

THE POETRY PROJECT NEWSLETTER

February 1984

#104

75¢

Free at The Poetry Project



SELECTED POEMS (1970-1980) by Andrei Codrescu (Sun Press, NY, \$7.00)

Some people move a lot in ten years. Andrei Codrescu is one person. This summer, however, he stayed at home and saluted the new American hero in one of his weekly columns in *The Baltimore Sun*.

The hero's name was Paul Arthur Crafton, or, in any event, that was the name he brought with him to one job. On another he was James Byron Hert, and on a third he hung Peter H. Pearse on his professional lapel. In an interview Crafton contended that his daughter had a costly illness, and he had taken three different jobs in an equal number of universities under three assumed names, in an effort to pay for her treatment. And, incidentally, from his students' reports, he of the three I's and three he's was doing an excellent job(s); he had kept all of his appointments, responded to anyone that yelled any one of his three names in the hallway, and had completed his work punctually and in keeping with university standards. And then one day the CIA-KGB swooped down. The rest is history.

I own a short 35-mm movie of Andrei Codrescu stealing away in the spare-tire compartment of an orange Chavalaux crossing the Romanian-Hungarian border. Clandestine. Fiction often slips by the border patrol because of its deficit of facts; like language spoken in a strangled country, no sooner is the movie imagined than it erases itself. It has to. Poof! One scenerio vanishes until anxiety sets to work and starts swirling and constructing the next one.

One could fill notebooks describing the rooms one has inhabited during the past ten years. But I don't have the time or the patience, so I went looking for clues which are intransitive. For starters, each of the nearly two hundred poems in this collection are different. Not necessarily the "I" of the poems, but the he's, she's and subject *matter* that the poet moves and transforms, as if they were playthings or plastic. In many poems, such as "Ballad of the Typist" and "Alice's Brilliance", to name two, the poet's fingers and modula oblongata have put together scenerios before the mind's eye, to the delight of a startled audience, the reader's eyes and ears. There's a distancing in many of the poems and a change, usually a lessening in scale. In many instances, they have the charm of Joseph Cornell's boxes, Max Jacob's miniatures and some of Rimbaud's *Illuminations*.

If, at times, Codrescu's Imagination is a little overactive, it does nonetheless give us something objective, and plenty to

see. It deep-fries visual material and, with a multi-facial insistence, tries to verify being in different places at the same time. "It isn't really parody or deformation," a friend of mine said, "it's more that he adds, subtracts and overlaps, even subverts, what he's said, until he (and you) see something different." In many poems, the renewal process is so extensive, so much has been taken away and added, and then overlapped, that the reality that produces anger and fear in the first place is transformed by the poet's irrepressible personality into a brighter place, though it remains faithful to a perception that's still hairy. This poetry is leaving a lot. To wit, in "Ode to Laryngitis" (1978): "With the collapse of the vocal chords and through/the graces of laryngitis, a new perception of reality/knocked me off my divan and twisting my arms,/delivered me dripping at the gates of Heaven."

One of the best things about limited traveling (short of going to Heaven) is bringing the new place inside you home. One place is enough but who would deny other states of mind? And Imagination can select and mix materials from different states and create a new place more like this place because it realizes something here doesn't yet know. I would surmise A. Codrescu dreams in different architectures, and languages. Italian, French, Romanian, American, I'm tempted to say salad dresses. And if monks keep appearing in dark Transylvanian castles, by a boot of fate and sleight of hand, why should anyone be surprised when they see one sitting in a booth in Roy Rogers?

Now, in *Selected Poems 1970-1980*, short, careful, rapid-fire scenerios can be torn from the air and passed on in the best underground tradition: in self-erasing print. Many of these poems are compact enough to accommodate the memories of those of us who have trouble remembering our addresses and telephone numbers. The numbers Codrescu's intelligence delves into are Revolution, Girls, Ugliness, Friendship, The Power of Vowels and Perception, Love and Language. These poems are smart, adventuresome, sensuous and funny. They are a collection of proofs for the theory that there is more than one "here", just as there were five Craftons.

"He was a young man with surrealist connections./This tombstone does not lie/it merely stands imbedded in the sweet dark stew/waiting for the connoisseur."

—Ron Kostar

POETRY FROM THE YELLOW PRESS

Red Wagon, Ted Berrigan. A major collection by a master poet, including his classic "Things to Do in Providence" and several sonnets not included in the Grove Press edition of **The Sonnets**.
\$7.95 hardcover, \$3.00 paperback. 73 pages.

New and Selected Poems, Paul Carroll. The most complete collection to date by the influential poet, critic, and editor of **Big Table**.
\$7.95 hardcover, \$3.50 paperback. 99 pages.

Utopia TV Store, Maxine Chernoff. Prose poems by one of the acknowledged masters of the form. "She displays a huge visionary faculty, both humorous and chilling, as she renders original perspectives on conventional reality"—*Chicago Daily News*.
\$3.00 paperback. 60 pages.

Physical Culture, Richard Friedman. New work by one of Chicago's most important poets and editors, whom **Choice** has called "an updated Midwestern proletarian Frank O'Hara."
\$3.00 paperback. 106 pages.

Letter to Einstein Beginning Dear Albert, Paul Hoover. Alternately bizarre and human work of high magic. "Paul Hoover is a poet of urban dreams and desires. This is an exciting and important first collection"—John Ashbery.
\$3.00 paperback. 62 pages.

