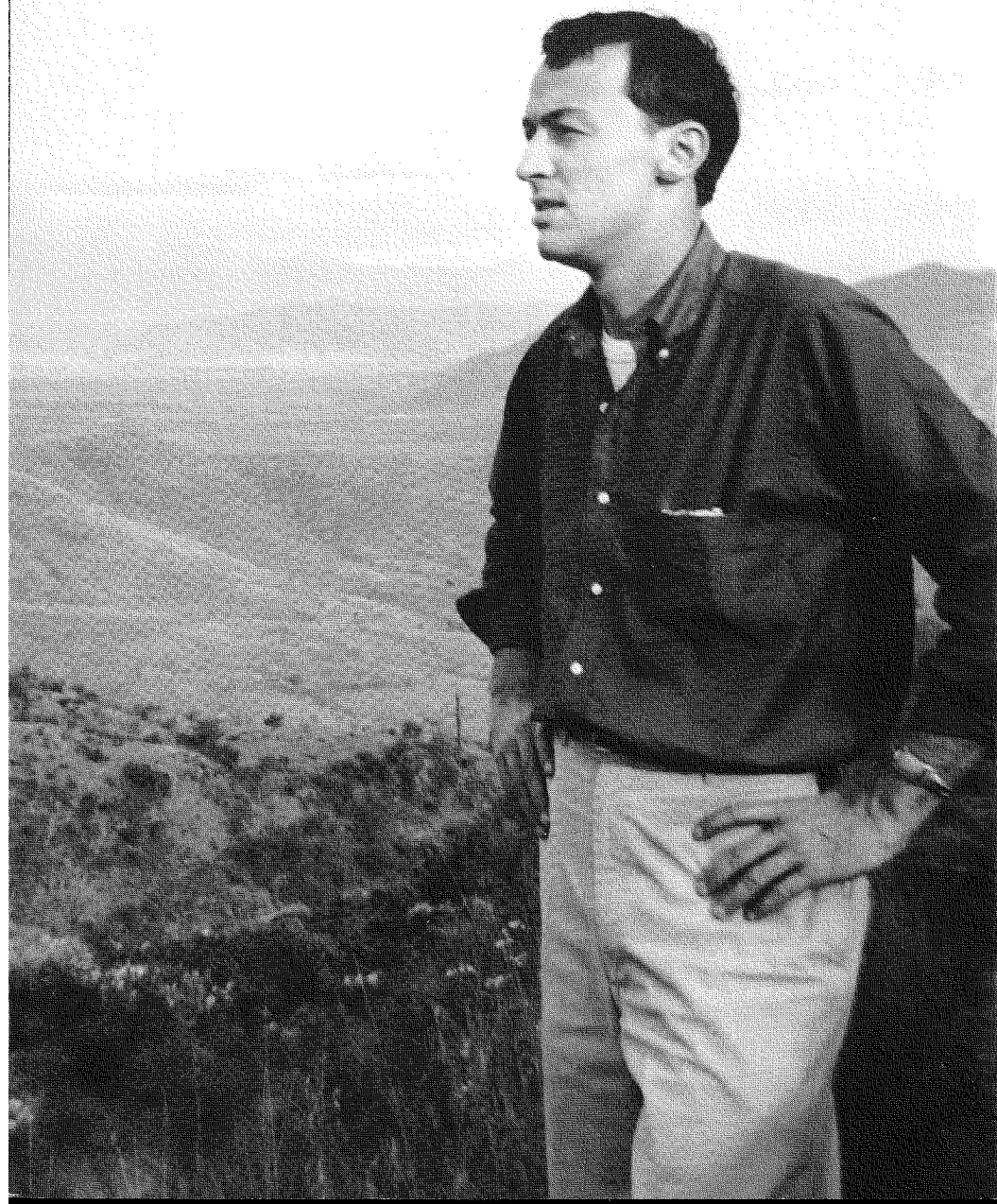


David Markson
COLLECTED POEMS



"Markson is regarded as an inventive literary stylist in the manner of James Joyce, William Gaddis, and Malcolm Lowry . . . and many critics have commented that his compressed, highly allusive fiction verges on poetry." In view of such a judgment (from *Contemporary Literary Criticism*) it should surely come as less than a surprise that Markson has indeed written poems through much of his career, the best of which are gathered here for the first time. "Some are only playful," he indicates in a casually self-deprecating foreword, while certain others "are lyrics of a type generally deemed antiquated." Nonetheless, both these and his more ambitious efforts bear witness to Markson's lifelong creative absorption with such subjects as literature, art, music, the creative process, love and its loss, death, male-female relationships—not to mention drink, sex, even certain cherished aspects of the female anatomy. And any "surprise" here, then, is finally perhaps only at Markson's stunning poetic variants on those extraordinary qualities that vitalize his prose.

David Markson's most recent book, *Wittgenstein's Mistress*, which Ann Beattie found "as precise and dazzling as Joyce," and "an absolute masterpiece," was named the best novel of the year by the *Washington Times* and ranked with the then-current National Book Award nominees in the *Washington Post*. According to the *New York Times Book Review* it was "a novel that can be parsed like a sentence; it is that well made." Markson's preceding volume, *Springer's Progress*, was described by the same publication as "an exuberantly Joycean, yes, Joycean celebration" with "brilliant" and "multilayered" language. A recent issue of the *Review of Contemporary Fiction* was devoted to Markson's work.



Front cover author's photo (1959) by Scipio Sprague; rear (1988) by Johanna Markson

Collected Poems

ALSO BY DAVID MARKSON

The Ballad of Dingus Magee

Going Down

Springer's Progress

Wittgenstein's Mistress

Malcolm Lowry's Volcano: Myth, Symbol, Meaning

David Markson
Collected Poems



Dalkey Archive Press

For Johanna and Jed

© 1993 by David Markson
All Rights Reserved

First Edition

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data
Markson, David.

[Poems. Selections]

Collected poems / David Markson. — 1st ed.

Includes index.

I. Title.

PS3563.A67A6 1993 811'.54—dc20 93-18999
ISBN 1-56478-033-3

Partially funded by grants from The National Endowment for the Arts and The Illinois Arts Council.

Dalkey Archive Press
Fairchild Hall
Illinois State University
Normal, IL 61761

Printed on permanent/durable acid-free paper and bound in the United States of America.

