

DIGGING FOR ARTIE'S GOLD

Claudia Lapp

Even before *The Collected Books of Artie Gold* was in my hands, I started writing the review. Using titles I had in my library, I began piecing together an aerial view of an opus written, amazingly, mostly over one decade. My first notes were written in the airport at Salt Lake City, waiting for a connecting flight. I watched the landscape unscroll as the jet descended, with dramatic clouds, like those Artie liked to sprinkle into his storyettes and love poems:

*"A nest of gleaming silver on the jet wing
below is land or coastline or solid ocean
blue white silver white magnesium white*

*clouds exhaust without vehicle I dream
each is a dolphin happy chasing after us..."*

R.W. 19, Beautiful Chemical Waltz

@Claudia Lapp – 10/25/2010

A Personal Note

It is impossible to separate his words and lines from the complexities of Artie Gold's character, so it's natural for those who knew Artie to add pieces of memory and reflection to the collective "collage" of an important writer. On a personal note: Artie and I were friends and collaborators for one decade, the '70's, in Montreal, in the context of the Vehicule Gallery readings and book and magazine publishing. I hosted the Sunday afternoon readings in 1978-9. All seven of us, the Vehicule Poets, gave readings in Montreal schools. After leaving Canada in 1979, I kept in touch with Artie via letters, in the quaint pre-email days of manual typewriters and fountain pens. It was a pleasure to receive mail from Artie. Our connection was always cordial, warm, but I didn't spend much time getting to know him. I never got to visit his home, meet his cats, peruse his library, ogle his porcelain collection (his father was a collector who travelled to China), or listen to his LP's like Stephen Morrissey did. We moved in different worlds but shared a deep love for art and music. I was working at the Montreal Museum of Art when we met, had studied piano and voice, and minored in music at Bennington College.

Our last face-to-face visit came in April 2004, at a brunch in NDG, across the street from Artie's apartment, a few days after the 25th Anniversary CABARET VEHICULE event at Place-des-Arts. Despite snowy weather, all 400 seats of La Cinquieme Salle were filled and people had to be turned away. The fabulous *Step Dans Fuego* Theatre Collective, directed by Liz Valdez, performed an electrifying choreographed medley of our poems. I was unprepared for the masterful, spirited, sometimes humorous translation of our words into kinetic form. For the second half, we each read a handful of poems, *all but Artie*, whose chronic allergies and emphysema made it impossible for him to attend. He was forced to live a reclusive life by this time. However, Ruth Taylor (R.T.), a gifted young poet in her

own right, read Artie's poems. "R.T" became his temporary alter-ego. Uncanny. Another connection: Artie's birthday was January 15, Ruth's January 10.

Although unable to be at the Cabaret, Artie could walk across the street, with his oxygen tank, and join us for bagels and book signing (**The Vehicule Poets_Now**, Muses Company, Winnipeg, 2004). That cold April morning was the last time I saw either Artie or R.T. (whom we dubbed the 8th Vehicule). Ruth died on February 18, 2006, in Ste-Anne-de-Bellevue, at age 45, of alcoholism. A year later, on Valentine's Day, came Artie's death, a month past his 60th birthday. He had survived 20 years longer than two of his most important poetry mentors, Jack Spicer and Frank O'Hara, both of whom died at 40.

Going for the Overview

"For poetry I would gladly change my name & never show my face." - Artie Gold, 1979

Revisiting the terrain of Artie's wide-ranging work is never humdrum, is still surprising and puzzling, even "positively *unheimlich*" (out-of-this-world, weird), as Garry Thomas Morse has noted in his insightful and generous review of *the Collected Books* for **meta-talon**. Most of all, Artie's poems prove to be more multi-dimensional than I was capable of perceiving during my self-absorbed years as a young poet. One must mine for Artie's gold, arduous labor, but worth the rewards. Artie compared writing good poetry to "working the lode" of a rich underground vein. Artie paid his dues in those black mines, doing the work of Saturn:

*" Sometimes I think I have
worked myself down deep
in a mine that I have
caved in the shoring behind me
that for 4 years
life has been such an intense
hell I am now
unable in any way to signal to
some somebody who may be on
the outside where there is air
where a mountain does not sit on my chest
where the heavy squeeze of hell*

