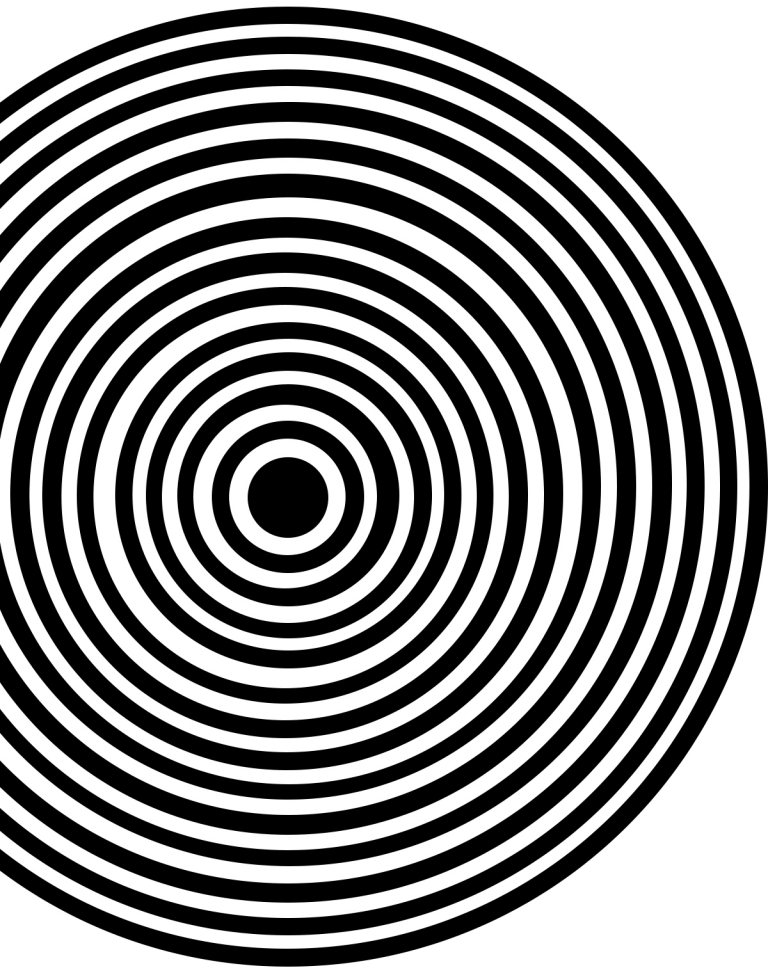




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Adeena
Karasick
&
Kedrick
James



AMONG THE NEIGHBORS

To Breathe Poetry Among the
Neighbors

Two Essays on *Anerca*,
a Journal of Experimental
Writing (1985-1990)

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AMONG THE NEIGHBORS

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Edric Mesmer, series editor
esmesmer@buffalo.edu

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The Mag-nificent Anerkids

Kedrick James

I met Wreford Miller in 1980, the two of us lying face-up on several tonnes of newspaper in a large metal dumpster under the leaf-wiffled autumnal sun during a paper drive, as they were called, raising money for DeMolay, a masonic youth organization we belonged to, and for whom we got some rudimentary experience printing the Chapter's newsletter on a Gestetner mimeograph machine. I met Adeena a couple years later, after being expelled from Prince of Wales secondary school and arriving at my new high school, Eric Hamber. She came up to me at my locker, bold, bright, beautiful, an honour role student, and soon thereafter, and for the next seven and a half years, we were dating. No one was very happy about it except for us, and the dreams that stirred in us like chimes in a gentle breeze. Less than a year later I dropped out of high school and went to live in the newly renamed Zimbabwe—growing tobacco, raising Dorper sheep, drinking opaque beer from recycled fertilizer jugs, dancing to drums with skins hand-stretched over barrels and beaten by children, or weaving back and forth on all fours upon savannah boulders under the raw sun like a totemic chameleon. I was obsessed with Arthur Rimbaud, and although our Africas were different, I emulated his life and was depressed when I hadn't written a masterpiece by the age of 19. Over this time we corresponded; Adeena and I agreed to meet up in Athens, where I was robbed the day after I arrived. And so I set off on our travels with only shorts, a t-shirt, and some banana shoes I bought in a Moroccan medina. Over the next three years we wandered like wind-borne vagrants, separately and together, around the globe, and by the time we were all back in Vancouver and heading off to college and university, between the three of us we had travelled through Africa, Europe, the Middle East, India, South East Asia, North and—shortly thereafter—South America. In the early 1980s it was still possible to bum one's way around the world, and find odd jobs when we wound up penniless in a foreign country. We filled our bags with wine-stained poetry books to pass the hours hitching lifts by the unshouldered roadside, and we would spend our time reading

and writing poetry or letters about poetry and philosophy, for the love of it, reveling in it, as if this literary romance was all we had left.

The idea of putting together a magazine was fomented in 1985 by Adeena's professor and mentor Warren Tallman, wire-thin, vodka-soaked djinn, releaser of spells, opener of floodgates, who had done the same a generation earlier, inspiring our Vancouver-based poetic predecessors to start the literary magazine *TISH*. Warren organized a soiree at the Powell Street loft of Gerry Gilbert, where a coterie of local poets came and contributed names and mailing addresses to our cause. We knew enough to be awestruck by their generosity. We were a cluster of energetic contradictions. We were students of literature but we kept our literary lives distinct from our scholastic ones. When these worlds did cross over, when we rejected bad poems by a bad prof, grades took a hit—a conflict of disinterest. But there were those among the university faculty who saw in us a poetic spark, respected and kindled it, like Peter Quartermain who took us deeply into Pound, Zukofsky, Stein, the L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E poets, and George McWhirter, then Head of Creative Writing, who gave us space in his coveted poetry workshop class, where my experiments with cut-ups and procedural texts met with very reserved responses from his students, but not from George, whose generosity included giving us all the goldenrod, salmon-pink, and canary yellow reams of paper we could handle once we'd gotten the secondhand tabletop offset AB Dick printing press set up and running, churning out copies.

We set up at first in my old bedroom in the basement of my parents' house on 21st Avenue near MacDonald Street, a room that Wreford stayed in while I was travelling, so we knew it (and its various mouse infestations) well. Wreford and I had taken it on ourselves to learn how to use the press, although we had little to work from, no YouTube tutorials, just a manual for a similar though different model. It was hefty, with a big arm like an old slot machine on the side to lift or fix the plate roller in place against the inking rollers. We used rubber-based inks scooped with a spatula and gooped into the angled ink tray that spread the ink thinly on the first of several hard rubber rollers so that the onyx or paper printing plate would get an even layer

of ink on the areas where the toner didn't repel it—at least in theory. The feeder tray held a ream of paper, and it clacked away loudly producing about 20 copies a minute. The rubber wheels that pulled the paper in had worn smooth, and so proper registration on the page was a challenge, and we'd fan each ream before putting it in. These challenges greatly increased when, by the fifth issue, we began printing with two colours, and pages would crease or stick together as they were pulled into the press, and required frequent plate replacement and many additional copies of the first run through the printer to account for second run misprints. We got our hands and aprons dirty, and everything about the early issues was manual, handmade, homespun. It didn't look professional, nor did we. And no blaming the press or the flatdeck-sized platemaker either. If blame is to be laid, then put it on the Old Bushmills, the late nights in basements with a single bare bulb, winter, summer, all points in between.

Our material methods, which were constrained by our relative lack of finances (we once received a very modest sum of money from the Koerner Foundation, owing to the hands-off patronage of McWhirter, and beyond that, supported our poetry habit by scrounging supplies and landing odd jobs) which gave *Aneru* a distinctive look and feel, reminiscent of the rough and ready aesthetic and printing method that publications like bill bissett's *blenointment* or Gilbert's *BC Monthly* had—often streaked with toner or unequal distribution of ink as the offset's paper plate wore out (usually after about 150 copies, with a run of roughly 300-400 per issue). Layout was done with typewriters, scissors, glue sticks; and once pressed, stapled, stuffed, and stamped, would arrive unbidden in a manila envelope, hand-addressed, with a handwritten letter inside on a misprinted piece of paper, still smelling of ink. This gave *Aneru* a nostalgic quality, as offensive to the eyes as it may have been (Maxine Gadd once commented that the multicoloured paper made her sick to her stomach). It resembled our own messy but gregarious and inspired sense of poetry. Each copy of the magazine was as singular as its recipient. Although offered as a "free love gift," we asked for small donations to cover postage, ink, and so on. Most responded. To

this day, we have an uncashed cheque from Margaret Atwood in the Simon Fraser University archives—so impressed were we by her support that we valued the signature more than the money. Much more important was the chirographic dialogue we engaged in with other poets, new and established alike, choice bits of which we'd publish in the next issue. We'd write over carbon paper to save copies, and although embarrassingly naive, these are the building blocks of a poetic in a convivial repartee that always requested poetry from our readers. I wonder what it would be like to receive letters like that, now that email and the Internet have done away with such dalliances.

