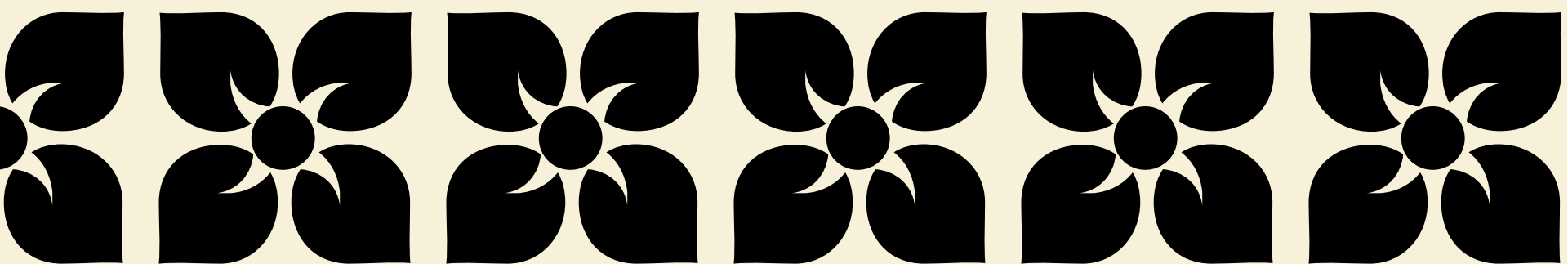
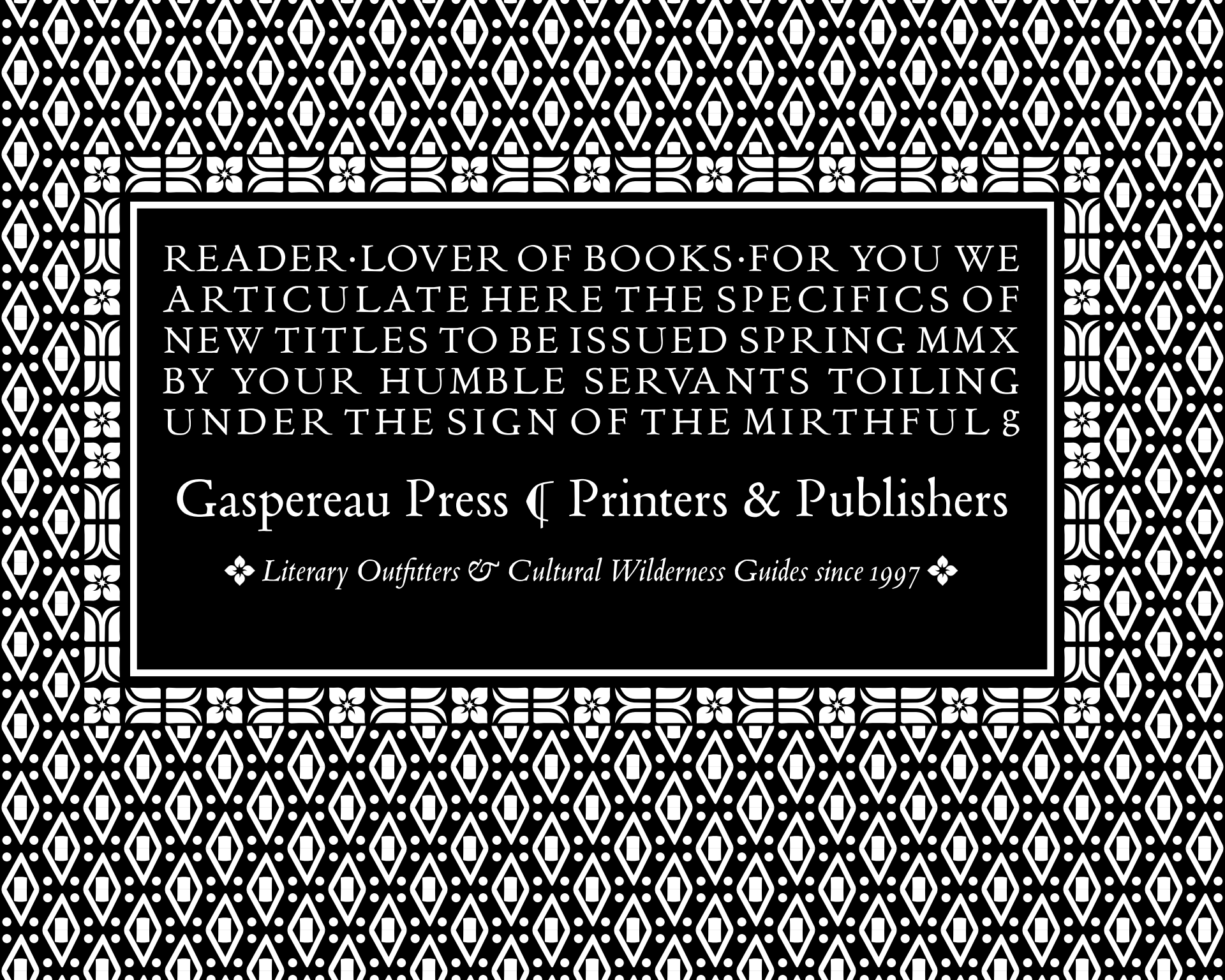


