

Editor:
gher

Editors
rkum
enz

.com

335-95-2

2025

arc Vincenz
it: MadHat Press

States of America

Press
22
01225

.com

SPOKE ELEVEN



BOSTON, MASS.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Kevin Gallagher and Karina van Berkum

On Your Left

vii

POETS

CID CORMAN

<i>Daniel Bratton</i>	Cid Corman's "Real-Theatre" Folder: Looking into Discovery	5
<i>Gay Rotella</i>	On or About Cid Corman	19
<i>Jenny Penberthy</i>	Tribute to Kamaike Susumu, Co-Translator with Cid Corman	27
<i>George Evans</i>	Afterbeat: Cid Corman	43
<i>Bob Arnold</i>	The Man Who Always Was	57
<i>Burt Kimmelman</i>	When History Gets Personal: Cid Corman and The New American Poetry	61
<i>Gregory Dunne</i>	"And Here Is the Silence, More Intensely Coming": On the Uncollected Kyoto Notebooks of Cid Corman	73

RON SCHREIBER

<i>Ron Schreiber</i>	January 1978	83
<i>Mark Pawlak</i>	Ron Schreiber 1934-2004: Poet, Editor, Gay Activist, Innovator, Rebel	85
<i>Dick Lourie</i>	No Ideas	91
<i>Betsy Sholl</i>	Remembering Ron Schreiber	94
<i>Carmelia Venendaal</i>	Letter From the Editor	97
<i>David M. Eberly</i>	A Militant Among Us: Ron Schreiber and the Good Gay Poets	99
<i>Kevin Bertolero</i>	"A Place for Me": On the Poetry of Ron Schreiber	101
<i>Leslie Cagan</i>	Remembering Ron	108
<i>Linda Dittmar</i>	Renegade	111
<i>Mary Borina</i>	With Dignity	114

day. What's this—two lonely guys
at what?!" you might ask. I can hear
rough loud and clear and answering
s about poetry." Like Orson Welles
Breath never left off.

ked me to join her in preparing a
two ideas: let's make this collection
they're poets (check yourself out
might work best traveling along as
sks, "Did we miss our turnoff?" or
And, of course, a passenger may just
just where you, dear reader, fit in.
ghbor, one friend. The last thing he
s either the Nobel Prize / or nuthin'
Share them with someone else to
nearly as generous.

When History Gets Personal: Cid Corman and The New American Poetry

Barry Kimmelman

I started counting syllables. The summer of 1998, drafting haiku-like
impressions of a pond in Cape May, New Jersey, I paired them with
black-and-white watercolor paintings Fred Caruso was making. Our
families shared an old mansion across a road running along the pond's
shore. I mailed my lyrics to Cid Corman who quickly replied, bragging
and once written an entire book of poems without a single adjective
or adverb.

Pound had warned: "Go in fear of abstractions" ("A Retrospect"
1911). Reading Cid's response, I thought of this passage in Charles Olson's
"Projective Verse" (1950):

The descriptive functions generally have to be watched, every
second, in projective verse, because of their easiness, and thus
their drain on the energy which composition by field allows into
a poem. Any slackness takes off attention, that crucial thing, from
the job in hand, from the push of the line under hand at the
moment, under the reader's eye, in his moment. Observation of
any kind is, like argument in prose, properly previous to the act
of the poem, and, if allowed in, must be so juxtaposed, apposed,
set in, that it does not, for an instant, sap the going energy of the
content toward its form.

(Originally published in *Poetry New York*; cf. Poetry Foundation
online)

Donald Allen, editing *The New American Poetry: 1945-1960*,
assigned Olson pride of place. His poems inaugurate the anthology,
his essay first of the book's commentaries. Faculty and students of
Black Mountain College were later Modernist/early Postmodernist
inventors of art, music, dance and poetry. In his own way, Cid—
especially through his long-running magazine, *Origin*—was key to
this efflorescence.

He had never been to the college and he withdrew himself from
Allen's consideration. Cid's friend William Bronk was the last poet
to be eliminated. They were indispensable to the zeitgeist then, yet
neither fit sufficiently within the book's ultimate organization into

1. My collaboration with the artist Fred Caruso was published (and is still available) as
The Pond at Cape May Point (Marsh Hawk Press, 2002).

stylistic divisions like “Black Mountain,” “New York School,” and “San Francisco Renaissance.”

