THE COSMIC CHEF:
AN EVENING OF CONCRETE

BPNICHOL, ED.

Visual Writing 004
ubu editions
2011
THE COSMIC CHEF
GLEE & PERLOO
MEMORIAL SOCIETY
UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
CAPTAIN POETRY
PRESETS.
This anthology is lovingly dedicated to...

WALT KELLY
WINSOR McKAY
CHESTER GOULD
GEORGE HERRIMAN
CLIFF STERRETT.
The most difficult part about typing is getting the paper in straight.
### Evolution of Letters Chart

<table>
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<th>Old Greek</th>
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"He told Quatta to stop" (p. 108)
Tues. Aug. 19/69. - 1:30 or so - space out remarks between periods. Rained last night. Goldfinch, l. hand dead tree - same tree toad in fallen apple - blue jay flying? - e. to south w. Some kind of sparrow? From l. hand dead tree into bushes - w. of it. The sky at the zenith is fantastic - 2 passenger jets going west, one way up - invisible without the glasses - a swallow underneath. Retarded boy sneaking around - now I can hear the jets. Are there any jays around? Have I seen a couple - including the one that flew past? Black and white bird to l. hand dead tree, bushes behind r. hand dead tree, on flats - flies like a finch.


star fish
fish star
THE LAST SLICE : 2 days before

once you got up but i pushd it this floor glazed the melting have you ever she summoned the new hostess dressed in screen bought that with more than was ever the blue barrel lifting double wrapped she cried but the players went on a pace to place further riches markd out no erasure in this one bless out of order carry

if its what you way then run over the nearest clear the stake it should flow but action who took the moment another on this he is serious

second

more into the point that got passd the board this hearing is not adjourn all holds 2 be checkd at the foremost slight falling behind i crashd our motion isnt mated the bottle range at the door sure the fire wont be sitting must

safely

what the security didnt see revisions in the step or dotted mill mine tenderly all this she stoppd the train welld wide under the sharpened a gliding shore might always

there

see if mines closely ever sinking fifth place hear the relate cast swimming in the bells feel softer rising full the below

later in the old barn the sun did test the table but this act has passd
O POPE LEO!
PEOPLE POLL PEOPLE!
PEOPLE POLE PEOPLE!
LO PEOPLE!

PEEL, POLE PEOPLE,
O PEEP,
LEEP, EEL PEOPLE,
LOP PEOPLE,
LOLL,
POOL LOOP - PLOP!
POLO PER - POOP!

OLE!!
FINIS......
SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE
PENCE
PENCE
PENCE
PENCE
PENCE
PENCE
PENCE
PENCE
pense
pense
pense
je pense
je pense
je pense

JE ME PROMENE
WORM 虫

子 Son/Sun

仁子 = seed or nut

口 mouth/way

woman  woman

daughter
Flower spray
flower skull
bullet skull

silver head
silver spray
head flower
spray flower
spray silver
skull flower

skull bullet
skull silver
spray bullet
head spray
spray head

spray skull
skull spray
flower bullet
flower silver

bullet flower
bullet silver
silver bullet
silver flower

Silver skull
silk skull

silver skull
saliva skull

silver skull
silver skill

silver skull
silver kill

silver skull
silver lick

silver skull
silver kiss
Plant a Chestnut

FOR BONNIE

MOUTH MOAN ALONE ONLY EYES LIDS LIPS ECLIPSE SLIDED Past LAST MOON Over VANCOUVER

MOUTH MOON
TIME OUT/ for the moon to fill out. read a dictionary. I could fill the room. with attention. I could fill the cup right. from the
radio. my ship. little device without wheels. old french devis intention, will. devise emblem, design. devisor divide, distinguish, contrive. latin dividere, dis apart & videre see. the speed of light shuffle down the hall carpet & make adams holes spark on the elevator button panel. yesterday I waited. watch wake. 6:30 half past 7. she'd skipped & that left me. timeless. losing place in the book. weightless. the watch. the wake. on ship. as friend. ship. shape anglosaxon scieppan. scop anglosaxon poet. old scots poet makar make. anglosaxo maka companion. match mate meat mess mass missal missile messenger. latin mittere to send. transmitter in my tooth.