*does not pin me
under a pressure
of a thousand oceans*

*.....
let in the air of the world rush in and save me"*

- From **Even yr photograph looks afraid of me**, Talonbooks, 1975

This excerpt is from Artie's second book, published when he was 28. He was dead serious about his writing, and very precocious in producing work of substance that seemed graver than his years. Even in his first book, **cityflowers**, published by delta can a year earlier, he explores subjects uncommon

in writings of most of his peers. He tackles death (of father, grandmother, and his poetic mentors Spicer and O'Hara) in weighty poems which still hold our interest because they recreate "not the facile facts of any-poet's mundane life but the difficult actuality of a specific and personal home-life...*Poetry tells the world about itself*" (from "Of Humbug & Poetics" in the mimeographed **Montreal Journal of Poetics** Spring-Summer 1979, under the pseudonym of "Blind Baby Grunt"). Throughout, Artie's language is that of an observer who lived in duality, conflict & discomfort and whose muses reflect that with unsentimental honesty ("*I am sorry, muse, for the difficulty /with which I am drawn...*" (**before Romantic Words**, Vehicule Press, 1979). In **cityflowers**, he confronts death head-on, whether observing the corpse of his grandmother "*stiffened in her chair/to be discovered in the morning...while channel 12/commercials advised her dead sensibilities to buy brand names*". *Don Quixote & son*, from the same book, recreates a scene between father and son:

*"we want to be one and the same they say
parts of myself/parts of my father/stand on tiptoes pushing so earnestly/out of our two brows/they
might touch...but they cannot come together/.....my father/myself/clean his oblong swimming pool/with
metal arms from other worlds."*

Because A. Gold's cultural knowledge base was so broad, including fields like geology ("ever found green river pleistocene mammals teeth turned opal eye sockets onyx?" – *novel*, prose poem in **cityflowers**), not limited to art and literature, but astonishing, really, in its depth of poetic historical awareness via books of chosen mentors like Jack Spicer & Frank O'Hara and instructed by teachers who recognized his deep commitment. He seemed to have developed his love of old and new musical forms - whether madrigals, motets, opera, jazz riffs or contemporary non-pop composers- by sheer attraction and resonance. His poems could then be informed by a specificity that ensures value that's never outdated; and value is one of Artie's major themes: "*O craziness /going on in the counting house*" (BCW, "V").

In **before Romantic Words**, 1 for Kina, he writes:

*"all there is to regret in the world occurs to me, ...all the
things we never got and kept wanting marching beside
all the things we thought would be worth having and weren't"* .

Other themes I'd like to explore relate to Artie's multiple writing styles, craft and experiments and to questions of identity..."tides of life; currents of life; biogenic senses of life; they move us with the sense of basic purpose....we are involved/in the fulfillment of natural tendencies" (from **cityflowers**, in an imagined posthumous dialog between Spicer & O'Hara.).

At Home Away from Home

The last book in Collected Books, **The Hotel Victoria Poems**, which Rob McLennan first printed in 2003 as a chapbook, with Artie's Matisse-like drawing of his own legs & feet on rumpled hotel linens for a cover, is one of my favorites. The Toronto hotel venue, with "thread bare hallway rugs", is a nebulous place ("there is pipe smoke/that is like plankton in water"), a transitional *bardo* to another state or locus, with its hallways and the elevator descending, ascending to possible rendezvous. Having written previously, in **cityflowers**:

"my home is not coloured any colour,;

*nor is it comfortable; not so much as uncomfortable...
My home is only a condition
that streets and other buildings*

fail me in,"

the hotel appeals as a place of voyeurism, where "fantasies peak /at 3", according to the night clerk.

The ten poems, written over 3 weeks from late December 1976 – mid January '67, cover a number of Artie's preoccupations as he turned 30: the ambiguous, chameleon nature of desire, a measuring of value and true value of objects, actions and encounters; the nature of choice and how it creates identity, the weight of time/age. The poems are doubt-driven, the voice that of a voyeuristic anti-hero, an imaginative wooer ever hopeful but wise to his own dysfunctions. Neither young male rocker, nor folksy Don Juan, A. Gold is no *puer* when he gives us lines like:

"What speed in my veins what desire

*"what impossible odds all the silences
what pencil of wind my small voice
disturbing what vast stillness
what is to be
and yet what
desire. what hope. what sounds
just in listening what great
tradition previous to me "*

Or...*"The immeasurable charm of having
Something I have not – nothing
Seems like the flu, totally un-
desirable . I measure my syllables
like a man who owns a vast chert-field --- he knows
what he has , what he can
have ,*

