McNally, who subsequently wrote the introduction for the book of poems. The Journal story led to recognition during the Harley's big anniversary celebration in Milwaukee last summer.

"At that rally, approximately 50 people came up to me who either wrote poetry or told me that they loved my poetry," Rosenblum recalls. "They said, 'Oh, you're the famous poet.' I thought they were being facetious at first. One guy recited a long poem he had written. There are lines from it I can still remember."

Rosenblum is intrigued by the mythopoeitics of the Harley, the sense of camaraderie among riders, the Harley subculture, and the Old West trappings.

"You're involved in a typical American spirit of adventure. It's like riding a horse on the frontier. There's an affinity with the machine. I call my bike my urban mount. It's like being in a posse, with a group along. All this makes for a lore. It's the last frontier.

"What I'm doing is reporting from the lore and adding to the subculture."

Rosenblum, one of the country's leading neo-objectivist poets, has written other books of poetry and literary criticism. He also is a musician, performer and songwriter, with interests that include vintage guns and martial arts — all parts of the American culture that fuel his poems.

#

add two.....

Mid-Summer On A Harley-Davidson

Wisconsin cornfields strangled without water
& gravel shoulders coughing dust in the wake

of that eighteen-wheeler ahead
so the downshift & then faster

onto this County Trunk
as blackbirds' chatter

stick in the windless
hum of tires going to

the broken yellow
lines as a center

for the holy
morning ride

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Harley-Davidson Poems

Contact: Dr. Martin J. Rosenblum
Home: 414-332-7474
Office: 414-229-3786
2521 East Stratford Court
Shorewood Wisconsin 53211

Poetry

Portrait of the Artist as a Fastidious Biker

BY KARL YOUNG

Where would you expect a publication party for a new book of poetry to be held? A bookstore? A bar? Milwaukee poet Martin J. Rosenblum has chosen a motorcycle dealer's showroom as the site to launch his new book. That's not as odd as it might seem at first—the book is called *Harley-Davidson Poems* and deals with Rosenblum's preoccupation with "biking."

The party, to be held at Jerry Renner's House of Harley, 6221 W. Layton Ave., Dec. 3, 11 a.m.-2 p.m., could be seen as a clever promotional move. And that it is. But there's more to it than that. Rosenblum feels a genuine sense of camaraderie with Jerry's clientele. And he has expressed concern that his intellectual and biker friends don't understand each other.

Rosenblum may want this party to bring the two groups together, and perhaps promote a little mutual understanding. If that works, if everybody has a good time getting acquainted and availing themselves of the free food and beer, that will have its own rewards. But after everyone's gone home and Jerry's employees have swept up the showroom, the book will remain, and its involuted contradictions will continue to have significance.

During the 1960s poets like Michael McClure took on the biker mystique. Their approach was simply to assume Hell's Angels' trappings and try to ride them to some sort of higher consciousness. During the same period, it wasn't hard to find dedicated bikers who wrote poetry—in Milwaukee, you could find people who wrote verse wearing Outlaws' colors at any number of local bars. Both the professional and the grass roots biker poets shared the same mystique—that of an unwashed wildman, freed from responsibility and conscience, able and eager to rape women on crowded streets, crush cops under their juggernaut wheels, charge the stars with nothing more than a head full of mescaline and the indomitable savagery of their steel machines, etc.

Rosenblum is a counselor for educationally disadvantaged students at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee. He is soft-spoken, mild mannered, and a fastidious dresser. His courtesy is developed to such a high degree that it almost seems anachronistic. His wife and two daughters are the central focus of his life; his family values would have been the envy of any candidate in the last election. One of his early books was titled *Home* and that's where he likes best to be.

Of his dozen or so books, *The Werewolf Sequence*, published in 1974, seems par-

ticularly relevant to *Harley-Davidson Poems*. In this book Rosenblum takes the bloody tooth and claw iconography of 1950s movies and plays it through endless permutations that touch on his life during the early 1970s. The Werewolf can modulate from monster to pompous academician to pouting aesthete. In this book Rosenblum moves through stereotype into archetype—sometimes even going beyond that, back to the day-to-day world with its familiar coffee cups and random conversations, enlightened by the circular journey.

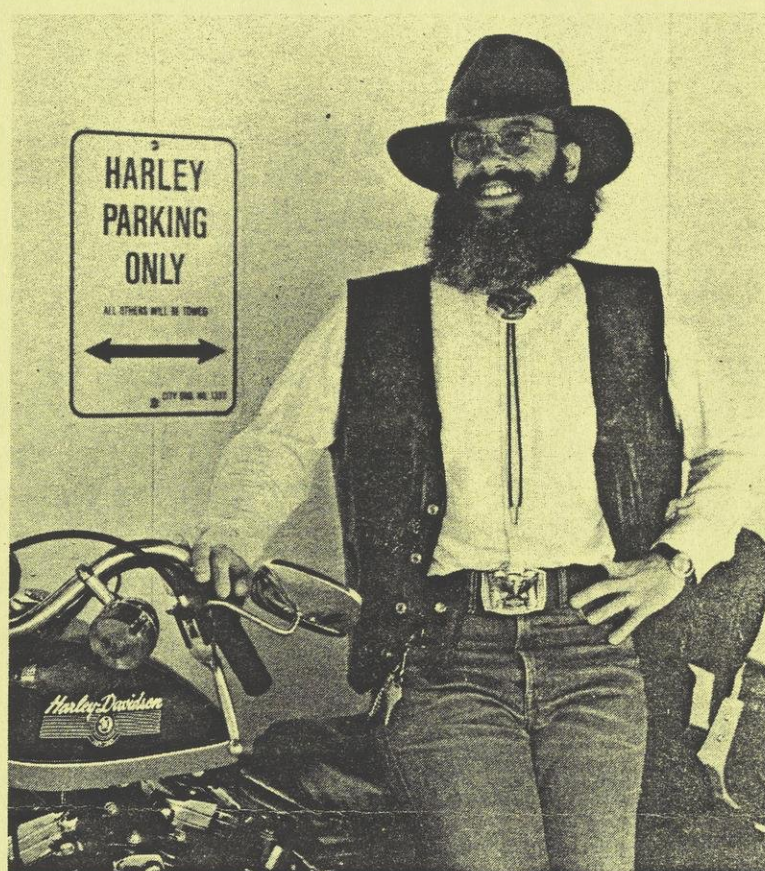
He doesn't ride his Harley to work or on errands, he rides it just to ride it.

He achieves the same thing in the best of the *Harley-Davidson Poems*. In these instances, he converts, inverts, and subverts the biker mystique. The biker can become Texas Ranger, or mountain man, or mystic philosopher; photographers model, or conservative family man, or even a little boy frightened by turtles.

Rosenblum has had a number of avocations during the past 17 years. These fall into two groups—collecting things and acting out fantasies. His collections include Gibson guitars, toy Civil War soldiers, model trains, tobacco pipes and Colt pistols. His acting included practicing martial arts, playing blues guitar, and taking part in reenactments of Civil War battles.

His interest in Harley began in adolescent fantasies and re-emerged after a near-fatal illness in his 41st year. On one level, he appreciates his motorcycle as a well-made artifact, a machine whose purpose is plain and direct, and whose workings can be clearly seen and understood. Like Colt and Gibson, Harley is a brand name to conjure with. During the winter, when Rosenblum keeps his motorcycle in his dining room, he can contemplate it simply as an object. Riding it is another matter. That requires complete concentration and brings his mind into sharp focus. He doesn't ride his Harley to work or on errands, he rides it just to ride it.

Perhaps Rosenblum will continue testing this area of experience and symbol in his poetry, and *Harley-Davidson Poems* will be the point of departure for a larger work. Whatever the case, the book is worth reading as it stands, Rosenblum's having all sorts of fun with his bike, and integrating his life and art in the process.



Harley Davidson poet Martin J. Rosenblum

HARLEY-DAVIDSON

POEMS



by

Martin J. Rosenblum

Lionhead Publishing
2521 East Stratford Court
Shorewood Station
Milwaukee Wisconsin 53211

\$5.00 Postpaid

UNEXPECTED ARRANGEMENT

"A box is a box.
Integrity has been defined."

from "Riddle" by Carl Rakosi

An overview of The Collected Poems Of Carl Rakosi (1986) with a look at The Collected Prose Of Carl Rakosi (1983), both published by The National Poetry Foundation, University of Maine at Orono.

Martin J Rosenblum

I

"At least they are different." Carl Rakosi winds up his Foreword to The Collected Poems with this recuperative statement, which not only defines his non-traditional arrangement of the poems in this indispensable volume, but underlines, intentionally or not, his primary poetic as well.

Rakosi organizes his poems not by the prescribed publication date agenda ("a chronological variorum is still possible at another time and by another person"), but by virtue of the principle of rediscovery:

"It seemed to me more creative and interesting to organize the poems as if I were making up a book for the first time, with the parts before me, the individual poems. And I followed the logic of that."

The logic of that is also the process by which one comes to know Rakosi's main poetic notion; and therefore studying The Collected Poems Of Carl Rakosi, for its content as well as its context, pro-

Solicited for
Conjunctions but
not rejected for
publication
CJ

vides one with an ideal setting from which a comprehensive understanding of Carl Rakosi's greatness can be obtained.

The form of The Collected Poems is revealing and secure. In a final organization at this level of the poet's achievement, there has been the discovery of a different way to organize: no collected works has gone this direction away from that anticipated arrangement of a life's work, and still has accomplished so close a rendering of the author's evolution and essence. Creating a structural methodology for The Collected Poems that is not based on poems gathered together on a composition continuum, but rather on the basis of thematic entry through rediscovery, underlines Carl Rakosi's "final sawdust/of the absolute."

II

In "Man At Work," from an early section of the book titled Adventures Of The Head, the poet is fascinated by the prospect of possessing a perfect thought process, but is settling for the aesthetics of the attempt instead because, even within the ideal world of "numbers,

//
that timeless order
which is bilk to poets
...
yet the frame of industry
the grub of scholars[,]"

and "which no one can enter/as a whole man/nor leave behind," the only evidence of the process or "the principle/of the mind at work" is still going to be numbers themselves. It will not be that which produces them and rearranges them into profound significance.

Numbers are

"the final sawdust
of the absolute."

They are not the absolute. These final lines serve as an epigram for Rakosi's poetic, which banks on the constant (re)discovery of that which falls to the ground during an idea's final cut. The proof that there is an overall design being fabricated is experiential, not conceptual: though humans always hope for more than "the final sawdust," this dust has as much --more, to Rakosi-- credence than the ultimate potential whole "of the absolute," for these particles, too, have been enacted through intention and materials.

The order of this book follows from the sensibility that any absolute is only going to be discovered in the arrangement that drops from the abstract concept of such, almost as by-product, into a new text. All of the extant Rakosi books exist as ideas, are cut into, and The Collected Poems

"is not a file of [Rakosi's] previous volumes, AMULET plus ERE-VOICE plus EX CRANIUM, NIGHT plus HISTORY plus SPIRITUS, I, but an as-if-book, with no obvious connection between the AMERICANA and the DROLES DE JOURNAL and the other parts. The reader who is bothered by this can view them as separate books. Even as such, they seem to be better integrated and more coherent than the original volumes. At least they are different."

At best, sawdust produced from some absolute, they are the parts that are left to the reader's intelligence and imagination as a

-continued-

means to re-enter the original books, this time with the poet's collected evidence of how he understands his achievement in 1986. With no overall burden of demonstrable progress (which Rakosi says "may or may not" universally take place), Carl Rakosi has the courage and brilliance to start over within a framework that is normally reserved as a final resting place.

III

The covers of The Collected Poems and the previously issued Collected Prose Of Carl Rakosi are identical: washed out through green hues, we see barnwood planks, with two knot holes and a nail and stray bare branches, overlaid by title and name. Burton Hatlen's sparse photo delicately joins these two volumes in an image of natural regulation and wear, and his essay, "Carl Rakosi And The Re-Invention Of The Epigram," placed as an Afterword to The Collected Prose, sees ahead to the 1986 book while providing an insight for readers of the 1983 collection. He defines Rakosi as

"A comic logopoetic writer....
And isn't that about the same as
saying that Rakosi's writing is
dominated by the impulse toward
the epigram? Thus the title of
this Afterword: Rakosi's major
achievement as a writer has been,
I believe, to re-invent the epigram
for our time."

After doing so as a scholar, Hatlen informally defines what he means by "epigram:" "we might describe it as a "thrust" followed by a "twist," to "drive home" the point....directed at someone." As epigram is largely applied to the poems, so, then, is aphorism more accurately a term to be applied to Carl Rakosi's prose: "the word "aphorism" now seems to denote a sub-category --written or

spoken prose statements-- within the larger category of epigram." A justification for bringing out these books as integral halves of Rakosi's vision is neatly identified by virtue of this analysis.

These texts accomplish what Rakosi tried with Ex Cranium, Night, where the epigrammatic poems and aphoristic prose were interfaced in one volume to establish a totality; but at times there was a disconnecting quality between the two forms -- "I keep telling myself that it makes no sense whatever to feel that prose is inferior to poetry, but it's no use" (Day Book). Now, however, Rakosi's art is without disconnection: The Collected Prose with its splendid load of rich and frugal, extended and minimalist pieces that are filled with personal surety and universal doubt, is the other part of The Collected Poems, marvelously balancing it.

IV

"The Poem," from what is a central section of The Collected Poems, titled The Poet, I (there follows The Poet II and III), presents an irony inherent to Rakosi's work:

"comes in
like an ocean
blow
into my head

and goes out
as a small model
into the world,
smelling
like a rose,
hmm?"

Initially, we have the beautiful and perfect image for making a poem; then we get the humorous grunt of possible disfranchisement. The creation is universal. The doubt is next door. The exceptional grace and power of Carl Rakosi's poetry is its severe counterpoint.

I have had the privilege to know and work with Carl Rakosi for over a decade, and obviously am quite familiar with his canon; but when Terrell Carroll sent me a copy of The Collected Poems Of Carl Rakosi, and I read it at once out of expectation, then wrote to Carl about its impact, my command of all that I had already studied and written about was altered. The unexpected arrangement of the text brought with it a more complex handling of Rakosi's genius as an established writer. He re-enters his work, never losing that simplicity we have grown accustomed to calling Objectivist, and does so while integrity is enhanced. It is always the case that "a box is a box." Yet Rakosi finds an angle for even the most recognizable shape that alters the object without tampering with it. His ironic counterpoint is the lens through which his vision has its insight. Carl Rakosi's accuracy is very disturbing.

-end-

128 Irving St., San Francisco, CA 94122

Dear Claude Royet-Journoud:

What a pleasant surprise to receive your two books from Michael Palmer. An extraordinary surprise, in fact, to see quotations from my work in the frontispiece, revealing a sympathetic spirit in you. Have you been holding my hand without my being aware of it? Whatever, it's a good feeling/

And as for ~~yx~~ the poems themselves, they have an irreducible economy and purity which, even in translation, is exciting. The silence in the intervals along the way in them produce great leaps of imagination in the reader. Thank you for these charming books. And thanks also for the Richard translations of my two poems, of which I was unaware.

With all best wishes,

The two books were The Maternal Drape or The Restitution,
translated by Charles Bernstein and The ~~notion~~ notion of obstacle,
for " " Keith Waldrop

Richard
or ref to Royet-Journoud

Carl Rakosi

126 128 Irving Street, San Francisco, California 94122

A translation into French
of my two ^{early} poems, Ships
and Shoreline (sent to me by
Claude Royet-Journoud, French
poet, who wrote that he had
become familiar with my poetry
when he was studying in
England). Note that the
translator wrote, "Traduit de
l'américain," not "Traduit de
l'anglais," thereby making a
point.

Note also the snappily
dressed young man at the helm
(for Ships), thereby making another
point about my person.

CR

L'im-planté n° 57



Bateaux

Une heure. Nuit pluvieuse.
L'air marin s'appesantit sur la timonerie.
Le compas rougeoit dans son habitacle.

"Holà! Du navire!"

Toute la coque de *La Croix de Frisco*,
bateau-citerne à double arbre d'hélice, s'illumine.
Visage boucané.

Le chronomètre oscille dans ses cardans.

"Feux allumés, Commandant!"

Un petit vapeur de rivière qui a passé des frontières douanières,
douze cabines et feu blanc en tête de mât,
pavillon de compagnie et franc-bord de six pouces,

mousses
courant partout avec des quittances et des connaissements,
transporte barils, tonnelets et quartauts de stout.

Le grand paquebot à propulsion turbo-électrique, assuré contre l'incendie,
à l'eau courante, frappée, qui prend aux tripes,
des ancres à catapulte et du courrier international.

Rivage

On dit *humanité*.
Pourquoi pas *vaguéité*?

L'eau militaire, poitrail genre barrique,
se rue en masse
pour faire éclater la terre du rivage
en *galéité* sous l'eau.

Phlouff phloouff

les vagues avancent, comme à tâtons,
indistinctement vers le rivage.

Délicat comme

un papillon

sur une joue
un bateau aux voiles
blanches et orange apparaît.
Un petit garçon dans un gilet de sauvetage
est assis à l'avant et scrute l'horizon
de toutes ses forces.

Son père barre,
raide comme un espar, rivé à
à la sécurité de son fils
et au maniement de la voile.
Un poisson-lune rejeté
par un pêcheur
balotte au gré du clapot, noyé.
Dans la mort, les yeux sont blancs.
Ce sont là les faits bruts.
Un mystère les traduit
en sentiment et perception;
puis en imagination;
enfin ils passent dans le dur
cristal inévitable
de la volonté et du langage.

De même la queue d'un écureuil, flottant,
attachée au guidon d'une bicyclette,
affirmant clairement
que le conducteur qui passe
est un mâle faisant le gaillard
avec son plumet.

Carl Rakosi

Traduit de l'américain par
Claude Richard



Anthony Rudolf
Dear Tony:

June 6, 1981

I do have a message for you symposiasts: get your heads out of that noose!.....the noose being the moral horse-collar which you put on when you enter the question, "While Rome burns,.....etc." We went through all that during the GREAT DEPRESSION. Does each generation have to agonize over the same wrong questions?

The point is that utility can not be a yardstick for poetry because the nature of poetry is existential, not functional. One would think it would not need to be pointed out that not everything has a social purpose (fortunately). Does one, for example, stay alive because it is useful? or love a child for that reason? or bask under a tree? etc., etc. In other words, the premise on which the question rests, and the terms in which it is framed, refer to a different order of reality. But you will never convince zealous reformers of this. They simply refuse to differentiate between the existential and the social. So the best thing to do when you see one is to cross to the other side of the street.

That still leaves unanswered the question of what value (personal, not social) is poetry. Put that way, it becomes a matter of subjective predilection. As such, the matter does not have to be proved. Besides, poetry, like other existential experiences, is a given, and givens are not amenable to considerations of value, a word which balloons into the universal despite all our efforts to contain it within realistic limits.

Thanks a million for the Goethe. I did not intend it to be a gift but I don't want to offend you by paying you for it. So thanks again.

Affectionately,

CR
Sent to him for the Cambridge Poetry Festival to be read at the symposium: What ~~Use~~ Use is Poetry to a World in Jeopardy?
CR

Carl Rakosi

128 Irving Street

San Francisco, CA 94122

June 20, 1981

Anthony Rudolf
Dear Tony:

If you're going to publish my letter, will you please add the following paragraph: "It does not follow from this that social injustice can not be the subject of poetry. It just means that the extent to which poetry participates in redressing deep social wrongs can not be used to evaluate it. ^{however anguishing those wrongs are.} And if one weeps inwardly over the inability of poetry to do more, I am afraid some of those tears are due to the poet's realization that his egotism is unfulfilled because it extends so far ahead of his craft."

I'll be interested to see what you and the others had to say. How come such a symposium was held? and ~~what was it~~ how did it go? and where will the material be published?

Affectionately,
Carl

Anthony Rudolf

21 Nov. 1987

Dear Tony:

I sent a copy of the enclosed to Burton Hatlen, the new president of The National Poetry Foundation. If you don't hear from Terry in, say, three weeks time, let me know and I'll follow up by phone. I didn't think phoning now would be effective because they're in the process of re-organizing.

Forgive me for not responding to the announcement of the Bar Mitzvah...or was it a bat mitzvah? in your family. I know what a dear occasion it is for a father. I went through it myself...as a grandfather...only a few weeks ago (and read one of David Rosenberg's Psalms as my grandfather's portion of the service) but I have been swamped by Leah's cancer for the last year and more and, frankly, have not had the stomach for correspondence. She's in remission now and I'm glad Jonathan's book gives me the ~~xxxxxxx~~ opportunity, at last, to wish you and the children the best.