Somebody Talks a Lot, Paul Hoover. A new collection by the widely published poet. "Reading Paul Hoover's poems is like discovering your first wing nuts: spinning, useful, beautifully conceived metal angels"—Ron Padgett.
\$3.50 paperback. 54 pages.

Carapace, Henry Kanabus. Singled out by the **American Library Association Booklist** as "one of the best young American poets," Kanabus uses meticulous diction and haunting imagery.
\$2.50 paperback. 60 pages.

Evidence, Art Lange. Recently published first book by the notable Chicago poet and music critic, winner of a 1980 NEA Fellowship in poetry.
\$3.50 paperback. 58 pages.

Alice Ordered Me to Be Made, Alice Notley. One of the finest books by this important and influential poet. "Extraordinary Gertrude Stein-like realization of words as feeling. She's the boss"—Robert Creeley.
\$2.50 paperback. 63 pages.

Rude Awakenings, Bob Rosenthal. Recently published work by the admired New York poet. "I think Bob Rosenthal sees with his poems that twelve tulips are always making love..."—Bernadette Mayer.
\$3.50 paperback. 70 pages.

The Grand Et Cet'ra, Barry Schechter. Impressive collection of prose poems. "**The Grand Et Cet'ra** marks the arrival of a poet of real achievement and promise"—*The Chicago Tribune*.
\$2.50 paperback. 55 pages.

15 Chicago Poets, edited by Richard Friedman, Peter Kostakis, and Darlene Pearlstein. Now in its second printing, work by Gwendolyn Brooks, Ted Berrigan, Walter Bradford, Paul Carroll, Maxine Chernoff, Paul Hoover, Angela Jackson, Henry Kanabus, Art Lange, Haki Madhubuti (Don L. Lee), and the editors.
\$3.00 paperback. 128 pages.



Order from:
Small Press Distribution
1784 Shattuck Avenue
Berkeley, California 94709

NEW AND SELECTED POEMS by Tony Towle
(Kulchur Foundation, NY, 1983, \$3.50)

Inverse horizon of clouds, air, line-shaded skyline, tree vista, unshaded town, bare curbed street, diversely formulaic and seen through a window pane. A square bust shot that is the pane of the front cover centered in white on the back cover.

"Music", "Notes on Velasquez", "Poem (I am the friend...)", and "The German Book of Verse" are the best short poems.

"Autobiography" refers to the poet's past rhetorically and displays his elective existence, featuring its strategic obligations, assumed arcanelly but self-fulfilling here in a careless yet explicit code of accountancy. Tony Towle's formal language gracefully skirts what it can not gracefully accomplish. The decision to be a poet: the gamble, the hedge, and the inconsequence yield this poem, which exonerates them and sets Tony Towle in debutant glamor.

The subject of "Works on Paper" is power/futility, whose mask is architecture, which restores the complete privacy waived in "Autobiography". Here the poet is comfortable, the formal language fully appropriate at last, and the subject claims rhetorical means that resonate with the best in modernism and fuel a rich and seamless versification. The footnote-refrain passage on pages 92-93 is an effulgence in the poem's nacreous medium.

There should be another long poem completing and making a triradiate masterpiece of "Autobiography" and "Works on Paper".
—Stephen Malmude



Peggy Katz

ON WRITING NOVELS

One, of no doubt many ways, to regard writing novels is, for those as myself who enjoy brevity, — to regard the necessary bulk — involving terrific detail and a continuity beyond our habit — as a reach to our most extreme limits, a stretch of the mind as happy as the body after a long, deep sleep, in awareness of the day ahead, so the intellect alert is as the body alert — to new action.

Aside from the usual 'form of the novel' dogma, there is, it seems, two primary considerations. One in the form of a warning: keep characters few, and distinct. The other is — an absolute must — IF the desire is for a compelling tale (if not, none of this matters) — never fail the awareness of each

character's point of view: this is the heart of the matter of writing novels. Good story, location, description, dialogue, plot, are the stuff of standard, hackneyed formula, and indeed useful. But distinct voices each with an individual point of view is the fulcrum, and in the end, the tale itself.

Action evolves from character, which creates the form and arrangement of narrative on the page, thus the whole.

I won't write how I do it because I'm pretty sure I'm doing it wrong, so I shan't pass on wrongs. The way to do it right is to consider beforehand a viable outline — or tale — involving a few characters with their point of view. Yes, this is the formula, practised since Defoe, but the formula has grown stagnant, and needs a change. Pretty words for a skullcracking task, more often than not thankless at best while in process, and in the exhilaration of completion, terror of failure, for it has to work.

The essential problem involves the human paradox of the stretch of the imagination to the limits of creative capacity made readable and compelling: the farfetched made routine, the fantastic plausible, and if you read me right you'll see this paraphrase of Melville, to further which, writing novels is twin to writing plays, thus fiction (if the intent is realism, none of this matters) is of theatre, where action evolves from the characters presented, each of whom has a point of view. And if each point of view is different, or unique, one understands the thrill of someone agreeing with someone else.

The standard formula practiced by ex-journalists and academicians is first of the story, the plot. Next get characters to fit, give 'em appropriate detail, describe scenes of action, add dialogue.