CONTENTS

Foreword	11
History and Theory of Art	13
Monody	14
Skull	15
At Malcolm Lowry's Grave	16
I Ate My Love Alive	17
But Yet Again, We Fought	18
"The Death of the Virgin"	19
Borrowed Line	20
Strange Night	21
Johanna	23
This Vision Comes	24
Relevance	25
Funeral	26
<i>Nachtmusik</i>	28
Writer's Lament	29
Dylan	31
Dialogue in Milan	32
As in the Aftermath	33
We Love, but Cannot Live	34
To a Mexican Poet Who Has Forsaken Drink	35
Loss	36
Traveler's Tale	37
I Met My Love	38
The Vow	39
Lowry	40
Agee	41
Once, in Our Quarreling	42
Recitation before Bed	43
Tardy Poet: 1978	44
cummings	45

Quietude	46
Hartnett in Worcester	47
Contradiction	48
Lament	49
Women's House of Detention	50
Sister's Son	51
At the Lion's Head	52
accepted	53
Of Writings Unfinished	54
I Saw Old Dylan	55
Imitative Fragment	56
A.D. 2029	57
Anne-on-Avon	58
Footnotes to "Anne-on-Avon"	60
Memo to His Lady's Therapist	61
Sexist Stanza	62
See Susan Read	63
Dante Gabriel	64
Tricentennial: 1980	65
<i>Sans</i>	66
Daily Reviewer-Haupt	67
Hygiene	68
The Youthful Poet's Unspoke Response To a Woman	
Talking Too Loudly in His Favorite Bookstore	69
Birches	70
On the Death, after Lying Wounded in the Thigh for	
Twenty-Six Days, of the Author of	
"Astrophel and Stella"	71
On Being Denied for Being Already Took	72
Julia Now	73
Prosody	74
Question of Anatomy	75

To a Lady, a Part of Her	76
Unfinished	77
Preference of Metre	78
Occupation	79
Appendices	
Appendix A: Conrad Aiken 1889–1973	83
Appendix B: Dylan Thomas Twenty Years Later	86
Indices	
Index of Titles	91
Index of First Lines	93

FOREWORD

The earliest of these poems was written as long ago as 1952, though many more of them than not stem from the mid 1960s and the late 1970s. Some are only playful. Certain others are lyrics of a type generally deemed antiquated. I would also appear not to have been paying attention when they abolished iambs.

That last has become rather less of a misdemeanor in the last decade or more, one gathers.

As has rhyme, of which I am now and again also guilty.

In any event the sequence here is in no way chronological. A lot of the obvious foolishness will be found at the back, but everything else is fairly random.

As for the two brief prose reminiscences tacked on as appendices, this simply seemed an appropriate place to preserve them. Both were originally published in 1973.

D.M.—1993

HISTORY AND THEORY OF ART

Pontormo there, for anatomic truth,
Was said to house cadavers 'neath his roof,
And Cosimo, disdaining meals, would stew
Four dozen eggs at once, while cooking glue.
Of doltish mold, Uccello could not sleep
For trying cruel perspective till he'd weep.
Your Dürer, reading Luther, cracked, and raved—
Though unlike Michelangelo, he bathed.
Fra Lippi spoiled, but later wed, a nun,
And Raphael, for bawds, left walls undone;
Yet Van der Goes could only work when calm,
So friars shrewdly lifted voice in psalm.
Van Gogh, who shot himself, was long since vague,
While Titian died at ninety-nine, of plague.
El Greco thrived in dark, when all was stilled,
And Caravaggio once killed.

Each work of art is disciplined by laws,
Nor will they bend to idiosyncratic flaws;
As Leonardo doubtless would agree—
Who bought caged birds, and set them free.

MONODY

Down in this bone-bare, borrowed basement flat
Where season's bitter ache now seeps within
Like dirge beneath the sill
I wait alone attending to the rain
That she hears too
In rooms less bleak than these
Apart from me.

That wind-sharp, silk-sharp sound is one I've loved
In nights when love itself has countered chill,
Or simplest peace in her
Lent sweetness to the final easing fall
Which here, a wound
That will not close or rest,
Still weeps without.

How strange is this, that commonest of sound
Could owe all quality and tone to her,
While loss of her is loss
That alters even rainfall, or the soft
Slow ode of hope
That whispers in the blood
And fades again.

My love, or don't you hear it after all,
Remote from me this bone-wet, pain-wet night,
And is it I alone
Within these strange, distorting walls who lose
All consonance
And grasp but grief's sounds now,
In losing you?

SKULL

That's Dostoyevsky's skull beside my desk.
Oh, well, perhaps it's Percy Shelley's then.
In either case the skull's a skull, no fear:
True tears in those two hooded sockets once.
The teeth are bad, which may mean youth was gone;
Were Gogol's teeth undone? Were Baudelaire's?

One night, oh, years ago, Jack Kerouac
Contrived to wedge a candle stub in there;
We meant to watch it glow, but only slits
Along that jaw would let out any light.
"This thankless peon's got no soul," Jack said.
Next day on breakfast thought he swore it Poe.

There's scarce profundity in this, lame ploy
To balance out one's grimmer view of things;
Like questioning how long the soul's rot takes,
Let's say: would Jack himself be clean bone yet?
Ah, Christ, trust life to intervene indeed—
And darken even jests that keep us sane.

AT MALCOLM LOWRY'S GRAVE

(Ripe, "near Lewes," Sussex)

Here now in this unlikely town
So small that one must list
One larger, near it, for the post,
Or did, those swift years past
When letters last came down,
My daughter cannot rightly grasp
The purpose in our stopping.

Not yet a week, on other green,
Her first of deaths, a bird's,
Touched innocence with loss
This visit must engrain.
The bird was newly felled, and I—
I'd said it needed burying,
And tried what words I could.
I see them failed. Forlorn,
She lingers, questioning, in grass
Child-tall from English rain,
Who'd looked to find my friend asleep,
Just so, as seemed that wren.

It cannot keep. Behind us now,
Her infant brother's boast makes game
Of churchyard wall, and, quick,
She bests him there, firstborn
Who bears the dead man's name.
That, she will learn. Of this,
She may remember fern she clasps—
Or sudden wet leaf dropping.

I ATE MY LOVE ALIVE

I ate my love alive,
A blind devouring, and slow,
As in that sightless deep, perhaps,
Great sea-things, too,
Will batten fast and feed
In drift and rise
Till one is gone.

And does that other keep
In vast, unthinking sea-beast brain
Some mute, still hint
Of what has passed,
That loss?

I see this yet,
In common smoke that lifts
By lamplight from her hand:
Our dream that darkened in her eyes
As deeper sea itself falls dark,
Until the last sign died.

BUT YET AGAIN, WE FOUGHT

But yet again, we fought.
Thus worn,
She sits alone where winter light
Soft frames that face.

This pain is mine:
That even loveliness, at last,
Must lose resiliency,
And it is I, not time,
Who set that sadness there.

She knows it now.
I see the dream
Of some less wearing way than ours
That visits her,
Yet renders more forlorn.
I see, and cherish all but more
That beauty drawn in winter light
That tells we drown.

"THE DEATH OF THE VIRGIN"

(Santa Maria della Scala, Rome, 1607)

The goodly friars feel it will not do,
That Caravaggio. She looks the slut;
Indeed, some corpse of wench the Tiber'd owned
Is suspect there, that bloat. But let that go—
Such ordinary grief itself is fault:
Where's awe, where majesty? And yet what's this,
These ducats bid? No less than Rubens come,
Duke's surrogate, to crate it as his own?

And Caravaggio? No word, 'mid brawls,
All arrogance who'd know such wench in fact?
What, fled? Some murder done? Yet scarce surprise:
There's more offense ahead. And will those monks
Find vindication there, as sacrilege
But all discern in craft transcending *Truth*?

BORROWED LINE

At school, his anxious dream was poetry,
And once he built one line I still recall,
About a rain "along a normal shore."

To stumble on it quoted here could wound:
It's plain he's tried few poems since, and this
Is being written after thirty years.

Indeed, I spoke of Robert Creeley's work
One time, and even there the pause bled pain:
"I'm sorry; I'm afraid I've missed that name."