Another professor who helped us out was Antonio Urello, my Latin American Literature instructor, who made his one-room Kits Point basement available to us as a pressroom once we'd abandoned my parents' basement. It was a tiny unheated space under the steep 2-storey back stairs, only big enough for the platemaker and offset. There we could work all night without interruption, stacking piles of pages of *Anerca*, squibs, or chapbooks published under our imprint, Wave7Press. One morning, heading out with bags of uncollated poetry through the foot-high snow which had fallen during the night, we were pulled over by a police car. They approached us cautiously, fingering their holsters, demanding to know what we had in our satchels. We took delight in telling them it was poetry, and offered to give them some. You've never seen cops retreat so fast back into their cruiser (a poetry bomb threat, bring in the SWAT team!) Print was like that—explosive to the mind, dangerous when done without a desire to placate the mild-minded. We would walk the miles to Adeena's house in Arbutus Village and spend the delirious day collating, stapling, stuffing and addressing envelopes, writing giddy, cheeky letters while Adeena's mother fussed over and fed us *yiddishe* delicacies. When evening came, we'd head off to a poetry reading, spread squibs among the audience, rub shoulders with the literati, and talk poetic shoptalk. But the real life of poetry was more feral, and could pass unrecognized through reputable spaces. It was coming into its own on streets far from the ivory towers and salons. *Anena* was founded at a crossroad, sounding and resounding a primal energy, proliferating unbidden as a virus, while at the same time celebrating

the literary avant garde, articulating this juncture as a poetics, a critical endeavor that sought to bring the streets and the salons into concert

We lived poetry like fish live water, gulping it to breathe. *Anerva* was what charisma is to legitimate power, a volatile and unstable element. There was not an ounce of cynicism to taint that exuberant enthusiasm, branded by our first night's *dérive*, before it all began, when we three covered many miles of the dark, quiet, treed streets of Vancouver running our mouths dry until morning—bounding with youthful vigour; ideas layering, cascading, turbulent and effulgent. We were cloaked in poetry, too ignorant to worry about money, writing grants, being affiliated with any institution, being legitimate—fed by an inexhaustible resource. We had a plan to drill for poetic gold with an ink roller, to fire it off like cartridges in a magazine gone postal. We were gunning for our literary heroes, needed to get close enough to know what it meant to be an actual living poet. So we set out on many journeys to meet them in person, because we could; and because we could, we did.

The further we went into the world of poetry, the more we were like zealots, rejecting the tight-lipped formalities of the schools, with their seriousness, their juridical clampdown on energetic creativity. They seemed to be about rigid affiliations, taking sides, which ran completely contrary to the open-ended aesthetic of seeking poetry that reports from the outer reaches of the universe—which-is-language, the universe of the yet-to-be-written. We wanted a poetry that was fresh, organic, growing from logic's caesura, an electroshock therapy for stultifying syntax. Poetry in this purview was not a network of wordsmiths but a way of life. That was the romance of it into which we descended like Glad Day and the Blakean archetypes of Beulah. This state of mind lasted throughout the period of *Anerva's* publication, which would see us travel across North America, seeking out the very persons who most excited our imagination. From the Naropa Institute in Boulder, Colorado where we spent time with Allen Ginsberg, Anne Waldman, William Burroughs, Ed Dorn, Jim Carroll, to the hot steps of New York City, connecting with John Cage and Gregory Corso, to the late hours of Montreal with the

magus R. Murray Schaefer, trips to Boston to visit the great anthologist and poet Jerome Rothenberg, to Toronto and the curious publications of people like jw curry, M Kettner, Yves Troendle, bpNichol, and many places and people in between, westward home, where our local hero bill bissett was lighting up every cafe and stage. There were some legendary readings in those days: Judy Radul and William Burroughs at the Ridge Theatre, Allen Ginsberg and Gregory Corso at the Italian Cultural Centre, Steve McCaffery reading the phonebook at the Kootenay School of Writing, bpNichol, shortly before his untimely demise pounding the table as he incanted the saints in a high school auditorium. I remember having a near out of body experience listening to Phyllis Webb read at the Joe Fortes Public Library. An integral part of the publishing enterprise was being a public poet, sharing the work on and off the page in order to make personal our deepest convictions and commitments to a literary life.

By the time the 1990s rolled around, the page and the stage began their ugly divorce; and poets, like sad children, were forced to take sides. Performance poetry was subsumed by slam, and competition ruled the day; poets sought to supplicate audiences with a mouthful of morals to counter oppression, and Plato's contention about poets saying anything to please an audience rang true once again. During the 1980s we "Anerkids" did readings in bookstores, galleries, street festivals, artist-run centres, college campuses, libraries, homes, on the street, and—notoriously—standing on the tables in the cafeteria of the Student Union Building, where our audience would shout out, applaud, or jeer; some threw small change (literally at us), others would hang out and want to join our crew that usually consisted of a few friends, like Hilary Peach and Roberto Carrasco, there to act as security and to egg us on. "Rebel Poets on Campus" was the front-page headline of the student rag the *Ulysses* in reference to our public performance antics. But what we were reading and performing, scripted and improvised, was literary poetry, and that's the difference from all that one can now recognize as the full bloom of secondary orality in Western poetic culture, as Walter Ong prophesied. To this end, we selected poems like Louis Zukofsky's "A-24," performed at the Hot Jazz Club, Robert Filliou's "Action Poem" at the Western

Front, H.D.'s "Helen" or a concrete poem by Emmett Williams in the community college in Castlegar, sound poetry in the reverberant tunnels by Jericho Beach. Objectivism, Dada and Surrealism, Projectivism, mysticism, and the reveille of visionary ethnopoetics that Jerome Rothenberg's *Shaking the Pumpkin* (Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday, 1972) and Blake's *America: A Prophecy* blew in our ears: those were the main points of contact with literary tradition; all we had to do was breathe it back to life.

We were reading these works with a sense that in the printed words, kinetic voices rose from the page. (I have a cherished memory of Allen Ginsberg, the two of us side by side on his bed in Boulder, Colorado's summer heat while he serenaded me singing Little Lamb with harmonium self-accompaniment, both of us grateful to have someone to free-riff about William Blake with.) In rehearsal, having the text central to our practice made compositional arrangements easy. We were of one mind, which is astonishing to me 30 years of collaborations and rehearsals later. The challenges—and there were lots of those—only made it more interesting, but we had each other to rely on: we were like family, each having a different forté. Ah, the joy of having comrades to share the long lonely literary journey with! *Anerva* was brewed with those ingredients, formed to make a golem to peel the crust off literary artifice. This weird creature was born into the mid-1980s Vancouver literary scene, a scene that boasted several poetry readings a week, a stream of new publications from small literary presses, and a few excellent independent bookstores like Proprioception, initially owned by Ralph Maud the Charles Olson scholar, later purchased by poet Lisa Robertson who took the store out of Kitsilano into the Empire Building downtown, and Black Sheep Books owned by George Kroller, which had a genealogy going back to the 1970s as Octopus Books West, bought in the 1980s by poets Rene Rodin and Billy Little and after a fire, moved to 4th near MacDonald, sold again and again but keeping the reading series alive for 14 years, and doing the work of providing ready access to a very deep pathway into poetry, if one had real hunger to read broadly and listen deeply.

In 1988, we collaboratively wrote the following “guidelines for submission.” (By this time we were already calling the magazine “*Anerca: Compost*,” like we were decomposing the post-moderns.):

ANERCA is entirely independent of any institution; therefore the content of each issue reflects the wholesome bias of our editorship. The bias I speak of has a tendency toward extremes: The Sacred Extreme: that bliss in the abyss between the bysse, (byssse, fine cloth); but no, for now it's the paper, and the fault is in the se(a)m; stapled and sometimes strung out. thus we urge your extremities come pulsatte between the physicality of ANERCIC pages.”

