

NO ORDINARY O Opportunities in the gas industry

By Nikki Knewstub
Energy Correspondent

The news that 'Big' Charles Olson did not die of verbal diarrhoea a decade ago, but was mis-filed in his own archives while searching for his marbles has stunned the poetry world. Rumoured as the man behind the notorious 'Closed Form' deaths, CO (as he liked to be known) told of his horrifying years as a culture-fragment of himself. "In all labour," he murmured "there is profit: but the talk of the lips tendeth only to penury."

Sinking and Boring

In the rarified atmosphere of the vaults his very chemical structure has changed. But, shrugging his Nordic shoulders, he thought it poetically just that his re-appearance should be as CO₂. "I am poured out like water, and all my bones are out of joint: my heart is like wax: it is melted in the midst of my bowels" he billoved.

Boring and Tunnelling

Dr. George Bowering, Curator of the Charles Olson Archives, is not convinced. "How do we know," he asked, "that this isn't a lot of hot air? The Charles I knew wouldn't have

been breathed in by a plant."

Wellborers and Sinkers

But in New York, writer Fielding Dawson ('The Stain on the Union Carpet') takes a different view. "Of the 400 father figures I've had so far" he punned, "Chas. was numero uno. To think that each time I breathe out I'll add a little of myself to him is more than a son could dream. Baseball's a great game."

Air Con Man

Asked if he would make a surprise appearance at the Festival, CO₂ glyphed "If that's the way the wind blows."

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SUMLOCK CALCULATING SERVICES

Sound Poets were discussing last night their strategy for this weekend's reading. News that the Arts Council had cut their grant by 50% forced



Help save this vanishing America

Crossing Turtle Island, Gary Snyder tells John Wayne how to cut loose from the cancer of exploitation-heavy-industry perpetual-growth and eat only true bio-regional-proto-mytho-poeia.



Tell us about pingoscope and pogrit

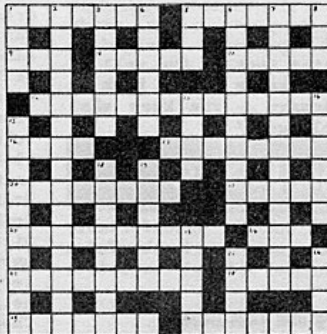
From his squat in Brixton Donald Davie explained that in the debate on Poetry and Commitment he will base his argument on a structured non-linear text which will begin with unemployment and uneasy near-blank pages. As a time is defined across scrawled lines / rips, slowly a collection of declaration and comments will build up over assorted fairly morbid visual designs. He passed the pipe to Sisson who added, "The piece centres on an empty score. At the end the same time reappears -- little has changed. The text evokes a combination of emptiness and schism across an authority dispute and is moving without forcing sentiment."

MORE WORK ON CHILD MIGRAINE

Richard Burns has announced that, in solidarity with local teachers' refusal to monitor extra-curricular activities, the Poetry in Schools programme will now take place during the Summer holidays.

The Times Crossword Puzzle

- ACROSS
- 1,200 to attract this poet (7).
 - This artist has value for straight axes (7).
 - You lead the navy? Keats fell for a Greek one (3).
 - Little devil followed by fifty of you suggesting something (5).
 - Piles of hay pour over Bob Dylan's songs (5).
 - Gunning a temperature about a short (high)ren following magnetic north (4).
 - Scotty gent blots his copybook with these (4).
 - Can in noisay lift comes out clean (6).
 - Noisy fashon would be cleansed right if they heard I had followed (8).
 - Trill 'it's it' and you'll see the end (5).
 - A fast breeder digesting a hill isn't progressing (10).
 - 21 might 10 it, finally (3).
 - Stories of an archer provide the grass (9).
 - In trouble? Try us (5).
 - You and the French modernise after relaxing (7).
 - It may change with the tide, but has a certain modish permanence (7).



- DOWN
1. Will Alfred get her into the garden? (4)
 2. Unable to return, about to inter stories to amuse travellers (10,5)
 3. The Eternals called him a cled of clay, but demolished ruin around an end suns him up (6).

4. A point brought before a member and his offspring could be ambiguous (5).
5. In destroying, we find things fuller (5)
6. How a sound poet and Jane Fonda might express themselves (10).
7. Establishing the attitude again about remarks, with German involved (13).
8. History shows it, ignoring Thatcher (3)
9. Could be cheeky, this pet with conservatism at heart (4)
10. Trace a point roughly, to act like a genius (6).
11. The Muse? A spirit or an art of reassociation (10).
12. What the Cambridge Festival purports to be (8).
13. A meal with the Special Constable might jog the 164(6).
14. He left soon, confused by poetry, perhaps? (5)
15. Ted made him scream for blood (5)
16. What those who pry in one direction should be put on (4).

Solution to today's problem is on Page 2, Column 8.



LANGUAGE JUST FOR TWO

A few weeks before the Festival opened, there took place in Cambridge one of the most popular events in the poetry calendar, a reading of women's poetry by Wendy Mulford and Denise Riley.