I say story comes from character, and from character comes theatre, from which the novel emerges and so too the screenplay, and, over and over I've said it, but here with a twist, neat and nifty to place point of view so high on the list, but how to be at ease writing it? Write essays.

The essay is the sublime point of view. Thus, with a few characters involved, using theatre, we may establish — no matter how incredible — interesting, solid, voices of reason or unreason that form different points of view, discovered through writing essays, which have to be written to be discovered, which is why the essay is the root of the novel, and the writer the victim of the art, like pouring water on a sleeping cat, one never knows quite what will happen, all hell breaks loose, be aware that writing novels is an act of forethought, thought and afterthought, with an ear for the stage, an eye for vision, a taste for nothing but the finest prose, a smell for the worst, and that beautiful, open, endless tingle, in the space of what lies ahead, which, I say, at full, yet exact, end, shall be left intact.

Hear every word, and their patterns. How? Read William Carlos Williams (Paterson I-II) out loud — note his line breaks!

Keep syllables on the mono line, make it a discipline. Beware big words. Create original voices. Reject thoughtless language: whatever, share, enjoy. Have a nice day.

Never write like people speak because people speak gibberish, or, if that's the desire, catch all the stammers, stutters, slips, changes of mind, bad syntax, advertising catchphrases, hums, spittle, unhs, nnnhs, — our common spoken language is nonsense, learn how black, chicano, Spanish, and orientals speak English (American), it is *not* as Eddie Murphy speaks: white hacks write his script. And this is why writers cheat,

take shortcuts and create a false drama because to actualize our common language is too much work, and a paradox on top: the people who speak it are too ignorant and lazy to write it in context, and we're too educated and lazy to try. But in any event, no matter, the tale we tell must be compelling, period. Chandler invented a language to work it his way. He was a poet, in the beginning, and an essayist.

Hear every word, and their patterns. Word, sentence, paragraph, chapter, book, section or part, to the entire completion of the narrative, and type the words, lower part of the page, at center: The End.

Lean to understatement — with passionate exceptions — as a rule, to be without fail rewritten, as passion is, for the difference between writing and speech is writing is written, and speech can't be. That's explanation, and we know that drag — unless that's the mode! If so, pursue that form, with those demands, from that stammer or press secretary point of view.

And last, take a tip — or two — first, while writing the novel read a book that keeps continuity and doesn't interfere: I read Dicken's *Pickwick Papers* while writing *Ladder*, and early Eric Ambler and again Chandler while writing *Spitfire*, two masters of prose style that encouraged, without interference, my work. Know, however, that a new prose will be rejected, as mine is, and that its fate stands in the glare of the road ahead, into which we write. —Fielding Dawson

SIGNED, BORED & PISSED OFF IN S.F.

What S.F. needs that hasn't presented itself strongly enough is a counter force of poetry that initiates within its documents a check and balance system and a commitment to freshness. Two years and then some on this windy coast have proved poetically chilling in the largest sense, in terms of places that present poetry, no idle calling of a thing here, that is generous, inciting and smart, too. Around ten years ago a new group of writers, the language poets, arrived on the scene. They brought with them a whole set of values, philosophies and methods of writing different from what had prevailed in the past. Their presence, as writers, is now felt as a dominant force at S.F.'s major alternative reading spaces. But what once seemed intelligent and interesting has fallen to excess and repetitiousness, the same way that industry's most novel invention soon saturates the market to the point when finally, blinded by boredom and frustration, one flings the object, in this case a book of "poems" or "writing", not only out the window, but down four stories into the dumpster.

Through publications such as *This*, *Hills*, and presses such as Tuumba and The Figures some novel and anatomically puzzling writing has emerged. These presses have presented a wide range of work that deals with language, specifically and variously, and not exclusively limited to that of the language poets. Significantly open to question is that writing which is mathematically devised. The development of relationship between information and ideas, facts and values and/or form and content has been abandoned in favor of a more formal approach and concern for language derived from structuralism and deconstruction. Structuralism basically denies the existence of subjectivity/internal experience, desiring instead an objective view of the world; a location of meaning outside of human perception. Structuralist writers view words as signs, eschewing any temptation toward content

because for them, content exists as an independent relationship between word/signs. The irony of this is that any attempt at explicating these relationships necessitates entering into a discourse, which is an exercise of the subjectively thinking mind — exactly what they so desperately refuse to acknowledge.

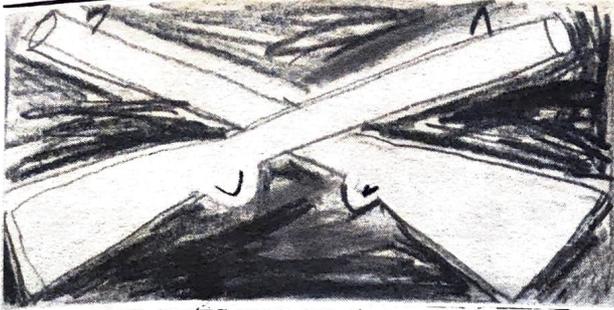
Objects become the source of a disjunct iconography, and things recede into distance. In the distance the musical analogy seems possibly more correct, and things become quieter as a result. As a result of the image present to the mind, we have purity of impulse on an international scale. The image present to the mind is a sum proceeding from the organization of information on the widest scale. Art told me to write this. The landscape is an image of information present on the widest scale. Scale of the icon: rapid affirmation, the circle, number, geometric figures, ambiguity of surface and form, hidden messages contained in the most instantly perceived, the removal of difficulty (to open the door is complicated), the pattern of the frame becomes counterpoint to the material represented therein, the materials become pattern,...