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## WHEREFORE GOES THE BOOK

I can't walk very far around town these days without being asked, either seriously or in jest, about the sundry electronic devices whose recent arrival on the market have prompted much speculation about both the future of reading and the death of traditional publishing. Do I think that the days of the printed book are numbered as a commercially-viable delivery device for our society's texts?

In the book trade, too many publishers display at best indifference, if not utter contempt, for the physical characteristics of their publications. In this context, the near evangelical enthusiasm for casting-off the book's mortal body in exchange for the sort of disembodied immortality (and cost savings) the digital realm promises is hardly a surprise. For too many publishers, the physical book has only ever been a 'platform' for the delivery of a product, and one badly in need of upgrading. The allure of these little occult gadgets which can summon whole libraries' worth of texts out of the digital ether at the click of a button is clear.

This is not to take away from the powerful potential which digital technologies hold for the storage, retrieval, delivery and manipulation of texts, nor to suggest that the digital realm is all bread and circus and no meat. Publishers whose objectives were only ever purely commercial—who never bothered to understand the way in which the physical book

might honour and exemplify the beauty of the ideas its text conveys—will most certainly abandon the book at first opportunity, taking their crassness and ignorance with them as they colonize new mediums. In this way at least, the terrain of digital publishing will be familiar to us when we encounter it.

And what of the physical book and those who honour its purpose? While we will not shy away from innovation, adapting it where it serves our ends, we will not so quickly abandon the proven cross-millennial functionality of the codex format for the bright promise of new gadgets. We will continue to work as we have always worked—on the side of the text, the author and the reader; on the side of truth and of beauty and their embodiment in our everyday lives. As the renowned Vermont printer Roderick Stinehour wrote in 1984, "Books embody all the humanizing arts that make thought tangible and give form to ideas, so that mind can touch mind over vast distances and through the ages of time itself." —AS

¶ *The text of this catalogue was set in Poliphilus roman and Blado italic. The ornaments were designed by Andrew Steeves, inspired by the stained-glass windows of Memorial Hall on the campus of the University of New Brunswick, Fredericton. The image on the facing page is a detail from an illustration found in the first French edition of Sebastian Münster's Cosmographia (1552). This catalogue was printed on Rolland's Zephyr laid paper at Gaspereau Press.*

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PAUL TYLER



## A SHORT HISTORY OF FORGETTING

*Being a new book of poetry to be published in April 2010; to be printed offset on laid paper making approximately 80 pages trimmed to 5.75 × 8.5 inches; to be Smyth sewn and bound into a paper cover and enfolded in a letterpress-printed jacket.*

\$19.95 · 9781554470846

As first collections of poems go, Paul Tyler's *A Short History of Forgetting* is remarkable for its confidence, maturity of voice and control of form. Its style ranges from the aggressive pace, short measure and muscular language of its tightly-wound object poems, to gentler, more meditative reflections on aging and the loss of identity and language which comes with it.

Opening with a poem imagining the biblical Adam's reluctant introduction to speech, Tyler moves on to his own sharp-eyed and nimble-tongued naming of the creatures and their characteristics—crickets, midges, silverfish, bees, chickadees. Our own sometimes puzzling tendencies as creatures do not escape his notice, with stops at the seniors' home, behind the grocer's meat counter, the office cubicle, over the fence at the Stanley Park Zoo, and in depictions of the willful vandalism, violence and weed-infested neglect of modern life. Tyler's poems are often riffs on mutability; but this constant forgetting and undoing,

this un-naming, is balanced by sharp-focused moments of possibility and precise expression, in which a baseball player's pitch "splits the air," where we are "stitched" by the possible endings of a half-read book, or where "a melodic outline / of words . . . sound like forgiveness." Closing with a caretaker's sobering realization that he is the last person to speak an elderly woman's name before her death, *A Short History of Forgetting* reminds us of the powerful role which language plays in our lives.

