

MORE POEMS ABOUT BOOKS AND RECORDS

Dear Diane, I have your Cat Stevens *Teaser and the Firecat*, with “Diane” written in ink above that last S in his name.

Dear Sid Zlotnik, the receipt for the copy of K. Marx, *Capital*, vol. 1 that you bought for \$1.56 on October 4, 1954 at People’s Co-operative Bookstore at 337 W. Pender St. is still tucked inside the front cover.

Dear Elaine, you wrote your name on Al Green’s hand on the cover of *Let’s Stay Together*, which I now have (original Hi Records copy!)—why did you part with it, did it not mend your broken heart?

Dear K.D., I still have your copy of Louis Althusser’s *Lenin and Philosophy* you gave me when you left Vancouver the first time: its spine is cleanly broken at page 114.

McDonald, you printed your name neatly on the upper left corner of the back cover of Billy Joe Royal’s *Down in the Boondocks* that I picked up yesterday.

Dear Laurie Hunter, I have your copy of Eldridge Cleaver’s *Soul on Ice* that you likely got as it was taken out of circulation from Vancouver Public Library’s Collingwood Branch.

Dear K.D., also Althusser’s *For Marx*—it’s intact.

Dear Doreen, I have a copy of Kitty Wells's *Greatest Hits*—you had the band and Kitty sign it. Was it at a hall out in the Fraser Valley that my father may have been at?

Dear Lynne Hissey, I have the copy of Herbert Marcuse's *The Aesthetic Dimension* that you stamped your name in before Gail Jernberg or Ternberg, a subsequent owner, wrote her name below it.

Dear Deanna Berlinquette, I just picked up your copy of The Beatles's *Abbey Road*—I like how you wrote your name into the curve of the Apple Record label on both sides—green apple and cut apple.

Dear McEwan, I have your copy of *Close the 49th Parallel: The Americanization of Canada*, which has Greg Curnoe's painting of the same name as its cover (which is why I picked it up in Seattle).

I want to thank whoever got rid of the single of Bill Withers's "Use Me," it saves my life some days!

Dear Allyson Clay, I got your copy of the catalogue for the *Some Detached Houses* show—was that the first exhibition that focused on housing and its coming disaster in Vancouver?

Dear Ken Miller, the copy of Jonathan Raban's *Soft City* that I have comes with your name and phone number—526 8341—on the first page. I did not call to see if you still live there.

Dear Slocan Public Library, I have the red City Lights Books copy of William Carlos Williams's *Kora in Hell* that was either never returned to or discarded by you: it makes me think of Fred Wah.

Dear Rochester Public Library, I treasure the copy of George Oppen's *Of Being Numerous* that you discarded from your Arnett Blvd. Branch: I carry it everywhere.

M.E. McGarry, did you also admire the beautiful minimal cover of Carl Rakosi's *Amulet* which I now have and do?

Dear Jerry Zaslove, I must have bought your copy of *Georg Lukacs: Record of a Life* from a campus booksale—oh, Jerry you are so missed!

Dear K. Sekul, I have the copy of Denise Levertov's *A Door in the Hive* in which you wrote (in fountain pen): "July 1996 / U. of Washington Bookstore / K Sekul."

Dear Jane, I have your copy of Roberta Flack's *Quiet Fire*—OMG!

Dear Tanzschule Zempfera, I have Redbone's *The Witch of New Orleans* that you probably used to teach a particular dance style to. Someone indicated "JIVE" in ballpoint beside the title track. Are you still on Gumpendorfer Strasse in Vienna?

Dear Chr., I have the copy of *Hard* by Gang of 4 you initialled—maybe you worked at a radio station as it has a promotional copy stamp on the back cover?

Dear T.J.A., I have your Cat Stevens *Catch Bull at Four* (lightly used, I note).

Dear Sheila, I have the Cape Goliard Press hardcover of Charles Olson's *The Archaeologist of Morning* that Neil, robin, Liz, Chris, Rob, Eric, and Ian all signed with love to you: it is singularly touching.

Dear Lee, the copy of 1910 Fruitgum Co.'s *Indian Giver* that you wrote your name on in red has a cover still remarkable for its racism! I too owned it, sadly, in my youth.

Dear Werner Brosch, I have the perfect copy of Special AKA's *In the Studio* with its "smash-hit," "Nelson Mandela": but "Racist Friend" is the sleeper on the album. Are you still on Blumengasse?—it's a fabulous street.

Hey, G. Spenser, I have your lovely copy of V.I. Lenin's *Imperialism: The Highest Stage of Capitalism*: as Russia invades Ukraine during this time of monopolies, it reads too present!

Dear S.D., I have your 45 of Slade's "Coz I Luv You," backed with "My Life Is Natural"; how did you dance to it in 1971?

Dear Jenny Bates, I have the copy of *The Underachieving School* by John Holt you bought in January 1973. Did you also buy it near Woodstock, NY, where I bought it nearly 50 years later, waiting for Mark to pick me up to drive back to the city?

Dear Prabita, somewhere I picked up your copy of Fun Boy Three's debut album—it wears well.

Dear DAF, I have your 12-inch single of Bananarama's "The Wild Life." Did you know Prabita, by chance?

Dear Barry McKinnon, I have your hardcover copy of John Newlove's *Black Night Window* that still has some hard gem-like lines but it, at points, is too retrograde to reread . . . being from 1968 in Canada, leading the White Paper on Indian Affairs.

Dear Braun Reinhard, as you know, I have your copy of The Band's *The Last Waltz* and therefore the old phone number that you wrote on it, likely from 1978: were you in Linz at the time, skateboarding?

Dear Mrs. Eva Kelamen, did you receive Diane Wakowski's *The Motorcycle Betrayal Poems* that I now have as a review copy?

Dear Louise, Ry Cooder's *Into the Purple Valley* has your name printed in your lovely script, upper right in the gatefold: is your name there because you took it to listening parties?

Dear D.F. Cousineau, I just got your Erving Goffman *Encounters*: it has your name stamped in beautiful sans serif font and blue ink: an affect I also aspired to. Why?

Dear Laberge, I have the vinyl of Bim's *A Kid Full of Dreams* that you wrote your name on the back label of in 1975. I remember that year and perhaps we met?

Dear Carol Hooper, your copy of Richard Hogart's *The Uses of Literature* has helped guide me for 25 years—I hope it did the same for you.

The discarded copy from SFU's Library of Marcel Mauss's *The Gift* I take now as a gift with a responsibility to refute.

Dear Mary Hay, your Chess Records copy of *Fathers and Sons*, the intergenerational blues project, is in my hands now: perhaps Marie (MW) owned it after you—her name is asserted on the back cover.

Susan, in the copy of Gertrude Stein's *What Are Masterpieces* that I have, Shel has written a note to you: "The video meeting is in the cinema workshop."