All right, drab truth, that no one cares a damn
For verse; not even evidently those
Who dreamt of being poets once themselves.

Life hinders much. But still: I'd not have felt
That Creeley could have written what he has
To have it fall with no more heed than rain

Along a normal shore.

STRANGE NIGHT

(Speaketh Faustus, Poet: Now)

Strange night. . . .
Surprised by Bach
I look to fix that tone and, turning,
Meet the hour:
And can it be, this long at games
As there beyond the pane—yet true,
Hear how it jars cantata's exultation!—
A world attends the dead year's rites,
The next's apotheosis?
Enough then, let it rest:
This counterfeit reality!
That music too: "Thou Sleepers, Rise!"—
But there the broadcast dims of self,
Past dial's or alchemy's recall.
Die then! Be gone!
Since I must ask it, must, alas,
As midnight sets finality to loss:
Where now, my love?
A year! And, ah, how brief indeed,
That waste of pain in which we so deny!
Ah, where?
Strange night. . . .
A plenitude, no less,
All future on us, yet commingled, as at death,
With past—at once the now, the then.
And is there rhyme in this, I wonder,
In dour perversity to hold to grief,
The new disdain?
Here now you're mine, possessed,
If only through prerogative of pain,
And lack may thereby feed.

And yet how worthy of contempt—
For mark it yet, those bells, that shout!
All pose of abnegation mocked
By single laugh without,
While something in this stricken room
That may be all worth living for
Cries deep for revelry, that kiss
That might have come—there! there!—
Fast twelve! All pages flung away!
Ah, Bach, then Bach at least, return!
Strange night. . . .

JOHANNA

My daughter needing half a dollar takes
A ten and promises the change.
She brings me four, the balance having gone
On Vonnegut and Margaret Mead.

I notice both that evening at her desk
Beside a *Taming of the Shrew*
And Strunk and White on elements of style.
She'll be at college in the fall.

One summer day I flung her round my neck
And ran so fast she vomited for joy.

THIS VISION COMES

This vision comes:

Of some hot land where very heat
Is substance, very air more hot than sands
That swim through such infinitude of heat
The skull itself must burn full dry.
And it is here, and thus,
In sweat that wells like hot flushed blood
We'll love; in heat that will not rise, or cease,
Or lift love's heat. *This* heat:
As in the primal, forging crush of earth,
That sweltered, liquid core.
And yet we'll cling, and cling,
Ten hundred times, consecutive, and more:
More sweated, fluid, flooding, hot. Not flesh;
All flesh but residue, dissolved, distilled.
In heat. In heat and flow.

This vision comes.

And yet I know, I'd need but breathe
To taste the coolness at your throat,
Oh love!

RELEVANCE

Coincidences undeniably imply meaning.

I am rereading Hart Crane.
I notice that the date
On which he stepped off that boat
Was April 26.

Tomorrow is April 26.

The year of his suicide was 1932.
I was four.
I am now fifty-one.
One undeniable implication in this case then
Is that the year, today,
Is 1979.

Afterward, Crane's mother scrubbed floors.
Eventually, I may or may not
Jump overboard.

Are there questions?

FUNERAL

(F. C.—1976)

The man who died
Was no one with a name.
The man who died
Was not a man of whom you've heard.
They held a funeral
And less than twenty people came.
They held a funeral
And less than twenty people came.
They held a funeral
And less than twenty people came.

Yet Norman Mailer came
And spoke some kindly words.
Yet Norman Mailer came
And spoke some kindly words.
They held a funeral
And less than twenty people came.
Yet Norman Mailer came
And spoke some kindly words.

The father of the man who died
Is living somewhere still.
My son, he died; my son.
Yet at his funeral
Would you believe who spoke?
My son, he died; my son.
Yet at his funeral
Would you believe who spoke?
My son, he died; my son.
Yet at his funeral
Would you believe who spoke?

They held a funeral
And less than twenty people came.
They held a funeral
And less than twenty people came.

Yet Norman Mailer came
And spoke some kindly words.

NACHTMUSIK

The woman said:
Is there any point in reducing
Every damned question to sex?

There was Mozart on.
And what she really
Meant was: Couldn't we maybe delve
Into a few dozen more of her neuroses
Before we screwed again?

Now here is what was actually
In my own head around then:
That funeral, in that rain,
Where nobody could spare the time
To set some shabbiest of signals
At his grave.

I assume I've already
Telegraphed the last part of this.
Naturally I forgot her name.
But I could diagram exactly
Where the turntable stood.

WRITER'S LAMENT

My God! How I deplore
This now, these lies, this foul
And insupportable pursuit
That costs me you!
Nor tell me not again
This fault, or that,
Which murdered love:
All's false! Was this:
That love must part,
Must cleave and break
To cleave renewed.
These pages, these! destroyed;
This base-named freedom, more
The villain still!
That terrible proximity
We kept and kept
That Christ's own hope of man
Would not endure!
No moment gone
From doubtings absent half a moment
Both would lose;
That ceaseless, ceaseless usage
Each of each;
All solitude's abuse!
And—ah!—but worse,
No single instant's pang:
To long, and longing, to adore.
All's quit, too late!
I'd learn some craft,
Take labor of a common sort!
Love's myths, be damned!

Proximity! That sick, drear death
That everyone we knew
Believed so sweet, so rare.

DYLAN
(November 9, 1953)

Tubes from the brain
Drain the ultimate moments.
That last secret seepage
In silence ceases.

Doors clang, stenciled DISPOSAL,
And swallow a whispered rhyme.

DIALOGUE IN MILAN

"But oil on plaster yet again?
It cannot set, will flake and fade
Before your own life's done. Old fool,
Near fifty now, at least this once
Leave something permanent. That horse
You planned, too huge to cast, the years!
Go, cross the town, to sit and stare
Or single brushstroke fix! The hours
Of waste amid those notes, those drafts,
What fruit therein, what end? Back south
Commissions fall to younger brush,
Not only Raphael in Rome
But Buonarroti too, nor even stone
But on the walls as well, what skill
Hath he in this? Yet all this time
So little realized, so much
Diffuse. . . ."

" 'Let the street be as wide
As the height of the houses.' "

AS IN THE AFTERMATH

As in the aftermath
Of battle, or disease,
Love's toil too can spend the blood
And sap the heart of use.

Ah, sweet, how can our dream,
Like winging gulls, that grand,
From moment's common storm now lie
Thus broken on the strand?

WE LOVE, BUT CANNOT LIVE

We love, but cannot live,
In fact we die;
An irony to tear
Love's moon awry.

But ah, the cost we pay
To let it lie;
To live in loss of love,
Still more to die.

Then, love, if all is tears,
Why, rot the moon!
What choice but newly lie
Together soon?

TO A MEXICAN POET WHO HAS FORSAKEN DRINK

(For Marco Antonio Montes de Oca)

Marco, thou disloyal sot,
Your letter's come, that says you've not
Nipped half a dram in near two years,
Nor even wine, or sinless beers!

Well, guzzle wind, recidivist,
As I for both of us get pissed,
Who thought we'd stride together sauced,
Heed not our livers, hang the cost!

I've seen you swill and heard you snore,
And watched you, reeling, kiss the floor;
Doth now the Mexique vessel lie
Emptied in sobriety?

