

**Chapter 1 : John Olson : The Night I Dropped Shakespeare on the Cat**

*The Night I Dropped Shakespeare on the Cat is not for the faint of heart. John Olson is an ardent explorer of language for whom poetry is a whirl of energy in a shell of sound. He embraces impulse and his poems thrive on autonomy.*

Words moving in and out of the mind. He is clearly on a roll. There are meditations on particular things, narratives, autobiographical pieces, poems responding to art, and philosophical reveries. You never know page-to-page what you will find. This unpredictability is a big part of why the book is so fun and such a challenge. Francis Ponge is the obvious precursor in this genre, but Olson writes with more energy and stronger beats. Water in all its forms. There is water everywhere. Olson riffs on the ubiquity of liquid in his city, using sharp details and poetic leaps that are hallmarks of his writing. Puddles promiscuous as nickels. Puddles impertinent as pickles. Water streaked with whorls of delinquent oil. Everywhere the sheen and luster of water. Rivers in reveries of water. Water pushed to extremes. Water falling from cliffs. Water sprayed over melons. Water in beads on the blade of a fern. Water in rivulets on a window. Water impelling a current water moving in a kind of languor water moving reflectively from rock to rock. Poets can work at home. For almost ten pages Olson puts the paintings under a microscope and launches reveries about what he sees. It is barely perceptible. It is so thin and delicate that it assumes the power of eternity. A skeleton trumpeting death. The joy of candy. Spray from a rock. A head full of heaven. This last scenario may cause alarm, but without giving anything away I can assure everyone that no animal was harmed in the making of the poem. A Lament for Lamantia. He called poetry a miracle in words. Which is precisely what it is. A miracle in words. Rhapsodies of pain passionate wavelengths tortured minerals sublimated into bubbling autonomy. Delicious anomalies paradisiacal pancakes morning prayer in the bowl of dawn. Fireworks in Mexican villages. The aroma of dragons. Analogues parallels pantisocratic parakeets. It also has poems that begin as one type of poem a Ponge-like piece, for example but then bend or twist into something else. Olson is unpredictable even within the poems themselves. It is a symptom of birch. Piano and rocking chair confirm the belt of Orion. The fungus did to the salami what the salami did to the harmonica of fable. It became a scrap of royalty, an amaryllis by the bay. Everything turned quiet as a mountain trumpet. Olson relentlessly introduces images and associations, stretching and re-inventing language and meaning. Those looking for messages or logical development will be disappointed. Readers able to love them as they are -- with their sui generis energetic oddness, indeterminacy, freedom and occasional warts -- will find them compelling and fun. They are uncompromising invigorating adventures into the possible. Not rich in an overly-luxurious or heavy way, like caviar or chocolate mousse, but something far more nutritious and necessary. His sentences are full of life. Occasionally, the surge of coincidences comes so fast that sentences are pared down to a word or two or three. But when he does, watch out! One tool not used sparingly is sound. The sounds are varied and can be huge. I love how the hard consonance and other alliterations resolve into a hoot-owl exhalation: Near the end of the poem he describes the noises he hears, including the mating calls and snoring of frogs the new neighbors are quite unusual , and then writes: It can take weeks to take in its many pieces. This may discourage readers. These days, a poetry book is commonly a short chap or a page or less perfect-bound edition. John Olson has earned a measure of recognition in his hometown of Seattle. But elsewhere his work is not nearly as well appreciated. This is partly due to the fact that Olson was a late bloomer in terms of publication. His first book a chap did not appear until just before his 50th birthday. Next year, he will turn I hope he has a very long life. His poems, I believe, most certainly will. He reads lots and lots of poetry.