(from "Marsden Hartley" by Barrett Watten, Hills 8, 1981)

The failure to deal with these relationships, outside of naming them, has resulted in writing with no point of view, writing that could only inform itself (writing writing), made from layers of applied systems to form a formica-like surface. From this scientific and codific approach to language one guesses that the reader is not the audience, as this writing is at times intolerant of the reader. The writing is gestural, in the sense that each layer of skin comprising an onion is gestural. There is no content but the form itself, which complicates things if one is more interested in art than decoration. By refusing to explore content in sentences-as-enclosed-units, language is deprived of possibility and this is deadly. Invention, as the brain's most idle occupation, does not of its own make sufficient use of intelligence. To go beyond invention, and make use of the intelligence of the words themselves is closer to what poetry demands, and more difficult. It's not the poet's intelligence, but the poetry's intelligence. It *can* express itself, and will, regardless of how its manipulated. The responsibility of the poet is to play with what's given until meaning or activity occurs. Spaces between words are themselves unless an idea moves through them and lends importance to their placements, at which time form emerges. To merely contrive to new method or build a "better word trap" is worse than trivial. What can be built from language, word by word, has never been so fully explored as to render it exhaustive in terms of discovery and accretion. With the exclusive use of systems there is the danger of writing that is sterile and static because of its devout limitations, which thwart the power necessary to make the work truly contemporary and innovative. To attempt to prove language's impossibility as expression and/or transformation is an anti-art intellectual exercise that only emphasizes the lack of urge to speak or write. Without this most important contact writing is stripped of carbonation.* What we need is to be fascinated by something other than the machinery of our own design. If this writing proposes to create resistance as a relationship between writer and reader, and to offer nothing but treatment as subject, ad infinitum, then one has to ask, "Why bother?"

*"The writer after his words are dead." (Barrett Watten, from "X", *This* 9, Winter 1978-79)

—Laurie Price



BORN IN FLAMES (1983, 90 min.); an independent film produced, directed, written and edited by Lizzie Borden.

The time is ten years after a Social-Democratic "revolution" in the United States. The place is a city like New York. The characters are those to whom the "Party" hasn't delivered on its promise of equal participation in society, i.e., women. Women are the last hired and the first fired. Sexual harassment, prostitution and rape continue as usual. Women remain divided from each other along the traditional barriers of class, race and sexual preference.

Those who worked on this film state that *Born In Flames* is a fantasy. It presents a situation in which women unite with each other, across those traditional lines, in armed opposition to the opportunistic, white, male-dominated government that punishes homosexuality, neglects "women's" issues and keeps tight control over access to the media. There are four representative groups of women, who as the film begins, are in cultural/ideological conflict: 1. A racially mixed Women's Army which sponsors rallies, demonstrates and vigilante groups against rape and assault; 2. A black women's underground radio station, its inspiration in soul, gospel and reggae; 3. A white women's underground station (Radio Regazza), its roots in the radical, non-commercial ground of punk and rock; 4. A group of white "Party" newspaper editors.

Born In Flames is an effective feminist fantasy because it carefully defines its cultural terms. These terms are those of the diversity of urban women confronting traditional oppression in the electronic age. This society demands an ability to master the hardware and direct the message. The survival of the society as a whole depends on a pool of laborers who can keep the circuits open and functioning. Though women don't get paid as much as men and are given less security in their jobs, the establishment needs to have women working (despite Reagan's 50's sitcom fantasies), at least in the lower levels of heavy industry and information transmission. The film develops a logical political plot that works because the women presented on the screen have the skills to make it happen. When the "Party" destroys the unlicensed radio stations, the women can hot-wire stolen vehicles, and put together the electronics to make an elusive mobile radio station from which to broadcast their message to other women. The message is important — the government murdered a leader of the Women's Army and is taking away jobs because women are now more of a threat to the establishment than a labor resource to be exploited for its own needs.

Since the film's style is that of cultural verisimilitude, the audio track carries as much information as the image. The audio is composed out of conversation, music and radio broadcast. Diverse black and white dialects dynamically modulate in confrontation and exhortation, outrage and sorrow. As the episodes of the plot unreel, the white women's

rhythms and vocabularies begin to blur into that of the black women. The poetry of the white music fuses with that of the black music, as the women's conversations blend and transmute into the music played and the music transmitted over the radio. The women's verbal and clothing styles subtly merge, as do their political goals.

The women in *Born In Flames* never stop talking — about what needs to be done and how to do it. It's active politics. One of the things they do is bomb the transmitters on top of the World Trade Center towers. A lot of women in New York are, or have been, the peons of information dispersal there. They know that working in a place long enough teaches you things the bosses don't even imagine, such as where and when you can find the weak points in security.

The music in *Born In Flames* is made by The Bloods, Ibis, and The Red Crayola. Needless to say, these are groups of musicians who happen to be women. Nothing on paper can simulate the excitement, the optimism, the action of the sound of the film. The music is a means of inspiration, communication, sustenance and union. It's music that's a building block in the creation of *Born In Flames*' women's community.