Incidentally, what is Jonathan's illness? He doesn't define it in his letters but from one or two things he let drop, I fear it may be Alzheimer's. That would be a slow grinding down to a long, oh so long, terminus. That's what George (Oppen) had, which I witnessed all through it, and it would be sardonic if Jonathan had the same thing, he was so profoundly identified with George.

If Leah is still in remission next September, there's a chance I'll be in England then with her and with my daughter and son-in-law. I long to see old friends.

Affectionately,

Carl

P.S. note, I no longer live at 128 Irving St. I moved to 126 Irving St.

Jonathan Kriffin
English poet



Department of English
YORK COLLEGE
of The City University of New York
Jamaica, New York 11451
212-969-4040

March 23, 1984

Dear Mr. Rakosi,

My colleague David Ignatow--ex-colleague, I should say, since he's just retired--put me on to "Scenes from My Life," which I've just read with enormous pleasure but also with a despair born of envy. I want to write a biography of Kenneth Fearing, but I know that I'll never bring him to life as you have done in just a few pages.

Nevertheless I persevere, trusting that even a plodding, academic biography may help to rescue him from the neglect he's suffered these last twenty years or so. Would you, therefore, be willing to answer some questions? To avoid clutter, I've listed them on a separate sheet.

From Rachel I've received a photograph of Fearing and Margery Latimer, and from Bill Allison, an Oak Park friend of his, a tape of what is evidently the only recording he ever made (a crude 78 rpm, dreadful in sound quality but clear enough for the gravelly voice to be recognizable, I'm told, to those who knew him). Copies of the picture and the tape are yours if you want them.

David sends his best regards.

Many thanks,

Robert M. Ryley

14 Howard Dr.
Huntington, NY 11743

5/10/84

Dear Mr. Rakosi,

I've managed to get hold of a copy of Margery Latimer's This Is My Body long enough to xerox some of the key passages. These are as follows:

1. Megan Foster (Margery) meets Leopold (Leon Herald?).
2. Megan meets Ronald Chadron (Kenneth Fearing) at a gathering of the college literary society.
3. Megan and Ronald are expelled from college for immorality.
4. Megan and Ronald live together in Greenwich Village but break up after Megan has an abortion.

I'd very much appreciate your comments on any or all of this, especially on the degree to which the details of the novel do or do not depart from the facts. Obviously Kenneth wasn't expelled, but does the fictional scene perhaps reflect his being forced to resign as editor? Was Margery expelled? Does the card-playing scene in the novel accurately reflect their life in the Village? (I am almost certain, by the way, that the characters Mort and Oda represent Les River and his mistress Nadya Olyanova. Like Mort, River wrote a novel that has something to do with suicide, and like Oda, Nadya was, in the words of Alice Neel in an interview with me, "a prostitute type," and substituted the fancy Russian name for her true one, Edna Meisner. I've spoken to Nadya, who is still hostile to Margery. She told me that Margery was unattractive and that she once caught a case of the crabs in the eyes!) I assume that the abortion is wholly fictional.

I'm enclosing a stamped envelope for the return of the photocopy since, not owning the book, I'd very much like to be able to consult it when I need to. Please don't hesitate to make notes in the margins and to call me collect again if it's easier to talk about the book than to write about it.

Gratefully,

Bob Ryley

Peggy Ross told me that she thinks that Harry met Kenneth at the University of Wisconsin, where Harry might have been an unmatriculated student for a while. Is this true? Did you know Harry at Wisconsin?

18 May 1984

Dear Bob Ryley:

I've made comments in the margin. On the whole, there is no question in my mind that the novel is a straight outpouring of experience (with the exception of the abortion and the expulsion from the University), a roman a clef. I recognize the particulars. Besides, I know it from Margery herself. She told me she had put Kenneth, Leon and others I knew into the novel and she was having second thoughts about it: she didn't think it was very good, that it might have been over-drawn and overwritten, that maybe she shouldn't have revealed so much, that she didn't think I'd like it, etc. I was in it too, she said, briefly, but she didn't think I'd recognize myself and ~~she~~ she had not done me justice. I remember, in fact, that the book was written at an obsessive speed, as if it had to be gotten out of her while it was still alive.

No, Margery was not expelled (she was on a Zona Gale fellowship and wd. have been allowed to finish her fellowship, in any case), but the incident might have led to their withdrawal from the Lit. My recollection was that Margery became an editor first and got the rest of us on afterwards but her account, written at the time, must be more accurate, that K got on the editorial board first (he was never the editor) and the rest of us followed. That K would have rejected Margery's ~~xxxxxx~~ first writing efforts for the Lit is not surprising. The writing was much too "gushy" for him. And for me too. Which explains why I never read THIS IS MY BODY until you sent me the excerpts.

I read Walpurgis Night with great pain, great pain. I would have come to Margery's help if I had known ^(her relationship) it was that bad. I recognized, as I read, the inchoate demi-urge that was in her, the primal cry under the surface when she was frustrated. However, the one to whom Walpurgis Night is unfair is she. She was not that obsessed, that mono-maniac, that lacking in humor, self-control, and distance from her immediate emotions. If she had been, nobody would have been able to stand her. Whether this unfairness was due to lack of skill and poor literary models or/and the ^{task} ~~task~~ she had set herself, to render the raw emotions of an experience while it was still alive, I don't know.

Anyhow, if you combine Margery's description of Kenneth and Leon with mine, you will have them before you as they were. Kenneth was ~~xxx~~ what the blacks today would call a cool cat. (before I forget, Schevel Pukalsi in the book is described, as I noted, as if it might have been intended to be me. Could you see where else he appears and have the passage(s) copied?).

Something must be said about Kenneth's friends. The one who saw him most often during the early years in New York was Harry Ross. Too bad he's no longer around to help ~~xxx~~ you. I don't remember where I met Harry first. Not in Madison. If he was ever there, it was after Kenneth and I were gone. Harry was not a contender for a literary career, and I don't remember his ever writing poetry, but he had a good understanding of it and feeling for it, and he was genuinely devoted to Kenneth, following his ups and downs with great relish and sometimes puckish humor and teasing. He was warm and good-natured and straightforward and indulgent. A good friend. One felt comfortable with him. ~~X good friend~~ Kenneth was fond of him. He had latched on to Kenneth's career goals as if they were his own. This put him ~~x~~ into a subordinate position, and when Kenneth would fail to achieve something, Harry would snatch a moment of satisfaction from this, reassuring himself thereby that he was not that subordinate. Nothing malicious. I was surprised to learn afterwards that he had become a correspondent for TASS and stayed in that job for years. I suspect it was because of Kenneth's association with Harry and with Alfred Hayes that, as I heard, he was called before the McCarthy Committee.

Alfred Hayes was a bright, promising young poet, Jewish despite his name, concerned about poverty and injustice, who tried to write from a Marxian point of view and never quite made it. He gave up finally and went to Hollywood as a script writer. There was also Kenneth Patchen, as full of affectations then as a dog with fleas. And Maxwell Bodenheim, very able, whose poems moved like mental machines. He had a screw or two loose in his head, however, and was bent on going to hell....first liquor, then drugs. Then one day he was all over the front page: he had been murdered in a flop house, for reasons unknown. Poor as Kenneth was, Bodenheim was poorer, and Kenneth used to go around the Village, collecting pennies and nickels for him from people who were almost as poor as he. And there was Joe Gould, the Village character. Gould was not a close friend but Kenneth wanted very much for me to ^{meet} him, and so we went to the places where he used to hang out, cheap restaurants and bars, but we never ran into him. And there was Philip Rahv (before he founded Partisan Review) with whom he could talk only seriously. And Horace Gregory,

who, I understand....I have not read his Autobiography....devoted a whole chapter to Margery in the book. Kenneth must be large in that book too.

Then there were friends like the ones described in Margery's card scene, all kinds of them, sleazy, full of sham and pretense. They'd come uninvited and unannounced ~~xx~~ in the afternoon (mornings he slept) and just hang around and eat up his food and drink his liquor and gossip. And Kenneth showed them the same courtesy and consideration that he showed us, and his talk was no different with them than with us. Margery felt this as a cruel put-down and as the card scene showed, she was infuriated. I must confess I was baffled by it. at the time. Now I see that he simply felt comfortable with these characters, perhaps more than with us. Not that he was unaware of the sham in them....he was quick to see that in would-be writers....or that he had any in himself, but he didn't become involved enough in the relationship to care. ~~xxxx~~ It was part of the social scene x of the Village, there for him to observe and be amused by. No reason not to be considerate and courteous under the circumstances.

As for Les River, an aggressive parasite, particularly obnoxious because he was so pretentious, Kenneth knew that I detested him, and ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ ~~and~~ went out of my way to avoid him, yet in 1939 when I had a small wedding party for my closest friends, and had of course invited ^{Kenneth} ~~him~~, in he marched, after the party was almost over, with, to my dismay, Les River. Les came over to me x at once to greet me like a close friend, and then went straight for the table with the food and stayed there.% It was obvious why he had come, and why Kenneth had brought him. That incident still sticks in my craw.

From your contacts with Rachel, or others, can you tell me what happened to break up Kenneth's marriage? I never did know.

And now for something entirely different. I'm going to be giving a reading at The Art Institute in Chicago next May and would like to go on to New York for some readings. Could you inquire around at your college to see whether there is any interest in having me give a reading there at that time?

Sincerely,

14 Howard Dr.
Huntington, NY 11743
5/26/84

Dear Mr. Rakosi,

Your letter and your marginal comments on This Is My Body are pure gold. If all of my informants had your generosity, your memory, and your prose style, my book would write itself. As it is, for the most part I have to make something out of recollections to the effect that Kenneth was a nice guy.

I can appreciate how painful "Walpurgis Night" must have been for you. If it's possible to fall in love with a dead woman, I have done so. But I think that just as the expulsion and the abortion are poetic exaggerations, so to some extent are the dramatic confrontations with Ronald in "Walpurgis Night." My guess is that these reflect Margery's anguish at the time of her separation from Kenneth after she left NYC in 1928. A couple of Ronald's lines are almost word for word from Kenneth's letters as she quotes them in her correspondence with Blanche Matthias. And the passage you quote in your book in which she says that she has died and come back to life follows her revelation that she wrote to Kenneth telling him she wanted to marry him and that he dismissed the idea, citing all of their old adolescent arguments against marriage. It's hard to believe that this would be the climactic event it's made to appear in the letter to Blanche if Kenneth had already rejected her in New York as Ronald does in the book. But anguish is anguish, whether in Greenwich Village or in Portage.

Rachel says that she left Kenneth mainly because of his drinking. At least twice he started fires by falling asleep drunk with a cigarette; though ordinarily generous, he resented her spending money on Bruce when he wanted it for booze; money would disappear from her purse and she would come very close to accusing him of stealing it, though he would only laugh and treat the whole thing as a joke. But part of the problem was that he had trouble expressing affection except in writing and that as the marriage went on they had less and less to say to each other. Rachel recalls one occasion when he took her out to dinner on Staten Island and they spent the whole evening in total silence. She also blames herself, however, for failing to let him know how much she admired his work and for sometimes being tactlessly contemptuous of anything he wrote that she didn't like. Alice Neel says that after the break-up Kenneth "hated" Rachel, but Alice, I'm told, was known to her friends as Malice Neel.

I wish I could get a straight answer from somebody about Kenneth's connection with the Communist Party. By the way, let me correct your version of his answer "Not yet" to the question "Are you now or have you ever been, etc." He said it, all right, but his attorney, Ira Koenig, tells me that this was to a U.S. Attorney when he answered a request subpoena to testify on Anna Marie Rosenberg's alleged membership in the John Reed Club. He was never called before either of the congressional investigating committees. But getting back to the CP, Rachel and the people she's put me in touch with insist that he was apolitical and never joined, but frankly I'm suspicious. In my first interview with Peggy Ross, when I knew almost nothing about Harry, I asked her if Harry's reference to the "Daily" in a letter was to the News or the Worker. "Oh," she said innocently, "it must have been the News," and I believed her, though now I know--and know that she knows--that of course he was referring to the Worker. Alfred Hayes has written me that he recalls Kenneth's saying to Philip Rahv after the latter's having held forth on the evils of Stalinism, "And you recruited me into the party!" When I showed this to Rachel, she interpreted it--unconvincingly, I think--as a typical example of Kenneth's irony. To complicate matters further, Rachel bristles if I approach

the subject even remotely, and Koenig told me that Kenneth had said he was not a party member but Rachel was.

Have you read Albert Halper's Union Square? His character Jason Wheeler is clearly based on Fearing (Halper even had the temerity to give him one of Fearing's poems), and throughout the book he is called the "ex-poet," has given up serious work, and writes only for the pulps. This was published in 1933. I had paid no attention to any possible biographical significance here until I happened to arrange Kenneth's bibliography chronologically rather than alphabetically. What emerged is that, except for a single short story, Kenneth published nothing between 1930 and 1934. Were you aware of this fallow period? Do you know what caused it?

I'll be delighted to try to arrange for you to read at York. I should explain, though, that the college has almost no money for visiting lecturers and that the student body is overwhelmingly lower class (ninety percent black, Oriental, and Hispanic), so that except for the faculty and a few English-major groupies, there is almost no literary culture on campus (if campus is the word--a fancy new building is under construction, but at the moment the college is scattered throughout a fringe neighborhood, the main building being an old Montgomery Ward warehouse.) If, knowing all this, you're still interested, in the fall I'll ask the English Club to sponsor a reading next May. I'll also ask David Ignatow if he can suggest a more promising place than York. Meanwhile, do you have a blurb of some kind that could be used for publicity?

I'm enclosing the only other scene in which Schevel Pukalsi makes an appearance and will look forward to your reaction.

Many thanks,

Bob

Robert Rylay

19 July 1984

Dear Bob:

The first thing I find wrong in your letter is: "I have to make something out of recollections to the effect that Kenneth was a nice guy." If your book were to have that tone, it would be all wrong. A nice guy wants to please, and is generally helpful, understanding, accomodating, sympathetic. Kenneth never did anything for the sake of pleasing, and although he could, when he saw pain in a friend, be gentle and tender, "helpful, etc." was not where he was. He was, in fact, more often cruel, the cruelty wrapped in wit.

Are the confrontations with Ronald poetic exaggerations, to a degree? Yes. Margery would have agreed. She was not yet sure enough of herself or skillful enough to be able to do without them. But also no. There was something in her when she was in pain that was always on the brink of hysteria, like a live wire, loose.

I agree with Rachel and Koenig: Kenneth was not, and from what I know of him, couldn't have been, a CP member. It would have been out of character. In the first place, he didn't care enough about social suffering and injustice to sacrifice his time and lay himself on the line for it. In the second place, he would have been unwilling to belong to any large organization, especially one that required discipline and intellectual conformity, and expected him to work for it. That would have been constitutionally intolerable. In the third place, he was sceptical of every ideology, especially one that was Utopian and social, because he was through and through a cynic. In the fourth place, he got ~~xxx~~ pleasure out of being on the outside looking on and being amused at the eventual disillusionment of those inside (like Harry and me, and I think Hayes). Rahv was a Marxist, all right, but I doubt that he was ever in the Party, although if Stalin hadn't come along, he might in time have joined....briefly. What I think probably happened is that Rahv used to hold forth to Kenneth on the virtues of early Communism and Kenneth would listen, amused, and then when Rahv became disillusioned and spouted forth bitterly (as he did) on the evils of Stalinism, Kenneth in his usual mocking way, replied, "And you were the guy that recruited me into the party!" Rachel is exactly right: it was ~~the~~ a typical example of his irony."

What Rachel says about their marriage sounds exactly in character for Kenneth. His "trouble expressing affection" I recognize as his genuine reticence about himself, his profound fear of revealing tender feelings.

As for Rachel blaming herself for failing to let him know how much she admired his work, it wouldn't have made the slightest difference. Kenneth would only have listened to someone whose literary judgment he respected..... and there were not many like that.

I never read Halper's UNION SQUARE and didn't know Jason Wheeler was Kenneth, but now that you mention it, I do remember people telling me afterwards ~~that~~ that Halper had treated K meanly and ^{for} ~~to~~ his own purposes. He came along as another Communist friend of K's when I was not in New York. As for the fellow period, there's nothing remarkable about a poet's running out of material, or running thin, for four years. That's what probably happened. I don't think a period that long even needs to be explained. I have to add, too, that Kenneth not only enjoyed writing pulp but was even a little proud that he could turn it out so quickly and easily. He would not necessarily have felt bad about not doing much else for four years.

Well, I can no longer doubt that Schevel Pukalsi was intended to be me. It is me. I recognize the pain. The time is just before Margery and I became such devoted friends. The place is, of course, a meeting of the editors of The Wisconsin Literary Magazine. I was not there, of course, but the scene shows why Margery, Kenneth and I couldn't get along with the old editors. I remember Margery and Kenneth telling me that they had run into a pack of trouble getting me on the board and that they had had to pull a fast one ^{to do it,} ~~one~~ but they didn't go into details and I didn't realize just how much trouble.

Don't bother with a reading at York. Sounds too dismal. But I would appreciate it if you'd ask Ignatow if he'd mind approaching the Guggenheim Museum in his capacity as president, or former president, of the Academy of American Poets. I understand the Museum readings are arranged by the Academy.

14 Howard Drive
Huntington, NY 11743

7/27/84

Dear Carl,

Many thanks for your letter and the annotated xerox of This Is My Body, to which I'll respond properly later on. Right now I just want to fill you in on my conversation with David Ignatow. He is very enthusiastic about the prospect of your reading in New York and will recommend you as a reader wherever you want to apply. But, he says, you must initiate the application. Besides the Guggenheim, which he thought might have completed its schedule already, he suggested the 92nd Street Y and the W. 63rd Street Y. Why don't you give him a call? His number is (516) 324-3978. He's out of town a lot, but he has an answering machine and will get back to you.

If the reading works out and you do get to New York, you must let my wife and me take you out to dinner.

Best,

Bdr

14 Howard Drive
Huntington, NY 11743

September 11, 1986

Dear Carl,

It was a pleasure to hear from you last night. And in a way I'm glad you delayed answering my list of questions (which is enclosed) because I can now add to it. For instance, can you clarify any of the allusions in "Sonnet to a Prominent Figure on Campus"--the identity of the "old codger" and the meaning of "Springfield tongue," "Skimmed Milk night," and "Big Beer"? I notice in going over the tables of contents in the Lit. from 1922-24 that an Oak Park friend of Fearing's published some stuff--Vivian Dunn. Did you know him? I also notice that in the mastheads in which Fearing is listed as Editor-in-Chief, contributors are told to mail mss. to "the editor, 14 So. Orchard St." Is that where Fearing lived?

Thanks again for calling. Is there any chance that I might take you to lunch while you're in the city?

Best wishes

B. Lr



Department of English

YORK COLLEGE

of The City University of New York

Jamaica, New York 11451



Mr. Carl Rakosi
128 Irving Street
San Francisco, CA 94112

14 Howard Drive
Huntington, NY 11743

July 21, 1987

Dear Carl,

You have been much in my thoughts because last week I spent sixteen hours reading Margery Latimer's letters at Yale (formerly at Fisk, which sold the Jean Toomer collection, evidently to stave off bankruptcy). Not that there was ever any doubt about it, but in a letter to August Derleth, Margery explicitly identified you as Schevel Pukalski in This Is My Body. I also learned that you had correctly recalled the chronology of Kenneth's and Margery's tenures on the Lit. Margery was on the editorial board in the fall of 1922, Kenneth not until February 1923, when his name first appears in one of her letters. I was astonished to discover, though, that after all of her anguish following their break-up in 1928, she rejected Kenneth a year later when he confessed that he'd been miserable without her and asked her to come back to him. "Now that I know he has missed me," she wrote to a friend, "he flies out of me like a bird." Though she would sometimes write, "We still love each other," she mentioned him less and less often in her letters, and I notice that in one of his letters to you he asked why Margery hadn't been writing to him when he knew that she'd been writing to Horace Gregory. Rachel told me that after Margery died, Kenneth used to say, "She didn't really love me. She said she did, but she didn't." Now I know why.

