

The Ed Prints are stunning in their virtuosity. They are happily described in their cardboard folder as a suite, and they live up to it. Looking at them in this format (you sit down, Hudson of Feature sets up a nice little wooden table for you and a chair and everyone thinks you're an installation) one can easily imagine the artist, Kay Rosen, a genius, facing a blank piece of paper, a rectangle, and then she imagines a margin on all four sides so it's a poetic situation, yet it's public—a print is intended to go on a wall, isn't it? So her page is more like a movie screen, or a sign. There are five lines on each of six prints. The colors of the prints change. They move from white to gray to cream to black and back to white. It's a typographical drama. "Blanch/arose/Rosa/blanch-/ed. Ed!" Names are both actions and identities. "Ed" is the star of *The Ed Prints* as well as being the "ed" which ends every past tense verb. All readers subliminally know the rules because it's a comic book. One that's all balloon, no illustration. It's a noir little drama, with typical demands, i.e., that all letters must get to the right-hand margin at the same time, but still when you see D E A D stretched out, all alone on the line, it seems like more than mere justification. When the typeface goes down, the voices are soft, upper case means loud. Kay Rosen's brilliance for me is an incredible economy which turns every minor detail, for example, the hyphen after "blanch" into a stuttering hyphen in "MURmur-/ed ED:" and sets up "M-murd-/erer!" later on. Absolutely nothing is wasted, everything that can be transformed, is. Also, each print is titled, giving an extra layer of meaning to each moment. They're scenes: "Surprise," "technical difficulties," "sp-spit it out," "Blanks I," "Blanks II," and finally "Ex-Ed" which reads like this: "memorx/memoxy/memxry/mexory/mxmory." These are piled up vertically so it looks like bingo (who won?) but if you reproduce it on your word processor, it's also about moving the cursor down the row of words. It's a memory inside a machine, or a fiction created by one. Was there ever an Ed? Cause now he's just an X. I think of this artist's name. Kay is simply a letter, right? The first poem people hear is their own names and some react to that memory all their lives. "bullet/riddl-/ed, ED/SHOT/BACK." Yay, Kay.

**Blanch
a r o s e
R o s a
blanch-
ed. ED!**