(a chert field! How many poets speak of fields of chalcedony quartz?! Only a rock hound like A.Gold)

*" ---- great wealth
And great poverty at the
same time . looking at what
he's got . looking at what's
got him*

*What he has
is what I want , her ---
what she has is what
she wants, and I
don't have what I
want. i.e. I don't want
what I have."*

Jan. 14/15.77

The poet has no need to be clever. He simply makes a basic statement about human suffering. The Buddhist remedy is to want what you have and not want what you don't have. Artie isn't a Buddhist, but his mind can imagine that perspective on this malarial life of sensation, waxing hot & cold. In his hotel *bardo*, Artie is totally up front as he ruminates on lust without much confidence of outcome, Continuing a thread expressed brilliantly in *Before Romantic Words*: "*My brains tied to my belly by an unholy knot/I have always hidden them in a smile...entering the building that is woman...To search, to penetrate to rub up against the mystery/and then to not know what is expected of me !*"

*"I wanted both equally; equally,
It was neither I wanted, only
any one of them. I wanted the
girl doing her trousseau by lamplight
high above the street in a
hotel room in another part of town
but You Kathy and You Anne
happened to be there so I wanted
you Kathy or You Anne . I am
not sure.....",
jan 15*

The weighing continues as the poems work to unravel unpredictable female behaviors of interchangeable (maybe) objects of desire:

*"when the clocks begin to mambo
gold's bad algebra crystallizes
the system he uses to understand women.*

*Twice with a certain Susan was sadness
Once with two Susans in Boston
wasn't bad
but neither would have been enough
and both alone too much*

*and anyhow: 2 sadnesses
can be a joy." Jan 16/17*

In *The Beautiful Chemical Waltz*, Artie's book of selected poems, published by The Muses' Company in 1992, the exploration of choice of sexual partners without individual identities is put this way: "*I thought of having all the Archipenkos/in the whole world/sort of as a replacement/ for a woman I need but can never find/as if one were anything like the other/one I need and would like to have/the other I need and cannot.*"

In The Hotel Victoria poems, the impish expression of out-of-reach objects of desires, that doesn't take itself too seriously, yet has the weight of a mature voice, is refreshing, and endearing, to me as a woman. Gold "feels the hour" as the clock ticks in his 30th year. He makes his choices. As he wrote in a January 1981 letter to me: "**I DID ONCE and do again want to feel my life is so because I value its (my) choices, the 2 being one and the same.**"

Almost all the poems in *Hotel Victoria* seem effective or moving to me, but especially “I fail the impulses of civilization”, which describes an internal struggle between shadow aspects, a “bully” who is doubled, adding much effort (and asymmetry) to what should just be living one’s life:

*“I fail the impulses of civilization
it fails
it is stickiness
between the fingers
of a novel’s pages*

....
*There is standing on my toes a bully
who is two bullies
they are one system
the system of make it
difficult for the bastard walk
meeting the force of his weight
their weights
I shunt them forward with me
that much resistance from my life
and the naturalness in me carries*

*I shunt down the fall
for some obscure purpose.”*

What does the verb “shunt”, a noun of connection, but also of diverting or bypass, mean in this context? It implies a change of course, a moving aside, evasion, switching. The goal is unclear, as nebulous as the temporary his stay at the hotel, home away from home.

The last poem in *Hotel Victoria*, *ice being water*, I read as a riddle about the mystery of identity. There really isn’t one answer, unless it’s a Buddhist view in which water is unbounded Original mind, formless, not fixed or frozen, mind before birth with its conditioning and afflictive emotions...or maybe the collective unconscious of dreams. A poem inquiring about the elemental nature of an iceberg is an interesting choice by Artie with which to end the *Hotel Victoria* series. It also makes an interesting finale to *The Collected Books*, water being the element associated with feelings and emotions.

Are the unfrozen waters related to the oceans to which Artie offers several psalms in *cityflowers*? (“*The sea lustrous as a snake’s belly/th thousand scales delicately burning...hinged as seen overhead from airplanes...*”). The ocean and its grasses, insects and birds is a major character in his death poem tributes to Frank O’Hara, run down by a speeding car on a Fire Island beach, and in the imagined conversation between Jack Spicer & O’Hara, both dead at age 40.