May I trouble you with four trivial questions? 1) Do you remember if Kenneth was getting the allowance from his mother when he left Madison? Margery says in one letter that when he first went to New York she persuaded him to ask his father for an allowance. 2) In a letter written to you in the summer of 1924, Kenneth says that a job with Vaudeville has fallen through. The only publication I can find by that name is a weekly newspaper called The Vaudeville News. Would that be it? 3) Did Kenneth do his two-week stint as a police reporter during the summer of 1923? He doesn't mention it in his letters to you written in the summer of 1924. 4) Does a publication called Learning mean anything to you? In December 1924, Margery asked her mother for her copy of Learning ("a small brown magazine about the size of the National Geographic") with a poem by Kenneth in it. There is no such publication in the National Union Catalogue of Periodicals. As always, please feel free to call me collect-- 516-757-1559.

Somewhere recently I read a review in which Donald Davie took some critic to task for not sufficiently appreciating your poetry.

Best wishes,

Bob Ryley

1 Aug. 1987

Ray
Dear Bob:

Glad to see you're still working on the Fearing biography.

The thing about Margery, as I've said before, I suspect, was that she needed to be loved wholly, not just as in a romantic fling, and Kenneth was never able or willing to give that much to anybody, or willing to be swallowed up by that much need. Her anguish came when she realized this couldn't be, and that his make-up and his needs as a writer, if nothing else, prevented this. Since he hadn't changed essentially, it was not inconsistent for her to write others after the break-up that they still loved each other, in the sense of having loving ~~loving~~ memories of ~~each other~~, now that she had come to terms with his limitations. And the thing about Kenneth was that he kept his emotions to himself....she got no satisfaction there...and the last thing he was going to allow was to be sucked into a great drama in which he had to pour out his love. When he said, therefore, according to Rachel, that Margery never loved him, what he meant was that if she had really loved him, she would have accepted and loved him as he was. Besides, he was suspicious about so much drama.

About your questions. Kenneth's mother never stopped sending him an allowance, so far as I know, until late in life when she claimed some hardships, but the allowance was quite small, not enough to live on by a long shot. His father may have helped him on occasion, but he was a provident Scotchman, not the man to put his grown son on an allowance. Besides he was not sympathetic to Kenneth's bohemian way of life or to his being a poet.

About the job as police reporter, it was for a news service, not a newspaper, most likely during the summer of 1924. He told me about it, either in person or over the phone. He had already been working there for a couple of weeks when I stood in for him and called in the stories ~~from the~~ to the office from the police station, pretending to be him. I quit because it was a night job and I couldn't get enough sleep during the day. But that didn't bother Kenneth. Night was when he worked at poetry anyhow, and he was able to sleep during the day. He stopped because he was bored, and just didn't want to work. On the other two questions, I can't shed any light.

A pleasant surprise to hear that Donald Davie took a critic to task on my behalf. Can you remember who the critic was and the circumstances?

14 Howard Drive
Huntington, NY 11743

September 6, 1987

Dear Carl,

Forgive me for not replying sooner to your kind letter. I've been trying to locate that Donald Davie review, which I'm sure was in the New York Times Book Review, but the Times doesn't index by reviewer, and in fact doesn't even include reviewers' names in the table of contents. So I've been going through issues almost page by page on microfilm, unsuccessfully so far, back to early June.

I hate to be inquisitorial on the subject of the police reporter's job, but I wonder if you could search your memory one more time to see if it might have been in the summer of 1923. His letters to you in the late summer and fall of 1924 don't mention it, and Margery Latimer's letters to her mother and others say that he was trying to save enough money to pay his fare to New York but couldn't find work. Then by November, according to a letter to you, he'd landed a job selling pants at the Fair store in Chicago and was trying to arrange a stopover in Cleveland to see you on his way east. The point may seem a minor one, but obviously it makes a difference if, having quit a reporter's job, he was complaining to Margery that he couldn't find work. Another thing is that he hadn't actually graduated from Wisconsin in 1924 (in fact, his degree wasn't awarded until 1938) because in the last semester he'd flunked a math course. Bruce thinks he made it up in the summer of 1924, but that seems unlikely if he'd started working as a reporter as soon as he left Madison. Of course all of these uncertainties can be acknowledged in the book, but I've used too many fudging "mabybe's" and "possibly's" already.

I was distressed to learn that Jim Chichester died of a circulatory ailment last January. He hadn't known Fearing well, but he gave me a couple of good anecdotes. He'd also memorized one of Kenneth's early poems, which he recited to me over the phone.

All the best,

Bob Ryley

11 Sept. 1987

Reflex
Dear Bob:

I see the problem. I'd forgotten that Kenneth had told me that he was having a problem graduating on time. If it had to do with making up a course...and I seem to remember that it did...he would have made that up in the summer of 1924. He was too set on finishing and getting on to other things to put it off longer. So Bruce's guess is correct. Since I distinctly remember talking to Kenneth about the job, not writing about it, and since I also remember ~~that~~ thinking that I would try this Chicago job out as a possible vocation, and I wouldn't have thought that before I graduated, two scenarios of what happened are possible: 1. K gets the Chicago job on one of his trips home to Oak Park, a Chicago suburb, just before the end of school in 1924, works at it a couple of weeks, it becomes burdensome, I complain to him about not being able to find work that summer, he passes it on to me, I return it to him after two weeks, he terminates it and goes back to Madison for his make-up course; or 2. this could have happened at the end of that summer after he finished the make-up course, as I too remember not being able to find work that summer. So maybe #2 is more likely. So far as Kenneth was concerned, he felt no commitment to work. The Chicago job was just a passing experience/lark and way of making a little money and he simply quit when it became boring or too much for him, without worrying what would come next or ~~considering~~ considering what the alternatives were for earning money. It would not have been inconsistent for him, therefore, to have complained to Margery later on that he couldn't find work. Also, complaining to Margery was a bit of protection against her complaints, which used to be very heavy indeed. Still in all, I am not so sure of ~~the~~ the date as to say that 1923 is impossible.

So sorry to ~~hear~~ hear about Jim Chichester. What a gentle Adonis he was when Margery and I knew him in Madison. It was shocking to see him in his store in later years, fat and flabby with an unnatural flush in ~~his~~ his cheeks which suggested high blood pressure. I was not surprised therefore that it was something circulatory that brought him down.

No need to check ~~the~~ further on the reference to me. I found it in an article about me. The author notes that Donald Davie chides Robert Lowell ((N.Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW, July 12, 1987, p.23): "Among Americans he has nothing to say of Charles Reznikoff or Carl Rakosi, George Oppen or Louis Zukofsky" implying by that that Lowell did not perceive the Objectivists as an equally

substantial and valuable alternative tradition in twentieth century letters
to the putatively dominant one of Eliot-to-~~Lowell~~ Lowell.



"No one teaches me anything." She was trembling violently now, not daring to turn to him because her face was held stiff, but if she saw his face hers would spread and turn into something wild and vile and she would scream; she would tell him how he laid his mind on everyone else's so that they could not breathe or eat or sleep or feel, so that everything was coated with him, so that his breathing rose and fell in every room whether he was there or not, so that his groans, his complaints and his monstrous sighs were everywhere—everywhere—

"Well, it's about time someone taught you something."

Mrs. Foster got up. She stood looking beyond them for an instant, her sweet serene face suddenly deep with lines and fine marks around the mouth. "What is our punishment going to be?" she said softly. "We have our home, we could be happy. We have . . ." She put her hands over her face and left the room.

"Now see what you've done," said Mr. Foster. He scowled at her. He got up and stood with his hands on the back of his chair. "Well, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings or anybody's feelings, for that matter," he said haughtily. "You women are so confounded sensitive—" He cleared his throat and was silent for a moment. They heard a car pass. Then everything was still. "The fact of the matter is, your mother is always right. We shouldn't quarrel at the table. Back in Grecian times . . ."

"Oh, there's no place on earth for me," she cried. "There isn't, there isn't. Where do I belong? Where am I going? What—what—" Her father spoke to her but she did not answer. She closed her eyes and put her face down on the table. He stood by her with one large hand out but he did not touch her hair. Nothing came to him to say. Usually words came out so fast he was unaware of what he had said but now nothing at all came. He could not speak. He only looked at his hands on the chair and then he walked out of the room.

They all laughed disdainfully when they heard themselves referred to as intellectuals but secretly they hugged the term. They met once a week at half past four up three flights in a bare, rather dirty room, with five windows opening on the lake. A card on the door said—Friarspoint Literary Magazine. Megan knew that her election was due to Ronald. Ronald was the editor. She also knew that Thuris Taylor had opposed the election. Sometimes they drank tea out of tin cups or they all climbed out on the porch roof and stood gazing at the lake. Often they quarrelled politely, bowing to each other and smiling as they said horrid things about "this subjective kind of writing" or "Well, if you are going to occupy yourself with the unrealities, of course," or "That isn't intensity—that's hysterics."

There was the big dumb sufferer, John Davis, whose eyes needed treatment and whose trousers hung in the seat as though a dog had jerked at them. His good friend and balancer was Norman Maceland, a long thin youth with a sallow face, pale oily hair, and a love for Baudelaire and the English grammar. There was beautiful Laurel Ripley whose eyes never changed, as they looked from lake to mad dog, but hung in the marvellous softness of her face like two pictures. Ronald, his hair in his eyes and a cigarette in his mouth, directed the group.

"Hello." Thuris Taylor in an orange tam and a ragged suit, hands in pockets, bolted in. "Any Camels, Ronald? Thanks. How are you, Megan? That's good, Match, Ronald? Thanks. Any material? Same old thing, I suppose. Gawd."

Laurel Ripley wandered in, the love-sick Norman gliding behind. She sank down and Norman wound himself around a chair. His mooney eyes stared out of huge spectacles at her; his oxfords had careful bows.

*last name,
Emmerling*

*my arch-
enemy
I despise
him*

*he remembers
her because
of her beauty
and civility*

"Oh, yes," he was saying, "I met the fellow in Chicago. I didn't tell him who I was though."

"What would you have said?" broke in Megan, laughing. He threw her an ice block and turned his head.

"That girl doesn't know enough to keep her neck clean," he hissed.

Thuris Taylor made a sound in her throat like clinking brass. Then she opened her lips and went—aaaaaaaaaaaaah.

"Need new people for the staff," said Ronald. "Any objection to enlarging it?"

"There are so few," protested Laurel.

"I don't know another soul."

"But there's positively no one. It seems to me that we represent the very best there is on the campus."

"All right," said Ronald. "I'll have to spring my surprise. I elected Schevel Pukalski on my own hook. Megan went in with me. You don't mind, do you?" He smiled enchantingly as if there was nothing further to be done.

"I resign," said Norman Maceland. "I swear I resign if we let a ditch digger like that chap in here with us. I resign, I tell you. I couldn't sit in the same room with a fellow—"

"You can't put anything like that over on us, Ronald," said Thuris dryly. "I'll see you after class."

"Have you all read this poem?" inquired Ronald.

"Who wrote it?" said Norman Maceland. "Don't read it. Just tell me who wrote it and I'll know how to vote without even hearing it."

"What horrible paper!"

"Oh, my word. Well it isn't long—give us the worst, Ronnie."

"I hope it isn't frightfully in earnest," drawled Thuris. "God, I'm fed up on ideals and noble ideas."

Ronald read:

"His thoughts were apples
Tied to spiked branches
With steel.

Down in his soul, the steam
of his neat life
puffed spears
Of Rosalie . . .

Would she melt the steel
that bound him. . . ."

*Has a dim similarity
to an early poem of mine.
Apparently Maceland was
trying to disguise it
but it comes out
sounding silly.*

"Stop in the name of God! Do I have to listen to such rot as that? Do I have to hear the English language slaughtered and thrown into the gutter every time I come up here?" Norman sat rigid and outraged in his chair, the light shining on his glasses. He kept one white hand on the crisp handkerchief that showed from his upper pocket. "I move that we tear up this atrocity—this abortion—and send a letter to the author requesting him never to send us anything more." He threw his long arms upward, dropped them, settled his glasses and cried, "Ah, Baudelaire!"

"I move we elect the author to our staff," said Megan. "That poem means something. It represents a struggle. Part of him loves and part of him hates at the same time and he has to let one part melt and mix with the other part before he can be decent or reasonable or—"

"My dear!" Laurel Ripley looked at Megan. "Isn't the author Schevel Pukalski? He's nothing but a child. I hear that he says embarrassing things in classes about Wordsworth and these new poets. Oh, silly things about the new ones being as good or better—I really believe he holds that they are better—than the old ones. He even started in on Shakespeare in quiz section the other day. I simply roared. We all did."

"I think he's grand," said Megan.

*I was
only 17 or
18 then.*

"Those in favour of this contribution will please raise their right hands. Those opposed. Poem is lost."

"No—no," cried Megan. "Stop. I can't bear to have it lost. Stop. Oh, you don't understand it. You don't understand what it meant to him. None of you. Don't—don't hurt him this way when he's better than any of you."

"Cut it out, Megan," said Ronald. "We have to pass on. What about this?" He smiled. "It's called 'Yacinth.'" He read. "'This garden breeze that gently blows the satin where thy limbs repose . . . Let's pass it around,'" said Ronald. "I can't read that crap out." He shoved the paper at Thuris. Norman Maceland watched out of his eyelashes. They all knew it was his poem. "Here's another—'Dream Castles' and how's this?—'Two Sunsets.' Say, here's something—'Love of the evening, when the bitter rain and winds mourn in the desolate trees and we hasten to fruitless folly and disdain—' Lord, you must see that Pukalski is better than this crap. Lord, it's awful. 'I saw thy figure immobile and slender.' God!"

"I like this 'Yacinth' very much," said Laurel Ripley. "It has something classic about it. Really it has."

Norman peeped out of the side of his glasses and then tied his shoe.

"It really has."

"Listen to this for a change," said Ronald. He read:

"What phantom men would wink behind his face?
They always wandered through their dusk-shawled place.
They had inscribed under his harried features
The lineaments of plants and forest creatures.
To wound his flesh-hued image with a knife,
And prick the decent armour of his life."

Norman Maceland closed his eyes, one hand smoothing the back of his oily hair, and recited: "Sweet summer island, flower of the sea, Hear in the glade, Theocritus arise and pluck his

Sounds accurate

This sounds like an actual poem that I wrote

lyre—" He stopped short, turning his head to the side and wiping his glasses. Then he bent over his knees, sighing heavily.

"Say, that dish water is all alike," said Megan. "It's grey and thin—"

"I can't endure vulgarity from women," said Norman and retied both his shoes.

"Stop calling me a woman. Shame!"

He was scaled with pink; his glasses trembled. "I can't discuss it with you," he said.

"Let's get on," drawled Thuris. She sprinkled ashes over the floor and then ground them in with her heel. She smiled largely. "How about trying to get Sherwood Anderson here to speak?"

"Who is he?" asked the moody John.

"Never heard of him," cried Norman.

"Does he show restraint? So many of the mod'ns don't."

"We'll discuss this next week," announced Ronald.

Thuris shouldered out of the room. "So long."

"Good-bye, children." Laurel walked away, the unhappy Norman gliding after. The moody John stole off, his trousers hanging in their curious peak at the seat.

"Come on," said Ronald. "I'm hungry."

They walked over the campus to a restaurant with striped awnings and window boxes. Inside a waitress with an apron drenched in coffee threw them a menu card and tapped with her foot while they decided. A three-piece orchestra of slick-haired youths played jazz in a corner. Occasionally a waiter dropped a tray of plates.

"French pancake," said Ronald, "and coffee."

"Nothing," said Megan. "Oh, a large orange."

Ronald did not look at her. He sat with his hand on his cheek gazing out the window at the huge grey brick library. He did not speak but sat there sadly; like an orphan, she thought, like a child, like someone cold and hungry and desolate. She felt

Margery creating her image of Kenneth that she'd love & which he fought against and which enveloped him nevertheless

Same
as if he lay inside her. She could feel her flesh pressed round him, she felt her mind pressed round his childhood, his life, all the things he had told her about himself. She felt her emotion spread round this curled body of him that lay in her, but all of it hurt.

She glanced up as the door came open. It was a boy with long legs and an eager young face. "That looks just like Gerald!" she cried. "Look around, Ronald. That's the image of the boy I told you about." She leaned forward, wrinkling her nose. "Why that's a photograph of Gerald."

Knows the mistake
let innocent
and feeling
this as
provocation
has not known
how to act
with a supposed
sweetheart
Ronald turned to her quickly, his face rigid with scorn and hauteur. He slung down his napkin as if he were ready to leave the table. "Haven't you any sense? Say, don't you know anything at all. Damn it, do you want that image in front of me day and night? You're as careless with me as—Oh, you go plunging around from one mountain peak to another and you don't care how you jolt me or kill me—God, what a girl!"

"But I explained. I told you—"

"How could you tell me all about it? I believed because I wanted to believe. I'd go off my nut if I didn't but I'll never know the truth of it."

"You mean you don't trust me, you mean I'm not honest with you?" she asked. "Oh, I ache."

"Well, ache. So do I. Ache for a change. Go ahead. See what it's like."

"Oh, don't—don't."

"Don't you suppose I've seen his face in my head ever since you told me? If I looked now I'd never—Oh, I can't talk to you. You don't understand. You don't know the simplest reactions." He looked angry and white. "All right, we won't talk about it. No one can tell the truth about the past anyway."

"There's Schevel," she cried and went to the door.

That was me,
alas!
His brows were drawn together in that agonized pucker. "Aye, there," he said and smiled. He talked in his weird, high

pitched voice. "I'm going to publish a magazine. I need a place to appear in and so do you. If we wait for other people to publish us we're going to wait until we're too old to have anything to say."

"Let's call it 'The Adder' and be very vitriolic," she cried.

"All right. I'm serious. I'm starting it *now*." He nodded at Ronald. "Aye, Ronald. Starting a paper. 'The Adder.' Going to make a place to publish in. I don't give a damn how they treat me here. . . ."

characteristic of K
"It'll fail," said Ronald. "Say, that poem about the old man isn't bad. It's even rather good in spots. But you're changing too often. You change every time you get a new poet to be enthusiastic about. I wish you'd like one fellow longer."

meaning?
True account
of my
deception
in relation
with K
but they
are accurate.
"Lord!" shouted Schevel. "That darkness of yours has changed me. Your damned dead mind is infecting me. Aah, I'm not the same any more. I wish I hadn't ever seen you because you just turn me into mud all the time. You don't even leave me my legs. Next thing I'll be flippant like you, joking about everything that means a damn. That darkness of yours is like an infection that never heals. . . ."

language = not accurate.
Ronald did not smile. He shoved his hands in his pockets. "Coming up the hill? Well, I thought perhaps you'd cut the class. All right. Sure, I'm going. You going, Megan? Sure."

They went in silence. Schevel walked with his chin up and his slight body very straight. He kept drawing down the edge of his sleeve with his fingers, and twisting his nose as if it itched. He looked proud and young and scornful. "I'm dying to see myself in print and I'm going to do it this time. Hello," he snapped.

"Who was that?" asked Megan.

"She's quite successfully mediocre. I'm starting it. I'm serious. Laugh if you want to, Chadron, but I'll go ahead no matter what you think or how much you jeer at me."

Accurate
"So will I!" said Megan.

* Here K is on to a truth that I was not yet on to
but for him this truth tended to hampering him

208

THIS IS MY BODY

Accurate
I remember
his saying
this. X

An example of
K's occasional
tenderness

Wm. Ellery
Leonard

"I have unlimited faith in my poetry."
"Everyone has faith," said Ronald. "Every damned rotten
jingle maker has faith and knows he's a great man. That's
nothing."

"I have faith," said Megan.
"You," said Ronald, smiling and glancing down on her, "I
suppose you have. Well, that doesn't mean anything at all—
see?"

They walked into the classroom and sat down on the back
row. The professor rushed in. He was lean with nervous legs
and a pointed face. He wore a loose purple tie and carried his
books in a velvet bag. His mouth was both savage and kind.
"I must have better work from you!" he cried and slammed
the door. "Now the things you hand me, Mr. Chadron, are
all very modern but that's neither here nor there. The poem
you handed me last week is nothing but the incoherent sputter-
ing of a drunken man hanging to a lamp post at five in the
morning."

Ronald drew flying fish on his book.

"That kind of stuff has no more nobility than the rumblings
of the stomach, if you will excuse the vulgarity of the figure."

Ronald made priceless gems drop from the wings of a
sparrow.

"Mr. Chadron, what is worth while about this poem?"

"What do you mean by worth while?" asked Ronald.

"That's a high school phrase." *spoken sarcastically*

The man glared at the class. "You youngsters of today
had better get a little experience before you begin correcting
your elders. I don't have to have had ten children to know that
your remark, Mr. Chadron, was extremely impudent. It's
about time we taught this generation manners if we can't teach
them anything else. Mr. Pukalski, read your essay! Oh, up in
front!" he shouted.