Then hark my wish, which mayst use
In dreaming of thy quitted booze:
Be water blest, as once with gin—
And curse the lot whose souls pour thin!

LOSS

I worshiped there, and named it only love.
That shrine is ruin now, and all cause mine,
Who knew not piety enough, nor grace,
And less and less set offering, or saw
How blessed. Not so: as stone by stone
Pulled down, defiled. Now all
Is desolate, new sacrifice denied.

The metaphor will magnify;
Yet as in abjuration or remorse
More pitiless than this
Hard penitence has burned, or thirsted,
Poor love's dismay may also burn or thirst—
And in the very ravaging of hope
New hope seek.

TRAVELER'S TALE

"This occurred, I swear, one time in a foreign land.
Not knowing a soul but one whose rooms I took,
And him gone off next day, why, I'll be damned
If I spoke six words to anyone. Now look,
I might have said, 'I'll have a whiskey,' sure,
Or, 'Cigarettes, how much?' and 'I'll take these,'
But that's the sum of it, and what is more,
I was sick some days and never left the house. . . .

"Yet listen, now, forget there was no choice.
I mean I might have died back there, to rot,
And who'd have known? For want of a human voice,
I say. That's why it's said I talk a lot.
I know, I know, a trivial plight, it sounds.
But you mean solitude, that always ends.
Yet *silence*, now, that's new. A city round,
And not one sound. That once was enough, my friends. . . .

"Though queerly, too, I don't mean night, you'll note.
Night's fine, when all's the same, when *all* is still.
It's dawn that I remember, lads, that stroke
When something *ought* to start, and nothing will.
You wake as ever, true, but then the dread
Takes hold. For of a sudden—God!—to know
That waits. Did I say death, I could have died?
Those dawns, *that* silence—Christ, I did! Don't go!"

I MET MY LOVE

I met my love upon a stair
When love was newly o'er.
Ah, far too soon for us to share
But silent nod, no more.

No sorrow lay upon her yet,
Who swiftly turned away;
No simplest gesture of regret,
Nor any word to say.

Those wounds we bear of love remiss,
The saddest guilts that lie,
Touch smaller pain, I think, than this:
This passing silent by.

THE VOW

Ten hundred times,
Restrained by vow,
I spurned those loves
Who were not thou.

Now vow's defunct,
Denied by thee.
Ten hundred wait—
All naught to me.

LOWRY

Gin-drenched, negotiating New York night,
He's captured by a sign not seen before
And laughs so demoniacally it comes
To tears. I read but *Poultry Here, In Parts*.

"Forgive me; the occult. But just suppose,"—
He giggles next—"surmise some inverse realm
Where men are not the blokes with consciousness.
God's mercy when those chickens put up signs!"

We share it then. And yet that book of his
Must haunt; must hint the moment demon-wrought
In fact. This laughing man once harrowed hell:
There truly reading *Guess Who? Here, In Parts*.

AGEE

One afternoon that May, just off the park,
we chatted laughingly about a friend
beset by drinkers' small calamities
until he said he had a doctor's visit due
and, laughing still, flagged down a cab.

Not two days afterward, again en route
re ills I'd known him less than well enough
to ask about, he died. What queer
reaction, even now, revives a dread
it might have been *that* cab, *that* afternoon?

Surely the worm is long within the bone
before the flesh is loosed?

ONCE, IN OUR QUARRELING

Once, in our quarreling,
Do you recall?—
When I had thrust some meanest blade within,
You flung a child's toy at me
And scarred the wall.
I laughed; and you, my wife—
I think you disbelieved the act.

That died, but there was this:
That often, passing, I would pause,
Amused, perhaps, though touched
By something still of awe,
Then lift my fingers gently to that mark
And love you more than life.

RECITATION BEFORE BED

Ah, wife, here's one new consequence!
When was it last we dueled, today?
That innocent, those rooms away—
For all dissembling, how they sense!

We jousted, game between us two—
That mirthful little imp and I—and blows
Some way transcended jest. He knows—
And struck and struck, avenging you!

See there, the price of my survival,
This tender bruise—or here! My dear,
I'm scarce distressed he cares, yet fear—
While ours must pass—new strife, new rival!

TARDY POET: 1978

How strange
That they arrange
Anthologies by dates of birth.
Which means if someone sixty-five
Penned ten astounding sudden lines somehow
They'd park him back with Delmore Schwartz
Or Berryman.

Or take for instance if you'd never heard
Of Basil Bunting, say, before
Last Tuesday afternoon:
The jolt to find him penciled in
Full fifteen years ahead of Lowell
And thirty-two in front
Of Plath!

Myself, I just may lie
Unless they start to date these things
As written.
Not every skulking cat scratched walls
When still a kitten.

cummings

i saw him once
in washington sq., &
while i was
staring he stopped
& reached
up
to solve the tex-
ture
(i swear this is not a
lie) of a
leaf.

(my dghtr. being not even
born then & thus
shrewder re blsht
than i bets he
bloodywellknew
some-
body was
looking.)

QUIETUDE

My wife went out of town
For several weeks.
Adjustments had to be made.
The kids,
With no alternate sides of the street
To work, cooperated.

Late at night, carefully,
I broke in a new
Oxford Book of English Verse,
Not quite properly bound.

My wife came back.
Adjustments had to be made.
On its shelf the book's spine settled
Askew.

HARTNETT IN WORCESTER

Stanley Kunitz once said, somewhere,
That a lot of recent verse
Was easier to write
And harder to remember.
Stanley Kunitz once also said, elsewhere,
That he had seen the great old Cubs catcher,
Gabby Hartnett, play ball
Before he reached the major leagues.
Now, Gabby Hartnett was already winding down,
Just about through, when I was a kid—
And that after what seemed forever.
Still, as they love about baseball, you could
Look such things up;
Although naturally you could look up poets, too.
Gabby Hartnett played one minor-league summer,
In Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1921.
That same summer, Stanley Kunitz was sixteen—
In Worcester, Massachusetts.

Whatever Stanley Kunitz says, anywhere:
Listen.

CONTRADICTION

Its dialectic difficulty lends
To telling of my love:
So sweet it festers,
So sorrowful it mends.

The contradiction pesters,
Though failing to appall:
It's *my* love, after all.

LAMENT

My love is gone,
What more to say?
What telling else,
When love's away?

Oh, love, return!
Come back to me!
What living more,
Beyond this plea?

WOMEN'S HOUSE OF DETENTION

Months past the demolition
that sudden three-sided Greenwich Avenue
emptiness could still startle and
disorient. Unquestionably it was new to
Corso, heading up Sixth. No hello.
Diagonally beyond, at Tenth, late noon etched
hundred-year-old brick fronts miraculously
sprung there the instant he'd gaped. The
Village, mind you: and here is this
hole, that space. A *vista*
no less. "Nothing
out of something," Gregory said.

SISTER'S SON

At twenty-three, he's pierced with ache for Christ,
Lamenting those who languish yet by night.

I cherished more the youth who worshiped Yeats—
And hammered on the page in fierce delight.

AT THE LION'S HEAD

Vodka-weary
I scowl at the bar
And confront a midnight revelation:
In ten years
I have contributed thirty thousand, cash,
To the fiscal well-being
Of this saloon.