Asked what inspired this collection, Tyler says, "All my moving: twelve towns, countless apartments, seven houses by the age of fourteen, several provinces, states, and countries. No doubt this fostered a desire to name the place where I stand, to stop myself from spinning. *A Short History of Forgetting* is the artifact of this process. Discovering words for the animals, the trees, the history, became a way of adapting. Poems announced themselves as a kind of abstract cataloguing of emotion affli-

ated with place. Now words echo up from the past, coalesce into histories; new words arrest my attention, shift my perspective, compel me to rename. Vocabulary maps a person. Words take sonar readings of our depths, cultivate mythologies that holds us in place, or permit us passage. This despite the impermanence that defines us. These poems are guesses at things encountered along the way, short histories of a desire to be where I already am."

PAUL TYLER has been published in *Canadian Literature*, *Event*, *Grain*, *The Malahat Review*, *The Minnesota Review*, *Prairie Fire* and *Prism International*. He was the 2004 winner of the Byron's Quill Award for Poetry and received an honourable mention in the 2005 Bliss Carman Award. He was an associate editor with *Arc Poetry Magazine* from 2004 to 2008. He lives in Ottawa, where he works as a library reference assistant.

## CRICKETS

They rub out their name again and again,  
miniature black jackets  
rustling under lamps, expecting  
important guests; they want you  
to give up everything—little socialists.  
Eventually you will. Not yet. For now,  
moonlight enunciates your body;  
you walk in the field through talking air.  
Dark weaves of grass hum your legs  
beside a thousand improbable events.  
Their tiny hooked feet carry songs,  
climb with you up narrow steps to dawn.

## SPRINGSIDE AFTERPLOW

Grit-studded, once-white mound of inner winter.  
Core of cold. Jackhammered by rain for weeks,  
now calving mud-slushies. Dispossessed species  
of snow. Growling gravel-gutted, drippy heap.  
Salt-lick pigeons circle-back and sucker-peck.  
Garbage cups poke out like ears. Man-made  
salty beast, basking hippo-like in crass puddles,  
hunkered, into rutting streets. Climate abscess.  
Caustic death-scab slabbing the walk. City pocks.  
Relentless February leftovers, belching into March.  
Let go, street-sloucher. Return to stream. Flow.  
Tire-thawed grin of dirt, leaching up skirt-hems.  
Soaked-down gutter-sprawled bottle-grouch.  
Mess of synthesized sludge. Ice dreck. Grime-fed  
plow chaff. Old winter's bastard, humping the road.



# ⌘ JOHANNA SKIBSRUD ⌘

## I DO NOT THINK THAT I COULD LOVE A HUMAN BEING

*Being a new book of poetry to be published in April 2010; to be printed offset on a laid paper making approximately 80 pages trimmed to 5.75 × 8.5 inches; to be Smyth sewn and bound into a paper cover and enfolded in a letterpress-printed jacket.*

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Poets have always wrestled with the mutability of things (particularly of life and love) and with the problem of conveying the true shape of human emotion and experience through the often inadequate tool of language. The poems in Johanna Skibsrud's new collection, *I Do Not Think that I Could Love a Human Being*, employ the tentative and uncertain characteristics of language to their advantage, pulling the reader headlong into the fray as the poet endeavours to give shape to her experience.

"In many ways, I see the collection as one long love poem," says Skibsrud, "The title poem was written very quickly, and with what, for me, was relative ease one morning last spring, and since then I have altered it very little—something that is also unusual for me. The poem is particularly important to my con-

ception of the collection as a whole because of the way that it is able to speak, I think, from—and to—a space of desire inhabited, simultaneously, by conflicting and conflicted states of mind. It is, I think—despite, or rather because of its title—the most accurate and honestly-felt love poem that I have so far been able to write. Also, though, I think of the poem in reflexive terms: as in part about the act of writing, which is itself an act of desire and so, like all desire, bound always by the limits of its own terms. Just as the literal object of the poem is held in relief by the blank space of the page, however, so we are shaped, whether we choose to recognize it or not, by what is invisible to us—outside of what we assume to be the limit of ourselves and our world. Poetry allows us, importantly, I think, to push against that limit.