Screw Man

The voluptuous Miss Mulford was showing off her new, "way-out", "afro" hair style, and looked more attractive than ever in an off-the-shoulder, ankle-length kaftan in a charmingly feminine pink-and-white floral print (£75.50, from Liberty's), which fell in gentle folds from the bosom. Miss Riley's outfit was equally attractive, and just a little more daring - a peephole cat-suit in "nigger" brown did full justice to the sinuous lines of her slender figure.

Gangmasters

With such a delectable pair of lady-poets, the reading was bound to be a huge success, but what did the audience think of the poetry itself? 'Who cares?' said reading-organiser Mr David Lloyd; 'what red-blooded male is going to listen to poetry with two such gorgeous lovelies to look at?'

Miss Mulford agreed: 'We've got to get away from the whole concept that what women can contribute to poetry is just poetry: they bring qualities of gentleness and beauty to occasions like this which men just can't supply.'

Hardcore Merchants

The public's pleasure during the Festival will be doubled with the arrival from North America of Miss Rosie Waldrop and Miss Anne "The Thinking Buddhist's Patti Smith" Waldman.

SHAH REPORTED TO HAVE MOVED

A major theme of this year's Poetry Festival is Poetry and Commitment, but a notable absentee from the great debate on this theme in the Union Chamber was John Wilkinson, the leading poet of the ultra-left in North Cambridge. 'The whole assumption on which the debate was based', he explained to me over tea in his elegant but comfortable study, 'was years out of date. 1000 years of craftsmanship', he continued, 'have blunted the cutting edge of the language. Committed poets are increasingly rejecting the whole concept of poems that still use words -- they're turning to numbers instead.' He took a sumptuously bound volume from one of the mahogany bookshelves that line the walls of his study - it was the limited edition of his own "Poemata Mathematica" -- and opened it at the first page. In that excited but somehow indifferent tone in which poets often speak their early work, he read " $2 + 2 = 5$ ".

Number Blasting

'That was my first number poem. In it I was trying to disrupt the expectations and inherited cultural determinations on which the whole of the western technological society is based. The reader, you see, expects the last number to be "4".

Gascoigne Pees

David Gascoyne, a leader of the neo-desparatist movement in the thirties, today disclaimed any connection with the neo-gazumpers of Lower Sloane Street. 'They're spelt differently,' he pointed out, 'and besides, I don't.' It is this serene quality of continence, so notable a feature of his recently-published Journals, that enables Gascoyne

Flexible Pressure

It isn't. He goes back over the poem - perhaps he misread the opening numbers? - but no. He is slowly forced to accept that the poem states something quite incomprehensible to him in terms of his own ideologically-bound numeracy. He is led to see the possibility of a quite new order of things; the shock waves from such an experience could threaten the stability of his conception not of mathematics only, but of the technological society as a whole. 'I suggested that perhaps such an overtly didactic poem was an example of what a committed poem should not be: far from offering the reader the possibility of self-liberation, it dictated to him the terms of that liberation no less than the old 'language poetry' had done: wouldn't a more open equation, of the form " $2 + 2 = ?$ ", be a more effective instrument of intellectual, and so of social revolution?'

Tool Manipulator Equipment

Vibration Consultant

'There's something to be said for that', he agreed, 'if we could be sure that the reader would be sufficiently disoriented by the notion that that the sum of 2 and 2 was radically open to question, not simply to supply the number 4 for the question-mark in the practice of his own reading. In my latest volume I think I'm getting near to solving this problem, however; the last poem in that book reads . . . ' - he tried to quote it from memory, but it wouldn't come. He pulled down another handsome volume, opening it at the back ' . . . reads, he continued, " $? = ?$ ". A research student in Teheran, who's producing a study of my work, managed to paint that on the wall of the Shah's palace back in January -- you know what followed.'

to endure uncomfortably long sessions in the Union Chamber without complaint.

Jig and Tool Design

'If nothing turns up,' he explained, 'I usually find it quite easy to do without till the next time. One could hardly call this being "enflamed" -- just moist warmth and a gentle pain between the thighs.'



Concrete Formwork

70/75) 60/68) 65/91)
70/75) 60/65) 65/83)
75/85) 80/75) 85/90)
80/75) 77/75) 80/88)

readings in brackets.
JOHN WILKINSON

GINSBURG SON'S PLEA REJECTED

Passaic, N.J.

An un-named New Jersey kindergarten teacher revealed today that her newborn son is the long-awaited Ginsberg Two. Petite, dark Mrs. X-stein (28) paused in her cooking to tell our reporter: 'At first I didn't believe it . . . we've always been a normal family. Joseph, my husband, has been abroad for two years planting trees, so when a plump Oriental wearing evening dress, drinking champagne and smoking a cigar, appeared in the den on a yellow silk cushion I thought at first he was from Western Union. He told me to take off my clothes and, as I'm an anarchist, I complied. Over a bowl of chicken soul he explained his mission, checked the baby's I.Q., counted his toes, and declared himself totally satisfied. Then, with a "poof", he vanished. Five seconds later a lady calling herself Ann Charters rang the bell, since when she's huddled beside the crib day and night with a tape recorder. I suppose it's for the best.'