Accurate

Made up
by myself
after
I don't
know how
etc.

MOTHER AND CHILD

209

The boy began to read an essay on John Gould Fletcher.
"It has been his fortune to see the circle of his neighbourhood
in a rich maze. The symphonies unfold the spiritual life of an
artist. But in their polychrome is only confusion. Hence, the
preface must explain the poet's text. Each symphony is in a
jacket of colour. . . ."

"A what?"

"A jacket of colour."

"Explain!"

"I can't."

Great laughter.

"Go on, Mr. Pukalski."

"Colours shift in a bewildering movement. I remember
Gourmount's . . ."

"That is called de Gourmount, I believe. And, class, when
you are referring to your favourite French authors please note
the correct spelling."

Schevel closed his lips.

"Go on!"

He made no answer.

"We're waiting, go on!"

"I feel nervous," he said and turned his tortured face to
them.

"Nonsense!"

"Fletcher might have been a Buddhist ascetic. He has his
own vivid world; he must believe in Maya. People and the
earth lie within him, wood and stone have a personality be-
cause he and they are one, living in each other. . . ."

"Speak louder! We can't understand your mumbling. Let
me finish it, Pukalski." The boy handed over his papers. "This
is another example of youthful incoherence. If you could only
realize the effectiveness of simplicity. The paper has its good
points, of course, but it is immature and weak. It's marred by

Yes
fairly
accurate

Leonard
was a
classical
and didn't
care for
the modern
French
avant-garde
of that time

Accurate

that mysticism that doesn't mean a thing." A bell rang. "I shall have to let you go now," he snapped and turned his back on them.

"Schevel, it was wonderful! I could have killed him."

"It's nothing to me. Until they understand me they can go to the devil. I won't give them any hints. I'm absolutely without compromise."

"This place is a farce."

"Don't be obvious, Megan," remarked Ronald. "The sooner I get out of this sterile hole the better. Don't remind me of it."

"And Schevel," she called, "don't feel badly about what he said."

"My God!" he cried. "I'd forgotten already." His face was sharp with his agony. "What do I care for purely academic criticism?" he choked and then disappeared.

Ronald and Megan walked down the hall. "I know the kind of men you like," he said suddenly. "It's no compliment to be liked by you. I've heard about Mudge and I've seen the weakling. You don't know a real man when you see one."

"I know them; that's why I never see them," she answered.

"How many men have kissed you?"

"I kiss them," she answered coldly.

"Can you count them on one hand?"

"Don't be an ass."

"I'd like to wring that Gerald's neck. I'd like to wring yours. You're worthless when I think of him."

"Oh, Ronald, he wouldn't have me—he—" Her face twisted up but she kept it cold and stiff when he turned to her.

"Yes, I imagine."

"When did you get like this?"

"I don't know. I didn't know I was like this. Intellectually I understand. My God, I believe you are worthless. You're fooling me every minute."

Margery seems unable to reproduce K's speech accurately. What she has, usually, is what she would be saying in his place. K's speech was less emotional, much harder and more incisive. She does better with mine, probably because she was not involved with me emotionally.

"Don't be absurd."

"But that's no way to get out of an argument. You like freaks. Half-wits. You aren't satisfied until you get your hands on a person and know all his affairs and his whole soul—then—"

She sat down suddenly. "My legs are tired," she explained.

"Oh, you're impossible." He stamped his feet and vanished in a cloud of dust.

"There's going to be a tragedy," she thought and sat there with her legs dangling and both hands clapped over her ears. "Why don't I run after him?" she wondered suddenly. "Oh, when am I going to feel bound to him so that I can't breathe without him or eat unless he's there?" She thought of jealousy but it meant nothing to her. She tried to imagine how he felt but she was empty. She wondered about betrayal, about women who said they were changed by love. What did it mean? What happened? She walked slowly home. She ran up the stairs and into her room. There stood Ronald by the bird's-eye maple dressing table.

"Tell me you love me!" he burst out and knelt in front of her, gazing up, his hands clasped under his chin. Then he pressed his face against her knees, kissing them and sighing as if some great mysterious satisfaction and peace were going through him.

"Oh, Ronald!" she cried.

"You don't care," he said.

She saw his dusty feet with the flapping soles. "But I love your feet, Ronald," she murmured.

He was very quiet. "I do too," he answered softly.

"Ronald . . ." She knelt down too, trying to kneel to him, but they had to laugh. Then he put his hand on her cheek timidly and they sat side by side on the floor looking at their toes. "Our souls want to know each other before our bodies," she whispered. "I think that's why everything is so hard."

"Not mine," said Ronald. "I want your body." He stared

The essence of Margery! Wonderful.

5 March 1985

Dear Ed: *Sanders*

You're a peach for remembering to write to Terrell. As it happens, proofs for the first part of the book arrived a few days ago, so it is on its way, but it will help anyhow to have had you write. It may induce him into more (more? there's none) promotion. Thanks!

See you in June when we can continue where we left off.

Best,

The references in Stephen Sandy's letter are to
Laurence Lieberman's review of Annulet in Poetry.

"yadder" is yaddo.

Carl Rakosi

3 April 1986

Dear Leslie Scalapino:

It troubles me that
I can't comment on Rick London's new book, not
because I don't have the time but because a
couple of months ago my wife Leah came down
with cancer and I have been unable to think
about anything else.

Please explain this to him and tell him
I'm sorry.

Sincerely,

Carl Rakosi

Schwartz

6 Nov. 1984

Dear Naomi:

Thank you for inviting me to your reading but I dislike poetry readings and avoid them if I possibly can. When I do them myself occasionally, it's purely for income. If despite this, I say I hope you have a good reading, it is not inconsistent or insincere.

With best wishes,

Carl Rakosi

128 Irving Street

San Francisco, CA 94122

10.21.81

Dear John Shannon:

I owe you a bunch of salutes: one for publishing Trollope, for which you deserve to be honored as a Public Benefactor; one for going to Marty's help on the Twayne book when there was so much re-organization and development to be done on it (I had no idea this was the case. He said it was simply a matter of shortening the manuscript); one for preferring Herbert to Olson (even Olson might have preferred that); one for coming from Kenosha; one for being, as you say, "an unofficial son of Socrates," which makes of you a bastard, you realize.....but who would object ~~to~~ that?; and finally one for not being an academic.

I came on Trollope not until very late in life, perhaps because I had read somewhere that he was a second-rate Victorian, and why would anyone want to bother with a second-rate novelist, especially a Victorian? I wouldn't have bothered either except that during one of my stays at Yaddo I needed something to read in the long evenings, and finding a novel of Trollope's on the shelves of the library, I decided to give it a chance. Well, that was electric therapy! I was enchanted by the purity and flow of the language, the inexhaustible exuberance....I could go on. I vowed then to read more Trollope but I never got down to it. So I am delighted to have THE TWO HEROINES and CHRISTMAS AT THOMPSON HALL. (What other Trollope would you recommend?). Thank you.

Coming back to Marty's book, for the kind of overview of me and my work which Twayne seems to want, Marty and you will find a great deal ready-made for that in the prose, copies of which Marty has, as well as in the satirical poems. I'd appreciate it if you kept me posted on how the work is going. Now that I know all that needs to be done, and Marty's state of mind, I am uneasy about the whole thing. Incidentally, as I wrote Marty, there's an excellent article about my work x by Michael Heller in Montemora 8,8 which you should both read. It uses bits of my prose for elucidation.

When you wrote, "My intellectual life began among the shelves of the Gilbert M. Simmons Library," you opened a sluice from which memory gushes out. X What a library that was in my day! What magic! I used to rush there from school, then slow to a genteel walk as I entered the vestibule, and slip into the stacks on tiptoe, making myself as small as possible, avoiding at all cost a look at the librarian, for that might make her question my entrance. For I never got over the feeling that there was a mistake somewhere, it couldn't be that all those marvellous books, row after row, in that dim light, which seemed somehow appropriate to their mysterious contents, were there for me, and that if it were found out what I was doing.....touching, handling, poring....., a halt would be put to it. I realized, of course, that the opposite was the case: the librarians positively beamed at the little kid who came out of the stacks with an armful of Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, Max Stirner, Huxley, Dickens, Chekhov, George Eliot. I was their prize habitue, their precocious reader, a living proof that what they were doing was worthwhile. Nevertheless, I never ~~got~~ quite got over the feeling that there was something not quite licit about extracting so much ~~out~~ out of those books. The City Fathers just didn't know; so I had to be careful not to betray the secret when I emerged from the magic grotto in the back. But I couldn't hide the excitement on my face, and it must have been that too which made the librarians beam.

26 March 1984

Dear Harvey:

Shapiro (former book review editor at the N.Y. Times)

The National Poetry Foundation at The University of Maine has just brought out my COLLECTED PROSE (some autobiography but mostly aphorisms and pensees). If my publisher went it cold to the new book review editor at The Times, it would be, from what I have heard about him, certain death. Do you have any ideas as to how I could avoid that?

Wish I could send you some good news about George...anything....but he has been having period of utter terror over his disorientation and the prospect of his irreversible mental loss and has entered a phase in which he has to be sedated. Ordinarily, the wife of someone with Alzheimer's perishes before the patient, but not Mary! Except for a slightly hectic quality in her voice and energy, she is really making a new life for herself, and doing more things than before, not less. We're all trying to help but there's not much one can do.

Best,

Carl

6/13/82

Sharp
Dear Tom:

Judging by the parts you sent me, you've written one hell of a dissertation. Since you are making personal as well as ^{and discoveries} literary connections as you go along, it moves briskly, like a narrative. That means, I think, that it could be made into a very good and a very interesting book. Exciting! I particularly appreciate your care in reading the texts in depth and am so glad I was able to help. Will I be able to have a copy of the printed disseration? Is it all ready for the printer?

Two misspellings at the very beginning, 2-1: ^{should be} Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg; also on 2-2, should be Margery Latimer.

You may have heard from Marty Rosenblum that he had to revise his whole book on my AMERICANA for Twayne, which must have cost him blood and curses, but the revision has been done now and we can only keep our fingers crossed and wait.

Delighted to hear that you landed a teaching job for next year. Is the University of San Diego the same as the University of California at San Diego?

Keep in touch, Tom, and congratulations.

9/23/83

Dear Tom:

I've been wondering where you'd wind up when your one-year stint in San Diego was over. Are you teaching at Stanford now?

Needless to say, the printed thesis is a great pleasure to have. Exciting, in fact. It fills a void, not only because you had the benefit of several interviews with Oppen and me but also because you did your homework more thoroughly than others working the field now, and you be nefit from concentrating on the earliest years, the beginnings: one gets a live perception from that, which is lost if one is making an overview of the work as a whole or only examining the later work. In addition, your narrative flow and detail and the record of the critical reactions to Obj. are very interesting.

Are you going to be re-writing it as a book? For the University of California Press maybe? I know one publisher who would go for it for sure, National Poetry Foundation-Paideuma, which is bringing out my COLLECTED PROSE later this year and will publish Martin Rosenblum's book on me if he succeeds in bringing it back to its full state ~~xxxx~~ from its Twayne-idiot form. Would you like me to write Terrell about it?

Cid Corman has been pestering me with questions about the young Zukofsky as part of a long work he is doing on A. One was how he supported himself at first. I don't remember, for sure, and would have to guess. I notice on p.536 of your thesis you write: " For Z...too the thirties posed a dilemma. His employment was marginal and uncongenial. After his salary from the Oppens for To Publishers ended in August 1932, he was unemployed until 1934, when he began a broken series of relief jobs up to April 1942." By relief jobs do you mean jobs in the Home Relief Bureau, the public welfare agency in New York? And what was the source of this information, Celia or Terrell? (Your footnote is to Terrell's (article, I take it), "Louis Zukofsky: An Eccentric Profile).

Stop by when you're in town.

4 Oct. 1988

Sharp
Dear Tom:

Lots of good, interestigg things in your new poems. Nice to have them. The accompanying diagrams and "instructions", however, are a disaster, I am sorry to say. It's as if you anticipated criticism and were trying to protect yourself by pretending that it was all a joke and not to be taken seriously....at face value. But alas it's not funny at all. The only thing it does is to demolish the poems.

I heard you were teaching again. At Stanford?

I haven't forgotten the exciting conversation a few of us had when you were at my place. I wouldn't mind having another like it.

Best,

29 March 1988

Dear Peter Temes:

Forgive me for taking so long to answer your charming, sprightly letter of 2/17 but for two years now my wife has been down with cancer and I have fallen far behind in my correspondence. Under the circumstances, I have not been able to do any new work and thus have to disappoint you again. I'm sorry. It would have been fun to take you up on your challenge.

With best wishes,

Carl R. Korn

6.28.82

Dear Mr. Terrell:

In view of your interest in Zukofsky and Oppen, would you be interested also in publishing a small volume of my prose, largely aphoristic reflections, some bearing on poetry and the writing of it, some on the poet, some satirical etc.?

Cordially,

Carl Rakosi

26
274
2
182
20.02

UNRECORDED

Sage, Regius, Lalle, my the, Lladon
the, mature force, Lladon, Lladon

Everybody wants to get into the act,

said Jimmie Durante,

even Athenagoras

the Patriarch of Constantinople.

Three times he exchanged

the kiss of peace

with Paul the Sixth

and vowed in Greek

and Latin

before the assembled bishops

cardinals and metropolitans

on TV

to end their differences

and honor the seat in Rome.

Thousands of children,

said the press,

waved white carnations.

That did it,

said the old maestro.

Everybody has to be a poet!

CARL RAKOSI

7.11.82

Dear Terry:

The name Sagetrieb intrigues me. What is it going to be? A new magazine? A book publishing firm? When do you expect it to start? I understand sagetrieb to mean the impulse towards myth or the fictional (is it not fascinating that such an impulse is assumed?) I don't assume it. The fictional could be there for other reasons. And if it is indeed the realization of an impulse, then one must also say that there is an impulse to de-fictionalize, in order to keep one's health and natural energy). Anyhow, why sagetrieb? Are you extending the Pound-Williams axis?

If you're going to take up my poetry later, you're going to need my HISTORY (Oasis Books, London), DROLES DE JOURNAL, and a book to be published next year in England.

The prose I have in mind for a book shapes up like this:

1. Little Meditations
2. My Siberia
3. Observations
4. The Ordeal of Moses
5. Lament of an Aging Politician
6. On The Greatness Of Psychology
7. The Artist
8. Memoir
9. My Experiences in Parnassus
10. The Dwarf
11. The Making Of A Prophet
12. Day Book
13. Ex Cranium, The Poet
14. Of What Use Is Poetry?
15. A Note On The Objectivists

Some of this material came out, as you know, in Ex Cranium, Night, but only the above expresses my prose self. It comes to 84 typewritten pages, not much, but then, unlike Pound, I have no desire to teach; only, ~~occasionally~~ occasionally, to clarify a point ^{for myself} or to have fun at its irony.

Keep up the good work,

*This cd. be a 40 page book
for toothpaste
(include my experience Parnassus?)*

9/16/82

Dear Terry:

I haven't received the Sagetrieb you said you were going to send. Did you send it?

I'm working on some more prose at the moment and will send you the Collected Prose when I've finished what I'm working on. You spoke of maybe using it as part of a larger work you plan for me. That's fine by me. What I'm not clear about is whether this would be in Sagetrieb or separately. In any case, if you're going to have others write about me, I have some ideas about who would be interested and whom I would be interested in having contribute. There is Martin J. Rosenblum at the University of Wisconsin who did his doctoral dissertation on my Americana poems and who has just completed a book about me for the Twayne U.S. Authors Series; Tom Sharp at The University of San Diego whose doctoral dissertation at Stanford was, "Objectivists, 1927-1934, A Critical History of the Work and Association of Louis Zukofsky, William Carlos Williams, Charles Reznikoff, Carl Rakosi, Ezra Pound and George Oppen"; Michael Heller at NYU, Paul Auster, R.W. Flint, Jim Harrison, and Andrew Crozier at the University of Sussex in England, all of whom have written pieces about me. Others who have not and who I think would be interested are Robert Duncan, a close friend, who knows my work well, Louis Simpson, Allen Ginsberg, Anselm Hollo, Eric Mottram at The University of London, and Jeremy Prynne at Cambridge University. Others who I wish would contribute, ~~xxx~~ but I have no idea whether they would be interested, are Hugh Kenner, Guy Davenport, Creeley, who I understand is teaching this summer at Orono and who might have useful ideas about this, Jonathan Williams, Theodore Enslin, Tom McGrath, Armand Schwerner, Charles Altieri, Kenneth Cox in England, and Charles Tomlinson at Bristol University. I have addresses for most of these people. No doubt you will have your own ideas/

I'm too busy right now to be thinking about a piece on Pound but I'll have it in mind for later possibly, if I have anything new to say.

Yes, Saluti!

10/8/82

Dear Terry:

Herewith is the COLLECTED PROSE, not quite complete, as I'm still working on a few other sections in Scenes from My Life, but it will do for the time being. If I counted right, it comes to 94 pages. It'll be fun to see how you use it. Please acknowledge receipt, so I don't have to worry about it.

SAGETRIEB came. Very stimulating!

10/17/82

Dear Terry:

Delighted that you'll do the prose
as a separate book. Already at work on a foreword.

"Someone with a big reputation" to ~~do~~ write
an introduction? Let me see! Hugh Kenner would
be my first choice. I trust him. If he can't do
it or is not interested, my second suggestion
is Robert Duncan (he's teaching at Bard College
until the second week in November); then Creeley;
then Allen Ginsberg; then Ed Dorn. You might,
of course, prefer a good literary critic if Kenner
won't do it. In that case, you'd be a better judge
than I of whom to ask.

Sweet of you to remember my birthday (but not
my 80th. Oh my God, that can't be! You musn't
remind me).

Fondly,

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA
SAN FRANCISCO
CALIFORNIA
SEP 24 1982
2500 CALIF ST

Nov. 17, 1982

Dear Terry:

I'm sending you the Foreword before I
spoil it.

How much time can you give me for the additions
to Scenes from My Life? I suspect I need a deadline.

Best,

12/13/82

Dear Terry:

Two more pieces for the Prose. The short ones go, of course, into Ex Cranium, The Poet. The other follows Day Book. An Incident in the Life ^{use} Louis Zukofsky incorporates parts of A Note on the Objectivists and makes the rest of that piece unnecessary, so will you please delete A Note on the Objectivists from the book? I have a dedication to an old friend that I'd like to slip in too, if you don't mind.

Would you like to ^{use} An Incident in the Life of Louis Zukofsky in Sagetrieb also?

The deadline has put some snap into me. What will happen, however, when a pack of out-of-town guests invade us from the 16th to Jan.1? I'll keep you posted.

All the season's best,

Jan. 4, 1983

Dear Terry:

It doesn't matter that the Prose is ~~xx~~ going to be late. Don't give it a second thought.

The deal you propose, of a 10% royalty on the first \$1000 sales after you've recouped your costs, and ~~x~~ 15% after that, is satisfactory. I'm glad that Inland will handle the book. When you say that they require a discount of 50%, I assume that means that they sell it to the book stores at 40% off list and keep 10% for themselves? Since my book, and especially my COLLECTED POEMS, will have more general readers than books of criticism, would it not be well, if you are not locked into an exclusive contract with Inland, also to use distributors in the Middle West and the Bay Area, the two places where I am best known? I had in mind Bookslinger in St. Paul and Small Press Distribution in Berkeley. In any case, I'm going to need 10 cloth copies of the PROSE and 15 paperback copies.

With regard to my COLLECTED POEMS, I don't know who of my fans know any collectors who would be willing to pay \$100 for a limited edition (maybe Bradford Moerow at CONJUNCTIONS?) or who would be willing to approach them if they did know. With a heavy heart I feel powerless to help with such a project.

It's a good idea to ask Andrew Crozier for an article on my work. His address is Bridges Farmhouse, Laughton, Lewes, Sussex, England. Another person you should ask is Tom Sharp. His doctoral dissertation, Objectivists, 1927-1934, is a monument of scholarship, well-written too. X His address is: 2843 Ramona Street, Palo Alto, CA 94306.

Please keep in touch now. And all the best to you in the New Year.

P.S. Please return the photographs when you're through with them.

2/10/83

Dear Terry:

Finally! Let me know how you like this section. I've started two other, much shorter sectionsand that will be it. Shouldn't take long.