**Chapter 2 : Holdings : The night I dropped Shakespeare on the cat / | York University Libraries**

*"The night I thought I dropped Shakespeare on the cat I felt the reprieve of the man who accidentally goes through a red light without getting hit, the relief of the man who falls from a high cliff only to discover he's been dreaming.*

Main characters[ edit ] James Mackintosh Qwilleran[ edit ] Qwilleran, or Qwill as his friends call him, is the main human character in the books. He was born Merlin James Qwilleran, a fact explained by his mother in a letter to Francesca Klingenschoen as a product of reading King Arthur during her pregnancy. His father, Dana, was a talented theater actor who toured the country. Because of this, Qwill never knew any family other than his mother. He grew up with Arch Riker, who would be his lifelong friend, and with a love of literature. He was very smart at school, won many spelling bees and was always very fond of language and baseball. One of his English teachers was particularly influential, cultivating his ability to compose an interesting essay on any topic. It is never explicitly stated which war he fought in, but it is likely that he served during Operation Torch during World War II, since several times throughout the series he uses a curse he learned while in North Africa. He came out of it with an injured knee and so could not have the career in baseball he always desired. So he went to college, participated in some acting, but found it was journalism for which he had a natural knack. In this light he decided to become a journalist, and encountered great success in this field. He primarily reported on crime for major newspapers, and even wrote a book, *City of Brotherly Crime* a best-seller , and won many awards. He then married Miriam, an advertising executive who resembled Joy. But the marriage was bad and ended in a shattering divorce that left Miriam in an insane asylum and Qwill feeling depressed and guilty. This led him to become an alcoholic and lose his job. One night while drunk, he fell into the path of a subway train and was rescued just in time. This brought him back to reality and he got help. After resolving never to touch alcohol again, he was virtually broke. The books continue the story from this point. One summer, he and his cats go for a quiet retreat, vacationing in the north woods, and visit Aunt Fanny on the way. Soon after, Aunt Fanny dies, and Qwill is surprised to learn that her will leaves the vast Klingenschoen fortune to himâ€”provided he lives in Moose County for the next 5 years. So Qwilleran moves to Moose County " miles north of everywhere" in the northern part of the state, and the next few books record this adjustmentâ€”for him, and his cats. Despite the initial culture shock of small-town life, Qwilleran makes friends and, after determining that being a billionaire is a nuisance, establishes the Klingenschoen Foundation, a philanthropic organization dedicated to improving life in Moose County and surrounds. After a while, his life settles into a yearly pattern. Characteristics[ edit ] Qwilleran Qwill to his friends is a man who goes from late forties to mid fifties over the course of the series. He is slightly overweight in the early books, but loses some weight over the course of the series. He is often described as looking melancholy or brooding, but he is witty and enjoyable company. However, his moustache is more than mere facial hair. Whenever Qwilleran gets a suspicion that something is wrong or his instincts are right, he will get "a tingling sensation on his upper lip. Qwilleran has a willingness to listen, which is described as part curiosity and part professional interest. He also has a strong desire to investigate things that are not his business and could endanger him, and these investigations make up the plot of the various books. He gets on well with most people, but generally prefers to avoid children. Although he is a former alcoholic, he appears to have his condition well in hand, to the point that he can keep alcohol at home to serve to the people he entertains. Due to the disastrous nature of his former marriage, he has no inclination to remarry, despite his strong feelings for Polly Duncan. Despite his immense inherited fortune, he is far from extravagant, and uses the vast majority of his money for philanthropy or civic projects. Mountclemens claimed that the cat " Koko will not accept normal cat food, leaving Qwilleran to provide for his expensive diet. He has the appearance of a prize-winning show-cat and an obstinate attitude toward anything he does not like. He often goes out of his way to annoy or embarrass female humans he does not approve of. He also has a habit of watching birds and knocking books off shelves, and these books are normally read to the cats by Qwilleran. Though it would seem he would be able to do fine on his own, when Qwill had to go to work, Koko became lonely and this led to Qwill to get Yum Yum. Of course, because Koko eats food like salmon and crab, Yum Yum had the privilege of eating this food as well. Qwilleran always feeds