well do I speak truth. sanskrit dārūna hard. dāru wood. more at tree. or else the department of transport will take away my poetic licence.
earth song
NERVISPRING

Unthirsty asputi
fallspring ego
wole canmelti sno

woldenmen blown
snottispitti slop

nervispring assing
ano adieu ago

getmi tefus wet
enmudsno misho 0
full lip art

metaphor agolddn
asshole shodo
Semantic chaos equals moral anarchy
Some antique whores seek all; smear I'll enter by
Some aunt hawkeyes sex ill; swear you'll in her lie
Sham yawn, talking voice tricks more guys into vice
Shame, yours, stalks king; boys look more pliant for vice
Seamus shacks willing; boy stuck mare trying for vice
Semitic fakes killing, ploy crutch; whore lies in sure poise
Semitic kikes squeal on goy; much more preys on small guys
See men kick arse; oh, seek all normal anus dry
Semen thick sauce hoses tall formal dame high
Semantic chaos equals moral anarchy
magic. It never did rain. yet, someone is awake. You are near in a white room in my eye. You are in the room of my mind, until Christmas.

he fix sleep is for the eyes. 5. NOON VEOR. Yours. Meet the shells in my wanderings. I will write your poems for you. All. And I drink my. The original colour. JANUARY 1, 1964. It is so light. You in the hidden edge of wood. You in the hidden edge of wood. I to walk back alone. 10. ACCEPT THESE INTIMATIONS.

A. THE TOUCH. the resolution even. the light. 21. LEGACY. Sleep with me. It is a matter of time. Your touch is for you. What day is. As I come up to my gate. In a vigil who keeps me up at night. It's the wax that burns. They hear a man's heart from his chest. Surely another tradition. My boots are minute scarred. Say the words, quietly. 12. STRANGER. Find your hand. I am a hammer. I am a hand. I am the finger-tip. now you know. Christmas. Notice for yourself. day I would like to play a game. 18. THE WHITE GODDESS. 14. POEM ON A FOLDED POSTCARD.

3. THE FACE. Montreal. John. Do not believe. 15. COFFEE BREAK. They set off the noon artillery at the quarry. the shadow moving under the mountain. 16. HOLDING HANDS. 11. CANDLE. I am a small, shifting. I am a maker. Kitsilano two were on the windowsill. 3. THE FACE. & the morning. Not a symbol. 19. THE GAMES. Making it a statement. I have done, will then. that red table did not wait to do up. I stand alone at the corner. I am another colour. 4. I do not understand. I am seven colours in the light. is not the servant that I am. I am not anything else that it is to be. 14. POEM ON A FOLDED POSTCARD. We go flapping your. 7. FLY. The statement—this. And glancing.

John carries the poems folded. I wear buttons. balance. Susan. I am a foot. I remember the agility of his eyestalk.

13. COFFEE BREAK. Look to the lot. and the ventilator. for a warm dry foot with a short reaction. my melancholy. The sea dissipates. It is friendly. 18. THE WHITE GODDESS. punctuation. May his delicate brethren multiply. (You). There is a man. blind light stretching. I am a line of fencing. 21. LEGACY. On the footpaths. on its own. in exile. take it. (Not at all an old Llama in Himalayan vertigo). The glow of the fat burning in the loose rubbish. Copyright 1964. Gerry Gilbert. this is home. Making mountains. I am on eye. I am skin. I have been looking. 23. THE MAN IN THE VALLEY. of affection. (John). It was necessary. 17. THE ALTAR. smoking a cigarette coffee. more real in the blood. I am blood. I am. But all the same they seem. the coloured flags. my eyes become accustomed. in the bus. One man set a record. She drinks her. to myself. your mother is a map. too. painting it. what to stop smoking. with one line. Then the words I found there. of us.

is a simple. simple. it's been hot. my companion by the fire. the cool. he has to play Table. it is. I do not care to say. Quebec. in the mirror. 16. HOLDING HANDS. not subject light. each other. That Red. this morning one was floating in milk. take as well. This is the holding tender. that you. 9. THE GAMES. Who can tell you. 19. THE RAINING. new chemicals kill them in millions.

