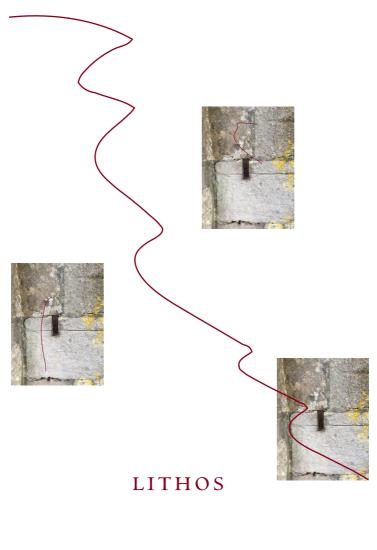
ANTHONY BARNETT



 $A \cdot B$

ANTHONY BARNETT

LITHOS

or

GULLIBLE'S TROUBLES

or

A DISACCUMULATION OF KNOWLEDGE

being nothing more than drafts & fragments that, not which, are not enough

I am reminded by many of Anthony Barnett's poems of the drawings of Paul Klee: fine but strong lines that set out from some arbitrary point and sharply change direction, lively hatchings, the creation from the improvisatory journeying of the hand (a journeying that the viewer's body senses and repeats) of delicate, enigmatic structures that are at once sturdy and yet not quite stable, and that seem to possess an infectious surprise at their own emergence from the fertile nothingness of the white paper. —Timothy Harris on Poems & (2012) in PN Review

Samuel Beckett's last literary utterance focused on "the word" and the need to "glimpse", the need to "seem to glimpse". In a similar manner Anthony Barnett presents the reader with the subtle distinctions so admired by Beckett: "Getting the words of others out of one's head / the lamp beside one in the evening." —Ian Brinton on Lithos

ALLARDYCE BOOK ABP

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> Distributed in USA by SPD 1341 SEVENTH STREET · BERKELEY CA 94710-1409 www.spdbooks.org

> > ISBN 978-0-907954-55-2

