

LOUIS DUDEK

George Bowering

He is alone now, not alone in hating  
the young writers but alone & he hates them  
the young writers & he is no longer with his  
old pals but he is not really old though  
one would think so, a very young writer  
would probably think so. Yes he was a young  
writer in those days with his pals, I thought  
he wasnt but I put the dates together &  
I guess he really was & they didnt think so  
very much of the older writers. I mean I'm  
getting to be an older writer & do I hate the  
very young writers. I cant be absolutely sure.  
I can say some for certain I really like them  
& I wonder if he does that too, but then he  
has more young writers than I do & he hates  
them because they are shoddy & he hates me.

I first liked what he was doing be-  
cause he was not alone & I liked the people he  
was not alone with, those absolutely Canadian  
writers back east & I still like some writers  
back east though some here in Vancouver still  
dont. They dont think of moving. They would be  
quick still & learn their lessons well. Now  
every time he talks when he writes he tells how  
he has no time for them now, it is too late, he  
is alone & so far he has been spared among the  
rubble of the city. & Ezra Pound could have died  
today, 23/9/72, but he wont find out till Tuesday.

When he came to Everson's the rooms were  
filled with poets young & old & he sat in the  
middle of the couch always in the middle of  
the couch completely alone thinking god knows  
what to say when he writes. He says it over &  
over & this year there must be still some poets  
who hear it & remember when he was not alone &  
said so & wrote & was a publisher & started to  
make us all famous.