DO. I am a ball. touched to bring down. you are safe to whatever else. I was doing. fading and shining. I cover the eyes. That. as well as the mountain after you. My father. Suffering Mankind. instinctively I selected a finger. and undo. is warmer.

And the touch of his weak skin which belief is again possessing. 1. write your poems for you. are my love. 10. THE WALK. it is the watching. the day. 7. FLY. I have lit a candle. 13. THE WALK. it is the watching. the day.
The belief in the Red Table, the gift, it was a gift!

TAMSIN, BORN 7:10 A.M. I come to my children and said

10. ACCEPT THESE INTIMATIONS I will fall on you 3. When a small boy at the salute It is no consolation.

The waves rest and gather again. Jeremy can balance her, my girl. and you. big eyes. own.

I guess love singing as a matter and it's all I could ask for. Home coming home at dawn rises to the mind. I am wet, pissing, I am a thief.

(What a wonderful morning in his billboard but I quit killing. TAMSIN, BORN 7:10 A.M. to be. She is my sister.

12. STRANGER when we could clean a space doing it all. She looked in my eyes and said.

Your voice, repeating after me.

I am a back, a bone, a keel, a swimmer. Bald, my hair is dancing. Finding the rocks. On the great stone holding the gate I have the warm.

What is not a table should die. When you were born.

All was. The doctor's white coat was. The grass the girl a place to be said don't fall on me. I dance, I am a brain burning, I am a back bone.

THE VIGIL. I am a hole, I am thin. and beautiful.

Hate proud people using it was light opened, yelling in this house, you are. The man and man sitting beside.

2. THE MARRIAGE AND THE MAPLE TREE the most ordinary thing in the world. They carry germs.

I do not dream growing out of your nose. My image, my imagination, made in my interest to draw the wind, to run.

Listen to it.

Out my eyes, who are those what will happen next? The WALK. Counter the book review which we have always done it was easy. you are.

It depends on my mood. I am a cock, fighting. It is fasting. A singing maple tree.

I am a dance. I am a dream. I am a bed.

I float. I dream. I am settled.

5. THE RAINING. I am the same. And the boulders roll and crumble. To questioning the world. I was shown. a man lives one life. I heard.

7 years. I am the rhythm. I am the pain. I am the present. I am TAMSIN even the sparrow seen falling. In itself. I am a hollow, going.

Dance to me. Lovely. Sing slowly with the heart beating what happens and the removed the boudoir.

The edges and hollows. Here are hopes to have succeeded. to me to have succeeded under the chair. the definition. in us. I saw.

Dreaming & friends. Vancouver. Canada. to take notice. I am the first sighted. I am the symmetry of teeth.

17. THE ALTAR.

In Tibet to be the Dalai Lama. Prayed to finish. He is in you. Avocado to Mont. not! I tried. I did not believe. you are. what I

What day is not Christmas. eats them like peanuts. a story.

Child: That Red Table. my mother. & Paper. is not thicker than

How is the face painted to you. Coming and going to and from them.

7. not the rest that we look at. Wish it anyway.

Cold snow in his crisp sheets. shining with your mother's blood. what. We shall be. Slowly everywhere. to do what I must in case

Has her I thought time. But apparently nothing is hidden. I believe in the red table.

Drowned in the tasks of rolling rain water

Sleeping. Permits sleep. business is singing.

21. LEGACY. has happened. Speak.

4. PORTHEMEO. the original colour of paint

and take dinny and dance slowly on purpose.

8. THE TOUCH. THE PINWHEEL. PRESS.

My own, Rule of Thumb. a shallow ashtray in the wind. We'll get every last one of them.

The marriage & the maple tree. I am seven colours in the dark. Life. the dream. and every Chinese child has a sweater.