Allen sat before his typewriter, Olson's hand resting upon his shoulder. Could Olson have viewed Corman as a rival? The Olson-Williams enmity (John Taggart once explained) was simple: "They were fighting over Creeley." The Cid Corman I met in the sixties was warm, a bit larger than life, and perhaps out of Olson's control. Cid read at my college. This was about when I met Bronk, Olson, Robert Creeley, and many other "New American" poets, like Joel Oppenheimer, Diane Wakoski, Paul Blackburn, Allen Ginsberg, Ray Bremser, and Gregory Corso.

Most of these poets had appeared in *Origin*. There was in Corman—as in Olson—something forthright: a genius and drive not to be circumscribed. In a 2000 interview with Philip Rowland, Corman offers this tally:

I'm the first person to organize poetry groups.... Before I left Boston, I had three groups going simultaneously—of course no money involved, nor was there any for [my] radio show—the first radio show in the history of modern poetry—and it was only with modern poetry I dealt, usually work which was not yet in book form, out of magazines, the latest work that I found interesting. And I would present—I.A. Richards fashion, without any author's name—unidentified, unknown to the groups. Three groups met every week. ("A Conversation [etc.]," online)

He sensed the coming poetry wars. The revanchist *New Poets of England and America* (edited by Donald Hall, Robert Pack and Louis Simpson) appeared in 1957. No poet in the one anthology was in the other. Corman wasn't in either. He lived and worked in eclectic ways. His spare, syllabic lyrics were highly regarded.

There were his legendary radio broadcasts; and there was *Origin* Press as well as *Origin*. He followed his own star. Still, why choose to stay out of the limelight? Was he neglected amongst his peers, despite his poems' apparent similarity to Creeley's verses²—starkly different, on the surface, from Olson's massive excursions? In *Call Me Ismael* (1947), Olson theorizes his still emerging poetics: "I take SPACE to be the central fact to man born in America, from Folsom cave to now. I spell it large because it comes large here. Large, and without mercy." In its very nature, Olson's proclamation strikes me as anathema to either Creeley's or Corman's poetic impulse. Olson's precision is a marvel—yet he had no abiding interest in the ephemeral lyric.

2. Both Corman and Creeley blurbed *The Pond* at Cape May Point.

Alicia Ostriker has characterized his writing contained "[t]he pure Williams or Creeley." (Ian Haney, "Creeley, less anxiously naïf," "Brief lines—measured by syllable of tones and accents" that turned Heller commented on how "the [his] language at [a] depth and nature" ("Cid Corman 1924–20

Cid could rub people the wrong way. As he recalls, "opinionated" to the point of being "difficult" [while he] made and lost friends (and devoted devotees)" ("Bashō's Pheasant, the Poet, and I," simply, "difficult" Cid could be said to have many contradictions:

Complex and simple. Grain
ornery and glacial, the ne
depended on his axis. He s
tradition of the apprentice
the master to many of th
mailbox or at his door [...].
("The Man Who Always Wa

My initial glimpse of Cid kept my sense of this affable, offering his readers the essential

Here's Cid's "Memento":

I still
have a
wild
flower

between
leaves of
a
day-book

minute
yellow
crushed
in thought

ain," "New York School," and "Sar

on's hand resting upon his shoulder
rival? The Olson-Williams enmity
simple: "They were fighting over
sixties was warm, a bit larger than
l. Cid read at my college. This was
rt Creeley, and many other "New
er, Diane Wakoski, Paul Blackburn,
ory Corso.

ared in *Origin*. There was in
orthright: a genius and drive not
w with Philip Rowland, Corman

poetry groups.... Before I left
multaneously—of course no
or [my] radio show—the first
poetry—and it was only with
which was not yet in book
ork that I found interesting.
ashion, without any author's
e groups. Three groups met
online)

s. The revanchist *New Poets of*
d Hall, Robert Pack and Louis
the one anthology was in the
d and worked in eclectic ways.
arded.

adcasts; and there was *Origin*
own star. Still, why choose to
ted amongst his peers, despite
ey's verses²—starkly different,
xcursions? In *Call Me Ismael*
; poetics: "I take SPACE to be
from Folsom cave to now. I
Large, and without mercy." In
kes me as anathema to either
son's precision is a marvel—
emerald lyric.

ape May Point.