Born In Flames was exhibited at the New York Film Festival this fall and then played at the Film Forum here in New York. You may not have had the opportunity to see it as yet. However, *Born In Flames* will be coming to colleges and art theaters all over the country. If you've longed for an antidote to *Flashdance*, that commercial, soft-core, movie-length MTV adolescent fantasy (which, incidentally is an insult to dancers everywhere) *Born In Flames* is it — among other things. Request that your local film people bring it to your neighborhood. Further information and details for booking can be had by phoning (recommended) 212-674-6881 or writing to:

First Run Features
144 Bleeker Street
New York, NY 10012

—Constance Ash

BIG DADDY OF DADA

"Dada world war without end, dada revolution without beginning, dada, you friends and also-poets, esteemed sirs, manufacturers and evangelists. Dada Tzara, dada Huelsenbeck, dada m' dada, dada m' dada, dada mhm, dada dera dada, dada Hue, dada Tza."

—from the *Dada Manifesto* by Hugo Ball

They needed a name for a magazine. Hugo Ball and a cabaret dancer, Emma Hennings, had opened Cabaret Voltaire in Zurich in September, 1915. "Four little men" showed up on opening night, Ball noted in his diary. Janco, Huelsenbeck, Tzara and Arp. Ball was nearly a decade older than these upshots. He was in Zurich partially because he hated his native Germany and also because Emma Hennings was on the lam for passport forgery. And the magazine was called Dada.

Readings from Hugo Ball's diary was staged by Chris Kraus for the Monday night series at the Poetry Project. The diary was published a few years ago by Viking Press in the series Robert Motherwell edited. The staging was characteristic of Kraus' impeccably integrative logistics. There was a series of powerful effects that were unobtrusive

to the text. Linda Hartinian, standing on a chair, blindfolded, wearing a white blouse and black skirt, "read" Hennings' forward to the diaries, turning the pages. The atmosphere was somewhere between a seance and the last wish of the executed. Ostensibly the dadists would've felt at home.

The basic set-up seemed like a game show with Kraus as an affable, informative host, pointing out Ball's travels on a Fauvist map of Europe. One either side of her was a table with four "panalists" who alternately read selections from the diary; Daryl Chin on politics, Phil Auslander about theater, Danny Krakauer about being German and shy, Susie Timmons — all the colorful parts.

Michael Kirby is about eight feet tall in his naked cowboy boots. At one point he left the room, and returned wearing a replica of a costume Ball had performed in. Kay Spurlock made the costume and helped Kirby maneuver the unbending legs and huge "lapels". The stovepipe hat was as tall as a ConEd smokestack. Ball wrote about this gold and red cardboard "obelisk": "It was fastened at the neck in such a way I could give the impression of winglike movement by raising and lowering my elbows. I also wore a high, blue and white striped witch doctor's hat."

Europe had just begun its romance with African art. It was a time to synthesize the past and the future. Ball accommodated these opposing tendencies by inventing a new mythos called BYZANTINE CHRISTIANITY. And if he saw himself as a magical witch-doctor reciting spells, he also referred to the costume as his bishop's suit.

Just as Ball's worldly perceptions varied, so too did his writing style. He may have been the first sound poet and the evening included an amusing sample of his melodious gibberish which lost nothing in translation. He wrote, "I let the vowels fool around. I let the vowels simply occur. A line of poetry is a chance to get rid of all the filth that clings to this accursed language."

"Trees green fire flying islands..."

The enveloping gaslit aura of Vienna in its purple twilight heyday before the first war was further evoked by musical interludes which accompanied or introduced readers. The music was composed by Chris Abajian. It was a lyric spoof of cabaret music in twelve tone style.

At the end a woman in a muddy, root-beer colored evening dress appeared wearing a hideous, crumbling mask. She looked like the *Thing*. At her feet a pile of flaky crud accrued as the mask disintegrated. She read a section Ball wrote just before dying at the age of forty-one of a debilitating disease. Although monstrously presented, the simple, hopeless but proud words were heartbreaking.

Ball deserves to be remembered and the homage that Kraus and her friends organized was likewise memorable. Ball was an excellent writer. Danny Krakauer and Steve Levine translated a poem called "The Sun" from an old German magazine. Levine read the poem in a strong, clear voice.

"My ears are king-sized pink shells, totally open.

My body swells

with sounds which got caught in it. I

hear the bleating

of the mythic skillet. I hear the crimson,

ruby, scarlet,

cardinal, carmine, cherry, wine, cerise, bloodred, incarnadine,

maroon, terra cotta, puce-like music of the sun."

—Jeff Wright

EVENTS AT THE POETRY PROJECT

Monday Reading & Performance Series at 8 PM, hosted by Chris Kraus & Marc Nasdor, suggested contribution \$2:

February 6 - Open Reading

February 13 - The Tinklers (Chris Mason & Charles Brohawn) & Peter Cherches

The Tinklers are performance artists who live and work in Baltimore, Maryland. Lively re-interpreters of human history and culture, they make use of charts, maps, and various found objects to embellish their "skits". They have published three books: *The Tinklers Book*, *The Tinklers History of the World*, and *The Tinklers Encyclopedia*. They will be performing "Manifest Destiny", an epic ballad about the lives of Steven and Mary.