It makes room for those paradoxes at the root of our experiences of language and selfhood—an acceptance and exploration of which is, I think, integral, to any genuine attempt at expression of being. It allows for transformations, for becomings: becoming a bear, for example, becoming a word. Love allows for this, too. In fact, I don't really know where the space of one ends and the other begins."

JOHANNA SKIBSRUD's first poetry collection, *Late Nights With Wild Cowboys*, was published in 2008 by Gaspereau Press and was short-listed for the Gerald Lampert Award. She has also published a novel with Gaspereau entitled *The Sentimentalists*. Originally from Scotsburn, Nova Scotia, she now lives in Montreal.

ALSO BY JOHANNA SKIBSRUD: *Late Nights With Wild Cowboys* [\$18.95 9781554470525 poetry] ◀ *The Sentimentalists* [\$27.95 9781554470785 fiction]

I DO NOT THINK THAT I COULD LOVE  
A HUMAN BEING

I do not think that I could love a human being; I would not know it if I squeezed too hard. I would be a great bear. I would go rumbling through.

I would try to eat you. I would stand alone, in the quiet centre of you, and roar. No, I could not love you. I could not love a human being.

I would get so stuck on things. The small

flaws in you, like

the way that you will die; it would stick in my throat, I could not love you.

And the way that, if you touched me, I would be as if to you a solid object, as if a boot, a stick, a stone.

And you to me. The way that I could

pick you up. That I could hammer you against me; that I could bruise myself on you, and still have only a

brief impression of you left there on my skin.

And, if I cried, that too would be an imitation of the thing that I would feel.

And the pain itself, if it were real, would come as if so separately from you that it might

equally have been a whip, a rope, a rail with which I thrashed myself when I

thrashed myself with you.

No, I could not love a human being if they could not leave a mark.

Even if I were a bear and I ate you, you would move right through me.

Even if you were a bear and you ate me, I would move right through you.

But I am not a bear. And will not eat you. If I said I could, I could not.

And you are not a bear. And will not eat me.

And that is why I could not love you.  
And that is why I could not love you.  
And that is why I could not love you.



❖ TIM BOWLING ❖

THE ANNOTATED BEE AND ME

*Being a new book of poetry to be published in April 2010; to be printed offset on laid paper making approximately 64 pages trimmed to 5 × 8.5 inches; to be Smyth sewn and bound into a paper cover and enfolded in a letterpress-printed jacket.*

\$18.95 · 9781554470860

A few years ago, while sorting through a box of family mementos, Tim Bowling discovered a slim volume which his Great Aunt Gladys Muttart had privately printed in 1961—a memoir of her family’s beekeeping adventures in Edmonton between 1906 and 1929. As he read and re-read the text of this little book, Bowling felt that “two very different ways of life, the early years of two very different centuries, began to merge, as if the past was something the present gathers from the fields on a summer day.”

Bowling’s discovery of *The Bee and Me* also got him thinking about the way we record and annotate the past, and about “those fat Norton anthologies of Modern Literature where now even a reference to yesterday is footnoted as ‘a twenty-four hour period preceding the present twenty-four hour period,’ which made me chuckle at the whole notion of literary success (which too many writers define

as having their work appear in such university textbooks). And it occurred to me, what if somebody annotated a text that was not only NOT famous but which also existed in only a few private copies kept in the bottom drawers of my elderly relatives’ bedroom dressers? And what if the annotations were not clever forays of career-making criticism but simply poems, and poems that set out to respond to the large themes of Birth and Death and Time and Memory, keeping in mind that there is always room for humour and irony too in those grand old ballrooms of the human condition?”

The collection is divided into two sections. In the first, Bowling weaves his own verse and excerpts from *The Bee and Me* into a long poem which is part tribute to kin and part lament for modern life, an exercise which delivers him to “a day when you’re neither alive nor dead / but so conscious of both conditions that you’ve entered the hive.” In the second section, titled

“Out of the Hive, Into the World” Bowling wrestling with the “confusion of loving too much the world.” Its poems touch on family, literature, salmon fishing and beekeeping lore, hinting at how in facing the unvarnished facts of one’s brief life one might honestly annotate their experience: “You build an immunity over time to Time / or you fall among the dried husks of the bees / on the grass”

TIM BOWLING is the author of numerous collections of poetry, including *Fathom*, *The Book Collector*, and *The Memory Orchard*. He has also published three novels, including *The Bone Sharps* and *The Paperboy’s Winter*. He has twice been shortlisted for the Governor General’s Award for Poetry and has won the Canadian Authors’ Association Award for Poetry and two Alberta Book Awards. In 2008, he was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship. Bowling lives in Edmonton, Alberta.