Past a smile on the face of Buddha. It is a broken silence. Statue. In all places.

The red leaves are coloured in the wind.

13. THE WALK. to the red table. to ink. father has held in his right hand. My friend. my sister. the legs. the light and I seem to me.

9. and I hear. I sleep. I am.

23. THE MAN IN THE VALLEY.

Clear that every sparrow. It is now night raining.

If you all our own reasons quiet chest to the least.

Conservative. Salt. green flies are abundant itself. do you know how quiet.

You move. 1. WHITE LUNCH. Let your dream is not total. Of is round. Else has. who say it is simple.

This girl here. a soft face.

6. BIG EYES. For a song to sleep. (Unlike crossing a sea for Helen). Far away from my house... On all damn places.

Each girl

with What is not red. stepping under a 2 yr. boy.

other than love. (Lately). in the garden. table turns and starts the candle. clear.

I am the tree run of laughter in the valley.

It is. The watching.

11. CANDLE.

13 only of age. WHITE LUNCH.

Where are we that thing other not be received. of chance ever since you left here. Van. or perhaps for you it is not raining?

the brown spider. Both my arms were a candle. so and I could have been hurt. We are not love & she is found. A playing. lost after your hair. a spray can exterminates rooms like. This small green fly with long wings settled. In the way you have taken down.

41
From moonwastes of lava

bright air twists down a mile of barranca

silvering on the way the quite that

PR awls to solve the equations of

buried pyramids and sinks dew HF and

dulling over the leaky palm to roofs

Only around the astounding ochre and ash

white of the a/esuohoohcsyra

and the black CE of the coffee warehouse

and the (blank) tyrotca

is the air bright again and haRRRD

and u U U n a T tttt ttttttt tic
now they found th wagon cat in human body

yeahl very is th wagon
of know in dont i

a lot not suggest there wud
word of good it has

sitting that i dont know
on a wagon wud they
are get yerself 15 as
a seat way at there

porpoisus high shut work sum
whether dolphins two are then
times a litful there is

third he was in for
then them english all of only
to all

animals properly a funny
name for claimed similar creatures
one a porpoise th othur a dolphin
CHARM

woman to charm

what do you do

or perfume?

buy a new dress

No
stay home and conjure

Love
dance around

an inner pole

gold

feel pleasures

come turn oche

See sunlight

Satisfied
The pompass is haughty. His pride rises from his rump, from under that chinny chin chin. His face always to the ground, he is searching for forever hole; his cheeks proudly stare back at the sun.

The pompass has found many ever holes to roll in, but never a forever to somesault into, ass first. There in the everholes' darkness do the eyes appear, and in pomp, a prism of colours scintillate from the pompass. But he has to rise up again always, and carry himself further through his days looking for forever holes, for nirvanny.

That is why the pompass, despite that splendor in the dark, is sometimes dour and so harassed. O that uppity pompass!
WHITE HORSE

HEAVEN

EARTH

MAN

SUN

DAWN

rein main neigh

HORSE
fear
fear
fee
fee
fie
for
four
ear
fare
The tongue-out sparrow entertains the old man.
for bit & keep a song

Run Run Run Run
Lady Run Run Run
Speak Lady Run Run
Speak Run Lady Run
Run Run Run Dance
Lady Run Run Run
Run

Run Lady Speck Lady
Dance Lady Run Lady
Dance Lady Run
Speak Lady Dance Run
Speak Lady Dance Run
Run
Run
Speak Lady Run Run

Speak Lady Run Run
Speak Dance Lady Run
Speak Dance Lady Run

Run Run Run Run.tencent
TWO NATIONS WARRING IN THE BOSOM OF A SINGLE STATE
DEUX PEUPLES PAISANT LA GUERRE DANS LES SEINS D'UN SEUL ETAT