If I still wake, mornings, to
Reality,
Is there a refund?

accepted

the goddamn
tuition &
roomandboard
come to
\$8100 not
including even one tooth-
brush & when you add
in
travel/laundry/newbluejeans/etc
i am suddenly so
thrilled for the kid i
could
weep.

OF WRITINGS UNFINISHED

Those sheets, like wretched hulls disgorged to rot
Upon the land, are merciless to sight.
Beneath imagined planks the dull pools lie
In stagnant desolation. The surfless tide
That shifting dreads collision with the reefs
Sweeps in but these, the spars of nerveless dreams
Indifferent sands inter. No scars will mark
The strand, such meager wrecks will not abide.

But ships aground tell tragic lines, while those—
Those unbegotten words, their charted course
Across the gulf of mind undared—in fears
Have foundered, sunk unborn. Is image then
Untrue: do they thus drowned and grieved for here
Deserve a lesser metaphor than sea,
Whose pilot weeps ashore? What mariner
Will say? Is there not sting of salt in tears?

I SAW OLD DYLAN

(The King's Road, 1967)

I saw old Dylan from the street today,
In bookshop window, squarely tacked,
Above the heaps of Snows, C. P.,
And Eliots, T. S.,
Stacked high for Yule.

The day was cold as sin.
Just past the cookbooks and the Xmas wrap
A young thing stroked his colophon;
But fixed in there like full-plucked hen
For merry crucifixion
He lost, alas, and she,
She went for Shelley, Percy B.
And her with great legs, too.

I followed her awhile,
Till season's tardy revelation
Turned me sour:
By now he'd be fifty-three.

IMITATIVE FRAGMENT

(From a Flyleaf)

No castle time had I, no cattle shouts
Nor mornings idoled at cathedral springs,
But seasons chamber-caught or wrought of nail
And knock of water trapped in elbow rings
To wash my youth-years cold.

My lays were blown to brickdust
In the back-slat lanes—

A.D. 2029

Perhaps six lines, to keep one's other lines alive,
And one young man, perhaps, say fifty years from now,
Alone, and torn with longing in a midnight room,
To ask did Markson ever taste these griefs? Hello!

ANNE-ON-AVON

"If others have their will Anne hath a way."

—*Ulysses*

Well past first blush and rife with thigh
Anne in her cups did terrify
Your common swain chanced sniffing by;
Still, came that morn was forced to sigh,
Said, "I must wed or needs must die."
Then pick'd young William, who knew why?

Said, "Will, I'm swole, 'tis six months nigh."
"But me?" gulp'd he, "what proof? Oh, my!
For one night's pluck, my goose you'd fry?
And scarce the first, fie, lady, fie!"
But wench held firm, made Will comply;
Did thus legitimacy buy.

Serene therewith (if secret wry)
Next e'en fidelity might try:
Did wretch not strand her high and dry,
All itch with London's wits to vie.
"A pox," quoth she. "Then scratch, good-bye.
We'll see whose years more swift do fly!"

And so at Stratford (n'er known shy)
While Will with song the globe did ply
'Twas claret's rhyme she'd specify.
(Nor other "sack" forsooth deny;
Quick drain the pot, betimes would hie
To rarer verse 'neath Avon sky!)

Whole decades thus did Anne defy
That knot her bulging bid him tie,

Which Will's own will doth testify;
Ah, horn'd bequest we there descry
(He long last home to ratify):
"My second-best bed" hence occupy!

His "second-best bed" hence occupy!
Oh, woeful plight, nor hope reply,
Since he with worms did then ally
As she, undone, sobbed, "Here am I."
Sobbed, "Here am I . . . 'neath Avon sky!"
Survivor Anne: still rife, still sly.

FOOTNOTES TO "ANNE-ON-AVON"

1.

Anne the enigma
Still bears the stigma.

2.

If she were pregnant,
Surely 'twas regnant?

MEMO TO HIS LADY'S THERAPIST

Desist, thou analytic wretch!
Pit not thy shrinking 'gainst my letch!
Thy fifty-minute hour's sly,
But passion's clock doth never lie.
Thus grieve thy weekly tick's demise
As I betwixt her timeless thighs
Erect a bulwark there 'gainst thee—
Who shall not ever shrinketh me!

SEXIST STANZA

If kissing them would quiet them
The silence should be stunning;
But here I've loved two thousand ten—
And every mouth still running.

SEE SUSAN READ

Susan Sontag says
She owns fifteen thousand books
And has not only read them
All, but reads them over
And over.
I find this extraordinarily impressive.
Fifteen thousand books is one
Book a day, every day, for
Forty-one years;
One book a day meaning including fat
Books, such as *The Anatomy of Melancholy* and
Jean-Christophe, and hard
Books, such as Kant
And the *Tractatus* and Paul Celan; and which
Is incidentally only five, and so would still leave
Susan's weekend;
Not to add that if she were to skip that for, say,
Just this once, for a couple of late
Nights out, or who knows? even some writing
Of her own, whew, nonstop
Through Aeschylus and Lacan and *Finnegans Wake*
On Monday.
I did indicate that I am impressed?
(And to think we haven't even gotten
To the over and over
Part yet.)

DANTE GABRIEL

When poor Rossetti lost his wife
His pain was so profound
He buried all his manuscripts
Smack with her, underground.

In half a dozen years or so,
Less keen on tears than fame,
He fetched a shovel late one night
And hauled them up again.

What lout, when told this tale, can read
Rossetti unaffected?
—Especially when reassured
Each page was disinfected!

TRICENTENNIAL: 1980

John Wilmot's dead three hundred years this year;
He was the Earl of Rochester, a peer.
(He also wrote such filthy verse I fear
They'd wash his mouth with soap, were he still here.)

SANS

I'd thought, my dear, you might have known,
Now we are quits, some urge to view
This lair to which your beau has flown;
New habitat, my life *sans* you.

An idle glass, perhaps, with glance
At rooms which thrive without your touch?
Some subtle hints of new romance,
My independent air, that much?

I'd thought, indeed, *sans* me you'd know
At least the curiosity.
The point comes hard, my dear, just so:
I'll rot in this damned hole, *sans* thee.

DAILY REVIEWER-HAUPT

What bile must rise within his throat
O'er all those books, not one he wrote!
Ah, let the wretch our spawn berate:
The bold make love; some masturbate.

HYGIENE

She has this magical bidet,
It gushes purest Perrier!

It's turned her douche to sheerest bliss,
Those bubbles in her uterus!

And even should she fully dress,
Still, still, she'll slyly effervesce!

Ah, here's to love, and Perrier!
The more she'll rinse, the merrier!

THE YOUTHFUL POET'S UNSPOKE RESPONSE TO A WOMAN TALKING TOO LOUDLY IN HIS FAVORITE BOOKSTORE

Lady, for Samuel Johnson's sake
Or Kierkegaard's
Knock it off.

Besides which that section
You're mucking up is
Verse. Verse, like in Milton
Comma John. Or like in
Lady, shove that suburban claptrap up
Your Osip Mandelstam.

Lady, did they shut down your boutique?
Could you maybe find a hairdresser's
Or a deep hole

And let me get back
To swiping that Swinburne comma Algernon
Your Bloomingdale's bag is on?