And we described the magazine as

devoted to the investigation into the structural fabric of language; if interpretive reading releases only a quopping sentimentality, the groping ego has used the language for its own self-satisfaction, that great, but don't bother to send it to ANERCA. If the purpose in writing was to fulfill some didactic end, send it to an academic journal. If you figure your poetry ought to be canonized and studied in freshman English courses for its deep symbolic import—save your stamp money and buy some cheap screeching Demon Piss Whiskey; heb, heb.

Now, if you are writing because you love to muck about in lexical quagmires, or because the language consumes and untangles you and unsightly creatures spout forth and drag you under where they hollow out your head and use it as a musical instrument to wail the ancient chords of a midnight mass on, then, by all means, get it to us pronto.

It was this utter irreverence that characterized our efforts, that propelled us forward, the bait that made *Anerca* different from our contemporaries in the literary magazine world. The materiality of the print and its processes aided in that. There was no uniformity of fonts and layout that homogenized the poems. Each page was its own wonder and exoneration. We loved getting together around the kitchen table where Adeena would bring out all the submissions received that week (we used her home address for correspondence). We'd divvy them up and then share individual poems, reading them aloud either to mock or magnify, and to survey what our Call had caught in its poetic net. By the late 1980s we were receiving submissions from all over the world.

It seems like people don't read poetry like we used to. Some listen to it, some watch it on TV or Internet, see it in advertising—just like Blaise Cendrars predicted and Marshal McLuhan foretold. When we created *Anerca* we were continuing and advancing the work of our immediate Canadian and American literary predecessors, who left the gates wide open—it seemed like anything was possible with letters on a page or sounds in a mouth. Still, we wanted a literary poetry that went somewhere new. But we were aware that other things were happening, and that the audience was changing, and the literary audience was older than those who loved punk, rap, and would eventually know only of Slam. It was as if, with all the gates opened, the literary world had retreated into the comfort of its stall, gone quiescent, and the voice of poetry had been reborn in urban slums and projects, where it was most needed. It had a posse of beats and samples and manifested on compact discs, not paper.

In 1987-88 Adeena and I moved to Montreal to spend a year as visiting students at McGill university. During that time we published an issue of *Anerca* which was professionally printed, saddle stapled, neat and tidy. Poetry-wise, it's a great issue, but visually it lacks that ebullient *Anerca* spirit, looking more like staple-bound version of the Kootenay School of Writing's *Writing* magazine. Gone are the front-page collages, the doodles replaced by architectural drawings. It looks *respectable*. At the same time, I recall sitting in the McGill faculty club, drinking beer, Adeena, me, and Alan Knight, a prof who helped us put on a gala reading with Steve McCaffery, Paul Dutton, Karen Mac Cormack, and Christopher Dewdney, the night all the lights on the eastern seaboard of North America went out. We left the alarmed halls of McGill, about a hundred of us, paraded through the dark to a nearby subterranean bar, filled it up with people literally crouching in the rafters, and the poets read by candlelight (while New York was burning and looting). But one night, early spring of 1988, high above the snow lined streets in the McGill faculty club, we sat watching, for the first time, videos of spoken word poetry on MTV—Maggie Estep, Reg E. Gaines, Tracie Morris, and so on. It was about slick production values, with popular, topical TV-friendly content. I saw where poetry was headed—toward pop culture and entertainment—and

sensed that the arc of that pendulum would take a long time to return, which to the best of my knowledge, it hasn't. And I harbour some doubt that it ever will.

The corporatization of wordplay, the changing media of its representation, and even the material processes of print reproduction meant that pretty soon literary magazines as a vehicle connecting the poetry community would become redundant. The offset press would be replaced by the photocopier—mainstay of zine culture, and shortly after that, the digital printer. But even more profoundly, over the course of *Anerca's* heyday, the notion of networked personal computers using dial-up modems offering bulletin board services to the nonspecialized public was freshly arising, and Wreford was the first among us to own one, complete with dot matrix printer. Technically minded, he used that modem to connect us with a Bulletin Board Service known as *Swift Current*, set up in 1984 by Frank Davey and Fred Wah, a service with members who included a cross-section of Canada's poetic innovators. On another all-night poetry session at his apartment on West 4th Avenue in Vancouver (a street which ought to be recognized for its rich poetic history: a hippie stronghold in the sixties and seventies, where several small bookshops were located, where bill bissett was to join the Mandan Massacre in a house near Burrard and 4th to record the legendary *Awake in the Red Desert*, and so on), I recall our excitement as we waited up all night for bpNichol to post his latest poem from *Organ Music* (later to be added: *Parts of an Autobiography*), the series he was working on at the time, a part of which we published in *Anerca* the same year. The near simultaneity of that early online experience—to read his work as soon as it had been written—was euphoric.

But it was harbinger of the end of a particularly literary way of life. After the photocopied zine enthusiasm of the 1990s had subsided, print became rarified, the domain of established presses. Indeed, the whole notion of being a poet as something that involved extensive reading of poetry and DIY publishing, by any means necessary, seemed to vanish almost overnight once the 1990s were in full swing. Gone was the era of the long poem, when at a gala poetry reading to

launch Allan Safarik's *Vancouver Poetry* anthology (Winlaw, B.C.: Polestar Press, 1986), we knew every poet, and got up, storming the stage, driven to ecstasy by bill bissett's chanting, the crowd restless after hours on their seats, and spent the wee hours after-party under the sails of the brand new Pan Pacific Hotel suspended in the smoky wisdom of Roy Kiyooka. We changed the name to *Anerca Com.p/ost* to reflect this change for the final issue. We recognized that passing into a digital era would subsume us, break down the nutrient of poetic effulgence for new growth. By the mid-1990s, going to a reading meant hearing the recitation of three-minute poems, with a thumbs-up/thumbs-down critical reception. Suddenly, young poets wanted record deals, advertising contracts—not some hand-sewn chapbook unread on the shelves of a local bookstore. Eventually the specialty bookstores disappeared too. Poetry adapts to its environment, and becomes what people need it to be, no regrets; although, now, we have all the information we could ever want, and no time whatsoever to linger with it.

We leave off in 1990. Wreford and I had moved in to one of the row houses at the foot of Victoria Drive by the industrial port, and alternately shared the space with the poet Jerry Schroeder and journalist Vince Beiser, a longtime friend going back to the days in Eric Hamber Secondary School. The last two issues of Volume 2 of *Anerca*, the Use and Care Guide issue, the largest page-wise, followed by the Com.p/ost issue, were printed there before Adeena moved to Toronto to get her M.A.—and then eventual doctorate in deconstruction and Kabbalistic hermeneutics—and the Masters program in Communications at SFU swallowed the majority of Wreford's time. I began a small construction business with my twin brother Gideon, and started producing events and tours, became president of the national Small Press Action Network and director of the Vancouver Poetry and Small Press Festival, working with Gordon Murray, Sheri-D Wilson, Ted Joans, Jessie Bernstein, publishing poetry on audio cassette with people like Jose Tlatelpas, and developing lasting connections with John Nicholson and Cecilia Boggis of the British Small Press Group, Toronto's Dub poets, Clifton Joseph, Lillian Allen, Afua Cooper, Michael St. George, and

down the West Coast circuit connecting with poets and performance artists like Guillermo Gomez-Pena, and Roberto Sifuentes. After *Anerva* I became focused on a public poetry, often staged at street level, creating parades like the Commercial Drive poetry mouth-off joined by many local poets such as x-TISH poet Jamie Reid, Peter Read, and recent arrivals from across Canada, Don Klassen, and easterners like Fortner Anderson. Adeena, an unstoppable poetic force, returned for these events, as when I hosted Canada's first national poetry slam in 1993; and was also touring with Lollapalooza when I joined up, bringing along Neil Eustache, Alice Tepexcuintle, T. Crane, and Alyssa Burrows from Washington. I created the iconic Atomic House of Poetry, an installation where every part (the drawers, the cupboards, the walls and floors) of the building spoke, resonated, and sounded poetry, serving as a Vancouver salon, venue, and crash pad for poets moving through. Soon after I hooked up with John Sobol to create Action Poetry 94 at the Banff Centre for the Arts, an epic convention where we pulled together all these worlds, mixing old guard poets like John Giorno with Brooklyn rappers Richie and Dsaz Tempo, Okanagan elder Jeanette Armstrong with New York youngster Tracie Morris, British deaf sound poet Aaron Williamson with punk rocker Jewel, and here again Adeena joined in and our interweaving poetry paths raged on. This was a new day, and fostered a different tribal and political poetic spirit. The end of *Anerva* rang an inaudible bell marking the end of that particular West Coast literary tradition, one infused not only by the literary subaltem but by visionary poetics—a deep mysticism of the word in print, dying off in the space of five short, mag-nificent years.