Peter Cherches is a writer and performance artist and editor of *Zone Magazine*. He is the author of *Snacks*, *Bagatelles*, *Unfamiliar Tales*, *Colorful Tales*, and *Mondrian-Tac-Toe*. Cherches, together with jazz musician Elliot Sharp, "played" in Sonorexia. He will be reading some recent minimalist mini-fictions.

February 20 - Leslie Busa & Mark Dery

Leslie Busa, performer and director of experimental theater, will read *Bush Dweller*, a work by Steve Busa about the language of terrorism. *Bush Dweller*, which was commissioned for Wordworks at the Walker Arts Center, juxtaposes accounts of political terrorism with personal stories so that the boundaries between the two realities disintegrate. Performance artist Mark Dery's first New York performance will feature an operatic version of the blues classic "Not Fade Away". Dery has written for *Poetry Flash*, *Artcom*, *Re/Search*, and *High Performance*.

February 27 - Pedro Pietri & Cyn. Zarco

Pedro Pietri was born in Ponce, Puerto Rico, but has lived in New York City for most of his life. He is the author of several books of poetry, including *Puerto Rican Obituary* and *Uptown Train*. He has appeared many times at the Poetry Project, and occasionally engages in performance poetry as a vehicle for his moving and powerful texts.

"when a brown person/gets together/with a yellow person/it is something like/the mating of a chico and a banana..." (from "Flipochinos"). Cyn. Zarco is a wild performance poet, sometime collaborator with Pedro Pietri, and general practitioner of poetry in the fast lane. Her most recent collection of poetry is *CIR'CUM.NAV.I'GA.TION*, which will be published shortly.

Wednesday Night Reading Series at 8 PM, hosted by Bernadette Mayer & Bob Holman, suggested contribution \$3:

February 1 - Eileen Myles & Richard Bandanza

Eileen Myles is currently working on two manuscripts, *Bread and Water*, a collection of stories, and *1981 & 1982*, a collection of poems. She is currently working in public relations. She currently wants to be Trotsky.

Mrs. Bandanza gave birth to Richard in Brooklyn, at the Caledonia Hospital on a miserable night in February of 1954. As Richard Nassau, he is responsible for the soon to be released volume of poetry *I Like You*.

February 8 - Larry McMurtry & Norman Fischer

Larry McMurtry is the author of *Moving On*, *Terms of Endearment*, *Somebody's Darling*, *The Desert Rose*, *Cadillac Jack*, *The Last Picture Show*, and other novels. Born in Archer County, Texas, he lives, when not on the

road, in his ranch house on Idiot Ridge, near Windhorst, Texas.

Norman Fischer's books include *Like a Walk Through the Park* and the forthcoming *Why People Don't Believe in Chairs*. He has been practicing Zen at the San Francisco Zen Center since 1970, and has been a monk since 1980.

February 15 - Susan Cataldo & Rose Lesniak

Susan Cataldo is the author of *Brooklyn - Queens Day*, a book of short poems, and the yet unpublished *Franny Winston*: Ex-editor of *Little Light Magazine*, she is currently teaching a poetry workshop for teenagers at Re. Cher. Chez. Studio for the Avant-Garde Performing Arts.

Rose Lesniak, poet, performer and writer is the president of Out There Productions, Inc., a tax-exempt literary organization serving the public with literary magazines, productions, and video projects in Chicago and NYC. She has 3 books of poetry out, has acted and done stuntwork in films, and is currently involved in fundraising for the "Talent Collaborator's Networking Project".

February 22 - Kenward Elmslie & Bob Holman

Kenward Elmslie's recent works include *Bimbo Dirt* (Z Press) and *Palais Bimbo Snapshots* (Alternative Press), both illustrated by Ken Tisa, *Communications Equipment* (Burning Deck), and *Kenward Elmslie Revisited*, an LP released by Painted Smiles Records.

"Sweat n sex n politics", "Malvinas", "Cowboy Heaven", "The Perry Mason Theme", "you can't be an asshole and write great poems" will be among the new works read, performed, rapped, and sung by Bob Holman with his associate, composer Vito Ricci. Since he last performed at the Church, Holman has appeared in Paris, Detroit, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and East Orange, and in New York at the Manhattan Theatre Club, The Kitchen, La Mama, and the Mudd. He will be at P.S.1 this spring, performing "Count Down the Count Downs" with Kenneth King.

February 29 - Diane Ward & Elinor Nauen

Diane Ward is the author of four books of poetry including *Theory of Emotion* (Segue/O Press). *Never Without One*, a new collection, is due to be published in February by Roof Books. She recently collaborated in a reading/performance at Roulette titled "Will, Absolve Me", an exploration into the ideology of winners and losers.

Co-editor of *Koff Magazine*, co-founder of Consumptive Poets League, author of *Cars & Other Poems*, former violin player in Kill All Your Darlings, organizer of "More Party Than Art", Elinor Nauen was also the winner of the VV Jimmy Carter Joke Contest.

WORKSHOPS:

Jack Collom's Writing Workshop continues, Friday nights at 8 PM. Diane Burns' workshop meets Saturdays at 2 PM, in the Parish Hall.

A six-week translation workshop in German with Danny Krakauer meets Tuesdays at 7:30 PM, through March 6.