BIRCHES

Something there is that doesn't love a frost.
Whose woods are these? I'm cold and lost.
I think I'll take the road less traveled by.
I've miles to go, thank God I'm high.

ON THE DEATH, AFTER LYING WOUNDED IN THE THIGH FOR TWENTY-SIX DAYS, OF THE AUTHOR OF "ASTROPHEL AND STELLA"

A little sulfa
Could have saved Sidney.

ON BEING DENIED FOR BEING ALREADY TOOK

How uply screwed's the knot
Of love that not now screws.
Uncrotched, must self abuse?
(If his is whose she'll not
Now use, since cannot knot?)

JULIA NOW

Whenas in jeans today she goes,
Then, then, methinks, how meanly flows
The Leviquefaction of her clothes!

PROSODY

The problem with so many modern poems, friend,
Is that a line can lose you at what seemed an end
But wasn't
Were they?

QUESTION OF ANATOMY

Good Lord, thy bottom, lass,
That rump! The world
Goes round, I know, I know,
But asses, mostly, do not so.

Yes, asses, mostly, do not so,
For lasses, mostly, lump
Or sag. Canst make me fag
To love thine ass, thou being lass?

TO A LADY, A PART OF HER

Immortal spheres, O luscious pair,
I trust she rides thee not
Too harshly there. In silken sheets
Dost grace thy nights, and for thy days
Will virgin vestments wear, nor chafe,
Nor clump too cruel upon a chair.

Exotic orbs, sweet blossoms rare,
What other splendor canst compare
To thee, when thou dost flare
As boldly my encroachments dare?
Ah, *tush*, I trust she sits thee not
Uncushioned there!

Ah, *tush*, let gaudy trumpets blare
While others boast my lady's breast,
Her calf, nor can I care.
But shouldst my lady bid me share
Thy glory with another's stare,
O globes! Despair!

Despair, alas, dear seat, sweet pair,
To think she'd use thee wanton there
And wipe me bare! How dump on him
Who dost eternal swear
'Tis what his lady dumpest *with*
He holds most fair!

UNFINISHED

(Because Already a Falsehood)

Let not this praising of thine ass
My deeper thirsts belie—

PREFERENCE OF METRE

Iamb;
Ergo sum.

OCCUPATION

My love she turned so harsh, so cruel,
She shied from sight of me;
I wept, I sighed, I played the fool:
I now write poetry.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A

CONRAD AIKEN

1889–1973

So, the old poet is finally gone. And more than ever, the dates defy belief. Can he truly have been born ten years before Hart Crane, who is four decades dead? Can he have been a quarter of a century older than Dylan Thomas, who is dead two?

Conrad Aiken. For most, even the name seems that of a relic. Once, chatting with my wife, he told a college anecdote about one "Tom." Elaine scowled. "Tom?" Could she be blamed if it eluded her momentarily that Aiken's best friend at Harvard, well before World War I, was T. S. Eliot?

A relic, indeed. Elaine also asked him once if a young poet we knew might write him a letter. The irony in Aiken's sigh is with me still. "Very few people do, you know. They think I'm dead."

And of course he'd been brutally ill through most of these last years, his later letters most often like pronouncements of the visitations upon Pharaoh: pneumonia, uremia, dizziness, insufferable skin diseases, bad hearing, the weakening heart. From one: "Took flight into far regions whence I almost didn't make it back—sometimes wisht I hadn't, and am godawful feeble, cyant steer straight." Or again, heartbreakingly: "Lucky anybody."

A scene recurs in memory. It is at a party for his seventy-fifth birthday, and already his hand sometimes trembles, his voice falters. He is saying good-bye to Robert Penn Warren. "Well, Red . . ." The ellipsis speaks volumes—even those nine full years ago, the intimation of last farewell.

Paradoxically, I recall another sort of farewell also, this in 1954. Then in his mid-sixties, Aiken had come down from Cape Cod for a first meeting in almost twenty years with Malcolm Lowry, for whom he had once been very like a father. When

Aiken left again that evening, Lowry wept. "He is an old man. And now I will never see him again." But it was Lowry himself, at forty-seven, who was dead within three years.

It was in that next decade that I saw Aiken most often, occasionally in the cold-water flat he held onto on East Thirty-third Street—"east doity-toid"—where martinis were always concocted in a teapot, "to appear therapeutic." An amused and amusing man, for all the incremental plagues. One evening at our own apartment he categorically refused to allow Elaine to serve until well past ten, since a doctor had forbidden him any drinks after dinner—"so I'll be damned if I'll eat before bedtime."

But there was a bitterness in him too, in those later days, at all the insinuating neglect. As deep into his career as 1960, editing a selected poems, he wrote me—and how bleakly—that he was struggling "to give the lyrical and decorative things the heave-ho . . . in the hope that one or two critics might take a second look and revise that 'music but no meaning' tag that has dogged me for forty-five years." Few did, of course. In a time of defaulted standards, this man might well have been our last old master, surely the last with any truly classic sense of the innovative usages of language within the disciplines of traditional craft. Yet the "breathers," the chanters of shabbily disguised cadenced prose, dismissed him with a shrug—and even the music went unheard.

Incidentally he was our last authentic man of letters, also. His criticism would remain seminal if only because he was virtually the first American to recognize Faulkner, or for that matter—*credat qui vult*—the relevance of Freud to literature. Is there any modern short story writer with a table of contents that can cast a shadow upon "Silent Snow, Secret Snow," "Your Obituary, Well Written," "The Night Before Prohibition," "Mr. Arcularis?" Aiken's five novels go unread, yet *Blue Voyage* and *Great Circle* contain passages of sustained "interior" angst surpassed only in *Under the Volcano* and the Quentin section of *The Sound and the Fury*. Moreover, lush and sensually self-in-

dulgent as it appears, the layered experimentalism in *Ushant* may make it the one autobiography of our time demanding use of the word genius.

And the poetry. Was there, finally, more than music? Why was the one book that James Joyce felt it "urgent" to read, in the last days of his life, Aiken's *Coming Forth by Day of Osiris Jones*? Why is there so much of Aiken's "Senlin" in "The Waste Land"? A better man than we knew, I suspect. Better, and more permanent.

This "relic." I also meant to mention that his favorite living writer was Red Smith.

APPENDIX B

DYLAN THOMAS TWENTY YEARS LATER

For weeks now, I have been scowling over the premise behind this essay. Can it truly be possible that twenty full years have passed—to the day, come Friday—since Dylan Thomas died on West Eleventh Street? My lord, I think I saw him yesternight. And out of what ineluctable, startling legerdemain can I myself actually be older now than he was then?

Dylan, you randy, rumped, boilermaker-chugging young dog . . . *twenty* years?

There he stands, in the White Horse Tavern. Though I have been to Laugharne as well, in southern Wales the color of owls, and seen where he rests in country sleep. . . .

So what words then, to mark the day? That for many of us he remains the truest poet in the language since Yeats? Even were there point in such a judgment, just who am I to venture it?

I had thought of a reminiscence also, possessed of the trivial fond records of some eight or ten Dylan-soaked nights—but time, I am sure, must long since have distorted most. Did he and I really once race, mad as birds, some several staggered blocks along Hudson Street after a midnight's glorious lying about our boyhood heroism at track? Or have I been making up most of that story for years?