Vancouver, 2020

ANERCA woMANIFESTivO

Adeena Karasick

It was 1985, Vancouver. Poetry was. at. a. lull. The Vancouver poetry scene was marked by two main trends—The Kootenay school of Writing, and the Downtown scene. KSW, regularly populated by Jeff Derksen, Colin Browne, Lisa Robertson, Nancy Shaw, Deanna Ferguson, was dedicated to promoting the post-Marxist aesthetics of the L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E school, and regularly hosted Bruce Andrews, Charles Bernstein, Lyn Hejinian, Ron Silliman, Leslie Scalapino, Bob Perelman, Steve McCaffery, Barrett Watten, and Susan Howe for poets’ talks and performances, featuring them in their language-focused magazine *Writing*.

This was pitted against the downtown scene, a ragingly non-academic frenzy of sound and concrete exploration: the ecstatic chanting of bill bissett and his blewointment press (then on hiatus), as well as the visual investigations of Roy Kiyooka, Maxine Gadd, Jamie Reid, and Judith Copithorne. Gerry Gilbert was publishing his *BC Monthly* newspaper and had his radio show, Radio Free Rainforest—where we were featured many times in the mid ‘80s.

Kedrick James, Wreford Miller, and I were all students at University of British Columbia, studying under Peter Quartermain, who nurtured us with close readings of the Objectivists, Stein, Zukofsky, Pound, Eliot, and HD; and Warren Tallman, a giant advocate of the Black Mountain school, the Beats, and the New American Poets. Warren was known then as “The Seer” of contemporary poetry, the force behind *TISH*, editor of the pivotal 1973 anthology, *Poetics of the New American Poets* (with Don Allen), which covers the period of 1945-1960 and presents forty-five key poets including: Allen

Ginsberg, D.H. Lawrence, Michael McClure, Gertrude Stein, Walt Whitman (Grove Press, 1973), and organizer of the famed 1963 Vancouver Poetry Conference which brought Charles Olson, Denise Levertov, Allen Ginsberg, Robert Duncan, Margaret Avison, Jack Spicer, and Philip Whalen to the Canadian frontier. On weekends, we would convene at Bella Vista, his epic house in Vancouver's East Side (which he famously put up for bail to get bill bissett out of jail, interned for the obscenity trial for his fabulously errant "a warm place to shit," composed with government money. The phrase was repeated thirty-nine times, first published in *th high green hill* c. 1971. *blewointmentpress*, part of *th ice bag*, which were 3 books by bissett packaged in a big plastic ice bag along with *words in th fire* and *polar bear hunt* with large cardboard collages of konkreet vizwork; and later collected in his *Selected Poems: Beyond Even Faithful Legends*, Talonbooks, 1980). Warren's top floors housed Robin Blaser and David Farwell, and was the site of endless gatherings where we would talk poetry, history, politics and aesthetics; and through smoke-filled, vodka-infused nights had the luxury of ongoing relationships with Warren's friends, Bob [Robert] Creeley, bpNichol, Steve McCaffery, George Bowering, Roy Miki, Maxine Gadd, and the endless stream of heroes, prophets, and mentors who passed through.

Disgruntled with the absence of a vibrant and inclusive scene, we felt the need to start our own magazine, as a kind of renegade Post-*TISH* (an anagram for SHIT) intervention that tied these dichotomous worlds together—and open up a space for otherness and difference, a space where we could speak the unspeakable, where bill bissett's focus on the materiality of language could be savored alongside Charles Bernstein's, and where aesthetics was a heteroglossic spectrum through which new, probing, parameter-pushing voices could be heard.

We purchased an offset press from the "Buy and Sell" (the now defunct, Vancouver based weekly digest where one could buy, sell, trade papyrus, peonies, Porsches, and as it turned out, presses!); taught ourselves how to use the platemaker, and began to gather poetry, poetics, dialogue, historicities, community. And through a

kind of neo-Dada, Fluxus-y, aleatoric means, stuck our hand inside the Book of “A” of our 26-volume *Oxford English Dictionary* and landed on ANERCA—which turned out to be the Inuit word for both BREATH and POETRY. Our baby was born.

For the next five years, we printed our rag, booked events, readings, openings, guest lectured about our research, frequenting every smoke-filled jazz bar rocking out to the polyrhythmic and improvisatory ways in which poetry and music shared a language; how different discourses—i.e. those of pop culture or religion or theory—could infiltrate the poem; promoting work that didn’t quite fit into any one aesthetic or political school. The division of labor was such that Kedrick and Wreford did the printing and beside them, I arranged the layout, copyedited, color-coded (printed with multi-colored inks on fluorescent stock), infusing the work with a *verfremdungsty* sense of otherness, punctuated with ironic, self-reflexive graphics, all playfully disruptive, gleefully decentering the “seriousness” of its content. Each issue was hand-bound, sewn or stapled, and lovingly sent out, often with a handwritten personalized note.

We were supported by a host of patrons—including Robert Creeley, Allen Ginsberg, Warren Tallman, and the Leo and Theo Koerner Foundation, a granting alternative to The Canada Council available for Literary Arts (also the funders for George Woodcock’s *Canadian Literature: A Quarterly of Criticism and Review*). I remember Margaret Atwood sending us a personal check for \$50, which seemed like an enormous sum at the time (which we were so excited about, I don’t think we ever cashed it ☺). But mostly Kedrick and I funded it, by tree-planting each summer, repopulating the British Columbia forests with spruce and pine, poetry and love; and Wreford through picking fruit in the Okanagan and fishing near the Arctic on giant liners, all in the name of poetry. The magazine was growing and so was our fan base. However, it really started to soar when Allen Ginsberg invited us to stay with him in his Alphabet City, four-storey walk-up in New York’s Lower East Side. We hitchhiked there from Vancouver by way of the magic mushroom-infested, acid-drenched Rainbow Gathering in the Smoky Mountains, Tennessee, landed on his floor, and basically

house-sat—guarding it from a drunken Gregory Corso, who kept wanting to come in and do his laundry. As we lay on a mattress on Allen’s library floor, there, within arm’s reach, flickered the holy grail: his Rolodex!—from which we then, for the next seven hours, by candlelight, secretly hand-copied the personal specs of John Cage, William Burroughs, Herbert Huncke, Bob Dylan, Patti Smith, Laurie Anderson. It was criminal, yes. But our twentysomething selves knew it was for a good cause—plus, by very nature of the media, it *was* open: we were promoting Poetry. Reawakening language from its ‘80s slumber and seemingly rigid ‘n’ restrictive definitions, exposing how there **was** a *range* of possibilities for meaning production and performative practices.

I should also mention that at this time, there was a stranglehold on the notion of performance. The Kootenay schoolers (whom I must say we adored, and who were not only our colleagues but also our friends), fiercely promoted the idea of a de-fetishization of not only the word but also performance. Radically challenging the presence of a speaker behind the text, this disjunction between textual and acoustic space bled into meaning production on all levels. So not only was there a kind of policing of language, but a staunch monotony was promoted at readings—to be “too” performative called attention to one’s subjectivity, and not to the work itself. For me, a Jew who speaks with her hands, *a lot*, and enjoys a range of performative styles, this was really unnerving. This aesthetic trend was rampant. Of course, bill bissett was still chanting with a rattle, Jerome Rothenberg was purring ‘n’ warbling, shuckling as he read, Paul Dutton was still regaling us with his sonosyntactic improvisatory poyvocality, Re-Sounding (Stephen Scobie and Douglas Barbour) kept sounding (vocalizing the carpet, the walls, the cracked tables and peeling paint), but within the neo-Marxist Kootenay School/L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E aesthetic, there was a slow silencing and these celebrations of acoustic space became increasingly rare. Even Steve McCaffery, who less than a decade before was virtuosically performing as part of the Four Horseman, was part of this prohibitive drift. In retrospect, in context of all the excesses of the ‘80s—the drugs, the music, the plump patterns, padded suites, and permed hair—this quieting was

itself a highly politicized post-industrial, non-consumerist reassessment of language, a way of reclaiming an artistic space that distinctly refused to mirror the larger zeitgeist.

But.

It.

Was.

Divisive.