them such meals throughout the series. On the surface, his actions are not that extraordinary; they are things that any energetic and healthy cat might do from time to time. He might dig up small pieces of evidence, for instance, or point something out to Qwilleran by acting extremely attracted to it. He has also been known to use seemingly random yowls or body language to communicate things, especially when a death is caused by foul play: He also seems to have the power to trigger certain important events, such as causing a blackout by sitting in the middle of a pyramid. Qwilleran believes Koko has his unusually strong sixth sense because he has 30 whiskers on each side of his face 60 in total, while most cats have 24 48 in total. Whiskers are significant in the stories because, as mentioned earlier, Qwill often has a tingling sensation in his moustache when he is on the right train of thought when a case is involved, and a moustache can be called "whiskers. She is also Siamese, and had a troubled past. Qwilleran got Yum Yum as a kitten from the Tait's, rich folk who did not treat Yum Yum properly and did not even truly decide on her name. Tait, a jade collector, named her Yu after a variety of jade, while Mrs. Tait, whose family originates from Aarhus, Denmark calls her Freya, after the Norse goddess of love. Qwilleran adopted her partially because he could not stand her circumstances explained in *The Cat Who Ate Danish Modern* and partially because, after consulting an expert, Qwilleran realized Koko needed someone to keep him company. Characteristics[ edit ] Yum Yum is described as being smaller than Koko, and far more affectionate. Her beautiful violet-blue eyes are slightly crossed. These traits have earned her the nickname "Yum Yum The Paw. Qwilleran is not affected by matters that could threaten his own life, but becomes extremely anxious when matters involve the cats. During the several occasions where they had gone missing, he has risked his own life to save them, and he does not know what he would do without them. He often thinks that his old acquaintances would never believe he could love his cats as he does, and can hardly believe it himself sometimes. There is, however, no question that Qwilleran has an extremely strong bond with his cats.

*John Olson's The Night I Dropped Shakespeare on the Cat is hard to classify, hard to read, and hard to stop thinking about. There are numerous short chapters. There are numerous short chapters. There are sparse illustrations by artist Derek White.*

It is further alluded to by Shakespeare in "Twelfth Night" i. The old seal of the mayor of Grimsby represents a boar hunt. The lord, too, of the adjacent manor of Bradley, was obliged by his tenure to keep a supply of these animals in his wood, for the entertainment of the mayor and burgesses. In "Antony and Cleopatra" iv. Indeed, among the Egyptians this favoured animal was held sacred to Isis or the moon, and worshipped with great ceremony. In the mythology of all the Indo European nations, the cat holds a prominent place; and its connection with witches is well known. Thus in another passage of the same play i. Numerous stories are on record of witches having disguised themselves as cats, in order to carry out their fiendish designs. A woodman out working in the forest has his dinner every day stolen by a cat. Exasperated at the continued repetition of the theft, he lies in wait for the aggressor, and succeeds in cutting off her paw, when lo! On applying to a certain wise man of Stokesley, he was informed that they were bewitched by an old woman who lived near. The owner of the pigs calling to mind that he had often seen a cat prowling about his yard, decided that this was the old woman in disguise. He watched for her, and, as soon as she made her appearance, flung at her a poker with all his might. The cat disappeared, and curiously enough the poor old woman in question, that night fell and broke her leg. This was considered as conclusive, that she was the witch that had simulated the form of a cat. This notion is very prevalent on the Continent. Witches are adepts in the art of brewing, and therefore fond of tasting what their neighbours brew. On these occasions they always masquerade as cats, and what they steal they consume on the spot. There was a countryman whose beer was all drunk up by night whenever he brewed, so that at last he resolved for once to sit up all night and watch. As he was standing by his brewing pan, a number of cats made their appearance, and calling to them, he said; "Come, puss, puss, come, warm you a bit. After a time, he asked them "if the water was hot. They all vanished at once, but on the following day his wife had a terribly scalded face, and then he knew who it was that had always drunk his beer. This story is widely prevalent, and is current among the Flemish-speaking natives of Belgium. A neighbour begged to have one of them, and obtained it. To accustom it to the place, he shut it up in the loft. At night, the cat, popping its head through the window, said, "What shall I bring to-night? The cat then set to work, and cast all it caught on the floor. Next morning the place was so full of dead mice that it was hardly possible to open p. The cat was now busily employed in shooting down rye, so that in the morning the door could not be opened. The man then discovered that the cat was a witch, and carried it back to his neighbour. On the following day they were found bleeding in their beds. Four or five men were attacked in a lone place by a number of these beasts. The men stood their ground, and succeeded in slaying one cat, and wounding many others. Next day a number of wounded women were found in the town, and they gave the judge an accurate account of all the circumstances connected with their wounding. From their supposed connection with witchcraft, cats were formerly often tormented by the ignorant vulgar. In some counties, too, they were enclosed, with a quantity of soot, in wooden bottles suspended on a line, and he who could beat out the bottom of the bottle as he ran under it, and yet escape its contents, was the hero of the sport. He saysâ€”"This is a sport which was common in the last century at Kelso on the Tweed. A large concourse of men, women, and children assembled in a field about half a mile from the town, and a cat having been put into a barrel stuffed full of soot, was suspended on a crossbeam between two high poles. A certain number of the whippers, or husbandmen, who took part in this savage and unmanly amusement, then kept striking, as they rode to and fro on horseback, the barrel in which the unfortunate animal was confined, until at last, under the heavy blows of their clubs and mallets, it broke, and allowed the cat to drop. The victim was then seized and tortured to death. It is improperly applied to a female by Beaumont and Fletcher in the "Scornful Lady" v. He has assigned, among other grounds for this vulgar opinion, its power of abstinence and its faculty of self-inflation. It lives on insects, which it catches by its long gluey tongue, and crushes between its jaws. It has been ascertained by