But perhaps I find something I can trust. I have letters that I wrote about him, that seem in retrospect a fair accounting of what one casual acquaintance saw and felt, back then—and worth a modest footnote's pause, as it were, for today. (The letters were to Malcolm Lowry, then in British Columbia; they were returned to me after Lowry's death later on. If I abridge them considerably, often without ellipses, the only other very

few changes will be for clarity.) Thomas died on November 9, 1953; the date on the earliest excerpt, at the time but incidental intelligence, is November 3:

Dylan is here again—kind of painful. He has been setting records with the bottle, unfortunately—doesn't focus, moves about as if hypnotized, speaks past you into the emptiness of a limbo all his own—and is apparently writing nothing. I love the bastard's stuff, and have for years; and liked him much when I was seeing him about a year and a half ago. Then, even in the drunkenness there was a kind of wit and vitality and stimulation that means life in abundance; but now he seems a caricature of himself, even in appearance. A dirty shame. . . .

Even youth, it strikes me now, is flimsy excuse for that sort of prose—though there would appear more insight back of it than I knew. Before writing, I'd seen Thomas only once during the two weeks of his then-current visit; yet within days I was to send Lowry the following:

A brief and terribly painful follow-up to something in my letter of a couple of days ago. I learned just now that Dylan collapsed at the Chelsea (his hotel) yesterday, and is in a local hospital with a serious brain ailment. Precisely what it means I don't know, but will let you know as soon as I hear anything. Christ.

Typing hurriedly, I contrived to write "brail" instead of "brain." In a reply he started before taking things quite seriously, Lowry asked if I meant to intimate "an ailment as of one slightly blind." There was no returning the jest when I wrote again, however; I would post the letter only a few hours before Thomas "expired," as the hospital switchboard was to have it that evening:

What to tell you, but facts? There is no change in Dylan's condition: five days in a coma, still critical. He has a brain hemorrhage and they have no idea what is keeping him alive. Caitlin flew in yesterday.

The facts. And your damned guts turn over. The young men already composing their elegies, and a disgraceful mob of them mills around the corridors of St. Vincent's holding a premature wake. To be able to

tell their tavern friends: look on Shelley plain? Hell, I was in the hospital the day he died. . . .

I remember your story about him as a kid, hacking his lungs out, breaking bottles, declaiming on death. And so it's taken twenty years. I guess he must have known—or knows, whatever the damned tense—his position. At the time I got to know him best, he was caught up in a whirlwind in which he seemed indifferently content. On the trip before, he had wondered, honestly, if he would be liked or understood. And on these later visits it was the purest degradation. They liked him, all right, all the fawning, uncreative sycophants who robbed him of his time and his energy and every other damned thing until even the person was gone and only the “personality” remained. What matter if he is mesmerized, mechanical, inarticulate? Hell, ma, look at me, sitting here buying beers for Dylan Thomas . . . and I also, those months in 1952. The mob that will feed upon him even in death—or what is worse, right now. . . .

I saw a manuscript of his once, a poem of about thirty lines that made a sheaf as thick as a fist. I wonder, after the early romanticism passed, what he was like alone, working that way, doing “Fern Hill” and “In My Craft or Sullen Art,” the others that will last. When he was his own, I mean, and belonged to himself. The picture I have now is so cluttered, so unclean. But there is such a damned impossible purity and vitality in some of his things that probably it is that, even now, that is keeping him alive this long. It is the thing that made him, and will remain. . . .

“When he walked with his mother through the parables of sunlight and the legends of the green chapels. . . .” “And death shall have no dominion.” Jesus Jesus Jesus.

Two years ago the White Horse Tavern was an empty, unknown seamen's bar where old men played chess, peripheral to the Village, nowhere. And now, because Dylan found it and had the instinct to make it a refuge in the beginning, it is the most mobbed, crawling bar downtown, *the* place to be. They came like flies, now like jackals. And now for a while it will be hushed, somber, a kind of shrine. . . .

Balls. I'll have a drink there with you one day. Meanwhile I'm sorry, with both of you out there, who knew him so long. I wish I had, before. . . .

That letter crossed Lowry's mentioned above, which he had held and postscripted after the death, saying that he had poured a libation of gin to Dylan's memory, and “for some reason cut down a tree, likewise dead and an old friend.” I wrote about him one more time, on the 17th:

There was much sadness here, as you might guess. Fine obituaries, and editorials also. I went to the memorial service; Faulkner was there, and Cummings, Tennessee Williams. There is no money, apparently, and they have a fund for Caitlin and the three kids. So many more people die poor than with anything; yet it seems so damned unfitting here. . . .

I first read his work, I remember, in 1945; and it has gotten better and better with repeated readings. Curiously, I like “It was my thirtieth year to heaven” most of all; but also “Fern Hill,” “In My Craft or Sullen Art,” “In Memory of Ann Jones”—and a good six or eight more which have to last. But I have dwelled on it long—it is a week today, and seems much longer—and one cannot, I suppose, really say anything. I remember once he said of the last, angry poems of Yeats that they were the kind of things Lear, had he been a poet, might have written; perhaps Dylan too, one day. . . .

I have, by the less pompous way, some filthy signed pictures drawn in a bar, drunk, but can't find them now. . . .

And *vale* again, after the twenty years. With Lowry himself gone for sixteen. I might add that I eventually found the dirty drawings. And sold them, being broke.

INDEX OF TITLES

accepted 53
A.D. 2029 57
Agee 41
Anne-on-Avon 58
As in the Aftermath 33
At Malcolm Lowry's Grave 16
At the Lion's Head 52
Birches 70
Borrowed Line 20
But Yet Again, We Fought 18
Contradiction 48
cummings 45
Daily Reviewer-Haupt 67
Dante Gabriel 64
Dialogue in Milan 32
Dylan 31
Footnotes to "Anne-on-Avon" 60
Funeral 26
Hartnett in Worcester 47
History and Theory of Art 13
Hygiene 68
I Ate My Love Alive 17
I Met My Love 38
I Saw Old Dylan 55
Imitative Fragment 56
Johanna 23
Julia Now 73
Lament 49
Loss 36
Lowry 40
Memo to His Lady's Therapist 61
Monody 14
Nachtmusik 28
Occupation 79
Of Writings Unfinished 54

On Being Denied for Being Already Took 72
 On the Death, after Lying Wounded in the Thigh for Twenty-six Days,
 of the Author of "Astrophel and Stella" 71
 Once, in Our Quarreling 42
 Preference of Metre 78
 Prosody 74
 Question of Anatomy 75
 Quietude 46
 Recitation before Bed 43
 Relevance 25
Sans 66
 See Susan Read 63
 Sexist Stanza 62
 Sister's Son 51
 Skull 15
 Strange Night 21
 Tardy Poet: 1978 44
 "The Death of the Virgin" 19
 The Vow 39
 The Youthful Poet's Unspoke Response To a Woman Talking Too
 Loudly in His Favorite Bookstore 69
 This Vision Comes 24
 To a Lady, a Part of Her 76
 To a Mexican Poet Who Has Forsaken Drink 35
 Traveler's Tale 37
 Tricentennial: 1980 65
 Unfinished 77
 We Love, but Cannot Live 34
 Women's House of Detention 50
 Writer's Lament 29