ALSO BY TIM BOWLING: *Fathom* [\$18.95 9781554470167 poetry] ¶ *The Bone Sharps* [\$27.95 9781554470358 fiction]

## POEM FOUND IN AN ABANDONED HIVE

(i.e., in *Beekeeping: the Gentle Craft*, by John F. Adams)—  
with “poet” substituted for “drone,” and a few other minor  
word changes

I hear something, summer breezes  
of the stillborn’s un-lived life, whispered  
answers to those questions never posed  
to parents before it was too late.  
But the sound is faint. Closer.  
A man is hammering a cabinet, a hive,  
a coffin for the ineffable. The wheels  
of the first century of industry scream  
to a stop. Moonlight gilds a raindrop.  
A skittish porter hands a woman down  
to her future of swarms and drones,  
at her side a chatter of malicious gossip,  
angry nailheads seeking the construction  
of a new life in a new world.  
Can you hear it?  
That laboured breathing around the bend of time?  
That surf breaking on a shoreless land?  
That ripping of the stitches of propriety’s hem?  
No. We must concede the porter’s terror.  
Christ is hammering a cross for his father.

The life of the poet is relatively long, unless he fulfills  
his destiny by mating. In spite of his being a drag on  
the domestic economy of the nation, he is suffered  
gladly, tolerated and even pampered by all. Poets seem  
to be accepted in any country, regardless of where they  
actually reside, and may request and get a handout in  
any country, where their sisters and mothers would be  
regarded as foreigners or bandits and assassinated on  
the spot. This universal hospitality which is extended to  
poets likely results from their range; while this matter is  
not known exactly, it seems that the haunts of the poet  
may extend much beyond the range of the ordinary  
person; some think it may be six or eight miles. During  
a time of want, however, a scarcity of money during  
the summer, or at the onset of autumn—the tolerance  
for poets ends. With utter lack of sentiment, poets are  
summarily excluded from society and denied food by  
their sister/mothers. Since the poets are incapable of  
feeding themselves, they quickly die. It is absolutely  
characteristic of autumn in the city to see crowds of  
rejected poets in front of each café, sternly being denied  
entrance. And as the autumn deepens, in front of the  
cafés and generally around the city will be seen the dead  
husks of poets, finally having succumbed to starvation  
and the weather.



III GEORGE SIPOS III

## THE GEOGRAPHY OF ARRIVAL: A MEMOIR

*Being a new memoir to be published in March 2010; to be printed offset on laid paper making approximately 160 pages trimmed to 5 × 8 inches; to be Smyth sewn and bound into a paper cover and enfolded in an offset-printed jacket.*

\$25.95 · 9781554470808

In *The Geography of Arrival*, George Sipos revisits the city of London, Ontario, where his family settled after immigrating to Canada from Hungary in 1957. Divided into short chapters, each related to a different local landmark, the book depicts the world through the eyes of a boy getting the hang of North American culture, and of an adolescent finding his way in the larger world.

“A few years ago,” says Sipos, “someone I knew moved to London, Ontario, the place where I had grown up in the late 50s and early 60s. She was totally new to the city and I set out to write her a series of letters describing certain streets and buildings and neighbourhoods as I remembered them, knowing of course that this was bound to be a false guide to anything that might still be there. The wrecker’s ball (or memory, which is much the same thing) had probably assured that whatever I wrote would be more fictitious than not. As it turned out, our correspondence didn’t get very far, but by

then the project of writing about certain *landmarks* was started in my mind. Over the next several years I came back to this unreliable geography and continued to write what ultimately became a nominal guide book. What it’s a guide to is not so clear. The London of the mid twentieth century? Maybe. A particular protagonist’s coming of age? Maybe. An album of snapshots of how a person grows into a mental and aesthetic and even scientific self? Perhaps.”

Moving chronologically, Sipos traces his interior, personal geography across the particular landscape of 1960s London. After his family settles in a downtown apartment, there is the baffling discovery of a plastic hockey-player figurine in the cereal box and the theories he and his father develop to explain it. Sipos shares his fear of opening his eyes underwater at swimming lessons, his first subway ride on a trip to Toronto, and his early love of public speaking, fencing and choral singing. He tries

to live-trap a rabbit in the park, recalls the year the fall-out shelter stole the show from the All-  
Electric Dream Home at the exhibition, and savours the joy of public skating at the outdoor rink on Elliott Street. In one of the book’s most absorbing passages, a teenaged Sipos guides his stage-frightened priest through the first service after the changes to the Mass brought about by the Second Vatican Council.