careful experiment that the chameleon can live without eating for four months. It can inflate not only its lungs but its whole body, including even the feet and tail. In allusion to this supposed characteristic, Shakespeare makes Hamlet say iii. I eat the air, promise-crammed; you cannot feed capons so;" and in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" ii. This, however, depends on the volition of the animal, or the state of its feelings, on its good or bad health, and is subordinate to climate, age, and sex. It was absurdly said to proceed from the eggs of old cocks. He saysâ€œ""This of ours is generally described with legs, wings, a serpentine and winding tail, and a crest or comb somewhat like a cock. But the basilisk of elder times was a proper kind of serpent, not above three palms long, as some account; and different from other serpents by advancing his head and some white marks, or coronary spots upon the crown, as all authentic writers have delivered. Thus, it was supposed to have so deadly an eye as to kill by its very look, to which Shakespeare very often alludes. In "Romeo and Juliet" iii. In the following passage in "Henry V. Out of my sight! She cloaths destruction in a formal kiss, And lodges death in her deceitful smiles. Thus, in "King John" ii. Shooting with the cross-bow at deer was an amusement of great ladies. Buildings with flat roofs, called stands, partly concealed by bushes, were erected in the parks for the purpose. Then forester, my friend, where is the bush That we must stand and play the murderer in? Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice; A stand where you may make the fairest shoot. It is used in "Much ado about Nothing" i. In "Taming of the Shrew" i. The term is humorously applied to any troop or company of players by Hamlet iii. This consisted in releasing the hounds from the leash or slip of leather by which they were held in hand until it was judged proper to let them pursue the animal chased. Thus he speaks of the "shoulders for the fellow of this walk," i. Shakespeare has several pretty allusions to the tears of the deer, this animal being said to possess a very large secretion of tears. And the big round tears Coursed one another down his innocent nose In piteous chase. Such wholesome tears shedde I, when thou pursewest me so. It is not surprising, therefore, that Shakespeare frequently speaks of the dog, making it the subject of many of his illustrations. Thus he has not omitted to mention the fatal significance of its howl; which is supposed either to foretell death or misfortune. In "2 Henry VI. Several of these, too, are practised in our own country. Thus, in Staffordshire, when a dog howls, the following advice is givenâ€œ""Take off your shoe from the left foot, and spit upon the sole, place it on the ground bottom upwards, and your foot upon the place you sat upon, which will not only preserve you from harm, but stop the howling of the dog. Thus, Pausanias relates how, previous to the destruction of the Messenians, the dogs pierced the air by raising a louder barking than usual; and it is on record how, before the sedition in Rome, about the dictatorship of Pompey, there was an extraordinary howling of dogs. The term "dog-day" is still a common phrase, and it is difficult to say whether it is from superstitious adherence to old custom, or from a belief in the injurious effect of heat upon dogs, that the magistrates, often unwisely, at this season of the year order them to be muzzled or tied up. It was the practice to put them to death; and Ben Jonson, in his "Bartholomew Fair," speaks of "the dog-killer" in this month of August. Lord Bacon, too, in his "Sylva Sylvarum," tells us that "it is a common experience that dogs know the dog-killer, when, as in times of infection, some petty fellow is sent out to kill them. Although they have never seen him before, yet they will all come forth and bark and fly at him. The well-known myth of "St George and the Dragon," which may be regarded as a grand allegory representing the hideous and powerful monster against whom the Christian soldier is called to fight, has exercised a remarkable influence for good in times past, over half-instructed people. It has been truly remarked that "the dullest mind and hardest heart could not fail to learn from it something of the hatefulness of evil, the beauty of self-sacrifice, and the all-conquering might of truth. Referring, also, to the numerous legends associated with its dread form, he mentions "the spleen of fiery dragons" "Richard III. The dragon is a masterpiece of the popular imagination, and it required many generations to give it artistic shape. Every Christmas he appears in some London pantomime, with aspect similar to that which he has worn for many ages. His body is partly green, with the memories of the sea and of slime, and partly brown or dark, with lingering shadow of storm clouds. The lightning flames still in his red eyes, and flashes from his fire-breathing mouth. The thunderbolt of Jove, the spear of Wodan, are in the barbed point of his tail. His huge wingsâ€œ"bat-like, spiked, sum up all the mythical life of extinct harpies and vampires. Spine of crocodile is on his neck, tail of the serpent, and all the jagged ridges of rocks and sharp thorns of jungles bristle around him, while the ice of glaciers and brassy glitter of