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

A little sulfa 71
 Ah, wife, here's one new consequence! 43
 Anne the enigma 60
 As in the aftermath 33
 At school, his anxious dream was poetry, 20
 At twenty-three, he's pierced with ache for Christ, 51
 "But oil on plaster yet again? 32
 But yet again, we fought. 18
 Coincidences undeniably imply meaning. 25
 Desist, thou analytic wretch! 61
 Down in this bone-bare, borrowed basement flat 14
 Gin-drenched, negotiating New York night, 40
 Good Lord, thy bottom, lass, 75
 Here now in this unlikely town 16
 How strange 44
 How uply screwed's the knot 72
 I ate my love alive, 17
 I met my love upon a stair 38
 i saw him once 45
 I saw old Dylan from the street today, 55
 I worshiped there, and named it only love. 36
 Iamb; 78
 I'd thought, my dear, you might have known, 66
 If kissing them would quiet them 62
 Immortal spheres, O luscious pair, 76
 Its dialectic difficulty lends 48
 John Wilmot's dead three hundred years this year; 65
 Lady, for Samuel Johnson's sake 69
 Let not this praising of thine ass 77
 Marco, thou disloyal sot, 35
 Months past the demolition 50
 My daughter needing half a dollar takes 23
 My God! How I deplore 29
 My love is gone, 49
 My love she turned so harsh, so cruel, 79

My wife went out of town 46
 No castle time had I, no cattle shouts 56
 Once, in our quarreling, 42
 One afternoon that May, just off the park, 41
 Perhaps six lines, to keep one's other lines alive, 57
 Pontormo there, for anatomic truth, 13
 She has this magical bidet, 68
 Something there is that doesn't love a frost. 70
 Stanley Kunitz once said, somewhere, 47
 Strange night. . . 21
 Susan Sontag says 63
 Ten hundred times, 39
 That's Dostoyevsky's skull beside my desk. 15
 the goddamn 53
 The goodly friars feel it will not do, 19
 The man who died 26
 The problem with so many modern poems, friend, 74
 The woman said: 28
 "This occurred, I swear, one time in a foreign land. 37
 This vision comes: 24
 Those sheets, like wretched hulls disgorged to rot 54
 Tubes from the brain 31
 Vodka-weary 52
 We love, but cannot live, 34
 Well past first blush and rife with thigh 58
 What bile must rise within his throat 67
 When poor Rossetti lost his wife 64
 Whenas in jeans today she goes, 73

DALKEY ARCHIVE PAPERBACKS

FICTION: AMERICAN

BARNES, DJUNA. <i>Ladies Almanack</i>	9.95
BARNES, DJUNA. <i>Ryder</i>	9.95
COOVER, ROBERT. <i>A Night at the Movies</i>	9.95
CRAWFORD, STANLEY. <i>Some Instructions to My Wife</i>	7.95
DOWELL, COLEMAN. <i>Too Much Flesh and Jabez</i>	8.00
DUCORNET, RIKKI. <i>The Fountains of Neptune</i>	10.95
GASS, WILLIAM H. <i>Willie Masters' Lonesome Wife</i>	9.95
MARKSON, DAVID. <i>Springer's Progress</i>	9.95
MARKSON, DAVID. <i>Wittgenstein's Mistress</i>	9.95
McELROY, JOSEPH. <i>Women and Men</i>	15.95
SEESE, JUNE AKERS. <i>Is This What Other Women Feel Too?</i>	9.95
SEESE, JUNE AKERS. <i>What Waiting Really Means</i>	7.95
SORRENTINO, GILBERT. <i>Aberration of Starlight</i>	9.95
SORRENTINO, GILBERT. <i>Imaginative Qualities of Actual Things</i>	9.95
SORRENTINO, GILBERT. <i>Splendide-Hôtel</i>	5.95
SORRENTINO, GILBERT. <i>Steelwork</i>	9.95
SORRENTINO, GILBERT. <i>Under the Shadow</i>	9.95
STEPHENS, MICHAEL. <i>Season at Coole</i>	7.95
WOOLF, DOUGLAS. <i>Wall to Wall</i>	7.95
YOUNG, MARGUERITE. <i>Miss MacIntosh, My Darling</i>	2-vol. set, 30.00
ZUKOFSKY, LOUIS. <i>Collected Fiction</i>	9.95

FICTION: BRITISH

CHARTERIS, HUGO. <i>The Tide Is Right</i>	9.95
FIRBANK, RONALD. <i>Complete Short Stories</i>	9.95
MOSLEY, NICHOLAS. <i>Accident</i>	9.95
MOSLEY, NICHOLAS. <i>Impossible Object</i>	9.95
MOSLEY, NICHOLAS. <i>Judith</i>	10.95

FICTION: FRENCH

ERNAUX, ANNIE. <i>Cleaned Out</i>	9.95
GRAINVILLE, PATRICK. <i>The Cave of Heaven</i>	10.95
NAVARRE, YVES. <i>Our Share of Time</i>	9.95
QUENEAU, RAYMOND. <i>The Last Days</i>	9.95
QUENEAU, RAYMOND. <i>Pierrot Mon Ami</i>	7.95
ROUBAUD, JACQUES. <i>The Great Fire of London</i>	12.95
ROUBAUD, JACQUES. <i>The Princess Hoppy</i>	9.95
SIMON, CLAUDE. <i>The Invitation</i>	9.95

DALKEY ARCHIVE PAPERBACKS

FICTION: IRISH

CUSACK, RALPH. <i>Cadenza</i>	7.95
MACLOHLAINN, ALF. <i>Out of Focus</i>	5.95
O'BRIEN, FLANN. <i>The Dalkey Archive</i>	9.95

FICTION: LATIN AMERICAN

VALENZUELA, LUISA. <i>He Who Searches</i>	8.00
---	------

FICTION: SPANISH

TUSQUETS, ESTHER. <i>Stranded</i>	9.95
-----------------------------------	------

POETRY

ALFAU, FELIPE. <i>Sentimental Songs (La poesía cursi)</i>	9.95
ANSEN, ALAN. <i>Contact Highs: Selected Poems 1957-1987</i>	11.95
BURNS, GERALD. <i>Shorter Poems</i>	9.95
FAIRBANKS, LAUREN. <i>Muzzle Thyself</i>	9.95
MARKSON, DAVID. <i>Collected Poems</i>	9.95
THEROUX, ALEXANDER. <i>The Lollipop Trollops</i>	10.95

NONFICTION

GAZARIAN GAUTIER, MARIE-LISE. <i>Interviews with Latin American Writers</i>	14.95
GAZARIAN GAUTIER, MARIE-LISE. <i>Interviews with Spanish Writers</i>	14.95
MATHEWS, HARRY. <i>20 Lines a Day</i>	8.95
ROUDIEZ, LEON S. <i>French Fiction Revisited</i>	14.95
SHKLOVSKY, VIKTOR. <i>Theory of Prose</i>	14.95

For a complete catalog of our titles, or to order any of these books, write to Dalkey Archive Press, Fairchild Hall/ISU, Normal, IL 61761. One book, 10% off; two books or more, 20% off; add \$3.00 postage and handling. Phone orders: (309) 438-7555.