So even though i personally was drawn to and committed to much of the theoretical underpinnings of my L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E lovin' Kootenay schoolers, we spent more and more time engrossed in the politicized textual and performative play and shamanistic chanting of bill bissett (who Kerouac called “the greatest living poet today”). Innervated by his vibrational sonocentrics of rhythm, pulse, plaise, plays, liaised, with “narrative enigma,” “oral aisles” of exits, entrances / en trances highlighting language’s transformational capacities, foregrounding its corporeal and material affect—how it stimulates, engages the nervous system, establishing a vibratory nexus transmitting intelligence and emotion simultaneously, we took a three-day train to Toronto (effecting our own “Continental Trance”), and hung with beep [Nichol] in his house in the Annex. Steeped deep in the relationship of sound and text, he gifted me his personal copy of Gertrude Stein’s *Ida*. We hung with Paul Dutton and revelled in his throat singing loops; and hitchhiked to Boston to hear and hang with ethnopoetics prince Jerome Rothenberg, substantiating our sense that even with the most rigid attempts at de-hierarchizing language in performance, one is still a body, a voice in a room in time and space—and there IS NO SUCH THING AS NON-REFERENTIAL LANGUAGE. In the journal, we chose work that was sensory, highlighting and respecting language’s acoustic space—such as “Sestina” by Michael McClure, “insinuations of an incidental centipede” by Opal L. Nations and David Bromige, “Corpus” by Jerry Schroeder, “the bent smash glass against the sun” by Christine Stewart, “Evidence” by Tim Lander, “we entered this” by Daphne Marlatt, “MENTHOL ANTHEM” by Jeffery Jullich, my own “Fugue in Pali for 73 Voices,” Kedrick’s “Transit Ions,” and of course everything we published by bill bissett.



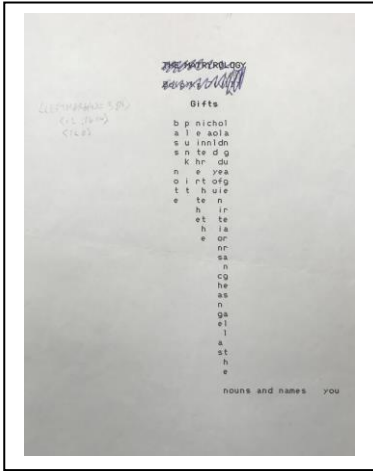
Anera bedroom office; Evan Karasick, Hilary Peach, Kedrick, Adeena, and Wreford.





Adeena with Allen Ginsberg (by Kedrick);
Warren Tallman (by Adeena); *Anera* Vol. 2 No. 402a
COM P OST (Summer, 1989) table of contents.





Printing *Anerca!*—with inset of a gift from bpNichol.



To this end, we organized tons of readings, openings, polyvocal performances, with music and without. [See Appendix.] One kinda great moment was at the Hot Jazz Club, in Vancouver's Gastown, where we staged Zukofsky's "A-24" with four voices and a piano, with special guests Hilary Peach (vocals) and Evan Karasick (on piano). We performed Robert Filliou's "Action Poem" at the Western Front (Vancouver based artist-run centre dedicated to the exploration and creation of new art forms). We staged guerrilla performances in the downtown streets of Vancouver in libraries, jazz clubs, and shopping malls. We performed at the Culture Club with a storytelling Chasidic Rabbi playing guitar, toured with Lollapalooza, performing alongside Kurt Cobain, Courtney Love, Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds, The Smashing Pumpkins, Green Day, and George Clinton. This Northwest grunge phenomena was majorly affecting our aesthetic. I personally revelled in mashing up the language of pop culture, theoretical discourse, and Kabbalistic language, layered with a punky dissonance; rejoicing in all that was dirty and degraded, through ragged moments of found data, shattered matter, shredded fragments. Immersed in the sludgy discordance of the scene—between the "proper," improper, improper, riotous; both on the stage and on the page, we celebrated all that was contaminated, wrinkled, and inside out, all that was unfolded, soiled, sullied, and un-rinsed, plunging into its spongy thickness; syntactic fractals flexed with infected inflection 'n' homespun pun pungenge.

In 1988, Kedrick and I moved for a year to Montreal where, connecting with both the renegade English and French poetry and music scenes, we organized SENSASOUND—a Sound Poetry Fest in both Montreal at McGill and Toronto (at the Rivoli) where, together with bill bissett, Steve McCaffery, Lillian Allen, Christopher Dewdney, Rafael Barreto-Rivera, Paul Dutton, we tried to revivify a sense of performance in poetry within an increasingly sterile environment.

We added a subtitle to the mag: *Anerca: Com.p/ost*—highlighting that it was not only a site of disruption and *postulation* but COMPrehensive and COMParative (and COMPed, as we sent it out for free), but

it was both *com-* (with) and *post-* (after) Modernism, Dada, Surrealism, Lettrisme, and Fluxus, all that we were spectrally haunted by, while underscoring the regenerative nature of language, rich in nutrients, and an ever-renewable source of energy. In retrospect, given that it was before the *com* era, as a *com.* journal, it now also stands as an Alfred Jarry-ish ubu swirl of an[e]r Chic ‘pataphysicality, punctuating time as an ever-swirling contemporaneous present non-present.

The shift in name reflected how the poetic world (on both micro and macro levels) was embracing a more theoretical approach; a post-modernist poetics. I moved to Toronto to live closer to bp [Nichol]; to be closer to bill [bissett] (who was biding his time between “th west coast” ‘n’ “centralia”); and to study poetry and postmodernist theory at York University with Frank Davey. However, soon after I arrived, bp passed away, bill was continuously touring and recording with the Luddites, and Frank took the position of Carl F. Klinck Chair of Canadian Literature at the University of Western Ontario in London. And I ended up immersed in Semiotic theory—Jakobson, Saussure, Deleuze and Guattari, Greimas, Benjamin, Barthes, Batailles, Žižek—with with the eminent critic, translator, editor, and Avie Bennett Historica Chair of Canadian Literature, Barbara Godard—doing my Masters and then PhD on Derrida, focusing on the relationship between Kabbalistic hermeneutics and deconstructionist and feminist theory.

My world was radically reshaping itself. And not only was I now 2,090 miles away from my beloved co-editors and devoted press, but, simultaneously, we lost our longtime space for it, leaving us no “warm place to [print].” Wreford was moving towards the Study of Communications. Kedrick was consumed with continuing to push the parameters of performance, holding neo-dada naked poetry painting happenings in his Hastings Street warehouse apartment. We all had moved on in our separate directions, and reluctantly agreed that Vol. 2 no. 402a would be our last.

Though the *Anerca* era came to a close, we continued to write and perform together, and *Anerca*’s legacy remains—reminding us how

communities are built and fermented through sharing of text. And in many ways it was a prescient precursor for the wildly performative poetry that was to directly follow. Whether marked by the post-Dada primal and virtuosically complex soundwork of Christian Bök, Murray Schafer's continued soundscape projects focusing on acoustic ecology, Charles Bernstein's Benjaminian opera *Shadowntime*, the increasingly pervasive International Spoken Word scene and Slam, language on the page and on the stage were explored as mutually entwined bodies/realities, a luxuriant and multi-sensoral theatre of the absurd.

And perhaps *Anerca*, as a moment in time, reminds us that language is a technology, a system mirroring meaning and being, of all the variegated ways one may enter its warm flesh; enter it sometimes through the skin of its meaning, its form, its sound, its resonance, textures; enter it with vigilance and questions through its thresholds, agonies, and garrulousness; through its illegibilities and dissimulation, disguises and displacements, madly celebrating in a textatic arena where all is diasporic, resilient, and rebellious, between borders, orders, laws, flaws, codes, idioms, territories, terror-tories, papered with promise and play, probes, anxieties, abandonments, absences, abscesses, obsessions, and flourishes.