This is a book that reminds us of the importance of reflection and of the positive impact that the culture and landscape of a place can have on the direction of our lives.

GEORGE SIPOS was born in Budapest, raised in London, Ontario, and has since lived in British Columbia. Formerly the owner of Mosquito Books in Prince George, Sipos now lives on Salt Spring Island. He is the author of *Anything But the Moon*, which was shortlisted for the Dorothy Livesay Poetry Prize in 2006.

RINK, from *The Geography of Arrival*

A few blocks south of Cheapside on Elliott Street is a winter sports centre. Although the present building is relatively new, the location had always drawn skaters from the neighbourhoods north of the Wolsley Barracks all the way to Victoria Street. In the 1960s, however, skating here was a primitive affair.

Two outdoor rinks sat side by side, one enclosed by boards for playing hockey, the other with a chain-link fence. In summer these rinks doubled as tennis courts, but I knew them only in their winter use. In front of the rinks a stretch of asphalt led to two change rooms in a squat one-storey building. The men's change room was on the right, the women's on the left.

I never saw the interior of the women's, but the men's was a mean rectangle of cinder-block walls and small, high windows covered in mesh. Gouged wooden benches ran round the room. What I remember is not just a tangle of hockey sticks and shin pads and the disordered jumble of snow boots under benches, or the sour smell of undershirts and wool socks, or the bodies of grunting boys lacing their skates, or even the tripping and shoving or the boastful obscenities, but an atavism that went deeper than all of that. Thrust together in the dimly-lit space away from the scrutiny of a civil world, changing from ordinary boots into the steel-edged cockiness of skates, we were trapped in an igloo of raw impulse. Big kids pushed little kids, filled their boots with snow, or threatened to get them in unspecified ways later. It was a world without recourse. There were no adults to referee. Everyone was on his own in a dim chaos of pointless anarchy. With one boot off and one skate half-on, we were caught in a circle of some masculine hell.

Except that the room did have an exit.

A short corridor led to a metal door that opened onto the winter cold and the tarmac that led to the rinks. The act of stepping onto the ice was always, for me, a most wonderful moment of transformation. After plodding across asphalt on the tips of skates there was suddenly only a worn four-by-four separating solid ground from a white surface where skaters flowed past, their blades drawn across ice with a clean clash and sweep. Legs and arms and bodies leaned into a blur as they swept past. A small step and a push, and then you yourself were launched into the smooth glide as it carried you off down the first long side.

Over all the winters of my childhood I only remember ever skating one way: counter-clockwise round the rink. The whole crowd of young and old, good skaters and bad, all skated in the same direction. People passed each other for sure, single skaters weaving in and out among groups of schoolgirls holding hands, and they curved carefully around little kids who had fallen down, but the motion was an unbroken circling, the whole rink turning constantly left and left as if we were one continuous woven loop. Loudspeakers played *The Blue Danube* endlessly.

There were the girls, of course, with their brown eyes and freckles and wool sweaters and toques. Ponytails swung with their stride as they placed their white skates just so, one carefully in front of the other. They wore mittens in which the round flat part containing their fingers was always extended, like a flipper. In all those years I never once saw a girl with her mittens curled into a fist. Even on the rare occasion when one of them fell and got deftly to her feet, she swept the snow from her tights with a hand fully extended inside her mitten as if it were a tortoiseshell brush. Their movements too, as they skated, were purely in the legs, the upper parts of their bodies moving always with a stately reticence, a reserved grace that rendered my own more vigorous exertions, as I wove in and out among them, awkward and visceral, however much devoid of deliberate bravura.

That fine counter-clockwise swirl always had an inherent flaw, however. Regardless of whether one went early or late, on a weekday or weekend, somewhere on the sheet of ice there was, inevitably, at least one gaping gouge. Often it was no more than a few inches long or a mere inch or so deep, but enough to catch the blade of a skate and send you sprawling. The secret, which the whole circling crowd (except the very little kids who spent most of their time on all fours anyway) understood, was to find out where the crack was on the first circuit and then to avoid it. As we skated round and round, as the pucks whacked into the boards of the adjacent hockey rink, we all knew as one body where the flaw was, and the exact moment to swerve or to step lightly over it.