Images of the sea in *cityflowers* point to watery astrological Cancer, the polarity of Artie’s earthy sun sign Capricorn; Cancer is the summer sign of maternal sea and harbormasters, familial comfort, the flipside or shadow of austere wintery Capricorn persona, with anxieties about income, fears of poverty, ambitions for wealth and accomplishment. Capricorn individuals, crusty and cantankerous on the outside, often have a touchy Cancerian side which craves protection and emotional security of home and family/tribe. There are hints that such support was in short supply in his family. Food is often a favorite substitute, and notorious stories of Artie’s raids on refrigerators of friends abound.

Feline Familiars: Some of the Cat Poems

Many have written about and love Artie's cat poems and prose poems. The unfair kismet of his allergies to his familiars has been duly noted. Ambler & Herbie, the two cats I currently attend to, as well as Batman, since 2004 my familiar from the Other Side, informed me that I must make some reference at least to A. Gold's most important poems *of all*.

"The rain has stopped...along the concrete ditch an orange cat rushes/its coat dry." Read the whole thing – a tone poem, a psalm. I love the poems of unexplained loss, *"th cat is so much deader/whose remains /are never found."* Furthermore, Artie understood how housecats feel about cold and wet weather. What it feels like being a doorman for felines; and about their terror at his erratic drug induced behavior:

"I...never fail/To put the fear of back-bone screeching alley-cat/so deep-planted into every twitching muscle/& nerve of all three of my housecats" (city flowers)

Artie shows that to know them is (mostly) to love them, with the poems he "coolly every few months knocks out about them ". *"The cat still sleeps in his box/I relax"*. And finally, *"seems cats live till they die."*

The Jockey Poems

These five concrete poems in the tradition of Guillaume Apollinaire's *Calligrammes* (1913-16), were hand-printed in 1977, in a fold-out edition of 200, by The Word bookstore in Montreal. Artie composed them in 2 days. They lightheartedly update the mythic Centaur theme of human mind melded with animal vitality. They time travel beyond the oval track of thoroughbred and silk-clad rider to inform us about form, creation and deconstruction, how art can use and sculpt space. Poet is both jockey and sensitive mount who embodies the most refined of the Centaurs, Chiron, maverick mentor/healer figure, not the party animal aspect of centaurs. Did Artie know who Chiron was? - quite possibly, through mythology and knowledge of classical art.

Isolating the poems from their visual and auditory context, here are some notes on the text/*paroles*:

Number 1 sets things up, with mock anxiety about criticism for being too prose-y. The jockey's form is clear. Number 2 (*"another day another poem"*) expresses doubt about the series. Will the horse even respond to the jockey's commands, will it even enter/ leave the starting gate? (*"and why should I worry but I do"....*). The jockey frets about his ability to control this word creature. Number 3 continues the dilemma . Will the heels' contact with horseflesh hurt the mount's soft skin, a trifle discoloured beneath the hide? This reflection is enough to stop all motion: *"how/sad/ how/ going nowhere!"*. Racehorse is now wooden hobby horse, O dear!

The last 2 poems veer far afield from the first three. Poet/jock whips words, makes them jump to conceptions of positive/negative space, word sculpting, brings in new air, using up remnants from other poems, time- leaping into antiquity of Pompei and terror times of Hiroshima, when no horse could save any jockey, no child could escape, only petrified body, with well preserved bread loaf..and thousand year old fly. The humor of it, the reality of no escape, no way out.

In #5 We are shown selected tools of the writer:

“ the ; the

the ---’s”

followed by a line about maternal acceptance or rejection of the newborn. Was the work even worth the effort? What is revealed now that shape has been cut from the matrix? What does the wrecking ball free up? What comes from iconoclasm? Such are the complexities of creation...

The Jockey Poems can dazzle with cleverness of form (pre-word processor) and audacity of images. Associations leap, like a thoroughbred changing lead and weaving through a thundering pack at 40 mph, both horse and jockey in mortal danger in every race. We can go as deep into the Jockey Poems as we care to or laugh at how good Gold is with his digits, at the beck of his mind, as he rides his manual typewriter.