CANADA
QUEBEC

KANADA
KEBEQU

UK
FR

OTTAWA
QUEBEC

DOMINION OF CANADA
PROVINCE DE QUEBEC

THE CANADIANS
LES QUEBECHOIS

DU CANADA
OF QUEBEC

CONFEDERATION
CONFEDERATION

1867
1759

CONFEDERATION
CONFEDERATION

CANQUI
QUENON

CANNON
QUEOUT

CANADA
QUEBEC

CANADA
QUEBEC

CANBEC
QUEADA

CANQUE
ADA BBE

ADANAC
QUEBEUQ
CANADA CEBEUQ
QUEBECADANAC
CANQUEBECADA
QUECANAABECG
CANQUEADABECG
QUECANBECADA
QCUAENBAEDCA
CQAUNEEABDEAC
AAACDN
BCEEQU
AAABEFUBECDNQ
AAABCDEFENQU
QUEEN
CANON
CCAANNAADDAAA
QUEBEC
CANADA
QUEUEBEEEEC
CCAANNAADDAA
QUEUEBEEEEC
CANYES
UECOI
CANCUMQUE
QUECUMCAN
CANADA – QUEBEC
QUEBEC – CANADA
QUEBEEKISH
QUEBECOIS
CANADIAN
CANADIEN
CANADIAEN
CANADIEN
CANADA'S
DU CANADA
BUTTERFLIES

The sound
of butterflies flying

I call them
munnumflies.
Mock talk
Walk Mocking Bird Sing around thing
Mockish
Maul Rush
Bridle
Wing sksh
Sound sksh
Ok Bird
We heard your Mocking Song
all along your long
Listening to the Mocking Bird
Hear him Mock everything
Mock talk
Hear him sing
Mock Mauk
Oh bird in my
Mind
Mock Mauk cock sure thing
tablegladly 3 balloons
spit your maudlin despair
round your belly
hang up your face
the kicks are outside

NOW

? waiting for clarity to develop propositions

The word the wind speaks, coming in to land
trees

The word the boat speaks, making love to wind
sail
CARPENTER 木匠

Son Sun

carpenter carp
water water
star star
stair stair
starfish

3rd day
rose rose rose

mose mose mose
bedick
seagulls veering off

kliptoid rooms

skylight
brightsun
walk away light

an0midear a ( marvelus bevyofboats driftinginthe harbor

rust cupola
/

BRIDGE SCENE

That's the wooden bridge
where Tonto and The Lone Ranger will ride across the river.

This is the long moment
that in the movie collapses

as the good guys reach the other side.
traces; vestiges; shadow.
be but the shadow (wreck) of one's former self (prosperity)

traces
faces
'Light's delight'
cordially death

you are imprisoned in the city
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SUN
lurk - I'm dying

virtue
its cultivation
But when Sun (or diminution)
is going on
without end
increase is sure to come"
mountains
in the south
west - gets the afternoon
windows
you can see
all around
me fall
from site

test
the roundness of out
whirls without out
end
without
end
om en o
men
home
34. hideous Chaney The elder
in silent television last night
the hunchback of our lady
up in the halls
he was the whole man deeper than I reach't
home smaller than my wrist
hand within the wood the gramaphone
the hollow
pulling the belfs
bearing
the news in the old marconi war rooms
HERE IS THE NEWS
borne bending inside
my star never got in the way
of what there was to say
FOLLOWING 10 SECONDS OF SILENCE
WILL BE

poetry
THE MARRIAGE

Our skins touch.
Our shadows overlap.
Our touching skins our overlapping shadows.
RAIN DANCE

for Margaret Schlauch

rain dance
rain dancing
  dancing rain
    drain sink
      sinking rain
stinking drain
stinging rain
singing rain
sing song raining
  rain
    song
      dance

Sliverick.
Norgul.
Prabdon.
Frull.
(The bleachers give the Poet's yell)
Flandople.
Porntottie.
Gnishgiddle.
Sprill.
("they" forgot the ball.)
TWO RUNES:

stonehenge at midsummer

athens at nine
7:15 - Aug.20/wed. - Sheila goes back to get a sweater, so do I. Yellow jacket. 12'8/10 sec.
   -time to Renes-
   2 min. = Moore St. (Michelle's house to be exact)
   4 min. = Kingsford Cr. - west entrance
   6 min. = Wharncliffe Rd.
   8 min. = just w. of old house with lilacs
   10 min. = beside old reservoir
   12 min. = Lansing Ave.
   14 min. = base of hill e. of Bruce Davies' house
   16 min. = half way past 1st woods on Base Line w. of Town Line
   18 min. = approx. 500' e. of L. Dennis and sons, Beaver Lumber
   20 min. = engine turned off at Renes.