EXQUISITE HEARTS:

To commemorate Valentines Day '84, Mary Ann Caws will present a talk entitled *L'Amour Fou: Love and Poetry in a Surrealist Climate*, on Tuesday, February 14. Ms. Caws is the distinguished professor of French and Comparative Literature at the CUNY Graduate Center, and has translated Tristan Tzara, Robert Desnos, Mallarme and Pierre Reverdy. Her most recent translation is *The Poetry of Andre Breton*, published by the University of Texas Press. The talk begins at 9 PM and a \$3 donation is requested. Your host and cupid, Joel Lewis.

BOOKS RECEIVED

From Crossing Press (Trumansburg, NY 14886): **Movement in Black**, Pat Parker, \$5.95; **Natural Birth**, Toi Dericotte, \$4.95
Somebody Talks Alot, Paul Hoover, The Yellow Press, 1446 W. Jarvis, Chicago, IL 60626, \$3.50

She Wears Him Fancy in Her Night Braid, Faye Kicknosway, Toothpaste Press, (order from Bookslinger, 213 E. 4th St., St. Paul, MN 55101), \$8.50

The Chest, Mohammed Mrabet, Tomboucrou Books, Box 265, Bolinas, CA 94924, \$7

From Durham, (7 Cross View Terrace, Melville's Cross, Durham DH1 4JY): **Spiritus, I**, Carl Rakosi, \$6.50; **Nightvision**, George Evans, \$6.50

Agnes and Sally, Lewis Warsh, Fiction Collective, Flatiron Book Distributors, Inc., 175 5th Ave., Suite 814, NYC, NY 10010, \$5.95
From City Lights Books, (261 Columbus Ave, S.F., CA 94113):

Notes on Thought and Vision, H.D., \$4; **In America's Shoes**, Andrei Codrescu; **Intimate Journals**, Charles Baudelaire

Green Rose, Tadeusz Rozewicz, translated by Geoffrey Thurley, John Michael Group Of Publishers, No. 16 John St., Darlington, West Australia 6070

MAGAZINES RECEIVED

Oink 17, 1446 W. Jarvis, Chicago, IL 60626, \$4 (Notley, Coolidge, Violi, Brownstein)

Convivio, New College of California, 777 Valencia, S.F., CA 94110, \$7 (Duncan, Kyger, Patler)

The Small Press Review, issue 130, Dustbooks, PO Box 100, Paradise CA 95969

Stony Hills, Weeks Mills, New Sharon, ME 04955

American-Poetry Review, Sept.-Oct., \$1.75

Coda, Vol. 11, no. 2, Poets & Writers, 201 W. 54 ST., NYC 10019, \$2.25

Helicon Nine, A Journal Of Women's Arts & Letters, PO Box 22412, Kansas City, MI 64113, \$7.50

Ironwood 22, Special Robert Duncan Issue, Box 40907, Tuscon, AZ 85717

The Manhattan Review, 304 3rd Ave. 4A, NYC 10010

Swallow's Tale Magazine, PO Box 4328, Tallahassee, FL 32315, \$4

Proof Rock, PO Box 607, Halifax, VA 24558, \$2.50

PLES, a Lower East Side literary magazine is looking for quality fiction, essays, photos and poetry on or from the Lower East Side, past or present. Mail submissions to:
PLES

(Portable Lower East Side)

155 Ridge St., Apt. 1E

New York, NY 10002

THE POETRY PROJECT NEWSLETTER

St. Mark's Church

10th St. & 2nd Ave.

NYC, NY 10003

212-674-0910

The Poetry Project Newsletter is published monthly Oct.-May. Subscriptions are \$7 a year. Advertisers please write for rate sheets. Deadline for the March issue is February 1st, deadline for the April issue is March 1st.

The Poetry Project Newsletter is published by The Poetry Project which receives funding from the National Endowment for the Arts and the New York State Council on the Arts, and also from the Dept. of Cultural Affairs of NYC, the New York Council for the Humanities and various foundations, corporations and private donors as well as support from its members.

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ARIEL SAPPHODOPOLOUS BY DAVID BORCHART & LORNA SMEDMAN



Talent Collaborators Kicks Off NYC's Networking Service

Talent Collaborators, OUT THERE PRODUCTIONS, INC.'s newest subdivision, will begin its massive data basing project. All writers are invited to send a 3x5 postcard outlining: Name, Address, Date of Birth, Genre they work in, and Genres they are interested in working in. Top-notch samples of work will be requested at a later date.

Our intention is to provide a low cost writers' networking service. Talent Collaborators will connect business organizations who need writing assignments completed with writers qualified for the job. We will also provide "matchmaking": any individual can come to us to find a collaborator for any assignment or project.

Special events will occur monthly. Send 3x5 postcards with information to: OUT THERE PRODUCTIONS, INC., 156 West 27th Street, 5W, NYC, N.Y. 10001. If you have questions or need more information call service number 244-4300, and ask for Rose Lesniak.

READINGS FROM THE POETRY PROJECT continues on WBAI (99.5 FM) Fridays at 8:30 pm, featuring readings by black poets in connection with Black History Month. Produced by John Fisk.