In 2016, I sold all the *Anerca* archive to Simon Fraser University Library, Special Collections, comprised of the following—

ANERCA MAGAZINE

(Pinfeather and Squib Press, Vancouver)

Eds. Adeena Karasick, Kedrick James and Wreford Miller

- Copies of all Issues from May 1986-1989
- All original layouts off-set ready
- Artwork from all Promotional readings
- Calls for submissions

- CORRESPONDENCE (including all original poems and sometimes full manuscripts for publication, signed and often handwritten)
 - Bruce Andrews
 - Charles Bernstein

- bill bissett [including the first letter I ever wrote him after meeting him for the very first time with Warren Tallman—where my middle class conservative Jewish self was forever changed—as he chanted with a rattle: “the last time I fistfucked somwun i lost my bracelet sumwhere inside...”]
- John Cage – original letters and work
- John Clarke
- Victor Coleman
- Cid Corman
- Robert Creeley
- Stephen Cummings
- Frank Davey
- David Dawson
- Jeff Derksen
- Christopher Dewdney
- Chris Dikeakos
- Ed Dorn
- Paul Dutton
- Peter Ganick
- Greg Evason
- Brian Fawcett
- Gerry Gilbert
- Anselm Hollo
- Beth Jankola
- Jeffrey Jullich
- Joanne Kyger
- Tim Lander
- David Levi Strauss
- Michael McClure (original poems and letters etc. plus the 3 page handwritten “sketch” about him by Warren Tallman)
- Duncan McNaughton
- Karen Mac Cormack
- Francis Mansbridge
- Daphne Marlatt
- Roy Miki
- Wreford Miller (other work of his in brown folder)
- Stephen Morrissey
- Eric Mottram
- Opal Louis Nations

- bpNichol (unpublished signed poems from the Martyrology)
 - Peter Quartermain
 - Warren Stevenson
 - (All Warren Tallman correspondence in separate Warren Tallman boxes but random stuff in here as the early days of *Anerca* started at his house—as it was made in the spectre of *TISH*)
 - Script for Murray Schafer’s *Greatest Show (On Earth)*, where Kedrick and I performed each evening as gipsy sound poets, Del Cray Park, Peterborough, 1987; “an open air carnivalesque through which an amused and puzzled audience wanders as at a country fair.” (Other paraphernalia from this in Personal Correspondence Box)
 - Warren Stevenson
 - Christine Stewart
 - pb tocsurt
 - Yves Troendle
 - John Tutlis
 - Gael Turnbull
 - Sheila Watson
 - Phyllis Webb
 - John Weier
 - Carolyn Zonailo
- CORRESPONDENCE II (another folder of other correspondence including various people we didn’t publish and their angry letters, letters from Special Collections at various universities...)
 - BROWN FOLDER of all supplemental *Anerca* materials (other artwork, mock-up for Volume I Issue I, all business correspondence and correspondence to and from each other (the editors) also copies of correspondence FROM us)
 - KEDRICK JAMES Folder—all correspondence (personal) who I was with from 1983-1990 and travelled all over the world with (including a year of sleeping in hammocks along the Amazon on contraband boats from Iquitos to Belem; backpacking through Bahia, Argentina, Columbia, Ecuador, harvesting tomatoes in glass houses in a Moshav in the Negev desert, tree-planting through the Western Rockies, getting thrown in a Morrocon jail, studying at Chasidic yeshivot in Sfat and Yerushalayim; Buddhist Monastery in the jungles of Thailand, Malaysia, hitching thru Italy, France, Greece, the Swiss

Alps, Spain and Morocco in muebles trucks, sleeping in train stations, bus stations, on beaches, boats, benches, and in abandoned boxcars; Rainbow Gatherings, Sweat Lodges, and Sensory Deprivation Tanks. Includes maps and cassettes of passion and longing sent to and from Zimbabwe, letters and art and poems)

- ADDRESSES Folder (all addresses—including those copied out of Allen Ginsberg's personal address book and those given to us by Warren Tallman from *TISHP*'s original list)
- POETRY MAGAZINES OF THE TIME
 - *BC Monthly* No. 30 (4 copies), 31 38, 40, 41, 42,
 - *Writing Magazine*, #12, 14, 17, 18, 19, 20
 - *ACTS 6: A Book of Correspondences of Jack Spicer*: Ed. David Levi Strauss and Benjamin Hollander
 - *Random Thought* (4 issues)
 - *FRONT: Day Without Art*, Dec. 1990 (2 copies)
 - *SPANZINE* No. 2, 1992
 - *Unmuzzled Ox* (with Ezra Pound's, *The Cantos* 125-143)
 - *Bite* Vol I, #2 [which I had early poems in alongside, jw curry, Ed Varney, Ken Norris, Tom Konyves...]
 - *A Correspondence*: Brian Fawcett and William Hoffer, 1985
 - *The Cinnamon Map*, Mike O'Conner
 - *Yellow Field* (#7, #9)
 - *Minus Tides* (Eds. Michael Turner and Judy Radul, #1, #2)

New York City, 2020

ANERCA Contributors List

A Bibliography of Issues

VOL 1 No. 1 (May, 1986)

Editors	Editorial, ANERCA: Innuity, n. Poetry; v.t. to breathe
Warren Tallman	Essay, Portrait of a Lady pre-Modern. Modern. post-Modern.
Kedrick James	spill a drop of wine for each of the ten plagues
Wreford Miller	inveiglement
Adeena Karasick	The Corruption
Kedrick James & Adeena Karasick	Spring Break on Elm Street
Wreford Miller	A long song
Editors	The Vancouver Poetry Reading (April 19, 1986)
Scott Gould	A touch-ing portrait
Adeena Karasick	Excerpts from a Journal on Allen Ginsberg's "Howl, Part 1"
Kedrick James	The Entertainer
Adeena Karasick	Chameleon
Adeena Karasick	Final Union
Scott Gould	Alive!
Adeena Karasick	Inside the Iceberg
Adeena Karasick	Blissed out on the Path
bill bissett	ar thees patrearks
Adeena Karasick	The Urban Ocean from a Bedroom Window
Wreford Miller	(Right)
Kedrick James	on bissett (intro essay)
bill bissett	travelling hand
bill bissett	gypsee
bill bissett	mulroonee sells de haviland aircraft
Wreford Miller	-no angel-
Scott Gould	Continuum
Adeena Karasick	Melilla
Kedrick James	The Negress
Kedrick James	exit with rattles
Kedrick James	note to Charles Bernstein

[Notes:]

- Robert Creeley (60th Birthday Reading, Kitsilano High School Auditorium)
- thanks to Warren Tallman; bill bissett; Scott Gould

VOL 1 No. 2 (August, 1986)

- Editors Editorial, Spool
Meredith Quartermain
The Sound of Denmarke
Meredith Quartermain
Terms of Sale
bill bissett toxik blobs calld potenshul disastr
K. T. Eliot IT WAS
Beth Jankola Drawing
Kedrick James relativity
Kedrick James Olds Souls (to Phyllis Webb)
Kedrick James The Moon (for Robert Creeley)
Beth Jankola Drawing
Editors the canadian myth
Opal Louis Nations
Anotominii Anatomii
Opal Louis Nations
Contrasts, or One skilled in counterpointing the sixth
sense
Opal Louis Nations
THE DREAMER
Adeena Karasick Homage to Trees or Wander Under Bridge
A. Jang Surrealist Drawing
Adeena Karasick After Planting
Adeena Karasick Every Where
Adeena Karasick Cardinal
Adeena Karasick Rubber Band Blue: Being in Time
Adeena Karasick In Carnation
Editors Review: The Annotated Howl & The Naropa Institute
Wreford Miller cavalier
Wreford Miller RETURN TRIP
Wreford Miller —taxes—
Steven Morrissey Letters, Dear Editor
[Notes:]
- Book: *Open Poetry*, edited by Ronald Gross and George Quasha
- sincere gratuities: Margaret Atwood, Warren Tallman, Gerry
Gilbert; Peter Quartermain, bill bissett, Self Council Press, Laurie
Anderson, J. Michael Yates, K. T. (s) Eliot, Fred Wah, Frank
Davey, Robert Duncan (blessings), Anne Waldman, Jeff Derksen

VOL 1 No. 3 (September, 1986)

Editors	Editorial, Somaphore
John Weier	Crossing the Bridge
Gerry Gilbert	radiofreerainforest goes to BEER & SMOKED AT THE WRITERS ROUNDUP or WHO'S MINDING THE STORE
Wreford Miller	a spring / aspiring
Wreford Miller	Tenants : rites
Wreford Miller	stopped
Kedrick P. A. James	EXCERPTS FROM "DESERT SINGS"
Beth Jankola	Sunflower
Adeena Karasick	DAWN (Smartyrology)
Adeena Karasick	EMANATIONS
Kedrick James	Essay, E=McClure ²
Warren Tallman	Essay, E=McClure ²
Michael McClure	3 EXCERPTS FROM <i>SPECKS</i> a Sestina
Michael McClure	3 EXCERPTS FROM <i>SPECKS</i> "Float like a butterfly"
Michael McClure	3 EXCERPTS FROM <i>SPECKS</i> ON THE MOUNTAIN WHERE WE SLEPT
Michael McClure	TORONTO
John Grey	Bull of the Heavens
John Grey	Best Desires
Opal L. Nations	<u>"The human brain is three imperial pounds of messy substance shut in a dark warm place"</u>
Opal L. Nations	AND A POEM OF THE OCEAN SHELLS
Warren Tallman	Letter, Dear Editors
Kedrick James	Letter, Dear Warren
Adeena Karasick	Letter, Dear Warren
Wreford Miller	Letter, Dear George

[Notes:]

- Thanks to Michael McClure, Karl Seigler
- Events: Peter Quartermain on Louis Zukovsky, Kootenay School of Writing, Phyllis Webb, Ted Hughes, Ann Mandel, George Bowering, Robert Kroetsch, Naïm Kattan, bpNichol, Warren Tallman
- Book of the Month: *America a Prophecy*, Jerome Rothenberg and George Quasha, 1973.