The colours are very deep, yellowish, etc. With a very blue sky - asthma - the small is sweet and rich. A sound like a tiny bell, tinkling rarely - (Viktor) (Wilmos) - I can hear a catbird - moved to field corner - a crested bird on a spruce, not enough light at this distance. Goldfinches - a waxwing, but what kind (a cedar, I think) - cowbird is close - birds all over now. I hear a cardinal. A distant plane to the west with sun on it and a line of birds flies past under it - U.F.O.? - 2 of them - 1. disappeared - the lst is gone. 2 spots that fade out and in. They're still riding - Sheila, Rene and a fat lady with a slight scottish accent. Isobel and the 2 young girls are talking at the corner of the stable - with the puppy - talking - I guess I'll go over or maybe to the paddock.
KINDLY REMOVE LIGHTS WHEN LEAVING THESE POEMS
some afterwords

later this will all make sense as an extension of your lives we called this an anthology to make a buck we said it was concrete & it is but concrete's such a nebulous term anymore we may be just getting the hots about it here but it's been around too many years to mention just open your favourite occult book at any page of diagrams & there it is flip to the coloured comics on a saturday first off i'd like to mention the people that got left out for one reason or another pierre coupy should've been included also joes rosenblatt i kept trying to get stuff from joes but he was in europe & i couldn't reach his agent here ah well and really sheila watson's THE DOUBLE HOOK stands out as the greatest & tightest novel yet published in this country had stanley bevington not been in edmonton he too would've been included but by knowing this what do you know the question remains who was included and tho we regret that these people were not included we want to know who was and why

by way of an introduction let me simply say that this whole book is best described by the term dom sylvester houedard coined BORDERBLUR everything presented here comes from that point where language &/or the image blur together into the inbetween & become concrete objects to be understood as such some of the pieces presented here work better than others all of them suggest possible directions that language and your mind could take in the years ahead

confronted with the request to do an anthology i was tempted to refuse because it seems to me that the whole area of CONCRETE is just beginning to open trying to fix something so obviously in flux struck me as a stupid & futile gesture thus i didn't attempt to fix it instead here is a book still in flux we've left out names (in most cases) in order to force you into a confrontation with what people are trying to say THRU this particular medium of expression but don't worry for you keenos & to set the record straight an amazingly annotated list follows for our purposes we've made the page with captain poetry supporting the huge block of concrete number one and the numbers beside each author's name refer to the page or pages on which you'll find his poems if you want to go to the trouble of looking them up

i've tried not to explain too much if you simply pick up the book & take out each page (the better to contemplate it) you'll rapidly get the feel LIBERATE A POEM TODAY THROW IT OUT

the language revolution is happening all round you

to get back to that initial list of people we wanted to include lance farrell but he didn't answer letters which is really too bad colleen thibaudeau too there the fault is mine i simply ran out of time anyway the LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS follows you'll note it is in alphabetical order truly irrelevant
LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS

MARGARET AVISON appears on the bottom of page 74 with the delightful poem Sliverick the poem was written a few years back in a study space in the UoF library

DAVID AYLWARD's poems appear on pages 34, 71 & 73 his first book Typescapes remains one of the classic concrete works in canadian literary history.