*There's a crack in everything*, Leonard Cohen might have sung—had it been the kind of song they would have played at a rink, had he written it yet. But we knew the next line anyway, circling in our scarves and mitts and toques round those cold orbits: *That's how the light gets in.*



☞ PETER SANGER ☞  
THROUGH DARKLING AIR:  
THE POETRY OF RICHARD OUTRAM

*Being a new book of literary biography & criticism to be published in April 2010 with over 75 illustrations reproduced in colour and black & white; to be printed offset making approximately 512 pages trimmed to 5.3 × 8.5 inches; to be Smyth sewn, casebound in red cloth and enfolded in a paper jacket.*

\$65.95 · 9781554470617

*Through Darkling Air* is an extensive study of the life and work of Canadian poet Richard Outram (1930–2005) in which Peter Sanger provides detailed analysis of Outram’s poetry, his influences and allusions, and of his collaboration with his wife, visual artist Barbara Howard. Though wide-reading of both the Western literary canon and of Outram’s own oeuvre, Sanger situates Outram in the literary tradition while introducing readers to Outram’s life, ideas and work. In the process, Sanger demonstrates a style of reading and discussing poetry which is uncommon in contemporary criticism, working methodically through Outram’s catalogue in order to arrive at a panoramic perspective that is at once telescopic and microscopic.

As well as chronicling Outram’s accomplishments as a poet, mapping the many interconnections between his poems and their

outward influences, *Through Darkling Air* celebrates Outram’s partnership with Barbara Howard, in particular their collaboration on the limited edition broadsides and handmade books issued from their Gauntlet Press imprint between 1960 and 2001. This book includes over 75 colour and black & white reproductions depicting Outram and Howard’s most noteworthy productions. It also includes many key poems from Outram’s more scarce collections reproduced in their entirety.

Sanger first discovered Outram’s work in 1995: “My eye was drawn by the spare beauty of two chapbooks. When I read the books I found I did not always understand them. Sometimes it was as if I were coping with another language. But I had no trouble seeing and hearing the dance of Outram’s intelligence, his wit, his underdrifts of understated grief, his companion, his occasional prophetic anger direct-

ed at cant, opportunism and human predation, especially of the natural world. I knew immediately that I had encountered a poet whose work I would read for the rest of my life. *Through Darkling Air* is an attempt to honour a principle Outram shared and lived with his late wife, the painter, wood-engraver and book designer, Barbara Howard: love and imagination are synonymous and eternal, and the fool is wise who knows that much.”

PETER SANGER has published seven collections of poetry, including *Aiken Drum* (2006) and *Arborealis* (2005). His recent prose work includes *The Stone Canoe: Two Lost Mi’kmaq Texts* (2007) and *White Salt Mountain: Words in Time* (2005). Sanger has been the poetry editor of *The Antigonish Review* since 1985. He lives in South Maitland, Nova Scotia.

ALSO BY PETER SANGER: *Aiken Drum* [\$19.95 9781554470143 POETRY] ☞ *The Stone Canoe: Two Lost Mi’kmaq Texts* [\$29.95 9781554470433 NATIVE STUDIES] ☞ *White Salt Mountain: Words in Time* [\$27.95 9781554470044 LITERARY ESSAYS] ☞ *Spar: Words in Place* [\$21.95 9781894031547 LITERARY ESSAYS]

AN EXCERPT from chapter three of *Through Darkling Air*:

Published in 1985, *Man in Love* began a production collaboration with Tim and Elke Inkster – proprietors of The Porcupine’s Quill in Erin, Ontario – which was to continue throughout the rest of Outram’s life. Howard provided the images for the book, although their disposition in the publication was Tim Inkster’s decision. The cover bears a reproduction of her wood engraving, printed in orange, black and white, of a monarch butterfly, which was originally used on the page opposite Outram’s poem “Monarch in Autumn,” in the Gauntlet Press edition of *Locus*. On the cover, the engraving sustains its magnificent presence, although inevitably losing some intensity of colour that made its appearance in *Locus* such an occasion. Seeing it, one thinks of the last few lines of Outram’s poem which describe the monarch as it