VOL 1 No. 4 (October, 1986)

Editors	Editorial, Cynosure
Steve Noyes	From <u>Kepler</u>
Daphne Marlatt	“we entered this”
Gina Loggie	Essay, Notes on <u>Tender Buttons</u>
Wreford Miller	Prima: Primo:
Kedrick James	Counter Change
Ken Denomme	Autumn
Adeena Karasick	Fugue in Pali for 73 voices
Adeena Karasick	GEVURAH “Rigorous Judgement, Limitation”
Victor Coleman	HONEYMOON SUITE for Suzanne
Editors	Essay, Tim Landers
Tim Lander	Evidence
Tim Lander	Dancing The Small Game - Tender
Editors	Review, Michael McClure: <u>Selected Poems</u> , New Directions, 1986

[Notes:]

- Thanks to Tim Lander
- Book of the Month: *Lyrics for the Bride of God*, by Nathaniel Tarn.
- Acknowledgements: Peter & Gwendolyn Chui, Cid Corman, Chris Dikeakos, Brian Fawcett, Kai and Ole Jensen, Ken Karasick, Michael MacDonald, Duncan McNaughton, Jason Miller, Rabbi Daniel Siegel

VOL 1 No. 5 (late 1986)

Editors	Editorial, Syncope
Christine Stewart	Trying to Live on Lake Erie
Christine Stewart	She Moves In
Christine Stewart	June 31, 1986
Editors	Essay, Richard Stevenson
Richard Stevenson	36. Poinsettia
Richard Stevenson	19. Slender Umbrella Plant
Richard Stevenson	37. Carrion Flower
Richard Stevenson	17. Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow
Beth Jankola	“Convoy beaten”

Opal Nations & David Bromige
 Insinuations of the incidental centipede
 Wreford Miller Fear of Sleep
 Wreford Miller evaporation
 Adeena Karasick HESED Love
 Adeena Karasick TIF'ERETH Beauty
 Kedrick James 7 | COLOUR AND SPECIAL TECHNIQUES
 Steve Noyes lunar
 John Tutlis 05. ii. 86
 bill bissett ocean spell animal uproar
 John Clarke Letter, Dear Adeena
 Kedrick James Letter, Dear John
 Stephen Morrissey
 Letter, Dear Editors

[Notes:]

- readings by Douglas Barbour & Stephen Scobie, Chris Dewdney, Fred Wah, bill bissett, Jeff Derksen, Crispin Elsted, Ourselves (Western Front event promotion)
- Book of the Month: *Zygal* by bpNichol
- Thanks to : Nelia Scott, Jack Clarke, Robert Kroetsch, Brian Fawcett, David Dawson, Gael Turnbull, John Tutlis, The Millers, bill bissett, Elaine Chang, Michael MacDonald, Hilary Peach, Thomas Harapnuik.

VOL 1 No. 6 (January, 1987)

Editors Editorial, Sessa
 Jill Duerr Ocean
 Wreford Miller barophobia
 Jill Duerr Three Sunrises over Port of Oakland
 Jill Macdonald Tadpoles
 Jill Macdonald Water
 Jill Macdonald Clay Figures
 Jill Macdonald Evolution
 Wreford Miller Review, *Inside the Soundscape* by Hildegard Westerkamp & Norbert Ruebsaat
 Stephen Morrissey
 By the Water, part 1 & 2
 Stephen Morrissey
 Three Poems on a Single Theme, part 3
 Adeena Karasick Yesod Foundation

Adeena Karasick Hod Splendor
 Tim Lander A too short trip back to England
 Tim Lander Womb
 Tim Lander the secret of it all
 Tim Lander Pictures of Jupiter
 Christine Stewart -in your basement-
 Christine Stewart chair how it is curve this side
 Christine Stewart the bent smash glass against the sun
 Li Min Hua Olympic
 Sarah Menefee Letter, Dear Anerca
 Wreford Miller Letter, Dear Sarah
 Morag Renwick Letter, The Editor, Anerca
 Adeena Karasick Letter, Dear Morag
 John Clarke Dear Kedrick
 Kedrick James Letter, Dear Jack
 Kedrick James Transit Ions
 Kedrick James BECAH

[Notes:]

- Thanks to : audience of Western Front show, especially bill
 bissett, Larry Bremner, Robert Bringham, John Cage, Roberto
 Carrasco, Doug & Annamarie Cook, Frank Davey, Mohammed
 Fakruddin, Beth Jankola!, Tom McGauley, Ralph Maud, Natasha
 & Hillary, Christine Stewart, & Jane Watt.

VOL 2 No. 1 (Summer, 1987)

Editors Editorial, Selah Selah Selah
 David K. Fujino open margins IV
 Wreford Miller Review, *Verbose* by Gerald Creede by TSUNAMI
 EDITIONS, 1987
 Wreford Miller Review, *Fruit Dots* by Peter Cully TSUNAMI
 EDITIONS, 1987
 Peter Culley Necessary Fourteen
 Peter Culley Necessary Fifteen
 Gerald Creede Chip Butty
 Wreford Miller So
 Kedrick James Vernal Equinox
 Beth Jankola from The Musicians
 Kedrick James RUTS: (how, can, we, tell)
 bpNichol from *The Martyrology* Bo(o)ks 7(VI(8)I)
 bpNichol Gifts

Adeena Karasick Netzah Endurance
 Adeena Karasick Shekhina Indwelling
 Adeena Karasick Gevuarah II
 Opal L. Nations Dear One (presupposing death)
 Peter Ganick Request th Flower
 Peter Ganick romance and schemes
 Yves Troendle out of Hammer Wing (for Morton Feldman) part C
 Yves Troendle out of Hammer Wing (for Morton Feldman) part H
 Gerry Stewart Jazz Marinade
 John Ditsky The Apprentice
 John Clarke Letter, Dear Kedrick
 Kedrick James Letter, Dear Jack
 Morag Renwick Letter, To Anerca

[Notes:]

- Thanks to : Mary-Ann Charney, George McWhirter, Hilary Peach,
 Peter Quartermain, Christine Stewart

**VOL 2 No. 2 (edited by Karasick & James in Montreal,
 Spring, 1988)**

Alan Knight Essay/review, R. Murray Schafer's Greatest Show
 bpNichol PURGE ME WITH H—in progress January 23rd,
 1988—
 Greg Evason Drawing
 Christopher Dewdney
 salmon saucers
 Christopher Dewdney
 Winter Central
 Opal L. Nations AN ELECTROENCEPHALOGRAPHIC
 ALPHABET
 Opal L. Nations AN INKSPOT ALPHABET
 Jeffrey Jullich MENTHOL ANTHEM
 Karen Mac Cormack
 If Gold Instead of Sun
 Gregory Henriquez
 Essay, Excerpts from: The Re-Birth of the Endless
 Frederick Keisler's Continuum
 Robert Dare Essay, Architecture and the Struggle against Truth
'Simpliciter'
 Steven James Gibbs
 Canonical score

bill bissett what is a word
 Jerome Rothenberg
 A GEMATRIA FOR HORSEMEN
 Jerome Rothenberg
 GEMATRIA 1212
 Yves Troendle “One foot tin can powder tops off.”
 Yves Troendle WITH TZARA
 [Notes:]
 - Thanks to Alan Knight, Peter Quartermain, The Koerner
 Foundation, The McGill Daily, Wreford Miller

VOL 2 No. 3 Use and Care Guide (Fall, 1988)