The new page of aphorisms is to be added to EX CRANIUM, THE POET as its first page. Also please change the title of the Zukofsky piece to THE CABINET OF DR. ORPHEUS.

The check is for Sagetrieb.

2/23/83

Dear Terry:

Another (little) straggler for Ex Cranium.

I see from my correspondence that I did not indicate the order in which the pieces that belong in Scenes From My Life should go.

The plan is this:

1. My departure from my grandparents in Baja
2. My mandolin dream
3. My recollections of Margery Latimer and the others
4. A short piece I'm working on now that I'll try to finish
5. " " " " " " " " "
6. My encounter with Eugene McCarthy
7. " " " " the aged Marya Zaturenska
8. " " " " Borges and the subsequent dream

March 8, 1983

23. Page 10, line 15: delete "for me"

24. Page 12, last line: delete "seemed"

Dear Terry: line 14 substitute "viewed" for "to view"

25. Page 12. I decided a few days back to take my time with the pieces I was working on and not try to make the deadline, but I have made some small revisions in my recollections of my student days in Madison. The page numbers refer to that piece.

1. Page 1; line 7: substitute "Armenian birth records" for "his vital statistics"

2. Page 1, line 15: delete "That was all"

3. Page 1, line 26: delete "he was" and "really" from "he was not really fazed"

4. Page 1, line 29 and 30: delete the word, "unpredictable"

5. Page 2, line 16: substitute "Leonard" for "He" in "He looked pleased"

6. Page 2, lines 21 & 22: delete "in a state of discombobulation"

7. Page 2, lines 27 to 34: substitute the following for that paragraph:

"It was a place for youth fed on fresh country ~~xxxx~~ milk and Iowa corn where time was suspended and they looked each other over and saw that they were comely, and flirted and horsed around, and the big events were football and the Big Ten pennant ahead. And standing guard was a smugness hard to imagine these days, although Nancy Reagan comes pretty close to it."

This should be included in the previous paragraph.

9. Page 4, lines 13 and 14: transpose the phrase, "all in a kind of sleepwalk" to line 12 to follow "as if he were" and to precede "merely doing"

10. Page 4, line 17: substitute "There was respect in his voice" for "and to my surprise showed some respect"

11. Page 5, line 3: delete "even"

12. Page 5, line 4: delete "when" and add "then" between "word" and "lowered"

13. Page 5, line 14: drop "I had to see it happen" to make a separate paragraph.

14. Page 6, lines 1 & 2 (after poem): substitute "From what mysterious depths and longings that ^{long} came from!" for that paragraph.

15. Page 6, line 16: delete "a quatre"

16. Page 8, line 17: substitute "tested her and tried to penetrate the puzzle"

17. Page 8, line 19: substitute "Margery" for "her"

18. Page 8, line 20: substitute "hanging over it" for "overhanging"

19. Page 8, line 23: substitute "were" for "was"

20. Page 8, line 24: substitute "talks" for "talk"

21. Page 8, line 28: delete "rich"

22. Page 8, lines 30 & 31: substitute "just her general frustration taking a swipe at her" for "a momentary displacement of her general frustration"

23. Page 10, line 16: delete "for me"
24. Page 13, last line: delete "seemed"
25. Page 14, line 1: substitute "viewed" for "to view"
26. Page 14, line 4: delete "looking"
27. Page 14, lines 6 & 7: delete "of course?"
28. Page 14, lines 12 ~~XX~~ to 15: substitute "They remained fond of each other!"
At the time I thought she had not been deeply stirred, but I
undereastimated her nature."
29. Page 15: I suggest a long bar at the top to show a slight break
30. Page 15, line 14: substitute "Gurdjieff's" for "his"
- 31/ Page 15, line 16: ~~xxxx~~ delete "Margery"
32. Page 15, line 22: delete "To bring matters to a close."
33. Page 15, line 23: commas around "too"
34. Page 15, line 25: delete "If they ~~wxxx~~ wanted to be there, all right"
and add "however" between "same" and "if"
35. Page 15, line 37: delete "much"
36. Page 16, line 7: delete "as hell"
37. Page 16, lines 26 and 27: substitute "he let himself think" for "he
let himself be seduced into thinking"
38. Page 16, line 34: delete "Now"
39. Page 16, line 35: ~~xxxx~~ delete "any of the amenities"
40. Page 17, line 6: delete "only" and substitute re-discovered" for
"discovered"
41. Page 17, line 9: substitute "roguishly" for "with roguish intent"
42. Page 17, add to the last paragraph: "And when I read Blanche what I
had written about Margery, she wept."

And so let her roll! And please keep in touch.

4/1/83

Dear Terry:

If you don't mind, please have page 2 redone with my corrections. I'm enclosing a check for \$10 for the cost. As I don't know to whom it should be made out, I'm leaving that part blank. I assume you'll make the other changes after page 13. The only other changes I have is in the section, OBSERVATIONS, on the page beginning, "Action is the nearest thing to oblivion": please (1) put the 3d sentence of that aphorism into a separate paragraph; (2) on the same page, next to the last line, delete "the presence of"; and (3) same page, last line, delete "the presence of." Other than this, I promise by my grandfather to be a good boy and make no further changes. Honest! However, you have incorporated the previous changes and additions, haven't you?

Robert tells me he'll try to do the introduction to the book when he's in Orono. There was a bit of uncertainty in his voice when he told me. I don't know what this means, nor would it have been proper of me to ask.

The weather here has suddenly turned sublime.

Ah!

9/18/83

Dear Terry:

You're right, there were some missing pieces. I've inserted these in their proper places, marking them, "missing pieces" and indicating the page numbers. It comes now to 95 pages. That's still very small for a book of prose (although not, perhaps, for aphorisms) and it strikes me, therefore, that COLLECTED PROSE sounds pretentious and slightly absurd. Let's call the book instead, A COLLECTION OF PROSE.

I have not changed the text, out of respect for your purse, but I have made a couple of re-arrangements. I have combined EX CRANIUM, THE POET ~~wx~~ with DAY BOOK, deleted the title, EX CRANIUM, THE POET, and numbered them I and II to indicate some difference and separation between the two parts. I have also included the Zukofsky and Duncan pieces in SCENES FROM MY LIFE and have numbered all the sections in order to make clear that they are different and the reader is not to expect continuity.

In my manuscript there were very wide spaces between the 2,3,4 liners in order to make the reader pause and reflect before he goes on to the next, very different, aphorism. The spaces, in other words, were a message to the reader and a passage-way to reflection in the sense of slowing him up and thereby slowing up time, which is a necessary condition to reflection. The printer, however, greatly reduced these spaces and the only way I could restore any of that effect, especially on ^apage ~~w~~ so full of many aphorisms, was to run a long line (a series of dashes would also do) between them. I have done that.

I'll begin to work now on putting together my COLLECTED POEMS for you.

And so, let 'er roll,

Oct. 3, 1983

Dear Terry:

Well, here we go, all that I care to preserve to date.

1. The sections of the book with title pages are like chapters in a book, hence the title pages should be preserved as such, and as I have them, on separate sheets.

2. I hope you'll be able to preserve the integrity of each poem by giving each a page.

3. As much as possible the spatial arrangement of the lines in each poem should be kept as I have it. This arrangement is both a necessary visual ambience-stage-design for each poem which affects its quality and also a visual instruction to the reader. Please don't let the printer, therefore, crowd the lines either vertically or horizontally.

4. The Table of Contents indicates the order in which the poems should be.

~~Www~~ That's all I can think of at the moment. Would you please drop me a note when you receive this to let me know that the mss is there?

10/23/83

Dear Terry:

Well now, didn't you give me a super birthday present! You chopped five years off my age in the announcement of my book. What could be better?

Were you able to make the additions I requested?

I have no objection whatever to Burton Hatlen doing the introduction, in fact I rather like it, but I was ^{with} Duncan shortly after he got back from Orono and he said you had asked him to do it. What happened?

Now that you have both my prose and my collected poems, when will you be sending me contracts for them? They should eventually do better than break even. And a distributor like the Inland Book Co. of East Hartford, Conn. (David Wilk, an old friend who knows my work well and has very good store connections) would be ideal, I think, for the books.

Andrew Crozier, the English poet who teaches American Studies at the University of Sussex and who has been a long and a close reader of my work, in the course of doing a piece on me for the Dictionary of Literary Biography, came up with an idea which I'd like to clear with you. He's an orderly soul who's felt plagued for years by my penchant for changing my poems. He'd see one in one place, then somewhere else in a different form, then cut-up and/or added to in still another place, etc. (alas, it's true). He's convinced that ^acollected edition should make these variations available to the reader in an appendix, so that, in his words, "there will be a text which gives your career its proper historic dimension." I can't judge the merit of this because I don't look at my ~~poetry~~ work from a scholarly point of view, but you would know. What do you think?

11/8/83

Dear Terry:

As it happens, I do have a couple of ideas. If you can't get grant money, maybe David Wilk, whom I mentioned, might be willing to participate as a co-publisher. I notice he did that not long ago with Bobbie Louise Hawkins' book, *ALMOST EVERYTHING*. That was listed on the fly-leaf as a co-publication by The Coach House Press and Long River Books, David's firm. I didn't know he had gone back into publishing. He used to be Truck, you may know, before he became director of the Literature Program in the National Endowment for the Arts. If he were a co-publisher, the book would benefit (I mean its promotion) by his also being a successful distributor (Inland Book Co., 22 Hemingway Ave., East Haven, Connecticut 06521).

Another possible co-publisher is Geoffrey Young, who publishes *The Figures* (Baldwin Hill Farm, Route 3, Box 125, Great Barrington, Mass. 01230). Geoff is also familiar with my work.

If it would make a significant economy, I would be willing to reconsider and have more than one poem on a page. Let me know and I'll work out how this could best be done.

2/7/84

Dear Terry:

When Leah and I opened the packet of nine Prose paperbacks, we gave a whoop of delight at its appearance. Very handsome and pleasing to the eye. Couldn't be better. We had friends over that night and celebrated with champagne.

Robert's (Duncan) unwillingness to break in on the preparation of his own book to do my introduction turned out for the best. Not that he wouldn't have written something interesting and significant, but it would have been Duncaniana (just as mine about him is Rakosiesque) and not the necessary thing that Burt did. I'll be writing him to that effect.

Also, I'm glad you didn't give in to my last minute qualms about the pretentiousness of the title for so small a book. The title is just right.

I have so far sent copies to Michael Heller, Paul Auster, Andrew Crozier, Anselm Hollo, Hugh Kenner, Martin J. Rosenblum, who'll need it for the book he's doing on me. And if Tom Clark would like to review it for the San Francisco & Sunday Chronicle, I'll send him a copy. That will leave me with only two copies. And one will go to Duncan. Others who should get copies are Robert Creeley, Ed Dorn, Cid Corman, Michael Palmer, George Evans, August Kleinzahler, and Jeremy Prynne at Cambridge University. All of them know my work and are likely to be interested in writing about it for a possible Rakosi issue of Sagetrieb. Others are David Ignatow, Louis Simpson, Allen Ginsberg, Rachel Blau DuPlessis, who has a particular interest in my long poem, THE CITY, 1925, And you already know about Tom Sharp. Guy Davenport I don't know personally but he'd have something interesting to say. So there are these ^{paperback} ~~eight~~ copies to send out for ~~perhaps~~ promotional as well as personal reasons. I'm willing to do it to save you the time and bother; but ~~if~~ it may be easier to do from your office.

For my personal use I'll need eight cloth copies: 2 for Leah and me, 3 for my son and his two daughters and 3 for my daughter and her two daughters, the eldest of whom is a freshman at Vassar; ~~she~~ ^{she} astonished us by quoting Yeats to make a point in a recent letter; well, she's ready at any rate. I don't know how many cloth and paperbacks you figured I should have, but if all this comes to more than that, let me know what I owe you and I'll send you a check for the amount.

Among the magazines to whom you'll be sending copies for review, please don't forget The American Book Review, Sulfur, and The Poetry Project News-
~~letter (at St. Mark's Church)~~

letter (at St. Mark's Church, 10th Street & 2nd Avenue, N.Y.C. 10003), where for reasons which elude me I have a long-standing and loyal following). As for The Minneapolis Sunday Tribune, Robert Bly could do the most good there with a review. Do you want to ask him, or should I?

Do hurry along the eight cloth copies. My clan is impatient.

All the best,

P.S. Tell me about your COMPANION TO THE CANTOS. Does it elucidate words and references which THE ANNOTATED INDEX TO THE CANTOS by Edwards and Vasse (which I have) does not do?

2/29/84

Dear Terry:

Yes, I promise not to revise any of the pieces in the COLLECTED POEMS. So help me! And a numbered edition of 100 cloth-bound copies, 50 to go to me, plus 50 paperbacks for possible reviewers and friends, is a very good idea (you will publish a certain number of additional cloth copies, won't you? for libraries and for individuals with bibliophile tastes but not collectors' means). So whenever you're ready, the girls can begin their work and you can send on the first 20 pages for me to proof-read the text and approve the design.

Which brings me back to the COLLECTED PROSE. Wouldn't a similarly numbered edition of 100 cloth books, in addition to the regular cloth ones, work to our advantage there too? (Incidentally, I didn't realize when I wrote you that the cloth books had not been printed yet).

(I wd. have sent ~~them~~ copies anyway; they're old friends and have written about my work)
One of the reasons I sent Michael Heller, Paul Auster and Hugh Kenner copies is that I hoped one of them would review it for the N.Y. Times, but Michael wrote back: "Connection w/NY Times is severed. Harvey Shapiro got kicked sideways but definitely out of the Book Review end of the Times, and the new editor is supposed to be a lit. barbarian, mostly into journalistic books. However, as I read, I'll think of something, some place." So we can't count on anything there. ^(the Times) The book might not even get a lowly notice. Like old times; I mean when books of poetry were not reviewed at all in the Times. So I suppose we (I want to work at it too) will have to try that much harder to get it reviewed elsewhere.

Tom Clark, to whom I sent a copy, as you know, said he'd be glad to review it for the San Francisco Chronicle but he had to follow etiquette: a copy had to go ^{to} an asst. editor, who could then choose or not choose to assign it to him, or choose not to review at all. As I was out of copies, I asked Tom to send her his copy and maybe we'd be lucky. We're waiting. There are other things to do but I can't do any of them until I know where or to whom you've sent, or will send, copies ~~xxx~~ (I don't want to be duplicating what you do, like ~~xx~~ sending Kenner a copy when you'd be sending him one too) and until I get an additional batch of copies for people I know who might either want to review it or write about it later in a more general way, as for Contemporary Literature (do you have a connection there you can use? Dembo, as you know, was an early partisan).

So as soon as I hear from you and get the additional books I can begin to do something. In the meantime, let me tell you, all this activity and the news that the POEMS will be out a year from now, give or take a month or two, has perked up my spirits.

Carl

P.S. When you're ready to take out the copyright for the POEMS, will you please take it out in the name of Callman Rawley, my legal name since 1925? I forgot to mention this for the PROSE.

22 March 1984

Dear Terry:

An afterthought on strategy. I'm going to write Harvey Shapiro, whom I know, the former ~~g~~ bookeditor at the N.Y. Times, to see if he can think of any way to bring my book to the attention of the present editor that would be better than sending a review copy to the Times office cold (that way, I feel is certain death). If he can't, let's hold off until the review in the Baltimore Sun appears (and, with luck, perhaps Tom Clark's review in the San Francisco Chronicle) and then send the book with a copy, or copies, of the review(s) attached, to The Times, and also to the Washington Post Book World/

22 March 1984

Dear Terry:

Will you please send a copy of my COLLECTED PROSE immediately to Andrei Codrescu? He wants to review it for The Baltimore Sun. Send it to him there at 501 N. Calvert St., P.O. Box 1377, Baltimore, MD 21278.

Anselm Hollo, to whom, as I said, I sent a copy, ^oreⁿports: "Mille grazie for the gift of THE COLLECTED PROSE. Scenes from My Life is wonderful, and reassuring: terrific epiphanies. At a reading here ** in Baltimore at "The 8X10 Club, a place for New Wave music and Neo-Street poetry, I read a few selections, from Part 2 of Day Book (pp.50-51 and 43-44). And it worked!XX Also put in a little plug for it in the Maryland Writers' Council newsletter." He promised Codrescu he'd do a review of it also for EXQUISITE CORPSE, a very lively monthly out of Baltimore "of books and ideas." Have you seen it?

Also, August Kleinzahler said he'd write a review that he thinks SULFUR would use. Eshleman, the editor, is much taken with August's work at the moment, August's poetry in SULFUR having just won them both General Electric awards. I'm also going to write to the book editor at The Minneapolis Star and Tribune and to Grace Schulman, whom I know, the poetry editor at The Nation, to see if they'd be interested in assigning it for review.

6 April 1984

Dear Terry:

Good news.

1. Harvey Shapiro, the former Times book-review editor, writes: "Congratulations on your COLLECTED PROSE. Have the book sent to Don Bruckner at the TBR, with a notesaying I suggested same. Don is in charge of the poetry and he will know your work." So will you do that, please?

2. The Minneapolis Star and Tribune is ready to assign the book for review. Will you please send a review copy, therefore, to Marilyn Bailey, Mpls. Star and Tribune, Book Reviews, 425 Portland Ave., Minneapolis, MN 55488, and refer to my correspondence with her.

3. Also, I think a review copy, with a Compliments of the Author, should be sent to Peter Craven and Michael Heyward, editors, SCRIPSI, Dept. of English, University of Melbourne, Parkville, Victoria, Australia 3052. SCRIPSI is a lively, high-level literary quarterly. Both editors wrote to say, in effect, that they would be "honored" to publish my work and/or something about it. I'm sure they'd want to have it reviewed. At the moment I'm working on an interview, with questions from George Evans and August Kleinzahler, which I'll send them when I've finished.

Have you sent a copy to Andrei Codrescu at The Baltimore Sun? And will you do anything about Contemporary Literature? If you send me a review copy, I'll send it to Dembo with something else I've done, and perhaps they'll get some attention there. And what's going to happen about the poets I mentioned in previous letters who should be getting copies, not simply because they're friends but because the book warrants their attention, being who they are.

Not hearing from you in response to my letters, I wonder whether you might be sick. I hope not. Are you?

Best,

P.S. After writing the above, I had a letter from April 30, 1984
Book Co. which stated he says my COLLECTED PROSE simply will not sell.

Dear Terry: and he can not compete with it, as he would do, particularly

More on book reviews. and his friendship for me, at the \$12.00

1. There will be a review of my COLLECTED PROSE by August Kleinzahler in the next issue of Sulfur, or in the issue after that.
2. Tom Clark tried to get my book assigned to him for review in the San Francisco Chronicle but the lady editor wouldn't play it that way, so we'll have to play it her way. Please send a review copy to Patricia Holt, Book Review Editor, San Francisco Chronicle, 5th and Mission Streets, San Francisco, and include a small blurb on who I am, because she won't know, she doesn't read poetry, and add that I have lived here six years, have given readings at the U of California in Berkeley, San Francisco State University, New College, the S.F. Art Institute, Sonoma State University, and Intersection, and am closely associated with Oppen and Duncan (whom she has heard of because they've been in the news).
3. Send a copy also to Art Lange (6553 N. Artesian, Chicago, Ill. 60645). Art is an editor at Down Beat. He's just arranged a big reading for me next April at the Chicago Art Institute. He'll review the book either in Chicago magazine or in the Chicago Reader.
4. Also to Studs Terkel (c/o WFMT Inc., 303 Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601). He may be interviewing me after my reading on his radio show, which is about books as well as people. Include a note saying that Art Lange at Down Beat had suggested it and refer to my reading at the Art Institute next April.
5. Ditto for Kenry Kisor, Book Review Editor, Chicago Sun-Times, 401 N. Wabash, Chicago IL 60611, and for Larry Kart, c/o Chicago Tribune, 435 N. Michigan Ave. Chicago, IL 60611. Kart is not the book review editor but one of the regular reviewers, and according to Lange "knows much about poetry and prose."

Unanswered: what about The American Book Review (I know one of the editors slightly, Rochelle Rathner) and Contemporary Literature, on which I see Dembo is still active. Are you going to tackle these? Also The Washington Post, The American Poetry Review, and Parnassus?

And I'm still waiting for the eight cloth ~~BOOK~~ PROSE's that I asked for.

About something altogether different now. Jonathan Greene at the Gnomon Press would like to publish my Americana poems as a small book. My first reaction was that this would conflict with the interests of my COLLECTED POEMS but perhaps not. What do you think?