St. Mark's Church In-The-Bowery
 THE POETRY PROJECT
 10th St. & 2nd Ave.
 NYC, NY 10003
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 THE POETRY PROJECT

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NYC 10003
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WEDNESDAYS
 8:00 PM \$3.00

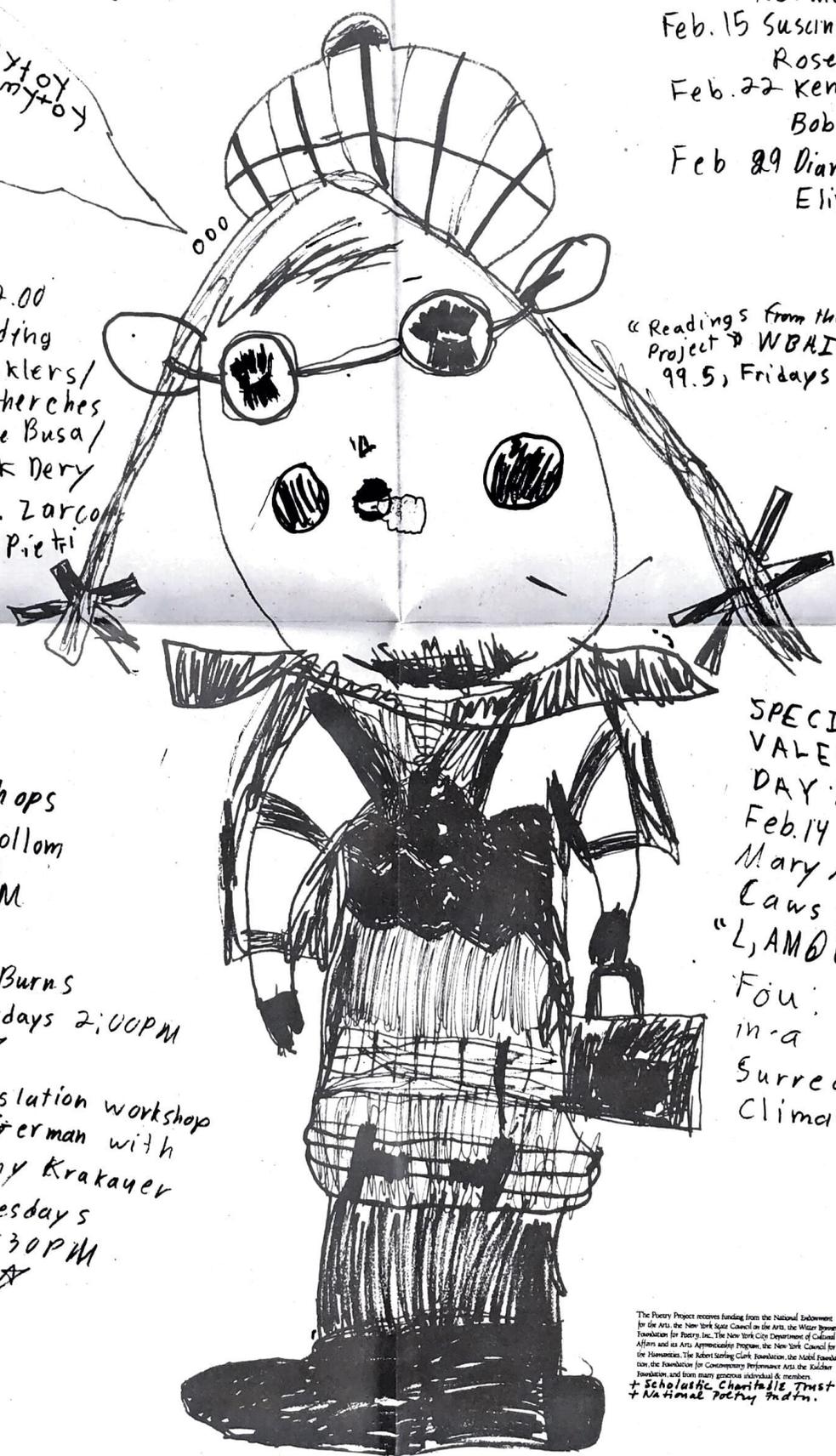
- Feb. 1 Eileen Myles / Richard Boardman
- Feb. 8 Larry McMurry / Norman Fisher
- Feb. 15 Susan Cataldo / Rose Lesiak
- Feb. 22 Kenward Elmslie / Bob Holman
- Feb. 29 Diane Ward / Elinor Naven

I see my toy
 I love my toy

Mondays
 8:00 PM 2.00

- Feb. 6 Open reading
- Feb. 13 The Tinklers / Peter Cherches
- Feb. 20 Leslie Busa / Mark Dery
- Feb. 27 Cyn. Zarco / Pedro Pietri

« Readings from the Poetry Project » WBAI-FM 99.5, Fridays 8:30 PM



Workshops

Jack Collom
 Fridays
 8:00 PM

Diane Burns
 Saturdays 2:00 PM

Translation workshop
 in German with
 Danny Krakauer
 Tuesdays
 7:30 PM

SPECIAL VALENTINE'S DAY LECTURE
 Feb. 14 9:00 PM
 Mary Ann Caws
 "LAMBUR
 Fou. Love
 in-a
 Surrealist
 Climate"

The Poetry Project receives funding from the National Endowment for the Arts, the New York State Council on the Arts, the Walter Reuther Foundation for Poetry, Inc., The New York City Department of Cultural Affairs and its Arts Appreciation Program, the New York Council for the Humanities, The Robert Sterling Clark Foundation, the Mobil Foundation, the Foundation for Contemporary Performance Arts, the Koldner Foundation, and from many generous individuals & members of Scholastic Charitable Trust & National Poetry Indtm.