Alicia Ostriker has characterized Corman as "a poet's poet" whose
writing contained "[t]he pure language, in minimal lines like those of
Williams or Creeley." (Ian Hamilton thought Corman "less mannered
than Creeley, less anxiously naïve.") Hayden Carruth lauded Corman's
"fixed lines—measured by syllable count," which created deft "interplay
of stresses and accents" that turned "on a point of acute perception." Michael
Heller commented on how "the meanings" in Corman's lyrics adhered to
"the language at [a] depth and complexity" that sustained his "visionary
nature" ("Cid Corman 1924–2004," Poetry Foundation online).

Cid could rub people the wrong way. He was, George Evans
recalls, "opinionated" to the extent that he "drove some to fury
(while he) made and lost friends regularly, [he] had a steady base of
disciples" ("Bashō's Pheasant," online). Bob Arnold remembers how,
simply, "difficult" Cid could be and how "singular"—a person of self-
contradictions:

Complex and simple. Grainy and smooth sailing. One moment
stormy and glacial, the next moment pacific and nectar, it all
depended on his axis. He seemed to think in the old Japanese
tradition of the apprentice and the master—Cid of course being
the master to many of the younger poets that arrived in his
mailbox or at his door [...].

("The Man Who Always Was," online)

My initial glimpse of Cid was of someone who was heartfelt. I've
kept my sense of this affable, enthused man, who could be laconic in
offering his readers the essential expression of a percept.

Here's Cid's "Memento":

I still
have a
wild
flower

between
leaves of
a
day-book

minute
yellow
crushed
in thought

not ro-
mantic
though
rescued

from the
annals
of
those fields

where we
brooded
and
dreamt of

lives we
could not
then
escape

except
into
by
this death

(1964, Poetry Foundation online)

In "Memento" we can find Creeley or Williams easily enough, yet Cid's sense of lyric—like his back-handed, boastful advice—derived from a personal understanding of language and art that rendered his unique spareness. (He was "was ever cutting away," Arnold writes. "searching, drawing, sketching. Think of a skilled woodcutter shaping a forest.")

Does the relative neglect, today, of Corman's presence originate in the extravagant recognition of Black Mountain College, its institutional heft? Olson was the institutionalist *par excellence*. Corman was the loner. This contrast, I find, to be the greatest irony: he was intrinsically gregarious—but this propensity, weirdly, explains his falling out with Bronk in the late seventies, after decades of friendship.

Charles Tomlinson recalls dining with Louis and Celia Zukofsky at their Manhattan apartment in 1966. He needed Louis' participation in an anthology he planned to title *Seven Significant Poets*. The five principal Objectivists were to be featured with James Laughlin (New

Directions' founder) and Bronk back, snarkily dismissing Bronk that Stevensian bothering." (The affect Zuk's final essay, "For Walter that goes so far as to preserve verses.) By the evening's end, Tomlinson allowed his poems to be reprinted and signed a permission-to-publish form.)

Bronk and Tomlinson—who began a correspondence after reading Corman's *The Gist of Origin*—were integral to the large literary world they affected other poets who'd read *Black Mountain Review* (Stevens also).

Olson had spoken harshly about this sort of thing you should be green-sick, too—the bad-head (July 1951). But Olson's blurb praised Bronk—"I may have, for the first time, a wider readership, eventually the manuscript his half sister, June (Directions.)

Bill and Cid's friendship unraveled. *Bill and Cid* was released in 1977, many of Bill's letters, whose faith in Cid was offended by what he called the "letter to author, 17 April 1993).⁴ The

The year Corman's book, *Once And*, was published by Elizabeth Press.