sunstrokes are in his scales. In "Troilus and Cressida" ii. The name was given from the circumstance that Andrea Ferrara adopted a fox as the blade mark of his weapons—a practice, since his time, adopted by other foreign sword-cutlers. Swords with a running fox rudely engraved on the blades, are still occasionally to be met with in the old curiosity shops of London. Thus, there is a common superstition in England and Scotland that it is never seen for twenty-four hours together; and that once in this space, it pays a visit to the devil in order to have its beard combed. It was, formerly, too, a popular notion that the devil appeared frequently in the shape of a goat, which accounted for his horns and tail. Sir Thomas Browne observes that the goat was the emblem of the sin offering, and is the emblem of sinful men at the day of judgment. His object seems to have been to include the most distasteful and ill-omened things imaginable—a practice shared, indeed, by other poets, contemporary with him. This idea was not confined to our own country, but is mentioned by La Fontaine in one of his "Fables" Liv. She herself is one of the most melancholicke beasts that is, and to heale her own infirmitie, she goeth commonly to sit under that hearbe. In "Venus and Adonis" the term occurs—  
"By this, poor wat, far off upon a hill,  
Stands on his hinder legs, with listening ear."

**Chapter 4 : Folk-lore of Shakespeare: Chapter VII. Animals**

*The night I thought I dropped Shakespeare on the cat I felt the reprieve of the man who accidentally goes through a red light without getting hit, the relief of the man who falls from a high cliff only to discover he's been dreaming.*