A. Gold, Man of Culture

*“ what sounds
just in listening to what great
tradition previous to me”*

In “Selected Gold”, his preface to *The Beautiful Chemical Waltz*, George Bowering calls his former student “an erudite collector of history’s hippest poets”. With a refined ear for early music (Monteverdi, Scarlatti) as well as jazz and Charles Ives, Artie’s culture was never that of a groupie, a blind follower of the latest fad. His love of musical & artistic culture was never snobbish but an intrinsic value in his everyday life. When he drops the name of a composer or painter (from any era of history, any medium) into a poem, the authority of personal experience and knowing is behind it. Whether collecting art, or baubles and knick knacks discarded in Montreal alleys, he did so not as an investment, but to satisfy personal tastes, appetites and interests. Anyone who corresponded with Artie was not surprised by his inclusion of factoids on geology, a movie *du jour* (in red ink: “hey---have you seen LOVE AT FIRST BITE? If you ain’t:do! The last line alone makes it an everest higher than the next million movies”), or his commentaries on treasures from the Folger Shakespeare Library (where I once gave a reading) which include the first folio of Shakespeare, and a 7th Century Islamic manuscript of a treatise on medicine.

One of his main mentors, Frank O’Hara, was a pianist, as well as Curator of Painting and Sculpture at the Museum of Modern Art in New York. The catalog entries he wrote, like his description of erotic bronzes by Ruben Nakian, whose show he curated, are gems of clarity, unlike the pretentious artspeak of many “ungenteel” critics so disliked by Artie.

In *Hotel Victoria*, there’s a delightful poem which includes a taxi ride with a boorish cabbie:

*“I remember we passed the Royal Ontario Museum and I thought. **The bastard is locked out of Art”.***

The driver, who thinks the world stupid, is iconic of all minds closed to creative imagination. I can *hear* Artie growling those words.

Artie Gold's Ear "Poetry is a listening art." Blind Baby Grunt, a.k.a. A. Gold, 1979

The noticing of sounds of everyday life and their inclusion in poems is a pervasive thread found throughout *The Collected Books*, along with frequent references to composers, from Scarlatti to Honegger and Ives. Sounds of the neighborhood and the natural world bring comfort and periodic rhythm to the poet's life. Artie had a hypersensitive ear. His addictions to speed and other potions may have amplified his auditory sensibilities even more.

We find many examples of auditory perceptions as notes, tunes , almost like characters, in **Beautiful Chemical Waltz**, whose pages also continue the themes of value, desire and its dramas, self-scrutiny and doubt, and philosophical queries. "**A-12**" is a good example. Sound bites include ladders scraping in the haze, "forceful scarlatti", a meddlesome coronet, the mailman jamming envelopes into apartment slots. One can hear "*a bite about to be bitten into a sandwich*". Even "*neruda on my desk alive in poems*" suggests a voice (Neruda actually read in bars among people who could recite his poems by heart), just as "*light/flickering on a jukebox half-plugged in*" suggests tunes the reader can fill in.

In **city flowers**, the poet, probably high, vocalizes, makes a playful racket:

*" Only pretending to be lawnmower & garden snippers
my jaw's stringy muscles warbled in
birdswing beating membranes into air
for the resonance of orange sound hum..."*

In **Beautiful Chemical Waltz**, Artie likens his pervasive thoughts of women to elevator music:

*"there
All the women were
In essence:
The music in the elevator;
I could not reach it to turn it off."*

"Blue Thought" melds art with ambient city sounds and natural ones:

*" Now listen to the Honegger of street noise
.....
"...watching her cab disappear thinking of
garbage trucks---why?!*

*Always it is there.
Listening harder you can hear behind it
but it is music."*

....

Another theme is introduced at the poem's end, the absence of sound:

*"You are afraid to clear your throat
As if god were standing there*

....

“The moon’s poetry
does so little to me
I do not find a subtlety
in silver allegro. It is
the golden notes we are
denied.”

Making reference (probably) to Milton’s paired poems **L’Allegro** and **I Penseroso** (c 1631), Artie allies himself with the flaring sunbeams of mirth & Joy (L’Allegro), and rejects the caves of melancholy, somber home of pensive Saturnine thinkers, averse to day’s gaudy glare. Still, the golden notes are denied. Saturn-ruled Capricorn, Artie cannot escape the silver moon, though too cold, white and pale for his liking, nor the mines where he labors to find veins of gold & other valuable metals. Saturn, black-garbed, pensive melancholic, seeks alchemical gold and solar warmth, yet comes to a more realistic vision at the end of the poem, a metaphoric alloy of gold and silver, a painterly, Rothko-like image:

“Oh Jesus
how hot the sun has gotten
even in an hour! Perhaps
what I really wanted was not the sun
but some metaphor
for yellow
imbued on a white moon”

Still, Artie’s compass is Solar, as in his “yellow angel pedals about the world”, which opens:

*“Sun filters through my window
velvet like bats’ bellies the shadows it casts
flutter about my room. I share the unrest*

*the sun is doomed with; the movement
sunup sundown moving around: ground sky ground
its only comfort the habit of its orbit.*

....