Nearly twenty years later, the memory had faded to me (dated 17 April 1993):

Dear Bill,

Some ago Corman wrote a little book about friendship. It wasn't that the book was about love. But it was almost all about friendship to me and I thought it would be a good idea to put it together and was on my way

ey or Williams easily enough, yet
anded, boastful advice—derived
iguage and art that rendered his
r cutting away,” Arnold writes,
of a skilled woodcutter shaping

of Corman’s presence originate
Black Mountain College, its
institutionalist *par excellence*;
I find, to be the greatest irony:
his propensity, weirdly, explains
te seventies, after decades of

with Louis and Celia Zukofsky
He needed Louis’ participation
even *Significant Poets*. The five
ed with James Laughlin (New

Directions’ founder) and Bronk. Zukofsky, taking in the plan, fired back, snarkily dismissing Bronk’s work as nothing more than “All that Stevensian bothering.” (The condescension extended to Stevens, albeit Zuk’s final essay, “For Wallace Stevens,” glorifies him—a *mea culpa* that goes so far as to present an elaborate juxtaposition of their verses.) By the evening’s end, Tomlinson secures Zukofsky’s promise to allow his poems to be reprinted (later, however, faced with having to sign a permission-to-publish form, Zukofsky balks [Tomlinson 444]).

Bronk and Tomlinson—who’d begun with him, as had George Oppen, a correspondence after reading him in *Origin*—were friendly then. Corman’s *The Gist of Origin* (1975) describes Bronk’s work as the “thread that binds all the issues together” (xxxvi). Both Corman and Bronk were integral to the larger experimental climate of the time. They affected other poets who’d be published with them in Creeley’s *Black Mountain Review* (Stevens also turned up there).

Olson had spoken harshly about Bronk. He chastises Corman: “I am sick of this sort of thing you show me from Bronk—the green of it, the green-sick, too—the bad-headedness, as well as the manners” (31 July 1951). But Olson’s blurb praises Bronk’s *The World, the Worldless* (1964)—“I may have, for the first time in my life, imagined a further succinct life”; Olson is insightful, also full-throated. The book gained Bronk a wider readership, eventually major awards. (Oppen had edited the manuscript his half sister, June Oppen Degnan, acquired for New Directions.)

*

Bill’s and Cid’s friendship unraveled once his adulatory book, *William Bronk, an Essay*, was released in 1976.³ It contained long passages from many of Bill’s letters, whose faith in their relationship was shaken. Bill was offended by what he called their seemingly mutual “exhibitionism” (letter to author, 17 April 1993).⁴ The relationship between them never

3. The prior year, Corman’s book, *Once And For All; Poems for William Bronk*, was brought out by Elizabeth Press.

4. Nearly twenty years later, the memory has remained fresh; here’s the start of a letter from Bronk to me (dated 17 April 1993):

Dear Burt,

Years ago Corman wrote a little book about me and that was the end of our friendship. It wasn’t that the book was hostile. He said indeed that it was all an act of love. But it was almost all quotes from my letters to him and gave the impression to me and I thought it would seem the same to any reader that we had written it together and was on my part a kind of exhibitionism.

quite came to a stop. (Was the nature of their schism more emotional than anything else?)⁵

They continued on as fellow poets, or as editor and poet, except with less enthusiasm—the fun replaced with wizened acceptance. (Bill repeatedly brought up Cid's betrayal to me—he'd circle back to it in my visits.) Was Cid's generosity, ebullience, artistic and critical brilliance what drove the wedge between them?

Looking through their extensive correspondence, I can track their course. The warmth and security of their alliance was enough enticement for Cid to take liberties. A letter from Bill starts out congenially enough ("Frost now for several mornings and many leaves down but not nearly the bulk of them") before turning to the breach:

I have been thinking a good deal about the Truck [press] which distressed me when I first looked at it. You know how I have always felt about the privacy of intimate letters and the publication of those in the book seemed a ruthless coarseness on your part if I had not authorized it or an equally coarse exhibitionism on my part if I had authorized.

The aim of any decent writer should be to be bare in the world except as some have used that bareness as a costume, — there is that danger also. If we aim to be a plain man how plain can we afford to be? Doesn't it entail a natural modesty which is lost if we are seen to be plain? Let anybody think what he wants to think. [...] I think your motives were not inimical.

(14 October 1976)

5. A slightly different interpretation of the relationship between Bronk and Corman, as well as Olson's complicated feelings toward Bronk, can be found in David Clippinger's introduction to an edition of the Corman-Bronk correspondence (archived at the University of New Hampshire):

[T]he early letters between Bronk and Corman mask a layer of tension that seethes beneath the surface and would come to a head in the first letter of this selection, Bronk's letter dated the 1st of June 1961. The tension was fueled by Charles Olson's professed disdain of Bronk's work and, by proxy, Corman's commitment to publishing Olson and Bronk in *Origin*.