Editors Beauty is a Bad Disguise
 Jonathan Levant trainable instincts and table of contents
 Jonathan Levant roll the rhetoric off the roof of your mouth
 Jonathan Levant avoiding the spring mud that might mire us
 pb tocsurt OPPOscape
 bruce andrews I want whatever — a divided spastic
 bruce andrews aspirations
 bruce andrews May 25, 1973
 Janet Gray From 100 Flowers V
 Janet Gray From 100 Flowers LXXXVIII
 Janet Gray From 100 Flowers LXXXVI
 David Oates You want to buy this because...
 David Oates “In Tonight’s Episode...”
 Editors Collage, bpNicol, 1944-1988
 Dave Phillips Just a Moment
 Dave Phillips poem for bp
 Warren Tallman Essay, Three Photo Sketches for Roy Miki and Some
 Others
 Lisa Robertson Collage, “Quelle difficulté”
 Christine Stewart Rune Tune
 Christine Stewart Looking for Trees
 Christine Stewart duck so
 Christine Stewart and me without a horse
 Christine Stewart She wood
 Hilary Peach Goovyme
 Hilary Peach The nettle verb
 Tyrone Williams Ba(sic)
 Tyrone Williams FORT/DA

Hillel Schwartz Caesar's Stamps and Coins
 Ron Offen P.C. Back Talk
 Andy Jaunzems IBM-PC, Poetry Program 4-c; Unexpected
 Juxtapositions
 Jerry Schroeder Corpus
 Wreford Miller Brunt Notion
 Adeena Karasick rye oats spelt uprising
 Kedrick James 2 drawings
 Paul Dutton Adagio for 1984 — for Aiko Suzuki
 Stephen Lowy love is at bottom a gotten promotion
 Stephen Lowy a p r e s e n c e for John's 76th
 Yves Troendle From Endless Ode to Opal Nations

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Mauricio Redolés Lea
 Adeena Karasick from In Andean Passes
 John Grey The Real Vision
 Rik Thorensen Revolution of the Sun
 Zonko THIS IS bpNichol SPIKAN
 Jerry Schroeder from Epic(x)
 Jerry Schroeder oooo...prey
 bernard pilon a private wars
 bernard pilon what is on...actually is
 Glen Armstrong FARMERS
 Daniel f. Bradley good groomers
 Stan Rogal from *The Imaginary Museum*
 Kedrick James graphics
 Kedrick James 3 poems
 Clint Burnham Laundry
 Clint Burnham Toys
 bill bissett veronika
 bill bissett errrrando
 Philip Hughes EASEMENT
 Philip Hughes ALL WET
 Janet Gray from 100 Flowers XCV
 Janet Gray from 100 Flowers XCVI
 Sheila E. Murphy SEDONA FILAMENTS
 Sheila E. Murphy A PORTRAIT OF BEVERLY C
 Sheila E. Murphy WINE

Deborah Meadows
The Protectors
Deborah Meadows
Marriage
Wreford Miller from in it
Roy Kiyooka excerpts from 'i am dancing a jig on an upturned bowl'

Book Publications

Tim Lander *Love's Alchemie*, Pinfeather Press, 1987
Wreford Miller *As if*, Pinfeather Press, 1987
Wreford Miller *SHOCK*. Pinfeather Press, 1987
Wreford Miller *Am I to be excused for having brought about a mental condition of affiliation...* [broadside]
Pinfeather Press, 1990
Jerry Schroeder *MATRIX*. wave7press, 1988
Gerry Gilbert *THE 1/2 OF IT*. wave7press, 1988
Adeena Karasick *Archetorture*. wave7press, 1990
Chan Yang Hui *Edible parts*. wave7press, 1991

Appendix

List of Performances

RADIO

- 22 09 90 "Sound Poetry" CKLN (Elizabeth Holland), Toronto, ON.
08 10 88 RadioFreeRainforest, Co Op Radio, (Gerry Gilbert),
Vancouver, BC.
13 04 87 RadioFreeRainforest, Co Op Radio, (Gerry Gilbert),
Vancouver, BC.
12 03 86 CITR Radio, "from dis(emanations)," Vancouver, BC.

TV

- 12 08 90 "Today's World" (Ray Torgurd) CKY TV Channel 5,
Winnipeg, MB.

LIVE PERFORMANCES

- 08 03 91 Gynergy Coffee House, Toronto, ON.
13 12 91 Guest Lecture for Victor Coleman's "Dream Class."
Performance with discussion of feminist/deconstruct-
ionist theory as applied to contemporary poetic trends,
Ryerson College, Toronto, ON.
09 08 90 "Commercial Street Festival" WISE Hall, Vancouver, BC.
14 11 90 Western Front (with Michael Ondaatje, bill bissett, Victor
Coleman, Lola Tostevin), Vancouver, BC.
20 09 90 "Sensasound 90: Toronto Sound Poetry Festival" in conjunc-
tion with the League of Canadian Poets, "Word on the
Street." Performance at the Bamboo, Toronto, ON.
02 04 90 Rivoli (with bill bissett), Toronto, ON.
14 10 89 Vancouver Art Gallery (with bill bissett), Vancouver, BC.
04 12 88 McGill University, Montreal, QC.
03 12 88 Yellow Door Coffee House, Montreal, QC.
27 11 88 Lectures and Performance. Contemporary Theory and
Aesthetics. East Kootenay College, Cranbrook, BC.
22 08 88 "The Greatest Show" (with R. Murray Schafer), Peterborough,
ON.

- 04 07 88 R2B2 Books, Vancouver, BC.
- 12 04 88 Co-ordinated Sound Poetry Festival for National Book Week
at McGill University (bill bissett, Christopher Dewdney,
Steve McCaffery, Karen Mac Cormack, Paul Dutton),
Montreal, QC.
- 19 03 88 Lenox Hotel (with Warren Tallman, Robin Blaser, bpNichol,
Steve McCaffery, John Clarke), Buffalo, NY.
- 22 08 87 Kits Neighbourhood House, Vancouver, BC.
- 13 04 87 *ANERCA* Reading, Classical Joint, Vancouver, BC.
- 02 04 87 "Writers Showcase," Vancouver, BC.
- 29 11 86 Octopus Books, Vancouver, BC.
- ?? 10 86 "Vancouver Poetics" at Cleveland State University, for the
"Conference of Postmodern Writing" (with Robert
Kroetsch, Eli Mandel, George Bowering, bpNichol,
Warren Tallman, Naim Kattan), Cleveland, OH.
- 25 09 86 Art Gallery, University of British Columbia, Vancouver, BC.
- 22 07 86 The Naropa Institute for Disembodied Poetics (with Allen
Ginsberg, Robert Creeley, William Burroughs), Boulder,
CO.
- 04 04 86 The Museum of Anthropology, University of British Columbia,
Vancouver, BC.
- 16 02 86 *ANERCA* Reading, Western Front, Vancouver, BC

AMONG THE NEIGHBORS SERIES

- 1 Poetry in the Making: A Bibliography of Publications by Graduate Students in the Poetics Program, University at Buffalo, 1991-2016
by James Maynard
- 2 In Search of Blew: An Eventual Index of *Blewointment* Magazine, 1963-1977
by Gregory Betts
- 3 *TISH* – Another “Sense of Things”
by Derek Beaulieu
- 4 *Skanky Possum* Press: A (Personal) Genealogy
by Dale Smith
- 5 A Commentary on *El Corno Emplumado/The Plumed Horn*
by Sergio Mondragón
translated with an additional commentary
by Margaret Randall
- 6 A Bibliography of John Bennett’s Vagabond Press, 1966-2005
by Christopher Harter
- 7 Migrating Ears: Kris Hemensley’s *The Merri Creek, Or, Nero* and *H/EAR*, with some brief comments on the earlier publications *Our Glass*, *Earth Ship*, and *The Ear in a Wheatfield*
by Tim Wright
- 8 Editing *O.ARS*, 1981-1993
by Donald Wellman
- 9 Cultural Shape-Shifters: *Cartonera* Publishers
by Ksenija Bilbija
- 10 Teaching the Little Magazine
by Michael Leong

AMONG THE NEIGHBORS SERIES

- 11 Washington, DC Poetry— Mass Transit and Folio Books Reading Series
by Tina Darragh, with an appendix by Edric Mesmer
- 12 Reading Piglets: *Westerly* Magazine, metadata, and the play of digital access to literary publication
by Catherine Noske
- 13 To Breathe Poetry Among the Neighbors: Two Essays on *Anerca*, a Journal of Experimental Writing (1985-1990)
by Adeena Karasick & Kedrick James

*This consciousness within her
uncurled itself upon the rollers of objective experience
printing impressions
vaguely and variedly
upon Ova
in place of the more formulate education
coming naturally
to the units of a national instigation*

—Mina Loy
from "Ova, Among the Neighbors"

This pamphlet series seeks non-academic and academic contributions of 10-30 pages on the subject of little magazines, generally or on specific magazines, published from 1940 onward.

We invite subjects along the lines of:

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esmesmer@buffalo.edu**