P.S. After writing the above, I had a letter from David Wilk~~xx~~ at the Inladd Book Co. which alarmed me. He says my COLLECTED PROSE simply will not sell in the stores and he can not promote ~~xxxx~~ it, as he would do, particularly because of his interest in my work and his friendship for me, at the \$12.95 price, that that is outrageously high for a paperback that size. At most it should not be more than \$7.95.

~~clot~~ Wilk is a good business man with a great deal of experience in the selling of small press books. I have complete confidence in his judgment. We should listen to him, therefore, and lower that price to what he considers feasible. No sense in having a distributor if the product is over-priced and he can't move it at that price. If we don't follow his judgment, my books will just lie around in the warehouse there and get no exposure whatever, except for an occasional university that might buy it on the strength of the other titles in the NPF catalogue or some poet who has a special interest in my work. As a result, both of us will lose, you financially, and ~~x~~ I in the most basic sense of having a goodbook but not being able to get it to the people who would buy it if it were not for the price. So what do you say? As a case in point, Daedalus Books in Washington, D.C. was offering a bunch of North Point Press ~~xxxxx~~ paperbacks (fine titles, handsome books) which had been priced at over \$10 and issued only two years ago, for from \$1 to \$3. So did North Point win or lose by over-pricing their books? I understand they're having serious ~~xx~~ financial problems now and ^{may} ~~any~~ even fold, and one of the reasons, I'm sure is that.

Another thing, Wilk tells me his range of customers extends only in the East and the Middle West. That leaves the West uncovered. There should be a distributor, such as ~~xxxx~~ Small Press Traffic or Sand Dollar Books in Berkeley for the large California market. Would you like me to sound ¹ them out for you?

Looking over your activities....university teacher (~~plus~~ all that means in committee work), teacher, publisher, editor of two magazines and stage-manager of a third, fund-raiser, author, arranger of conferences and who knows what else?....it's obvious that you're trying to do far more than any one person can do, no matter who it is. I speak from experience as a former administrator of a social agency. ^{To the extent} ~~as~~ this bears on the reviewing and selling of my book, I feel it necessary to try to help as much as I can. With that in mind, I would appreciate it if you would let me know to which magazines and newspapers review copies have been sent so that I can~~x~~ help with other places where I might have some connection.

Finally, let me give you my phone number, 415-566-3425. In return,

please send me yours, and tell me when is the best time for me to call in case I need to. Perhaps some things can be done by your secretary. If you'll give me her name, I'll talk to her. I get too upset, writing letters and not getting a reply and asking for books and not getting them. The phone might be easier on both of us.

While you're at it, please send me two paperbacks in addition to the cloth books for writers I have not thought of, who ~~w~~ should have my book for understandable reasons.

Cordially,

at The American Book Review, letters which may produce some action in those two magazines. And George Evans will write a review. 29 May 1984
Review.

Dear Terry: cloth copies and the 2 paperbacks arrived in good shape. The two paperbacks I'm glad you worked out the price with Wilk. It reassures me. It was the right thing to do. My news I'll give in sequence. John Martin of Black Sparrow recommended Bookpeople to me as the most effective, reliable distributor for the West Coast. I'd take his word for it. I called there, therefore, and talked to the owner. He seems to have a big operation going, a sign, I suppose, of his success. He said he'd be delighted to handle my book (I assume others too in the NPF line). The commission he first asked for was 57%. I said that seemed steep and was finally able to talk him down to 55%, but that was as low as he would go. He said he had a large, expensive catalogue, etc. Since the books are sent to him on consignment and you have no outlay in being included in the catalogue, etc., the slightly higher commission (you said Inland's was 50%. The Bookpeople man found that hard to believe) doesn't much matter, it seems to me, if he's good at selling books. What have you got to lose? Whatever you sell directly yourself from NPF you'll sell anyway. What the distributors sell is that much extra. I told him you'd be writing or calling him: Randy Beek, Bookpeople, 2929 Fifth Street, Berkeley, CA 94710 (phone, 415-549-3030).

I'm leaving now for a three week visit to Minneapolis. While I'm there I'll call Bookslinger in St. Paul. Since Inland said ^{it} ~~he~~ had only a few contacts in the Midwest, it would be to our advantage to have a good distributor there too.

Please send a paperback ^{of prose} PROSE to Richard Caddell, Pig Press, 7 Cross View Terrace, Neville's Cross, Durham DH1 4JY, England, along with a bill. He wanted to buy a copy from your UK distributor, Aquila, but his letters were never answered (I thought Johnston Greene was your distributor). I regret I ever brought ^{James Greene's} up ~~his~~ name to you. I learned that he had a ghastly reputation for taking on projects and not doing anything and for not paying his bills. So be careful. I'm going to write someone in England and see if I can find someone better for you.

Other news. Gnomon Press will do my AMERICANA, unless he has a sudden change of heart. It should be out in January or thereabouts. Codrescu is in the process of writing a review of COLLECTED PROSE for the Baltimore Sun; August Kleinzahler's review has been accepted for Sulfur; and Chester Anderson, the Joyce specialist at the University of Minnesota, has written a review for the Minneapolis Star and Tribune. And I've written Dembo, and Rochelle Ratner

at The American Book Review, letters which may produce some action in those two magazines. And George Evans will write a review for The Three-Penny Review.

The 8 cloth copies and the 2 paperbacks arrived in good shape. The two paperbacks I'll send to the editor of Denver Quarterly, where I've had some things, and to Michael Davidson, an outstanding reviewer in these parts, and someone who knows my work.

So things are humming.

Cash

30 May 1984

Dear Terry:

I promised that I wouldn't make any changes in my COLLECTED POEMS once you started working on it, and I won't, but in the meantime would you please add a new poem, AMERICAN NYMPHS, to the mss. It belongs between DROLES DE JOURNAL, which ends on p.327 and SATYRICON, which begins on p.328. Naturally the pages will have to be renumbered and the poem added to the Table of Contents in the proper place.

Also, in the AMERICANA section, will you please replace pages 273, 302, 304 & 305 by the enclosed pages, which are numbered for identification.

In addition there's a very bad misprint on p.117 of the COLLECTED PROSE. Nine lines from the bottom of the page the word celebrity should be celebratory. I remember correcting this on the proof but apparently the printer missed it. The context does not make it possible for the reader to know that he is reading a misprint or to correct it if he does. Could an erratum slip be made up & inserted in the copies you have?

Finally, enclosed is the piece Andrew Crozier did on me for The Dictionary of Literary Biography. You might want to keep it in my file.

Best,

and Brian Baxter, Order Department, B. Dalton Booksealers, One Corporate Center,
7505 Metro Blvd., Minneapolis, MN 55455. If you send 16 July 1984 include a

copy of the Minneapolis Tribune review. If you decide, however, that it's not
Dear Terry:

The West should now be adequately covered for NPF. I saw Ron
Silliman at the Oppen memorial service and he told me about your having
Small Press Distribution as well as Book People. That's reassuring. Now if
we can just get a review in the San Francisco Chronicle...! I'm beginning
to think I put a jinx on it when I had Tom Clark, their regular poetry reviewer,
ask the two autocratic dames who rule the Book Dept. to assign the book to
him. That's an invasion of turf that I'm afraid they'll make him ~~xxx~~ pay for
by not assigning it to anybody. But we do have two reviews, one of my PROSE
and one of my little English book, SPIRITUS, I, that I'm enclosing for
future use. Plus three personal statements on the poetry in SPIRITUS, I.

With regard to a distributor in the Middle West, I called Randy Jennings,
the owner of Bookslinger. He was interested and said he would write you. The
best deal I could get from him was 55%. If he hasn't gotten in touch with you,
you should write him, as I have a small following in the Middle West and there
should be some interest after the Mpls. Tribune review. The address is 213
East Fourth Street, St. Paul, Minnesota. Black Sparrow uses them and seems to
be satisfied.

Now with regard to Aquila I hear nothing but bad news from my corres-
pondent in England. Alan Halsey, a reliable bookdealer, on hearing the name
Aquila said, "Oh no! The next best thing to not having a distributor. It takes
Green 12 months to take any sort of action, etc." And after I wrote you last
time I remembered John Martin telling me that he couldn't collect several
thousand dollars that Green owed him for Black Sparrow books. Whether John
ever got paid, I don't know. Through Alan Halsey, Andrew Crozier did get the
name of a ~~xx~~ good distributor. It's Airlift, which handles Black Sparrow and
other small press American books. The address is 14 Baltic Street, London EC1.
I urge you to switch to them.

From Black Sparrow I got the names of the buyers ~~xxx~~ for B. Dalton Book-
sealers and The Baker and Taylor Co., to whom they send new books. Apparently
it has been worth doing. I pass these on to you. They are: Sue Tucker, Mail
Order Buyer, The Baker & Taylor Co., 380 Edison Way, Reno, Nevada 89502; Phyllis
~~Maggie~~ Hedges, Order Dept., Baker & Taylor Co., Gladiola Ave., Momence, Illinois
60954; Ms Eleanor Fanicase and Ms Maureen Gordon (books sent separately to both)
Order Dept., Baker & Taylor Co., 6 Kirby Ave., Somerville, New Jersey 08876;
and two buyers to whom books are sent separately at Dalton's, Mike Crouchet

and Brian Baxter, Order Department, B. Dalton Booksellers, One Corporate Center, 7505 Metro Blvd., Minneapolis, MN 55455. If you send them books, include a copy of the Minneapolis Tribune review. If you decide, however, that it's not worth doing, I'll do it myself, but in that case send me a supply of printed NPF address labels, so that the package will look proper. On second thought, send me a supply of NPF labels in either case for the books I have that are still to go out.

In his letter to me Dembo said that Contemporary Literature no longer does individual reviews but that "a full-scale article on your work would be in order, if we could find a good person to do it." So I suggested Burton Hatlen and Andrew Crozier to him.

I've begun to send out copies of my PROSE from the shipment you sent me. So far to people I know: Dembo, Michael Davidson in San Diego (University of California), Robert Bertholf at SUNY, Buffalo; Charles Altieri at the U of Washington; Guy Davenport, Robert Bly, and Helen Vendler (I don't know her or Davenport). There'll be others. In the meantime, have you sent copies to POETRY, PARNASSUS and THE AMERICAN POETRY REVIEW? I need desperately from you your mailing list so that we don't get our wires crossed!

Now that you're publishing original books of poetry I have two suggestions that will make NPF an impressive list. They are two English poets: Jeremy Prynne, known only marginally as a name in this country, and Jonathan Griffin, not known at all. Griffin is a man in his seventies who started to write poetry late in life and has been influenced by Oppen, but his work is more lyrical and delicate and fanciful. He's published four books since 1962. He should have a COLLECTED POEMS. You'd be doing everybody a service.

Jeremy Prynne teaches at Gonville and Caius College in Cambridge U and is a don there. He is now in his fifties, a man of great intellectual scope and depth. His poetry is difficult not only because of its specialized allusions but because it is granitic in a special ^{idiosyncratic} way that is characteristic of him. He has published seven or eight small books of poetry. He's a close friend of Ed Dorn's through whom I think he came to admire Olson (through Crozier he came to admire my work too), but he's British to the core and I see no Olson influence, although others might. Which makes me realize that he's made to order for critic exegesis. At his age he might think he's too young for a COLLECTED; a sampler edition might suit him better.

These two men are writing the best poetry in England today, bar none.

Others, like Gael Turnbull, who also know how to write, are simply not in their class. It would be a feather in your cap if you could get them. Griffin would, I think, be willing but Prynne might be a problem because he's so exacting in his standards and in what he expects of others. Here are their addresses: Jonathan Griffin, 7 Sharples Hall Street, Regent's Park Road, London, N.W.1; and Jeremy Prynne, Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge University, Cambridge, England. If you decide to write them, mention my name, of course. Both men are friends of mine. If you'd like me to sound them out first and prepare the way, let me know.

6 Aug. 1984

Dear Terry:

Since I like the jacket design of my COLLECTED PROSE very much, I would like to keep it, same color too, if I could, for my COLLECTED POEMS. That would make the two books look as if they belonged together, which they do, like a small set, in the manner of French and German books of long ago. The color of the cloth on the Prose book, however, is of a density and library deadness that is very unpleasant. Could we change that to a light, cheerful yellow?

I've listed last minute changes in the COLLECTED POEMS on a separate sheet.

A practical idea. Since in 1985 you'll have more books of poetry on your list than ever, wouldn't it be a good idea to send announcements of the new titles, plus the old, to all the poets listed in the Directory of American Poets? Except for poets so well known that libraries and English Departments would automatically order their books, practically the only market for books of poetry is other poets.

I was surprised by your voice on the phone the other day. It sounded remarkably like Anselm Hollo's, buoyant, robust, youthful. Leah noticed the resemblance too.

Best,

Carl

With one exception, these are all re-arrangements: I've taken some out of HISTORY and placed them into AMERICANA, as follows:

1. Remove p.237, "They learned first how to handle a rifle" and place into AMERICANA to follow what is presently p.284; thus it follows the piece, "The whole town used to gather around..." Delete the words, "THE THIRD DECADE."
2. Remove p.243, New Orleans Transient Bureau, 1934, and place into AMERICANA to follow, "They learned first how to handle a rifle." Delete "II" and "The Fourth Decade".
3. Delete the last ~~xxx~~ 9 lines on p.253 of HISTORY, the page beginning, "The latest warning fired at Peking."
4. Annew poem, enclosed, THE MAN ON THE STREET, goes into AMERICANA to follow LOVE AMERICAN UNCLE SAM NEEDS YOU.
5. Remove p.257 from HISTORY, retitle it 14,000 WHORE HOUSES IN SAIGON, and place it into AMERICANA to follow THE MAN ON THE STREET.
6. Remove p.250 from HISTORY, "Captain Patterson, the folks back home" and place it into AMERICANA after 14,000 WHORE HOUSES IN SAIGON. Delete "II" and "The Seventh Decade"
7. Remove p.251 from HISTORY, "I'll bet you dollars to doughnuts" from HISTORY and place into AMERICANA after "Captain Patterson...." Delete "III" and "The Seventh Decade."
8. Remove p.256, SIMPLICITY, from HISTORY and place into AMERICANA after "I'll bet you dollars to doughnuts." Delete "VI" and "The Seventh Decade."
9. Remove p.260 from HISTORY, "in the absolute/birds always sing" and place into AMERICANA to follow The Sense of History. It thus becomes the last piece in AMERICANA. Delete "I" and "The Eighth Decade."
10. That leaves the following pieces in HISTORY in this order:
 - The Third Decade
 - COUNTRY PEOPLE
 - The Fourth Decade
 - I THE DREAM
 - II Hard-eyed daughter of Puritans (formerly III)

III "I have come to care..." (formerly IV)
The Seventh Decade

I "The atmosphere might be described..."

42. LONGSHORE "Great powers never yield..." (formerly IV)

43. THE COAST "The latest warning fired at Peking..." (formerly V)

44. THE SEA IV PEACE (formerly VIII)

45. The Eighth Decade

I "Many still patient..." (formerly II)

II "Fought on ten years..." (formerly III)

EPILOGUE

The Order of pieces in AMERICANA now should be

1. AMERICANA

2. The settler

3. Trust me

4. OLD HICKORY

5. One time in Boot Hollow

6. THE FOUNDING OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

7. OATS

8. The Lord came

9. THREE CHEERS FOR THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

10. The indomitable Yankee

11. PHRASES THAT HAVE CHANGED HISTORY

12. FAMILY PORTRAIT

13. As it gets on in years

14. STRICTLY IOWA

15. FOLK SONG

16. ~~XOX~~ Your correspondent must be kidding

17. The whole town used to gather around

18. Everybody wants to/ get into the act

19. ITEM

20. VERY SHORT POEM ON A RACING FORM

21. A REMINDER OF WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

22. THE AMERICAN GIRL

23. "They first learned how to handle a rifle"

24. In this country/the sign outlives America

25. NEW ORLEANS TRANSIENT BUREAU, 1934

26. YOUNG BLACKS DEMONSTRATING

27. WELFARE

28. THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

29. NO PASSARAN

30. THE OLD CODGERS LAMENT

31. LOVE AMERICAN UNCLE SAM NEEDS YOU

32. THE MAN ON THE STREET

33. 14,000 WHORE HOUSES IN SAIGON

34. Captain Patterson....

35. I'll bet you dollars to doughnuts

36. SIMPLICITY

37. If you're an American

38. JUTE

39. KILROY WAS HERE

40. Nobody can top Elvis

41. THE WEIGHT LIFTER

42. LONGSHOREMAN
43. THE COUNTRY SINGER
44. THE SENSE OF HISTORY
45. In the absolute.....

In my letter of May 30th I said that my new poem, AMERICAN NYMPHS should be placed between DROLES DE JOURNAL, which ends on p.327 and SATYRICON, which begins on p. 328. This is incorrect. Please place it inside the DROLES DE JOURNAL to follow #17 on p.326 and number it 18. The present 18, The great American head stone, then becomes 19.

All the pages, of course, have to be renumbered.

8 Aug. 1984

Dear Terry:

Forgot one thing: on pages 8, 10 and 19 of the COLLECTED POEMS please place the word MEDITATION in front of the titles, thus, MEDITATION: NO ONE TALKS ABOUT THIS, and MEDITATION: A WORD WITH CONSCIENCE, and MEDITATION: THE AGE.

The reference to Dembo was not that he thought it time for someone good to do a critical appraisal of NPF for CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE but someone to do a full-scale article on my work.

Hope this reaches you in time.

13 Aug. 1984

Dear Terry:

My second letter to you re pages 8, 10 and 19, which you must have by now, does ask that the Cap MEDITATIONS: be ~~xx~~ placed in front of the titles there, so that all the poems in the section have MEDITATION in the title.

Yes, I do mean p.237 for my first correction, not p.236.

Old time letter press and special paper, what a treat that will be ! Hallelujah!

Nobody knows, of course, how many books of poetry are sold to poets, but it stands to reason that ^{some} ~~many~~ are, particularly from small presses. Young poets can't afford not to know what other poets are writing, they get ideas and direction from that and are stimulated. Since~~xxx~~ very few bookstores carry small press books and none of them carries all the small press books, the only way poets can know what is available, and something about it, is through a mailed piece. I know that's how I find out.

No, I'll be a good boy. No more changes.

24 Aug. 1984

Dear Terry:

I've arranged the poems in the right order now and have made the necessary changes in the Table of Contents and in the page numbers. You said you had the first fifteen pages at the press, so I didn't replace them, but I have copies in case you need them. In my changes on those pages, I added MEDITATION: in front of the titles on pages 8 (NO ONE TALKS ABOUT THIS) and 10 (A WORD WITH CONSCIENCE). I already had it in front of the titles on pages 19 and 20. I didn't know any other way to make poems with a title other than MEDITATION consistent with the others in the series whose title was MEDITATION. How did you do it?

I'm glad you sent back the mss because working on it, I became convinced it needed a foreword. I've written one and am enclosing it.

Did you mean to return Crozier's article on me or did it get into the box by mistake?

The ~~Xxxx~~ Threepenny Review is publishing an exciting review of my PROSE book by George Evans but it probably won't appear until Spring. It's a quarterly and the December issue seems to be full.

Let me know when the mss reaches you, so I don't have to worry. What's your guess as to publication date?

Cheers is right!

14 Sept. 1984

Dear Terry:

 You're not going to let me stew here,
wondering whether you got my mss back, are you?
Have a heart!

25 Sept. 1984

Dear Terry:

Delighted to hear that the printing now will go ahead rapidly.

About the typescript you sent me of my Meditation poem, could the type be larger? It would look ever so much better. The spacing itself is fine.