("A Faithful Account of Where I Live: The Letters of Cid Corman and William Bronk—an introduction, by David Clippinger," *Titanic Operas: Poetry and New Materialities*, Emily Dickinson Archives, 2001)

Clippinger's edition of their letters for the years 1951–1973 doesn't include a very small number of these letters. (N.B. My use of this correspondence doesn't rely on Clippinger's, nevertheless superb, editorial work, while his opinions about the poets herein under discussion, and within the socio-artistic context of the New American Poetry in these years, need to be heeded, such as the following passage of Clippinger's.)

He goes on in what
turning to their row
December, advises again

Things can't be re
something again at
different would have

It is a bitterly col
ground are often lov

Cid's reply is fulson

Dear Bill,

of course—your
me. And there is no
wanted to. At the sa
if you imagined any

It is clear—for b
in different ways.
unhappy with my c
what seemed to be
either intent or po
so)—but there is a
in ORIGIN—whe
personality—thou

The letters as qu
to reflect—as you p
I doubt strongly w
obvious—I feel—t
feel such a respon
that.

I can say that tl
by the book—as
moved—and not
[...]

The letters—as c
beauty and pow
you than is foun
illumination invo

of their schism more emotional

or as editor and poet, except
ed with wizened acceptance.
yal to me—he'd circle back to
ebullience, artistic and critical
n them?

correspondence, I can track
of their alliance was enough
A letter from Bill starts out
eral mornings and many leaves
) before turning to the breach:

out the Truck [press] which
You know how I have always
ters and the publication of
coarseness on your part if I
coarse exhibitionism on my

ld be to be bare in the world
ess as a costume, — there is
lain man how plain can we
I modesty which is lost if we
ink what he wants to think.
imical.

onship between Bronk and Corman, as
nk, can be found in David Clippinger's
onk correspondence (archived at the

man mask a layer of tension that
e to a head in the first letter of this
e 1961. The tension was fueled by
k's work and, by proxy, Corman's
c in *Origin*.

ettters of Cid Corman and William
ger," *Titanic Operas: Poetry and New*
)

ars 1951–1973 doesn't include a very
f this correspondence doesn't rely on
k, while his opinions about the poets
-artistic context of the New American
the following passage of Clippinger's].)

He goes on in what might be described as a stiff congeniality,
returning to their routinely casual banter. Another letter, that
December, advises against Cid's idea to revise *Origin*:

Things can't be repeated twenty years later anyway. To have
something again at all equivalent to *ORIGIN* something quite
different would have to be done by some quite different person.

It is a bitterly cold winter but the skies and clouds, the white
ground are often lovely. [...] I am writing almost nothing.

Love,

B.

Cid's reply is fulsome and self-searching:

Utano

20th October 1976

Dear Bill,

of course—your word saddens me—since it means so much to
me. And there is no way I can deny being responsible—assuming I
wanted to. At the same time—you would be profoundly mistaken
if you imagined anything but love as my motive.

It is clear—for better or worse (or both?)—that we read things
in different ways. Perhaps I ought to have sensed your being
unhappy with my openness (though I put care into drawing only
what seemed to be essential matter and NOT exhibitionistic in
either intent or possibility (that is—that wouldn't be construed
so)—but there is a point—as in my publishing the Celan poems
in *ORIGIN*—where the issue strikes me as being larger than
personality—though not without personality.

The letters as quoted may be “too intimate” in feeling and seem
to reflect—as you put it—“a ruthless coarseness” on my part—but
I doubt strongly whether readers will take it so. And it can only be
obvious—I feel—that my exposing you so simply does make you
feel such a response and my apology can only be an apology for
that.

I can say that the printers themselves were profoundly moved
by the book—as they worked on it. And I think people will be
moved—and not out of any coarse motives, etc.

[...]

The letters—as quoted—are honest to the core—that is their
beauty and power—and they don't make more—or less—of
you than is found in the poetry itself. But I feel there is mutual
illumination involved. I admit I may well be mistaken—but it is

a mistake of heart's intelligence then and I know you will forgive me that beyond your ache. Just as I ask your forgiveness for having caused it—under whatever rationale.

The ^(new) poems are themselves more naked—more intimate. Impossible to look to them for cover.

Which only brings us back to where we are—insofar as we are.