..... suddenly flies  
And of necessity beats,  
Through mists thinning in sheets,  
Being one of a kind,  
Indirectly into the wind

and their connection to the intents of *Man in Love*. Fourteen more of Howard’s wood engravings are used in the book. Many, like the one of the monarch butterfly, were also originally used in Gauntlet Press items so that *Man in Love* becomes, in effect, the first major public extension of the press’s visual activities. All but one of the fourteen engravings are reproduced in black and white. With the exception of one representing a river, all the engravings are also of organic or organically derived forms: a dove, a tulip, seashells, a swamp iris, a poppy, a snake, for example. The fourteenth engraving, on the book’s last page, entitled “Salamander,” is part of a design involving both image and text. The image is of a salamander printed in black, white and red. The salamander is seen from above. Its neck is crooked upward and over one shoulder so that the salamander can observe us watching it. Its body is aligned, despite its S-curves, to be the

central axis of a cruciform design, the four end points of which are formed by four two-line stanzas [...].

Howard’s engravings serve the utilitarian purpose of dividing *Man in Love* into sections, but they also serve a complex creative purpose which is integral to the book’s thematic pattern. They are literal figurations of the created world, recreated with minute particularity, which (with one exception) proceed in a kind of counterpoint to Outram’s words. They do not (with one exception) “illustrate” his poems so much as offer expansive commentary (especially if one knows the original contexts of their publication by Gauntlet Press). The one exception to this kind of counterpointing is “Salamander.” In “Salamander,” at the book’s end, word and image meet. As Outram told me, “the marriage of word and image” in “Salamander” comes “as close to realizing” what he and Howard sought to achieve by founding Gauntlet Press “as probably we will do.”

*Man in Love* contains thirty-eight poems. Its title seems to promise autobiographical confession. In 1984, during the final heyday of “confessional” poetry, the expectations of many readers would have involved lurid, destructive, sexual conturbation. But Outram’s book is devoted to the clarification and recovery of love, not its dismemberments. It is true that *Man in Love* contains poems that are obviously autobiographical and that can easily and pleasantly be read as such. However, the collection also contains some extremely, perhaps excessively, compressed and abstract poems. These poems can be avoided only at the expense of missing *Man in Love*’s thematic patterns and of regarding Outram’s choice and positioning of poems within the collection as arbitrary.

Read closely enough, almost any one of the poems in *Man in Love* will reveal itself as a microcosm of the book [...].



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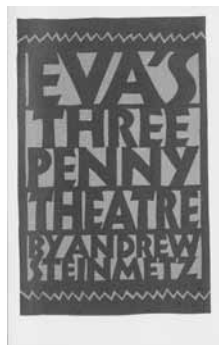
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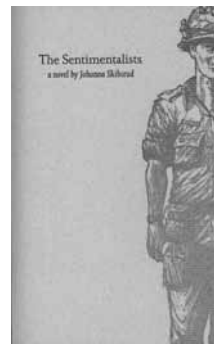
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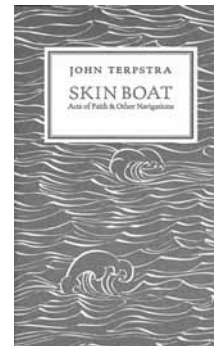


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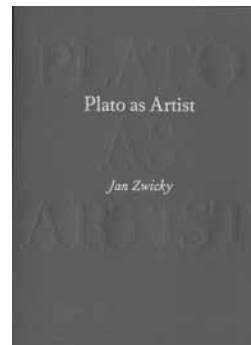


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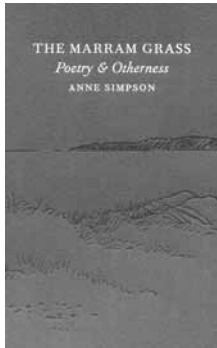
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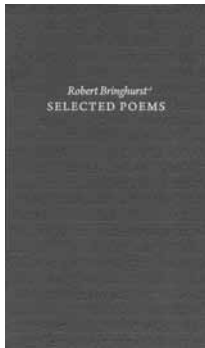
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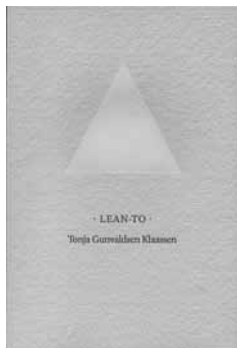
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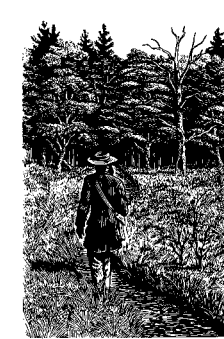


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