Literature / Poetry
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Oh boy oh boy cross Whitman (WHAM, Aaaarg!) with manic comic book and the maddening lunacy of the onlinenewsandblogginggooglingradiotv about horrendous Iraq debacle and Mr. EnhancedInterrogation Bush rococo financial implosion and real zen koan lit and ghost snow silence throw in big gobs of Tucson palo verde trees mashed gila monsters and spa filter motor breakdown and you get more or less this whacko energetic yawp that is the real America with all its exasperating anguish and superexpansive good humor. I greet you at the dawn of a brilliant career well underway Mr. Tenney Spellchecker!

– Norman Fischer

In *Ghost Snow Falls Through the Void (Globalization)*, Tenney Nathanson by abandoning conventions of presentation to glimpse animate nature of being invents wonderful links (passages in a dated sequence) as incredibly funny morphs of actual life/ suffering/death instances. Nathanson's inserted accounts of daily life such as war on Iraq are his versions of Spicer's notion of the poet taking dictation from the radio. As we read we discover that the multitudes of faces and voices as if funny black holes that flow and morph into Walt Whitman, Cheney, or Orpheus as Tenney singing, like the quick-silver terminator in Terminator 2 flowing into then arising from linoleum, are a stream form of his Zen practice as merely unexpected occurrences.

– Leslie Scalapino

Tenney Nathanson's brilliant, mysteriously stilted propositions had better watch it — all that fumbling around with synthetic judgments in a bendy poem body space, who knows what might happen? Against a backdrop of war, likenesses get glimpsed and then eluded: Whitman and the EPA report on toxic dust from terrorist attacks, Kool Aid Man comes crashing through the government's rhetoric, and Billie Holiday is heard to sing "I kick my ass as I pass." Using internet searches, allusions, typos, and a keen eye for lusty flora and fauna of the southwest, Nathanson creates meditative digressions within digressions — kinetic identifications with vectors of sincerity. Part arcades project part jumbled sack of stuff, this exigent book lets symptom and critique roll around in the hay together, coming up with a sense of renewed possibility for the latter, sans fanaticism.

– Tim Peterson

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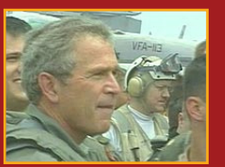
GHOST SNOW FALLS THROUGH THE VOID NATHANSON chax

GHOST SNOW FALLS THROUGH THE VOID



(GLOBALIZATION)

Tenney Nathanson