[The balance of this letter is handwritten:] I am grateful to you for being so clear in your response—

Love always,

Cid Corman

[The superscript, above, is handwritten and inserted between "The" and "poems."]

Cid's next letter (4 April 1977) unwittingly discloses something about their vexed arrangement and, too, how they both have been relegated to the opera's chorus:

dear Bill,

we're complementaries: quitting is not like me. But I'm also not inclined to be foolhardy. I take calculated risks—when it seems worth it.

Cid was larger than life within anyone's history of American avant-garde poetry (as true of Olson), a history that has been, in its way, chronicled in the long-running *Origin*. I wonder, in hindsight, if his friendship with Bill—begun as reserved, polite, also brazen—made enough room for the big huggy-bear he really was:

Cid Corman : 51 Jones Avenue : Dorchester 24 : Mass

Friday evening

December 22nd, 1950

Dear Mr Bronk.

Pardon the formality from me. I just figure it would be too abruptly presumptuous for me to launch into the "Bill" or whatever at once, but I hope we get there soon. This leaves me uncomfortable.

[...] I prefer printing those I like in healthy sections: from 20-40pp at a crack. One poem doesn't give adequate feel of your range or potential. For me or the reader.

There's no press on any of this with devoted seriousness. I am the more.

[...] I'm so beat with writing position that anything I say is a favorite record.

Suffice it to say the matter 75-100pp and be like nothing has seen—and yet it won't be central and acute.

Let me hear from you
The best of the coming

[Handwritten]

Yours

Sinc

Corman's 1976 monograph the-top indiscretions create dissolved. The arc of their Bronk's increasing trust (always compliance; always Corman Bronk's "I am a little disappointed" [1 June 1961].)

However much formality the letter begins with a cool "Dear" an intimacy, though. He geni recent issue, swiping at Richard though [he] wouldn't have always involving one another and -rebuilding.

Each exerted a powerful bird's-eye view of how The the pursuits of several generations the question of American Modern intuiting something to do with no one, then, could have been deeper generational impulse amongst poets.

hen and I know you will forgive
I ask your forgiveness for having
ale.

s more naked—more intimate
ver.

where we are—insofar as we are
ndwritten:] I am grateful to you
;—

Corman

written and inserted between

unwittingly discloses something
, too, how they both have been

ting is not like me. But I'm
take calculated risks—when it

one's history of American avant-
story that has been, in its way.
1. I wonder, in hindsight, if his
ved, polite, also brazen—made
e really was:

Dorchester 24 : Mass

Friday evening

December 22nd, 1950

just figure it would be too
launch into the "Bill" or
there soon. This leaves me

ilthy sections: from 20-40pp
quate feel of your range or

There's no press on any of this. Provided you are going at writing
with devoted seriousness. I am, however, receptive. And the more,
the more.

[...] I'm so beat with writing and rewriting outlines of policy and
position that anything I say now will seem like the too-grooved
favorite record.

Suffice it to say the mag is to be well printed, run to between
75-100pp and be like nothing else this country (or any country)
has seen—and yet it won't be eccentric or cute. In fact, I hope it
will be central and acute.

Let me hear from you when you can.

The best of the coming and the present.

[Hand-signed as follows]

Yours—

Sincerely—

Cid Corman

Corman's 1976 monograph is a puzzle. His incisive but over-
the-top indiscretions created an estrangement that never fully
dissolved. The arc of their relationship, in their letters, traces
Bronk's increasing trust (always Corman wooing Bronk, then his
compliance; always Corman offering precise critical insights, then
Bronk's "I am a little disappointed that I did not move you more"
[1 June 1961].)

However much formality he required—eleven months later, his
letter begins with a cool "Dear Corman"—Bronk slowly cleaved to
an intimacy, though. He genially praises "Creeley's story" in *Origin's*
recent issue, swiping at Richard Wilbur (he "respected Wilbur's poem
though [he] wouldn't have written it"). Corman and Bronk were
always involving one another, as poets do, in mutual canon-building
and -rebuilding.

Each exerted a powerful force on my writing, and I had my own
bird's-eye view of how *The New American Poetry* was reshaping
the pursuits of several generations of poets. Now, still bound to
the question of American Modernism's bequeathal, I see each poet
intuiting something to do with their shared artistic moment of which
no one, then, could have been fully aware—now it helps to explain a
deeper generational impulse emerging out of, basically, collaborations
amongst poets.