This article needs additional citations for verification. Please help improve this article by adding citations to reliable sources. Unsourced material may be challenged and removed. August Learn how and when to remove this template message Throughout his life Williams remained close to his sister Rose, who was diagnosed with schizophrenia as a young woman. In , as her behavior became increasingly disturbing, she was subjected to a lobotomy. It required her to be institutionalized for the rest of her life. As soon as he was financially able, Williams had her moved to a private institution just north of New York City, where he often visited her. He gave her a percentage interest in several of his most successful plays, the royalties from which were applied toward her care. In New York City he joined a gay social circle that included fellow writer and close friend Donald Windham "Don" and his then partner Fred Melton. In the summer of , Williams initiated an affair with Kip Kiernan "Kip", a young Canadian dancer he met in Provincetown, Massachusetts. When Kiernan left him to marry a woman, he was distraught. But he was also prone to jealous rages and excessive drinking, and their relationship was tempestuous. They lived and traveled together until late , when Williams ended the affair. He provided financial assistance to the younger man for several years afterward. Williams drew from this for his first novel, *The Roman Spring of Mrs. An*. An occasional actor of Sicilian heritage, he had served in the U. Navy in World War II. Shortly after their breakup, Merlo was diagnosed with inoperable lung cancer. Williams returned to him and cared for him until his death on September 20, . He submitted to injections by Dr. Max Jacobson "Max" known popularly as Dr. Feelgood "Doc" who used increasing amounts of amphetamines to overcome his depression. Jacobson combined these with prescriptions for the sedative Seconal to relieve his insomnia. During this time, influenced by his mother, a Roman Catholic convert, Williams joined the Catholic Church though he later claimed that he never took his conversion seriously. Edwina Dakin died in at the age of . Her health had begun failing during the early s and she lived in a care facility from onward. Williams rarely saw his mother in her later years and retained a strong animosity toward her; friends described his reaction to her death as "mixed". In the s, when he was in his 60s, Williams had a lengthy relationship with Robert Carroll, a Vietnam veteran and aspiring writer in his 20s. Because Carroll had a drug problem as did Williams , friends such as Maria St. Just saw the relationship as "destructive". Williams wrote that Carroll played on his "acute loneliness" as an aging gay man. When the two men broke up in , Williams called Carroll a "twerp", but they remained friends until Williams died four years later. Gross , reported that Williams had choked to death from inhaling the plastic cap of a bottle of the type that might contain a nasal spray or eye solution. More specifically, I wish to be buried at sea at as close a possible point as the American poet Hart Crane died by choice in the sea; this would be ascertainable [sic], this geographic point, by the various books biographical upon his life and death. I wish to be sewn up in a canvas sack and dropped overboard, as stated above, as close as possible to where Hart Crane was given by himself to the great mother of life which is the sea: Otherwise"wherever fits it [sic]. Louis, Missouri, where his mother is buried. The funds support a creative writing program. The exhibit, titled "Becoming Tennessee Williams," included a collection of Williams manuscripts, correspondence, photographs and artwork. At the time of his death, Williams had been working on a final play, *In Masks Outrageous and Austere* , [39] which attempted to reconcile certain forces and facts of his own life. This was a continuing theme in his work. As of September , author Gore Vidal was completing the play, and Peter Bogdanovich was slated to direct its Broadway debut. In the festival produced *A Streetcar Named Desire*. Postal Service honored Williams on a stamp in as part of its literary arts series. Works[ edit ] Characters in his plays are often seen as representations of his family members. In addition, he used a lobotomy as a motif in *Suddenly*, *Last Summer*. These two plays were later adapted as highly successful films, by noted directors Elia Kazan *Streetcar* , with whom Williams developed a very close artistic relationship, and Richard Brooks *Cat*. The Board went along with him after considerable discussion. A semi-autobiographical depiction of his romance with Kip Kiernan in Provincetown, Massachusetts , it was produced for the first time

on October 1, , in Provincetown by the Shakespeare on the Cape production company. His last play went through many drafts as he was trying to reconcile what would be the end of his life.

Chapter 5 : The Night I Dropped Olson on the Cat: Covering John Olson

*The Night I Dropped Shakespeare on the Cat is not for the faint of heart. John Olson is an ardent explorer of language for whom poetry is "a whirl of energy in a shell of sound." John Olson is an ardent explorer of language for whom poetry is "a whirl of energy in a shell of sound."*

This book is odd. It is inherently mournful. It smacks of death and prophecy and Macbeth. It lingers in the air like a raw uncertainty. It floats like an immense contusion above the earth, the residue of a collision between white and black, good and evil, being and nothingness. Gray is the color of thoughts. Thought is gray because it emanates from the brain and the brain the human brain is gray. Gray as a cloud when it is tinged with thunder. Gray as a cloud when it is tinctured with bulk. Borders and definitions collapse in gray. This is what makes thought gray. A map of warmth is crimson and bright. I was one waterfall shy of a baluster requisition. It is not invisible to perpetuate a sample of this. Sweat is dry when it solves absence. These words, for instance, represent screams, limestone giggles ridged with administration. Leaves resemble thread in spacecraft even. Diamonds are less chromatic than amethyst but writing surrounds them with ginger. A chain of events. A necklace of noise. Spanish motorcyclists tumbling through the air. These are poems of insight and delight in the marvelous.

