THE WORLD HAS BEEN EMPTY SINCE THE POSTCARD
1. The re-statement of this dictum of St. Just by the poet Ian Hamilton Finlay and my subsequent alteration of it becomes a lament for the absence of the postcard in our daily lives, and the casual but insistent presence of such a form. Like most of the postcards gathered in this pamphlet, whether published by Coracle or in the WAX366 series, it was produced in an edition of 300 to 500 copies.
The Ruth & Marvin Sackner Collection of Tie & Dye *

*Concrete & Visual Poetry c.1960 -
2. A postcard from the early nineties. It casts aspersions on the vast collection of material once held in Miami by “the Sackners,” as they were known. This collection seemed to be almost too big a field to house as one entity, bringing us back to the arguments of the “purity” of Concrete and Visual Poetry in the late 1960s. The critic Stephen Bann, for instance, would claim at the time that he was dealing with the “narrower” concrete poetry as opposed to the “wider” concrete of someone like, say, Emmett Williams. These activities could be compared to that concurrent passtime of Tie & Die. The card is printed on single-sided blotting paper card by rubber stamp and letterpress overprinting, and made in an edition of around 300 copies.
Madame Desvignes in her kitchen, stitching the first volumes from Les Éditions de Minuit.
3. The polemics of “underground” and hand-distributed publishing are fully endorsed by this classic photograph of the beginnings of Les Editions de Minuit, taken from *Imprimeries Clandestines*, a compendium of such French wartime presses. It shows Mme. Desvignes hand-sewing some of the first books from the press. I added my own eulogy to the backing of the card—the poem, “a smell of printing / in the kitchen....” Printed letterpress in an edition of 500 copies in 1993.
Menu

Meal 1
15 Meatballs

Meal 2
10 meatballs
& the day’s
gateau

Meal 3
£ off meatballs
to go
4. “Café Ikea Flatpack” is for poet and editor Stuart Mills, and was printed in 2006, the year he died. Stuart liked to visit Ikea, the Swedish furniture emporium, where all the merchandise was packed as kits, to be assembled at home. Even in the restaurant, the food choices surrounded the humble Swedish Meatball and the enduring possibility of yet another bargain.
& this book / amongst flatpack / smoked salmon several / videos / tea from a Thermos / flask unwritten postcards of / reproduction opened / letters, Drum tobacco / a Rizla machine & / newspapers stacked by DAVID BROWN / obliquely folded / newspapers, a flatpack / of smoked salmon / clipped obituaries & several / videos, unwritten postcards / of unknown painters (Maxwell Armfield, Ceyley Robinson) / this book / beneath its stack / in the kitchen of / Dr. David Brown
5. The first in a series of three cards taken from the pages of notebooks and produced as rather oversized postcards by David Bellingham at his WAX366 publications in the 2000s. This one was a little soliloquy on the assembly of parts of the kitchen in the house of an early major hoarder of Coracle items, Dr. David Brown, a veterinarian turned art historian, eclectic collector of art who rode everywhere on a motorized scooter, and was curator in the Modern Department of the Tate Gallery, London.