Yet I delight in the sun.....”

In **R.W. 13**, one of a series of 28 love lyrics (R.W. for Romantic Words) found at the end of **The Beautiful Chemical Waltz**, the dawn sun accompanies the poet:

“the sun smiles a little kittenishly at first
then lets whip loose on the tongues of the sunshine trees;
.....
and I itch wandering out in the morning glare.

It’s so white it seems nothing’s out there yet ---
but I am.”

The first lines are painterly and kinetic. As Garry Thomas Morse might say: "They are not simply long sentences in handy slices". The image of a figure (who could be anyone) in morning glare, brings to mind a light-drenched shoreline painting by J. William Turner, *Dawn After the Wreck* (used on the cover of *The Art of Drowning*, 1995, by American poet Billy Collins.) There the figure is a howling dog.

"The World's Imaginary Friend"

In a typewritten letter to me, dated 1/1/81 and posted from Montreal, with a stamp of Canadian soprano Emma Albani, (nee Lajeunesse in Chambly, Quebec), with black/red ribbon, complete with typos, for which he begged pardon, and a few runaway lines --- "typewriter's doing sidestroke, don't think I'll make it to the Dardanelles quite tonight" --- he thanked me for *Rock Flute*, a dream poem dedicated to him: "I like to pace the rock flute acreage." I'd asked him "do the words let you see the thing precisely?" Yes, he'd replied, then went on to some mentoring: "I would like you to use that eventually (if you haven't yet) either as a title," (referring to Robert Creeley's 'Is that a *poem* or just something you made up?') "or as the definition of purpose set out for and quality achieved in the set of poetic statements you rang yr poetry among." He continues: "I seldom have (if ever) put my pulse so near the heart of the body (of work) I seek to create to accompany the (my) lonely world." He continues:

"More and more I see poetry as being its (the world's) "imaginary friend", and thus, like Jimmy Stewart's Harvey, a sort of a hero that lives beside the reader, always visible to the poet, but some times to the reader, a symbol of faith, but not a thing to be feared, something one walks with – like a god one loves and never gets as far as fearing (or not)."

As more reviews of Artie's **Collected Books** appear, creating online and in-person conversations about his work, perhaps his vision of poetry's almost bodhisattvic (to my mind) role of ally, support, scribe and jester will be appreciated and made available to new generations, across borders of time and geography. The way I like best to read this volume is to just pick it up and start reading anywhere.

As Garry Robert Morse puts it so well in his review on TALON HOME (Meta-Talon articles):

"The poems in Gold's books are not easily partitioned off. They have an organic cohesion which renders them parts of a continuous whole."

Whether our lungs are clear or obstructed, this and other reviews are offerings which honor the clarity of Gold's vision, even when that clarity is applied to his own duality ("*with my own damned sword I fight...a defector against my own self.*") Under one arresting cover – what an honest gaze in Chris Knudsen's photograph of A. Gold -- like one of the encaustic Fayun portraits from Alexandria, made from life to later accompany the deceased, *The Collected Books* can take wings and travel with the clouds Artie liked to address:

*"what if the clouds by the time you have woken
have flown, disarranged themselves, gone to Europe
(.....)
...now the clouds can't say: /c'mon Artie, wake her up. we are here only briefly

or Artie the day is glorious, take your time, ponder
this human condition you talk of. we are here
at your beck....*

"so I leave a note on your doorstep; alison, wake up/the clouds can be beautiful!"

(alison, *before Romantic Words*)

Mercury's winds of trade, travel and discourse will bring Artie's poem streams to new generations, mentoring and amusing them, his promise in **R.W.23**:

*"Deeper than a notebook's surface
but not faster than America
I wonder about our love: what is it?"*

*In this package of skin,
I amuse myself by amusing you.*

Love is notorious!"

As Artie earns the new fans he deserves, maybe some/one will help extract more poems from those still held in the springs of his notebooks. I like to believe there are hidden choirs and lost chords embedded there, waiting to join the quintessential Gold mined and sorted by Ken Norris and Endre Farkas in the *Collected Books* .

Claudia Lapp
12/5/2010
New Moon
Eugene, OR