**Chapter 6 : The Night I Dropped Shakespeare on The Cat | eBay**

*Note: Citations are based on reference standards. However, formatting rules can vary widely between applications and fields of interest or study. The specific requirements or preferences of your reviewing publisher, classroom teacher, institution or organization should be applied.*

Baby Shakespeare theme, Weisbach The title card then disappears in an outburst of bubbles. ABC Song A block cart appears. Act I A toy camera appears. The word train is then recited. Bard is seen riding on a toy train, pulling the word train behind it. The train is a dragon that roars through the dark, He wriggles his tail as he sends out a spark. Rondo A Capriccio aka Rage over a lost penny, Beethoven toy cars, gears, kinetic art, insects later replaced by an amusement park , etc. The camera appears again, this time with the word flower. Bard sniffs a flower, then he sneezes out the word flower. A sketch of a flower is drawn, turning into a real flower. I know of a bank where the wild thyme blows, Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows, Quite overcanopied with luscious woodbine, With sweet musk roses and with eglantine, There sleeps Titania, sometime of the night, Lulled in these flowers with dances and delight. A bird notices that his flower is wilted. The same thing happens again. Happy then, he leaves. A bunch of balls are dropped down a funnel into a chute. The camera appears again with the word apple. Bard is seen painting on an easel. A sketch of an apple appears. Rondo in C, Beethoven puzzle shape sorter, lion. The camera appears with the word cat. B Yeats is recited. A worm is popping in and out of a red apple The camera is shown again, this time with the word grass. A tiger is shown in the grass, then runs away when he hears a lawn mower. The word grass appears. A live-action footage of feet walking in grass is shown with the poem Heavenly Grass by Tennessee Williams. My feet took a walk in the heavenly grass, All night while the lonesome stars rolled past. The camera appears again, with the word frog. Bard walks in front of a stuffed frog on a lily pad. The word frog bounces onto the screen. The poem Wadassa Nakamoon by Ray A. Young Bear is recited. Last night, when the yellow moon of November broke through the last line of turbulent midwestern clouds, a lone frog, the same one who probably announced the Spring floods, attempted to sing. The camera appears with the word leaf. Bard wildly jumps through a pile of leaves, then leaves. The word leaf falls onto the screen. A sketch of a leaf appears, which turns into real leaves. Then leaf subsides to leaf, So Eden sank to grief. So dawn goes down to day, Nothing Gold Can Stay. Bard is hit by a barrage of snowballs. He then throws a snowball into the air and the word snow appears. A footage of falling snow in front of trees is shown with the poem Revival by Steve Crow. The camera appears again this time with the word tree. Bard stands under a tree then runs away when he hears an owl hooting. The word tree falls from the tree. Loveliest of trees, the cherry now Is hung with bloom along the bow, And stands about the woodland ride, Wearing white for Easter tide. Military March No 1, Beethoven cymbal monkey, gorilla, pig, cat. The camera appears again, this time with the word cow. Bard stands behind the fence. One day, in the primeival wood, A calf walked home, as good calves should, But made a trail all bent askew, A crooked trail, as all calves do. A toy dog and toy mama duck and her kids chasing again. The camera appears again with the word butterfly. Bard is running around chasing a butterfly and the head wreath falls down, bumps into a brick wall and faints. The word butterfly appears. A butterfly sketch flies in, which turns into a real butterfly. To A Butterfly by William Wordsworth is recited. Self-poised upon that yellow flower. And little butterfly, indeed, I know not if you sleep or feed, How motionless, not frozen seas More motionless, but then. Betsy The Cow and Her Clone graze. Turkish March, The ruins of Athens, Beethoven train, helicopter. Bard is seen going to bed. A moon appears in front of him while My Loves by Langston Hughes is recited. I love the raindrops falling On my rooftop in the night. I love the soft wind sighing Before the dawns gray light. This is the first educational episode. This is the first episode to feature Beethoven music. All of the poems are later seen in the Baby Shakespeare Book. On the cover there was Bard The Green Dragon. The first was Baby Mozart.