I see what you've done in the MEDITATION poems is to use the first line or two of each poem as the title in order to make the poems look uniform. My first reaction was that this wouldn't work and I was all set to tell you why, but on looking them over, I see that they will work provided you do the THE FOLLOWING:

1. p.2, delete the first line, "Lord, what is man?" in order to avoid the repetition. The repetition destroys the power^{and} the the surprise of that line. The second line can be kept spatially where it is and would become the first line.
2. p.3, REVERENCE OK as title. OK to keep it also as the first line, as is.
3. p.4, ALL THOSE STRICKEN BY CANCER OK as title but then delete it as the first line and keep "Yet I still am" where it is spatially. Same principle as p.2.
4. ^{p.5} IF ONE COULD WRITE LIKE ST. AUGUSTINE=OK as title and no need to delete it as lines 1 and 2.
5. p.6, THE OLD MAN DREW THE LINE =OK as title and OK to keep as lines 1 & 2.
6. p.8, NO ONE TALKS ABOUT THIS =OK as title and rest is OK.
7. p.9, "WHAT ARE ANIMALS FOR?" =OK as title. Rest is OK.
8. p.10, A WORD WITH CONSCIENCE =OK as title. No need to change anything.
9. p.11, PSYCHOLOGIST MY MENTAL SPIDER =OK as title (in fact, very good). Also OK to keep as lines 1 and 2.
10. p.14, WHAT IS THE NATURE OF QUINTESENCE? =OK as title; also as lines 1&2.
11. p.15, HOW QUICKLY THE IMAGINATION =OK as title; also as lines 1 and 2.
12. p.16, THESE LINES I OFTEN HEAR, OK as title; also as lines 1 and 2.
13. p.17, WHAT'S THIS WORLD'S ACHE, OK as title; also as line 1.
14. p.18, MELANCHOLY, OK as title. No need to change anything.
15. p.19, THE AGE, OK as title. No need to change anything.

AVANTI!

18 Oct. 1984

Dear Terry:

Looking through Small Press Distribution's latest catalogue, I noticed that my COLLECTED PROSE is listed at the old, incorrect price of \$12.95, paperback, and \$18.95, cloth. I thought we had an understanding that the book would sell for \$7.95, paperback, and \$12.95, cloth, and that that matter was settled. Surely you don't propose to sell it at one price on the East Coast and at a much higher price on the West Coast. I can't & tell you how discouraged and alarmed this makes me. Please reassure me by checking with the other distributors to make sure that the book is listed at the \$7.95 and \$12.95 price and by confirming that you have hooked up with Book People in Berkeley and with Bookslinger in St. Paul. I know this is a nuisance but it's hard enough to sell books of and about poetry without pricing them out of the market.

Lots of commotion and anxiety around here the last two weeks: Leah and I were in a bad auto accident, car totalled, I with a whiplash and Leah with a crazy leap in her already high blood pressure which the doctor is trying to bring under control by increase^{ing} her medication. Woman plowed into me while I was ~~xx~~ standing still, waiting for the light to change, smashed me into a similarly waiting truck with its~~x~~ emergency brake on, so it was like smashing into a solid wall. On top of all that, had to crawl out of the car, call the police, call a tow truck, get names, addresses, etc. of the woman and the truck driver, get witnesses, call my insurance agent, all while in a daze. That, I think, was the worst of it. Fortunately we were wearing seat belts, otherwise I wouldn't be writing you now. But things are smoothed out now and I'm OK.

One other thing: when you're ready to get the copyright for my COLLECTED POEMS, please remember to have it issued in my legal name, CALLMAN RAWLEY, (or Carl Rakosi, I don't care) and not in the name of The National Poetry Foundation.

Best,

17 Dec. 1984

Dear Terry:

Enclosed is the poem I called you about to add to my COLLECTED. It belongs as the first poem in The History of Man sequence. Thus, it comes just before The Senior Citizen and is therefore page 123 in the mss. (subsequent page numbers of course have to be moved up one). In line 6 don't allow the transcriber to change the word took for the grammatical taken. I meant took.

On quite another subject, wouldn't it be more accurate and appropriate to call Bunting and me Honorary Editors rather than Senior Editors? Senior.. implies that we have been doing some of the work and have been kicked upstairs. We may deserve to be honorary editors but not senior editors.

The season's best to you,

22 Dec. 1984

Dear Terry:

In putting my new poem into the AMERICANA section of my mss, I noticed I had several versions of the poems on pages 294 and 295. Please substitute the enclosed two versions for whatever you have in your copy of the mss., which may, in fact, have *had* different titles, I don't remember.

Best,

*such as 14,000
Whore Houses in Saigon*

1/8/85

Dear Terry:

Another poem to add to my COLLECTED. This belongs in the section, ADVENTURES OF THE HEAD between the poem, HOW TO BE WITH A ROCK, and THE ADVENTURES OF VARESE; that is, between pages 31 and 32.

In addition, I enclose Kleinzahler's review of my COLLECTED PROSE in the latest Sulfur.

Best,

985

The Old Poet's Tale

Coming up for me is a reading at the Chicago Art Institute on May 10th; one at The Woodland Pattern Bookstore in Milwaukee on May 11; a reading from Poe at the ceremonies honoring Poe and Melville at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in N.Y.C. on May 12; a lecture on the Objectivists at New York University on May 13; a reading at St. Mark's on May 15; and one at the 63d Street Y on May 17. Then two weeks with my daughter and old friends in Minneapolis.

10 June 1985

Dear Terry:

I'm home now and ready and eager to
continue to read proof. So keep 'em coming.

A letter from Ed Dorn and a review in POETRY FLASH
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX are enclosed, for my PR file.

5 July 1985

Dear Terry:

Three new additions to my COLLECTED:

PARALLEL LINES CROSSING IN A MYSTIQUE belongs in the section, The Poet, I, HOMAGES, after the poem, LETTING THE SPIRIT OUT, which is p.152 in the mss. This then becomes p. 153

THE NATIVES ARE RESTLESS TONIGHT belongs in the section, SATYRICON II and follows the poem beginning, "we're holding a place for you....", which is p. 359, making this p. 360.

A MAN OF UNWAVERING INTEGRITY belongs in the same section and follows THE NATIVES ARE RESTLESS TONIGHT. It thus is p.361.

It's been an awfully long time since I read proof on the first 100 or so pages. What's holding up the rest?

Cheers,

15 Aug. 1985

Dear Ms Marie Alpert:

I appreciate the care and accuracy you put into this second batch of proofs. The only problem is in the titles that were added (by Terry, I imagine) to the untitled sections of THE POET. Some of the tacked-on titles turned out all right but some did not and had to be changed. In only one instance, however, did I delete the whole title and substitute a new one. In the others, I kept the gist of the title and just removed one or two words in it, ^{or added some,} and in one case I replaced the title by a quotation under it.

Since the first batch of proofs, I have sent NPF a number of new, additional poems, indicating where they belong in the mas. I assume they are in the files and that you will deal with them later, but I can't be sure because I never heard that ^{NPF} ~~you~~ received them. One of these is PARALLEL LINES CROSSING IN A MYSTIQUE which I have enclosed and placed in ~~rxw~~ the proper order in this batch of proofs because they belong in THE POET. The others are: MODULES, which belongs in the first batch of proofs between HOW TO BE WITH A ROCK and THE ADVENTURES OF VARESE (p.31 & 32) in the section, ADVENTURES OF THE HEAD; THE OLD POET'S TALE, which also belongs in the first batch of proofs as the last poem in the section, ERE-VOICE, right after THE CODE (p.122); THE NATIVES ARE RESTLESS TONIGHT and A MAN OF UNWAVERING INTEGRITY, which belong in SATYRICON II, in that order, right after the poem beginning "We're holding a place for you (p.359).

Will you kindly tell me whether you have these poems? If not, I'll send you duplicates.

Since there are other untitled sections of poems in my book which is still to be set up, I have gone through it and made up titles for them, so as to be consistent. I have put the instructions on another page.

With best wishes,

Three new additions to my
Collected:

Parallel lines — belongs in ^{the section,} The Poet I,
Homages, after the poem, Letting
the spirit —, which is page 152
~~on~~ in the MSS. This then > p. 153

The Natives belongs in section,
Satyricon II and follows p. beginning
"before holding a place for you, which
is p. 359, in This then > p. 360

A Man of — belongs in the
same section and follows The Natives,
> p. 361.

It's been an awfully long time
since I read proof of the first 100 pages
What's holding up the rest?

What are they going to put
on his headstone:

he was inoffensive

an american citizen

Imp, you.....

Carl Rakosi

A MAN OF UNWAVERING INTEGRITY

What are they going to put
on his headstone:

"He was inoffensive.

He was an American citizen"?

Imp, you have bollixed up
my honorable intentions.

Titles to be Added to Untitled Sections in AMERICANA

1. p.260, poem beginning, "The settler cleaned and loaded....."
add title, SETTLER
2. p.261, poem beginning "Trust me,/ said the steady eyes...."
add title, WAGON BOSS
3. p.263, poem beginning, "One time in Boot Hollow..."
add title, BOOT HOLLOW
4. p.266, poem beginning, "The Lord came in a vision...."
add title, GO PREACH CHRIST
5. p.268, poem beginning, "The indomitable Yankee...."
add title, INDOMITABLE YANKEE
6. p.271, poem beginning, "As it gets on in years...."
add title, THE OLD HOMESTEAD
7. p.275, poem beginning, "The whole town used to gather around...."
add title, ORIGIN OF THE BLUES
8. p.277, poem beginning, "They learned first how to handle a rifle..."
add title, 1924
9. p.283-284, poem beginning, "Your correspondent must be kidding...."
add title, OK
10. p.285, poem beginning, "Everybody wants to/ get into the act..."
add title, SCHNOZZ
- 11/ p.290, poem beginning, "In this country/ the sign....."
add title, COCA COLA SIGN
12. p.296, poem beginning, "Captain Patterson, the folks back home...."
add title, CAPTAIN PATTERSON
13. p.297, poem beginning, "I'll bet you dollars to doughnuts...."
add title, A MUSTACHE DRAWN ON CAPTAIN PATTERSON
14. p.299, poem beginning, "If you're an American....."
add title, SHADES OF BEN FRANKLIN
- 15/p.302, poem beginning, "Nobody can top/ Elvis....."
add title, "I'd like to correspond with someone"
16. p.307, poem beginning, "In the absolute/ birds always sing....."
add title, THE BOTTOM LINE

Titles to Be Added to Untitled Sections of DROLES DE JOURNAL

1. p.309, poem beginning, "The other day/ I was typing...."
add title, AUG. 7, 1972
2. p.310, poem beginning, "I must remember/ to write a poem....."
add title, A POEM IN THE MORNING
3. p. 311, move title over to the left margin
4. p.312, poem beginning, "Every time/ the pregnant mouse....."
add title, ~~XXX~~ DROLES DE POETE
5. p.313, poem beginning, "Get thee/ to a nunnery...."
add title, ORPHEUS
5. p.314, poem beginning, "How many times/ do I...."
add title, NOW TO BE A MOMENT
6. p.316, move title over to the left margin
7. p.319, poem beginning, "If I were/ suddenly....."
add title, OH, SESTINA
8. p.320, poem beginning, "Ma~~n~~/ in Perse....."
~~xxx xxx~~ add title, PERSE
9. p.326, poem beginning, "So much/ depends....."
add title, YES
10. p.327, poem beginning, "The morning/ headline:...."
add title THE NEWS.
Also, in the middle of the poem, the arrow between the words, The and charge just means that charge and obfuscation should be moved to the left to follow ~~XXX~~ The normally.
11. p.337, poem beginning, "The great American....."
add title, IN THE END

Titles To Be Added To Untitled Sections In SATYRICON I and II

1. p. 340, poem beginning, "A toast to man....."
add title, A TOAST TO MAN
2. p.341, poem beginning, "The charisma of Mr. Eliot....."
add title, THE CHARISMA OF MR. ELIOT
3. p. 357 Move title (in a bar) to the left margin
~~xx352~~
4. p.359, poem beginning "We're holding/ a place for you....."
add title, THE PLACE

Titles To Be Added To Untitled Sections In SATYRICON (1924-1939)

1. p.361, poem beginning, "Your second cousin, an obscure....."
add title, THE DANCING GIRLS
2. p.362, move title (accounts of the arena) to the left margin
3. p.363, poem beginning, "Witnessed the atom of the element boron...."
add title, SIGNETS

TITLES TO BE ADDED TO THE POET (1924-1939)

1. p.376, poem beginning "My wants are like the sparrows....."
add title, ORDER
2. p.277, poem beginning, "My house lights thunder....."
add title, AVALOKITESHVARA
3. p.391, poem beginning, "Lay down the book....."
add title, LYRIC MATTERS

17 Aug. 1985

Dear Terry:

I have just returned the second batch of proofs, attention of your production manager, Marie Alpert. The titles that were added to the untitled poems in this batch by someone in the office were mostly satisfactory but a few were not and had to be changed. Not a big deal though. To be consistent, I have, in addition, worked out titles for all of the remaining untitled poems in the book and have sent these along with the proofs. All that work is now done and nobody needs to spend any more time on it.

While I'm about it, could I ask a favor of you? Would you mind re-reading my preface and telling me whether you think it was necessary for me to write one at all in order to explain the plan of the book and why the poems were not arranged chronologically? Isn't that something the reader can do without? What do you think?

Best,

Carl

19 Sept. 1985

Dear Terry:

The new EXQUISITE CORPSE (vol.3, no.9) has a lovely review by Anselm Hollo of my COLLECTED PROSE. If Andre Codrescu hasn't sent you a copy yet, you might want to write him for one. The address is EXQUISITE CORPSE, English Department, Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, Louisiana 70803.

Are We going to see you here in November? If you don't have a place to stay, you could stay with us. Except for a couple of days around Nov. 6th when we'll be away in Santa Barbara we'll be here the rest of the month. Let me know when you would come.

I'm waiting, as patiently as I can, for the next 100 pages of proof.

Best,

28 Sept. 1985

Dear Terry:

All done now, and in good order.

There was a new poem I sent you in July, PARALLEL LINES
CROSSING IN A MYSTIQUE, which I said belongs in the section, THE POET/ I,
Homages, after the poem, ~~xxxxxxx~~ LETTING THE SPIRIT OUT, which I said
was p. 152 in the mss., making this p. 153. Because this batch of proofs
begins after p. 153 I can't tell whether the poem was ~~xx~~ ~~xxx~~ included in
the previous batch. I think it was but I can't remember. Just in case it
was not, Here is ~~xxxxxx~~ another copy.

Haven't decided yet about my FOREWORD. Still thinking.

Best,

8 Oct. 1985

Dear Terry:

I've finally written a new Foreword that I can live with. So out with the old one and in with the new. And full blast ahead, with a hey and a ho, etc.

I know now when in November we'll be gone. We leave on the 4th for Santa Barbara and will be back on the 7th, pm. We'll be able to host you, therefore, if you come up from San Jose.

14 Oct. 1985

Dear Terry?

Yes, I did know that you had applied for NEA help but not that it was specifically for my book. In any case, what I would like to know is when NEA will let you know. And what I have to know is what is the latest date that my book will be published if you don't get the grant. Whatever that date is, I can adjust to it, but I must know what it is.

As I wrote, I'll be out of town during most of the Conference. Won't be back until the 8th. If at that time you see your way to spending a little time together during the 8th or 9th, or after, call me from where you'll be staying. My number is 415-566-3425.

In the meantime, enclosed is my check for ORIGIN.

Best,

Carroll F. Terrell
of Nat'l Poetry Foundation

6 July 1987

Dear Terry:

Just heard that the Minneapolis Star and Tribune would like to review my COLLECTED, so would you please have the office mail a review copy right away, ~~as~~ while the interest is still warm, to Dave Woods, Book Review editor, Minneapolis Star and Tribune, 425 Portland Ave., Minneapolis, MN 55488.

Had a great time at Naropa Institute... the best reading I ever gave, just the right combination of of poems and audience (packed to the walls) and the right internal feelings in me ...not likely to happen again! (a video tape is available from Naropa). Lots of books were sold too. For my two lectures, which were essentially extensions of a logg interview which George Evans and August Kleinzahler had with me last year and which is coming out in the next issue of CONJUNCTIONS, Ann Waldman introduced me as a national treasure (I should perhaps have put quotation marks around that); and Allen Ginsberg, introducing me at ~~me~~ at my reading, used the same term, adding that unbeknown to me, I was really a Zen Master, to which I responded by thanking him for promoting me to such a high station. So you see how it went. ~~It was a great experience.~~

I'll get back to normal one of these days.

Tell me, how have the COLLECTEDs been selling? Are they beginning to pay for themselves?

Best,

CARL RAKOSI: COLLECTED PROSE

This collection is being issued by the National Poetry Foundation here and Johnston Green & Co. in Scotland (for the European and Commonwealth markets excluding Canada) in honor of Carl's 75th birthday in November.

!!!!!! PRE-PUBLICATION OFFER !!!!!

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The National Poetry Foundation
RAKOSI ORDERS
305 English/Math Building
The University of Maine at Orono
Orono, Maine 04469

The Poet, I, - Homages
1971-1975

The Poet, II, 1971-1979

The Poet, III, 1971-1979

The Poet, IV (1924-1939)

The City, 1975-1980, except for
The City, 1925.

Two letters from Phyllis Thompson and two poems.
In the letter of Sept. 29th she is referring to her
having opened a letter from me to Octavia Locke,
a nooklist friend of mine, which yaddo by mistake
had sent to Phyllis' address instead of to Octavia's.

Carl Rakosi

126 Irving St.

San Francisco, CA 94122

25 March 1988

Dear Charles:

Tom Leason

Bristol was in the news the other day. It seems that a group of students at the University proposed to stage a performance of group sex (my head jerked to attention), the proceeds to go to worthwhile charities. Admission, 4.50 a head. Well, you can imagine how quickly the beneficiary organizations ran for cover. Refused to accept one penny from the proceeds, I understand. And the girls? They couldn't get a single ~~one~~^{one} to cooperate with them. Tss, tss! Not the Bristol, dignified and historic, that Leah and I remember fondly, thanks to you and Roger Vlitos, that very sympatico young man.

Your letter gives me the occasion to tell you how much I was touched by your book, SOME AMERICANS. So carefully done and so tender...and poignant. Lovely! Exactly the thing to do with memory.

Leah and I had hoped to visit old friends in England this fall but she has been in the grip of cancer for the last two years and lacks the energy for ~~the~~ an overseas trip. As Marie Sirkin, Reznikoff's wife, said when I invited her to visit us from her home in southern California, "My days of travel are over, I'm afraid." Total resignation and a self-mocking little laugh. As they say in Polish: "Shakrefti bogar!" (Pig's blood, I understand. I don't know any Polish but I used to hear this as a boy in Kenosha, Wisconsin, and as it was uttered there, it was a terrible curse).

Love,

17 August 1988

Dear Tony:

Thanks for the additional copies of The Newsletter. About a review for my two Collectedsthe most knowledgeable reviewing I've seen in The Newsletter recently has been by Jeel Lewis. I have no idea whether he'd be interested in reviewing me but if he would, I'd go for him. Others I can think of, only because I know they have a high regard for my work, are Anne Waldman, Joel Oppenheimer, Ron Padgett, Steve Levine, Michael Scholnick, Gary Lenhart & Bob Holman. If any of them would want to do it and don't already have my COLLECTED POEMS and my COLLECTED PROSE, let me know and I'll see that copies ~~will~~ go out to him/her. The same goes, of course, for anyone you suggest.

Cordially,

Tranter (Australian poet)

6 Aug. 1985

*his new book
of poems*

Dear John:

Thank you for Dazed In The Ladies Lounge. It had me running and laughing all the way. How do you do it and still stay on track?

Congratulations! and come again soon.

Tranter
26 July 1988

Dear John:

Of course I'll do the interview. Glad to do it, in fact. Something different. August had already broached the subject to me. So if we're lucky and in good form, we may turn out something lively....on that unknown October day. The remuneration will be.....?

Cheering prospect of you being here again next Spring.

Affectionately,

23 Aug. 1984

Dear Gael:

Of course I remember you, very well. George Evans had said you were coming and I was delighted to have you confirm it. If you don't have anyone to stay with in San Francisco, Leah and I could put you up here. So let me know. If there's time and you'd like that, I'll try to get some writers together for you to meet. You can reach us at 415-566-3425.

All the best,

29 Nov. 1984

Tuesdall
Dear Gael:

About your book, it's like plunging naked into a stream, the real world. Of what I've read, I like best, AFTER CATULLUS, THEY HAVE TAKEN, A MEAGRE SONG, LAKE, CIGOLANDO, and RIEL (though I don't understand the references). In addition, DAFT ABOUT is ^a charming little poem, nicely turned and altogether suitable to set to music. I had a funny experience reading THIGHS GRIPPING. I thought you were describing a woman in coitus, until the last two lines. Did you intend that effect? I felt exhilarated too by the free-ranging variety of the two RESIDUES poems, and interested in the great variety of voices and styles in the book as a whole, and haunted by some of your very short lines. And it's refreshing to see that you're not afraid to be colloquial and perfectly clear.

Nicholson's poem, NOBBUT GOD, captivated me too....the great power of idiom. I can't wait to read his other poems in the little volume you're sending me. If they're as good, I'd like to ^{write} ~~send~~ him a note of appreciation.

