



Drifting, reaching past speech, words set—
but larvae lose their eyes,
lie on their sides
and swallow the river.

NOTES ON *FRAMESHIFTS*

WELCOME!

If you're reading *Frameshifts* and have come to this site either directly or from the Marginal Notes website (www.marginalnotesinwordsandmusic.org) you're probably seeking more information about the work.

See the notes by Henry Randall about THE PROFIT OF DOOM and most other parts of FRAMESHIFTS, including the annotated and illustrated version of the last poem, FINDING A PURCHASE. More notes may be added later, depending on Hank's sleep cycle.

The site also includes an occasionally updated **schedule** of presentations and exhibits.

You are encouraged to post your comments on Facebook, Twitter, the reviews of the book on Amazon.com, emails, and by such archaic means as word of mouth and gifts. My promotion for the book is entirely by these forms of what Avery Crawley would call **viral telemetry**.

- Facebook
- Twitter
- Amazon.com

Another way to respond to the book is to make something yourself. I have often been inspired by other writers, composers and artists. What kind of response? Let your imagination go. Perhaps you will respond in kind with a poem or story. Or perhaps you will be moved to commit some service or money to a worthy cause, like the ones listed in the *Acknowledgements*. As the educator Mary Seago wrote long ago, we learn by responding—not by passively receiving. Response incorporates the artwork into our thinking and behavior. Active reading is itself a response.

Many authors have engaged me in life-long conversations. Poets and storytellers whom I re-read are W.H. Auden, Saul Bellow, Ralph Ellison, Ray Bradbury, Madeleine L'Engle, Shakespeare, the Bible, Tony Hillerman, M.C. Beaton, Alistair McLean, Dickens, Hardy, Frost, William Carlos Williams, and Kurt Vonnegut, who wrote, in *A Man Without A Country* (2005):

“The arts are not a way to make a living. They are a very human way of making life more bearable. Practicing an art, no matter how well or badly, is a way to make your soul grow, for heaven’s sake. Sing in the shower. Dance to the radio. Tell stories. Write a poem to a friend, even a lousy poem. Do it as well as you possibly can. You will get an enormous reward. You will have created something.”

This is all I can tell you about my “book of books,” a project half submerged in ignorance, dreams, and the unconscious for almost forty-five years. Peace, blessings, and good health.

Richard L. Rose