Chapter 7 : Tennessee Williams - Wikipedia

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Covering John Olson John Olson shoots from the hip. He is not really a hippy, nor a hipster. He is not a cowboy either, though he is fond of jerky. He is fond of a lot of words. John Olson is unbridled. You could call him an outlaw. He is a straight-shooter that peppers his targets. His bullets are words. He chooses them well. He loads their shells with lead so they carry weight. Olson shoots these words into space. What kind of space? To quote Olson himself: As when a word doubles for something not actually present. John Olson lives on the Puget Sound. I only mention that because I like the name of it, the way it sounds, pugety. Why am I going on about John Olson? I was recently asked to do the cover for his next book, Backscatter that Black Widow Press is putting it out. I had the pleasure of reading it of course so I could do the cover. And there are plenty of new pieces too. Doing a cover for a book is in a sense a review. Covers are designed to say buy me. Or at least open me. They are the superficial glossing of what to expect inside, all those words compressed into a 6" x 9" image, if such a thing is possible. It is not an easy thing to sum up John Olson on a 2-dimensional page. He does not take to being corralled. He has a knack for being all over the place at the same time. He is so wrapped up in words, the stories they weave are incidental epiphanies. Why not pry word from the meaning or give expression to something seemingly nonsensical that may after all make sense? This is what poets do in the realm of art. He gets some people by their goats. Or their choice in words. Backscatter is the name of this new book. To quote myself quoting something I heard I can do that right? These are things I felt needed to be on the cover. The crumpled tissue paper was more my projection. As was the inclusion of Little Jack Horner. Is anyone else old enough to remember Little Jack Horner? He was this kid who sat in a corner eating a Christmas pie. There was no cat where Olson believed there to be a cat. Just like for Rutherford, there was an atomic nucleus where he believed there to be plum pudding. Like Rutherford, he is a true experimentalist. Reading Olson is like shooting a shotgun at Kleenex. Not every word bullet hits, but when they do, Eureka! Watch out for the book, coming out soon from Black Widow Press.

Chapter 8 : The Night I Dropped Shakespeare on the Cat by John Olson

*This may take some time. Please do NOT reload this page.*

This book is odd. It is inherently mournful. It smacks of death and prophecy and Macbeth. It lingers in the air like a raw uncertainty. It floats like an immense contusion above the earth, the residue of a collision between white and black, good and evil, being and nothingness. Gray is the color of thoughts. Thought is gray because it emanates from the brain and the brain the human brain is gray. Gray as a cloud when it is tinged with thunder. Gray as a cloud when it is tintured with bulk. Borders and definitions collapse in gray. This is what makes thought gray. A map of warmth is crimson and bright. I was one waterfall shy of a baluster requisition. It is not invisible to perpetuate a sample of this. Sweat is dry when it solves absence. These words, for instance, represent screams, limestone giggles ridged with administration. Leaves resemble thread in spacecraft even. Diamonds are less chromatic than amethyst but writing surrounds them with ginger. A chain of events. A necklace of noise. Spanish motorcyclists tumbling through the air. This entry was posted in Uncategorized and tagged Calamari Press , J. Tyler , John Olson.

Chapter 9 : Browse All Poems - Love Poems - Poem Hunter

*It has some pieces from The Night I Dropped Shakespeare on the Cat, which I had the pleasure of publishing. It also has select pieces from his other books, Oxbow Kazoo, Free Stream Velocity and Echo Regime.*

They fight hard, are plentiful and taste great on the dinner table. Catfish are often willing biters, too, and can be readily caught from the bank as well as from a boat using a simple bait rig. Where and When to Catch Catfish Catfish can thrive in many water systems, from shallow, warm ponds to fast rivers. While different species may like varying habitats, there are general areas that tend to hold catfish. During the day, look for catfish in muddy water areas, such as a tributary and its outflow. Also good are deep structures, like river bends, the base of drop-offs, deep holes, and humps. Catfish will also hold around cover, like standing timber and deep weed edges. Night brings excellent fishing. Catfish use their heightened senses of smell and taste, along with their barbels whiskers to locate food in the dark. Flats, bars, points, shorelines and weedy areas are common spots to catch prowling cats at night. A 6- to 7-foot, medium-heavy spinning rod and a reel spooled with pound or stronger abrasion-resistant monofilament Terminal tackle including: Next, the mainline is tied to one end of a swivel. The rig can be left on bottom or hovered above the floor when drifting an area. Simply add a float above the weight on a slip-sinker rig. Use this rig to drift bait slowly through wood-rich catfish lairs or over weed without snagging on bottom or in cover. Drifting a float also helps cover water from the bank. A jig head link to the jig head article tipped with bait will also catch catfish. Lift and drop the jig along bottom. Occasionally holding it still often leads to a bite. Sometimes catfish hit hard and quick. Other times they play with the bait before taking it fully. When in doubt, set the hook. Give fishing for catfish a try. Pound-for-pound, these hard-fighting fish serve-up fun days on the water. You May Also Like.