25 September 73

Dear Cid,

Yes, it is almost all silence and almost no metaphor now.⁶

Tonight at Sherman's farm at hardly seven o'clock the west all aglow on the blue. White geese on the pond and groups of ducks flying over. Frost only in spots so far and the wild asters in all their various glory. Asteroids. Still a few of the earlier flowers lingering: black-eyed susans, Queen Anne's lace, chicory, clover, some of the golden-rods.

Is the Partial Glossary ready? I had a letter, finally, from Martin Booth. He says he would like to do a booklet or a broadsheet.⁷ I said OK so do what you want to do.

The Conclusion

I thought
we stood at the door
of another world
and it might open
and we go in.

Well, there is that door
and such a world.

emptiness, phantasmagoria

B.

BIBLI

Bronk, William. Letter to Burt Kimbrell.
Corman, Cid. *The Gist of Origin*. New Rochelle, NY: Elizabeth Press, 1975.

_____, and William Bronk. The Cid Corman represented in this essay, unless otherwise noted. The William Bronk Papers and the University of New Hampshire.

Coppinger, David. "A Faithful Account of Corman and William Bronk—an Introduction." *Operas: Poetry and New Materialities*.

Evans, George. Ed. *Charles Olson and the Poets*. Orono, ME: National Poetry Foundation, 1975.

Pound, Ezra. ["A Few Don'ts"] *Poetry* 1918. *Literary Essays of Ezra Pound*. *Literary Essays*. Ed. T. S. Eliot. [1954]

Rowland, Philip. "A Conversation with Corman." Web Issue 4 (online).

Tomlinson, Charles. "Objectivists: Corman and Contemporary Poetry and the Poets."

6. Bronk's *Silence and Metaphor* was published in 1975 (Elizabeth Press, New Rochelle, NY). His essay "Costume as Metaphor" appeared the prior year (Elizabeth Press, New Rochelle, NY). Corman assisted Bronk in preparing typescripts and the like.

7. *A Partial Glossary: Two Essays* was also brought out by Weill's Elizabeth Press, in 1974. Martin Booth was getting published by Jim Weill of Elizabeth Press in this period.

25 September 73

almost no metaphor now.⁶
hardly seven o'clock the west all
on the pond and groups of ducks
far and the wild asters in all their
v of the earlier flowers lingering:
lace, chicory, clover, some of the

had a letter, finally, from Martin
to a booklet or a broadsheet.⁷ I
o.

tasmagoria

B.

1975 (Elizabeth Press, New Rochelle,
the prior year (Elizabeth Press, New
ing typescripts and the like.
it by Weill's Elizabeth Press, in 1974.
of Elizabeth Press in this period.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

_____, William. Letter to Burt Kimmelman (17 April 1993), not as yet archived.

_____, Cid. *The Gist of Origin*. New York: Viking, 1975.

_____. *Once And For All; Poems for William Bronk*. New Rochelle, New York:
Elizabeth Press, 1975.

_____, and William Bronk. The Cid Corman–William Bronk correspondence, as
presented in this essay, unless otherwise indicated, is housed in, respectively,
the William Bronk Papers and the Cid Corman Papers, respectively, at the
University of New Hampshire.

Clippinger, David. "A Faithful Account of Where I Live: The Letters of Cid
Corman and William Bronk—an introduction, by David Clippinger." *Titanic
Opens: Poetry and New Materialities*, Emily Dickinson Archives, 2001.

Evans, George. Ed. *Charles Olson and Cid Corman: Complete Correspondence*. Vol.
1. Orono, ME: National Poetry Foundation, 1987.

Pound, Ezra. ["A Few Don'ts" *Poetry* 1913. "A Retrospect." *Pavannes and Divisions*,
1918. *Literary Essays of Ezra Pound*. New York: New Directions, 1954.] Repr.
Literary Essays. Ed. T. S. Eliot. [1954.] New York: New Directions, 1968. P. 5.

Rowland, Philip. "A Conversation with Cid Corman." *Flashpoint* Winter 2001,
Web Issue 4 (online).

Tomlinson, Charles. "Objectivists: Zukofsky and Oppen, a memoir," *Paideuma:
Modern and Contemporary Poetry and Poetics* 7 (Winter 1978), pp. 429–445.