NELSON BALL contributes two tight images on the bottom of page 64 & the top of page 72

EARLE BIRNEY the real forerunner of concrete in canada a cross-section of his explorations on pages 21, 43 & 59

BILL BISSETT perhaps the leading experimenter of the past decade working since the early sixties along with lance farrell & martina he launched Blow Ointment & gave a lot of trends a focus poems on pages 8, 31, 42, 44, 45, 50, 52, 67

GEORGE BOWERING who used to profess complete lack of interest in the whole field contributes a poem on the top of page 74

HART BROUDY one of the young turks of the concrete movement on page 9 one of a series of four o poems published as an issue of gRonk & on pages 51 & 56 (bottom) two excerpts from the unpublished lyrical series When I Was Young One Summer

JIX BROWN impossible to represent properly in this context has been a leading experimenter with sound & electronic poetry one song appears page 53

BARBARA CARUSO painter-poetess with three of her very beautiful pieces on pages 6 & 33 & the top of page 58

VICTOR COLEMAN from Kenkyusha Day Seven page 66 top

JOHN ROBERT COLOMBO recognized as the chief found poet in north america (& probably anywhere) here represented by his very fine concrete piece Two Nations pages 54, 55 & top of 56

JUDY COPITHOUNE emerged from vancouver around the same time as bill bissett one of the few clear successors to the tradition blake founded poems on pages 22, 29, 46, 51

GREG CURNOE painter fellow-lover of hugo ball two pages from his Journals pages 7 & 76

GERRY GILBERT one of the most radical of the new poets has changed the shape & meaning of readings & publishing moving easily in between all attempts to classify him poems on pages 30, 40, 41 & on pages 68 & 69 a complete reworking of his entire first book White Lunch

LIONEL KEARNES represented by his classic The Birth of God which first appeared in the english magazine Tlaloc page 47

MARTINA got things rolling with lance farrell & bill bissett two poems on pages 62 (top) & 64 (top)

SEYMOUR MAYNE has suddenly blossomed forth with a brash of small concrete pamphlets a punster in the classic tradition pages 11, 48 & the top of 51
STEVE McCARTHY  the other young turk  represented here by two excerpts from his twenty-foot-long work in progress Carnival & the very tight visual Tunnel  pages 38 39 60 & bottom of 72

DAVID McFADDEN  one poem from the Ova Yogas  hamilton's famous & favourite son appears on the top of page 35 (disguised as a poem)

bpNICHOL edited this book  he finds it hard to comment on himself  poems appear on pages 36 (bottom) 37 57 66 (bottom) & 78  in addition he is The Masked Marvel that did the drawings for john riddell's concrete play pages 13 to 17

djNICHOL continues the infamous series of Captain Poetry drawings that first appeared in Ganglia 3  pages 1 3 & 5  a bio-energeticist and an architect living in toronto

JERRY OFO edits Snore Comi where these two pieces first appeared  pages 70 & 77

SEAN O'HUIGIN  poet-playwright presents one of his street happenings  page 28 (bottom)

MICHAEL ONDAATJE  a discarded version from his Billy the Kid series appears across the top & bottom of pages 23 to 27

JOHN RIDDELL  one of the earlier concreticists in this country  his concrete play is one of the classics  pages 13 to 17

STEPHEN SCOBIE  two of his one-word poems & an architectural drawing/poem pages 62 (bottom) & 65

rahSMITH  an early grook editor & con practitioner  two pieces pages 18 & 32

PETER STEVENS  i should've included his poem about marcel duchamp too  but in any case two very fine examples appear here on pages 19 & the bottom of 35

ANDREW SUKASKI  i wish i could show you the things he REALLY does  poem candles left in the sand along vancouver beaches  poems dropped from airplanes 10,000 feet up over edmonton  poems left in cairns at the top of rocky-mountains passes  poems flown as kites  we're presenting you with three lovely excerpts from a forthcoming book on pages 20 49 & 63

DAVID UU  no real adequate way to represent david's brilliant explorations of sound poetry  a substantial cross-section of published & unpublished works pages 12 58 (bottom) 75 and the middle sequences from pages 23 to 26

ED VANNEY  three fine pieces from one of the Intermedia heads  top of pages 10 28 & 36

PHYLLIS WEBB  the opening poem from Naked Poems  page 10 (bottom)

hopefully you won't have read all this  hopefully if you did it won't make any difference

bpNichol