Robert Vas Dias wrote me recently that he was amazed that Americans could fall for such an empty-headed leader as Reagan, but it is not at all amazing. The fact is that national elections here are decided by a man's public image on the media....in other words by Madison Avenue (and an obliging press) and the money to pay for Madison Avenue, and in these Reagan had it all his way. In addition, this proved once ~~for~~ and for all that being bankrolled and endorsed by Big Labor was the kiss of death. Perhaps too Reagan was just what the doctor ordered for an electorate that was craving for simple, definite answers to insoluble problems. What we are fearing now, after the election, is not nuclear war but the packing of the Supreme Court by legal pirates, and the irreversible ^{despoiling} ~~despoiling~~ of the environment. Ruckelshaus has just resigned as head of the Environmental Protection Agency. He was our only Republican hope. Nature now waits, trembling.

Keep in touch, and all our best to you and Jill.

Carl

7 July 1985

Dear Gael:

Hugs for the little anthology. All that trouble on your part. Super! I read your favorites with great relish and delight, esp. FISHING, ALBUM & H'M, which I may include in a reading I'll be giving here on Aug. 6th of Objectivist poetry. Not that he's an Objectivist, but he shares with us some objectives: to get a firmer grip on language and free it from its standardization by the educated, which in England, I understand, is more pervasive and pernicious than here; to get a firmer grip on reality, reality in its essence; to be tough & compact. Why he did ~~that~~ this is not because he was influenced by us but because, being roughly in the same generation, he was responding to similar forces in the environment and culture of that time. I am grateful to you for bringing him to my attention. Can you recommend any bookstores in England that might have his work and that I could write to?

Nicholson is really not in the same class. NOBBUT GOD, for instance opens robustly....oh so robustly...and with a certain amount of magnificence. One is all ears and waits breathlessly for what is to follow. What comes next is a disastrous let-down: quite ordinary nature description. Then in the fifth stanza interest begins to mount again as he breaks loose from that, and he ends with a bang in the last stanza, as he gets back to his Yorkshire dialect. So the power, one concludes, came from that and from the original power of GENESIS. The other poems I found too Wordsworthian for me; too much nature description to keep my interest. But no doubt a better nature poet than most others.

And thanks for the two photos, but who is that man in baggy pants and perennial cap, listening with all his might as you advise him (sagely, we hope), with hand on his shoulder, about something or other? Not the same man, is it, that's surveying the city from a high balcony as if he were straddling its meaning? So nice to have.

I know exactly what you mean about SAGETRIEB. Do you get SULFUR or CONJUNCTIONS?

Love to you both from us,

Carl Rakosi 126 Irving St. (note new address) 26 Feb.1988

Dear Gael: *Turnbull*

How perceptive and good you are in your response to the COLLECTED POEMS. In your candor you and I are cut from the same cloth. And I believe we're on the same journey. Comrade!

It seems to me your own writing, judging by your last book, A WINTER JOURNEY, keeps getting better and better; bolder and surer, for one thing. The most accurate association that comes to my mind is, "ripeness is all." What a (literary) ball I predict for you when you hang up your stethoscope in 1989!

I don't know whether I told you that Leah has lymphoma. For two years now I haven't been able to think about much else. Recently there's been a set-back and she's had to go back to chemotherapy. Notwithstanding, we're planning on a two-week visit to England (with my daughter and son-in-law) in late September. We may be lucky: she may have the energy for it, who knows? If you're a praying man, pray for her.

Love,

20 Sept. 1984

VanDine
Dear Robert:

You may want to use my recollections of Oppen's last days for NINTH DECADE.

Leah and I continue to confound statistics and remain in functioning order, but it is pure luck or providence or genes. How about you and your family?

My COLLECTED PROSE should be available in England now but whether it is or not, I don't know. Or isshould say, I rather doubt that it is because the publisher, The National Poetry Foundation at the University of Maine, is well-meaning but totally lacking in marketing aptitude and know-how. They're also bringing out my COLLECTED POETRY next year.

The race for the presidency here is being decided by the media....i.e., public image, which the media itself creates and then pretends it is merely reporting it, reports of opinion polls, press attitudes, selectivity, etc. I'm afraid we're looking at what it will be from now on.

Affectionately,

5/16/82

Waldman
Dear Anne:

Just learned that you and Ron Padgett were the editors for Full Court Press. Would the press be interested, you think, in publishing a collection of my small prose pieces entitled LITTLE MEDITATIONS, ETC.? About 90 typewritten pages.

Must mention, before I forget, that in my talk at Stevens the other day I used your little poem, GIRLS, to illustrate one of the differences between prose and poetry, that poetry leaves some things unsaid and thereby forces the reader to fill it in with his (the reader's) imagination, and that this "incompletion" ^{which} would be a defect and a frustration in prose, is one of the pleasures of poetry. GIRLS could show this in an elementary way.

Ed Foster just made it to Kennedy in time but there were some hair-raising (not hare-raising; no hares in Brooklyn, alas) moments on the way, what with a late start because his car wasn't available, the murderous Friday late-afternoon traffic, a stalled car in a two-lane tunnel. Arrived finally at Kennedy, Ed looked at his watch and exhaled, "We'll make it." But then around and around and around we went, trying to find the American terminal, and I thinking, "We might not make it after all." We did, but no thanks to the confusing posted signs.

Let me know if there's anything I could do for you in connection with your coming here in the fall to New College. And bump heads (ever so lightly) for me with Ambrose.

Annie's baby

Waldman
Hollo
25 Jan. 1986

Dear Anne:

How sweet of you to send me your
new book=with Anselm, that Mercury of couriers.
It is, as I expected, a book of surprises and new thing
things....the kind that keeps us young. Bravo!

Love,

24 October 1987

Waldman

Dear Anne:

If the videos of my reading and lectures are ready now, could you please send me three copies (two for my son and daughter, one for me)? They weren't ready at the time Jackie sent me the audio tapes and the other goodies.

My last visit to Boulder was the best. It glows in my mind when I think of it.

Affectionately,

Carl

Dear Dick:

*R.B. Webster
author of Poems from the
Xenia Hotel*

1/5/82

*Met him at Yaddo
where we shared
adjoining cottages*
CRJ

I received your plea for help from the Black Hole School of Poethnicks. Tell me, is this in any way related to the Naropa Institute of Disembodied Crappola where I once served a brief term as a born-again lecturer? While you're pondering this, I'll slip you the information: the fella you're looking for is Bob Holman, The Poetry Project at St. Mark's Church, 22d Ave. & 10th St., NYC 10003 (212/674-0910). I have no need to give readings but Holman visited me a few months ago & was so sincerely interested in having me read at St. Mark's that I agreed on condition that he get me enough readings in the area to cover my travel fare, lodgings & a little left over, which he has about as much chance of doing, in my opinion, as the goddamned poor have of getting a bonus from Reagan, but I thought it only fair to let him try.

*He did get me enough
readings*
CRJ

Since your XENIA belongs to ^a different genre, the genre of fun and High jinks, with which, as you know, I am on intimate terms, I can turn to it with whole-hearted pleasure (and thanks); as I do also to your tender inscription.

Affectionately,

CRJ

4/26/83

Dear Dick:

Sure, we'll be here early in July and will be able to put you and Olga up....but not on a rug. A "small, quiet dog" will be acceptable too, but I don't know about a grey one. How grey?

Michael Heller and his wife will be visiting us too but he spoke about coming in late summer, so I hope there won't be a conflict.

I doubt whether I can get you a reading but X) I'll ask in the one place where I have a bit of a connection, New College.

See you soon,

Carl

*R.B. Webster
at Southampton College
Long Island*

23 Jan. 1985

Dear Dick:

Last time you almost made it to San Francisco. This time I intend to make it to New York. I have a lecture to give there on May 13th at NYU and a reading at St. Mark's on May 15th and probably one at the 63d St. YMCA on May 17th. Can you come in to town to say hello? Or if Southampton has the funds, I could go out there in between for a reading on the 14th or the 16th, but only if this can be arranged without much sweat to you.

Whichever, I'm saving my talk until then.

Carl Rakosi 128 Irving Street

San Francisco, CA 94122

9.26.81

Weinberger

Dear Eliot:

Montemora 8 up to the best. Of particular interest to me, not only because of Michael Heller's article on me but also for the Mina Loy and the Pound-Zukofsky correspondence, the latter coming at just the time when I was in heavy correspondence myself with Z but unaware of what was going into his letters to Pound. In which connection, send me Barry Ahearn's address, will you? I'd like to tell him a few things that he may find useful in his editing.

Any chance of getting reprints of *Michael Heller*'s article (at my ~~ex~~ expense)? In any case, I'd appreciate another copy of Montemora 8.

Heller's article was on my work.
OK

Best,

Carl

The letters of Theodore Weiss are interesting as examples of his criteria for judging poetry and also because I found them helpful ~~in~~ at a time when I was trying to get myself back into writing shape after a very long absence from all writing.

"The noble, fascinating undertaking" in the letter of Jan. 25, 1967 refers to "Four Characters and a Place in the Merchant of Venice" (in Amulet). The letter made me delete a long middle section. In the May 19, 1967 letter, he comments on the revised poem.

"On Pax Americana from our present Pax Americana" refers to "As the young people have discovered, it (the mind) can also make a Pax Americana out of genitals and meditation" in my poem, "Discoveries, Trade Names, Genitals and Ancient Instruments".

In the 12/18/69 letter, his "hornpiped holiday" refers greeting refers to my poem, "The Old Man's Hornpipe."

Carl Rakosi

Wick / Inland Book Co. —
distributor
7 April 1984

Dear David:

I heard with great pleasure ~~xxxx~~ from Terrell some time back that you would be handling my new book, COLLECTED PROSE. He has not answered my letters, however, since February, so I don't know what's going on. Are the books going out as you would expect or is he hampering you by not doing some things he should be doing? I've been embarrassed by friends asking where the book can be bought and not being able to answer. Where, for example, can it be bought in the Bay area? in the Twin Cities? in Milwaukee? (there the Woodland Pattern, which handles the whole Paideuma-NPF line, had never heard of the book). So I'm concerned. With re to book reviews, too, I have a horrible suspicion that something the matter with him that will prevent him from sending the book out for review to newspapers where I've already prepared the ground and all he has to do is send the book. Can you shed any light?

It was such fun seeing you in New York last time, but you are so far away!

Love from Leah and me to both of you.

2 May 1984

the following...
w/2K
Dear David:

Emma, fatherhood, motherhood, what delightful news! I have not forgotten how captivating a baby is and what a willing captive one is all at once, without giving a moment's thought to it. Leah and I can only beam at all of you from this distance. As for seeing you again, it may be possible next Spring. I have a reading coming up at Chicago Art Institute late in April, and if I can get some goodx readings in the New York area other than at St. Mark's, Leah and I could manage ~~xx~~ the trip financially and would go.

Now for Terrell. The enclosed to him, which I sent off yesterday, speaks for itself. But I have a sick feeling that we're dealing with an essentially flakey, non-integrated personality and that appeals to reason may just slip past him, but let's wait and see. His answer, or non-answer, will tell. The few letters I've had from him have not been irrational or flakey, so maybe the problem is what I say it is in my P.S.

At the moment I am really in despair because I feel helpless. So far I've arranged for book reviews in The Baltimore Sun, Sulfur, Equisite Corpse, the Minneapolis Tribune, and ~~xxxx~~ either Chicago magazine or the Chicago Reader, and have made an entree for him to the N.Y. Times, and given him a number of leads. To my knowledge, he hasn't done anything except send out the NPF catalogue. I can't even be sure that he's sent out review copies to where I've opened the way for him. My despair comes from not hearing from him and knowing what's going on. I feel as if I'm in a Pound mausoleum where everybody is gone.

It was despair that made me turn to him in the first place. New Directions had turned down my COLLECTED POEMS because Laughlin didn't think the book had enough sales potential. The University of California and North Point Press turned it down because my New Directions and Black Sparrow books were still available for purchase. Black Sparrow was interested in doing a 150 page Selected Poems but not a 400 page Collected (he's financially cautious, and I can't blame him). I then tried the commercial publishers....no go....and a few other small presses....no funds. That's when I turned to Terrell. But I'd give anything to be able to escape to another publisher (we have no contract with my Collected Poems).

A couple of questions. 1. Which distributor would you recommend for the far West? 2. Going on the assumption that that if I want my book reviewed or to get any printed notice, I'm going to have to set it up for Terrell,

the following occur to me: Accent, Kirkus Review, Publisher's Weekly, Library Journal, ALA Booklist (is this the same as Booklist?). Are there particular individuals in these places to whom review copies should be sent? And do you happen to have their addresses handy (if not, I can get them from Information at our public library). 3. Gnomon Press would like to publish my Americana poems as a separate w book. I feel silly asking the question because my ~~xx~~ common sense thinks it knows the answer, but let's say both Jonathan Greene and Terrell could agree that it was alright, should I go ahead and do it or would publishing both the same year (my Collected Poems are scheduled for the fall of 1985) be bad for both?

Well, you see what that mother-fucker has me worrying ^{about} ~~xxxx~~ and laboring over. All however has not been dismal. Andrei Codrescu's glowing acknowledgment in The Baltimore Sun of my little English book was a heart-warmer. He's the one who will review my Prose in the same paper, and Anselm Hollo said he would do it in Exquisite Corpse. Sorry I don't have a copy of the Prose to send you personally but I don't have any because ^{Terrell} ~~he~~ never sent me ^{the} books I asked for.

A final thought: you worked in Washington. What's the best way to get a review in the Washington Post Bookworld?

I'm ashamed to use an old friend in this way, but I hope you understand.

Love,
Cock

27 June 1984

Wick
Dear David:

You didn't say anything about Terrell's reducing the price of my book from 12.95 and 20.00 to 7.95 and 12.95. He said he was going to do it and was apologetic about his reason for the original price. If he hasn't done it, let me know and I'll get back to him.

That would be a miracle if Yale were interested in a reading by me. If you bring that off, I promise to get you the Brooklyn Bridge. Also, I wrote Kathryn Anderson at Norton, as you suggested, but that too, for commercial reasons, is, I'm afraid, on the order of the Brooklyn Bridge.

Leah and I were back in Minneapolis for a visit in June and had lunch with Jonis and Al Greenberg and his new girl friend, again a young Macalester student, who in physical make-up, coloring, hair, build, etc. looks remarkably like his deceased wife, to whom he had been so attached but who had been a pill to everyone else. He had the same adoring attitude towards this young girl, looking brightly at her whenever she spoke, as if he knew ~~xxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxx~~ what we couldn't know, her solid value, and expected that any minute something exceptional and delightful would come from her. And, in fact, he looks ten years younger and was decked out in expensive, rather jaunty clothes. With the death of his father, I think Al came into an inheritance and was on his way to his cabin on the North Shore where he spends the summer. Jonis spoke in a most friendly way about you and your new family with not a trace that I could detect of bitterness or resentment, so maybe she's worked it out.....pretty well.

I don't have anything for TNT right now but I may later, I may. Do you have in mind the kind of hell that's raised in EXQUISITE CORPSE or something different? Which reminds me that its editor, Andrei Codrescu, gave my little English book a loving review in The Baltimore Sun, where he runs a regular column, and will follow that with a review of my prose book.

It sounds, David, as if Laura and Emma came neither too late nor too early in your life. And if I can get a few readings on the East Coast, I'll certainly want to see all of you. Hugs to Maureen and love from Leah & me.

9 April 1984

nick
Dear David:

Things are looking up. The Enclosed just came in the mail. Can you use it in some way for sales promotion?

*André Codrescu's book
review of Spiritus, I
in the Baltimore Sun*

Don't pass it on to Terrell just yet.
I'll send him a copy in due time.

1 Nov. 1984

Dear David:

Enclosed is a check for a copy of THE
ROMAN SONNETS, G.G. Belli, tr. by Harold Norse.

If all goes well, Leah and I will be coming
into N.Y. for a visit (I for a reading or two) some-
time in May and then maybe we'll be able to see you
and that remarkable baby of yours.

I continue to have infuriating problems with
my publisher, as you would expect. The Terrell curse!
Any action on sales at least?

Love,

*Paul Essler Books.
Membrane*

28 July 1985

Young:

Dear Karl [REDACTED]

How nice of you to send me Ted's book, and generous to offer me the run of the catalog. Let me see if I can curb my greed and select just a few:

1. Shannon's EACH SOUL IS WHERE IT WISHES TO BE or W: TUNGSTEN
2. Your CRIED & MEASURED or SHOULD SUN FOREVER SHINE.
3. Toby Olson's CHANGING APPEARANCES
4. David Meltzer's THE RABBI'S DREAM BOOK... if and when.

This gives me the opportunity to tell you what a strong impression your piece about me for the announcement of my reading made on me. How accurately you understand my spirit! Extraordinary. Thanks, companero.

*And best,
Carl*

11 Sept. 1985

Young
Dear Karl:

You sent me a largess, a cornucopia. The two Toby Olsons bring out strong and earthy, large in dimension; the Shannon, very high quality, elegant ~~and~~ concision, fine musical ear; the Clark (is he the English poet? does he live here now?) shows a mastery of free metaphor, delightful; your own CRIED AND MEASURED, gives the heavy feel of THE OLD TESTAMENT and of the written documents of those times, and more than feel, presence and character, as if the people with those names looked and acted and talked the way their names sounded and the way the words sounded on the papyrus (not unlike the way Reznikoff's TESTIMONY works). On the other hand, your TO DREAM/KALAPUYA I find myself unable to relate to, perhaps because chance, which made the poems, is so outside the human consciousness that it is not possible, for me at least, to react.

Thanks much,

and stay well,

Carl

P.S. Incidentally, my name at birth was also Karl (Karoly in Hungarian), as I was born in Berlin and that is how it appears on my birth certificate, but I never really heard that as my parents called me by my Hungarian name and when I came to this country at the age of six, somebody must have started to spell it with a C, which suited me fine, as the K sounded too harsh.

Books referred to:

Thomas A. Clark: Vagrant Definitions
John Kingsley Shannon: W/Tungsten
Toby Olson: Changing Appearance
Toby Olson: House

18 Jan. 1986

Young
Dear Karl:

Your ANGLO-SAXON RIDDLE has a great ring to it. I can see those beautiful and noble horses! You bet. I couldn't have asked for a more moving New Year's greeting. Thank you. And all the best to you too

for 1986,

Carl

18 Aug. 1986

Dear Karl:

What you called your "little doodad" came just before I learned that my wife Leah has cancer of the lymph glands and we were ~~xxx~~ absent from everything else for months. Then I had prostate surgery. Hence the delay in answering your February letter.

To answer it now, I'm sure developments in technology are going to change the appearance and, I suppose, the content of books in the future but not so quickly, I hope, as to wipe out our present pleasant associations with a handsome book before we've had a chance to form satisfying new ones. In any case, the format you sent me seems appropriate for your short poems, and would be also for Corman and Creeley.

Best,

5 Nov. 1986

Young
Dear Karl:

Sorry to be ^{so} slow to acknowledge and
thank you for Ted's book but Leah's cancer has
had, and has, me in thrall. Can't do much else
these days.

Carl

12 June 1987

Young
Dear Karl:

Thanks so much for your honest little book of honest observations and experiences and the quiet and magic that go with that.

All the best,

Carl

*Days + Years by
Karl Young*

Q2
345018
MINNEN
ONION SKIN
USA
BERKSHIRE
2-4 COTTON

The events leading up to this letter from Marya Zaturenska (former Pulitzer Prize winner) are as follows. I had known Marya rather well when we were both students at the University of Wisconsin in the 1920s, and her future husband, Horace Gregory, too, but not so well. Although we had some common friends, like Kenneth Fearing and Zona Dale, I thought him rather stuffy and pseudo-ish, and we never really became friends. Marya and I met again at Yaddo last summer, after not seeing each other for some forty years, and again became friends. She told me of her endless, deadly labor taking care of Horace (he is paralyzed and confined to his bed and wheel chair) when she herself was critically ill and of how much he loved to receive new books of poetry; so I offered to send him ^{my} Amulet (Ere-Voice would not be out until October) and she was delighted. Next, I received a curt note of acknowledgment from Horace, demolishing Amulet. ~~_____~~ Whereupon I blew my cool and wrote back to tell him that I had sent him the book only out of compassion for his physical disability and as a favor to Marya, which was the truth, and in any case, would never have sought out his opinion of the book; I had never had that kind of respect for him, as he well knew. This is the letter Marya says she destroyed. I assume Horace never saw it. She is very protective of him.

Carl Rakosi